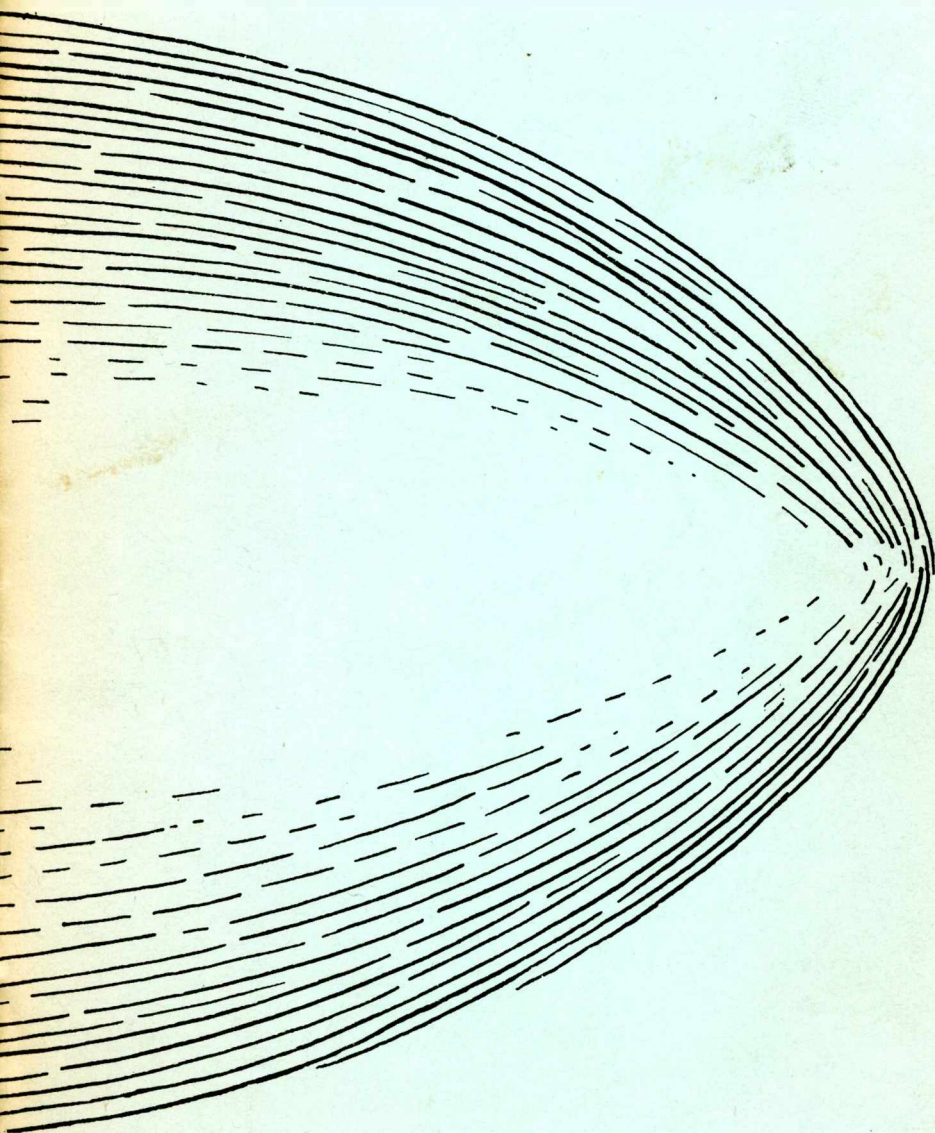


*First Person Singular*





# ● *Introducing*

## *First Person Singular*

Alas all thinking! This is the first issue of First Person Singular, and I'm glad my cautious nature prevented me from advertising the Torcon week-end (July 3-5) as the date the mag would first get "in the eye" of fen. As the first general fanzine I've ever published (a FAPazine is the only other mag I'm guilty of) there is undoubtedly a great number of details I need aid with. So if you would mail me comments, it would get my thanks. In the next issue, by the way, a letter department will appear. It will not exclude comment on general or special fantasy or science-fictional nature. Letters are requested--and articles, features, book and movie reviews. Right now I'm enthused over the idea of printing a Torcon report. Will someone lucky enough to have attended write me?

