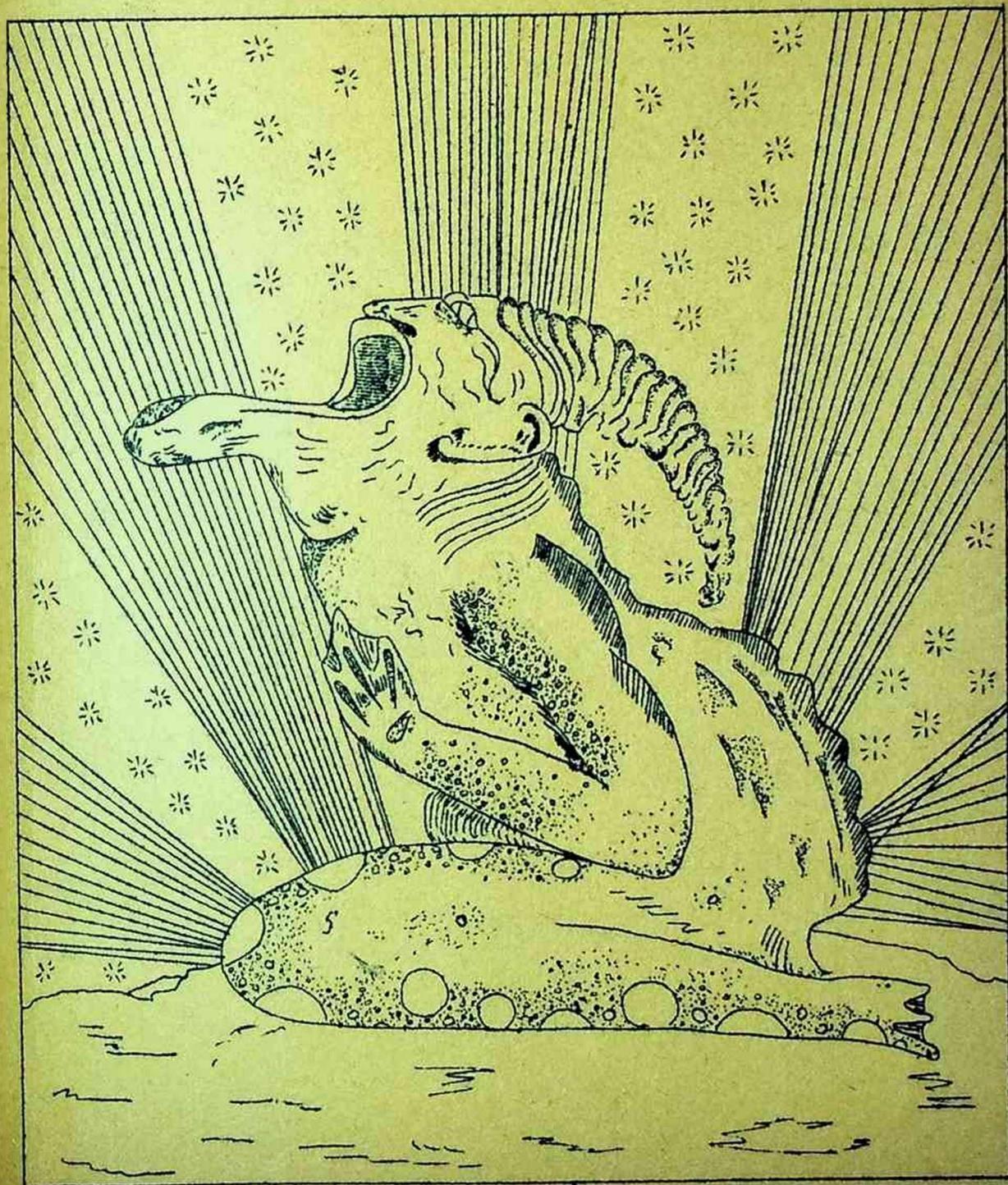


SOUTHERN

Star 

VOLUME 1 NO. 4 - December, '41.



-Metamorph-



SOUTHERN STAR

December, 1941

Volume 1
Number 4

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Art R. Sehnert
Fred W. Fischer
Bob Tucker
Billy Jenkins
Graph Waldeyer
Panurge
Morley

On Our Next Voyage:

Phil Schumann
George Fenton
Fred Fischer
Raymond Washington
A Fan's Wife
Bob Tucker
Graph Waldeyer
Panurge
Morley

THE LOG THIS TRIP

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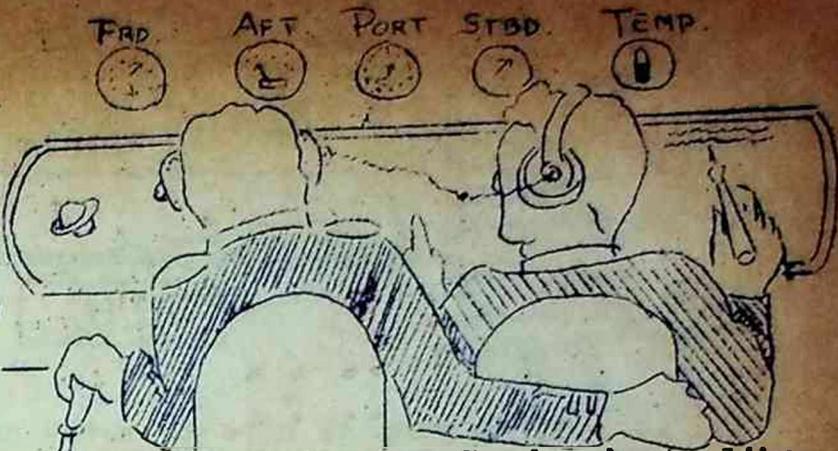
COVERS BY JENKINS

THE SOUTHERN STAR is published, he said loudly, bi-monthly at 908 Lloyd Court, Columbia, S. C. It is associated with "Dixie Press" and is the organ of the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION. Subscription rates: 10¢ per issue, 25¢ for any three issues. Ad rates: 25¢ per quarter page; 50¢ for half-page; \$1.00 for full page advertisement.

The Denvention pictures in this issue were contributed by Milton Rothman and photo-lithographed by Forrest J Ackerman's Assorted Services. The cover on our next issue will be a silk screen processed by Damon Knight and Johny Michel. The next issue of this magazine will appear during the second week in February.

from the

DUAL CONTROLS

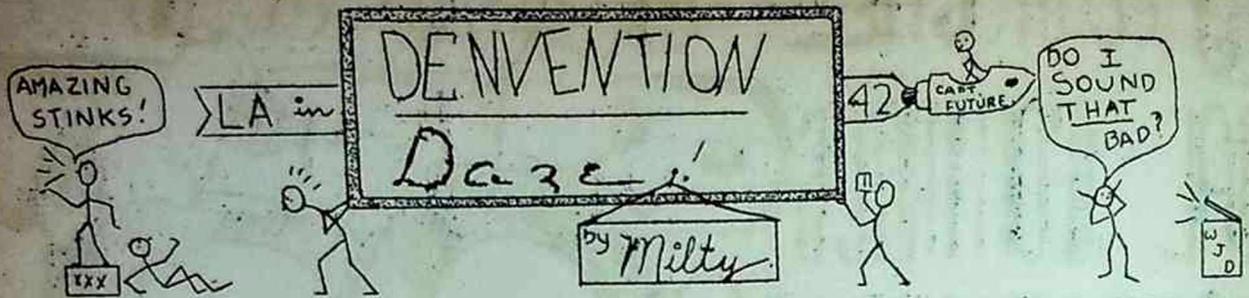


by . . . THE EDITORS

Look at us, Friends, and shudder. Note how our hand quivers like a bowl of jelly in a model T headed over a rough road. Gaze with pity into our hollow staring eyes — eyes that have witnessed ultimate horror, that have viewed the sort of suffering that not even a Jack Williamson character undergoes. Note the way we spring shrieking into the air and clutch the chandelier when the doorbell rings, our high, hollow laughter and the fact that strange ravens we've never seen before follow us down streets croaking "Nevermore!" All this fanzine editing has brought about. Once our merry laughter brought the plaster down from the walls and we went bounding about our daily work like a faun with the hotfoot. Then came the first issue of the STAR, with twenty-eight useless stencils to burn, the second with all the soul-searing horror of first-time mimeographing, the third with the hideous Hilco fiasco, and now the fourth, wherein, after all our fair hopes, we find that we're late again, due to the delay in getting the money necessary for a new mimeo, the discovery that paper has gone up to a dollar and ten cents a ream, the sanity-shattering realization that Sears-Sawbuck sent us black ink instead of the blue we ordered, the shock of finding that lithoing had gone up three dollars and that the pics in this issue cost us seven bucks and a half — we weep, we weep . . .

The next STAR'll have four and five color mimeographing on one page and there'll be artwork thruout; we want to make it as pleasing in appearance as Phil Bronson's FANTASITE or one of the other STARLIGHT pubs. Thanks to Harry Jenkins, Jr. for his kindness in stenciling Milty's "Denvention Daze", and we'd like to add our name to the list of fanzine editors indebted to Forry Ackerman — we, for his willingness to take a loss in lithoing the Denvention pics rather than to go back on his acceptance of the job when he discovered the rise in prices. You'll notice that author and expert graphologist Graph Waldeyer has taken over the Handwriting On The Wall department. We are grateful to him for agreeing to conduct this department, and are certain that the accuracy of his analyses will astonish youse; particularly since Graph is not acquainted with the fans he analyzes, an advantage the former writer of the department did not have. Dammit, how are we going to crowd all we want to say in one page? You like short sentences, hah-h-h-h?

The next STAR will be the special DFF issue with a map of the South with DFF members in their proper positions (suggested by Theron Raines) a silk screen cover, four and five color mimeoing on one page, colored paper, and material by DFF members Schumann, Raymond Washington, Jr., and Fischer-Fenton with another of their masterly speculative articles, "Man — The Robot", and a blood chilling article that we believe will be the sensation of '42, by a fan's wife. Don't miss it! The first part of the SOUTHERN STAR trilogy of space ships crowded out this issue will be presented, too. Usual forty pages, maybe more, price remains and will continue to remain a dime per issue despite frightfully high supply prices. If your subscription expires with this issue, you'd better



It is not my purpose here to speak of the great saga of the Widneride, whose many adventures will be related elsewhere. We begin at the point where the vaguest darkness became visible against the Western horizon and we strained our eyes at it until it was finally certain that it actually was the outline of the Rocky Mountains.

So we landed at the Hotel Shirley-Savoy, and Widner went to call up Lew Martin or Olon Wiggins, while in the meantime I found Wiggins wandering around the lobby. We hello'd all around, registered at the desk, picked up two letters which contained, respectively, the results of the FAPA election and a precious pay check; and upped to the fifth floor, where the entire convention appeared to be located, except for a few capitalists who could afford more.

After getting settled, the first step was a visit to the Daughertys' room, where a mob was crowded consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Daugherty, Ackerman, Morójo, the Futurians, Evans, and many, many other old friends, whom I greeted in a confusing whirl of autograph signing and picture snapping.

Before we knew what was happening, Daugherty had the omnipresent recorder switched on, and we Widneriders were cutting the groove which would preserve our voices for ever and ever.

After that, things are rather confused, for the Futurians kidnaped me and held me captive for the rest of the evening, their purpose being to roll me for the green paycheck that nestled snugly in my pocket. But their efforts were in vain, and even after they took me to a marvelous bookshop where I bought librettos of Siegfried and Boris Godounoff for 5¢ each, even after I got plastered on their quart o Seagrams, I still refused to enter their unholy poker game and so retained my bank roll. The sole result of that evening was the Vermouth stain that adorned my pants for the rest of the convention -- and Milty's gratitude to the Futurians for allowing his ambition to be fulfilled.

The next morning, bright and early -- well, slightly tarnished and moderately early, we started the Convention. Nothing happened all morning except gab, picture snapping, gab, autograph hunting, handshaking, looking at fanzines, gab, looking at original illustrations, making recordings, and talking. Lots of fellows made recordings of the voices of various fans to take back with them, or to send as greetings to various people.

Walt Liebscher and I cut a marvelous boogie-woogie record, with him doing the right hand part and me the left hand. It was truly inspired (tho Elmer could do all of that by himself) and on the other side I put a Bach Tocatta. Daugherty, the louse, kept the record.

At about noon, they cleared the crowd out into the foyer so that the register could be signed by all. Lew Martin dashed out to get a register book and also a couple of beers, and when he returned, we started. ((On what? the register or the beers?))

One by one we signed, filing solemnly into the hallowed meeting



place, beating each other over the head for choice seats.

When all had assembled, the program struggled to begin. Lew Martin bravely orated the four lines I had written for him. Roy Hunt welcomed us all, and Wiggins fuddled around for a tense moment introducing the one who was to introduce the speaker of honor.

Let us disgress for a moment and explain a point. Wiggins, Martin, and Hunt did a magnificent job of organizing the convention. The hotel was admirable, the hall was perfect, the arrangements excellent in every way — but Wiggins, Martin, and Hunt could not speak before an audience. They knew it, everybody knew it, and there was no use kiddin anybody about it. So after that painful beginning, when the program creaked mightily and it appeared as if the whole thing would stop short Wiggins did the very best thing he could have done. He quietly turned over all the chairmaning to Walt Daugherty, and there was no one more suited to the job.

That came later, however. In the meantime, Ackerman introduced Mr. Heinlein, who hardly needed introducing. Heinlein is a medium sized person, extremely good-looking, wears glasses, has a faint moustache speaks slowly and with great deliberation, is very serious in manner and thought, and looks like a cross between Errol Flynn and George Bront. Being serious, he spoke seriously. His message that afternoon (I hesitate to call it a speech) was of great significance and interest. I wish I had a copy of the speech here so I could report it more accurately than from memory. Perhaps it will be published elsewhere word for word.

He first spoke of what made s-f fans different from other people; why it was that the world was divided into two parts, s-f readers and non-s-f readers. He spoke of that which distinguishes man from the lower animals, and he called it time-binding, which is the ability to think of the past and the future and relate them to the present. He believed that s-f readers had greater powers of time-binding, this being related to their great interest in the future.

In this connection, he spoke of prophecy and the manner in which prophecy relates to sanity. He told of how animals went mad under experimental conditions which caused their prophecies to fail over and over again. He spoke of how many people today are faced with insanity because their prophecies keep failing to come true. He spoke of how s-f fans can overcome this tendency to insanity by combining scientific thinking with their already present powers of time-binding and prophecy

By scientific thinking, he explained, he meant the use of facts, and the ability to distinguish between facts and non-facts. Facts, he defined as things which have already occurred, as distinguished from things which might occur, which are going to occur, or which are opinions. By sticking rigorously to facts, scientific thinking may be accomplished.

He said many more things, but I find that if I start to dig into my memory further I begin to confuse what he said with my own ideas, and to go further would not be reporting, but editorializing.

After a short intermission, Mr. Heinlein again took the stand to answer questions which had been written down and handed to him.

The first question asked whether Mr. Heinlein approved of the use of drugs such as the benzedrine surrogate which was mentioned in one of his stories. Heinlein answered that upon occasion he had partaken of certain drugs and approved of their use when the situation called for them. Which was the answer to be expected.

