

OFF TRAIL ARTICLES AND FICTION

SPECULATIONS

Vol. one

Contents for Feb. 1946

No. one

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Sam Moskowitz, Director

George R. Fox, Secretary

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SPECULATIONS

GEORGE R. FOX, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

VOL. I....NO. I

FEB. 1946 ISSUE

ISSUED QUARTERLY AT 460 ORCHARD ST. RAHWAY, N.J.

TEN CENTS A COPY, SIX FOR FIFTY CENTS. WE USE SERIOUS ARTICLES ONLY. SOME FICTION AND POETRY.

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DEPARTMENT

ASSORTED RAMBLINGS

The Editors

CONCERNING THE A-MEN.....

The A-Men, as you undoubtedly already know, happens to be the name given to a new fan organization operating in Jersey and hereabouts. All the members have been asked to plug the club in their respective magazines, so here goes...

Although only two meetings have been held as yet, the club is literally growing by leaps and bounds. For example, at the time of the first meeting, held in Rahway, December 9, the membership consisted of eight members. When the second was held at the home of the organization's temporary director, Sam Moskowitz, less than a month later, that number had tripled itself. Not to mention the fact that several group publishing projects are already being prepared.

The club magazine, dubbed A-men in a moment of extreme weakness, has already mailed out one issue, under the editorship of R.J. Gaulin. The second is in preparation and is expected to be quite a bit larger than the first. We plan to publish after each meeting, giving a full account of what went on. We plan to enlarge in the near future, with an eight page issue or thereabout suggested as to size, containing the usual minutes, and articles too.

The idea behind the A-Men is to establish a semi-formal group for the purpose of doing something--not just whittling away your time at nothing in particular, as many of the present day fan organizations seem to do. Our primary function is publishing, and we hope to get several worthwhile ventures going in the near future, several excellent suggestions have been made and are now being carefully considered.

In order to raise the funds to carry the organization along, a conference is to be held in Newark sometime early in March. An auction of originals, magazines, and other items will be held during the conference. We hope to make it a fairly large affair, thirty-five people at the least from the region hereabouts. If any of you are interested in coming, drop a line to this address and we'll send you further details, as to date and such. Prospective members are urged to do the same, the more the merrier, as someone once said. Moskowitz is making arrangements to hire a meeting hall for the occasion, and we guarantee you'll have a good time, or at least a passable one.

George R. Fox, Secretary

* * * * *

ABOUT THIS ISSUE.....

Across the way lies the contents page for Speculations #1. On the whole, we think we have a fairly decent line up, two remarkably long pieces and two remarkably short ones. Underground is a sort of experiment on our part, to see if the reader likes this sort of material, we'd like your opinions on it. Sam's article is, in our opinion, an interesting oddity. Anyway, what do you think?

EDITORIAL

WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

Well, here we are again. As you may have guessed this takes the place of the late Nightmare..., bless it's little soul. We hope it's an improvement. God knows, it couldn't be any worse. Nothing could.

Publication schedule seems sort of vague doesn't it? Well, it's your fault. Yes, you forced us to do it. We've had enough of regular schedules after putting three issues out of Nightmare at, supposedly, one issue a month. Hah! No material. We wrote three fourths of the last issue ourselves and even resorted to filling up the pages with cartoons. Risking the wrath of Al Weinstein incidently.

Let me see. What have we forgotten? Oh yes, the trifling task known as stating our editorial policy. It's quite simple. We want serious articles on any subject pertaining to the field. No artwork, we're abolishing it except for the cover. However if any of you aspiring artists want to submit future covers (suitable for the lithoing process) we will be only too glad to pass judgement. Some poetry and fiction will naturally appear if worthy of publication.

We hope to average twenty pages an issue. However, this issue will be somewhat smaller, due to the fact that we want to get the mag as soon as possible.

Oh yeah, how about some letters concerning this rag? We will also extend to you the privilege of having material published in this magazine. Hurry up and send 'em or we might change our minds.

Besides Speculations yours truly will continue to publish various other mags from time to time. Terrifying Test-Tube Tales will continue, unless Joe gives up first. Besides, several other ventures are in the offing. Among them at least one booklet of fiction. Possibly printed.

In regard to Kennedy, we'd like to extend our thanks to he and John H. Cooper, without whose help this thing would never have appeared before sometime next Christmas. Thanks go out also to those others who assisted us. May they live in prosperity forever.

We have decided to abolish advertising from our pages, with the exception of our own, which will be handled in the editorial

Incidently, we want to have a few regular columns lined up for the future. How about it? Book reviews are wanted particularly. Also motion picture reviews. No radio, Kennedy's taken that over fairly well.

Back to the fiction angle. We'd like to feature two three-page short yarns an issue, preferably weird or fantastic in nature, we don't believe that good STF can be easily developed for such short a length.

Anyway, we hope that you'll like the mag. We'll try to oblige your requests and suggestions if humanly possible. If any of you want to trade your mags with Speculations we'd only be too glad to do so.

