

TIN TACKS

DEATH

by

Dennis Tucker

Rodney Stuart was dying. He didn't need anyone to tell him of it, either. Lying perfectly still in the Hospital Tent, he stared through rapidly dimming eyes at the sloping canvas above him. No, he wasn't afraid; he would go out for the same cause as many other Stuarts had died. King and Country! Ah, well, life had been worthwhile, and thirty-four Mes., two Junkers and two Heinkels wasn't such a bad bag, after all.

The roof of the tent grew darker, receded... a small crowd of doctors and nurses had gathered about his bed. One of the men felt his heart and shock his head sadly, turning away. The tent roof became darker... vanished, the people about receded as far distant stars, and all was impenetrable blackness. All feeling left him. But wait... what was this... a soft yellow glow began once more to light the room, he... GOOD GOD!... he seemed to be suspended from the tent roof, and was looking down at... at a doctor and white clad nurse slowly draw sheets up over a still face... HIS face! They turned off the light and walked out. Yet somehow the soft yellow light seemed stronger than before. He followed them, yet was not conscious of movement, he felt no muscular control, seemed rather, to float after them.

Outside, he watched the night fighter patrol taking off. He ascended with them, floating upward in long spirals; he kept level without conscious effort. WHAT was that! A lone Me. hurtling down on Dick Bentley's tail... look out man! But they seemed not to notice it. What was wrong with the fools?... A few more seconds and Dick, his bosom pal, would be spinning earthward. Frantically, he drew up to the cockpit and peered in, tried to shout, but with no effect. In desperation, he somehow HURLED himself at the 'plane....

Came a burst of green electric fire, and utter oblivion, through which a voice was whispering.. "...have fulfilled your task of saving one Earthly life, and are now permitted to pass on to the next plane, where.."

.....

A shattered Me. spun to Earth, crashed sickeningly; and Dick Bentley wheeled his 'plane, came round in a steep curve, and landed, white-faced. In the Flight-Commander's office, he spoke, shakily...

"..I was unaware of the Me. on my tail, when suddenly my machine rocked violently, off course, and into a spin, and, God Sir, I swear that as I pulled out I saw, Lord, I saw Rod Stuart's face peering into the cockpit from... from outside....."

TIN TACKS is compiled by Don J. Doughty at 31, Bexwell Road, Downham Mkt, Norfolk; by the kindness of Michael Rosenblum it is duplicated and distributed monthly -- so far -- with his FIDO.

THANK HEAVEN FOR HEINLEIN

says

TedCarnell

It takes all kinds of readers to make up circulation, and it takes many kinds of authors to please those readers. Bob Heinlein has fast developed into one of the most controversial authors of the new "school". I'm not surprised that Dennis Tucker, John Morgan and Eric Needham are among the many who do not "take" to Heinleinyarns. The many are in the minority though, or Bob wouldn't keep coming in ASTOUNDING.

Bob's yarns are mainly psychological, you don't need telling that. They also deal in possible world politics of the future, for Bob is a close follower of presentday politics. His latest themes are not pinned down to trivial details, but embrace as much space in psychology and politics as Doc Smith covers in parsecs and star systems. You'll have to read Bob more carefully if you want to understand and enjoy his work. He goes over my head at times, and more often than not I know plenty about what he is driving at before the yarn sees print.

Bob's first three stories in AST were typical of the usual run of Campbell's requirements -- except that in my opinion "Requiem" is one of the finest shorts yet published, and is still my favorite Heinlein-yarn. Then came "If This Goes On..." the first of his psychological stories. It was a well-thought-out possibility of National Socialism -- you wouldn't enjoy it, Dennis, if you don't follow politics. (Hubbard's "Final Blackout" must have been even more distasteful to you!)

"Logic of Empire" and "Coventry" are the only two stories of his which haven't made the grade with myself, and I think that if I read through his stories in the chronological order given in the May AST, I'll understand them better. "Blowups Happen", "The Roads Must Roll", and "Solution Unsatisfactory" are all deep-reading stories, but the brilliant writing enables Bob to get by with his themes. How else would "Sixth Column" have got by?