The next question mentioned the impossibility of believing what

was told in the papers, and therefore, where could one obtain facts upon which to think scientifically concerning current events. This was quite important, Heinlein admitted. The majority of what was printed in the papers was pure bolony, he agreed. To have any opinion at all concerning things that happen you have to go out and see for yourself. Join a political club, not necessarily to take part or even to agree in their work, but just to look on and meet people by means of whom you can meet the people on the real inside and find out how they work and what goes on in their heads. At first glance that appears to be a horribly incomplete answer. What about things that happen abroad? The answer being that not even the greatest people know the truth about what happens abroad. It remains for the individual to dig into the community happenings, and there are plenty.

The next slip of paper picked up was a difficult question to word and was stated quite confusingly. Heinlein showed a lovely sense of perception by immediately grasping the meaning. The question started with the proposition that future fiction is based upon an extrapolation from present day knowledge. The question asked why authors couldn't go farther and make an extrapolation from the first extrapolation. Heinlein's answer was simply that it was too difficult. Some authors, like Stapleton, could make a stab at it, but for an ordinary mortal it was just too much of a job.

The last question asked whether a person was justified in being a conscientious objector if he had as a logical basis the proposition that all of these civilizations were but transient things when considered in the light of thousands of years, and that therefore none of it was worth fighting for. The reply was that any point of view was quite proper as long as the individual felt that way. Personally, Heinlein did not feel that way. He felt that what we had over here was quite worth fighting for — if on the basis of civil liberties alone. He stressed that most people took civil liberties for granted, but just let them be deprived of them for a while and they would know whether they were worth fighting for.

In looking back I notice that Heinlein was extremely cautious in what he said. He stated clearly that he thought what we had was worth fighting for. But never in any circumstances did he give an opinion concerning the manner in which the government was working things. He said that the government was paying him to be a soldier and that was what his job was. Heinlein, you know, is a retired naval officer, and is likely to be called back into service. Naturally, it would be out of line for him to express publicly an unauthorized opinion.

So that took care of the first afternoon. Everyone then dashed wildly away to eat dinner and get ready for the party that evening.

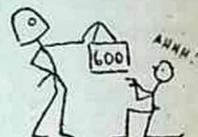
Yes. The party. If you people over want to get a shock you ought to try coming to a convention, opening the program book, and finding that you are to be master of ceremonies at a party that night. That's the way it happened to me. And if I say so myself, the party was a success. Not due to any undue efforts on my part. It simply happened that when everybody got tired admiring the costumes and we were waiting for Wiggins and Heinlein and some others to come in, and things began to bog down, there was Lowndes ready to fill in with one of his inimitable stories. And when Lowndes had finished there was Kornbluth. And after C. B., Walt with stories and imitations. So there was no end of fun, and it was all spontaneous and unprepared and carried on entirely by the fans themselves.

The costumes were really good this time. No doubt most of you will see pictures of them for enough were taken to satisfy the most ardent

camera hound. In fact, I haven't seen so many cameras together outside of a camera store. There were two Speed Graphics, a Rolloicord, an Ikoflex, a Contax, a Dollins, and Lord knows how many others. Half of them had synchroflashes, the rest used fotofloods, while I, ha ha, used von L developer which allows me to take pictures in ordinary light. (You will be seeing more about von L elsewhere.)

Anyhow, the costumes, as follows: Mr. Heinlein, Adam Stink, the world's most lifelike robot. In other words, no costume at all. Mrs. Heinlein, Queen Niphar from "Figures of Earth," by Cabell. She wore a sort of a semi-oriental dress with much costume jewelry.

Walt Daugherty: "A Galactic Roamer." His costume was put together out of plastic material which he obtained as remnants from the airplane factory in which he works. The stuff actually cost \$500 to make, counting the experimental work involved in obtaining the particular shape.



E. Everett Evans: Bug-Eyed Monster from Rhea. Completely hand made. A blue and yellow suit with a helmet made of dozens of feathers pasted on a form one by one. Horribly hot to wear.



Art Widner: He obtained a frightful rubber mask and came as Gran-ny from "Slan", with speech and all.

damon knight: A sloppy looking sort of John Star complete with Junior G Man medal.

Ackerman: A most horrible looking rubber mask. Indescribable. Get pictures of this. The same for Morojo.

William Deutch of New York put on a little beard and a French accent and handed out Life Line prophecies.

Chet Cohen grew a Christ-like beard and came as a prophet; Cyril Kornbluth looked natural and came as a mad scientist; and Doc Lowndes put a mercurochrome cut around his neck, powder on his face, and eye-brow pencil on his eyes and was a lovely zombie. The three of them did not put on the act which they were supposed to.

Elmer Meukel, of Washington (state of) appeared in fancy blue shirt and orange bathing trunks to represent the Probable Man.

After the tepid beer had been sampled and prizes announced to go to Evans, Daugherty and Ackerman for costumes, the Lost World was seen. All had great fun heckling the silent picture with strange noises & hand-shadows on the screen.

That night Ackerman bought me the malted milk he had promised me. I really didn't deserve it after that binge the night before.

The next morning the business meeting of the Colorado Fantasy Society was scheduled. They should have known better than to schedule a meeting for the morning. I was the only one down there, so I put in an energetic session of piano practice.

After noon various persons began straggling in. The afternoon session was scheduled for 1:00. At that time the chairman was nowhere to be seen. For that matter, most of the audience was nowhere to be seen. However, according to rules of order, if the chairman is not present at the time a meeting is scheduled, anyone can ascend the platform and take over the chair. Therefore, Mr. Cyril Kornbluth took the gavel in hand and called the meeting to order.

First piece of business was to choose the winner of the F. Orlin Tremaine Comet award for the person who overcame the greatest difficulty in attending the convention. The prize was given almost unanimously to Milton A. Rothman due to the fact that he had had to sit next to Madle for 2000 miles.

Next, the location of the next convention was voted upon. The win-



The Lunch Beckman
of Notre Denvention



Ernie Korshak
John B. Welch
Samon Knight
♀ ♂ ♂

E. E. Evans



Morogo the Akka



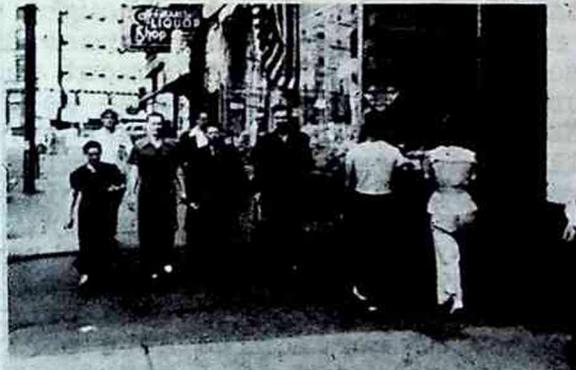
Robert Hudson Hendem
(Eleanor Daughter Tip)



Yerke, Morogo, Wolkeheim
Edwin Davis, Chet Cohen



Hendem (Class, Last)
Evans



Front: Morogo, Waki Liebscher,
Judie Unger, Asd, Back: John
Wilbard, Phil Bronson &
Samon J. Knight



Samon the Demon
as 'Juo Star'

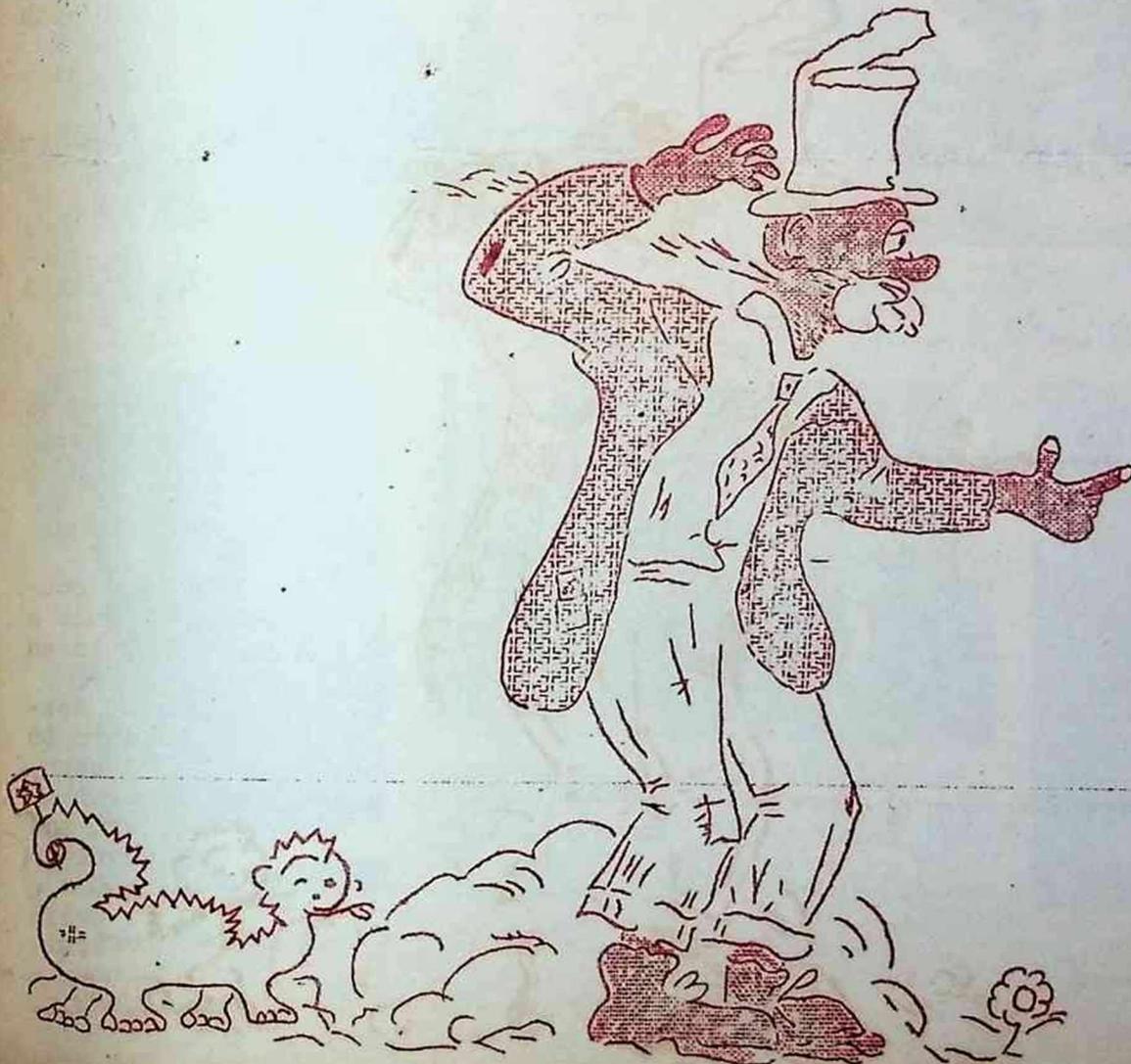
Come to the —

PACIFICON

Ah'm comin' Ah'm comin'

Pacificonews done got up my enthuse'

FREE, from Walt Daugherty, 6224 Leland Way,
out theah wheah mah cousin Rochester works,
in Hollywood, Calif.



Conte to the

PACIFIC COAST

A...
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...
...



ning place was Picadilly Bombshelter No. 3, London.

Various other matters were discussed until, the hall becoming too populated, the meeting broke up.

At about this time Walt Daugherty came in, and unaware of the fact that the real meeting had already taken place, called to order the second afternoon session of the convention. Resolutions were first taken up and voted upon. The convention voted in favor of a British Science Fiction Relief Society ((Send some promags now to John Cunningham at 2050 Gilbert St., Beaumont, Texas, who'll ship em o'er seas.)), whose purpose would be to make available science fiction to readers in England who had trouble receiving copies of magazines and books.

Art Widner then rose and made a motion, authored by Lew Martin, to the effect that any city bidding for a convention should have at least one person of legal age there to take responsibility. This motion failed to pass.

Since there were no more resolutions submitted, Ackerman rose and gave his speech for the day. He spoke of how Ackerman could speak much better with his typewriter than with his voice, and therefore it was silly for him to get up and make a speech, and he took ten minutes in which to say it, ramblingly, beating around the bush, vaguely, and all purposely, to ensure the fact that Ackerman would never have to make a speech again. Curiously, I do not understand why Ackerman does not like to speak before an audience. He has quite a nice voice, and he speaks clearly and with good enunciation, and he seems to have little trouble coordinating his thoughts. Science fiction conventions are marvelous exercise for learning how to speak in public. I know. I'm still learning.

To prove which I got up on my hind legs, announced the FAPA election results and put in a plug for the FAPA. It is fun speaking through a public address system. Makes me feel like a crooner.

Then followed discussion as to how the truth of articles and gossip in fanzines can be determined. Naturally, no conclusion was reached, for the simple reason that there is no answer. Science fiction fans may be honest as the day is long, but they also have a terrific sense of humor. You can't make them write "joke" at the top of a page when they are pulling a gag.

Walt Daugherty then talked about many things and cabbages and kings. He gave his opinions concerning organizing fandom. He desired one organization to unite fandom, and mentioned the NFFF as the possibility. The FAPA, he thought, should be better.

This led to his presentations of medals to five prominent fans, his purpose being to give some idea of what sort of standards the national organization might look for. Medal number one went to Ackerman, for services rendered to fandom in general. Number two went to Damon Knight for contributions to fan humor. Three went to Julius Unger for news. Four went to Roy Hunt for the best fan art work, and the fifth went to Wiggins for the best general fan magazine, taking all angles into consideration.

E. Everett Evans spoke of the many long-range ideas that fandom might work on to influence the pro mags, find newcomers and make them interested, and to form fan agencies for various purposes. He ended with a motion that the convention should go on record as desiring a long-range program for the benefit of fandom and that the convention should appoint a committee of five members to prepare the long-range plan to present at the next convention.

An amendment was made by Rothman to incorporate this into the NFFF and give it a vote of confidence to perform the long-range program.

An explanation by Art Widner of the NFFF came at this point.

Korshak asked for caution and spoke of dangers involved, but was answered by many speakers who believed that dangers must be risked for the sake of the things we wanted to do. Culminating the discussion, Evans withdrew his original motion and replaced it by one which gave the NFFF the power to appoint the program committee previously mentioned. The motion was passed almost unanimously.

And that, I believe, completed the second afternoon session. Following dinner the auction was held. And boy! What an auction! The laws of supply and demand were certainly proving their worth that night. There were a comparatively few good items for sale, and much money circulating with which to buy it. At the first few rapid bids, those of us with budgets threw up our hands, screamed, and fainted dead away. Conspicuous at this auction was a total lack of bidding from Ackerman and Rothman, who had been among the highest at the previous convention. For when a stinky Paul cover goes for almost ten dollars and a lovely little black and white Bok (the only damn thing I wanted) goes for over nine, then the rest of us give up. Heinlein bought and resold the papier mache skull contributed by Korshak. Evans tried to get rid of his feather headpiece, but nobody felt like carrying it home with them. Finally Morojo took it for four dollars. So a good time was had by all.

The next morning the traditional softball game was held, which I did not attend. I heard somewhere that four innings were played, and that the two teams came out even. Personally, I doubt very much the wisdom of the softball tradition. I would much rather have a ping-pong tournament. Widner and I had our private one; played eight games and each won four.

