



STF TRENDS # 13

April 1953



## THE EDITORS PAGE

We are late!!!! We are sorry. But seemingly, earning a living for my wife, boy and dog comes before publishing a fanzine. I'm extremely sorry that the world is made that way -- but....

The crux of the whole matter then, is, that STF TRENDS will have to go back on irregular publication until I can find more time to spend on it. I do not wish to put out an inferior product by hurrying it, in fact my goal is always to put out a better magazine. I'll try to do just that. For example the next issue will contain a story by America's favorite fan humorist, Wilkie Conner. Next issue will contain a story by one of the best of the newer science fiction authors, Hal Annas. His work has appeared in IMAGINATION, IF and DYNAMIC. Robert Gilbert will be our cover artist. You've read his stories in GALAXY and IF, now see him as one of your favorite artists. Also, there will be another Stanley Frank article, reprinted by the courtesy of NATION'S BUSINESS. All in all, it will be the finest issue we have ever had the privilege of editing. The columns, however are being dropped for the time being as an indefinite schedule prevents their being up to date.

We wish to thank NATION'S BUSINESS for their kindness in allowing us to reprint the Stanley Frank article and the Coggins illustrations in this issue.

Watch for a better STF TRENDS. It's coming!

The editor

# OUT OF THIS WORLD

By STANLEY FRANK

The science fiction fan's idea of fun is to pick up his slide rule and then make a monkey out of some author

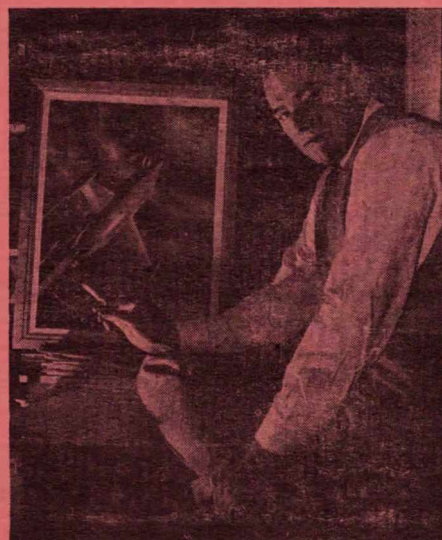
**T**HE COURSE of World War II, and with it the civilization we know, trembled for an agonized moment in March, 1944. The most carefully guarded secret in history had been breached. The technique for firing an atomic bomb was described with terrifying accuracy by Cleve Cartmill, a Los Angeles newspaperman, in "Deadline," a story appearing in *Astounding Science Fiction*, a magazine little known to the public. The principles of atomic power had been known for 40 years, but the method of controlling an explosion of fissionable materials stumped the best scientific minds in the world.

American and British physicists were beginning to crack the problem, but they still were more than a year away from the solution. The Germans were working feverishly on an atomic project. If a security leak had suggested the answer to a free-lance writer, the enemy could have exploited the same source. And if the enemy got the bomb first. . . .

Military Intelligence operatives bore down simultaneously on Cartmill's home in Los Angeles and the magazine's office in New York. The West Coast agents feared the worst when they learned that several junior physicists assigned to the Manhattan Project at Los Alamos were Cartmill's neighbors. When questioned, Cartmill told a story almost too plausible to be true. In the climax of the yarn he had written, the hero disarmed an atomic bomb planted in a vital installation by the villain. Cartmill, not knowing how the bomb was detonated, simply wrote to John W. Campbell, Jr., editor of *Astounding*

*Science Fiction*, asking for a description of the trigger mechanism. He had Campbell's answer in his files.

In New York, intelligence agents were hearing a stranger story from Campbell, an owlish young man of 33. Campbell admitted he sent the dope to Cartmill. Where did he get it? He produced the June 15, 1940, issue of *Physical Review*, a scientific journal in which atomic bombs were discussed. By integrating the facts, he had reached a logical conclusion for setting off an atomic explosion. And what made him so all-fired smart? Campbell showed the degree in nuclear physics he received in 1933 from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Anyone, he added casually, could have done the same thing with the proper scientific background.



John W. Campbell, editor, believes in taking the long view of things

The situation was too grim to withhold any longer the trump card the intelligence people should have known Campbell had up his sleeve. The Army had given him official permission to publish information on atomic energy during the war. Why was his little magazine given special dispensation denied other periodicals far more influential? The answer to that one was easy. Stories on atomic energy had been the stock-in-trade of his book for 15 years. To have stopped running such stories, read by physicists and technicians throughout the world, would have been as much of a tip-off that something was in the works as it would have been if all newspapers and trade journals in America had started printing government releases on the atomic bomb.

It wasn't the first—nor will it be the last—time that branch of literature called science fiction foretold the shape of things to come. Every major invention and revolutionary concept of the past 350 years has been anticipated by decades, even centuries, by writers projecting their soaring imaginations through time and space.

In 1641, Bishop John Wilkins predicted the airplane, the phonograph and the telegraph. Jules Verne described television and sound movies in "The Castle in the Carpathians." Robots, guided missiles and the schnorkel submarine were such old chestnuts 30 years ago that a self-respecting science fictioneer didn't use them any more than a whodunit specialist today would dream of killing the victim with a hatchet.

There is an important difference



between science fiction and fantastic, supernatural stories which should be clarified at the outset. Science fiction is predicated, entirely and strictly, on established physical laws governing the universe. In fantasy, the author calls his shots as he jolly well pleases and has his characters and conditions assume any form that best suits his purposes.

If his Man from Mars is an eight-foot zombie with green hair and an Oxford accent, the readers will go along with him. Science fiction addicts will give the sole of the foot to such whimsy. First of all, meteorological conditions on other planets will not support life as we know it. The Martian may be a slithering Thing—it slithers because the pull of gravity on Earth is three times greater than it is on Mars—and it may converse with earthlings, but the author must explain how communication is made, with an etymological analysis of the language.

"There's one more significant difference between fantasy and science fiction," Campbell says. "The science fiction writer must believe his story at the moment. No tongue in cheek stuff. He must believe it himself to convince the reader that his yarn is possible, if not probable."

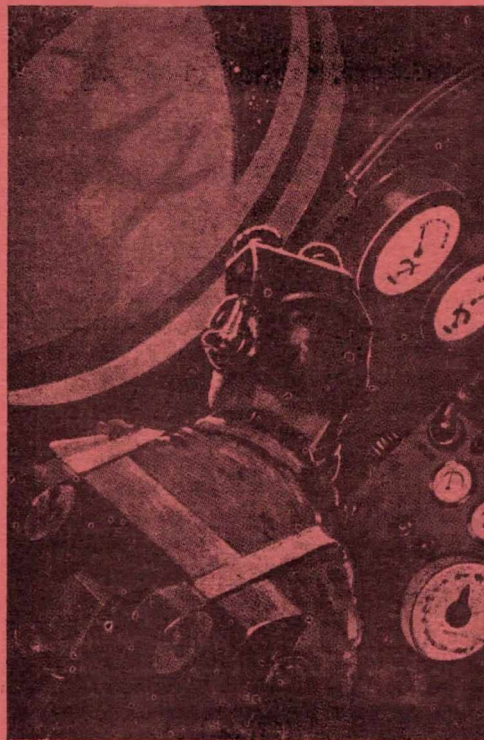
Cynics who dismiss all this as childish nonsense are brought up short when they are told of the audience for such yarns. Dr. Albert Einstein and Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, head of the atomic laboratory at Los Alamos during the war, are avid fans. So are Dr. Hermann J. Muller, winner of the Nobel Prize in medicine in 1946 for his study of mutations; Fred Schuman, professor of political science at Williams; John R. Pierce, senior research specialist of the Bell Laboratory, who developed the magnetron, the tube that generates radar waves; R. S. Richardson of the Mt. Wilson Observatory. Pierce and Richardson, who writes under the name of Philip Lathan, frequently contribute stories to magazines.

A science fiction fan's idea of a barrel of fun is to curl up with a slide rule and try to catch the author in an error of calculation. Ron Hubbard—the dianetics man—recently wrote a piece, "To the Stars," describing the journey of a space ship traveling through the firmament at the speed of light. Using Einstein's law of relativity, Hubbard attempted to demonstrate that the trip, which took

only six weeks, actually lasted 75 years as time is measured on Earth. When the passengers returned, there were the usual Rip Van Winkle complications such as finding friends long since dead and sweethearts turned into decrepit old ladies.

The incidents in the plot were accepted by all readers, but hundreds of letters were received taking issue with Hubbard's scientific thesis. Physicists argued the propriety of applying the laws of relativity to a specific situation. Mathematicians checked Hubbard's time lapses to the various galaxies. Engineers drew blueprints testing the specifications and fuel capacity of the space ship. In the confusion, everyone had a wonderful time.

The popular interest in science fiction that is burgeoning today



dates from Aug. 6, 1945—the day the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, fulfilling the prophecies made long before U-235 became as familiar to everyone as his home address. There are 20 monthly magazines in the field with a combined circulation of 1,500,000. Sales of anthologies have increased fivefold in the past six years. Mass media beamed to every intelligence level are turning out the stuff to satisfy the demand for extraterrestrial adventures that are challenging detective stories, Westerns and action thrillers as escapist entertainment.

On the juvenile level, there are comic strips (Buck Rogers, Superman, Alley Oop) and television

programs (Captain Video, Space Cadets). A few cuts above them are pulp magazines and such movies as "The Thing," "Destination Moon" and "When Worlds Collide." Then comes a sharp ascent through quality magazines and books until the visionary exercises approach the stratosphere of the mind. On this rarefied level the works of modern masters such as Robert A. Heinlein, Stanley G. Weinbaum, A. E. Van Vogt, Philip Wylie and Will F. Jenkins—whose pseudonym is Murray Leinster—are compounded mainly of philosophy with a sugar-coating of fiction.

Campbell contends that an I.Q. of 130 is needed to understand the concepts advanced in the better science fiction. He's laying it on with a trowel, of course, but there is no question that the boys often throw tricky curve balls that are not easy to catch barehanded. George Orwell's "1984," a tremendously effective, and depressing, glimpse of the future in a totalitarian society, is science fiction in the classic tradition.

Man always has been fascinated by the mysterious, unfathomable universe and awed by the immutable patterns that govern his destiny. Many renowned writers—Balzac, de Maupassant, Kipling, Bierce, E. M. Foster—have tried to unlock the riddle by hitching their imaginations to the stars. Jules Verne and H. G. Wells often are called the fathers of science fiction. They were its popularizers, but they got into the field long after it was recognized as an old and respectable literary form.

In the second century A.D., Lucian of Samosata described two trips to the moon with a nice regard for known scientific data. Sir Francis Bacon, celebrated as the most learned man of his time, wrote in 1622 his most famous work, "The New Atlantis," in which he suggested a research university that would function as the ruling body of a superstate and gradually eliminate national sovereignty.