"Universe", Eric Needham! I thought this was one of the simplest of Bob's stories. The theme hasn't been used a great deal, and his handling of the characters was superb. Couldn't you imagine those people enshrouded in myths handed down from one generation to another, until the originals had been lost? And, too, you knew that a sequel was following -- "Methuselah's Children" will clear up the "so what?" questions you have asked. On the contrary, Heinlein doesn't write "pointless" stories. Over your head you mean! The "point" of his yarns is not so obvious as the usual type of space-adventure story depicts.

I thank Heaven, Mr. Campbell and Bob himself, for bringing a fresh slant on stf literature -- we were getting a little too much of Schachner's, Vincent's and Wellman's.

OF COURSE you know that Rogers is painting covers for the next three ASTOUNDINGS, but maybe you don't know that they will be for these stories: September, Asimov's "Nightfall"; October, Heinlein's "By His Bootstraps"; November, for E.E. Smith's, as yet unnamed sequel to "Gray Lensman".

But you know now!

TV

REVIEW

THE CASE of the FRIENDLY CORPSE --- L. RON HUBBARD'S latest feature novel in UNKNOWN.

This is an illogical story of how a college graduate suddenly finds himself a graduate of a college of evil, in a dimension of demons. The story rambles on and on, giving various silly tricks and monotonous incantations of these demons, and, finally our hero brings a Sultan who has been murdered, back to life. However, the Sultan, who has been dead for such a long time that there is a decidedly unpleasant odour about him (not to mention the fact that he is slightly bloated and blue), goes into spasms of love for our hero, rich to the latter's disgust and ill-concealed nausea. The reason for this is that our hero's assistant, who is decidedly wacky, but thinks he is really brilliant (I know several such people), has mixed in with the life-restorer the great magic elixir of "How to Win Friends". In the end, the hero and his sweetheart (there's one in almost every story, and this one's no exception) are confronted with the entire organization of demons, the latter entertaining thought of wiping out the former. But at the last moment (very surprisingly) our young friends are saved by the Ghosts of Richard the Lion-Heart, Robin Hood, assorted heroes, long dead, etc., etc., and all live happily ever after.

This story is by no means up to the usual Hubbard standard, but is ended in such a manner that the reader is left suspended in mid-air, about two feet above the seat of his chair.

..... Jack Pensky of USA



ASTONISHING Stories ----- September '41 -----

SDGottesman takes the cover, a decent, but colourful painting by Bob Sherry, with his novelet, "Mars Tube" - average tale for SDG, of archaeologists who, unfortunately, thought that impossible sounding parts of Martian history were just fiction... Second novelet is Harry Walton's story of Mining on Toroga, Planet of Sirius - "Radiation Trap". The most outstanding short is Asimov's science-packed "Super-Neutron"; the other - 7 - shorts being Paul Edmonds' "Tree of Life" - a strange, man-y, but not flesh, eating tree in a re-discovered Eden; "Farewell to Fuzzies" by Henry Hasse; R.R.Winterbotham's "Invent or Die"; "Factory in the Sky" - the battle of production, with sabotage, transferred to an artificial asteroid - from Basil E.Wells; "Pin the Medals on Poe" - a future 'Tec goes all Sherlock Holmes with the help of a volume of Poe - by Anton Reeds; F.B.Long's "Plague from Tomorrow"; and "Solar Plexus" by James Blish. Illustrations from Bok, Thopp, Morey, and Rey Isip.