In the afternoon came more resolutions. First was by Rothman: resolved that the convention go on record of being of the opinion that Yngvi is not a louse. Defeated. Resolved by Damon Knight: resolved that Rothman is a louse. Passed, practically unanimously.

Damon Knight suggested the preparation of flags by local groups to be used at the next convention. The matter was discussed and everybody seemed to think it was a good idea. Knight promised to publish drawings of samples that might be used.

At this point a discussion was held which subsequently was voted off the record. However, I believe that at least a mention should be proper, if only to forestall ugly rumors which might arise prior to proper investigation. The matter simply concerned the fact that F. Orlin Tremaine had not arrived at the convention, and thus was not present to judge or award the Comet award. He could not be contacted in any way, so Mr. Heinlein volunteered to put forward the award personally, pending word from Tremaine.

The winners were subsequently selected by a committee consisting of Lowndes, Wiggins, Knight, and Ackerman.

Next on the program was the tensely awaited selection of the next convention site. Joe Fortier began the proceedings by a lavish description of all the good things that had already been planned in San Francisco, showing a personal welcome by the Mayor, describing the beautiful hall that had been promised them free of charge and mentioning that in Frisco, the places did not open until midnight.

Rothman then went to bat for Washington, D. C., doing his best to squelch the stories of the high cost of living there, and emphasizing the great interest and importance Washington had at the present time.

Walt Daugherty took the floor for Los Angeles. He didn't have to promise anything. The convention simply noted the smooth manner in which Daugherty had put across the Denvention and went hook, line and

sinker for Los Angeles.

Oh yes, Madle put in a dark-horse nomination for Philadelphia. It was very dark, for it received one vote.

So that washed that session up. All of the business at every session had run with admirable smoothness. Everybody had discussed all there was to discuss in a rational manner, with the utmost politeness and order, and everybody felt happy about the whole thing. Daugherty was on his toes as chairman, and even the Futurians praised him for the fair and democratic manner in which he conducted the discussions. In fact, the entire convention was noteworthy for its serious and honest tone — interspersed, of course, by some fun here and there.

But seriousness was more or less thrown to the wind at the banquet that night, when marvelous steaks were devoured, Heinlein told jokes, Unger explained how he'd have to go to California so that he would not lose out on the California sales tax token somebody had slipped him, a carefully prepared "message from Mars" was discoursed upon and it was bewailed how the convention had not taken it seriously when it might really have been a message from Mars, (I hope I will be forgiven for a poor piece of reporting; I can't for the life of me remember the name of the fellow who talked about the message), Franklin Brady presented Heinlein with a group of seven books (what a lovely set of titles they were; chosen by Leslyn Heinlein) bought by popular subscription, and Mr. Heinlein was greatly effected by them. Everybody was invited to autograph the books, and the banquet was broken up by the singing of For He's A Jolly Good Fellow and Auld Lang Syne. The sentiment that can be slushed about at such times overwhelms me.

Gossip and sundry astonishing sights: Morojo, Ackerman, Liebscher, knight, Unger, and me at the restaurant, autographing each other's menus, and then having to fight for our lives against the waiters who desired the above mentioned menus Madle combing his hair . . . about five people requiring the prize money in order to get back home — oh, yes, in case anybody hasn't heard it already, Alan Class of Ohio, won the prize Chet Cohen "hypnotized" by Johnny Michel, standing stiffly in the back of the elevator while the rest of us wander away, to be called back by the elevator boys anxiously telling of somebody who is back there quite sick. So when we return, Michel snaps his fingers over the face of the recumbent Cohen, who immediately rises, happy and stewed the Ballad for Futurians, sung (privately) with unerring pitch by Kornbluth and Cohen Widner's goatee the dash to join up with next year's convention organization Elmer Meukel's sleight of hand and promise to show real professional magic at the next convention

:::*** LA IN 42 ***::: :::*** LA IN 42 ***::: :::*** LA IN 42 ***:::!!

"S'NOW GO?"

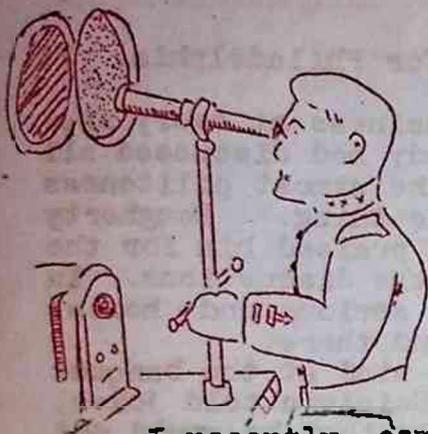
. . . But, Buddie, ya' just gotta go to —

--- Boskone #2



On Washington's Birthday in Boston, Mass. The Stranger Club is holding its second big fan conference and practically every prominent fan on the East Coast will be

there, you know; people like the Futurians, The Columbia Camp, Art Widner, L. R. Chauvenet, Trudy Kuslan — Heck, everybody. See you there!



FROM the . . . STARPORT

by FRED W. FISCHER

I recently came upon an old notebook which contained a goodly number of articles, both original and excerpted, on the subject of astronomy. There were also a few stray believe-it-or-don'ts which captivated my imagination years and years ago, such as:

CLAIMS RECEIPT OF MARS DISPATCH

London, Oct. 28, 1926. A message from Mars has been received on this sphere, according to Dr. Robinson, psychic expert, who yesterday paid commercial rates to have a message to Mars sent out by radio.

Dr. Robinson stated today that friends of his had picked up a Martian reply to his message. He declared that the answer was "MM", received on a 30,000 metres wave length.

Further than this Dr. Robinson declined to go and would not translate his message to Mars, which read "Opesti Nipitia Secomba."

You double talkers might get to work on those three little words and see just what branch of the Ubangi dialect is represented. It looks rather like the unknown tongue to me, and the Martian message, "MM", isn't so clear, either, although it is sort of brief and to the point.

In the event that you have already siezed pencil and paper and gone off into a huddle with yourself in an effort to determine whether or not "Doc" Robinson was sending out anagrams over the airwaves, here's another queer newspaper item from the same source as the first. It's fully as fanciful and nearly as nutty, containing the same elusive element of mystery and startling stage-setting.

SELF STYLED ENGINEER AND CHEMIST DECLARES HE WILL FLY TO VENUS!

Miami Beach, Fla., Dec. 16, 1927 (A.P.): Notice of his intention to essay a journey to the planet Venus in a mysterious machine, with which, he said, he had been experimenting for 15 years was made public here today by Robert Condit, of Condit, Ohio, who described himself as an engincor and chemist. He withheld all details of the contraption, but said he would

rely for power on "Polarized Units", which he estimated would propel him at the speed of 3,600 miles a minute beyond the earth's atmosphere.

Jan. 24 was set tentatively for the start of the 50,000,000 mile voyage. Condit has been here less than a month, spending most of his time in a large frame structure on the beach surrounded by a high board fence, which, he said, houses the "machine" of his own invention.

* * * * *

"The motive power for the machine to be used in this experiment through the atmosphere will be from an explosive derived from peroxide of soda used as a direct propellor," said Mr. Condit. "After proceeding through the earth's atmosphere, estimated at between 35 and 40 miles, my motive power will be a network of units capable of being polarized with the attraction of other planets and orbits of meteor streams other than earth.

"Beyond the earth's atmosphere, the maximum speed will be about 3,600 miles a minute."

Condit declared that he had been considering the idea for fifteen years and at present certain groups in Germany are contemplating a similar venture with a machine of like construction.

"The reported progress of work among other groups indicated that other machines will attempt the Venus flight within the next two years," he added, "The best starting location, however, is the Western Hemisphere. Several experiments have been conducted in the Eastern parts of the Sahara desert, though."

I wonder what happened to Mr. Robinson, who wouldn't decipher his message from Mars — or to Mr. Condit, who kept his machine out sight behind a high board fence? I think that I later saw a newspaper item relating to Condit, which stated that he silently folded his tents and stole away. Mr. Charles Fort would doubt that easy assumption and would undoubtedly state that Condit took off for Venus and THAT's where he went. Due to a certain vagueness in Mr. Condit's remarks, however, and a more than certain carelessness with his science, I'm afraid that Mr. Condit did not come as close to Venus as he did to being a one-day sensation.

I would be the last to scoff at his "Polarized Units" for I myself wear polarized sun-glasses, but I'm rather curious about the mathematical procedure involved in arriving at the speed of 3,600 miles a minute. And, too, even back in 1927 the earth's atmosphere wasn't estimated at between 35 or 40 miles in thickness, nor do I believe that peroxide of sodium could be worked into a sufficiently combustible or ex-

plosive form to propel Mr. Condit anywhere, although I realize, of course, that the experiments which were conducted in the rather remote and singularly uncharted Eastern part of the Sahara desert were carried on in that general location because of the very great explosive possibilities of something or other, and not at all because of any desire to get away from it all — in a very general and unspecific location.

Which is probably exactly what the reporter of those bygone halycon days of 1927 wanted me to say. Then, as now, scientists and writers of repute scoff at such things as messages from Mars and trips to Venus and write biting, cleverly satirical sentences designed to show up each imaginative inventor as an utter fool, rather than as perhaps a slightly off-the-trail dreamer whose efforts run to such intangible things as time machines rather than to the manufacturing of more sensible better can-openers or egg slicers or windshield wipers for spectacles.

But while we're on the subject of improbabilities, let me present two more clippings of the same years as those preceding:

LIGHT RAY TO HOLD WEIGHT AFLOAT IN AIR

To resist the attraction of the earth on heavy bodies, experiments are being made by a western man with a process which, it is claimed, will overcome the laws of gravity and cause the most solid metal objects to rise without any other aid. This strange force, it is said, will come from a light ray capable of reducing the hardest material to dust thinner than air; and of printing a photograph through a steel plate $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick in five seconds. When developed, this power is expected to make wings on airplanes unnecessary, and to do the work of the airship's gas bag by creating an energy that will act against the strongest downward pull, raising and lowering the craft by the amount of current passed into it, while small propellers will move it.

That article was taken from POPULAR MECHANICS. The wonderful light ray discussed, must have gone into the limbo of impractical things — but it would have, if perfected, put a good many transportation companies and house-moving firms out of business. Imagine lifting the Empire State Building on one fingertip! I also like that part about the ability of the light ray to reduce anything to dust. Public death ray no. 1! Here's the other item, on much the same subject:

RAY TO OVERCOME GRAVITY SOUGHT IN SECRET

There are hidden away in laboratories in the hidden heart of Russia, certain German scientists who are engaged in a secret search for a new ray to overcome the law of gravity according to recent reports. Air experts are quoted as saying that they would not be surprised if this quest has resulted in discoveries that may revolutionize aviation. With abundant money and years of practical experience, the searchers are well-equipped to car-

ry on their work.

Also from Pop Mck. And as peculiar, as vague and indefinite, and as full of banalities as the excerpts which have gone before. Why should a group of German scientists choose to work in Russia, rather than Germany, at a time when neither of those countries was at war, and neither offered particular advantages to research? Who made the recent reports? What air experts are quoted where? Why didn't the scientists go to Tibet or Timbuctu or Afghanistan or some other place besides the hidden heart of Russia, as long as the writer of the piece was hunting for a really inaccessible locale for his little pipe-dream? Why didn't they go to the Eastern part of the Sahara Desert? The climate there is good for experimenters. The only reason people can poke fun at the majority of the so-called scientific squibs in the papers, is because a distinctly insufficient amount of information is given — probably deliberately — and an atmosphere of stage-setting and makeup pervades the text.

Let's get away from almost positive fiction, however, to almost positive facts. Did you know that there are between two and three thousand million stars in the milky way? Each of these stars are suns like ours. If we consider that each star is the center of a solar system we have about two and one-half thousand million solar systems yet to be examined about us.

Estimating in very modest numbers, suppose we give unto each of these suns a retinue of five planets, which is indeed a modest average number when we consider the number possessed by our own puny sun. The planets, then, number in all 12,500,000,000. Considering also that most astronomers believe that there are millions of universes of stars like the Milky Way many millions of quintillions of miles away from us:

Who dares to be so egotistical as to say that the earth alone is inhabited. I pronounce the scientist who would make such a statement the most utter fool!

Unless we consider Nature, or God, or that mind over matter which conceived the universe — unless one of these omnipotent sources be considered a complete wastrel, surely there would not be millions of uninhabited worlds and only one populated world. All the laws of chance, of reason, of the distribution of universal life, would be set at naught. It is impossible to conceive of such a billions-to-one happening as must have ensued were we, and we alone, the representatives of sentient existence. Other worlds were created for other humanities, or for other inhumanities — not solely for the visual enjoyment we earth men receive upon seeing their myriads twinkling in the night sky.

But so much — too much — for metaphysical meandering. Let's talk about scientifiction for a change. And to begin, I'll stick out my neck and leave it out for several paragraphs, well aware that you Heinlein fans are going to hate me. Yes, I said Heinlein!

He takes a fantastic theme and embroiders it in such a matter of fact way that the entire spice of improbability is stripped from the framework. I read his **THE DEVIL MAKES THE LAW!** and I never once got the impact of unreality inherent in any real fantasy. Instead, I seemed to be reading what was merely a story — and not a very good story, either — about the workings of a protective racket in a modern American city. Except for the incontrovertible fact that the gangsters of the story were magicians, I found the bare plot to be as hackneyed and as threadbare as any I've ever read. In short: Gangsters threaten shop owner with disaster, should he refuse to kick in with the heavy

by

- Tennessee -

Art Sehnert

- Article -

Michael William the Third, Grand Ruler of the Planet Zoltan, looked at the tense, expectant faces seated around the table with him. The greatest men of all Zoltan's three continents were gathered here to decide finally what was to be done. A cosmic cataclysm that would wipe out all semblance of life on the planet, a cataclysm that would make the heretofore fertile plains of Zoltan nothing more than barren rock, bleak and desolate, had been discovered by the Royal Astronomers seven months before. A catastrophe that could not be avoided. That fact faced Michael William the Third and the eleven men seated here with him.

For a great long while no one spoke, for the things that were in the minds of these twelve men who controlled the destiny of Zoltan's millions, went too deep for words.

Then Michael forced himself from his lethargy, rapped slowly on the table with his huge, bronze hand, and said in a tired voice, "Well, Gentlemen, what have you decided?"

Frederick Saben, provincial governor of the country Rochlem, was the first to speak. "Sir, by pressing every space craft in my country into service, we might be able to transport three quarters of the people in my province to this other planet, this Samarkand. If only we knew that Samarkand would sustain life — however, that is a chance we shall have to take."

Someone asked, "What about the other quarter of your population?"

Frederick Saben turned to the man, and there was a perceptible tightening of his jaw. "They will have to die," he said very simply.

Michael William the Third spoke now and there was a sternness to his voice that brought all eyes erect. "That cannot be; better to die than to carry such a deed on our consciences." There was a half-hearted murmur of protest from a few members of the group. Then Saben stood up. "This is no time for idealism. Think of your own son, Michael, surely you don't want that to happen to him and there is the princess Jean and the Empress Helen, would you have them die?"

And so it went for days and days with Frederick Saben prevailing in the end.