GEORGE R. FOX

If the following box is marked your subscription has expired ☒

FICTION

UNDERGROUND

A radio play

John H. Cooper

The following is the script of a fantastic radio play, written quite some time ago, and broadcasted over station WAAT. It is presented exactly as it appeared on the script, with program notes and various sound affects included. We have several other plays by Mister Cooper on hand, and if this piece is liked, they will probably appear in future issues.

GRF

PRODUCTION NOTES

The characters, having no previous acquaintanceship with the audience, will have to create thier appropriate personalities through thier voices. It is important that the voices of Ann and Hart be kindly and pleasant to convey the goodness that is in these people to the minds of the audience. In equal measure, the selfishness of Ruth's character and the weaknesses of Jim's must be put across.

THE SOUND AFFECT of the crash may be similiated by placing a few round pebbles or shot in a balloon, inflating same and then jarring it so that the stones hit the bottom and cause reverbrations that picked up by the microphone at close range produce a remarkably realistic crashing noise.

ANNOUNCER: Good evening, ladies and gentleman, this is your newscaster again. The following bulletins come to you through the facilities of United Press and Radio Incorporated. Our first item is from Adirondak, New York. Four of a party of tourists have been imprisoned in a cave several miles from here. A party was being conducted through the cave by a guide when these four, as yet unidentified, persons wandered away from the group into a section of the cave that has always been considered unsafe. Mr. Addison, the guide, told United Press reporters, "The first indication that something was wrong was a thundering crash of tons of rock and soil....."

SOUND AFFECT OF RUMBLING CRASH

PAUSE

HART: Ann! Ruth! Are you all right?

ANN: What happened?

HART: Ann, is that you?

ANN: Yes, Jim's with me. He's been hurt.

HART: It's no wonder. That was some pile-up! For a minute I thought I was playing football again.

ANN: It's so dark! If we could only see something.....

HART: I had a flashlight, but the lord only knows where it is now.

If we get a break, I may be able to find it.

ANN: Jim had one, too. I'll try to find his. We must do something for him, he's hurt quite badly.

HART: I've found mine! Now, let's see if it works.

ANN: Three cheers! It does!

HART:That's the luck of the Irish for you.Let's see what damage has been done.

ANN:Look.Hart!The entrance is gone.It's all filled with rock.

HART:(LOW WHISTLE)Guesse we're in it up to our necks.There's not the slimmest chance of getting out that way.We could dig our way through a brick wall more easily than through that pile of rock.

ANN:A minute sooner and we would have been under it.

HART:At least we were lucky enough to escape that.Say,Ann,I wonder what's happened to Ruth?You don't suppose.....

ANN:No,she was walking in front of me.Wait!Shine the light over this way.I think I heard her move.

HART:Sure thing.There she is!Ruth!Ruth!!Do you think she's hurt, too?

ANN:Hold the light for me.I'll see.(SHORT PAUSE)She's alright, as far as I can tell.Probably fainted from the shock,you know how a thing like this would affect her.

RUTH:(LOW MOAN)

HART:She's coming around.

ANN:How do you feel,Ruth?

RUTH:My head's spinning.Did I fall?

HART:You must have had quite a nasty spill.It's no wonder,at all, that your head is spinning.

RUTH:What happened?I remember an awful rumbling and a crash.

ANN:Sort of an avalanche,I guesse one would call it.Some rocks fell.

HART:It blocked up the entrance to the cave.

RUTH:No-there must be a way over the rocks.I can't stay here!

HART:It's sealed as tight as a cork in a bottle.We'll just have to make ourselves comfortable here,for a while.

RUTH:Trapped!What do you mean?I can't stay here!It's too horrible, even to think of.

HART:By the looks of things,I'm afraid it's true.

RUTH:Can't you do something...anything,....to get us out?

HART:Things have been happening so quickly,I haven't had a chance,but I'll look around for another passage.

ANN:Do you think there is another?

HART:There might be.If there isn't,we'll just have to take it easy for a couple of hours,until they dig us out.

RUTH:They will,won't they?They've got to!

HART:Sure,Ruth,sure they will.Well,I've got to see about that exit.

RUTH:You're not going to take the flashlight?

HART:If I want to see anything,I'll have to.

RUTH:I can't stay in the dark!

HART:There's no other way.

ANN:Just a minute,Hart,remember we didn't find Jim's light.Help me locate that.

HART:Good idea.Here's a little of my light to help.

RUTH:What's happened to Jim?Oh,I know..he's dead!He's dead!

HART:Now Ruth,he's just been hurt,although pretty badly,Ann says.She's done everything she knows to make him comfortable as possible.

RUTH:He's dead!I know he is!We'll all be like that in a little while.I can't stand it!

ANN:Ruth,stop it!

RUTH:I can't....I can't!

HART:Ruth!

RUTH:It's too horrible to die like this!

HART: Ruth!

RUTH: Why did it happen to me?

HART: Stop it!

SOUND OF SLAP ON FACE

RUTH: Hart, you hurt me!

ANN: You must quiet down. Get hold of yourself.

HART: I'm sorry, Ruth. I had to bring you to your senses, somehow. I didn't want to slap you.