Bacon's university was, in essence, a combination of the United Nations, World Court and international atomic energy commission we still are trying to make work. Edmond Rostand's play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," written in 1895, was more a biographical study than a romantic creation. Cyrano, who flourished in Paris in



## Out of This World

(Continued from page 42)

the seventeenth century, was preoccupied with plans for reaching the moon when he wasn't engaged with plays, novels and duels.

Perhaps the greatest satire ever written, Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," was pure science fiction, constructing as it did a society that gave Swift a springboard for lampooning the customs and attitudes of the eighteenth century. H. G. Wells' sardonic commentaries on the human race two centuries later probably were inspired by Swift. The most famous practitioner of the craft between Swift and Wells was Jules Verne, whose explorations under the sea and through the air ocean were noteworthy for technical validity. Verne's books revived popular interest in voyages to planets, lost continents and subterranean depths, but they marked the end of the romantic era in good science fiction.

Wells introduced a philosophical theme that gave his work the maturity most of his predecessors lacked. He took it for granted that wonderful gadgets like robots, rockets and globe-girdling planes would be invented. He was concerned with the uses men would make of their creations. He preferred to explore the uncharted corridors of the mind rather than the wild blue yonder and he foresaw the future with frightening clarity. Above all, Wells feared that man would lose his soul and eventually destroy himself in the Machine Age if his sense of moral responsibility failed to keep pace with his inventive ingenuity. Wells warned that the Machine would dominate man unless it was used wisely and ethically.

It took most science fictionists—as well as statesmen and pure scientists—a generation to catch up to Wells. In the 1930's, writers still were discussing wonder gadgets and weird inhabitants of other worlds. The Electronic Age was around the corner and what appears to be teen-age stuff today was bold and exciting then. In the 1940's, it was difficult to startle readers with dreamed-up gadgets when such weapons as the V-1 and V-2, the proximity fuse, the super-sonic and radar were developed under the impetus of the war.

Interplanetary visitors bringing new cultural patterns were popular with both writers and readers who

were groping for the answers that disturbed men of good will everywhere. In the 1950's, those answers are being suggested by new sociological concepts designed to make the Machine a force for good instead of destruction.

The current trend was foreshadowed as far back as 1941 by Robert A. Heinlein, an Annapolis graduate who is one of the most prolific, and soundest, men in the field. Heinlein uses several pseudonyms and his most famous story, "Solution Unsatisfactory," appeared under the by-line of Anson MacDonald in *Astounding Science Fiction*. The story predicted that the United States would launch a staggering program to develop an atomic weapon from U-235 and would use it to end a war by obliterating an enemy city. (Remember, this was in 1941, before we were at war, four years before Hiroshima and Nagasaki were familiar names to every schoolboy.)

Now go on with the story, as they said in the old cliff-hanging serials. The awful devastation of America's secret weapon reveals its nature to scientists. Any country can duplicate it and Russia soon does. Since there is no defense against the atomic bomb, every nation but Russia recognizes the need for international controls. A period of uneasy peace ends when Russia wages a short, sharp atomic war on the United States and loses it. A political fight follows between the United States and proponents of world government, overwhelmingly favored by public opinion. Our atomic weapons are surrendered to an international police authority that enforces the peace by controlling the production and use of atomic energy.

"There was only one fault with the thesis of Heinlein's yarn," Campbell comments. "Who polices the police? That's why I changed his title to 'Solution Unsatisfactory.' No nation is ready yet to sacrifice its sovereignty to an international authority because people are unwilling to think for themselves instead of accepting any distorted statement leaders ram down their throats. We won't have world government until people get rid of their mental laziness. The science fiction boys are trying to change our short-sighted thinking by describing the inevitable mess that will follow if we stay in the same, old rut."

It is significant that all of the science fiction writers in the upper echelon are staunch world-government men. Their characters are not heroes and villains in the con-

ventional sense. The heroes do not protect widows, children and ravishing blondes from the nefarious schemes of bad guys lusting for money and you know what. The good guys are knights in electronic armor fighting ignorant people whose viewpoints are contrary to the common goals of mankind. The conflict is not between boy and girl or virtue and vice. It is between Enlightenment, represented by idealistic scientists, and Stupidity.

"Sure, most of our heroes are scientists, and why not?" Campbell demands. "Psychologists have shown they can't control unstable minds, but physicists have licked unstable nuclei. The physical scientist always is looking to improve his product, but the sociologist still is bound to tired traditions that have gotten us into trouble as long as history has been recorded. What's made America the country it is? There's always been a conviction here that there must be a better way to do it. We build cars, planes, household appliances to last indefinitely, but we know there will be models next year that will be better. The customers know it too. That's why our industrial capacity is so enormous. There's always a better way to do it. American technologists have proved it's possible in their sphere. Why not extend that attitude to human relationships?"

"The way it's going now, we're no smarter than the cave man. His fundamental problems were food and covering for his naked body. Well, for a couple of thousand millenniums the dope did it the hard way. He went out in search of food- and fur-bearing animals. Then one day a guy a little brighter than the rest figured a way to make the animals come to him. He dug a pit for trapping beasts and raised them in his own back yard. Now the problem is survival, how to stop from blowing ourselves up. The only people who are taking time out to think about it are scientists and my guys, the science fiction writers. They haven't got all the answers, but at least they're coming up with some provocative ideas."

A lot of good that is. Those birds are as pessimistic as you can find. Most of them envision a cataclysmic war with wholesale killing before man's machines and creative gifts are harnessed to constructive uses.

Campbell shrugs. "So what? Maybe you'll live through it. If you don't, think of the better future for posterity, old boy. You've got to take the long view on these things."



# THE TRUE FAN



"READ ANY HEINLEIN LATELY?"

# OUANN

ONCE UPON A NOODLE NEST

SEVERAL SILENT SIBLINGS SAT

BUT THEY WERE NOT TOO MUCH IMPRESSED

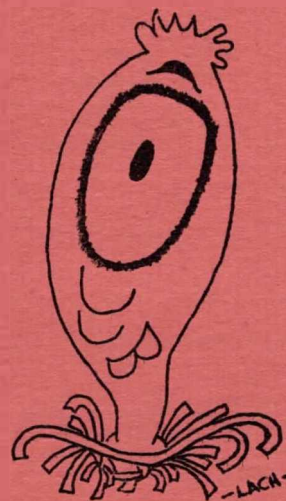
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BUT WHO WOULD CARE TO BE CARRESSED

SITTING ON A NOODLE NEST



STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS



# the long episode



by harlan  
ellison

episode the third:

## ENERGY BUILD-UP

A metal fish swam through a stream of spacial darkness. The myriad tell-tale resplendances of the far-off nebulas giving the scene an atmosphere of ethereal beauty. Inside the ship the twenty emissaries to Earth spent their time in routine inspection and re-inspection of the ship, and their off-duty hours in the usual fanpractices. Over thirteen hundred one-shot fansines were issued inside the shell of the OOTPLA! II during that long saunter back through the densities of the void.

Down in the engine room, HonE Wood, Tucker's most renowned rocket jockey, one of the few Fen discovered who possessed latent ESP powers, was applying her innate familiarity with machinery to making the OOTPLA! II's guts operate according to Tucker's.

Wood had been one of the lesser BNF on Tucker till one day she found that 'Just by sticking my hands in and wiggling 'em', she could put to right any machinery gone haywire. A study into her mental processes located a most startling ability on her part to 'feel' when machinery of a complex nature was out of whack.

Because of that ability, she had gone unchallenged in her application of Chief Mech on the OOTPLA! II's journey.

Her small world in the hold of the ship was one of utter neatness and homogeneity. She was well-known for her neat-as-the-proverbial-pin cleanliness, and the engine room seemed to sparkle with an amazing brilliance only attained by the most discerning of women.

Upstairs, on the thirty decks, The Fen wended their multitudinous ways, an electric tension in the air, for no one even dared guess at what awaited them on Earth...though they all DID guess. Incessantly.

The weeks passed slowly, yet rapidly.

The wall annunciator rasped accusingly. A scarlet glow, bloodily insistent, suffused the entire ship. Relays closed. Knife switches slashed home. The PA system bleated monotonously, yet urgently. 'Situation Scarlet! Situation Scarlet! Situation Scarlet! Situat...'

All through the ship bulkhead doors were slamming on pneumatic sealers, the Fen on-duty were slamming their way to their assigned posts, and the sleeping shift was tumbling frantically from its bunks. Pandemonium was rampant. No one knew what was going on.

\*An interesting bit of terminology. 'According to Tucker'. Aside from the fact that the planet colonized by The Fen was named after the great man, since he had often been parliamentarian at many conventions, the saying, 'According to Hoyle,' taken after a game expert of the 20th century, was altered accordingly.....

With stunning force a voice split the mad jumble of sounds into a ragged jigsaw puzzle of noise, silencing the near-rioting crowd. 'This is HonE. I'm in the antechamber to the Pile Room. We've developed a clogged-up reactor chamber. One of the caddie rods slipped out and we're building up potential like interest on a three-year loan. Somebody's going to have to go in there and shove the damned thing back in. And, oh yes...come on down here, I've got a surprise for you.'

En masse the Fen filled the elevators and within minutes were clustered together in the huge antechamber of the reactor room, with its burnished metal walls, unbroken save for the wide, glass-ite portals through which those in the antechamber could see the monstrous and bloated bulk of the cadmium-rod generating pile that powered the OOTPLA! II.

On a small raised platform affair near the front of the room, HonE Wood, rakish captain's hat snapped over to one side of her head, stood, grasping by the scruff of his jumper a young boy, who was frantically squirming to break out of her grip.

Elder Fabun, the only member of the N3F high council who had allowed himself to age somewhat, lending the impression of extreme age, strode purposefully up to the raised platform, his long, white beard swaying in unison with the movement of his lean body.

'What is the meaning of this, Davish?' the Elder addressed the still-squirming youngster, who seemed to shrink in upon himself at the obviously enraged tones of the older man.

A flood of words burst from the youth's mouth, tumbling over each other in a mad rush to be voiced. 'I wanted to come along. They told me the quota had been filled and that all the facets of fanning had been selected. They said there wasn't any space for me. I---I just HAD to come along.' He seemed as though he were about to burst with the concerted emotions that had spewed forth.

'I found him in one of the mixture rooms under the antechamber,' she indicated a circular opening in the floor. 'He must have smuggled some food in while we were finishing the ship. He's been down there for weeks. It's a wonder he's still alive. The acceleration must have been surd without a pneumoseat. Got to admit that the kid's got spunk.'

Davish, the stowaway, stared in unashamed fear at the Elder, who towered above him. Then the youth restoratives had been discovered, Davish had been the only one who wanted to return to the days of his youth, and consequently had retreated, via the drugs, to the physical and mental attitudinal capacities of a fourteen year old.