It was swiftly decided that all the aged and the infirm would remain on Zoltan and wait the horrible death that was coming so swiftly; for it was only three months now, and the great migration would have to take place some time before the catastrophe struck. The time was indeed short, and all Zoltan was a beehive of activity and even those who were remaining behind worked hard at the task of preparing the great host of space ships for the long journey. Never before had a space ship attempted to make such a flight for it was a five year journey to Samarkand, and, previously, there had been no need for colonizing another world. Hence, the data concerning Samarkand was quite meagre. It was simply a cure or kill remedy, and the people knew it. They realized, too, that if an eighth of the population ever reached their destination, it would be blind luck.

Twenty-eight days before the deadline the multitude of ships were ready to leave in relays of six each. There were last minute checkups, delays, farewells, but every ship managed to leave safely. Forty-eight hours after they had gone, it came. Out of the great nothingness that was space it burst and surcharged the atmosphere of Zoltan with deadly impulses that killed all living things.

And so Zoltan died.

Those who had been fortunate enough to escape the catastrophe knew nothing of the fate of their countrymen; they knew only that they were hurtling through space, perhaps to die on a strange planet. That was enough.

Back on Zoltan Michael William the Third and the Empress Helen had died along with Frederick Saben and his Margarite — but the children of the two families lived on one of the space ships now hurtling its way toward Samarkand. There was Frederick the First and the Princess Jean, son and daughter of Michael William, and there was Michael and Jules Saben, the two sons of Frederick and Margarite Saben, all taken care of by Helen Claxton, wife of a young army officer, Franklin Claxton, along with her own child, Catherine.

It wasn't until the ship was three years out from Zoltan that the ship's astronomer discovered that they were not headed for Samarkand. In all the rush and confusion of the migration, a navigational mistake had been made, and the ship was now headed for Atzor, a planet some two years further on in the system. There was no great consternation among the fifty adult passengers when they were told, and the four hundred children did not care where they were going; they were happy in the big spacious craft. The passengers waited with forced patience for the next four years to pass.

And so it was in this manner that the four hundred and fifty Zoltanians landed on Atzor, and the then fourteen-year-old Frederick was set up as ruler. A small settlement was built on the banks of a huge lake, and here it was that the vain, weak Frederick the First ruled until he died, unmarried, at the age of thirty-four.

It was during the first year that the "Adult's Disease" reduced the population to four hundred and one. (The population had no more than been built when half of the adults died within four hours after taking sick. Franklin Claxton, a scientist as well as a soldier, tried vainly to find an antidote for the disease, which seemed to come from a plant pollen to which children were, for some odd reason, immune. He discovered the antidote only in time to save one adult, his wife. So great was the bitterness of his wife the night Franklin died, that she swore never to mention Zoltan to the younger people, and destroyed all the records of their previous life there. It is suspected that the shock of her husband's death left her a little unstable mentally.

On the death of Frederick the first there was no heir apparent to the throne of Atzor, and the princess Jean, who had married Michael Saben, became the ruler of the planet with him. Michael's brother, Jules, had married Catherine Claxton, daughter of Franklin and Helen Claxton. Both the brother's marriages produced only one offspring each. A boy, Frederick, for Michael, and a girl, Catherine, for Jules.

When Michael died Frederick the second came to the throne. In the second year of his reign, he married his cousin, Catherine Saben, and brought her to his side to rule Atzor.

Frederick, unlike his uncle, was a strong, vigorous, and intelligent man, under whose rule Atzor's civilization forged ahead rapidly. All of Atzor was colonized. It was he who had built and sent the first space ship to Samarkand.

The great truth of the origin of the Atzorians was brought back from Samarkand, along with the Samarkandian language, which has since become the official language of Atzor.

Since Frederick came to power, Atzor has expanded into a powerful world, consisting of ten major nations:

Empire	Ruler	Nationality
Yenamerg	Frederick II	Mainly German

		altho:colonial pos- sessions have various national traits
Muscovy	Prince Regent Vladi- mar, Prince of Vin- stovy	Russian
Santa Engracia	Carlos, III	Spanish
Kemt	Amenhotop IV	Egyptian
Po	Emperor Riki I	Tibetan
Schnaldrechten	Julianna	Dutch
Melchor	Emperor Mery-Ra	Difficult to (These two classify (countries are united.)
Sarawak	Manfred von Peshwar	Difficult to classify.
Lupia	Empress Ulrica I	Oriental
Sharq-el-Urdunn	Harun al-Rashid	Persian or Arabic

Postal systems and a monetary system have been set up.

Armies and navies built, wars fought, lost and won; countries conquered and absorbed; cities, continents, and worlds carefully mapped. Genealogies compiled and histories written.

There have been other countries on Atzor, such as the surrealist kingdom, A-26-Z, and Chingri La, a country of Tibetan extraction.

The scientists of Atzor have studied and mapped the system of Myra:

Myra	The star and center of the system
Bophal	No exploration trip has ever been made to Bophal, due to its nearness to Myra
Stor	Named after the Ancient Zoltanic God of war
Zoltan	
Atzor	
Samarkand	
Atabakkand	An exploring party is now on this planet. It derives its name from the Samarkand word Akbal which means dark, and since the planet reflects no light, hence the full name means great dark world
Morf	The single satellite of the system, it is Atzor's moon

The star Myra, its planets, histories, and peoples all sprang from the fertile brain of nineteen-year-old Frederick Lee Pelton, a Lincoln, Nebraska boy.

A great deal of liberty with the truth was taken in the foregoing article, but, with the exception of the genealogies and one or two of the historical incidents, the basic facts are correct.

I would like to add in closing that, compared with ~~Samarkand~~ Esperanto is the most difficult language ever conceived. And also thanks to Emperor Frederick the II for his kind indulgence in helping to write this account.

THE END

APOLOGIA: Look, Friends, if you find any smeary pages in this STAR, would you kinda do us a favor and overlook it this time, huh? You see, we got sabotaged with a ream of mimeo paper that was slickfinished and about as absorbent as a raincoat. Result: ink on one side offset on the other with perfectly horrible results. We finally succeeded in getting rid of the stuff, but not before it resulted in some awful looking pages. At first we suspected fifth columnists, but since none of our contributors have written over four columns, we don't know what to think now. 'Twon't happen again, tho; so if you'll forgive us — Thanks!

Mumbblings

BY, OF COURSE,

THE

Mumbler!

by the

MUMBLER

Whether fans be supermen or superidiots they still prove themselves to be annoyingly human every so often. One of the most humanest human traits we know is any act or acts leading to acute embarrassment on the part of innocent bystanders as well as the fan involved. Please note that it is extremely hard to embarrass a group of fans in any such manner, providing all present are fans. But let an "outside" adult into the circle and the mental conditions change instantly.

The striking horrible example I have in mind is known in my private files as The Case of the Marconette Tablecloth. And it happened thusly: In early November, 1939, my wife and I, plus Reinsberg and Meyer of Chicago were stopping overnight at Walt Marconettes place in Dayton, O. We had been to Philly to see the Conference. Well, after dinner that evening we were sitting around the house engaged in various pursuits. Marconette was showing Reinsberg how to remove short stories from Argosy for binding and filing. Reinsberg was wielding a wicked-looking pair of shears. I was sitting just across the table going thru some unpublished articles.

The rest should be easy for you, all the clues having been provided. There was a gasp, a wounded cry, a half-torn word . . . and a neatly scissored tablecloth. I beg to report the cloth in mention was not a dime store flash, but something that had come down from the grandmother of the family. I caught a glimpse of Reinsberg, staring at the instrument of torture in his hands, unable to believe what he had done; of Mrs. Marconette trying bravely not to appear ill...and about that time I decided to become embarrassed, too. I don't know why, I just did.

It is odd, odd but true, in that what is Virginia smoked ham to one fan is but vile hamburger to another. (Oh, pardon me, Mr. Chauvenet, I didn't see you sitting there!) At any rate, that is better than the tried and trite oldie about moat and poison. Which leads to this:

Every now and then in some fanzine, particularly those published by or

catering to a club, you can find an account of a meeting ending somewhat like this: (quote)". . . and nothing was accomplished." (Unquote). I have such an account before me now; John Chapman, secretary of the Minneapolis gang of lumberjacks and writing in the July FANTASITE, reports on their May meeting. He says that the get-together was held in a woodsy lodge belonging to Carl Jacobi; the cabin, we presume, being buried back in the vacation country among the lakes and trees. Chapman reports very little business on the books, says the time was spent in chewing the rag, hashing story ideas, phonographs, refreshments, and enjoying themselves. And he ends with the trite: "Nothing was accomplished." How can they be so blind?

Several weeks ago, early in July, in fact, we finished reading the new Gray Lensman story; "Kinnison, Co-ordinator" I believe the finished product will be called. Consult Astounding as to when it will see print. Permit us to report that we are horribly astonished (or should we say astounded?) and disappointed. Certain people involved would probably consider it unethical should we divulge details of the story here and now, so with great reluctance we keep our mouth shut.

But once it sees print, be assured we shall bellyache long and loudly over certain of the actions of the Lensman and we sincerely believe we shall not be alone. This looked like about the second or third draft (of the story) we read, and of course things may be smoothed out or changed by the time it sees print. Which is another good reason for keeping our mouth shut. Perhaps our objectionable point will be eliminated entirely, altho it isn't likely.

We realize of course that all this is pure teasing to those of you who dote on the Lensman, but by golly we are in a position to gloat and smirk because we have read the story in advance of publication, and we are human (or subhuman) enough to take advantage of the situation. Besides, for all you know Campbell may be paying us to boost the yarn!

Censorship is a vile word; the meaning is viler still. Quite often the word is used loosely and carries none of the deeper meaning the term implies. I could accuse the editors of the STAR of being small--edition dictators, Hitler stooges, enemies of democracy and such, for eliminating two items from my August column. But I won't. Being an editor myself, I often edit material out, and Gilbert might retort at me loudly. (Besides, I'm getting my revenge in another way! See the 1st issue of Chris Mulrain's SENTINEL.)

It would do no good to attempt to tell you here what the two items were for they would simply be deleted again. They were taken out, it is said, because they violated the STAR's sex taboo. Well, I agree and disagree. One of them, by no stretch of the imagination, could be classified as sex. However, I take no serious objection to the editors eliminating it because I can understand their objection. The item was a pun, the point of which hinged upon a slang term that carried a double meaning. If you have a low mind, the pun and the sentence that immediately followed it told you a dirty joke. The editors have low minds. But, we are proud to report, we forced the editors to add a new

taboo. Previously they had turned thumbs down on religion, sex, feuds, and politics. This pun fitted none of those; they were forced to lay down the law: "Naughty, naughty, Tucker. No double-entendre jokes!"

The second item edited out was sex, but not the sort of sex thing that would instantly leap to your mind upon reading this. The paragraph concerned some fans in Philadelphia and what they found in a restaurant. (Several readers will immediately know what I am talking about. The item would be tame stuff in SWEETNESS AND LIGHT, would call for a giggle in LoZ, (which, apparently, is where it will have to appear). Now personally, we are as broadminded as a four-lane highway and mentally worldly-minded. We saw nothing extraordinary in the situation because what they encountered is almost as common today as having a baby. (Ever had one? It's fascinating!) But perhaps that is our fault. Perhaps we too easily overlook things like that. At any rate, the dear editors frowned — and zip! — out went our two lovely items. Therefore I have a mission in life. I shall devote the rest of my days to putting something sexy over on the editors, in this column. Something so sophisticated or subtle their eagle eyes will never detect it, until the readers, you, dear people, chortling in glee, write in and tell them about it. You will chortle, won't you, please?

We just finished reading "Short-Circuited Probability" in the Sept. Astounding, a time-travelling yarn which we thought very neat and extremely humorous. What excites us about the story, however, is not the story itself, but a very startling by-product it produced. A new line of thought in regard to time travel. At least, it is new to us. We can't recall in any time travel story we have ever read (altho we make no claim to reading them all), of the thing even being mentioned before, much less brought up as a problem. Could it be that it has never occurred to the authors themselves?

First, some background: recall seeing in the newsreels the living (?) proof of one of our natural laws at work? Bombers, bombing a city on the other side of a river release their bombs while the plane is still on this side of the river. The high forward speed of the plane causes the bombs to fall forward as well as downward. The bombardiers you know must calculate the speed and the altitude and the wind velocity and all that sort of thing, then release their bombs well ahead of the target in order to cause them to fall on that target. From a fast moving machine, an object will "drift forward".

Very well. In this story mentioned above, the hero and his time-travelling friend are stranded back in the ice age. Suddenly out of the thin air over their head falls a load of garbage. The wise friend explains that 'twas merely another time-ship dropping its garbage. Now the ship was travelling at a smart clip — so fast indeed that the two men didn't see it at all, for all the minutes they stood there. The question is: if that garbage was dumped in one particular year, relative to that speeding ship, would it fall to the ground in that same year, or would it "drift" forward thru the years in the same direction as the hurtling ship, before king gravity smacked it down?

That is what bothers us! Suppose, for example, a time-travelling ship hurtled thru 1941, going forward at a very fast clip. Suppose they

(Concluded on page 37)

THE ZOMBIE CITY

by

- So. Car. -

Billy Jenkins

- Fiction -

(Note: The editors of the STAR consider it a privilege to present to their readers the following remarkable narrative, precisely as composed by Harry Jenkins' brother, Billy, aged fourteen. It is the belief of the editors that they are thus bringing to the attention of the readers the first story of a writer destined to make history in science-fiction. --The Staff, SOUTHERN STAR).

I was sitting comfortably in my new lounge, listening to my favorite program, Glenn Carson and his Swing Orchestra. I was listening to this program over my new style push button radio, when a voice broke in saying "Your Attention Please" this being repeated again and again. Then the voice continued "if you care to look around in back of you, you will see a human Zombie". In my mind this would have been a joke but my emotions made me turn around and all that I could say was "g'awd what an ugly thing he was". Yes, he was a Zombie a dead person brought to life by scientific ways. His eyes were as white as snow and his skin a purple color as a drowned person looks just after being rescued. The Zombie a horrible, ugly looking thing. Then the voice over the radio continued, "After tonight there will be no inhabitants in the little city of Besta. All Zombies when I give the word to kill you may kill your company however you wish". The Zombie said "Yes Master" and from his cloak he drew a crude looking knife. I let a soft whistle go through my lips. Then I heard the man on the radio say "okay Zombies". The Zombie started charging but he stopped as he heard the bark of my dog Rags. Then the dog became visible and the Zombie ran and jumped through the window to the street 14 stories below. I ran to the elevator and was down on the ground floor in a few seconds. I ran out to where the Zombie had fallen. There he was all squashed mass of flesh, blood, and bones. As I had expected there was no one on the street except me. Then I heard Rags barking and turned around to see him chasing a Zombie, but this Zombie was larger than the others. He was about 9 ft tall. Rags took a flying leap in the air and landed with his fangs in the leg of the Zombie. The Zombie stopped dead in his tracks and fell to the ground. When I got there I felt the heart of the Zombie. Yes, he was still living. The Zombie started talking "my name is Goliath, I was killed by David. I was brought back to life by a Doctor Franklin". I asked him "why did you run from my dog?" He answered "every Zombie knows that if he is bitten by a dog that he'll only have about five minutes to live". I fired another question at him "Do the Zombies ever hold a meeting?" The Zombie answered "Yes, they will hold one at the City Hall at 8: o'clock tonight". His whole body went limp as death scored it's second time on the same victim. I ran up to my room, forgetting the elevator. Ran to the telephone and called the nearest town, telling them to bring all the dogs and men they could find to my hometown, Besta. I looked at my watch it was 7:50, exactly 8: o'clock the men and dogs from the next town arrived. I told them my plan and they agreed to help. We went to the City Hall and formed a circle around it with the dogs trapped in the center, then I threw a cat in the midst of the dogs. The cat had but one place to go, into the City Hall and the dogs following. The dogs and the Zombies had a fight the dogs winning. Some of the Zombies gained entrance out of the City Hall but they were killed by the men in the circle. Doctor Franklin was picked up at his laboratory and his Lab, and equipment was completely demolished. After all the 16,000 corpses had been removed from the houses and apartments, the little city of Besta started all over again. The little city of Besta was nicknamed THE ZOMBIE CITY.

handwriting on the wall by GRAPH WALDEYER

Joseph Gilbert

Joe Gilbert lives in his mind ((Well, that, at least, is one address where he can be found for two months in succession! JG)), and what goes on there is much more important than external influences. He is nervous, quick, active, even "jumpy", and sensitive to many little "strange interludes" that may go unnoticed by others. He is temperamental, with a sort of enthusiastic dissatisfaction with the way God runs the world. However, he is very optimistic that God will do better in the future, with occasional proddings and nudgings by Gilbert himself.