ANN: She'll be alright now.

HART: I think I see Jim's light. Yes, here it is. It works too. That's another break for us.

ANN: Let's hope some of that luck shows up when you look for another way out.

HART: I'll give it all I've got, Ann. See you later.

ANN: Alright. Are you feeling better, Ruth?

RUTH: I guess so.

ANN: We'll have to be patient.

RUTH: Suppose they don't get here in time. Suppose they don't even know we're here.

ANN: They will. We can't dig our way out, but they'll have an army with shovels at it in no time.

RUTH: Do you suppose there is enough air in here for us?

ANN: Plenty, I'm sure.

RUTH: I feel so choked.

ANN: Your imagination and the shock....

RUTH: I wonder if there are poisonous gasses that collect in these caves?

ANN: I don't know, and I'm not going to worry about it. Things seem Things seem twice as bad if one let's his imagination run away with him.

RUTH: How can I help it with Jim lying there. We're like rats in a trap, waiting to be let out and knowing that we won't be. We're waiting for somebody who won't come.

ANN: We've got to hope for the best.

RUTH: You don't seem to realize we're trapped! Trapped, and likely to stay so!

ANN: I do. If we are, it's no time for crying.

HART: That's right.

RUTH: Hart! What did you find?

ANN: Is there another passage?

HART: Several, but they all end in blank walls, like the alcoves outside in the big cave.

ANN: Then we'll just have to wait.

HART: That's all that's left.

RUTH: I can't do it! I can't sit here and just wait!

HART: Please, Ruth. I've tried to find another way out. You know I'd dig my fingers to the bone if I thought it humanly possible to get out the way we came. Don't make it any more difficult.

RUTH: I know what's going to happen. We're all going to die!

HART: Ruth, it's not good for you to carry on so.

RUTH: You just don't want to hear it! (Cry and low moan)

ANN: She's fainted, Hart.

HART: Perhaps it's for the best.

ANN: Do you really think we have a chance?

HART: I don't.... I don't know.

ANN: You don't think so, do you?

HART: It's a very slim one at best. There must be tons of rock in that mess.

ANN:Not a nice thought....that we're just waiting until we starve or suffocate.

HART:It's not pretty.

ANN:Jim was the lucky one.

HART:You mean....

ANN:He was dead when we first found him.

HART:Some of the falling rocks must have hit him.

ANN:I didn't say anything before,because it was dark and I didn't know where Ruth was or whether she could hear.

HART:I suppose that was the best thing to do under the circumstances.

ANN:Listen!(Pause)No,I guess my imagination is doing tricks now. I thought I heard digging.

HART:I'm afraid not.We won't hear that for several hours,if we do at all.

ANN:Then we'll have quiet and solitude to think it all over.Everything we've done or anything that's happened to us in the past.

HART:That's about the size of it.The four of us have been together so much we can review a lot by comparing notes.It almost seems as if we were brothers and sisters,instead of just friends.

ANN:We've had the best times ever.

HART:The only objection that I have is that we have been so much like brothers and sisters that we haven't had time to do some of the things we might have liked to do.

ANN:It seems a little darker in here.

HART:The batteries are getting low.(Pause)You know,if this is really the end,I'm glad we're together...you and I.

ANN:It seems only natural.

HART:I hoped it would.

ANN:I knew it would.

HART:You must have known how I felt.But,somehow...well,it didn't seem to fit in with the way the four of us palled around.

ANN:I know,it would have changed things and I guess we felt too secure to risk any alternative.Yet I don't see why we shouldn't have.....

HART:I love you,Ann,and have for a long,long time.

ANN:I'm glad this happened in a way.I wanted to hear you say that so very much.I love you,too.

HART:And it's very fitting to add that this is for all eternity.

ANN:Yes,for all eternity.....(Pause)Waiting isn't going to be so difficult now.

SOUND EFFECT OF RUMBLING CRASH

ANNOUNCER:Here is the latest report on the Adirondak cave-in,sent to you by United Press and Radio.Volunteer rescue workers and C.C.C. boys are removing the rock and soil that is holding captive the four persons trapped earlier today.It is estimated that it will take at least twelve to fourteen hours to remove the tons of dirt and effect an entrance into the inner cave.Despite this seemingly impossible rescue,men are digging at top speed and hope is still held that the party will be found alive.Keep your radio tuned to this station for further bulletins that will be broadcast as soon as they are recieved.

SOUND EFFECT OF RUMBLING CRASH

JIM:Hart!Hart!Wake up.

HART:What's happened,Jim?