Words will be the greater part of SIN--how do you like this abbreviated "word", by the way? Back to words: the reason they will predominate is that cuts cost a lot, and wood or linoleum blocks take skill and time. If any reader has a desire to do any block-cut pictures for SIN, mail the block to me. I'll print extras on a white paper, and send also a copy of the magazine it is printed in. Okay?

Special thanks should be given to a couple lads: Coswal of the NFFF Manuscript Bureau for sending manuscripts to a fen in need, and Len Moffatt for editorial assistance, for which I dub him Assistant Editor.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Blaine R. Dunmire.

This is the first Lilliputian Press publication to see the light of day. It is much better than I thought it'd be--at one time it seemed I would have to write it myself!

As I compose this--it's being set as I think out the phrasology--I have several things lined up for SIN Number 2, including stuff by Jack Speer, Len Moffatt and Joe Kennedy in a fictional vein. So to balance the issue many non-fiction pieces will be needed. Howzabout it? [As JoKe's so long it'll be in third ish, probably.]

Ah--today got Shangri-La No. 7; see LASFSers will sponsor annual West Cast convention, with Sunday of the Labor-Day week-end as date to remember. Quiz editor Dale Hart, Apt. 20, 1116 Georgia St., LA 15, Cal. ...I should thank George Kull of Vortex for sending me Kennedyarn... I live at 12832 S. West St., Garden Grove, Cal. And my name is

Stanley Woolston

## Mars Roses At Li

by John Strange

## When I was a boy

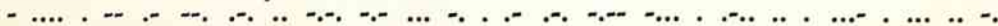
the sight of rockets soaring Mars-bound  
could make me sick with joy.

Then I loved the flowers from alien ground,

loved the spine-sheathed Mars-rose more  
than the drowning man the shore;  
then the ruddy bloom was worth  
more than all flowers on the Earth.

These twisted alien roses hurl their bloom

in myriad numbers round the Dome  
like static wildfire menacing my room,  
but all the roses flung so madly here  
upon the desert of this bloody sphere  
I'd trade for just one daisy from a field at home!



# *Fandomain*

by Rick Sneary

Lewis Carson opened his eyes. The clock in the ceiling showed 6:30 A. M. He reached out and turned off the heat rays that kept his nude body warm. He sat up and the repeller rays that were his bed gave a little more as he shifted his weight.

Wonderful thing these repeller rays, thought Lewis. A plate, seven feet by six feet, set on the floor, sending up waves that would support almost anything---even a spaceship. But to sleep on one was like sleeping on a cloud.

He put his feet over the edge and stood up. Switching off the ray, he walked over to the airconditioner and turned the knob from the clear, cool air of night to the warmer air of daytime. He stretched himself luxuriously and thought how lucky he was to be living in 2043 A. D. where people had done away with outmoded things like beds and coverings at night. How much healthier to sleep on the body-fitting repeller rays and be warmed by the heat rays than to bundle up in heavy bedding to keep warm!

He stepped into the freshening room and felt the rays leap out of the wall and disintegrate the dead skin and dirt on his body, leaving him as clean and germless as any human could possibly be. A box-like gadget dropped down over his head, shaved him, combed his hair, waxed his mustache, opened his mouth and cleaned his teeth.

A handy clothes-chute provided him with clean apparel: a loosely fitting shirt and light pants. Both were made of a material that acted as an insulator to heat and cold. Slipping into low shoes, he entered the breakfast nook where a repelleray table and chair awaited him. The switch on the wall brought to the table's surface three vacuum boxes containing his breakfast of toast, bacon, eggs and Cofley. Carson tasted the Cofley with a deep satisfaction. He loved Cofley, that hot and stimulating drink made of vitamins and nutrients--much better than the coffee of the century before.