The Elder looked down at the boy, his stern visage broken only momentarily by a gleam of admiration that went unseen by even the youth. 'You have done a very foolish thing, my boy,' he started, 'There is only enough food in this ship for..'



He never finished, for suddenly one of the technicians, watching a bank of dials to the side of the platform cried, 'Look, the energy's building up to the red line! We'll all go up in a minute!'

HonE Wood let loose of Davish and made to enter the radioactivity-filled chamber through the thick, barred door, but three of the Fen near the door, Vick, HikmG, and Rtrapp, barred her way.

'You're the only good mech on the ship HonE,' blurted Ln HikmG, 'You're needed too badly.'

'No, I'm dispensible,' another burst out.

'I'll go,' cried a voice from the rear.

'No, I!'

'I'm the one!'

But no one made to open that death-concealing orifice into the Pile Room.

The technician by the banks bellowed above the tumult, 'We're reaching maximum! There's no time left! The ship's going to explode! It's no use...'

episode the fourth:

#### SELF-EFFACEMENT--A HERO'S DEATH

They stood, paralyzed; waiting, waiting, waiting for the final bit of nuclear reaction that would pile onto the top of the already staggeringly compounded potential and erupt them all into hyperspace, evaporating them into a nova-hot cloud of radioactive dust at the same moment, depriving hyperspace of the pleasure of imploding them into blobs of insensate matter.

they stood.

And suddenly, before any of them knew what had transpired, the stowaway, Davish, leaped from the platform and tugged open the dogged valves that kept the huge lead-lined door shut. In an instant he was through, into the radioactively deadly chamber, and faintly, through its bulk they heard the valves snap into place once again...this time with the young boy inside.

As one their gaze turned to the portal in the wall, through which they could see the monster of the pile, towering over the slight figure of the boy, obviously being bombarded with wave after wave of sterilizing, deadly gamma rays!

They watched as he stode across the chamber to the pile.

They stared dumbfounded as he suddenly tottered on his feet and sank to one knee, pushing a hand across his forehead, brushing back the mop of hair that had fallen over it as he stumbled. For a moment it looked as though he would fall there and never get up, but pushing against the metallic floor with both hands, he rose, sweating, and teetered to the Pile where the cadmium-rod was dangling uselessly on its chain. The gaping maw of the rod-hole, from which the caddie-rod had slipped, was before him, as he hoisted the ninety lb. bar in his arms and slipping, shoved it into the hole....

Immediately, the dials and guages on the technicians board registered a marked decrease in the RA level, as the purifiers sped their multitudinous processes to account for the unbelievably high ray content.

'Good God,' screamed HoffG, her face turning ashen, drawing the attention of the stunned Fen back to the portal, through which they could see the Pile Room.

Inside on the floor, misshapenly sprawled was the body of the young stowaway. Under the tremendous bombardment of the high-velocity radioactivity his body was slowly de-materializing. As they watched, in complete horror, the body began to dissolve, froth, fall in upon itself, and then, in a second, was gone.

Dimly, through a half-conscious haze, the white-faced Elder Fabun heard the women screaming. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that even the strong-constitutionaled Chief Mech, Wood, was Swaying.

IsberE and Silvrbrg, who had been standing together, pressed the switches which rendered opaque the two close-set portals.

They stood before the great yawning gate of natural space: looking into its well-like depths. Through its multi-fauceted brilliance to the rim of the Galaxy. Someone in the rear of the observatory was intoning a deep, heartfelt prayer. And the women cried. And the men stood straight and painfully tall, much too tense, belieing their stony silence.

Each bore in his or her mind that final picture of the boy, tottering against the pile, with the ponderous rod in his arms, sweat rolling from his youthfully strained face, the nerves taut in his neck. And the women cried.

Even those to whom a 'god' was fallacy, even those who snidely spoke of Chu and Roscoe as their personal dieties, even those....they no longer laughed, and it seemed that a bit of the God-light shone in on them in their bullet-shaped omnibus.

They closed the observatory dome, blocking off the view of normal space. In a few moments the ship shuddered and everyone tossed off a hyp-er-pill and liquid. Many of those who tossed it off did so with the most devastating liquor he could find in the ship.

The last leg of the journey went by without incident. The ship barreled on through hyperspace with its milk-white pallor shot through with sky-blue streaks of lightning. There was less gayety now, for sobriety had touched even the most jocose of the travelers.

Thirteen days out from Earth, if the astro-gations were accurate, they switched back to normal space, but few went to look at the many-splendoured tapestry of it.

The astrogator, Art Wesley2, the only mutant that had ever been able to live in fandom, pored over his graphs long into the 'night', and only when one of his heads would sleep would the other deign to imbibe coffee or StaveSleep pills. The left head, Kincannon, was the mathematician of the combo, while GrenL, the right head, was the calculator. Together their charts and calculations could be depended upon to be accurate. No one felt pity for the mutant for his intelligence was so high that most of the other Fen felt somewhat dwarfed in his presense. The only reason he had not been taken into the N3F high council was that an overbudding inferiority complex had been born in him, and to cover it a perpetual air of jocular-arity surrounded him.

Nonetheless, he was not only respected, but held somewhat in awe. And from that band of extreme individualists, it was indeed an honor.

It was a week out. They had left the Cent-aurian chains far behind. Ahead, the orb of Sol, lost to their sight for over one hundred years, was blazing like some incandescent lozenge against the jewelers' pad of deep space.

Five days out.

Four days out.

A trio of 'days' and 'nights' on their titanium coracle was all that separated them from the resting-place of their ancestor's bones.

Two days from Earth and they left the frigid outer planets in the wake of their nuclear tail, and were speeding down upon the redly criss-crossed face of Mars.

Puzzlement surrounded them, and conjecture ran high, for the well-established (when they left) colonies on Mars were gone. Not a trace left of them in the shallow river-bottoms or the rugged, windswept mountains. Nothing.

They bore down like an avenging juggernaut on Earth. Prepared to regain their lost heritage.

Prepared for anything...

...anything but what they found.

Continued next month



## The Voice of Fandom

by rich elsberry



Dear Mr. Hickman:

Richard Elsberry, writing THE VOICE OF FANDOM in STF TRENDS for Feb. 1953 (p. 17f) shows he has been misinformed about the Eleventh World Science Fiction Convention Committee. To set the record straight:

There is no 'underground of professionals' seeking control of science-fiction fan activity, or, to put it another way, the only 'underground' consists of people keen enough about the convention to help the committee with the arduous and onerous work entailed by such a clambake. If Mr. Elsberry would like to join this 'underground', I am sure the Convention Committee can find work for him.

Regarding a permanent committee to choose convention sites, the facts are these: Several fans have said to the Convention Committee that the present method of choosing convention sites is unsatisfactory and have suggested that the task could better be done by a permanent committee composed of representatives of all the fan clubs and organizations. This idea seems to us to have some merit, but we have neither the authority nor the intention to foist it on the fans against their wishes. We hope by the time the Convention meets to have one or more proposals which they can adopt or not as they please.

I am not Chairman of the Convention Committee but merely chairman of the one-man Rules Committee. As such I find Mr. Elsberry's description of me as a 'demi-god' amusing but outrageously flattering. The original Chairman of the Convention Committee was James A. Williams, bookseller and senior partner in the Prime Press. Williams died after a short illness on March 22, and the physicist and veteran fan Milton A. Rothman was elected Chairman at the next meeting of the Convention Committee on March 29. Dr. Rothman is undoubtedly the man best qualified for the job. Some committeemen wished to nominate me for the chairmanship, but so far from plotting to seize dictatorial power I had to decline the offer because of pressure of work and of other responsibilities.

The Convention Committee has not 'ruled out' any cities as sites for the '54 convention, nor does it intend to use its position to influence the free choice of the next site by the convention. No proposal to bar any cities A PRIORI has been made to the rules committee, and much less has any such proposal been adopted. The screening of nominations by the Rules Committee is merely to insure that all nominations of the next site are BONA FIDE nominations advanced by functioning fan-groups who really want the Convention, and are not hoaxes or mere tactical maneuvers.

The Convention Committee considers a fan to be anyone enthusiastic enough about science fiction to attend the convention, and does not distinguish or discriminate between amateurs and professionals. Contrary to an impression among some amateur fans, fan activity is not profitable in any commercial or professional sense, and professionals like myself have no motive for trying to control it.

Lastly, in science as in journalism, it is considered sound procedure to get one's facts straight before jumping to conclusions. The next time somebody hears dark rumors of our sinister intentions, the Convention Committee wishes the hearer would send us a letter or postcard (Box 2019, Philadelphia 3) asking for the facts. These will be furnished forthwith, and thus misunderstandings such as those under which Mr. Elsberry labors will be avoided. We have nothing to hide, and welcome inquiries, help, and suggestions.

Cordially yours,

L. Sprague de Camp

Dear Rich:

This is prompted by certain remarks in your column, THE VOICE OF FANDOM, in the Feb. issue of STF TRENDS. It isn't an apology for the Philadelphia convention committee or their actions (real or imaginary), nor is it a defense of them.

But I want to make clear that I know nothing of any underground movement by the pros to seize control of the convention -- this year or next. Your movement may or may not exist, I don't know. But if it does I'm not a part of it.

My name appears on the Philadelphia committee as a type of ego-booster. If you'll check back over various convention booklets and mailing pieces you'll find I've been listed as some kind of committee member for practically every year since 1940. It usually doesn't mean a thing. Each committee picks names from across the nation for some damn fool reason -- perhaps they believe they are buttering-up those names -- and assigns them to committees. I've been on several publicity committees and haven't done a lick of work, beyond giving the usual publicity in my fan magazines. This latest assignment follows the familiar pattern.

Last fall, perhaps in September or October, Dave Hammond (who was on the Philadelphia publicity committee) told me I was on the same committee. And that was that. No plots, no underground movements of my knowledge. I was just another name added for whatever weight it was worth.

I am very curious however, about your statements concerning the plot to prevent certain cities from bidding about this de Camp rule to rule out Detroit, Washington D.C., etc. This is the second time in recent weeks that I've read this statement but on neither occasion has proof been cited or actual rules pointed out. The other writer used almost the same words as yours, leading me to believe you exchanged information between you. But dammit, WHAT information?

I would have a very strong stand on the matter if it were true, but one cannot take a stand based on nothing more than the columns written by you and the other correspondent. As yet, I've seen no published Philadelphia rules, and I hesitate to accept your word that the situation you outline is actual fact. Would you mind telling me WHERE you obtained your information, or if you don't want to name the source, what reliable evidence you can show that such a rule has been drawn up?

Bob Tucker

Dear Bob:

Sit down, light up a cigarette, take off your shoes, and relax. This is going to take up a few pages, cover about four months, and explain everything to everyone's satisfaction -- I hope.