JIM:I've found the passageway that you were looking for.We can

get out of here now.
HART:I thought you were dead.
JIM:I know that.
HART:Are you hurt much?
JIM:No,I'm not hurt at all.
JIM:You did.See.We'll wake them.Ruth!Ann!
RUTH:Jim,did you call?
JIM:Yes,I've found the way out.
RUTH:Oh...I remember.
ANN:Jim!What are you doing standing up?
RUTH:What's wrong with Jim?
ANN:Nothing.I thought he was hurt worse than he really is,I guess.
Did the rescue party dig through?
HART:No,Jim says he's found the way out through another passage.
JIM:All of you fell asleep and it must have been immediately after that I woke up.At first,I couldn't see anything.
ANN:Yes,the last thing I remember was the light getting dimmer and dimmer.
JIM:It must have gone out entirely for it was almost pitch dark.For a minute,I couldn't figure out what had happened.Then I remembered the crash.
RUTH:It was terrible.I almost went mad.
JIM:One thing seems odd now.When my eyes became accustomed to the dark and I saw you all asleep,I thought you were dead.
ANN:Brrr...not a pleasant situation.
JIM:I'll say.I was frightened.
HART:How did you find the passage?
JIM:I began to realize what had happened,even though I just sat here dazed.Suddenly I felt a draft.
HART:That's odd,we didn't
JIM:Automatically,without thinking,I got up and followed it until I saw daylight in front of me.I realized then that I had left you all here and I came back.
RUTH:You're sure you can find the way out?
JIM:Positive.
RUTH:Let's go then.
HART:You lead the way,Jim.
ANN:Perhaps,we'd better form a line and hold on to each other.
JIM:Yes,it's quite dark for a way.
SOUND EFFECT OF RUMBLING CRASH
ANNOUNCER:Another news flash.It was reported by Carlton Thompson, in charge of rescue operations at the Adirondak cave-in, that the men he has working have been digging ceaselessly for more than fifteen hours.Contrary to former estimates, as yet,no sign of breaking through has been made.Virtually all hope has been given up that those trapped will be found alive.Nevertheless the rescue party will continue.
SOUND EFFECT OF RUMBLING CRASH
ANN:Jim was right!There is daylight ahead.
HART:I don't see how I could have overlooked this tunnel.
RUTH:Do you think it might have been opened by another rock slide?
HART:That could be.
ANN:We should have heard that.But then again,I was so exhausted, that when I fell asleep it seemed as if no power on Earth would ever awaken me,even another rock slide.
HART:Perhaps you're right.
JIM:We're nearly out.
RUTH:I'm so glad,I couldn't have stood it in there much longer.

HART: We're a lucky bunch. The hand of providence seems to be guiding us.

ANN: Three more steps. One - two - three. We're out once more! (Pause) Why, it's beautiful! More beautiful than any place I've ever seen before.

RUTH: Maybe it's because we've been in that cave so long. Any place would seem grand when compared to that.

HART: It couldn't make it seem as wonderful as this. I wonder where we are?

ANN: It seems like heaven.....

HART: It must be some hidden valley that people haven't stumbled on as yet.

JIM: If they had, they would have made it a national park, sure as shooting.

HART: You said it!

ANN: Let's sit down and rest a bit. That was hard climbing over those rocks and this seems to be just the place to sit down and rest.

HART: That's the way I feel.

RUTH: Oh, let's not. Let's go on.

HART: Aren't you tired, Ruth?

RUTH: A little, but I want to go on... over that rise in the ground. It looks so much more beautiful.

JIM: I'll go with you. I'd like to see, too. Ann and you can wait for us here, Hart. We'll be back.

HART: I'm satisfied with our little slice of paradise.

ANN: I'd like to sit here forever.

JIM: Let's go, Ruth.

RUTH: Alright. I've just got to find out what's ahead.

SOUND EFFECT OF RUMBLING CRASH

JIM: You must have been right in deciding to come this way. Things seem to be getting more beautiful at every step, if it's possible.

RUTH: Yes, and we'll find even more further on.

JIM: (Pause) We're going up hill. The going is a little harder. (Pause) Don't you think we should turn back?

RUTH: No, I don't mind.

JIM: I wonder what is beyond this?

RUTH: I don't know and yet I want to see.

JIM: Do you think we ought to go on? We might not find our way back.

RUTH: We've got to go on.

JIM: What do you mean, Ruth? You puzzle me.

RUTH: Look! There's a break in the ground ahead. Yes, it drops off into a canyon. Quickly, Jim, let's see what's in it. Come on. Let's look over the edge.

JIM: We've got to be careful.

RUTH: We shall. It's only a few steps more. Come on, Jim. Here's the edge.....

JIM: Great Scott! Who would have expected that?

RUTH: Jim, I didn't know.... it's like a boiling cauldron down there.

JIM: The inside of a volcano looks exactly like that.

RUTH: It can't be. Not here in such a beautiful spot....

JIM: But it is. See it bubble and steam. It must be boiling hot down there, you can feel the heat on your face.

RUTH: Yes. I should be frightened, but I'm not. Somehow, I can't take my eyes away from it.

JIM: Like the rush of falling water. The lava seem's almost alive and breathing. It is fascinating.

RUTH: Let's walk a little closer.... come.

JIM: Watch out, Ruth. I'm afraid.

RUTH: There's nothing to be afraid of. See, I'm standing on the very edge. Give me your hand.

JIM: I feel something trembling.

RUTH: It is only you....you are afraid.

JIM: No. It is the very ground beneath our feet. It's crumbling. Come back!

