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EDITOR

Redd Boggs 2215 Benjamin St. N.E. Minneapolis 18, Minn.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Don Wilson

ART EDITOR

Robert L. Stein

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FROM MINNEAPOLIS 18

THE PAST. Contributors Kennedy, Keller and Wilson doubtless consider Chronoscope late Art by the space of a pregnancy, at least. Rapp and Lilith Lorraine probably would set the time closer to a year. Little they know! Although Chronoscope was first announced sotto voce about the first of 1948, and material was solicited for it months before that, actually Chronoscope as a title and as a project dates from 1941. In that year, inspired by our first glimpse of The Fantasite and Spaceways, we first laid ambitious but nebulous plans for a fanzine to be called The Science Fiction Observer, which working title later became The Tellurian and finally (sometime between May and September 1941, according to our notebook of that era), Chronoscope. The magazine was still in the dream stage in 1942 when we entered the Air Forces, and the project was forgotten for nearly four years. At last, in 1946, we re-entered fandom and began to plan anew. For some reason, the title Chronoscope failed to bubble forth when we cast about for a suitable title. Dawn was the name we chose (we even registered the title in the NFFF's copyright bureau), and advertising was distributed with that name included, but Dawn never appeared. It was the advent of Tympani in March 1947 that caused us to withdraw all plans for a generalzine, but at last our mimeographing duties on Tym were shoved onto Bob Stein's shoulders, and editing a general zine again became feasible. Then "Chronoscope" was rescued from dim memory and became the inevitable title for the magazine that gradually took form.

THE PRESENT. Unlike too many fan editors, we are going to let "Ron's" material speak for itself. Special credit with reference to the contents of this first issue goes to Gerry de la Ree, Bob Stein, John L. Gergen and Donn Brazier for their assistance in obtaining certain articles herein. Our apologies to all contributors for keeping their work so long before publishing it. Perhaps it won't happen again. Most of our contributors this time are well known to the fantasy and science fiction field, and certainly not the least of these writers is Dr. David H. Keller, the rising fan-writer and convention-goer. Not only does he write reams of copy for demanding fan editors but he writes a few books. Perhaps you've heard of the Keller anthology, Life Everlasting, probably still available at \$3.50 from the Avalon Book Co., P. O. Box 8052, Clinton Hill Station, Newark 8, N. J. The critics and fans are raving about it -- Stanley Mullen says it is a "choice item" for your fantasy library. Meantime his The Abyss is to be published, and so are some six other Keller volumes. Latest Keller book to be announced is The Revolt of the Pedestrians, a mimeographed pamphlet to be issued by Redlance Press. This limited edition will bring Keller's first-published story back into print after 20 years in a beautifully-mimeod format. A litho-cover by Joseph Krucher is worth the price of the booklet in itself -- and the price is only 20ϕ postpaid. Please order from Chronoscope's editor (address on the contents page). Delivery is promised for autumn or early winter.

Out of the pit that holds the past, Out of the crucible of time, Steal the hours that have yet to chime; The Never-Was lies there chained fast And all forgotten things, enmassed Against the future's dawning clime.

Things that have been are yet to be; Prisoned in time that has not flown They lie; the future holds her own In that far past no man can see.

Man is a key that locks no door; Man is a coin that buys no wine; Dead to the roads behind, before, Are all the like of me and mine. Seeing no past, no future we Of the dim brand of humanity Bound by our own theology, Man is a God's blind embassy.

- MARION ZIMMER.

THE FUTURE. At this writing we are negotiating with the editor of a soon-folding fanzine for his backlog of material. Since this fanzine is one that to our mind ranks with the best of all time, its material will, if the deal is satisfactorily consummated, give Chronoscope a glittering array of articles to draw from for issue #2. In addition, other articles have been promised by such well known fantasites as Norm Stanley and Sam Moskowitz -- we mention their names here in the

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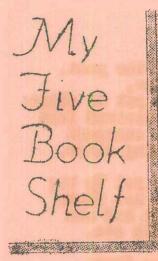
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hope that it will spur them into activity in time for the next issue. However, Chronoscope still is in need of good material -- articles of any length, book reviews, and poetry. No fiction, please. We prefer articles dealing with aspects of magazine or book science fiction in the manner of those that appeared in Elsner's famous <u>Scientifiction-</u> ist or Wilson's equally famous <u>Dream Quest</u>. Try "Ron"; we guarantee quick reports on all submitted manuscripts.

Any angels in the audience? We've a beautiful John Cockroft cover suitable for lithographing which we intended to use on this issue but were unable to finance. Art editor Stein also has done some work we'd like to feature -- if someone will pay the lithographer!

For next issue, too, we want comments on this issue. Critical and helpful letters will be published in our "Say What You Please!" department. Besides evaluating our material, please register approval or disapproval of "Ron's" colorful format. We suspect that persons (particularly fannes) with a better eye for color combinations than ours will be pained by the juxtaposition of certain shades herein. Let us know, won't you?



THERE WAS A TIME when it really meant something for a man to own a book, and a great deal more to be able to read it. His prestige was enormous. That unique superiority lessened with the gradual spread of education (whatever that word means) among the masses. Eventually, almost every family had at least one book, the Bible, and a few owned books by the hundreds and even thousands. Richard Heber of Hodnet Hall, Shrewsbury, England, is said to have had over 200,000 volumes, while J. C. Bingham of Darlington, England, had his 23room house so piled with books that he could scarcely walk from one room to another.

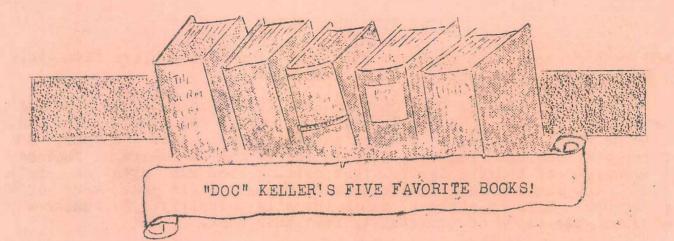
Many of these men devoured books as though they were true book-worms. Richard Burton read for 40 years and then wrote his <u>Anatomy of Melancholy</u> without the aid of a modern card index! But times have changed since then. Knowledge of literature has become streamlined. It is now a fad to know a very little about a great many books rather than much about a few. If a man pretends to culture he must have some knowledge, at least, of the so-called World Literature.

The tempo of life has become accelerated, and most people are so busy they have borrowed the methods of mass production and concentrated food as aids in securing a literary education. Eliot started this movement with his Five Foot Book Shelf, and we were told that fifteen minutes of reading every day would suffice to make a dull person brilliant. Then anthologies appeared, and one hundred of the world's best novels were condensed into one volume. Finally Helen Rex Keller has given a hungry world a digest of 2400 novels, histories, essays and dramas, all between the covers of one book. The eager seeker for literary culture can now get it all in a few evenings of reading. It is a simple as obtaining a full meal of beefsteak and vegetables by swallowing a small tablet!

It has always seemed to me that really to understand a book it should be fully read, in order to garner every grain of information, and discover every glorious shade of meaning. Often it is necessary to read a book several times. There is little satisfaction in reading a few pages or even a digest. I do not want my literary vitamins in concentrated capsules. Only by chewing them thoroughly in their complete form and then slowly digesting them can I derive any literary nourishment from them.

Because of this, my library is small. The books I buy are either read and then given away because I find no eternal ambrosia in them, or else they are treasured and carefully guarded from the book-borrower. The books I keep are read and read till they become a vital part of me. It is interesting to find that even in my best beloved books there are few paragraphs that are so fine I can never forget them. The few words shine as a gold nugget in the natural rock. They make the entire book near and dear to me.

For this reason, when I read of the many thousand books in the White House, I do not envy those who live there. For, while I am not -(6)-



satisfied with my few volumes, I am content, knowing that some few of these books are so eternally mine, having become such a part of my personality that they are not merely so many printed pages, but are my treasures, my riches.