Carson ate quickly as this was a big day for him. He was to take his test at the Department of Learning to see if he could become a Fan! He pushed the three vacuum boxes back into the chute. With a quick look at himself in the mirrored walls, he picked up his papers and hurried out

to the travel tubes. These tubes, propelled, controlled and braked by repeller rays traveled to all parts of the City, vertically or horizontally.

As he neared the tube stand he saw The Girl enter one of the tubes and he hurried to board the same one. He had seen The Girl--thus she had become to him--at the Department of Learning, but had never been formally introduced. However, he deduced that she too was studying to be a Fan. He noted with more than avid interest that the papers under her smooth, white arm were similar to his own. She was dressed in slacks and shirt which added to the beauty of her charming figure. The similar papers, her wholesome beauty and the look in her deep blue eyes caused him to speak.

"Hello," said Carson with his very best smile, "Are you too taking your test today?"

"Oh, hello," came the sweet-voiced reply, "Yes, this is the big day! Exciting, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Well, we might as well get started."

He turned to the tube attendant who promptly pushed several buttons on the wall as Carson said, "Slan Center, please."

Soon Slan Center, the biggest building in the Galaxy, housing the vast brains that controlled the known universe, loomed before them, jutting seven miles into the sky...up...up...up!

Showing their passes to the guard at the door, they entered the great hall. The girl gazed, wide eyed and breathless.

"Ooooh, this always gives me a thrill to stand here and look up at the great ceiling. Every time I look at it I seem to find something new!"

"Yes," said Carson, "I feel the same way, but you must remember that it's a thousand feet to the top and a mile square. No one could remember all that has been painted there. But the thing that impresses me most is the blank space in the center, around which are pictured all the great events and Fen of History, and the simple words, 'All your life strive to do something worthy to be pictured here.' "

They walked to the elevators and soon were shot to the Examination Room, Department of Learning, where the promising youth of the Galaxy were taught to be Fans. True Fen were hard to find and today these two--handsome lad and lovely girl--were the only ones to be examined.

They were about to make a couple of seats out of two of the repelleray gadgets when an old, whitehaired man entered the room by walking through the wall. Since their Fan training began they had beheld many



wonders but still they were a little startled at this old man's amazing entrance.

The little old man permitted his wrinkled visage to simulate a smile as he spoke. He cuddled a steaming cup between gnarled hands.

"Don't be alarmed, chuldren," he wheezed, "Merely a matter of mometarily rearranging a few atoms. Someday you too may walk through walls. . ."

He sipped from the cup.

"Ahhhh, wonderful," he breathed, "There is nothing like good old-fashioned coffee. I'll admit that all of these modern conveniences we have are all for the good--after all, I invented most of them, but no man can improve on this nectar of the gods, coffee. Pah on Coffey!"

Fearfully the girl moved closer to Carson.

"An Elder Slan!" she whispered.

"He drinks coffee," replied Carson in a hoarse whisper, "It's THE Elder Slan! They say he has been living for over two hundred years, that it's coffee he is never without that keeps him alive, that--"

"Silence, youngsters," commanded the Elder Slan. "No need to whisper; I probe your minds. Even now I can tell whether or not you are to become True Fen, but the Center requires a written record--paper work. Bah! Why bother with papers and records when I can do it all in my mind. Well, let's get the written test over with."

He handed each of them a stack of papers, adjusted the repellerays into table and chairs, motioned for them to sit and write.

Two hours later they returned the papers to the Slan who glanced at them and looked up.

"Ah--well, yes. Now, I'd like to know how well acquainted you are with our History. An oral review of Fan History, if you please."