Shortly after the Chicon -- late in October I received a one page mimeographed sheet from Bob Briggs of DC, headed Night Action, 'The Organ of the Fannish Underground.' Briggs wrote: 'Can anyone doubt that a group of pros is trying to move the World Con to New York?' Briggs's idea was



for this fannish underground to try to get the con to San Francisco in '54. Having supported the west coast group during the past two conventions, I liked the idea, and agreed to work toward that goal.

Toward the middle of Feb. a second Night Action showed up, dated Nov. 10th. I had already written to Bob and told him, 'I think the idea is mad, mad, but completely lovely. Only it won't work.' However, this second Night Action was loaded with information that changed the complexion of things.

Briggs printed a letter from the Cole's in this issue, which I shall quote in part:

'The LM have split high, wide, and handsome. I've discussed this with you before so you shouldn't be too surprised. It was too late when that third ballot was in at Chicon II. There are so many diverse elements in the LM that the only thing that held them together was the hope of getting the '53 Con. Now that is gone, and so, to all intents and purposes are the LM.'

Cole then related how hard they'd work on the con, and how they had come in for a good deal of heat when they got back for not getting the con. 'The deciding factor involved two resolutions which Gary (Nelson) and I fathered. The first stated that the LM did not want the con in San Francisco. The second was a resolution that we hold a convention of our own, called the Leprecon, which would probably be a regional thing along the lines of Indian Lake. No program, just a big social get together. ... The LM turned down both of these resolutions, so we figured, to hell with you Cole then explained that they had formed an off-shoot organization and were planning on holding a regional con, like that mentioned above. Cole concluded his letter with: 'and here's something hot that will have to be stopped. There's another underground afoot. I know Finigan is a member of it, and I have strong suspicions that Maxxy Greenburg is, too. They are members of a committee which is trying to get itself elected as the governing body of national sf conventions and IT will decide where the convention will go. You better spread the word around: they are trying to keep it a secret now.'

After the Cole letter, Briggs wrote: 'To bad the LM split, also that you left them. You see I went to the Philly conference and they told me the rules committee (deCamp) will pass on the credentials of bidding clubs. They have ruled out the South and DC (racial discrimination -- which DC may be able to circumvent) and also Detroit (split club plus fueds, etc.) and are determined to give it to Frisco. ... The Proish Underground. Yes, I overheard something about it at Philly. Jim Williams wants to extend the Philcon committee. He is in favor of slow growth as he was opposing Tucker I think a sudden move is planned. As they are trying to keep it secret, as Les says, we should spread it around.'

I immediately wrote to Cole and Briggs. I told Briggs I'd get busy on the exposing end of things, and asked Cole if he couldn't get the LM back on their former footing, since Philly was (seemingly) anxious to give the con to Frisco, and that was what we wanted. I also asked him for additional information on the pro underground and deCamp.

'Glad to hear your going to tip fans off about the proish underground,' wrote Briggs. 'De Camp is head of the rules committee. They will pass on bids by other cities. If you don't pass you can't bid. The South and DC are ruled out (already yet!) because of racial discrimination by local hotels. ... Oh, yes. DeCamp feels it is perfectly proper to repeat cities.'

However, I was really waiting on the Cole's before I moved. Then, early Sunday morning, Dec. 14th, I was awakened by Western Union with a telegram from Cole, which read:

'DELA. YOUR SANS POLITICS COMMENTS IN TRENDS, OOPSLA AND PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE RECEIPT OF BOMBHELL DECISION. VITAL TO ALL FANDOM REGARDS '54 CON. HARD CORE OF LITTLE MEN REORGANIZED AS TETRAHEDRAL PENTAGONAL DODECAHEDRA OR TETRATOIDS. AIR MAIL LETTER WITH FULL INFORMATION FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY. MERRY XMAS. LES COLE.'

I had just mailed off a column to Trends a couple of days before, exposing the Pro Underground in a very minor sort of way. I was really waiting to hear from Cole before I wrote the big blast for Oopsla. So, when I got the telegram I wondered whether or not to tell Lynn not to run it. I decided I could wait awhile before deciding, and when Cole's letter came I found that I had acted rightly, and that the item should be printed.

The main point of Cole's letter was that the Tetartoids had decided not to take over the LM. They had decided they were having too much fun just being Tetartoids, and that it wouldn't be worth the effort. 'However,' said Cole, 'we are convinced we can do more than the LM for fandom in the way of entertainment and conventions...' The Tetartoids at the time were composed of the Coles, the Higgins, Elys, Koblicks, and Gary Nelson. 'This group is hot,' said Cole. 'Virtually every stunt we pulled off at NO and II came as a result of an idea or an actual physical act which some member of this group was responsible for. This is what we meant by the 'hard core' of The LM. Now, and this may be the important part of all this, we are going to put in a bid for the '54 con for S.F. We shall be putting in this bid AS TETARTOIDS. We are dis-affiliating from the LM. What I think will happen is this: the LM will put in a bid also. Neither group will get it, I'm almost dead sure. (Though the optimistic members are convinced that we can eclipse the LM by next year.) However, with your help, with Briggs help, with propagandizing that we are starting on immediately... we MIGHT be able to swing it for '55.'

'Here's an important consideration: we know the membership -- rather, the group of debaters who now control the LM. We frankly think they couldn't do half the job we can. The convention that they would put on would be lousy, because they cannot work together. They have, for sheer destructive reasons, destroyed several plans of ours. That wouldn't be so bad -- it's still a democratic group, and you bow to the will of the majority -- but they have substituted NOTHING. That is simply and plainly non-constructive. Let us know how you feel about all this. We are in essential agreement about con sites. Dammit, a rules committee would take all the fun out of conventioning. Having spent a good deal of money in traveling to far away sites, I know how it is. A city MUST be allowed to put in its bid, regardless of whether you want it as the next site. Something along the lines of 'I may disagree with what you say, but I'll fight to the death for your right to say it.'

This is about the way things stood about one week before Christmas, 1952. I had all the facts I was ever going to get, and I had a deadline to meet at Oopsla. I put a three page article in the mail and hoped that Calkins would rush the next issue. Well, you know what happened to Calkins, and the column has not appeared yet. Un doubtably the other place you saw similar material about the pro underground was in Gregg's column in Science Fantasy Bulletin. Calkins probably needed some to write about and he'd already read my column. It was strictly a one-way exchange.

After the columns had been sent out I more or less forgot about them. There was nothing more I could do -- I pointed out in the Oopsla column that fandom would have to let the Philcon committee know how it felt. I can only expose the situation, not rectify it single-handed.

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)



Night Action and the fan underground died a natural death. Most of the members were apathetic outside of Briggs, Cole and myself, and Philcon committee, seemingly, was going to oblige us by trying to give the con to Frisco. Why fight them? My only concern was the pro underground and the Rules Committee, and a Feb. 5th letter from the Cole's more-or-less wound that up, too.

'We -- the Tetartoids -- held a meeting with Finigen,' wrote Cole. 'It was most amenable and all was on a friendly basis. Pete declares, almost brutally, that the LM may be finished and are definitely latent. Politics makes strange bed-fellows. As I'll bring out shortly, it is now in the interest of the Tetartoids to see that the LM are maintained! In line with the expressed wish of several of you...we have reformed the ranks. There has been born the San Francisco Convention Committee. It is comprised of a few Tetartoids and a few LM and is essentially the same group which worked so hard for the last convention. Do not fear that there will be a further split. As I have stated previously, working for a con is the ONE thing that could and did hold the group together.'

'So, we are in business again. This is definitely the last goddamn time. Either we get it in '54, or we split fandom right up the middle and no kidding. ...I'm sure none of the Tetartoids and none of the Little Men would construe this as threat; however, come what may, there is going to be a convention in SF over Labor Day, 1954. Should the vote go against us in Philly -- as some of us are beginning to think it will -- we'll announce the rump convention on the floor and ask for support right then and there.'

'Pete also explained to us, after reading Elsberry's current column in Oopsla (Cole had the carbon copy), that he represented no organized group; however he and Greenberg had kicked around two ideas that sound fairly good: 1: no city within a specified radius of the convention city could put in a bid (unless none outside the radius were bidding), and 2: some preparation for the convention had to be proved (such as acquiring the hotel etc.)

1: would, arbitrarily setting the limits at, say, 1000 miles, prevent New York or Toronto from getting the convention in '54 or even putting in a bid. It would rule out DC, but probably allow Atlanta to stick its nose in. 2: has the virtue of stopping the vote from being scattered. No more of this Niagra Falls crap and no more of Kyle's politics in trying the amateurish steam roller which he tried at Chicago. Y'see, they couldn't bid unless they'd prepared for it. I think these are fair in general outline; specific details can be argued out on the floor.'

I'll have to agree with Cole, both these ideas are excellent, and I for one will support them to the hilt. If we must have a Rules Committee, let's have one for which everyone knows the rules, and not have the rules decided by any Committee whose rules have not been approved by fandom at any previous convention.

Cole also quoted a letter he received from L. Sprague de Camp in reply to some inquiries: 'Thanks for your letter. The situation regarding the 11th W.S.F. Convention and the proposals for a permanent Convention Committee to pick convention cities is as follows: Several of our correspondents (well, a couple anyway) have written in to the committee suggesting that something like that be set up. The Committee is inclined to think.... that the idea may very well have merit. We are discussing it at the Executive Board meetings, and by the time the convention meets we ought to have some sort of proposal to present to the Convention for its approval, amendment, and/or rejection. We aren't trying to put over anything on anybody and shall be only too glad of any suggestions or advice. If you have any ideas on the subject, won't you please set them forth in a letter to the Convention committee, they will be duly hashed over

torn to pieces, and reassembled. It has been suggested, for instance, that the proposed Permanent Committee might comprise one representative from each fan club in the U.S. and Canada. What do you think of the idea? For myself, I think the locations of the conventions would continue to be rotated about the country much as they are now, but that some waste motion in the form of frantic politicking might be avoided.'

Well, I think that pretty well takes care of the pro underground. Only, I noticed that de Camp said nothing about the ruling out of Detroit, DC, and the South. As far as I know that is still on. And, of course, deCamp's representative plan has less merit than a copy of Fantastic Science Fiction. There are too many one and two member clubs and the myriad organizations that Will Sykora controls would give him three or four votes toward the convention city. Obviously, no one wants to see that happen.

We have a simple solution before us, and I only hope that de Camp will utilize it. All he has to do is adopt the two Finigan-Greenberg points, present them to the convention, and have them approved. They will then become the guiding rule in choosing convention sites, and allows de Camp an exit to dispose of all this rubbish about race discrimination and feuds. We have already had one convention in the south, and so how does de Camp attempt to set up a precedent against having cons in the South? The fact that hotel managers in the South refuse negroes doesn't give us the right to deny southern fans the right to hold a convention.