Thus I come to my Five Book Shelf. Let the reader pause here and try to write the names of those five books! Hardly one will be able to guess my choice correctly, for every book lover will name <u>his</u> five books and not mine. That would be natural and he has a perfect right to make his own selection. It is only fair to say that I have never found one person who has read these books who regards them as highly as I do, and often they are at a loss to understand what I see in them.

Some centuries ago, Laurence Sterne wrote <u>Tristam Shandy</u>. The exact title is <u>The Life and Opinions of Tristam Shandy</u>, <u>Gentleman</u>. No one has ever accurately described it, as it defies description. Yet few years pass without a new edition. It will always be read and loved by a select few. It will still be read when <u>Gone With The Wind</u> is thought of vaguely as being a treatise on abdominal irritation, and <u>Anthony Adverse</u>, if remembered at all, will merely be an unusual name. I never think of this book without recalling the last seven immortal (or immoral, according to the kind of mind you have) lines of Chapter I. Then there is Uncle Toby and how he finally told the Widow just where he was wounded in Flanders. This is a book of life,

by DAVID H. KELLER, M. D. unmodified and unadulterated. It irritates many because it starts with no obvious objective, meanders hither and yon, and seems to have accomplished nothing at its ending. But is not real life that way?

Gustave Flaubert wrote <u>Salambo</u>. There is a book with such intensity of beauty that it hurts. It is full of color, music, life. But to me it is dear because it deals with the futility of life. Riches, power, pride, ambition prove utterly worthless. Nothing that seems worthwhile lives on, save as dust. Matho died because he loved; Salambo died because she loved a snake more than a man. Men and women are dying today for exactly

MY FIVE BOOK SHELF

the same reasons. If you know this book, you must realize that this life of ancient Carthage is your life and mine.

Then there is <u>The Worm Ouroboros</u> by E. R. Eddison. He says that he dreamed of this book for thirty years before he wrote it, but, when he finally wrote, he created something that, like the Worm, can never die. Few have read it, but, to me, it has the charm of fantasy, a dreamland of heart's desire, that nothing else can give me. Here again, the real meaning of the book is contained in the very last paragraph. Life is eternal, death the only unreality. To really understand the truth of immortality read this book.

Then there is <u>Jurgen</u> by James Branch Cabell. I do not know of any book more cordially hated by women than this one. It is a man's book -- and an old man's book at that. A boy of twenty cannot understand it, but the man past forty can because, as he reads, he knows that he is reading about himself and not Jurgen. All men have lived with their Dame Lisa but have dreamed about Aniatis, Helen of Troy, and the pink cheeks of Guenevere. After the conflict is over, all sensible men return to Lisa for no other reason than that they are used to her and she darns their stockings.

Finally, there is the Bible. I always liked this multi-authored anthology of the fine in history, folklore, poetry, hero-worship and the final writing of a senile paranoic, but up to a few years ago did not include it in my Five Book Shelf. Now we have The Bible Designed To Be Read As Living Litera-ture, edited by Ernest Sutherland Bates. This gives the King James version a life which hitherto it somehow lacked. If a person read no other book than this he would have a liberal education in the arts of writing, talking and appreciation of the beautiful. Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg was the result of his early reading of the Bible.

These are the five books I would take with me to a desert island or keep in my bedroom and be satisfied. Of course, I would want many more (some of them my personal adventurous attempts to produce fine writing) but these five would suffice. They have become a part of me. As long as I live I will find new beauty in them. Some will not be found in the Celestial Library, so I prefer the Library of Gehenna where the books are printed on asbestos pages.



.... Which Leg Moves After Which?

"A centipede was happy, quite, Until a toad in fun Said, 'Pray, which leg moves after which?' Which raised her doubts to such a pitch She fell exhausted in the ditch, Not knowing how to run!"

CENTIPEDES TUMBLE into ditches, and a science fiction fan in Chicago stutters on his typewriter. Someone you know suffers from "osis" fear -- fear of acidosis, gaposis, halitosis. The beautiful senior, blonde of course, yawns and you forget the azure pools she is using for eyes; you succumb to a mammoth, irresistible yawn yourself. A doctor gives his patient pink sugar pills, and the sickly one is cured. A youth in a medical school has squeaky ankles, and they must be soaked in a good grade of machine oil every night. The town council prohibits loud noises such as shucking peanuts after midnight, and you begin to notice those strange noises after midnight -- like someone shucking peanuts.

Centipedes tumble into ditches, and golf balls splash into five feet of water....

Human beings are queer creatures with unpredictable actions. Much of their strange behavior can be explained by the principle of suggestion. It is not the unique quality of a few, for everyone is suggestible to some degree.

Some people stutter. Tongues stutter and fingers never do. A violinist stuttered with his tongue, but his fingers played wonderful music. Then, like a toad croaking to the centipede, some foolish person remarked, "Isn't it a lucky thing for you that you never stutter on your violin?" Centipedes tumbled into ditches, and promptly the lazed man began a prolonged period of nightmarish stuttering on his viclin.

The story of the violinist is true. Even you who read this, and you may be a science fiction fan in Chicago, may begin to stutter on your typewriter.

Suggestion.

E. E. Slosson, the chemist of whom I'm sure you've heard, carefully carries into the classroom a bottle filled with a colorless liquid. He announces that he has just made a new compound possessing a peculiarly unpleasant, penetrating odor, and will the class please hold up their hands when the odor reaches them? He wants to measure

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"WHICH LEG MOVES AFTER WHICH?"

its speed of dispersion. He uncorks the bottle, makes a wry face, and steps quickly away from the offending stink-pot. Row by row the class holds up its hand, first row, second row, third row, and so on clear to the back of the room. Here and there sits a skeptic who says, "Aw, I don't smell a thing!"

Well, why should he? There's nothing in the bottle but distilled water....

Unsuggestible, you say. Yes, in a sense he is because he failed to smell the "new, peculiarly bad" odor; but his very reaction proves he is suggestible, for he reacts negatively to every command. If you told him the moon was made of green glass instead of green cheese, he would stoutly affirm that the moon was definitely made of green cheese.

Measure a person; discover whether he is positively suggestible or negatively. Govern your suggestions accordingly.

Some years ago I tried a simple experiment based on Slosson's classroom trick. As part of my education it was necessary for me to travel around northern Wisconsin and about Milwaukee giving a talk on telepathy and clairvoyance. On this instance I was speaking before a group of high school boys, and as part of the talk I had prepared four little bottles with conspicuous gummed labels.

As a build-up I related the inadequacy of the human senses in comparison with that of the animal. Some people have better sense perception than others, and this is particularly true for the sense of smell. I challenged anyone to come up on the stage and successfully determine by the sense of smell what had been placed in each one of the four bottles. Of course, there had been nothing in any of the bottles, and each one had been scrupulously scrubbed with water, boiling water.

The results were amazing. Many words have been written about suggestibility and hypnotism, but this simple experiment carried more force behind it than a million words. Those boys smelled gasoline, alcohol, kerosene, turpentine, vinegar, perfume; and so strongly did they believe, that when I confessed the trick I had played on them, they disbelieved that the bottles held no odors.

Suggestion.

A forest ranger smells smoke when there is no smoke; an astronomer sees canals on Mars; a beginning physics student reads off data from an instrument dial inductively that which he has already reached deductively; a mycologist strains his eyes for tetrads in the division nuclei of the zygote of Synchetrium endobiotrium.

A girl comes from outdoors into a dimly lit room and catches her breath at seeing a hideous shape brooding silently in the corner. Her eyes pop open, her pupils dilate, and the shape resolves into a curtain which has blown over a floor lamp.

"WHICH LEG MOVES AFTER WHICH?"

You know the trick, don't you? -- the trick of making Tuesday a Blue Monday? Greet your associates in the morning with a worried frown; look at him or her with worried concern in your eyes; then question the subject: "Were you out late last night?"

"Well, no. Why?" he might say.

Point silently to the regions under your eyes, and shake your head a little. A little later hit him again with slight digs: "You're not sick, are you?" After a time you may find him glancing furtively in the mirror. Then, when you sic some co-conspirators on him, you can sit back and watch the fun -- for you.