"Well," said Carson, "It all started back in 1927 when Hugo Gernsback published a mag named Amazing. For that period of time, it was a new type of mag, featuring material known as science-fiction. Around it sprang up a new group of readers. As we know today, they were the future thinkers of their day. They not only liked science-fiction, they believed in the possibility of some of the fiction becoming fact."

"Yes," said the girl with enthusiasm, "They banded together to discuss their common interest. Clubs were formed, amateur mags published. They were the first Fans, the first True Fen. The Second World War and the Atom Bomb proved that their dreams could come true. There was also radar, another invention prophesized by science-fiction and jet planes. And--"

"And everywhere Fans were beginning to gain more respect," continued Carson, "Fandom grew from two thousand actifen in 1950 to five thousand by 1953. Then came the first trip to the moon, and again Fen could say 'I told you so!' More and more people gained interest in 'stf' and Fandom as more and more predictions of stf and by Fen came true. Then in 1973 a group of Fen invented the Repeller Ray, the first trip to Venus was made and Fandom came into its own. In 1975 one of the earliest Fans, Bob Tucker, was elected to the post of World President, which post has been filled by a Fan ever since. And as Mars and Venus were colonized, they too came under the rule of Fandom. At last Fandom became so important that only a well-trained person could hope to be called a Fan or hold an office. So it was that the Department of Learning was set up and thus it is today as, with the aid of True Fen, we spread through the whole Galaxy."

"Very good, young man," said the Elder Slan, "But you neglected to mention some of the great names in Fen History. You mentioned Tucker only, an unimportant figure really though he served his purpose. Perhaps the young lady could tell me a bit about these other Great Fen."

"Oh yes," sighed the girl, "There was Ackerman and Laney and Burbee and--"

The Elder Slan said, "Yes, go on."

"And of course y-you."

"Yes. Me," said the elderly Fan firmly.

"You devised the first repelleray and--and all the other devices."

"Yes. Go on."

"And there were also those great martyrs, unrecognised for the great geniuses they were during their own lifetimes. They were mocked and scorned, even by True Fen, until it was found that they were really not insane. So today we do honor to the names of Claude and Palmer on All Fen's day. For Fandom did become the super race."

The Slan nodded. "Of course without the aid of my mind and inventions it would never have been accomplished. But enough of this. I might mention that both of you have passed the test. You are now True Fen."

Saying which, the Elder Slan walked back through the wall.

"Ooooh!" squealed the girl, "We made it! I'm so happy I could kiss you!"

"Well, why don't you?" grinned Carson.

"I will!"

She threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his.



Ahhhh--but how wet it seemed!

Carson's eyes snapped open and beheld his small dog, Kimball, kissing his face!

From below he heard his wife's nagging voice.

"Get up, ya lazy bum or you'll be late at the factory. Whatsamatter. Ya wanna lose your stinking job?"

Carson pushed the dog away and climbed out from under the covers. He wished someone had closed the bedroom window.

It was freezing cold.

But what could you expect in February, 1973?

--finis--



### Author's Note:

The foregoing was written some time ago with the understanding that some one would brush it up before it saw print. That some one was Len Moffatt. And I who know say he has done a wonderful job. I want to thank him for you all. Not only has he removed our spelling mistakes, but he has added a few ideas that so improve the story it seems one hundred percent better. Thanks again, Len.

R. S.

**First Person Singular -- the zine for fen and superfen**

# CONCERNING MATURITY

by George R. Fox

[Editor's Note: This article was written for Vampire, and came into my greedy hands after filtering through the NFFF Manuscript Bureau. Though some parts of the discourse may be a bit dated, I think that it is still pertinent. If the wording is a bit forced in places blame it on an effort to bring it up to date.]

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Many a battle has been waged over whether or not today's science-fiction is of comparable merit to that of the field's pioneer days, the age of the so-called classics. If I remember correctly, the two main figures in a comparatively recent case were Bob Tucker and Don Jalbert: Tucker for the good old days and Don upholding the grade of fiction being currently presented.