RUTH: I can't....I can't! I'm falling! Don't let go of my hand!

JIM: Stop it! You're pulling me down into the pit.....

SCREAM

SOUND EFFECT OF RUMBLING CRASH

ANNOUNCER: Here's another United Press and Radio News flash! Adirondak, New York: Rescue workers have finally succeeded in digging thier way into the cave where the four persons were trapped yesterday. We regret to report that all four were found dead.

* * * * *

ARTICLE

TOM SWIFT IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

or

The Long Swim Back

Gene Hunter

George has asked me to do a piece on the thoughts and reactions of a STF fan overseas, so I'll try to oblige with a few lines.

Acting on the theory that one never misses what one never has, I don't suppose I miss the intellectual companionship of fans as much as many others. I'd be classed as a "scientific-tionist" rather than a fan, since about the only contact I've had with the fan world was with the ill-famed Mid-West Fan Society a few years ago. I subscribe to several fanzines and correspond with a few fans, keeping up my contacts that way until I'm a civilian again and can enter fandom in a larger way.

I manage to spend a lot of my time (and money) carrying on "business as usual" as far as my collection is concerned, buying numerous items from Ungar, Arkham House, and other sources. As far as reading matter goes, my folks and fan friends supply me with the latest pros, and I've about exhausted the navy library here of all STF and fantasy items.

Like many new comers, I'm a hopeful writer, and spend most of what little spare time I have outlining plots of yarns I hope to write in the post war world, and working out my "future history", along which most of my proposed stories will run.

In the case of a land-based sailor like myself, where things are pretty dull, you can't spend too much time thinking of your present position and dwelling in the past, thinking of those liberties you used to make in Frisco and L.A., of those long gone days when you were a civilian with your collection of fantasy mags around you and a typewriter to use when batting out letters to other fans and reader's columns, or dreaming of the things you're going to do upon your release, of the proposed fanzine you're thinking of, attending the Pacificon, the elaborate filing system you're going to make in connection with your collection, the stories you some day hope to write, and other things too numerous to mention.

Out here you get a broader outlook on things you didn't think of before. You learn tolerance for the other fellows faults,

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and most of all, you learn to appreciate the things you had and the things you did before entering the service.

New Hebrides Islands

* * * * *

ARTICLE
PENNY POST-CARD PARADE

Compiled by

Sam Moskowitz

In my third dresser drawer there are postcards, hundreds of them, perhaps an even thousand. Over a period of three years they have been piling up. Slowly, unnoticed. Sometimes they have to be picked up off the floor where they rested for months after I received them; often I've found them behind the radio, or under the carpet, and occasionally I've fished them out from behind the radio. And through force of habit have deposited them, one atop the other in my third dresser drawer. I don't know how many hundreds of postcards have been inadvertently lost through my own negligence. They are past redeeming now.

What fascinating messages these postcards contain. It seems that even more than a letter, postcards are sent for a reason. There is little banter on most of them, few preliminaries if any, they have the quality of getting down to business in short order. History has been inscribed on these cards. A disconnected fragmentary history of fandom that brings to light devious facts but little known.

Let's grasp a handful of them here, and catalog some of their messages. There is no set pattern in mind, suppose I take them as they come and set them down for remote posterity here. No names mentioned, but perhaps you can guess who most of them are. It shouldn't be too hard.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Feb. 8, 1939

Dear Sam: In reply to your request last Sunday, about drawing you a fantasy pictorial, well I have complied.

Yesterday I sat down and drew a picture, though it was pretty hard coloring it with only four colors. Also it is the first time I have attempted to draw so complete a picture; I mean filling up all the space there is with something. I hope you like it, and if the original comes out okay and you intend throwing it away, then please let me have it. Unless, of course, you keep illustrations.

Remember Sunday on the train? About trying to find page 2 of that "Weird Whisperings", well it was right on back of page one on that same sheet! And are our faces red! Sunday night when I arrived I was scared to pass by the cellar door. Brrr. What a night I passed.

This picture is drawn specially for you Sam, I took my time on it. Au Revoir!
(I'll never forgive myself for ruining the most beautiful color illustration I've ever seen done by a fan artist on the hektograph. It graphically described David H. Keller's classic short-short "The Thing In the Cellar" accounting for the heebie-jeebies in the end.)

Spring Hill, West VA. June 19, 1939

Sam M.: I have become worried over NF No. 5 to the extent of writing this postal. It seems like that issue which gives the convention hall address has not been sent here. Convention time is drawing nigh, you know, and if you expect fans to be there I would advise

you to put No.5 in the mails post haste. I hope preparations for the convention are running as desired. Sincerely
(This made me wonder if some fans simply don't read TWS. We had our address and schedule there in type over a half a page spread.)

Richmond Hill, Feb. 16, 1939

Dear Sam: Am completely flabbergasted. Will write more fully as soon as I've recovered.....

(Wouldn't you be flabbergasted if your two bitter newspaper editor rivals suddenly offered to guest-edit your magazine during your vacation!)