Since suggestion is such a vital force it is apparent that words which take the place of much of our real environment, are very important forces. Advertising copy writers must be consciously or unconsciously experts in the use of suggestion. The prophet in Robert Heinlein's "If This Goes On -- " was an expert in conditioning his people to a belief response. He might have made use of this group of words calculated to make the mob believe an untruth:

> "The night is dark, The day is bright, And I am the Lord's own Holy Prophet."

Words, belief, faith.... What is the explanation of Lourdes? It has been experimentally demonstrated that pain and fatigue can be removed by hypnosis, which Hull -- after a comprehensive survey of all experimental work in this field -- calls a susceptibility to suggestion.

John Dent M.D. tells of unsuccessfully treating a patient with a paralyzed arm. One day came a sudden cure in an unexpected manner. While the uncurable patient looked on, Dent wrapped a blood pressure tube around another patient's arm in a purely routine examination. After this patient had gone, the man with the paralyzed arm said: "That's how my arm got paralyzed, doctor. It was right after another doctor did that to my arm."

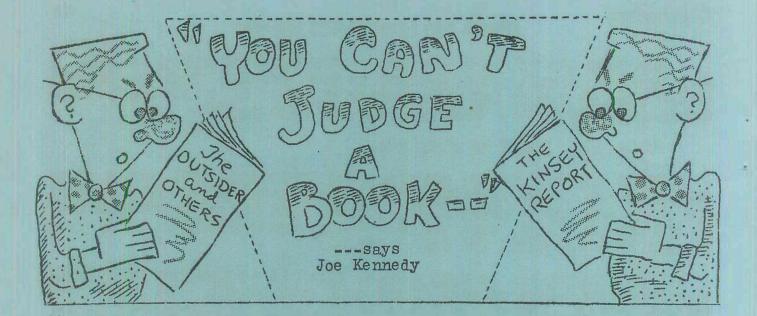
"Is that so?" Dent remarked, an idea forming. "The doctor must have reduced the pressure too rapidly." Then he told the man about diving bells and pressure and deep sea cramps. The cure, then, was to put the arm back under pressure and reduce it gradually, like a pressure chamber will safeguard against the "bends". This was done, and the man walked out with full use of his arm.

Do you remember Wallace West's story "The Phantom Dictator"? If your collection is handy, get it out and re-read it. It appeared in Astounding Stories, August 1935.

The movie screen is a powerful force, for defenseless ears by the thousands are turned to words, words that cannot be stopped. A

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(Concluded on page 32)



ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON back in the balmy days when Wilbur Scott Peacock was editor of <u>Planet</u> <u>Stories</u>, yours truly and a couple other fans were bumming around the offices of Fiction House, ogling the originals, when somebody demanded, "When is <u>Planet</u> going to ditch that horrible babe-bum-and-BEM cover formula?"

I'll always remember Peacock's reply. Caught off guard, he blinked a few times through heavy-lensed spectacles, then finally drawled, "Go ahead and laugh at our covers, fella! They probably account for half of our circulation!"

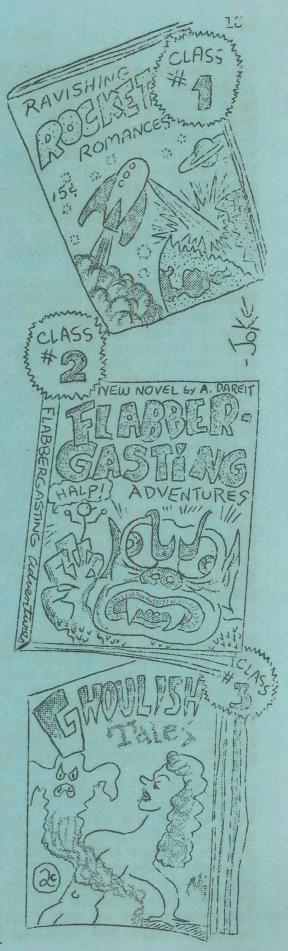
How can you argue against logic like that? For the muse of Art is tossed out of the window when the Great God Greenback comes in the door! Fans may rave and rant and cuss ... editors may shrug their shoulders ... self-appointed guardians of public morals may gasp in horror and patrons of "respectable literature" may sneer -- in vain. Like it or not, 'twould seem that galloping green grulzaks, popping ray-guns, shrieking damsels in crimson sarongs, and sun-tanned heroes do seem to sell a heck of a lot of science fiction magazines.

Bales of paper, gallons of ink, and thousands of dollars worth of three-cent stamps have been consumed by stfans who have crusaded. for the past two decades for better covers on prozines, via a letterto-the-editor writing campaign of tremendous proportions. Countless typewriter ribbons have been worn to a frazzle -- but to no avail. The terrible parade of gallant guys, ghastly visaged gals, and grinning goons rolls on and on across the newsstands of the nation, while frustrated fantasy fans fume. Some stfans (especially youngsters who don't want to get in trouble with the older generation) make it a practice to rip off the offensive covers before lugging prozines home. Not all fans, however, are sufficiently thick-skinned to be able to mutilate prozines in this fashion without experiencing qualms of conscience. Most fans of my acquaintance have formed the habit of snatching Planet Stories or Weird Tales from the magazine rack, slapping two dimes down on the counter, thrusting the lurid publication inside their coat, and racing homeward like a dope-runner smuggling a case of marijuana beneath the very eyes of the coast guard patrol. -(12)-

Why, then, does this uncomfortable situation exist? Editors are willing to use more mature cover themes. Usually, however, the editor has very little say in determining his baby's outer wraps. It is a well-known fact that some distributors specifically require a curvesome Miss on each and every cover, or else they will not handle the magazine. Frequently the blame rests with the pulp-house's indifferent art department, or on ironbound rules of policy laid down by the high brass upstairs.

After long years of painful research this scribe has formed the conclusion that scientifantasy covers can be grouped into three main classifications. These groupings refer to cover artwork, that is, excluding such all-too-rare cases of conservatism exemplified by the all-lettering cover designs on the first few issues of <u>Famous Fantastic Mysteries</u>, or the practice of featuring only story titles adopted with the latter issues of <u>Unknown</u> Worlds.

Classification #1 is what I call the "pretty doo-dads" type of science fiction cover. This sort of thing was popular fifteen years ago, when nearly every issue of Daddy Gernsback's pioneers was resplendent with gadgetry --- soaring rocketships aimed Saturnward, space flights in the middle of some alien galaxy, with all ray-guns blasting away like an old-time Independence Day celebration. Or else, when Frank R. Paul got bored drawing rocketships, there'd be a huge, tangled mass of twisted green machinery, or a stalking robot, or a pair of doll-faced humans flittering across the glittering expanse of a futuristic city. Crude as some of the early attempts on Science Wonder and the Quarterlies seem today, they were Paul couldn't tremendously effective. draw humans any more than I could carve the Mount Rushmore memorials with a canopener, but -- gads, how that man could concoct a magnificently bewildering array of gadgets! Paul carved himself a place in a field he chose to make uniquely his No, I'll put it better than that: own. Frank Paul's paintings and illustrations captured the essence of early science fiction.



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"YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK -- "

In classification #1 also, I'd include most covers which attempt to appeal to the pulp-buyer's scant sense of beauty. Finlay's memorable cover for the FFM containing "Creep, Shadow!" is about the ultimate peak of the "pretty doo-dads" school of cover-painting. Some of the attractive covers on the Bates-edited <u>Astounding</u> also fit into this department. Remember those battles in space, with rockets flitting hither and yon, blasting scarlet puffs of smoke, against a background of whirling planetoids? In group number one, I'd also put Campbell's recent experimental astronomical covers. While astronomers may sigh with delight at a picture of Mercury in transit, to most readers, I suspect, the picture must've resembled the negative of a photograph of an egg being fried sunny-side-up.