After giving the whole thing about three months' thought, I've come to a decision. In my opinion, today's stuff has it all over that of yesterday, but for an entirely different reason than presented by Don and Bob, who seemed to concentrate on the ratio of good and bad yarns between the two periods--the old stories, incidentally, coming out on top in that respect. After all, who cares whether or not one year produced ten good stories and another only, say, six? Taken as a whole, I'm of the opinion that science-fiction is maturing, becoming more adult in its viewpoints and themes. I am, of course, referring largely to the pulp field of fantasy. Science-fiction is slowly but surely throwing off the mantle of sheer corny adventure that has cloaked it all these years. As the marvels recounted in these stories become more and more a reality, it is necessary for science-fiction to grow at the same rate.

The large majority of the older tales are childish, not just corny, as Tucker mentioned; the aspect of corn can be attributed to the time and conditions present at the writing of the story. But childishness is childishness--you can't disguise it. Let's consider the stories that have survived the years: for instance, Merritt's volumes. They can be read today, unlike many of the '28-'29 tales, without being too strongly reminiscent of the years in which they first appeared. Certain of Merritt's tales contain ele-

ments which might be considered corny by today's standards, it's silly to deny it--but never are they actually childish. They're mature, adult fiction written with a generous dash of forceful, driving imagination to liven the whole thing up.

E. E. Smith's "Skylark of Space" is your typical immature story. I had trouble reading it, not because the heroine was a stereotyped cardboard doll who whipped out her fiddle at the drop of a hat, or because the handling of the romantic interest was downright silly when compared with the manner in which it is worked into the yarns of today. The main drawback was the fact that the story is of the same class as today's Buck Rogers or Flash Gordon horrors. The hero was terrific, the original mountain of muscle. There wasn't anything he couldn't do once he set his mind to it. The only counterpart in stf of the last few years is dear old Cap Future, which is, of course, intentionally juvenile.

Sure, the science in yesterday's stf was superior to that handed out currently, and the writing was more often than not far above present-day stuff. Science-fiction is strictly an "idea" field. When it's all boiled down, super-terrific writing, while nice, is actually unimportant in the general scheme of things.

Current prozines are following the lead of Astounding and FFM, and steadily featuring adult material, steering away from bang-bang-shoot-'em-up idea of bygone days. Planet Stories, for example, suddenly cut its adventure quota down to a minimum. The magazine is now featuring considerably more mature fiction.

And Sam Merwin's action at the Newark convention, when he put the Sergeant Saturn question to a vote (with Kennedy, the cad, one of the two voices in favor of the Sarge) was an indication that TWS and SS has been aimed towards a much more modern plane. Even more decisive is the fact that, in a telephone conversation with me, he frankly admitted that he was trying as hard as possible to weed out space-opera completely. He didn't believe me when I told him that there would be a group of Captain Future enthusiasts at the Newark affair--he was of the opinion that the species was completely extinct!

To sum the whole matter up, the science-fiction of yesterday was, in my opinion, with a few notable exceptions only an excuse to hang a new theme on the old hackneyed adventure tale.

Science-fiction is now beginning to come into its own.

----the end

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IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT TRITON?

Ed Cox of 4 Spring St., Lubec, Maine is co-editor. Ask him!

## Len's Den

an extension from Moonshine

by Leonard James Moffatt

---

### • OF WELLS, "WELL!"s AND . . . WAILS . . .

I read somewhere that the late Herbert George Wells died a bitter old man. This news came as something of a shock to the dreamer in me. It was almost disillusioning. H. G. Wells--bitter! True, a touch of bitterness can be found in his stf novels, but most of 'em--I sould say most of the ones I've read--had happy endings. In *The War of the Worlds* the Martians were licked. In *Starbegotten* one finds the following curtain speech: "Why should one be afraid of change. All life is a change. Why should we fear it?" In *The War in the Air* the "Age of Science" comes to its peak and falls, BUT the "narrator," the "historian," the assumed man of the future telling the story refers to "our present world state, orderly, scientific and secured."