As for you Bob, I guess you are just a poor victim of guilt by association. I did think it rather strange, though, that so many outsiders should be on the con committee. Especially Kyle and Gibson of New York. It seemed rather strange to me that Kyle, who engineered the convention to Philly, should get the ripe plum of editing the Philcon Program Booklet.

Oh, yes. See you in Frisco in '54. One way or the other.

Cheers,

Rich Elsberry

Addenda: Telegram from Bob Tucker arrived today. Sprague de Camp notified me Jim Williams died. Whither Wollheim. Reply by night letter: 'Quis Custodiet?'

BOOKS, mint to excellent, for sale or swap.....

at \$2.00 apiece:

My Best SF Story, A Martian Odyssey, Black Flame, Last Darkness Fall, and Man Who Sold the Moon.

at \$1.50 apiece:

And Some Were Human, Needle, Conan the Conquerer, Kingslayer, Sinister Barrier, Skylark of Space, The Dark Other, The Toymaker, Without Sorcery, After 12,000 Years, Sunken World (2nd Edition), World Below, Port of Peril, Lords of Creation, and Dwellers in the Mirage....

Also, I have copies of Planets of Adventure, \$3.00, and Doorways to Space, \$2.50. For \$4.00 you can have both of them, with extra wordage if requested. The paper-bound edition of Planets of Adventure is available at \$1.25.

I am looking for: Conquest of Space, Best SF of '52, Checklist, Lad and the Lion, Jungle Girl, Sign of Burning Hart, and Marginalia. Swap only, please.

B.E. WELLS

RD 2

SPRINGBORO, PENNA.



## LETTERS

Dear Carole;

Am enjoying the latest STF TRENDS, but am sad at the passing of TLMA. Rather liked having a lil monster in the family. Your story was very good Carole.

June McLain  
Reading, Ohio

Dear Lynn;

Enjoyed #11 very much. Format and printing are a great improvement over last time, even. The artwork is as good as usual. Liked the poem on the cover wonderful well, and of course Bergeron is as good as Bergeron usually is. Van Splawn is good too. And the funniest cartoons you have yet printed are your Plato Jones ones. That "science-editor" and "supreme achievement" are superior to many professional ones I've seen. And the Dr. Dye and True fan are very good operating in the fanish field as they do.

One item, though: unless you count the supplement, there was no fiction in this! A supplement is a supplement, having no direct bearing on the regular issue, therefore you should have printed some fiction. (The supplement was very cute, congradulate Carole on it. And though at first glance, you wouldn't think it, it shows some deep thought behind it.) And if I am to understand correctly, that HALCYON is a new column, then you must realize that the whole issue was composed entirely of columns. All of them were good, however, with Elsberry's dropping a bit behind the others.

In #12 I especially liked Smith's bit which, being so subtle was excellent. A nice handling of the subject material as I have seen by anyone since Gabelais. I too love to touch.

Fred Chappell  
Canton, N.C.

Dear Lynn,

I find STF TRENDS to be truly a fanzine. The letter section, though, is too abundant with adjective letters. There is very little sensible criticism of the type that shows the reader can analyze. Halcyon is a column that I hope you will continue printing. Hal Spapiro is the type of person who usually has something to say that we haven't heard before. Konner's Korner is fair but has enough material to stimulate a discussion. He writes coherently with a style that has none of the crudeness of most amateurs. The voice of fandom by Rich Elsberry has the quality of revealing the writers personality. He has improved from his first efforts in the world of fanzines. In closing STF TRENDS isn't guilty of attempting to be funny at the expense of borrowing another persons wit.

Bill Berger  
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Lynn:

#11: Plato Jones is a true find! The items concerning the preceding Bergeron cover will make an excellent item for editorial discussion in my next fapa mag so I'll refrain from making comment here, though this would be the best place to do it. Elsberry was extremely interesting, as usual. #12: When I first glanced over ASNGMSTC, I immediately wondered where I had seen it before. It appeared in Lavender's zine that used to be put out for the N3F, the small mag that preceded Nan Gerdings arrival on the scene. Right?

Richard Bergeron  
Newport, Vermont

Eds comment: -ASNGMSTC appeared first in the Committee, the mag you are thinking of. Credit was given at the start of the article.

Dear Lynn;

I love your zine. But cut out the lett-

er column. All it does is waste your lovely space. The cover of STF is wonderful as is most of the artwork. The material is nice also.

Kent Corey  
Enid, O kla.

Dear Lynn;

Most enjoyabobble stuff thish (#11) are the cat toons and humorous drawings. I especially appreciate the drawing on page 19. Nice shading on that one.

Naaman Peterson  
Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Lynn;

With all due respect for the literary content of STF TRENDS, I think the artwork is what impresses me the most. The bacover (#11) is the best I've seen Bergeron do, while the front is up to par with Hunter's usual work -- which is saying a heck of a lot. How do you manage to feature the fine artists you do? The work they send you is up to pro level -- at least in England. And who is Plato Jones? Whoever he is, his cartoons are no less than sensational. I saw his drawing in SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN recently but that was the first I'd heard of him. Comparing his work with some of yours, however, I get the impression that he is none other than Lynn Arden Cray Hickman. Am I right? Konner's Korner was enjoyable as usual. However, Wilkie speaks of Cinerama as if it were only being shown in the big cities. So far, in NC it has been shown in Greensboro and Charlotte and, believe it or not, it is scheduled in a few weeks for a town as small as North Wilkesboro. I talked with a guy that is traveling with a Cineramic road show and he told me that equipment will be standardized by August and that practically all theatres will switch to 3D. The enlarged letter column hit the spot. P.H. Economou's poem "Requiem" was very nice.

Seriously, if I told you what I honestly thought about the #12 cover, you'd think I was piling on the compliments a little too thick. I've shown it to several people and it hasn't failed to draw a laugh yet. I'll close my comment on the cover with one word. Great! You know, for a couple of months I hated Harlan Ellison's guts -- but not any more. I guess the reason was that I corresponded with Harlan's foremost enemies. I've started reading SFB now and think its great. I liked the Long Episode very much. Hope it continues for a long, long time.

Piddling and Piddling -- Gad! So this is what happens when a group of fans get together? I liked it.

Richard Billings  
No. Wilkesboro, N.C.

Dear Lynn,

Enjoyed yours and Harlan's one shot which was mailed with the #12 STF TRENDS. Particularly Steve Schultheis' verse on the first page and Don Fruchey's exterior. #12 was a very fine issue, probably the best out of the 3 that you have issued to date. Only, I feel that the later TLMA's were superior to the STF TRENDS you are turning out now. Nevertheless, the reproduction was quite commendable, as was the format and layout. The cover was cute, and slightly on a different slant from the exteriors of the usual fan magazine. Am glad to see you print this type of cover. Get out from behind that disguise, you are Plato Jones, aren't you? G.O. Smith's reprinted ditty was probably the best item in the issue---as was Elsberry's column last time. At least, I enjoyed them the most. Interesting to note Rich's opinions on the convention committee's fixing the bidding on future con sites. I've heard the same rumour from various sources. What I would like to know, is where Elsberry got his information. I, myself, would not bid, as Elsberry also expresses, for any of the three cities that were banned; but those cities should have the right to bid, don't you think? But back to #12: Fred Chappell's article was fairly good, and appreciable in a nice humorous sort of way. Wilkie said a few choice words, also; and I was glad to see him build up Chad Oliver the way he did.

Ian Macauley  
Atlanta, Ga.



Dear Lynn;

#12 was the best issue you have ever published. Duplication, contents, everything. Piddling etc. was good too. However, I would like to know what is all this fuss about Cal Beck? Sure, he panned TLC and he was wrong. But for the most part I thought he reviewed the mags quite sensibly. I am not saying this because he looked with favoe on fta, either. I liked all his opinions except those on Sship and TLC. The Long Episode by Ellison was a good satire, but not the hilarious type. 'Twas okay, tho. GOS' thing was REAL good. Ho boy. Carl Lawrence's bit wasn't. Chappell's and Konner's were, but I could go on all day. Basil Wells: I have mentioned to various fan that tho I am a SCIENCE-fiction fan, I did not like SF PLUS. Well, after seeing Well's column and the second, much improved issue of SF PLUS, I must retract my statements. SF PLUS will go places. With its format, it can't help but. And Hugo has plenty of experience in the field. I am afraid, however, that it will always remain a lil on the juvenile side, at least for me.

Charles Wells  
Savannah, Ga.

Dear Lynn;

#12 received and read. My goodness..oh goodness..oh dear..I am deeply shocked..Geo O Smith spoke about..(blush) SEX (oh Heavens) We young purists will never get over this..as associate Vice President of the CAULWPSQAMAPW I protest. The aforementioned organization more familiarly known as the "Consolidated and United Lily-White Young Purists Society of America, Mongolia and All Points West" has passed a resolution banning your foul publication from the mails, since Mr. Smith did the horrible deed we have also decided to ban all publications in which his work has appeared (ASF, SS, TWS etc) Since the authors appearing therein may have been influenced by his presence we have also decided to ban all mags which print stories by authors who's work appear in the same issue of a magazine as did Mr Smith's. (Galaxy, Mag of F&SF, IF, SPACE etc.) since his work appears in magazines labled science fiction we have decided to ban all mags which pertain to science (Scientific American, Science & Health etc) since the word "science" has been associated with Mr Smith we have decided to ban all mags which mention the specific word "science" (Life, Look, Colliers, Readers Digest etc) as Mr Smith is known as a fiction writer we have decided to ban all types of fiction and since he has been known to write factual articles we have also decided to ban all non-fiction...we live by the philosophy that no one should learn the meaning of the word SEX until he is at least 85 years old. An impartial survey shows that persons of that age or older generally refrain from engaging in orgastic adventures.

Chappell it has been rumoured is only 14 years old..I rather doubt that. At any rate his article was composed of that sort of mild humour which I'm addicted to.. No indication of it being "strained" as Ellison's opus was. Note to Wilkie Conner---if you thought Oliver's "Shore" good, wait till you read "Hardly Worth Mentioning" in Fantastic...

Re Shapiro letter---I think its pretty well agreed that Beck was an unhappy choice for fanmag reviewer. I got a large laugh from his statement that "Acti-fans are merely people who like discuss (via mail) SF in a serious and thoughtful way". Say, Hal, have you discussed a story in that manner lately???? What say we have an utterly exuberating conversation on the relative merits of "Flannellcake's invention" by H. McKay published in AIR WONDER, Dec. 1929? I can hardly blame Silverberg for being peeved over his publicity...if "Sivie" is only a "fair" editor, I'd hate to come across anything Beck terms poor..

Paul Mittelbuscher  
Sweet Springs, Mo.

#12 came scooting in closely at the heels of #11. It looks as if what Shapiro said in a recent letter is very true. "STF TRENDS" is still going strong. I don't what Hal's lascivious sense of humour projected into the small cut of the girl in the testube -- wasn't supposed to be a gag, was it? Cover on #12 was well done -- Lynn, I think some of your gags would go over well in the weekly familyzines like Colliers or Sateve-Post. Especially the one on page 9.