The second classification is what I call "the appeal to the reader's sense of curiosity", or "what in hell is it?" type of cover. The old Wonder Stories boasting a full-page picture of a battleship floating upside-down in midair over New York City (the scene illustrated "Dream's End" by A. Connell) certainly takes the prize in this department. Another good example of this sort of thing is the FFM cover for John Taine's "The Greatest Adventure", which appeared not so long ago. You probably recall the pic. Occupying the right-hand half of the cover, a towering green-scaled dinosaur gapes down at an airplane, out of which a couple of guys are walking. On seeing such a tableau leering down at him from the news-rack, the pulp reader's infernal sense of curiosity may persuade him to plunk down a quarter and buy the thing, if only to find out where the airplane came from and what the dinosaur is doing. Or so the publishers hope. Most such action and adventure scenes are slanted at this vulnerable point in the potential reader. On Fantastic Adventures you may see a bearded villain leaping out of a box, shooting a cannon bedecked with orange polka-dots in the general direction of a horrified damsel. And what is the object of all this? Merely to inveigle you out of twenty-five cents.

Weird Tales, with its Dolgov spreads and Lee Brown Coye's formless-seeming blobs of color, goes in for this stuff a lot. Even Campbell is far from immune, though -- and remember the Rogers cover depicting the two-headed mutant in Heinlein's "Universe"? In category number two we might also toss certain of the indescribable abortions fostered on the covers of the Sloane-edited <u>Amazing</u>, not to mention the ancient Gernsbackzine cover which consisted of nothing but a lot of colored spots -- a section of a picture printed by half-tone color plates, enlarged several hundred times!

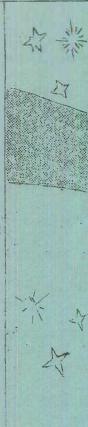
Finally, we come to my favorite classification: group #3, which I call "appealing to the baser emotions" (this is also known as hitting below the belt). There is a certain art to undressing a cover heroine. The rips in the sarong must occur in precisely the right places -- not even a mere eighth of an inch out of the way, lest the censors swoop down like a flock of vultures and chuck the issue off the stands. <u>Terror Tales</u> and <u>Horror Stories</u> were somewhat lax about getting the rips in the right places, and consequently the post office department -- but that's another story. There once was an era, however, when the artists were a good deal more free to appeal to

what Dr. Freud termed "the universal urge." Old-timers will recall with fond pleasure the day of Margaret Brundage's cover nudes for <u>Weird Tales</u>, when acres and acres of pink flesh seeped from the Brundage paintbrush. It is a marvel to this writer that outside pressure didn't force WT off the stands, for such vast expanses of skin have seldom been viewed publicly outside of the Minsky circuit. Oh, there may have been a few skulls or peacock feathers scattered around -- in a most unconvincing manner -- but most of <u>Weird</u>'s cover attractions were as raw as a freshly peeled banana. In more recent times, though, the more cautious Mr. Finlay has achieved nearly the same effect by means of bursts (like this: <u>Merricular</u>) and scores of rainbow-hued bubbles scattered around the cover maiden in exactly the appropriate places. The more conservative Merwin mags habitually attire the cover heroine in panties and bra (which always seem to defy gravitation), whether or not the setting is in a tropical jungle or the frosted plains of Pluto. The era of Margaret Brundage has passed away, but the spirit lingers on.

<u>Planet Stories' famed eternal-triangle scenes depend primarily</u> on emotional appeal, of course. When the oily - mustached villain blasts a lance of blue light in the direction of Horrified Hetta, the full-bosomed demoiselle with an inexplicable propensity for getting into tight places regularly every three months, Courageous Carson always seems to be on hand with his own trusty atom-blaster -- either defending the heroine, or just running on the scene. One of these days some Fiction House artist will reach the limit of his endurance, and paint a cover in which the hero shoots the monster while the monster shoots the heroine while the heroine drills the hero straight between the eyes with a Buck Rogers gun.

And that, sad to say, pretty much covers the prozine -- ah -covers. There is not too much to be said about the situation as it exists, but we might attempt to suggest a few remedies. In the first place, it's high time that the publishers stopped classing science fiction publications as a peculiar mutant variety of detective mag. For every reader attracted to s-f by the glaring shock - upon - shock style of cover, I'll wager dollars to doughnuts there are two or three potential readers scared off. It's pretty generally conceded that the average intelligence of the science fiction reader is several notches higher than that of the chaps who prefer to kill time with woolly westerns or gore-bespattered murder mysteries. The fact that stfans are able enough -- and interested enough -- to write bales of letters to the editors would seem to substantiate this theory. Why wouldn't slick, technical gadgetry appeal to the public now and then? Popular Science and Mechanics Illustrated have built up a terrific audience by catering to the average American's love for new-fangled gadgets and streamlined machines. Why doesn't some hardy editor experiment further with the photographic style of cover, on the order of the Ziff-Davis pulps of several years ago. And for the love of Klono, how about some science fictional covers featuring humor? I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for Virgil Finlay's wonderful cartoonstyle cover on the final issue of Super Science Stories -- the cover for Hank Kuttner's "Reader, I Hate You!", upon which a curious mon-

(Concluded on page 32)



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HOW CAN HE SING THE EARTH SONGS?

What can they know of mountains When all they can ever know, Are the pygmy peaks of Terra, Clothed in the thin, pale snow?

What can they know of mountains Whose vision can never trace The black, Plutonian ranges, Cutting a hole in space?

What can they know of oceans Who circle a shallow grave, Riding a foam-flecked stallion, Tamed by a galley slave?

What can they know of oceans Who never have heard the groans, Of the ravenous seas of Neptune Crunching a planet's bones?

What can they know of deserts, When all that their small eyes see Are the sands of the dead Sahara Shrouding a mystery?

What can they know of deserts, Who never have watched the roll Of the dunes of the crimson planet, Stretching from pole to pole?

How can he sing the earth-songs, Who soars where the comets race, Who follows the blazing rockets Till space curves back on space?

-- LILITH LORRAINE.

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Reviews-by-Spencer-Jigring-Wilson THE WATERS OF LETHE, by David H. Keller, M.D. 1937.

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There are two major strata in the works of David H. Keller. One is the pulp work, consisting of most of his best-known stories. The other is serious literary work, including <u>The Devil and the Doctor</u>, <u>The Sign of the Burning Hart</u>, and a number of novels as yet unpublished. <u>The Waters of Lethe</u> must be classed in the lower, or pulp, stratum. It is a superficial yarn, an adventure story written only to afford entertainment for the moment. It lacks the thoughtfulness, the beauty, the relatively polished style of Keller's more serious work. Purely as entertainment, however, the story is fairly successful -- moreover, it possesses a good deal of interest as a collecttor's item.

The Waters of Lethe has been published only in a paper-bound edition of 500 copies, issued in 1937 by Hayward S. Kirby, of Great Barrington, Mass. With the revival of interest in Keller's writings, this little book is bound to become a much sought-after rarity. Those who manage to obtain copies will also find it pretty good reading.

The story is about a party of tourists who are ingeniously kidnapped by a mysterious German while visiting the North African port of Benghazi. He carries them off in a small boat on the swiftly rushing waters of the underground river known as Lethe, to the interior of a great crater. There he has them chained by Arabs who serve him, and the astonished travelers are compelled to work for the enigmatic German as slaves.

He has an idea that he is a reincarnation of an ancient Roman centurion, who was overseer in a jewel mine located somewhere in the crater. The captives have been selected by him as probably reincarnations of his slaves in that era. He hopes that their ancestral memories will help him recall the location of a treasure which the centurion stole from the mine. The action of the story has to do chiefly with the "Centurion's" efforts to recall the events of his previous incarnation, and the captives' attempts at escape. There is enough strangeness and mystery to keep your interest high -- though the end of the story leaves the question of the ancestral memories still in doubt. Indeed, the fantasy element is not strong; yet the story is sufficiently unusual to warrant classification as fantasy, even if one accepts the tentatively offered "natural" explanation.