H. G. Wells--bitter? Realistic in his prophecies, yes, but can one call realism "bitterness"? It seems to me that the two Big Things that H. G. Wells prophesied (since they were repeated in different forms in several of his novels) were Near-Destruction of the Earth and eventually the orderly, scientific, secure World State mentioned above.

The touch of bitterness I mentioned was, of course, in the World Destruction prophecy. It was a crying out at the stupidity of his fellow-man. In *The War in the Air* he decries mankind's lack of "foresight to reduce these consequences" (the aerial fighting, bombing of cities by planes, etc.--copyright date on this book, by the way, is 1907), and goes on to say "If there had been, the world would have arranged for a Universal Peace Conference in 1900. But mechanical inventions had gone faster than intellectual and social organization, and the world, with its silly old flags, its silly unmeaning tradition of nationality, its cheap newspapers and cheaper passions and imperialisms, its base commercial motives and habitual insincerities and vulgarities, its race lies and conflicts, was taken by surprise."

But there was no Universal Peace Conference in 1900. We have the UN today, but at times it seems to be United in name only. And we still have all of the various ills listed in the above quotation. The weapons of war we have today make Wells' aeroplanes and bombs look like toys. The progress of science and invention is still several steps ahead of the progress of social intelligence.

H. G. Wells--bitter. Why not? His prophecy of World Destruction (like his minor prophecies) is coming true, it seems. His prophecy of a Better World after the near-end probably seemed farther and farther away as he grew older and older. Personally, I still hope for the Better World (with or without the Big Blowup), though I may not live to enjoy it--but maybe Wells was without hope. Maybe he finally lost faith in the tiny spark of unselfishness that sometimes shows itself midst the muddled minds of men. If he did, he probably did die a bitter old man.

But no matter how H. G. Wells died, dreams of his younger years, recorded in his well-written novels, will, in my humble opinion, eventually become reality. His writings may be the spark that will strike the fire to burn out the poisonous, gaping wounds left by hateful selfishness. Stupidity will be overcome by intelligent education of the world. H. G. Wells--and the other great men like him--will not have lived and written in vain.

#### . JUST "GHOST" TO SHOW YOU . . .

There came into my hands two ancient copies of ye Ghost Stories magazine and since I have to write something for this column I guess I'll do some sort of review on them. . .

Ghost Stories, Volume 5, Number 6, December, 1928.

Ghost Stories, Volume 6, Number 1, January, 1929.

The December 1928 cover depicts a male ghost haunting a dame in bed.

The January 1929 cover depicts a female ghost haunting a man sitting rather tensely in a chair. Hot stuff, wot?

So we look inside. And find that some of the advertisements are more entertaining than some of the tales. Take a gander at one of those story titles: My \$250,000 Ghost, by James Bourgoyne. Bourgoyne, by the way, is the hero of the story. The blurb says "If a phantom offered you a fortune--and a strange woman's love--would you accept both?" James Bourgoyne did; that is, the story ends with him in possession of the ghost's money and the woman in the booby hatch. Seems t'me it should have been t'other way around.

The Phantom Corporal by Captain Nevil Gow is one of those World War I ghost tales. Blurb comes right out and says this one is true. It's hard to tell the so-called truth from the fiction in this mag. Some of the stories are listed by so-and-so, as told to whoozis. . .if you know what I mean. . .the idea being to give an air of reality to the thing. The "so-and-so" is usually the hero or heroine of the story; "whoozis" is the real author, natch. Other stories and departments are listed as "true facts." And, of course, there is the inevitable astrology department. . .