This optimism and his quick, light enthusiasms are his predominating characteristics. He takes in and gives out impressions with great rapidity. His mind is quick, eager, adroit, versatile and analytical. He can be just as tactful and diplomatic as the occasion demands. It depends on whether he wants to be.

He is absent-minded about things he doesn't consider important, but has a good memory for things he wants to remember, and the ability to concentrate intently, though not for too long at a time. He grasps quickly, so probably has not acquired the habit of protracted concentration. Moreover, his mind automatically shifts to something different after a time.

Despite his mental keenness and analytical flair, Joe is modest, unaffected and unassuming. Though he may give an outward impression of great dash and boldness, due to his nervous energy and quick enthusiasms, actually he has many moments of hesitancy and uncertainty. He holds back, and caution often predominates.

Another inconsistency of his nature is that, despite his keen analytical mind, he is at times gullible and naive. He could be fooled and imposed upon to some extent — until he caught on to the imposition. Then, sparks.

To sum up, Joe is the nervous, energetic type, but this is something different from emotional expressiveness. What he scatters all over the place is nervous energy and enthusiasms, not his emotions. Emotionally, he is somewhat reserved, does not reveal his true feelings easily. The head rules there.

Harry Jenkins, Jr.

Has a friendly, rather easy-going, even disposition. Emotionally, he is a well-balanced, normal individual, practical and matter of fact, with his feet on the ground and not in the clouds.

When we find a script of this sort showing many contradictory signs indicating eccentricity, we may be sure that this eccentricity works itself out in some harmless fashion. In the case of Mr. Jenkins Jr., the writing indicates this eccentricity finds expression in the field of art.

His writing is plastered with indications of artistic appreciation, but his ideas about art are unconventional. He will experiment with

The quietly pathetic little tale of a courage that was greater than all space and more eternal than time itself. . . .

THE VOICE OUT OF SPACE

—by...

Harry Jenkins, Jr.

- South Carolina -

The Southern Star, queen of the newly-founded Planet Lines, cruised through the infinite darkness of space on its monthly trip to Mars. Outside of the ports the blackness loomed threatening, ever prevalent.

There beside the rear port hole stood 19 year old Philip Van Dyke, III, heir to the millions of the illustrious Van Dyke, II, owner of the Planet Lines. The few gleams of light which invaded the passageway, lit up the features of the youth. His sandy hair stirred in the constant stream of oxygen that whirred from the Brunson suppliers. His slim body leaned against the Dura-plate as he hummed softly. He was a perfect reproduction of his father except for one thing — his eyes. They were blue in the dim haze of the space-ship, in direct contrast to his father's grey. It was then that he heard the Voice for the first time. Out of the empty void it came and resounded throughout the ship, crashing, thundering, sounding on his ear-drums.

"Hello there; Southern Star! Hello there, how're tricks this trip?" The voice revealed certain youthful tones, a feature strangely incongruous with the long out-moded slang.

Philip went in search of the Captain and found him in the cabin gazing unconcernedly into space ahead. The Captain was a veteran of the spaceways, and he wore the rejuvenated style of side-burns. His determined jaw was set squarely below his Roman nose and dreamy eyes. But all space captains had dreamy eyes.

"Captain?" Philip said. "Captain Brown, what is that noise, or voice that I hear?"

"You mean that voice you heard a little —"

He was interrupted by the insistent calling of the hidden voice.

"Who's on board this time? Any celebrities, eh, kid?"

Philip noticed the Captain's face contract and his whole body shudder as if in instinctive response to the Voice. The captain moved wearily toward the huge microphone set in the wall of the control room. He reached a bony hand toward the conglomeration of wheels, dials, and switches that comprised the control board and flicked one isolated switch. Philip watched closely, fascinated by the changing emotions of the old-timer.

"Hello there in space," the Captain spoke into the mouthpiece, "hello there in space, Captain Brown talking. Celebrities on board include Philip Van Dyke, III. How has traffic been progressing? Any wrecks or disasters?"

The Voice was slow in answering, as if a definite length of time was required to assimilate the few words of the Captain. "Not Van Dyke, III? The one that George told us about trip before last?"

Philip gasped audibly at this reply, for George was the name of his father.

"Yes," answered the Captain, "the same. And a strapping young fellow he is, too. Makes me feel every bit of my 84 years. George should be proud of — his — son —"

Philip approached the aged space navigator as he slumped over the microphone sobbing.

"What's the matter, sir? Is there anything wrong? Can I help?"

The old man looked up into his eyes and smiled. "No son, there's nothing you can do. I'm just getting sentimental in my old age, I imagine. But run along now. Run along before I chase you out. You ought to

know that International Regulations allow no one but the navigators in the Control Room. Now — git!"

"I'm not going until you explain the mystery of that strange voice." Philip planted his feet firmly on the floor, and eyed the gruff old man. "Please, Mr. Brown, please."

"Do you really want to know?"

Philip's eyes sparkled as he answered. "I'm quite sure, sir."

The old man reached into his grey space trousers and drew out a pipe and a can of tobacco. "Well, it's a long story," he began, while stuffing his pipe with tobacco. "Remember way back in 1945 when those who spoke of space travel were scoffed and hooted at? Well, a far-sighted young scientist named Stuart experimented with transmutation of the body to distant places. His machine would simply transmute the atoms of the body through space to the objective where they could be reassembled without injury to the one who was transmuted. It was all very complicated, and even Einstein confessed that he didn't understand it. Yes, sure, people called him a fake and other names, but he was a pertinacious chap and he showed 'em. And did he show 'em! On April 25, 1943, the first experiment was performed and was — successful. From the shores of the U. S. to Europe in 20 seconds. People were shocked, astounded, speechless. He had succeeded."

The master stopped to light his pipe which had gone out.

"Then secretly he prepared for the ultimate test. The transportation of someone to a planet. He chose Mars and called for volunteers from the little town of Columbia, down in South Carolina."

"Say-y-y, that's where you lived, wasn't it?"

"Don't interrupt," said the Captain, "He chose a youth, one like you, Philip. It was necessary to choose one less advanced in age, because of the frightful shock just before the transmutation. Well, later on when the first space ships fired across the sky, they found him not on Mars — but — here out in space. His body is scattered around somewhere in this section, with the remarkable powers of comprehension and understanding. Somehow the atoms had struck some impenetrable barrier here and nothing but — aw, hell, sonny, I'm not one of those famous scientists who can't explain it, either. But the point is that he is somewhere outside this ship, or parts of him, endowed with the ability to set up vibrations in the hull of this ship like it was a sounding board, and talk through it as though he was using a visophone or somethin' like that. And the owner of the voice — the owner — he was a wonderful martyr — and — but we're approaching the meteor area, so on your way — begone."

Philip retreated slowly as the Captain turned away with tears in the corners of his eyes. The cabin door down the passageway opened, and the mate stepped forth. Philip walked toward him and stopped him as he went forward to his cabin.

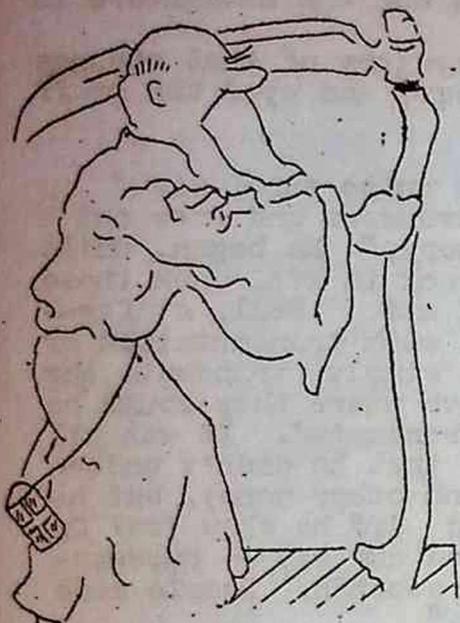
"Who was the martyr. The Voice in space, sir?"

"Oh-h-h, you mean the Voice of the Void," the mate answered. "he's Captain Brown's son."

Philip Van Dyke stared blindly at the disappearing figure of the mate.

THE END

Futura Press and Jinx Press Combine In First Fanzine Effort:
Closely resembling the pro Editor and Publisher, the FAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER will carry material of the same sort as that of the pro mag. It will be co-edited by Joseph Fortier, of Futuria Press & Harry Jenkins, Jr. of Jinx Press.



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* Panorama

Part IV. The Cavalier (continued).

All the stories in this article are from the Cavalier, discussed in chronological order. The dates: January, 1912 — June 29, 1912, inclusive. After the January number the publication was weekly, beginning with January 6.

DARKNESS AND DAWN, by George Allan England. Serial, 4 parts, January, 1912.

THE BABY IN THE SNOW, by John D. Swain. 5pp, January, 1912.

The more I reflect on this story, the more I become convinced of its very high quality. But I warn you that its strength will be seriously depleted if you glance at the ending first, for a knockout punch is awaiting you there.

The old ex-convict who called himself Smith was freezing to death. His had been a sinful life, and there was not one to mourn his passing; nevertheless, he had a single redeeming trait — a love for babies.

As he was on the point of collapse, he suddenly saw a baby sitting in the snow, looking at him trustfully. . . .

I remember John D. Swain for dozens of great tales, nearly all of them most distinctive in plot — tales like The Owl Man, The Gates of Hell, and so on. He was consistently good, and this short is typical of his work. I recommend it heartily.

THE COTTONWOOD CROSS, by Edson Smith. 5pp, January, 1912.

In New Mexico, thirty years previously, Ratway had been the leader of the Vigilantes who had hanged the young Mexican, Chavez, for horse-stealing. It was later proved that Chavez had been innocent. The youth's family swore vengeance, and made a cross from the limb of the tree on which he had been executed, placed it at the head of his grave.

Now Ratway was back, and they told him that each year, on the anniversary of the hanging, the ghost of Chavez emerged from the grave, embraced the cross, and begged for vengeance.

So Ratway thought it would be a great joke to steal the cross and take it to his cabin in the hills.

But the joke was on Ratway!

FOUR LUMPS OF SUGAR, by Clara Maxwell Taft. 4pp, Jan. 6, 1912.

When Herndon's wife died, he thought his happiness forever ended.

Then a lady of his acquaintance began to exhibit many of the late wife's mannerisms. Herndon connected this phenomenon with the last letter he'd had from his wife; which said, in part: "There are people in this world, unloved, unfound, who stand like empty houses waiting for occupants. . . . Somewhere, somehow, you will find me again."

THE CONFESSION OF CHARLES LINKWORTH, by E. F. Benson. 9pp, Jan. 13, 1912.

Until they hanged him for the murder of his mother, Charles Linkworth would not confess the crime; but after he was dead, he pestered everybody concerned until he got the confession off his—cr—chest.

First-hand description of the operations of a first-rate ghost. Interesting theorizing on matters occult, and no "explanation" at the end. Good, if you like ghost stories.

WITCH-WOMAN, by Faith Baldwin. P. 741, Jan. 27, 1912.

Poem. So-so.

A MYSTERY OF THE AIR, by Joe H. Ranson. 3pp, Feb. 10, 1912.

Here are decades crowded into three little pages. I haven't decided what I think of it, and meanwhile I am inclined to ruminate on what a wonderful thing it would have been if Conan Doyle, for example, had written it.

Wel-1-1, long before the Wright brothers went aloft at Kitty Hawk, the European village of Mentz was the world's aviation center. To settle the question of who was to win a beautiful girl, two fliers entered on an endurance contest, and the first to land had to renounce the gal. They circled out of sight, and neither came down — ever.

Years later, a third man took off from the same spot, aiming for altitude. A mysterious cross force seized his ship, carried it to undreamed heights; and then he saw the ancient planes — skeletons now, with human skeletons in the pilot seats, wheeling onward through eternity.

A powerful picture is painted here, a fascinating picture. You may say for publication that the story is no great shakes, but I defy you to forget it.

With the slightest backing, I'd say it's great stuff.

THE OCCULT DETECTOR, by J. U. Giesy and Junius B. Smith. Serial, 3 parts, Feb. 17, 1912.

This is the first of the many stories of Semi Dual. For the reason that fantasy fans seem not to rate them highly, I shall have little to say concerning them; yet I cannot omit them entirely, for unquestionably they belong in these articles.

Personally, I recall Semi Dual with pleasure, but I know (from experience. Chick!) that one's taste changes with the years, and it may be that as I look at the tales again I shall not care so much for them.

With the second glance, I insist that they are well written, but I notice at once that these first ones are quite different from, for example, The Wolf of Erlik, notably in the lack of the pervading, resistless atmosphere that I have always associated with the Wolf. Ah, how the Wolf beat itself into your brain! But we'll talk of that, if at all, summat later.

Some of the undoubted popularity of the series may be traced to the fact that thirty years ago the detective story was in a pretty awful rut, and Dual was a refreshingly new kind of detective. His specialty was astrology, but he also practiced mind-reading, telepathy, crystal gazing, analysis of handwriting, and, as my uncle has often said, so fo'th an' so fo'th.

The Occult Detector plumbed the unexplored depths of human minds, and his feats were quite convincing.

Herein, without leaving his apartment atop a skyscraper, he solves the murder of a lovely lady.

Gordon Glace, reporter, gathers the facts and runs the errands.

THE DEVIL SHIP, by H. D. Couzens. 9pp, Feb. 17, 1912.

The horror type, and all the strength and the saltiness of the sea is in it.

Skipper Billy Englehart and mate Jim Carncross boarded the derelict from a lifeboat. There they found a gibbering idiot who shrieked: "Hogan! Hogan! They're coming; Hogan and Scales! Scales, he eats 'em — all over the ship he eats 'em!"

By all the hells, it was a devil-ship in truth! Hogan was a giant ape, and Scales —? Can't you guess?