(Continued on the next page) -(17)-

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Written in Keller's usual simple, clear style, <u>The Waters of</u> <u>Lethe</u> suffers from apparently hasty composition -- and even more from perfectly execrable printing. However, despite these handicaps, the novel can hold the reader's interest from beginning to end, which is a considerable tribute to Keller's ability at sheer story-telling. It is impossible to take the story seriously; but there is abundant evidence that Keller doesn't intend you to. In fact, the most pleasing thing about the book is the humor, which chuckles along quietly but most enjoyably. A little more of it, particularly in the middle section, would have helped. Without being at all uproarious, the light touches give the story a good deal of charm.

The Waters of Lethe is definitely not one of Keller's better stories; if anything, it is a little below his usual lower stratum level (which is high for pulp fiction). Nevertheless, in spite of its limitations and the ever-present misprints, it does make entertaining reading. If you like Keller's work at all, you will find this story enjoyable.

-- PAUL SPENCER.

FIRST ONE AND TWENTY, by John Gloag. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London, 1946.

Tucked neatly into the pages of this slender volume is a pleasing array of stories, most of them brief bits of whimsy, and nearly all of them fantasy.

The most lengthy of them all is "Tomorrow's Yesterday", a provokingly satirical piece, generously flavoured with fantasy, which is divided into seven chapters entitled respectively "Trumpets", "Stage", "Audience", "Film", "Audience", "Press" and "Stop-press". The story deals satirically with a censorable film, audience reaction, and the advertising business and all its phoney glamour, English style.

Next in order are ten cleverly-written tales, which take no more than a moment to read, but which are well worth twice the time. Among those accentuating the fantasy angle are "Things Will Reach Out For You", an excellent yarn of a man in a haunted wilderness, where in the darkness branches seem to come alive and reach out for him. Although it seems only a matter of moments, thirty years evidently elapse during the time that he is lost in the forest. "Double Broadcast" deals with a man whose consciousness is transmitted along with an English broadcast to the home of a woman friend in America, where he becomes en rapport with her and learns that she is being slowly poisoned by her husband. "Petrified" is a fantasy involving an adventure into Time, a man entering a different time phase and finding everything motionless and rock-like except himself. "Continuity" concerns a dream in which the dreamer comes a little closer to death each time until the impending tragedy finally occurs, whereupon his friends devise a story to satisfy the police rather than offer the supernatural explanation.

The latter part of the book is composed of ten more short stories from another collection of tales by the same author. In this

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last group, four can be classed as definitely in the fantasy category: "Pendulum", an odd story of a man near death, before whom a vast panorama of the future repeats itself forwards and backwards, a little less each time until he regains consciousness; "Wave Length", concerning a vicar shocked by electricity while tinkering with broadcasting paraphernalia during a thunderstorm, and who as a result can read people's thoughts; "Restoration", the story of a blind man gifted with an interior vision, who completely reconstructs plans for an ancient abbey; and "Jungle", a whimsical tale of an unusual character who discovered while sojourning in the jungle that he could see in the dark.

Although the remainder of the stories are not science fiction or even fantasy in the true sense of the word, they are definitely offtrail and enough so to please any reader looking for something delightfully different. If you have read John Collier's <u>Touch of Nut-</u> meg and other short stories and enjoyed them, I heartily recommend to you John Gloag's <u>First One and Twenty</u>, for these brief tales are very much the same calibre.

-- TIGRINA.

NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS, by Fritz Leiber, Jr. Arkham House, Sauk City, Wis., 1947.

The Arkham House fantasy library of short story collections by weird authors continues to roll merrily out; this, the latest in the series, appears to be one of the better ones, and it is characterized by an air of quality and a consistent readability that some of the collections have lacked.

The stories consist mostly of reprints from <u>Unknown Worlds</u> and <u>Weird Tales</u>. All of them are fairly recent productions; none date earlier than 1940 in original magazine publication, according to the credit page; in addition to the reprints, there is the novel "Adept's Gambit" and a foreword by Leiber.

This author's conception of the weird and horrible varies considerably from the standard idea of what makes a human being shiver. Instead of picturing the weird setting as a haunted castle -- something old, crumbling, antiquated, or perhaps primeval -- Leiber draws his shudders from the big city of today. To quote him: "It is the American metropolis, jammed with iron and stone, that sets off my sense of the horrible and beautiful.... Things like the buzz of a defective neon sign, the black framework of the elevated, muttering of machinery one cannot identify -- there are terrors in the modern city in comparison to which the darks of Gothic castles and haunted woods are light."

Mr. Leiber sets forth these ideas in the first portion of the book -- the section called "Modern Horrors". The buzz of the defective neon sign -- a particularly ghastly sound to Leiber's mind -- appears through this section. The titles are "Smoke Ghost", "Automatic Pistol", "The Inheritance", "The Hill and the Hole", "The Dreams of Albert Moreland", "The Hound" and "Diary in the Snow". A detailed

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THE FANTASY BOOK SHELF

resume of them is impossible; suffice it to say that they set forth FLJr's ideas on the horror story admirably, and that they are among the highly superior portion of recent weird productions. I found the best of them "The Hound" -- a tale of a werewolf which embodied the evil spirit of the city, rather than the wild and bestial nature symbolized by the traditional werewolf. A great, ungainly dog; a monster that slavered black goo constantly, it was chained to the city, and only in the city could it live. Terror is worked to a fine climax in this excellent tale. The others range in interest; perhaps most out of place is "Diary in the Snow", a well-written but rather inconsequential stef yarn.

"Transition" is provided by "The Man Who Never Grew Young", which merits special attention. The theme of living backwards in time, touched upon by Boucher and others from the stefnal standpoint, is fantasized here with commendable result. Apparently the final atomic holocaust -- the forthcoming Atomigeddon so often mentioned by certain fans -- was so mighty that it fractured time itself and caused time to reverse in its tracks. It is rather amusing, at first, till you get in the mood of the tale. For instance, mentioned are the dismantling of the Great Pyramid and the carrying back of the stone to the hills, the American Indians' beating back to the Atlantic of white men; the phenomenon of humans' disinterment, "youthing", and dissolution in their mothers' wombs; the unchiseling of inscrip-tions on tombstones; and similar reversings of the normal time sequence. The narrator, the man who never grew young, was probably im-mortal in the original time sequence, went forward to Atomigeddon, and began his backward plunge toward Earth's infancy where he was spawned a la Old Man Mulligan. Puzzlement, mood and fantasy atmosphere are ladled on in this tale, which I would rank as the best in the collection.

Still proceeding backwards in time we arrive at "Ancient Adventures", the saga of the familiar Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, well known to all readers of <u>Unknown</u>. One of their <u>Unknown</u> exploits is reprinted here -- "The Sunken Land" -- and a "novel", "Adept's Gambit", provides a heretofore unpublished adventure of these two primeval characters.

"Adept's Gambit" is a peculiar tale. Impetus is provided by the fact that girls to whom Fafhrd and the Mouser make love metamorphose into swine and giant snails; our heroes seek the reason for this happening, and their quest forms the story. No horror here -- merely highly spiced adventure in the exotic tradition, all adding up to a tale which I did not particularly care for, but which will be welcomed by followers of the Fafhrd-Gray Mouser cycle in <u>Unknown</u>.

Leiber's "Foreword" gives a glimpse into the background of the Fafhra-Gray Mouser stories, the tale of the Mouser's meeting with Fafhrd and the origin of the series. It provides interesting reading.

Physically, the book is one of the best yet turned out by Derleth. Typography and makeup seem to be on a constant upgrade, which

THE FANTASY BOOKSHELF

is a good sign; each year's crop from Arkham House seems to be a little superior physically to the previous year's, and competition from newer all-fantasy companies should provide even further impetus for improvement. Binding is the usual Holliston black novelex stamped in gold on the spine. The jacket, by Ronald Clyne, seems up to a good standard. Arkham House and Fantasy Press are two all-fantasy houses whose productions can stand up to any ordinary professional standard with ease.