After reading the above mentioned tales I didn't feel inclined to read on. However, I ran across a serial entitled *The Spider*--adapted from the play by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano. Grace Oursler authored the magazine version. Blurb said the play had been quite a success of the New York stage so I decided to give the story a break. I checked both issues to make sure I had the complete serial. I didn't. I refuse to read a story that I can't finish. I did read a couple of the other tales in both mags. *A Strange Experiment with a Mad Woman*, by Ruth Avery, as told to Doris B. Grigsby, had to do with the old idea (suppose it was new then?) of souls or egos exchanging bodies. This idea has always fascinated me but I've seen it in better stories. In this tale Ruth Avery, plain school-teacher, desires to exchange places with psychologist's neice, a beautiful wench--who is also insane. The mad woman hasn't sense enough to appreciate beauty or the lack of it so the psychologist agrees to make the switch in the interest of science. Presto! Ruth finds herself in the mad woman's beautiful body. But there seems to be a catch. It seems the mad woman has died during the experiment but her body lives because Ruth's ego is in it. So Ruth's body is dead. As funeral passes high window Ruth (in mad woman's body) leans out too far and falls and breaks neck. So her ego returns home to plain body--which is buried.

Ah, don't despair, kind reader. Two grave robbers dig up her body and are frightened away by the dead woman coming to life. Ruth swears never to let her vanity get her into such a precarious position again. I guess there's a moral here somewhere.

*The Prisoner of Life*, by Lester Shields as told to Victor Rousseau, was a readable fantasy-weird, also having to do with pushing egos around, as well as hypnotism, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, Faust, etc. This was a serial but the last two parts were in my copies so I read it. The ending was unique, I thought. The villian's ego is, by a trick, imprisoned in a stone gargoyle and can't escape to bring more evil till the stone crumbles to dust. . .

Old fantasy mags, I understand, sometimes brings fantastic prices. I wager the prices asked and offered for these old mags are more fantastic than their story content. Cover price of the two are 25c per. In my opinion they aren't worth more than that now--rarity be damned. But of course they aren't for sale. If I do get rid of them, as I prob'ly will some time, they'll likely go to some amigo or the Fantasy Foundation. Big Hearted Len, they call me. . .

--ljm

[If YOU want to help the Fantasy Foundation with money or literature, I suggest you contact Mr. Forrest Ackerman, 236 1-2 New Hampshire, L. A.]



This thing called fan publishing has many drawbacks, and a listing of them would be time wasted for anyone who has indulged in this form of self-torture and pleasure. Outside of the vicarious pleasure of seeing the magazine grow, despite the fear that material may arrive too late, there is an indescribable sensation that comes with the birth (sic) of a new publication. This magazine has several motivating principals to guide it. My program is based on an interest in imaginative fiction, both in reading and writing it, and also an interest in publishing and printing. If I can do the work on this mag as I desire, there'll be a neat front if not an over-formal or literary one. Such an attempt would be ludicrous, as I have almost as much literary ability as a radio spot advertisement author...

However, no effort will be made by me to prevent any writer who can do it from writing for this publication in a very formal style. In fact, I'd like good articles of any mood, humor or serious, general or personal. For a new mag, I seek the best of features, and if you wish to try to do a department of reviews or commentary, I'll be happy to run my myopic orbs over and between the lines. If there's any chance to get a fan-report from outside the U. S. A., it would help make this publication into what I'd want it to be.

The name of this magazine has, in several instances, proven misleading. First Person Singular has, I've found, been interpreted as a strict policy of including only first-person items. If the items are singularly readable, I wouldn't care what tense it was in. So don't let tense prevent you from sending it to SIN.

I hope every contributor will be sure to put their address on manuscript or letter; if enough letters arrive in time for the next issue of SIN, addresses will be printed with each letter, unless I am requested not to. I feel that almost anything except maybe a formal article could be written in a letter. Write anything; it may be printed.

Hmm--wonder

if I need say SIN is not planned to be sinful.