Recommended.

ACROSS THE CENTURIES, by Edward S. Faust. 5pp, Feb. 24, 1912.

Since he was a boy, Cecil Hamilton had had a recurrent dream, and always it had begun with the same strange perfume of attar and roses and myrrh. Now, as he stood before the temple of Hathor, in Egypt, that perfume was in the air.

A piece of granite, senselessly falling, struck him down, and when he recovered, an enchanting priestess ministered to him.

He recognized her at once as his love of a previous incantation, and he knew that at last his life had achieved its perfect symphony.

Then he heard the spirit music, and it gradually dawned upon him that he had been killed when the piece of granite fell.

RED O'ROURKE'S RICHES, by Katherine Eggleston and Frank E. Richardson. Serial, 8 parts, March 2, 1912.

Say, what about those mysterious prehistoric Americans, the cliff-dwellers? Whence came they, how did they live, what were they like; and above all, how did they manage to vanish and leave so few traces behind?

I dunno.

But their story is the principal thread of this narrative, and so far as pure story goes, it is an intriguing thing.

Nearly two thousand years B. C. a banished Egyptian prince, along with his followers, settled the desert mountains of Arizona and founded a great and cultured race. The fertile acres atop the sawtooth mountains were the home of the priesthood, where daily sacrifice was made to the water god. The mountain itself was honeycombed with beautiful caverns and sacred chambers, and gold was everywhere, bubbling in the fountains, and cresting the subterranean rivers.

In 1911, long years after the last of the cliff-dwellers were supposed to be dead, Red O'Rourke and his friends, prospecting for gold, came upon the sawtooth mountain. They saw the pyramid of bones. They knew that a girl had gone ahead of them. They knew that gold was on the mountain. When they had struggled to the peak, they found twelve survivors of the ancient race.

In the underground hall of records they saw the history of the tribe, written in Egyptian, and also a prophecy of the coming of Red O'Rourke. . . .

The palace of the water god, the beach of gold, the blinding rites, the grotto of the crabs, and the death of Tonje the high priest are things to be remembered.

There's a swell story here, but to the best of my knowledge, no one has as yet written it. The effort of these collaborators is entirely too spotty for my taste. In their bungling, dime novel way, they make the first two parts simply a hunk of very bad Western hokum; they let the main characters get clean away from them; and their show-

oling of the love-stuff is absolutely indiscriminate.

Now, if all the action were as good as that business in the grotto of the crabs, or that scene where the water god himself writes Egyptian in fingers of swirling red mist — but it isn't.

Or if all the persons were as nice as Tesda, the little priestess — but they aren't.

And I'm irritated beyond all reason. I wish to hell somebody'd written this story!

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE HIGH "D", by J. U. Giesy and Junius B. Smith. Serial, 3 parts, Mar. 9, 1912.

A lesson in chirography, with a little hypnotism on the side. Semi Dual solves the mystery of the forged check.

THE VANISHING CUBES, by Crittenden Marriott. Novelette, 36pp, April 6, 1912.

Just to keep the record straight. The cubes were condensed motor fuel, the like of which no one has invented to this day; and there were other cubes that exploded most violently.

A good 'un — but you wouldn't like it.

THE APE AT THE HELM, by Patrick Gallagher. Serial, 4 parts, April 6, 1912.

The editor billed this as "a combination of Edgar Allan Poe, Clark Russell, and Robert Louis Stevenson." The dialogue is much like that of Treasure Island, and the author, though he lacks polish, does a nice job of bringing the South Pacific into your living room.

The crew of the barkentine Esther Ann were worried. The mate was dead, and the skipper, Bob King, was not taking them on the course for which they had signed. They demanded a mate, and the skipper promised them one.

On a volcanic isle the new mate was picked up — a creature half man, half ape, as large as a gorilla, but in appearance more like an orang. The reader is told nothing of the origin of "Mister Chim" save for the statement that he bears some resemblance to skipper King.

Chim reveals himself to be intelligent, courageous, kindly-disposed, and a master navigator. He understands the English language, but issues his orders to the men through a Malay interpreter. His character, which is in many respects more admirable than those of the captain and crew, is probably not duplicated in fiction.

This ape is a hero, an' ye may lay to that.

THE WHITE WATERFALL, by James Francis Dwyer. Serial, 4 parts, April 13, 1912.

By the author of The Golden Octopus and The City of the Unseen. That, for oldtime collectors, like dopey me, is enough said. More modern readers of Blue Book will get the idea. Here is the very essence of romance (Webster's No. 2 definition). Here is a swashbuckling, hell-bonding saga of the South Sea islands, wherein the mightiness and the mysticism of the ageless past are pushed to the foreground and sink you with their prodigious weight.

Don't take my word for it. Book publishers are supposed to know what is and what ain't, and they reprinted this tale so often I forgot to keep count. The B. P. said it was Adventure, and included it in a set of adventure classics. It is primarily Adventure, but there are things here, M. Fantasy Fan — there are things here that will make you glad you read it. If anything makes you sorry you read it, you are a stranger to me.

When Jack Verslun, mate of the Waif, heard the Maori sing: ". . . That's the way to heaven out of Black Fernando's hell," he know things were going to come his way in a rush; and they did, laddie.

The professor was going a-hunting for scientific data. His two daughters were protecting him, and Holman and Mate Verslun were protecting them. But, thank goodness, lov' is soft-pedalled.

Black Fernando is right with you from the jump, if only you can spot him (Heh-heh!).

The exploring party crosses the Vermilion Pit, and then, though the island is reputedly uninhabited, they discover that they are being spied upon from a prehistoric stone monument. (There's something funny about that monument, but find it out for yourself).

The party runs afoul of the Wizards of the Contipada, an ancient cult that has survived through centuries of decadence — and black Fernando is the high priest!

Battle follows — pulantny battle, and mysterious, time-worn rites and a close shot at primordial sacrifice.

In the Black Kindergarten, at the last ditch, our Nico Persons are led to safety by means of the White Waterfall.

Of all the booklengths reviewed in this article, this one, while a bit short on the fantasy angle, raily is the one you ought not to miss.

Railly!

WHEN THE SOUL ESCAPED, by Gilbert Riddell. Novelette, 26pp, April 20, 1912.

The first odd thing they noticed about Martin Winter was that something had gone from his eyes; the second was that he could not make himself heard over a telephone. Even before that, he himself was puzzled by a clear recollection of incidents that could not possibly have happened. For example, he read the first chapter of a book before the book was written!

But when Professor Stockley explained the situation, Winter understood, and soon thereafter he was able to vanish into thin air at will.

The answer, of course, is astral projection, but Riddell's treatment of a jaded theme is unique, and much more sprightly than the average of its type.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE, by John D. Swain. 6pp, May 4, 1912.

At the appeal of Professor Colquhon to the audience, six foot, two hundred pound William Bean went up on the stage to be hypnotized.

Most inopportunely for William came the cry of "Fire!"

The professor and the audience stampeded. William, clad in short frock and frilled cap, and clutching a rattle and a bottle, was left to fond for himself.

Firmly convinced that he was a one year old baby, he entered on an odyssey that is one of the most hilariously funny things I have ever read.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT, by George B. Rodney. 8pp, May 4, 1912.

About six months after Professor Buxby bought the Gordon ranch and started his secret scientific work for the government, the sheep herders of that section began to hear the horrible "voices of the night," and to find dead lambs that had been brutally hacked to pieces. . . .

ALL UP IN THE AIR, by Willett Stockard. 9pp, May 25, 1912.

In the days when there was a big prize for the first plane flight across the Atlantic, young Barrett and a group of his friends decided to attempt a hoax and win the money. Their freakish plane took off from Franco, landed aboard a yacht, and was transported to the American coast, where it took off again for the grand finale. An unexpected storm defeated their plan in its very last stage. However, Barrett, who was something of an inventor, had equipped the plane with various fancy gadgets, purely for effect, and to his amazement one of them per-

formed beautifully. He knew then that the flight could have been made as advertised, and that his next attempt need not be a frameup.

THE WISTARIA SCARF, by J. U. Giesy and Junius B. Smith. Serial, 5 parts, June 1, 1912.

The Occult Detector probes a Parisian kidnapping, follows the trail to Persia, and takes time out to visit the ancestral home where, hundreds of years before, he was born.

THE VEIL, by Fred Jackson. Novelette, 18pp, June 8, 1912.

A study in amnesia.

THE MOON ON THE PILLOW, by George M. A. Cain. 6pp, June 15, 1912.

"I mean to say that the very word for temporary mania in almost every civilized tongue testifies to the belief that the moon has an effect on the human mind. You know as well as I the derivation of our own words, lunacy and lunatic; you know the tales of seamen and soldiers -- those who have had the most opportunity to feel the influence of the moon."

THE GOLDEN BLIGHT, by George Allan England. Serial, 6 parts, June 22, 1912.

A Munsey milestone, I'd say -- a real classic. If not the grandest writing possible on the subject selected, at least a fully adequate treatment.

Far be it from me to suggest that gold is a dull topic for conversation; but I have not as a general rule cared at all for stories that are largely money-stories. Thinking that I'd have to do some wading to get through this one, I changed my mind with the first installment. This England certainly knew how to put one little word after another.

He makes a great adventure of this. One man stands absolutely alone against the capitalism of the wide world, and whips it. It's a big canvas, a colorful painting, calling for and revealing a scope of imagination that I can only term magnificent. Actually, you have to have an unusually strong imagination yourself in order to appreciate what England did. And he was painstaking. Beyond the fact that the hero too often says "Gad!", there is hardly a flaw in the structure.

Incidentally, there is incorporated a crushing indictment of war and the men who cause it, with long quotations from famous authors who have described horrible battle scenes.

For that is what John Storm wanted with power; he intended to end all warfare. He believed that the destruction of capitalism would accomplish his end; that if the financiers of the world wished peace, there would be peace.

Storm had a machine whose radiations could disintegrate every ounce of gold in the world, leaving only gray ashes. He could exert his power wherever and whenever he pleased.

He went to the financiers and delivered his ultimatum: they would bring about lasting, worldwide peace at once, or he would set his machine in motion. He gave demonstrations of what he could do.

They banded together against him, and he set to work in earnest.

The action speeds up, the interest quickens as this gifted author contrives to show you the whole United States in the throes of a tremendous crisis. Developments revolve around three salients: the campaign of the Richest Man to buy up all the gold-ash, paying for it in silver; the return of the gold; and the final catastrophe that gives the victory to John Storm.

A truly remarkable description of economic upheaval and the mass hysteria that goes with it. A fine building-up of dramatic pitch that continues to a smashing conclusion.

You'll like it!

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by-- Harry Jenkins, Jr.

"— Oh, the Martins and the Coys,
And those reckless Dixie boys —"

And so, to the lilting strains of a hillbilly tune slightly distorted, we begin this number of the Telecaster.

Stale News Travels Fast Dept.: D. B. Thompson, the erstwhile sage of Salt Creek, is now a Dixie Fan. As if all you guys 'n gals didn't know it already, D. B. now lives in Alexandria, Louisiana. And — he's a DFF member!

And if you're wondering why Don hasn't followed up his initial success in ASTOUNDING, the reason is that his job isn't very conducive to writing. What with off to work at 6:45 and returning at 6:15 we can't blame him much. How fleet is time, er sumpin.

This month's award of a genuwine 5¢ lollypop goes to the editor of the STAR, Joseph Gilbert by name, who pulled a beeg boner. Well, it's not so big, but it could be worse! Joe, as you probably know, took the dough which he received from "The Man Who Knew Roger Stanley" ((See January, 1942 ASTONISHING STORIES for that sooper saga of the space-lanes. EJ)) and went zoopin' off up to Washington to visit Speer, Milty and Lester del Ray. During the three days that he was there he talked not once of the important DFF affairs that he was supposed to. But after careful investigation by our undercover agent deluxe, Snooperman, we find that Gilbert and the boys in Washington talked about anything but fandom. So, with utmost reluctance we pardon him from the terrible fate of reading CAPTAIN FUTURE.

And speakin' o' Speer, Juffus has dreamed up a coat-of-arms for the DFF and as soon as the design is completed, it will be presented to the faithful. All hail Juffus!

Research is a four letter word starting with H which one can't use in polite society. That sentence is just to prepare you for this little statement: David Miller, DFF member in Georgia has completed his monograph on witchcraft and other phases of black magic. All he lacks now is a few pictures. And, with special reference to that first sentence, we congratulate Dave.

At the last report, Raymond Washington, Jr. was experiencing the first difficulties of fanzine editors. He was enveloped in the throes of the Mighty God Money, and was repeating violent phrases over the price of stencils. We mumble encouragement, but shamle over to our little hermitage and contemplate the infinite.—And the rising cost of mimeograph paper. However, we wish Raym all the luck in the world with SCIENTIFUN.

In case you haven't glanced at the contents page, we'll just sorta kinda slyly hint that Raymond Washington, Jr. has "The History of A Fan" coming up in the next STAR.

In SCI-FIC VARIETY ((FAPA publication of Hoy the Pong. EJ)), Bob of Bloomington professed a desire to see the fulfillment of a niche in the fan publishing field. That gap was a sort of a fan EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. Note the past tense in that last sentence, for there is a FAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER! The editors are Joe Fortier of Futuria Praesent and

Harry Jenkins, Jr. of Jinx Press. The magazine will be issued under the Starlight Trilogy banner. It will be issued quarterly, and will sell for 10¢. Within its 20 pages will be found articles on the writing of science-fiction, tips for the amateur publisher, articles on vari-color mimeographing, announcements of forthcoming fanzines, and material in them. It will follow the same general material content as its professional namesake.

A hearty 'hiya' welcomes Thomas Brackett of Louisiana to our organization. "Hiya, Tom!"

Election days are ahead! Not many weeks after you receive this STAR, you'll receive the election ballots of the DFF for the year of 1942. For one year our club has been functioning and come January, we roll around to our first anniversary. With the coming of the new year we want to increase our activities and aid the NFFF in every way possible.

And if any of you'all aren't members of the NFFF, write to Joseph Gilbert for full particulars

Dixie Press, the South's own fan-publishing organization, had quite a sizeable bit of magazines in the last F/PA mailing. Joe Gilbert had his SOUND-OFF!, Lee Eastman contributed LAST TESTAMENT, Harry Jenkins, Jr. came across with JINX and STF HASH, while Harry Warner accounted for the final contribution with his ever-popular HORIZONS. All in all, it almost beat the Futurians in the mailing before the last one.

We had prepared a boo'ful Winchellian climax for this department, but lost it somewhere. Ho-hum!

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"Handwriting On the Wall", concluded from page 21.

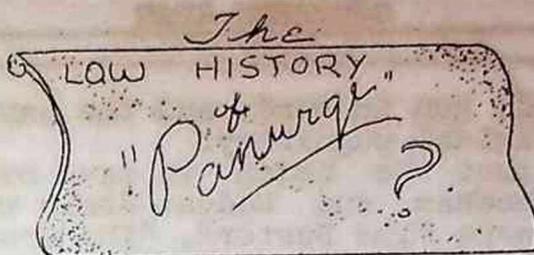
various different forms of artistic expression. This is combined with a good deal of finger skill — an ability to control the pen — though this skill does not seem to have been developed to any great extent. So there is imagination, eccentric tendencies in art, the desire to experiment and make an impression — and these, unless combined with training in the fundamentals of art, are apt to lead to some bizarre results — results that may gratify the writer but meet with some difference of opinion as to whether or not they actually constitute art.