Leiber is one of the better modern weird authors, and this collection is one of the better ones of recent vintage. While it is by no means Arkham's best book, there are no grounds for claiming it is not definitely worthwhile. I would advise latching onto a copy.

-- DON WILSON.

LOTHAR, HIS CRIME

Lothar, his crime and punishment --A tale to raise the hair; Poisoned and interred his wife, Without the benefit of clergyman or prayer.

His neighbors whispered, Lothar Burned, even in the day, a light, And chanted wild prayers at dusk As if he feared the night;

Made enemies of friends, Half-starved and beat his stock, And with a curious haunted air Secured door and window with a lock;

Grew ghastly thin, his eyes, Two holes burned in the skin; And in his drunken cups Kept muttering of punishment and sin.

And how he paid his debt They tell with bated breath: That winter day beside her grave Was Lothar, hideous in death;

He knelt, a prayer-book in his hand; The strangest thing, they say --A woman's prints preceding his, And none that went away.

-- GENEVIEVE K. STEPHENS.

Introduction

TNTRODUCTION

LOGIC

ELLIPTICAL

TO

"Every scientific theory is a system¹ of sentences which are accepted as true² and which may be called LAWS³ or ASSERTED STATE-MENTS⁴ or, for short, simply STATEMENTS." (Tarski, <u>Introduction to</u> Logic.)

1. System, as ordinarily defined, implies orderly arrangement. Orderly arrangement implies a grouping dictated by the rules of logic. Logic in turn is ordinarily defined as the science of correct thinking. But what is correct thinking? In the present treatise correct thinking is totally dissociated from any supposition that a correct method of thinking exists either because of an external and immutable cause -- such as a set and fixed fabric of mind which must be operated upon or with in a prescribed way -- or because of the existence of

INTRODUCTION TO ELLIPTICAL LOGIC

a set method of attack somehow externally imposed by which the metaphysical concept of absolute truth and reality is to be apprehended, if it is to be apprehended at all.

To return to the concept of an orderly and therefore logical arrangement of meaningful sentences (or more simply, <u>communicable</u> <u>ideas</u>), do we not in the accepted parlance think of such an arrangement of ideas as being in linear arrangement; step by step approaching a solution termed the conclusion? That is, of course, but restatement of the concept of a supposed <u>correct</u> method of thinking. This concept was inherent in the now-hoary Aristotlean logic, and as yet this concept has not been <u>completely</u> eliminated from present-day non-Aristotlean logic.

It is the express purpose of this treatise to produce such a consistent <u>non-linear</u> logic such that when applied to the field of scientific inquiry sufficient controllable results shall be obtained as to guarantee that such a system shall not be relegated to armchair discussion and the unproductive toying of professional logicians.

2. The concept <u>true</u> will either be replaced, as far as a metaphysical concept is concerned, or will be construed to mean <u>self-con-</u> <u>sistent</u>. Self-consistency may be defined to mean correct within the limits of observable phenomena; correct within the accuracy of instrumental data; non-contradictory in a particular system.

3. Law implies	*	*	46 46	નેં નેં	×	*	75	necessity and will, there-
fore, be replaced by as-								serted statements.
	*			By			47	
4. Asserted state-	*]	PAUL			*	ments, when considering
the fundamental axioms	*			H.			*	upon which elliptical log-
ic is to be based, shall	*		KLIN	NGBI	EL		*	be sheer assumptions and
no attempt toward a jus-	*							tification of the assump-
tions will be made other	*	*	* *	नेंत नेत	78	*	**	than that the system foun-
ded thereon must produce	13							controllable results.

At all other times the word "statement" will have the usual meaning, unless otherwise indicated.

For the purposes of this treatise, the quotation from Tarski's Introduction to Logic can now be restated thus:

"Every scientific theory is a self-consistent, but not necessarily linear, grouping of sentences, which may be called statements of sheer assumption, accepted because of derived, controllable results."

Chapter I

If....



MY LOVE FOR FANTASY and science fiction dates away back to my convent school days when I worshipped at the feet of Poe, when at the age of nine I voluntarily memorized Shakespeare's most ethereal, as well as his most philosophical passages, and when I sailed with Jules Verne twenty thousand leagues under the sea.

These excursions into the realms of other-space were encouraged rather than discouraged by my instructors, who rightfully held that constructive imagination, which is the most powerful force in human history, is developed by permitting the mind to touch the minds of the great dreamers who have unified their excursions into the realms of the ideal, as an antidote to plotless day-dreaming.

My father, one of the early Texas pioneers and a Texas Ranger in the days when life was perilous, was also one of my inspirers. He -- despite the hampering educational opportunities of his youth -had educated himself to a point beyond that of the average college professor, and was also one of those who followed the star-trails of the mighty dreamers as enthusiastically as he followed the dim trails of civilization across the mighty stretches of the Lone Star empire and fought with the "dreamers on horseback" who built that empire out of sun and sand and sea.

Recalling him and his influence on my life, I cannot help remember once very many years ago when a group of young folks, myself among the number, descendents of the pioneers, sat on the veranda of a certain million-dollar ranch house in Texas (a ranch that had once been saved from Mexican bandits by my father and other Rangers), and bewailed the fact that our fathers had left us no more worlds to conquer.

Rising to his full towering height, my father, who looked like the reincarnation of a Viking sea-king, pointed to the stars and said "While one of these remains unknown to adventurous Earthmen exploring the void, there are no last frontiers. We have left you. . . the stars." Somehow, from that day I never doubted that I should live to see the flag of a United Earth floating from the nearest star.

For several years after that, life, travel, and every possible adventure and experience that could possibly happen to a woman who deliberately sought to discover for herself what made the wheels go round, engulfed my literary endeavors.

Finally, in a breathing space between Mexican revolutions, I at last found the leisure to begin writing science-fiction. My first two yarns, "Into the 28th Century" and "The Brain of the Planet", were

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SCIENCE FICTION

written literally under the guns of the rebels in the Serrano revolution, while I was employed by "the other side." As will be recalled by the older fans who may have read it, "The Brain of the Planet" had a Mexican setting -- in fact, the setting of the city in which I then lived. While I wrote it in two sittings, "The Brain of the Planet", later published by Hugo Gernsback as a part of a science fiction series of booklets, was not published until I returned to the United States in 1929.

The second draft of "Into the 28th Century", published in the old Science Wonder Quarterly for Winter, 1930, and which was written in Mexico City in three sittings, was also typed and readied for publication after my return to the United States. These two were my first science-fiction stories, in fact my first stories of any kind, except the lurid adventures to which I once treated my wide-eyed classmates each time I was asked to write a story. The two yarns were written hurriedly and typed even more hurriedly with an utter disregard for plot, or perhaps with an instinctive knowledge of certain phases of fiction-writing that came naturally to one who had sat at the feet of the masters of the art.

Hugo Gernsback showed the patience of a saint in accepting first "The Brain of the Planet" and then "Into the 28th Century". He went to great lengths -- about ten paragraphs -- to point out the plotlessness of both yarns, and then complimented them for their "flawless English and originality of thought-content", ending by accepting them without revision.

One statement which he made I shall always consider a masterpiece of understatement. He said that although

-- Lilith Lorraine

Poet, teacher, critic, editor, reviewer, author ---Lilith Lorraine is wellknown to fantasites, both for her work as editor-publisher of the literary quarterly Different and for her contributions to the science of the fiction magazines She makes a Gernsback era. stf "comeback" in Fantasy Book, in which she is now conductor of a stf poetry department, as well as a contributor of fiction. In addition to editing and publishing Different (in which stf often is featured), she manages the world's largest writers school, makes several lecture tours a year. runs a miniature ranch in the Ozarks, directs a couple of businesses by remote control. An internationally known poet, her complete poetical works have collected under the been title Let the Patterns Break (Avalon Press, Rogers, Ark., \$3).

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LIVING AND WRITING SCIENCE FICTION

he did not object to my socialistic theories "there might be a <u>few</u> readers who would." To me such theories were not even socialistic; they were merely natural, commonsense and inevitable. Had I not just seen a nation raised from peonage by these same theories put into practice?