In termination for this issue, I'll report a suggestion: why not start a contest for material, with prizes from books or mags in garage or room. Mother suggested this. So vote for some item herein and a mystery prize'll be sent.

After conventions a new influx of fen often results. New and older fen are again invited to criticise these pages. I'm Stan Woolston of 12832 S. West St., Garden Grove, Calif. (Three SINs this year is my aim.) Adios.

s.

## "THE SIGN OF THE BURNING HART"

by Dr. David H. Keller, is the first published book of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Members get the book, as well as other items sponsored by N3F, at special rates. For information, write

K. MARTIN CARLSON

1028 Third Avenue South

Moorhead, Minn.

## Fantasy Foundation

is growing. Fans are making contributions of money, mags and other sfantasy items. You can check with Ackerman of 236 1-2 New Hampshire, Los Angeles, Calif.

I could not keep the Torcon date;

I wed then---in the Golden State.

Leota Woolston Nyhus

SOUTH GATE IN '58---WHERE THE SLAN CLANS'LL CLASH!

Get ready for a spontaneous, unrehearsed bedlam,  
with probably as strong a mood of culture as is  
usually found at conventions. BEMs welcome.

RICK SNEARY

2962 Santa Ana St.

South Gate, Calif.

## *The Enchanted Hour*

Ackerman Review

by Louise Hathaway

This semi-slim volume has been given a nice little printing job, worthy of a higher quality of material. Besides the title story, a rather "precious" piece of writing of 33 pages, there is "In the Shadow of the Pyramid", best written of the three, and "Mars Meets Earth", which fills up the concluding pages, 91 to 129. One may draw some small consolation from the fact that the edition is limited to 500.

The first tale, told in the first person, unhappily suffers the authoress to sound egotistical as she unblushingly describes herself as possessed of "a pale, fair transparent complexion contrasting vividly with my dark, dreamy eyes, and luxurious raven hair, a heritage of French descent. My . . . slender but well-rounded figure has won for me a more or less deserved reputation for external beauty." She even undresses and admires herself in the mirror. One thing worries me: If the authoress isn't some old maid masquerading, and actually was accurately describing herself, she may be about a 26 year old honey, and I may live to regret my unchivalrous paning of her product, for suppose she turned up at the Torcon?

But putting aside ephemeral considerations, and to continue with a consideration of the book, the first tale is a sort of poor man's "Démou-selle D'Ys" or "Three lines of Old French", relating an episode wherein our heroine is mystically transported to the past to a rendezvous with a forgotten phantom lover.

The Egyptian story is a reincarnation deal of two moderns who, at the denouement, view their own mummified remains. The writing in this one is at least competent.

But "Mars Meets Earth"---shades of Crawford's "Mars Mountain" monstrosity and my own Fapa fiasco, "The Madman of Mars"! The tale is told, in 2010 on Mars, of how Earth and the Red Planet first got together. A decade of war---the book was published in 1940---had reduced the population of the world to a feeble 5000, which by about 1970 had dwindled to a fragmentary 1500. So, believe it or not, this pitiful remnant of humanity constructs an airship--sic!--to start life anew on Mars! Quote: "Crude nails were fashioned, and methods for building were invented." What imagination! What stark realism! "The ship seemed to be an enormous firecracker, and it was suspended on something that looked like a cannon. It would be shot into space with explosive force." Louise may have

been misled by the film, "Things to Come". Out in Space, "They gazed with wonderment at the open heavens. With little difficulty they identified the various known planets. An unidentified planet of unusual brilliance was seen towards west after sunset. The brilliant stars, twinkling and fixed, seemed very large indeed." Sunset in interplanetary space--! Twinkling stars in the airless void--! I can't go on folks, Still, if Louise is really as beautiful as she would lead us to believe, it would be a pleasure to instruct her in certain heavenly matters.

---4sJ



FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

just a fanzy mag