Van Splawn  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Lynn;

The March issue of STF TRENDS was, as usual, both polished and imformative. It is a pleasure to receive a publication that shows the result of careful editing and painstaking care from start to finish.

After reading the letter of Mr. Campbell I feel impelled to offer a few remarks in answer to his terse, "that-disposes-of-THAT," letter. A few remarks; not in rebuttal, for I am convinced that Mr. Campbell has ample reason for feeling as he does. Although I may not understand a person's viewpoints -- I am compelled to respect them -- if they are as sincere as Campbell's obviously are,

A writer or speaker must always be prepared for the connotations which his words may evoke in the minds of those who read or hear them. Words and phrases frequently mean entirely different things to different individuals. Often; those things left unsaid may have connotations every whit as powerful as ideas forcefully expressed. With this in mind, I would like to tender a few remarks in exposition, if you please, of the premises and conclusions that I expressed in my article.

I will begin, with what I believe to be an axiom; "All stf fans love science-fiction." If this is granted, I submit the following propositions: 1. The stf fan has a genuine desire to see the quality of the literature improve. 2. Fandom CAN perform a significant part in bringing about the above objective. 3. Fandom is the only instrument capable of sufficient organization and unified action to guide the literature into productive and superior channels. Naturally we get "fun" out of fandom, and fan activities. Is this the prime and sole reason for the existence of fandom? Or does fandom ADMIT of MORE possibilities than being an istrument of diversion for its devotees? Can it possibly, for instance, be a means of securing more and better reading matter for millions of readers?

We might liken fandom to a game of sandlot baseball. A number of children are playing, absorbed in a game that affords wholesome exercise and recreation. Suddenly, a dig bounds into their midst, cavorting and yelping in canine joy. Would anyone DENY that the dog is having FUN? Yet, the dog is unaware of the meaning of the game, and although HE is having a grand and glorious time, very little is contributed to the game in progress. In a larger sense, we can be serious in fandom, as well as purposeful; bearing in mind that the ultimate result will be more enjoyment in READING. The FUN that every stf reader wants.

In short, I am afraid Mr. Campbell misunderstood my article. I made no fundamental assaults upon fandom; nor the "fun" to be obtained by indulging in its activities. I DID point out what I considered fertile opportunities for fandom to render a vital service to the literature.

Dr. L.W. Carpenter  
Elizabethton, Tenn.

Dear Lynn;

No sooner do I send in my comments on #11 when I recieve #12. Is every issue delayed like this? Plato Jones has a good drawing style and the drawing on the cover was good. The subject I didn't care for. The Long Episode is not only the best thing in this issue, it is the best piece of material you have ever run; at least in my opinion. Harlan really knows how to write!



Second best was "The voice of Fandom". I always liked articles like this, with motion pictures as a theme. "Thud & Blunder" tied with this.

Tom Piper  
Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Lynn;

Once again I am indebted to you for STF TRENDS and find this issue an improvement over the last. I was, of course, struck (and hurled to the ground) by George O. Smith, writing upon a subject of which he is an acknowledged master.

Smith has, as you know, devoted many years of intensive scientific research to the topic he discusses, and has a firm grasp on his material. He has, as I know, spent endless hours probing and delving into the intermost recesses and the most remote bypaths and has spared neither time, effort nor expense in coming to grips with the problems in the field. He literally knows it backwards and forwards.

Smith is no idle theorist, content to bury his nose in a book and speculate. He is a doer, not a dreamer, a man capable of taking a firm stand whenever confronted with the phenomena he deals with in this article. He has never gone soft, but has maintained a rigid determination to face facts; hardened himself to the inevitable, and risen to emergencies.

Bob Bloch  
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Dear Lynn,

Received STF TRENDS #12, and feel I must comment on it. For once I could read Basil Wells' column, and was very much surprised at how readable it really is. Wish I knew what he said in #11. As I told you, I couldn't read it.

Especially enjoyed was Geo. Smith's lil bit on sex, but I think he is a little mixed up on facts. I'm 14, but, contrary to what Mr. Smith would have us believe, it is really no mystery. Everyone knows the stork brought us, and the facts of life is just something they thought up so we'd have things to tell jokes about, and so parents would have something to "Ah...er, well..." about the curious son (or daughter) sticks his or her nose where it doesn't belong. I know I've read the Kinsey report.

Chappell's article, at first glance, seems nothing more than a piece of satire written around some hen scratches. Upon reading it, you KNOW it's nothing more than a satire written around some hen scratches. Nevertheless, one of the best articles in the issue. Ellison reveals his most hidden desire, to be killed. This may seem strange, but true. He is forever threatening suicide in his letters, and tells me in his latest that he tried it, but got caught on a floating red birdbath on the way down so was saved. Now in his story he trips over a red birdbath and dies. Some day he may have his wish come true. We know what happens to little boys who aren't home when you call them long distance, don't we Lynn? Ah, yes. It wouldn't be Elsberry, if he wasn't bitching about something. This time it's 3-D movies. The reason for this, no doubt, that Rich has got more of the 3-D quality than any fan I've ever seen.

The cover was very humorous, as I think I remarked when I visited you.

Joel Nydahl  
Marquette, Mich.

Dear Lynn,

I sense a sinister plot for the degradation of STF TRENDS by person or persons unknown. This plot takes the form of sending TRENDS envelopless, of having the darn most interesting story, THE LONG EPISODE, by Harlan Ellison, continued "next month", of promising another continued story in the next ish, SONS OF THRANE, and of being so damned interesting and entertaining and having such great illustrations, that I can't stand to wait another whole month for the next issue. About this something will have to be done.

What for did you not send TRENDS in an envelope? Please tell me why? Why are you indulging in continued stories? Why is TRENDS such a good fanzine?

I can answer that last question myself. STF TRENDS is such a good fanzine because it has good illustrators in Plato Jones, Fred Chappell, Arden Cray, LACH, Hunter, Bergeron and many more. It is also swell because of the fact that it has a swell editor, great writers, such as Conner, Ellison, Smith, Chappell and others. The #12 ish was particularly good. I really liked it a lot.

Marvin Snyder  
Phila., Pa.

Eds. comment; It does this lil ole greying head of mine good to have such a complimentary letter sent us Marvin. As to your questions: 1. I sent the last TRENDS without an envelope because it was inside the 2¢ postage mark less the envelope. If it had been a 3¢ center anyhow, you'd have had your envelope. But, I did not wish to pay 1¢ extra on each copy for postage just because I had put it in an envelope that costs me over 1¢ apiece besides.. With as many mags as I send out, that can add up fast. Anyhow, this ones back in the envelope!

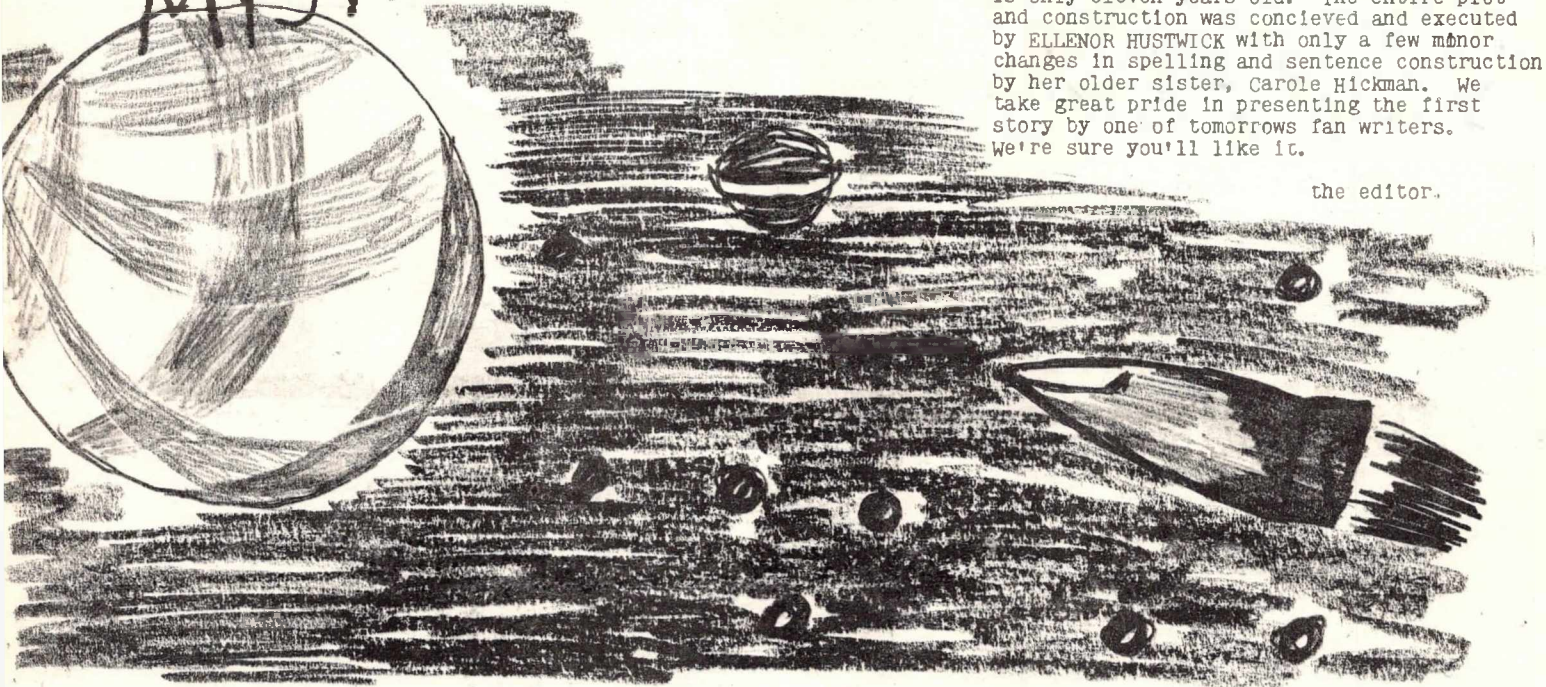
More letters on page 17



Quatt, ready for pleating



# THE PLANET MYSTERIOUS



This story is written by one of the youngest true science fiction fans in Napoleon. I thought it was an exceptionally good piece of fan fiction, especially when you keep in mind that the little girl who wrote and illustrated is only eleven years old. The entire plot and construction was conceived and executed by ELLENOR HUSTWICK with only a few minor changes in spelling and sentence construction by her older sister, Carole Hickman. We take great pride in presenting the first story by one of tomorrow's fan writers. We're sure you'll like it.

the editor.

A passenger ship flying through space on its way to Mars was reported missing. That's where my job came in, being a cadet and having to take a special assignment to pass exams. I soon decided the missing passenger ship was the most interesting. The reason for this was that never before had any ship on that course disappeared. Bud and Chuck my two best friends had also decided this was the best of all the assignments.