After writing these two yarns I was again plunged into a fever of activity in other fields, and did not write any more till three or four years later, when I was guilty of "The Jovian Jest", published by <u>Astounding</u> while I was a student at the University of Arizona.

It might be interesting to note that at this time I was in close contact with the late Francis Flagg, well-known science fiction writer, and that he read to me many of his finest yarns before submitting them to the publishers. We shared a mutual contempt for the still prevalent editorial policy that demands a quota of five dog-fights per yarn and detailed descriptions of one d... machine after another, instead of exploring the infinite possibilities of other-worldly philosophies, sciences, and psychology and the conflicts that might be created by bringing our Earth civilization, with its hypocricies and greeds and indoctrinations, into conflict with superior civilizations who might sometimes save us instead of being saved by us. We formed a mutual aid society, Francis and I, whereby he would write my dogfights and I would write his "purple passages". I recall even now my utter desolation the first time I needed a dog-fight after my return to Texas, with Francis not at my elbow to dictate the blows and punches at the proper point. I compromised by becoming a sports-page addict and lifting my prfze-fights bodily from the most lurid arenas of the day.

As I grew in grace and gore my literary output in other fields than science fiction began to outstrip my science fiction interests and I turned naturally into the more lucrative fields of featurewriting, column-writing, etc., and ended up for the time being as a reporter, and finally a rewrite "man" on a large daily, transferring my talent for reporting dog-fights to that of reporting the battles of political Armageddons.

My last two science fiction stories for the pulps were written in a few hours each, as well as I can remember, in 1935. These were "The Celestial Visitor" and "The Isle of Madness", published in <u>Wonder Stories</u>. Published alas! but not paid for, and during the depression, too, when money was money. The fact is they were handled for me by a so-called literary agent, who either received payment from the company and did not turn it over to me, or did not receive payment from the company at all. At all events both my letters to him and my attorney's letters to the company were ignored, and I was too far away and too penniless at the time to bring suit involving the transactions of a New York firm. Later, when I got in touch with the company to which <u>Wonder Stories</u> had sold out, they informed me that they had purchased this company's assets, but not its debts. About that time my tide of fortune began to turn and money was the least of my troubles, and so I made no further attempts to collect for my sto-

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LIVING AND WRITING SCIENCE FICTION

ries. But I would still like to see those thieves brought to justice for the principle of the thing.

Life, with further glorious adventures again swept over me, and I discovered that poetry was the only thing that I could write with more or less consistency while engaged in a series of careers all carried on at the same time. So while I had written and published and got paid for poetry from the age of ten I now turned to it more seriously. It had "come natural" anyway, as I had been saturated with the works of the great poets almost from birth, and I now began some years of intensive study of verse technique and of association with some of the most provacative poets of the day. However, I cannot say that the study of technique added anything to my natural easy flow of words or that I ever found very many errors of simple versification in my earlier work. But that study did enable me to aid thousands of other poets who later came into our Avalon World Arts Academy to improve their work and to secure wide recognition and paying publication.

My poetry has always reflected in a large measure my interest in science fiction; in fact, about one-third of it has been "sciencefiction poetry" and the poetry of the supernatural. In Old Mexico, where my work of this particular type has been more widely published (in translation) than it has here, I have been flattered by being called "a second Poe". However, I have sent very little of it to the science fiction magazines, as it does not quite follow their slant, although it has appeared widely elsewhere in publications that usually do not care for poetry of this type.

In my own magazine <u>Different</u>, which circulates among our Avalon membership of about 4,500 in this and five other countries, I have published several science fiction yarns, such as "Tommy Saves the World," "A Sweetheart Called Liberty," "The Buffer Planet" and -more recently -- "The World Accursed". These stories typify the sort of science fiction we want, namely, the kind that is not one dogfight or one machine after another, that does not follow the stereotyped, regimented plot and that dares to show up, under the guise of satire, the evils of our day, not for purposes of moralizing or crusading, but simply to stimulate thought that can expand into wide channels and reach upward to the stars.

This, to my mind, is the true purpose of science fiction.

Stanton Coblentz, whom I first learned to admire from his science fiction and later for his magnificent poetry and exceptional critical ability, as well as for his fine personal traits of courage, integrity and understanding of writers and their problems, has kindly consented to be our fantasy editor, and all science fiction yarns that pass this desk must receive his okay before acceptance. While we are unable to offer more than \$5.00 per story as a token payment, because we are a new magazine (just three and a quarter years of age) and are facing the enormous overhead of attempting to print an expensive "slick" in these days of constantly increasing printing prices, we have nevertheless been favored with contributions from such out-

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standing science fiction and fantasy writers as Mr. Coblentz himself, Dorothy Quick, Francis Flagg, and Leah Bodine Drake, as well as new writers who sympathize with our ideal of raising the literary standards instead of writing down to a level beyond which the average science fiction fan has long ago risen. The flood of letters approving our stand and the type of stories we publish in this line has been ample justification of our faith in rising cultural levels.

We regret that we are usually unable to publish more than one science fiction yarn per issue, and regret also that frequently we do not get enough unstereotyped ones to do even that, as we are covering such a wide cultural field besides. However, the September-October <u>Different</u> has been designated as the "Conquest of Space" issue, and in that number we are publishing two or three stories on the theme of space-conquest, as well as a group of poems on some phase of this subject. This special issue of <u>Different</u> is published with the conviction that talking and thinking about war will lead to war, and that commemorating in verse and prose the mental and spiritual capacities inherent in mankind will begin to divert the minds of readers from the minor dissentions of this pygmy planet to the dawning hope that appears in the limitless frontiers of the sky.

Among the earlier editors whom I met in the science - fiction field were Mr. Lasser of the Gernsback publications and the charming Harry Bates of <u>Astounding</u>, both of whom were a great inspiration to me in a visit to New York City some years ago. I especially remember Mr. Bates saying that I did not look like a woman science fiction writer, intimating that he expected to see someone with a masculine sort of personality, a loud voice and a face that positively would not launch a thousand ships. No doubt the Southern drawl was the straw that broke the camel's back.

My contact with all of the science fiction editors had always been most pleasant and stimulating (with the single exception of my having been cheated out of payment for two of my best yarns at a time when I really needed the money) and my many friendships with dozens of the finest writers in the field have also been an enriching influence in my whole life.

I am very proud to have been one of the first women writers of science fiction (if not the first) and I believe that science fiction -- once the editors can divorce themselves from the idea that their readers have twelve year old minds -- has a big part to play in enduring literature.

THE END

FLAMING FAIS

ANOTHER CHERISHED ILLUSION shattered by the harsh facts of reality! Sobbing quietly, I replace on their shelves the time-faded copies of Hugo Gernsback's almost legendary Wonder Stories and Air the magazines that have Are these Wonder Stories. ing pangyrics from nostalinspired so many tear-jerk-By sipid, hacky effusions the gic ancients? Are these inshrined in golden mystictales that have been en-ARTHUR "The Good Old Days"? ism with the magic words, H.

Immediately arises the superb craftsmanship and current pulp science fiction sagas of stereotyped charquestion, how did the delicate enchantment of arise from the earlier acters dwindling in to

atomic-sized universes amid plots packed with improbably lush coincidence? Did the sheen of gold -- increases in the cents-per-word rates -- inspire authors to outdo themselves? Unlikely, for the rates of <u>all</u> pulp fiction have gone up since the depression; yet the lovestory and whodunit pulps grind blissfully along in their hackneyed ways.

RAPP

Only one thing which is lacking in the other fields does science fiction have: Fandom!

Let us dart forward our sterile forceps, pluck one of these strange denizens of fandom from his magazine-lined burrow, and dissect him on the stage of our microscope. What do we find?

Examination of several specimens reveals few points of agreement -- and bewildering diversity -- but a rough composite of the fan addict shows --

He (less often she) is in the 15-to-30 age group, with about a high-school education. Younger fans are still in the process of acquiring this; most of the others have not been able to continue thru college as they would like. Actual college-educated fen are rare, except for one class which will be discussed later. It would seem that college is stifling to the untrammeled imagination necessary to stf and fantasy addiction.