N.Y. N.Y., May 9, 1938

This is a chain postcard. Send an exact copy of this card to each of three of your friends and send a postcard to Representative McReynolds, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Washington D.C. urging the passage of the O'Connell Peace Act. Please do not break this chain! Be a link in the chain for peace and democracy.

Don't fail Republican Spain in her hour of need!

New Haven, Conn. Aug. 28, 1938

HOORAY FOR THE NEW PAN DUMP. Hi Ho.

(Could this be the prize character who Sykora was advertising a reward for?)

Dec. 8, 1939

Will you please be so kind as to mail the material to which I am entitled in New Fandom. I have only been waiting for six months. Either the material, or please return my \$1. Tom Wright would like to know where his is too. If I receive no word by January 2nd, I will open up a barrage upon New Fandom in my own mag as well as those of some friends of mine. I must say this is gratitude after publishing that one-sided article of yours praising your pals and denouncing your enemies. JUST WATCH YOUR STEP MISTER MOSKOWITZ! Sincerely

(Wow! How would you like to receive something like that on one card?)

Nov. 18, 1939

My readers are clamoring for more articles like the one that I just printed by you, so here is my request. For another of the same. Can you please oblige? If you do not care to submit material how about a sub?

(Same guy as above. Mercenary. Article or sub. Same guy again below)

Sept. 14, 1939

Your article received via Kuslan and am glad to say it will be used. It strikes me just rite so need anymore be said? Incidentally I gleaned up a few seeds of knowledge from it's pages. Thankfully yours

(All three about the same article. You wouldn't believe this fellow was a friend of mine would you? Well he is, at least the last time I heard from him.)

November 20th, 1936

Dear Mr. Moskowitz: Our supply of first issues of Science-Fantasy Correspondent has been completely exhausted. Therefore, would you mind waiting until the second issue is ready for distribution? I am extremely sorry that the delay is necessary; but we underestimated by far the number of responses we would receive. We are lowering our subscription rates and extending your subscription accordingly. Thanx.

(No this is no dream, it's set down here in black and white.)

Philly, Penna. March 15th, 1938

What's been the matter with you? I've been waiting for a

letter from you for some time now. How about sending me that article you promised? I have plenty of time now to work on the Collector; please send the article right away. I want to get this issue out fast. The copy of Helios you sent me has Frome's illustration and Taurasi's article missing. Please hurry that article and Helios along.

(Yes, believe it or not, this is from that Philly Phellow whose letters are supposed to be the rarest in all fandom. You ought to see my collection.)

Brooklyn, N.Y. Dec. 7, 1938

Hello! Sammy: How's business, say I can't find that fellows address you gave me, Sykora. Please send it to me, Sammy old top... I enjoyed your meeting very much. I was trying to make a speech but I just couldn't answer those questions. Well old top! write soon. (Say, what is this anyway.....)

Dec. 17, 1938

Cheerio Sam: I have been getting dozens of letters telling me I have been called things in the 2nd New Fandom. How about sending me a copy?

Jan. 28, 1939

Sam.... It occurs to me that it will well rest with you whether Tomorrow succeeds or has to go back to Scientifiction format. A good word from you in New Fandom and elsewhere might give it the extra support necessary to carry it over the hump. I know you don't like its political discussions, but there are lots of other good features in it, and it would certainly be a real loss to the fan world if its most ambitious magazine--in format etc.-- should have to retreat. Well?

(Unfortunately, Scientifiction was already discontinued when this postal reached me. I knew little or nothing about the mags financial condition at the time of its demise as I had not participated in British fandom at all.)

Oct. 19, 1938

Dear Sam: Just a note to let you know that I have your report on the Philly Conference--it's a doggone swell job and gives all the details--I also managed to get all the present known details of Amazing's new mag--Mort Weisenger is coming to the next Queens SFL meeting--more in letter with FN. (Gad! At least the editor appreciates my efforts.)

Dear Sir: I wrote to you twice and have received no answer. I have given you my attacks on Wollheim gladly, so I think that I have a right to know where it went to if it was accepted. Please write immediately to this address and explain.

(Well, pal, I must confess those articles you wrote on Wollheim had me doubled over twice with laughter. Little does Wollheim know that you, one of his bosom pals, could write such a thing. I don't wanta got sued so your humor will have have to reside, for the time being, in someone's files, unused.)

Denver, Colorado

Dear Sam: I am getting damn low on material for Fan. Will you please send me something by yourself or some one else that you you have laying around that you aren't going to use?? Articles columns are needed. No stories or poems. I will pay postage on any material you might send. Perhaps I can help you out of a like predicament one of these days.

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(Yeah chum, you can explain to this prime sucker who filled three quarters of your magazine with first class material, every issue for eight months, when noone else was willing to send you a scrap, why you barred me from the magazine. Maybe that's the "favor" you hinted at in your first line. But I'm thinking of a remote thing called "principle". Maybe you wouldn't know about that.)

N.Y., N.Y., 1938

DEAR SAM: ARE YOU OSHEROFF'S FATHER? YOURS DONALD DEW
(Just one of my Futurian "pals" cracking a too, too funny joke)

May 28, 1938

Dear Sam: Boy, I hope this card reaches you before you go to the station to wait for me. I am coming Sunday, as I haven't the money right now.