The next morning as our class began, everyone told which assignment they would like. After everyone handed in their choice we found that we were going on our assignment alone, except for our commander. To our amazement we received our favorite, Commander John Dun. He gave us the briefing of our assignment and the time appointed to leave the next morning. That night we talked of our assignment, looking forward to our first real job and adventure.

When we arrived the next morning ready for take off, we found a message stating that another ship had disappeared. After we had boarded the ship and were in the air, we found the Commander mapping out the course of the two missing ships. After traveling all day we could find no trace, so we decided to head back to base. Just then a call came in on our radio. It was Captain Clark, who was flying the next passenger ship. "Flying on course, heavy gravity pull, but can not see a planet anywhere." After a long pause he spoke again. "There is a planet ahead, it doesn't look at all like any I've ever seen, I'm sure it isn't in the Solar System. It's a bright red, orange, and yellow. We're going to crash, we're about half way....."

There was no more, something had happened. But what !! How? What did they see? All these questions kept running through my mind. Then John ( I mean Commander Dun ) said we could not find out now, but wo-



uld investigate the first thing in the morning. We really didn't want to wait, but we decided the commander was right.

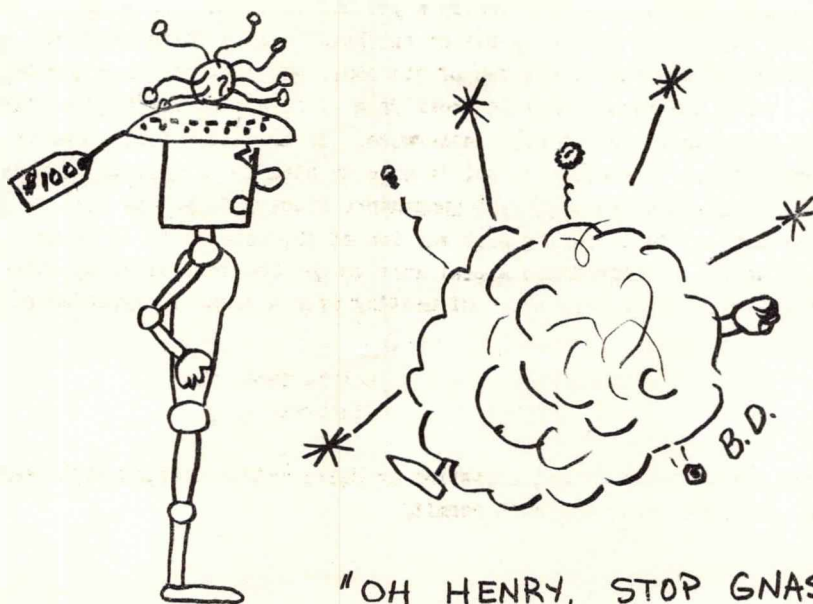
We went to the nearest space station to spend the night. Bud, Chuck, and I could hardly sleep that night thinking about tomorrow. In the morning as we were getting ready to leave Commander Dun came to our room. He gave us our instructions, then looking at me he said "Cadet Winters when we reach the mysterious planet I want you to promise not to go exploring on your own." Well I Jeff Winters, and that was a hard promise for me to make. I realized it was meant for my own good so I agreed. As soon as we were all ready we left for the take off.

We followed the course Captin Clark had given us. Just as we neared the spot he had given us we felt a heavy gravity pull. We saw our ship coming down to a planet of red, orange, and yellow. It was just like Captin Clark had told us. Commander Dun brought us to a safe landing without too much damage. When we came out of the ship all we could see was this beautiful different colored rock. The planet seemed to be barren of any kind of life, nothing but rock. Suddenly we saw some people coming toward us. They were from the missing passenger ships. They informed us that it was impossible to take off of the planet because of the gravity pull being so great. It looked like we were stuck there. During the night I suddenly woke up, I sensed something was different but I just couldn't place it. Then I realized the gravity pull was very much less, and that we should be able to take off. I ran to tell Commander Dun. After a short while everyone was agreed and we were all ready for take off. We made it, but when we looked back at the planet it seemed to be moving or falling away from us.

When we got back to base we all told our stories. The class agreed that our adventure was the most exciting. By the way we received word that the mysterious planet had left the Solar System.

THE END

by Ellenor Hustwick



"OH HENRY, STOP GNASHING  
YOUR GEARS!"



Dear Lynn,

The Article by that Smith named Geo. proved to be highly amusing and most informative. Being an innocent college student who has seen little of life, I found this piece invaluable. 'Of Editors and Profesy' by Lawrence. Good. Clever, Liked it muchly. Gives a fan a chance to say 'I told you so!' 'How to draw fantastic pictures'. Oh, come now. Surely you could have discovered SOMETHING to fill that void. 'Konners Korner' was worth the space as usual. 'Thud and Blunder' I like. 'The Long Episode'. Best of the ish. Piddling and Diddling. Truly a SF saga! This may well bring back Shaver & Hubbard.

Bob Keyes  
Waukesha, Wisc.

Dear Lynn,

Received all issues of your 'zine since you've been living in Ohio. Am much pleased by the improvement over several previous issues I've seen, and have said as much in the 2nd edition of my column.

Since some fen are apparently in the dark regarding the "policy" (if any) of my columns, I had hoped that it was already made clear or rather obvious with how my first one in SFQ worked. The main idea is that I intend to make it quite a departure from fanmag review departments of the past. Being that most fen to date feel that Sam Merwin's method, before leaving Standard, was one of the finest so far, I hope in some way to emulate what he had done, and of course, add various traits and ideas of my own as the column keeps going from one issue to the other.

Nonetheless, what I had in mind when starting on the job was a column of sorts which could offer a "fanmag workshop" system to various faneditors in the field, and through criticisms given in the course of reviews have others benefit, get a good, or profit by some examples, hints, etc. I only regret that, temporarily, space limitations aren't available to provide sufficient room so that a "workshop" style would be put to more detailed use.

As for how some may feel about the first of my columns, which appeared in the May SFQ, I am perhaps the one who liked the "first try" least of all. Bob Lwndes himself was slightly hazy on how much space he wanted to relinquish for a fanmag dept., and I had only 3 weeks in which to gather, beg, borrow, etc., enough fan mags for review, write the column up, and hand it in, exactly 4 weeks before the mag got distributed throughout the country. But reports that have come in voting on the column, as of this writing, are 3 to 1 in favor of it. I doubt if this would have been so if AMAZING and Startling hadn't folded up their columns.

Concerning Shapiro's letter, I am only too glad that I hadn't really "apologized" over some of the reviews in The Melting Pot, otherwise imagine what he'd really have to say then. However I can't but help but enjoy Hal's unique manner of being able to say something on some situation, but say it so as if some one else made the statement. I know Hal long enough to know he's nearly a perfectionist on such angles. It's also a good way of not sticking one's neck too far out on some bric-a-bat or epithet. Only I think Hal would do better if he played around like that in a fanmag, or at least a column of his own...and left off from quoting passages from his correspondents mail. No, there are "apologies" in order from or regarding anything reviewed in The Melting Pot. It wouldn't be much of a fanmag-review dept. otherwise. If an editor falls down on some issues of his zine and is called to task for his carelessness, but is able to pick up in quality once more, a review will go all out to notify Jack and Jill reader that Michael Wumpwump's fanmag, GLOB, has gone up grade once more.

My only ulterior motive, in preparing each edition of the column, is to be able and offer a comment or lengthy review on what fanmags I think would appeal most to the neo-fan, or prospective fan, and a criticism or two on some "examples" I think fall short of meeting with a readers appreciation and enjoyment.

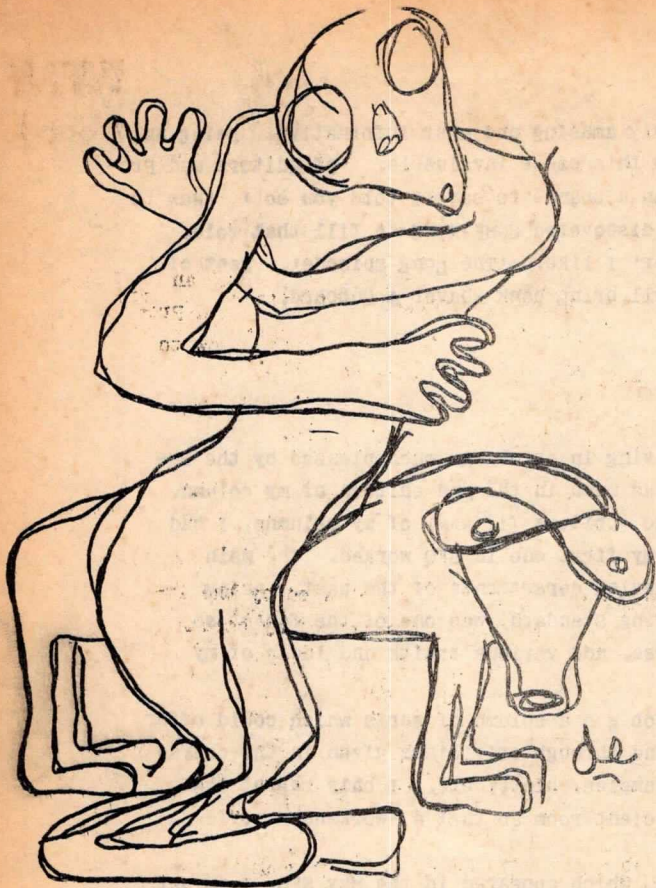
Calvin Thos. Beck  
Elmhurst, L. I.

Eds. note: I'm sorry that I was forced to cut a portion of Cal's letter dealing with some of the principles behind his column, but space just wouldn't permit.