The general intelligence level of fandom is slightly higher above average, but this would also be true of any other pulp-reader group, since it eliminates the Mortimer Snerd types who either stop reading altogether when they leave school, or fail to rise above comic books. The rise of the comic book, incidentally, has cut into the ranks of potential fen by delaying, if not diverting, their introduction to the glories of the science fiction magazine.

Thus, finding no audience of slans, no conclave of upper-bracket homo sapiens, we must look elsewhere for the variable which entrances the fan and leaves the non-fan apathetic in the face of "Galactic Patrol" and "The Twenty-Fifth Hour". What psychological factors would produce an interest in science fiction?

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FLAMING FANS

The potential fan is usually either bored or frustrated. In either case he is looking for an escape from harsh reality. Perhaps he has haunted the movies till he shudders at the very thought of another horse-opera. Perchance he has read the pulps and been unsuccessful in identifying himself with a cutthroat buccaneer of the 17th Century or a daring treasure hunter penetrating the jungles of Borneo. The stories are diverting for a while, but his subconscious keeps nagging, "This couldn't really happen to you!"

Then comes stf with, perhaps, a tale of a peaceful John Q. Citizen who discovers an alien race menacing the solar system. At first the novelty of the concept enthralls the new fan. Eventually old man Subconscious pipes up again, "Hey, this is way out of your line, too!" However, Subconscious is immediately and firmly squelched. "How do you know? It might not be. It could happen!"

The struggles of the cowboy trying to catch them consarned rustlers pale into insignificance as imagination puts the fan into the control room of the first interstellar rocket, the star-studded void in the visiscreen holding ghu-knows-what menace, and the fate of a whole galaxy trembles in the balance.

And, besides escapism, stf offers the frustrated pulp reader the very thing he is looking for: a nice, no-holds-barred fight. It is obvious that the author of the latest space-opera knows no more about life on Mars and Venus than the youngest and most unimaginative fan (Wellman and Bond to the contrary notwithstanding). Soon reader Joe Doakes begins to mutter to himself as he reads: "Venusians with six tentacles, humpff! The jerk ought'a know that Venusians have nine tentacles!" Blistering with indignation, the fan pours his sulphuric sentiments onto paper and dispatches it posthaste to the reader's column. Ghu and the editors know how many missives of juicy invective must crumple to the wastebasket because of the libel laws.

However, a guy can't spend his whole life just reading. But here in fandom is opportunity to do things. Write, draw pictures, compile statistics, edit fanzines, heckle editors. And, of course, join clubs.

Then there is the sense of "belonging", which science fiction fandom offers its active devotees. Like a Grand Arch Mason or a Mystic Knight of the Sea, the fan revels in a mystic lingo, completely incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Bems and fanzines, slans and warps in the space-time continuum, not to mention Bradburyarns and Merrittales -- all are music to his ears. He acquires the knack of super-scientific doubletalk, discoursing learnedly on galactic civilization, Einstein (what would stf do without him?), nuclear physics, and the lethal properties of unleashed mesotrons. His long, heated and involved debates on such trivia as to trim or not to trim the edges are reminiscent of medieval theologians pondering how many angels could rest on the point of a needle.

In the course of time the fan does acquire a hell of a lot of obscure scientific information, as well as the ability to regard revolutionary discoveries with complacency. Remember the heyday of the

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atomic bomb?

The second great class of fandom may be loosely defined as the screwball fringe. Here we find the anarchists, the back-to-the-junglers, all the guys who have schemes to reform the world and see in science fiction the perfect propaganda medium. These propagandists are enchanted by the fact that stf is a loosely-defined concept, in which almost anything goes.

The last distinguishable group, the class which contains most of the college-graduate fen, are the would-be authors. These individuals become fans to gain background, absorb the atmosphere of stf, find what type of tale appeals to most readers, and as a means of practicing their art. How many fans look on their fanzine screeds merely as stepping-stones to their prozines?

Then, too, the ambitious scribblers want their names to become familiar to fans and editors, so that perhaps their manuscripts will get a second glance from editors alert to the publicity value of fanturned-pro.

The basic appeal of stf is well presented in Geier's "Forever is Too Long" (<u>Fantastic Adventures</u>, March, 1947). Everyone wants immortality. Life is brief and time is infinite. What will the future bring? Science fiction is philosophy for the amateur, and the greatest guessing game of them all. You read the stories and you take your pick. If none of them appeal to you, you outline your own concept of the future and try to convince other fans of its validity.

Which brings us to the fanzines, science fiction's unique phenomenon. Rod Palmer has commented, "Funny thing that only the science fans put out these magazines. What about the avid detective-pulp readers and western addicts? Possibly no true sincerity, no knowledge of significance."

A simpler explanation, in accord with my main thesis, is that fans are bored. When they find science fiction as an outlet, they plunge into it tooth and nail. Why not in other pulps? Most other mags, I believe, are read only as time-killers, save perhaps by a movie-struck girl or an air-crazy boy. Eventually the gal switches her interest from Van Johnson to Willie Schmitz in the next block, while the aviation-minded boy abandons his pulps for balsa, glue and tissue craftwork, and ultimately for flying lessons. How many stfen live within visiting distance of a rocket-port? And visits to atomic research labs are more or less discouraged these days! The possible stf activities -- letter-hacking, fanzine-editing, attempts to crash the pros -- all demand continued reading of the pulps.

What of science fiction's future? Some have predicted that events catch up with the fantasies too rapidly. The dream of today is tomorrow's reality, and imagination must roam farther and farther afield. What course plots of the future will take is unforeseeable. Only the future itself can tell.

Fandom itself, meanwhile, is changing. In the words of Ruby Mc-

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Donald: "The circus atmosphere that has always clung to fantasy and science fiction is rapidly disappearing. It's about time we got off the trapeze and down to earth with some really constructive news and views on what's cookin'.... I don't mean that (fans) should become what are laughingly referred to as the intelligentsia, but I do believe that you'll find members who are more than willing to shed their knee-pants."

The fans are beginning to mature. The screwball antics will remain, of course, because -- for one thing -- they're a hell of a lot of fun, but it is evident from past progress that fans are bent more than ever on improving their favorite literature. Science fiction and fandom will go on to new and greater heights, all fans hope, and most are confident. More power to 'em!

THE END

radio has a switch, but words are insidious and can sneak in when we are busy at something else with our conscious mind. During the late war, there was a thing over in Europe -- I cannot call him a man -who touched this force and diverted it toward evil ways. If ever war comes again, others will utilize this force for their own purposes. We must fight fire with fire.

ster peers quizzically down at a space-suited human atop a glittering spaceship. That was bang-up stuff, too good to be tried once and then consigned forever to oblivion.

There is one thing we stfans can do. That is to keep up the bombardment of letters and postal cards until the pulp purveyors see the light and realize that we're not all drooling morons who'll shell out twenty cents just to slaver over an unclothed cover babe. Let's keep kicking -- kicking hard as hell. "But it won't do any good," you protest. "The editors don't give two hoots what actifandom thinks!" No? I'm inclined to disagree. Few editors are completely insensitive to readers' tastes as evidenced by the mail which pours into their offices. On request, I'll gladly name several cases in which active fans and active readers have kicked loud enough -- and made themselves heard. But above all, let's be constructively critical -- not pan some hard-working artist, who does the best he can with the theme allotted him. Even the much-maligned Erle K. Bergey is a highly competent artist, who can turn out top-notch work on occasion. See his covers for some of the Standard Publications sports magazines, not to mention the beauteous rocket-ship cover on TWS some issues back, illustrating "Sword of Tomorrow". Remember, the baby who wails the loudest is the baby who gets fed. So let's keep wailing, fellow fantasts -- wailing good and loud for better scientifiction covers. For who can tell? Utopia may not always be as distant as we think!