(I received the postal on Monday. Need I say more?????)

June 28, 1936

Sir: Thank you for the order of "Tesseract", it has been mailed to you. Claire Beck of the S F Critic has double crossed us; the Critic is not combined with "Tesseract". I do not know what Beck will do about your subscription. Hope you don't lose. "Tesseract" is combined with the "Planeteeer". The combination to be bi-monthly, first issue out in September.

(That's what you thought, buddy. We knew better.....)

Oct. 13, 1938

Dear Sam: Will not be at Philly Conference Sunday. Financial trouble. As usual. Just pack some stuff in an envelope and send it along. Fifteen cents postage guaranteed. No weird, no Beck, no news articles, long fiction and articles only.

Oct. 23, 1939

Samilee: Am definitely going to Philly. Please write me at what time to meet you in Newark in the station. Complete details please.

What's new?

July 21, 1937

Sir: Kindly mail to me a "sample copy" of your "Mag" and send me price for one year "Sub". Thanks. Prof. Roth Francis, Brooklyn N.Y.
(These kind never subscribe. Hardly ever anyway.)

Nov. 28, 1938

Dear Sam: How about sending me the second part of "Tarunguro"? The next CT will be out on or before December 15. I've got to have that part as soon as possible, before the 6th or 7th anyway. By the way, this CT will carry a very scathing denunciation of New Fandom and it's policies by Olon F. Wiggins. Please send that part in right away.

(Did CT carry that denunciation or my story? What do you think?)

Nov. 15, 1938

Dear Sir: Pardon me for bothering you but I thought you might know where I could buy back issues of Wonder and Amazing prior to 1933. I thank you.
(Oh, Unger!.....)

July 7, 1938

Dear Sam: I recently found out the truth about Michelism--that it is merely a disguise for Communism--and regret what I have done to help it.

I'm giving Michelism a blasting via an article I've just sent the Critic. Hope to hear from you soon.
(Another fan rescued from a fate worse than death.....)

Sept. 22, 1938

Dear Sam: Just received New Fandom. Very good, excellent cover. As I am sadly broke at present cannot send \$. Will join if, as, and when I get some \$, and if you let me write an article in reply to the one on STF and politics. If you do let me write it, I will

suspect the editors of only allowing one side of the argument to be presented, and I mightn't want to join, then. The opinion of all the anti-Wollheims seem to be that Communism is the only radical viewpoint. There is also Socialism, and as a future member of the Young Peoples Socialist League, I would like to have my say. (Note: the Socialists are deadly enemies of the Commies.) Yours
(Dear, dear friend. If we have to get memberships that way we prefer not to have you on the roles. Your just, too, too clever. "Socialists are deadly enemies of the Commies" eh. So were the Nazi's if you will remember. Would you believe it gentle readers, this gent became an honorable member of the Futurians in good standing!)

Hood River Sept. 30, 1939

How much is New Fandom?

N.Y., N.Y. Feb. 9, 1940

I've tried kind words, I've tried contributing, I've even tried money. None of it works. What do I do to get a copy of No. 2 of New Fandom? SUE?

(Same guy below, after even this has been to no avail.)

N.Y., N. Y. March 6, 1940

Dear Mr. Moskowitz: Do you know where anybody would loan me a file of the New Fandoms since Number 1???

Jan. 15, 1938 Comanche, Ok.

Dear Sam: As a purely private venture and entirely apart from the Institute of Public Opinion, I'm trying to find out where each of the "top" fans stand on Michelism. Don, of course, is for it. Michel, number seven, is also for it, naturally. But... there are five others, from two of whom I already have guarantees against Michelism.

You being Number two fan I am more than interested in your sentiments on the matter. Let me know please.

(Glug. Glug. Sputter #\$\$&%). And that goes double.)

October 29, 1937

Dear Sam : (or) Dear Corwin, you cad--ah--card you.

Received your card---our government is wonderful isn't it? , providing such convenient correspondance at such low rates--and silly decorations they allow to be drawn and inscribed thereon without recourse to law and fines and other nastily unpleasent business. Where, oh where else may such a beautiful rule be found. Surely not in Mesopotamia. Only one other country approaches this in beauty, consideration, and what not. I speak of Mr. h's Germany, replete with swastikas and storm troopers, oh for the land of the free and over bliz. I forgot what I meant to say a long while ago at the beginning of this card. It probably wasn't important anyway. P.S.: Don't read what's on the reverse. It doesn't make sense. I think the horn and tailed little sprite was hovering when it was being written... Gess Hoo

(Why? That's all I want to know. Why?)

Feb. 5, 1937

Dear Sam: Better late than never.... Rec'vd your art. Thanks for the contribution. Perhaps you might be interested in a correspondance? As I haven't any in Newark, I thot I might as well pick you as any. Besides, you seem to be a quite active fan. What say?