The writer does not like confining work, but wants change and variety and physical activity. He has an appreciation for gayety and fun. He likes to impress people and "puts on". But this is all on the surface. Actually, he is sincere, straight-forward, generous and even a bit ingenuous: He is on a pretty even keel regarding the important things.

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You won't want to miss the startling array of authors that are in EN-DYMION — Robert Moore Williams ("Seekers In the Night"), Joseph Gilbert ("Who Ghosts There?"), Bob Tucker ("Martians Preferred"), and Chester S. Geier ("Paradise Planet"). Wilfred Owen Morley and Robert Arthur's promised stories have not arrived as yet. But you can't afford to miss this 50 page book which sells for only 15¢! It's the fan fiction magazine! It's a DIXIE PRESS publication and is edited by Harry Jenkins, Jr., 2409 Santee Avenue, Columbia, S. C.

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BIOGRAPHIES of D.F.F. MEMBERS * NEXT: Harry WARNER

When he was just about big enough to toddle half-way across the yard without falling smack on his face, he occasionally visited his grandmother, who lived on a farm. He was wont to take with him a little red wagon that he pulled along with apparently no purpose at all. Thus from the very beginning he showed himself energetic in doing things that didn't matter a damn.

In the beginning, too, he gave promise of that rare discernment which now enables him to separate the wheat from the chaff among magazine-stories thirty years old; for whenever they showed him flowers, no matter what their color, he'd solemnly pronounce them "Pitty boo flowers."

On the farm one sunny afternoon he wandered a bit astray and made a discovery. Numbers of little red and yellow globules were growing on the leaves of a bush, close to the ground, and their prettiness so struck his fancy that without further ado he had his first rassing match with the collector's instinct. After due cogitation he removed all the globules from the bush and stowed them in the back of the red wagon, where, because of rolling around and bumping against each other, they looked even prettier. He considered his handiwork, and it seemed good, and he said "Ph—!"

When his mother asked him what he intended to do with the globules his obscure and fumbly reply made it clear that he didn't want to do anything with them, particularly. He just wanted to have them.

Later, since he was an only child, with no playmates after dark, his mother read to him almost nightly. One story concerned a toy soldier who sailed down a gutter in a paper boat. That one impressed him; he liked it even better than "The King of the Golden River," or "The Rose and the Ring."

So he collected lead soldiers. He collected 'em by the hundreds, and still couldn't get enough. Finally he bought casting forms and made the things by the thousand. To this day, he is unable to pass a dime store window without stopping to see if, maybe, there are lead soldiers on display. Of course he no longer buys them, but he would, if he could do it without feeling ridiculous.

At length he read his first book, all by himself, and how proud he was! It was a chronicle of the Boy Scouts of the Wolf Patrol, which was all well and good; but in the back of the book the accursed publishers had filled up blank pages with Edgar Allan Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart." In all innocence he waded into it, and it scared the living hell out of him. He dropped the volume like a hot cake and ran for his mama. (By this time he was faster on his feet).

At the age of nine he edited a home-made newspaper that had a circulation of about fifty copies wherein, with permission from nobody, he incorporated as a serial one of the classic Russian tales for the very young. He also entered on the production of a Western novel; got all the characters lined up for a devil of a fight, became himself affrighted at the extent of the projected bloodshed, and deserted them. Several years later, when he stumbled across them again, the characters

were still standing around, gun in hand, and the passage of time seemed to have added to their original pugnacity.

It was late in 1920 that he began to save every copy of the Argosy-Allstory Weekly. Monahan and Modest Stein were doing swlegant covers. Current serials were "The Buster", "The Treasures of Tantalus" "The Stray Man", "The Night Horseman", "The Metal Monster", etc.

In high school, shortly before the advent of the radio and the orthophonic phonograph, he had the experience of a lifetime. In Raleigh, N. C., he heard a concert by Paul Whiteman in person. It was the nearest he has ever been to heaven, or ever expects to be. Glorious music, the like of which he had never dreamed, swirled and eddied about his head. He heard Henry Busse, with trumpet pointed toward the sky, play "San," and he damned near died with the joy of it. Anticlimactic were "Oh, Joseph!" and "Linger Awhile," but they too are engraved on his memory. Nowadays, late at night, when the little redhead thinks he is asleep, "Linger Awhile" spins through his consciousness like the music of the spheres, and he smiles in the dark, because he knows it was her love song as well as his.

So he collected phonograph records — hundreds and hundreds of them. He's still at it. In September, '41, when he comes home completely spent with the labors of the day, he plays "Alexander the Swoose" or "The Boogie Woogie Piggy;" and soon thereafter he is enabled to sit at the Underwood and turn out foolishness for Joe Gilbert's fan mag.

In high school he read Argosy's "Gun Gentlemen," "The Blind Spot," "Chessmen of Mars," "The Ju-Ju Man," "The Gun Fanner," "The Shadowers," "Tuned Out," and many others. The mag had a grip on him, and it seemed years between Wednesdays.

Then came Davidson college. He undertook to do all of the things he had not been permitted to do before. He was fairly successful.

He met a youth named Duffy, who collected Weird Tales; he also met a long, slim son-of-a-sea-cook named McQueen, who tried to reform him. Of the present whereabouts of the former gentleman, he has not the foggiest idea, and he often wishes he could say the same of the latter.

Since he had a pronounced disinclination toward work, he stayed in college longer than most; but at last he began to probe into the matter of what some persons call making a living, and he found, as he had expected, that, none of the known methods were in any wise congruous to his temperament. Deciding definitely against being a wage slave, he set up his own factory and went into the manufacture of whimydiddles for grinding smoke. Everything went smoothly until circa '34, which ill-starred year marked the inexplicable failure of the Model 6-A with the overhead drive.

Ping! The world exploded in his face, and he firmly believes that only Argosy's escape literature saved him from mental nihilism. . . . Well, let him, can't you?

After he had been blissfully unemployed for some six months, during which period he wrote a poem on how gawdawfully unhappy you can be if you try, his father pulled a guy rope here and a bell cord there, and presto! he had another job, this time a district managership with the Cherubim Cheese Corporation. He still holds this connection, and if you ever held a connection, especially one involving cheese, you can well understand that he still needs his escape literature.

Not long ago a young man who looks like an off-weight Ben Webster tricked him into writing an endless series of articles concerning an infinite number of fantasies. He began it with misgivings, and now that he is up to here in it, he is telling himself that he told himself so. He is secretly hoping that the STAR will fold up, so that he can get into all those good murder mysteries that are lying around unread.

by Morley

Look for an announcement of good news emanating from Street & Smith's offices soon, concerning Campbell's magazines. This source is bound to secrecy at the moment, but, if you hear the details before we are permitted to spill it, just remember that Morley tipped you off first.

Hannes Bok is doing a cover for the next issue of Science Fiction Quarterly, illustrating Cummings' famous tale "Into the Fourth Dimension". This is one of his most unusual stories, and one which he has rehashed but once to our recollection -- and that was back in 1931. It's different, we think, from any other stf author's concept of the fourth dimension you've seen.

Martin Pearson, author of the popular Ajax Calkins series, ((In Doc's Future Fiction. Morley, himself, has a neat little story in the latest ish of the mag, and there's what we believe is the finest story Cummings ever wrote, "Around The Universe", plus lots of other stuff by well-known fans. Gallop out and grab one; the mag is goin' places. JG)) recently crashed Astounding with an unusual tale called "The Embassy". The general idea is that if there are such things as Martians, they are most likely here on earth somewhere. The story deals with a person who sets out to find the Martian Embassy.

Walt Kubilius has clicked again with editor Norton with a short entitled "Atrakin and the Man"; Bok has done a nifty drawing for his "Voice in the Void", due for an early issue of either Astonishing or Super Science.

The coming issue of Planet Stories will contain the last work that Bok is doing for that publication, by the by. It's just a case of incompatibility between Hannes and Fiction House's art staff.

Bob Studley posed for the figure on the coming Planet Cover, incidentally.

Fred Pohl and Doc Lowndes have a sort of monthly contest on revolving around the stf agencies. Loser pays off with drinks at the end of each month.

We'd like to know what has happened to Walt Daugherty's Pacificon news. Supposed to be out every other week; it's been over a month since the first number came out. Shucks, Walt, can't you break the jinx on Convention-Committee publicity pubs?

Isaac Asimov's "Christmas on Ganymede" was originally scheduled for Astonishing's issue due out around December, but was withdrawn when Pohl departed.

It will probably be several more issues before the new Astonishing and Super Science can be judged as the work of a new editor. In the November issues, only four stories were accepted by A. H. Norton: they are "The Biped Reegan", "Pendulum", "My Lady of the Emerald" (original title "Whisper of Wings"), and "The Man Who Didn't Breathe". Norton just returned a novelette by Hugh Raymond and Mallory Kent with the comment that the writing was excellent, but that the theme was too utterly depressing. So, despite the fact that he's overstocked with novelettes, they're trying it on Campbell. ((If the story referred to is "The Enemy", it apparently did not fit Campbell's tight policy. Don Wollheim sez that it -- "The Enemy" -- will appear in a future Stirring Science Stories. JG)).

Barbara Daniel Hall, who illustrated "The Grey One" in Stirring, and "Dead Man's Planet", in Planet, expects to waltz down the aisle in the near future. And Dick Wilson and Jessica Gould will be married come the first of October. The Wilsons have taken an apartment at Knickerbocker Village. Columbia Camp members will be happy to learn

that two Wilson yarns have been accepted for either Future or the Quarterly. ((You bet! Congratulations on both points, Dick! JG)).

Boris Dolgov, as we write these lines, is taking part in the Fall open air exhibit at Greenwich Village. His non-stf stuff is speciously good, and your columnist intends to take a day off for a thorough look see.

Maxwell Bodenheim, well-known Village poet, once wrote a sonnet attacking a certain type of "utopian" writer, the last two lines of which "And though his mother might have been the asphodels, His father certainly was H. G. Wells". Highly amusing in this regard is an occurrence of recent: Don Wollhoim, Johnny Michel, Elsie Baltor, and Lowndes, were spending an evening at the Village arts center, where Bodenheim hangs out. Max came over to their table, knocked his pipe out, then walked over to the other side of the room and scrutinized the group. Later in the evening he read that particular sonnet. At Johnny's question, he admitted recognizing the Futurians, and it is suspected that his choice of that particular sonnet that evening for recitation wasn't just coincidence.

The FSNY celebrates its third birthday on September 18.

Robert A. Heinlein is retiring from the stf stage since achieving 100% sales. Campbell is now building up Asimov, who, in your columnist's opinion, is a wise choice, because the lad can write.

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Did you know that an American Academy of Black Arts has been founded? At the present time, it occupies a room in the Futurian Embassy complete with altar, black candles, ~~portraits~~ portraits of William F. Cthulhu and his minor representation, a plaster statue, Joe, as well as a pentacle with the Hebraic symbols RSVP in the center and zodiacal symbols surrounding it. The library includes, at the moment, a copy of Huyman's "Las Bas" and several mental copies of the Necronomicon.

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October 5, that organization holds its second 1941 election of officers. Present staff consists of Wollheim, Michel, Lowndes, Kornbluth, and Pohl. There's a big to-do on, inasmuch as the Dorlists (Pohl, Perri, Wilson, etc) want to re-organize the club, change the constitution, and go into competition on a big scale with the QSFL, while the Centre (DAW, JBM, RWL, Kornbluth, etc) want the club to stay exactly as it is, and continue along its path of solid str achievement instead of wasting time with putting on a big show. October 5th will decide which shall prevail.

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THE END

From The



Passenger Lounge

BY The Readers * GOD BLESS 'EM *

BILLY MENTIONED A POINT IN CONNECTION WITH ASIMOV'S "NIGHTFALL" IN ASTOUNDING THE OTHER DAY THAT WE THINK IS WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION — IF THE STARS APPEARED BUT ONCE EVERY THOUSAND YEARS, THEN WHAT WOULD BE THE USE OF THE ELABORATE TELESCOPE DESCRIBED IN THE STORY; PARTICULARLY SINCE THE SCIENTISTS DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE STARS!

Here's writing to you. This missive contains information regarding my opinion as to my likes and dislikes of Vol. 1, No. 3 of the SOUTHERN STAR.

...Mumblings-8 (Considering that Joe that that I was Chinese and put one page in upside down); ...The Munsey Panorama-10 (it gets better every time)...Passenger Lounge-8 (shows a good selection of letters and I agree with of the ratings)...issue as a whole-8.5.

After reading Tucker's letter in the Lounge, I find that I am unable to agree with him concerning ERB. He claims to be unable to read Burroughs at his best; I wonder if he has ever read anything by John dos Passos? Similar styles different subject matter. They are both of an "all roads lead to Rome" type. All incidents lead to a climax. I would like to tell Fischer that I like Amazing, but I'll admit that there's room for improvement.

I might add that living in the same town as Joe and Harry I don't blame you for thinking me nuts. (It's all in fun, boys, for I've known Harry for years and he is my best friend. I think Astounding and Unknown Worlds the two

best science and fantasy mags, respectively, with the SOUTHERN STAR near the top in the fan field. ((Billy, while too smart to be a member of the Columbia Camp and go down Main Street at 12 PM, bellowing "Figaro! Figaro? — this last in a tone of sad, sweet interrogation — Figaro!" with those celebrated bathtub baritones, Jenkins and Gilbert, was, nevertheless, the very first person to subscribe to the STAR when it was little more than a dream. He's a good chappie, this Bradford guy. JG)).
(So. Car.) --BILLY BRADFORD

DON, YOU KNOW, IS THE EDITOR OF THOSE TWO EXCELLENT STP PUBS, STIRRING AND COSMIC. AT HIS REQUEST, WE SENT HIM SEHNERT'S ATZOR ARTICLE IN MSS FORM. DEVELOPED THAT DON'S CONDUCTING A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION INTO IMAGINARY PLACES AND WORLDS, AND SOME OF HIS DISCOVERIES ARE NO END ASTONISHING. WE HOPE TO HAVE AN ARTICLE FROM HIM SOMETIME IN THE NEAR FUTURE AS A SORT OF SEQUEL TO SEHNERT'S PIECE.

....Mumblings is terrific. That chap in Texas (the artist) had several communications with various New Yorkers — mainly Wylie and Lowndes. Nobody, tho, has ever seen a sample of his work. He won't part with a thing. Quite a wack. ((Harry got a letter from the gent, too; an inquiry about FANART, and information about his own prowess in the art line. Quite a wack is right. JG)). ...Fischer was very good. Speer had a clever item, too. Panurge is invaluable; a real science-fiction treat. Even Morley is better than usual. He's

lightly in error on what I think the next convention should be called. I said and say "LAocoon". ((I don't get it. JG)).

At the present time, I think SOUTHERN STAR superior to SPACEWAYS. And that warrants congratulations, Joe. It's a real fanzine. And believe me there are damn few. You could count the number of real fan mags on the fingers of one hand.

--DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

SOME LIKE IT HOT ----

"Life Everlasting" is a considerably more interesting and intelligent debate than the previous one of this sort. From a pragmatic standpoint, tho, I doubt the use of a debate on life everlasting which assumes that the person cannot be killed, even when he wants to commit suicide. But taking the discussion as concerning a lengthening of an individual's life-span to thousands of years, you have something more interesting into which your teeth to sink. I think you have "Pro" and "Con" displaced on this, but assuming that Fischer is Pro, he makes several mistakes. One is in blithely saying that there is no limit to the amount of knowledge a human brain can absorb. The convolutions of the brain that we see in pictures are fixed from birth; the actual structural changes which the memory are microscopic, consisting supposedly of minute deepening of synaptic gaps between the axon of one neurone and a dendrite of another, or perhaps dendrite of others.

I guess I was wrong about Fischer being Pro; I was thinking that the "friend" referred to by me was Fenton, and the writer was Fischer himself. Con has built a somewhat better case than Pro, but I think that minor alterations can be made in the proposition under debate which will take it around Con's objections.

...Lowndes' New York Column

has, a good deal of enjoyable stuff in it; as usual, he shines on humor. Accounts of the 1:00 Convention business meeting, and, in the previous issue, "The game centers around the question: Which Futurian wrote what in Movie Love Stories?" are beautiful.

...Schumann's parody on -- is it Dorothy Parker? -- is wonderful. He kinda wanders off the subject toward the last, but that's nothing to shoot him about. ((Underscoring in the above and in following letters are my own, and intended to demonstrate one example why fan editors go around swinging from chandeliers under the quaint impression that they're Mohammed suspended in awful majesty in his tomb between Heaven and earth. Query to conjunctive jugglers Ackerman and Speer: do you term typewritten underscoring which is not to be set up in print, italics? JG)).

(Washington) --JACK SPEER

--*--

Is it my fault that cheese business has kept me in North Carolina for 10, these many moons? Echo answers, No Suh! and Echo, except when riding my uncle's horse, never lies.

Volume I, number 3, of Quah Stah received in good condition and contents noted. Myself, I don't like the damn thing. Too much stuff by fellows that are smarter than I am.

But I'll mention three things I thought good: (1) your honor's superlative editing of the letter section; (2) Fred Fischer's dept.; (3) the doggerel entitled "I Like Space Pirate Stories".

I should have said that I liked five items, including Tucker and the Panorama. Everything I've seen by Tucker strikes my fancy; and the Munsey articles fill me with pleasure for the reason that they represent some of the few occasions in my life when I did some real digging! ...But the important point is whether the fans want them.

Regarding your honor's editing such care and restraint would go

well in other writings. Try it. ((You mean I should keep all my violent opinions to myself? Good idea. You can't hold a government job unless you do precisely that. Not that I could hold a government job; I don't know my alphabet well enuf. JG)). Regarding Fischer, I'd hate to try to run a fan mag without him. ((Heh! So would I! JG)). Might add that he's the best letter writer I've ever known.

As to "Space Pirate Stories", I'm mighty glad to give this lad a hand. You know I'm not much on enthusiasm, Joe, but I'd like to say right out loud that I think this "doggerel" is very good indeed. Once, a long time ago, I tried my hand at writing verse. I couldn't make it click, but I learned something about it. I learned that the more pains you take, the less likely you are to be acclaimed by the average reader. I learned what an effort is required to get the right word in the right place. I saw what a nicety of perception is necessary. It takes a knack, Joe, a gift, an inspiration. It is not easy to write any kind of poetry. You have to be patient, methodical. I don't know just how much (or how little) Phil Schumann labored over this "doggerel," but even if it was sorta accidental it's still good. Good, in the sense that he did a swell job of what he had in mind. Hell, I'd rather read good "doggerel" than poor "poetry".

When you read piece and decide that you couldn't improve it by changing or moving a single word, then you begin to suspect somebody of knowing a little about what he was doing.

Expect to see you next weekend, me lad. Tell the Camp to spare the treasury — I'll bring my own Pepsi-Cola.

Consider me, Suh, your humble servant,
(o. Car).

--PANURGE

----- AND SOME LIKE IT COLD!

That's done it! The Aug Ish

of the SOUTHERN ASTERISK t'ops SPACEWAYS with me, and U can print that ryt in your Lozonger Passage Dept! So U aint so neat as the 'Ace' & U probly havent got enuf pics spotted thruout for the allaround mag Daugherty would require to make it the md (medal deserver); but to me, the columns overweigh everything else to make the mag tops. (Color's no drawback, either!). Tucker and Panurge good for los with their respective Mumblings & Panorama. Starport only a little less this time, say 7. Don't know whether Fischer'd classify it in Unknown Lands, Subterranean Adventure or The Future — tis all 3 — but to me "The World Below" is a classic in each division. I'll take "The Sunken World" for subseadventure; agree on "I, Robot"; can't seem to think up any favorite Futures just now — O Holy Kau, what am I talking about — LAST AND FIRST MEN, naturlich!; ...then I'll take "Finality Unltd" for superscience (or was it pseudoscience?); ...Horror: a brand new one — Asimov's "Nitefall" ...the damn thing's pretty near got me scared of the dark!; also "Hell! Said the Duchess"; ...Oddities, "To Walk The Nite", and "Fully Drest In His Rite Mind", and "Spawn". Is there no place for Supermen & Funtasys, tho? No. "Slan!" isnt first on my list; it follows "Odd Jno" & "Star-Begotten" in that order; then "The New Adam". Altho I suggested the Funtasy Classification, I offer no titles at this time, as I am not in the mood for so much listing; which involves too much thot and research to get any resemblance of a truly representative list. I should like to leave this listing now, turning to Speer's Mutant article.

"Tim P'Nautisshan": I take this as a subtly altered pseudonym for Temponautix, of the science (?) of time travel, but must admit that I didn't quite catch on to it from after the 2d "T". Is "isshan" sposed to be fonetik spelling by any chance of "isian"? Temponauti-

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And with these...thots, I, the #1 Fa(r)ce, bid U one and all a Norweigian adjo. If U're out by the Pacific in '42, drop in.....

---FORREST J ACKERMAN

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Ah, now the STAR...Dual Controls: 9. Very good. Mumblings: 10. What's this about cutting out sex? Shame on you. FANTASIA is more broad-minded. Anything that'll go through the mails is okay by us. Listening, Bob? ((We have no objection to sex; it can exist if it wants to. (Loud cries of "such generosity, what magnamious broad-mindedness!"). In fact, we're rather indebted to it for being here at all. Neither are we prudish in our outlook; in our more daring moments, we have had, even, the temerity to wonder where storks come from. But the question, quite seriously, is not one of prudishness or outlook. In any of our other publications, you can tell the Farmer's Daughter, Traveling Salesman classic with the most hair-raising variations without fear of censor. But this is not a personal magazine; it is the organ of the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION, and goes into the homes of many, many new fans and the impression they — and, more important, their families — get from it is also their impression of fandom. And, by Foo,

as long as we have anything to do with this mag, we'll continue to do our damndest to make that impression favorable! Selah. JG)).
Conversation: 8. Haven't read it yet, but I'm in a generous mood.
Handwriting: 9. You must analyze me some day. Life Everlasting: 8.
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When the series is done, you should publish it separately between two covers. ((We're going to; the first will appear as soon as all issues of the Cavalier are reviewed. JG)). New York: 7. Mild.
Letters: 8. Good.

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Listen, my Children, and you shall hear,
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well in other writings. Try it. ((You mean I should keep all my violent opinions to myself? Good idea. You can't hold a government job unless you do precisely that. Not that I could hold a government job; I don't know my alphabet well enuf. JG)). Regarding Fischer, I'd hate to try to run a fan mag without him. ((Heh! So would I! JG)). Might add that he's the best letter writer I've ever known.

As to "Space Pirate Stories", I'm mighty glad to give this lad a hand. You know I'm not much on enthusiasm, Joe, but I'd like to say right out loud that I think this "doggerel" is very good indeed. Once, a long time ago, I tried my hand at writing verse. I couldn't make it click, but I learned something about it. I learned that the more pains you take, the less likely you are to be acclaimed by the average reader. I learned that an effort is required to get the right word in the right place. I saw what a nicety of perception is necessary. It takes a knack, Joe; a gift, an inspiration. It is not easy to write any kind of poetry. You have to be patient, methodical. I don't know just how much (or how little) Phil Schumann labored over this "doggerel," but even if it was sorta accidental it's still good. Good, in the sense that he did a swell job of what he had in mind. Hell, I'd rather read good "doggerel" than poor "poetry".

When you read piece and decide that you couldn't improve it by changing or moving a single word, then you begin to suspect somebody of knowing a little about what he was doing.

Expect to see you next week-end, me lad. Tell the Camp to spare the treasury — I'll bring my own Pepsi-Cola.

Consider me, Suh, your humble servant,
(o. Car).

--PANURGE

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of the SOUTHERN ASTERISK t'op s SPACEWAYS with me, and U can print that ryt in your Lozinger Passage Dept! So U aint so neat as the 'Ace' & U probly havent got enuf pics spotted thruout for the allaround mag Daugherty would require to make it the md (medal deserver); but to me, the columns overweigh everything else to make the mag tops. (Color's no drawback, either!). Tucker and Panurge good for lcs with their respective Mumblings & Panorama. Starport only a little less this time, say 7. Don't know whether Fischer'd classify it in Unknown Lands, Subterranean Adventure or The Future — tis all 3 — but to me "The World Below" is a classic in each division. I'll take "The Sunken World" for subseadventure; agape on "I, Robot"; can't seem to think up any favorite Futures just now — O Holy Kau, what am I talking about — LAST AND FIRST MEN, naturlich; ...then I'll take "Finality Unltd" for superscience (or was it seudoscience?); ...Horror: a brand new one — Asimov's "Nitefall" ...the damn thing's pretty near got me scared of the dark!, also "Hell! Said the Duchess"; ...Oddities, "To Walk The Nite", and "Fully Drest In His Rite Mind", and "Spawn". Is there no place for Supermen & Funtasys, tho? No. "Slan!" isnt first on my list; it follows "Odd Jno" & "Star-Begotten" in that order; then "The New Adam". Altho I suggested the Funtasy Classification, I offer no titles at this time, as I am not in the mood for so much listing; which involves too much thot and research to get any resemblance of a truly representative list. I should like to leave this listing now, turning to Speer's Mutant article.

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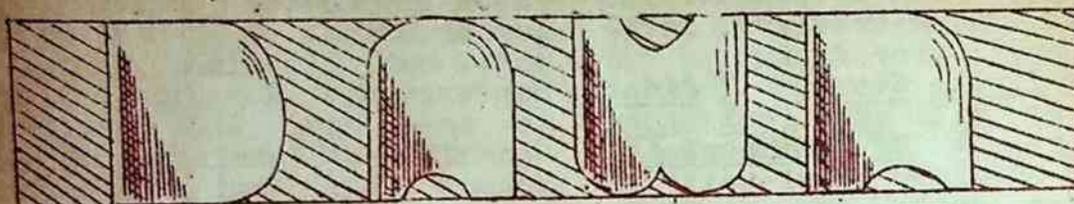
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-HAS A NEW EDITOR!

Due to unforeseen difficulties, Wright and Fortier, editors of DAWN, have turned it over to Phil Bronson for publication. Bronson is planning to have the magazine in the mails within the next two months. For the benefit of those who have not as yet heard of DAWN, it is a seventy page publication, containing between its two lithographed covers, some of the finest fan material ever assembled, barring none!!! Lowndes, Farsaci, Knight, Warner, Wollheim, Gilbert, MacQueen, and too many others to mention here are all represented in this great project. In addition there are biographies of all the well known fans accompanied by photo-stenciled pictures!!! This publication sells for only 25¢ per copy, and may be obtained from 1710 Arizona Avenue, Santa Monica, California. Complimentary advertisements for the Social Register are accepted at 15¢. Hurry, hurry, hurry, and get in your money before it is too late! Remember, DAWN will be mimeographed in colors on the best grade of paper, with the best grade of inks, will have lithography, photo-stenciling, and the best material available! What more could you ask for????

.....

Fantasia

Despite all claims to the contrary, FANTASIA will be continued, but on an irregular schedule. If you're not already acquainted with this fanzine, you jest ain't eddicated. 'Cause you are missing the best reproduction, best artwork, and best fiction in the whole darn field. Take it from us that FANTASIA is swell. You won't want to miss L. Russell Chauvenet's excellent bit of fiction, "Zenith"; an article on handwriting by Graph Waldeyer; more of that fine fiction by the ed; and — those incomparable comments from that dopey little dapper, Mickey Finn! And — if you're still in doubt, a mere glance at those lithographed pictures and those lino-block headings will thoroughly convince you! Honestly, you ain't a fan unless you subscribe to FANTASIA!

Lou GOLDSTONE
269 SIXTEENTH AVE.
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA

from
each
10¢

TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT, scheduled Joe J. Fortier for Jan. 1, will 1836 39th Ave. boast a new Tomaiden Oakland, Calif. cover .. the best to date. The fannag of pure and modern fantasy costs but 15¢; it's a semi-annual. Get it!

-o- WANTED -o-

First issue of Nephenthe; willing to pay 15¢ for it. Lee B. Eastman, c/o Joseph Gilbert, 908 Llyod Court, Columbia, SC.
o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o
First issue of the SOUTHERN STAR. Will give 10¢ and a copy of any future STAR for same. W. S. Houston, 116 Church St., Greensboro, N. C.
o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Don't forget the

Pacificon!

ADS

FFF'7

NYCON REVIEW

A limited edition of 50 copies only 50¢ each — 25 picked fotos depicting the most interesting events in the conferences preceding the Nycon and the Nycon itself.

*** You can't afford to miss this booklet. It is full, complete, and authentic. Accounts are by the Nycon committee: Sykora, Moskowitz, and Taurasi; and by Madle Unger, and Lowndes. Fotos supplied by Wollhoim, Ackorman and Moskowitz — cover design by damon knight — silkscreening by fandom's silkscreen artist, Johnny B. Michel

*** It's only 50¢ — but 50¢ is hardly enough to pay for the cost of the fotos! And besides that, there's expense involved in stencils, paper, ink, envelopes, stamps, etc.

*** So — NYCON REVIEW is going to try to raise some of the extra-expense dough from booster-ads. If you're interested in helping finance this and the two following booklets, here is how you can do it.

For the Fans, individually: — 25¢ for your name and address in the Nycon Review. 50¢ now will purchase booster ads in all three booklets.

For Stf Organizations and Fanzines: — \$1 for a quarter-page ad in the Nycon Review. \$2 now will buy you 1/2 page ads in all three booklets.

For the professionals: — \$2 for a full page in the Nycon Review. \$5 now will buy you full page ads in all three booklets.

Checks or Money Orders — no stamps please. Make checks out to Julius Unger, 1702 Dahill Road, Brooklyn, New York.



"Derivation Daze"

(Reading left to right: Milt Rotkman, T. B. Yerke, Art Widner, and Joe J. Fortier).

-- SONG FOR FANS --
(To the tune of "Comin' Thru The Rye")

"Oh, my Ma she was a genius;
My Pa, he was a fan,
And between the two of them they made —
A pretty dopey fan!"