ASTOUNDING Science-Fiction ----- August '41 -----

Rogerz-cover novelet is the second of Nat Schachner's space-lawyer series, "Jurisdiction", and Old Fireball still hasn't gotten the best of Kerry Dale. Theo Sturgeon has the other novelet, another 'new' plotz, concerning a little man who took the wrong car, and found out to late, "Biddiver". A peach of a time-travelling, backwards to kill your enemy's ancestors, short from Jack Williamson, "Backlash". A newcomer, William Carson, introduces "Klystron Fort", a new war-defence measure, in a fast-moving short. The remaining tale is Raymond Z.Gallun's "Meteor Legacy", and what a legacy! Current Serial is part II of Heinlein's "Methuselah's Children". Willy Ley article "Prelude to Engineering", and JWC's editorial "Atomic Power vs. Coal" both very good. Nothing outstanding in illustrations, from H.Isip, Koll, Kramer, Orban, Rogers, CS.

ODD ITEMS- WE (meaning I, the compiler). Have heard the voices of Walt Daugherty, and Forrest J. Ackerman, two of the very foremost fans of Los Angeles, that centre of fanactivities supreme, where, incidentally, the 1942 World SF Convention is to be convened. Yes, 'twas on one of those famed LARecords, addressed to Ted Carnell, which has just started around the country; I'll not go into details, as Michael will be having a complete transcription of it, which he will doubtless publish. One of the grandest experiences I've yet had, to hear them chatting away about Shangri-Land, the Denvention, etc.... Les Croutch, foremost fan on the Canadian side of the border, has had his fifth sale, this time to FUTURE FICTION, titled "Salvage Job"; thinks that he's sold a sixth, and is working on "a jin-dandy" he hopes to submit to UN..... Until he made his first sale to Wolheim a while ago Ray Bradbury had been writing 1000 words a day, for two years - 700,000 words!.....The feature novelet in November ASTONISHING will be a sequel to "Into Darkness", by Ross Rocklynne, entitled "Daughter of Darkness".....John W. Campbell Jr. has an article coming up in America's slick ESQUIRE soon, "Martians Like it Dry".....You know that Street & Smith have been selling off many of the originals of their Brown covers? Well, you'll never be able to buy up any of those great Rogers paintings from them. Hubert Rogers doesn't sell S&S the painting, only the right to reproduce it. (News items courtesy of FANTASY NEWS and CROUTCH NEWS)

 TIN TACKS 7, you'll notice, is a : Man, by day a surface dweller,
 double issue - call it a semi-anni- : changes habits at night:
 versary issue, if you like - let us : when he decends to the air-raid
 know what you think of it; and if : cellar,
 you can send a contribution, do!! : he apes the troglodyte. esn

RAMBLING again, but with no set purpose this month, we start with Les Croutch: "Here's something you may not know. Don A. Stuart is NOT Don Angus Stuart, as one fan puts it. John Campbell picked this pseudonym because his wife's name is nee Dona Stuart. I can make any guy eat his words who says different. Because Campbell told me so in a letter over his signature!" Now can someone please tell us where Karl van Campon came from? John Morgan corrects, "I gathered by this month's "Fido" that you were trying to get discussion going on Heinlein. I mean, it's not like you to omit some praise about your pet authors; and I did say I liked "And He Built A Crooked House"." How's the Carnell answer to the un-Heinlein minority, John? Answering a personal question, Jack Banks observes, "I have only had professional knowledge of the insides of a typewriter, not of typing. Webster's is good. His is the small type, known as Elite. I'd like one like that." Feel like giving it away, Duggie? And how's the Review this month, DW? Though I'll admit that the advance was caused by the presumed sinking of July ASF. To turn to the FANTAST editor himself: "We are moved to suggest that you lay off this Campbell guy. After all, one bloke can only be a limited number of others at any one time. We all know that Campbell isn't Campbell - he's two other guys. But perhaps you didn't know that Art Widner has accused van Vogt of being JWC? Enough is enough." You've said it!!

Thanks are due to Dennis Tucker for cutting us the heading for the 1st page of this issue of TT, and for sending us the review of "The Case of the Friendly Corpse". We had meant to feature extracts from letters and fanzine articles against (mostly) your favourite artist, Paul, but methinks ZENITH is taking care of that. (Gratis plug for a good mag.)