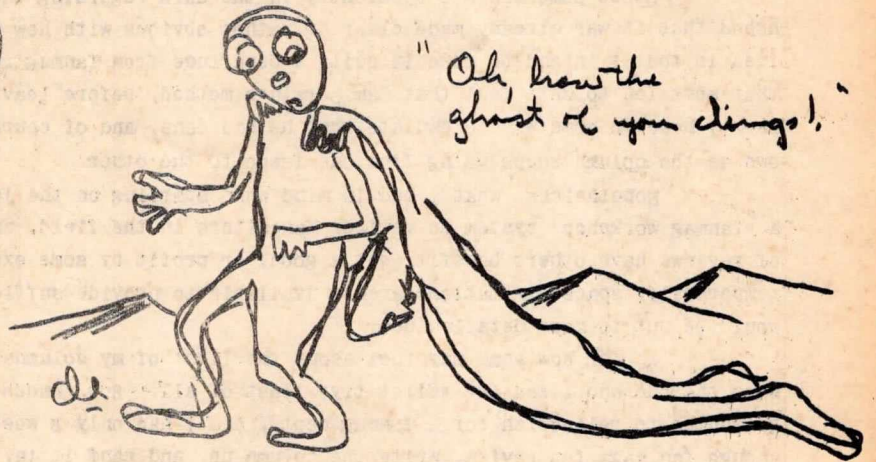


# Shazam

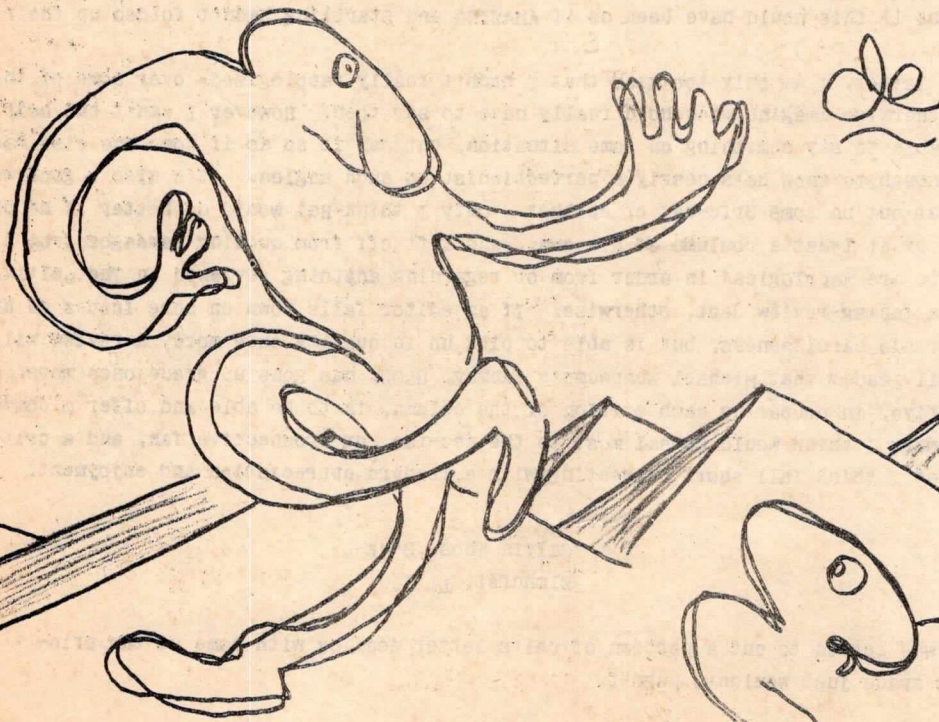
by David  
English



"A man and His Dog"



"Oh, how the  
ghost of you dings!"



"OH, HE IS AN ODD ONE!"



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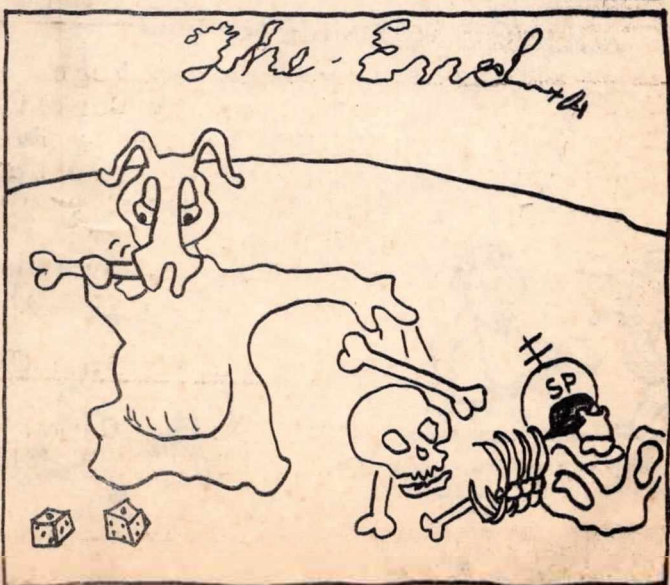
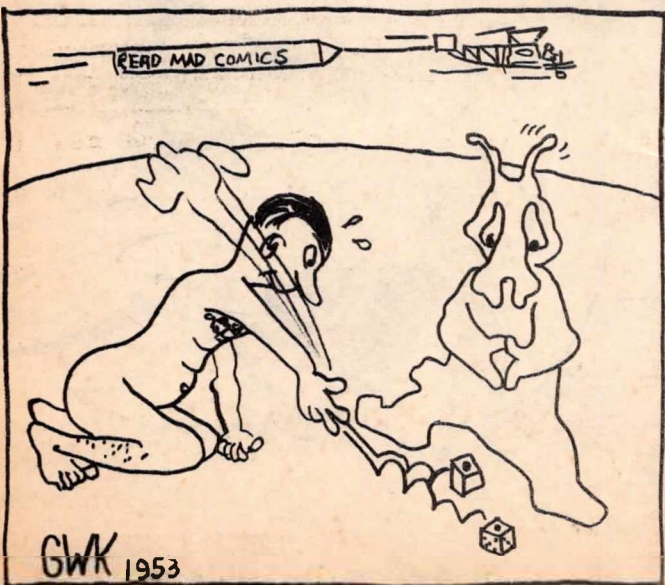
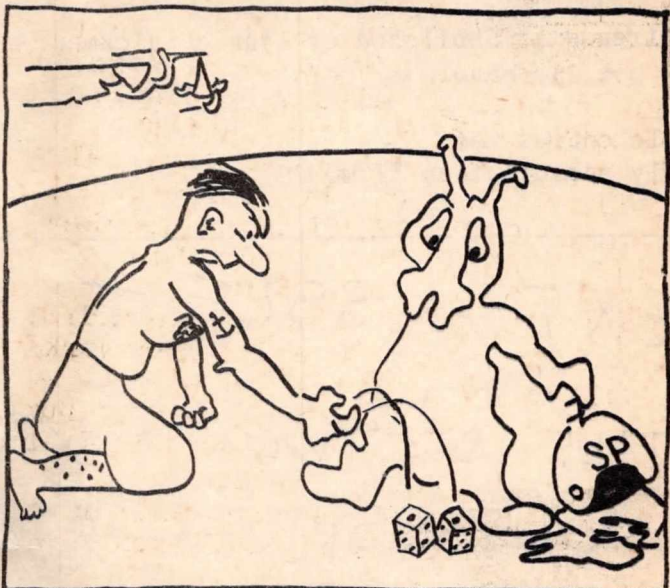
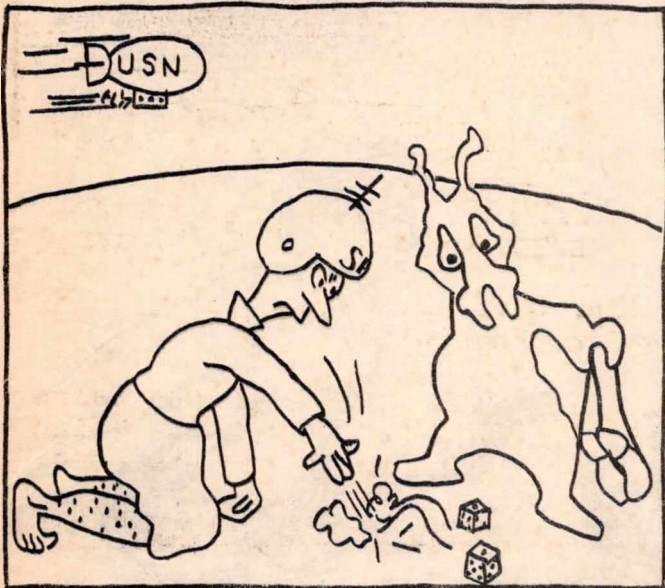
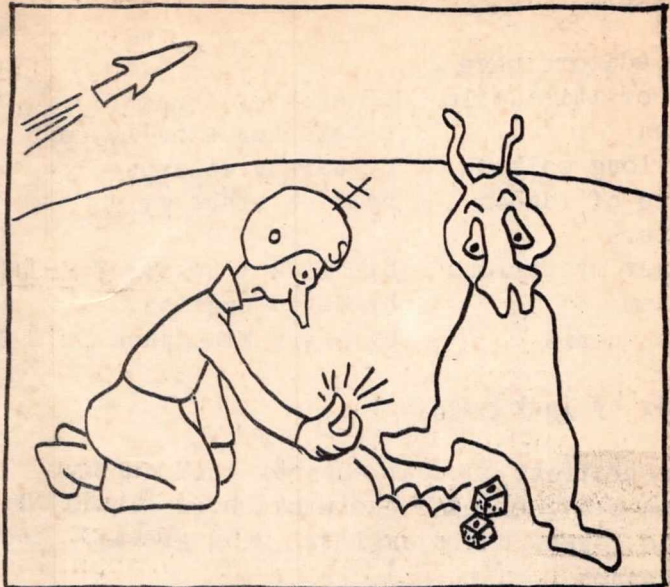
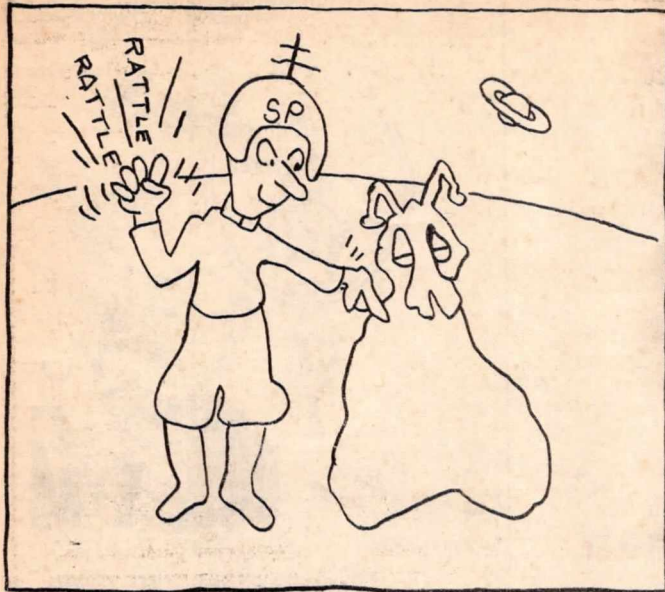
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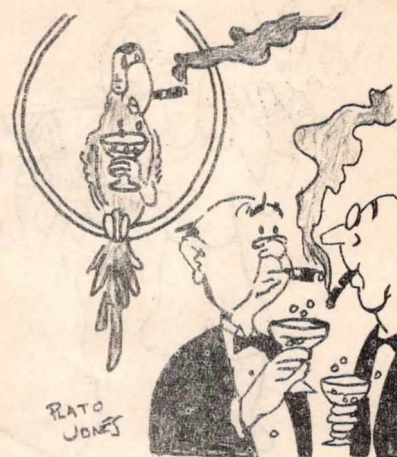
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