(And Madle advised him. "You're a dope to correspond with him. Who ever heard of Moskowitz anyway. Why don't you correspond with a more well known fan?" But he was not heard.

Feb. 28, 1938

Heigho Sam: Why don't you have us hailed before the Dies Committee? We dare you.

cpasf

(So you can get a free trip to Washington! Oh, no....)

Jan. 7, 1939

Dear Sir: Please send information on price etc., of New Fandom, the

reviews of which I saw in the putrid March issue of Startling Stories. Best wishes for the new year! (That's what we like frankness.)

April 18, 1939

Dear Sam: I suppose you are busy, so I won't bother with a long letter this time. If you have any good articles in the manuscript bureau, send them to me for my con. mag. I will pay postage. I went to Futurian meeting Easter. They're even screwier than we are. I will write later, and don't forget those articles.

(I wish I could say in public what I think of those people who send you short letters 'cause you're busy. We're only too busy to answer them, buddy, but we got all the time we need to read them.)

Sent. 18, 1939

Sam: Got your article. Good! Accepted. Mag coming fine. But -- I demand an answer to letters!

P.S. Same goes for Jimmy.

(Call out the Marines. A dictator in the U.S.)

Sept. 13, 1938

Dear Sam: If you ever wanted to help me out do it now! I need bales of material for the annual, which is definitely coming out. Long articles (scientific preferred) or fiction (fans only). I think I'll write to Swisher for his article on time travel, too! I can use it. (That's real desperation when you're willing to use a 100 word treatise on time travel that hasn't even been written yet.)

April 12, 1939

Dear Sam: Please don't explode. If you've seen the first issue of the Futurian Review you'll know what I mean--my letter on page 7. I know the way it looks from this is that I'm a back-biter, hypocrite, and seventeen other kinds of a devil--but Pohl cut out an important modifying sentence from that part mentioning New Fandom. I'll explain in full in my next letter, but I was afraid you would be sore, or think I was sore at you. I'm doing my darndest to keep on good terms with all the N.Y. fans, but it looks like a hopeless task. First one thing, then another. Incidentally, in your next letter will you send 150 to 200 words of publicity for New Fandom to be printed in the 6th issue? I'm giving the Review some publicity this time, and I want to make it right with NF. (Well, as luck might have it, or as common sense might have told you, I never received a copy of the Futurian Review.)

* * * * *

OFF TRAIL FRAGMENT PHANTOMS OF THE IMAGINATION

Lyle Johnson

Man is born with an inherent power to imagine and so to release himself from the fetters of the world of Babbitt. Yet there are a multitude of unfortunate souls, or rather beings, beings who have divested themselves of imagination entirely or almost entirely.

Imagination is to create an alter ego, a second being living comfortably in the same mortal shell as the mundane creature. Thwarting, eliminating or otherwise destroying the imagination tantamount to murder or at best a crude exile to living death.

There hangs the crux of the matter. Where are these phantoms of imagination, forced backward and outward from the worldly sphere into an abysmal and darkening void?

There are those who will laugh this off, but who can doubt the power of the mind, the immense hold that the subconscious has over the conscious. Let us conceive of the growing power of the imagination over routine thinking, the growing menace of pure

thought over hum drum drill and habit.

Being forced into an unwilling prison more terrifying because it has no walls, but endless space to confine it, could not this power suddenly rebound, as sound waves do, and taking form in some horrid fashion, warped as it might be because of its torment, and return to suffocate those who have victimized it.

The thought almost stuns the normal imagination, and even the super-normal imagination which has wonderfully branched out. Could not this distorted brethren over power the imagination that does exist within the crusts of humans?

We advocate International peace. Could we not do well to make a peace these phantoms of imagination before it is too late?

* * * * *
COMPOSITE READERS RETORT ON TTTT NUMBER THREE

#3

COVER: Okay, if not outstanding..terrible..not with TTTT's general tone..pretty good.

EDITORIAL: Best thing in issue..pretty good..rather dry..a trifle immature.

PERILS OF VANLING: Swell..nice and evil..noocy..I smiled..cute..he's got a good idea..more like this will make me very happy..the idea and writing are good.

FUCKNUCKIAN SOCIETY: Has some nice touches..neat, sounds like Deglar.. nice piece of satire..cute..good reading for schizoid types..rem- iniscent of Deglar..fair..at least mildly unusual..a hunk of crud.. noticed how you killed it.

VILLAGE ROCKET SMITH: Not bad..excellent..good takeoff..very funny.. at least it rhymes.

HORROR IN THE CAVE: Has a quaint ending..a very good little short.. keep the monsters coming..wasn't bad..fair..swell..stereotyped..

FORMAT: Good enough..good..sloppily drawn center lines detract from whole..all those lines give a messy appearance..pretty bad..could be neater..fairly good.

ISSUE AS A WHOLE: Not bad at all..uproarious in it's humor and fun- niness..could be better..it stinks..quite good..a good first issue.. excellent..seems sort of screwy..enjoyed it throughly.

* * * * *
IN CLOSING: Well, that is that, the first issue of Speculations. It was larger than we thought it would be, eighteen pages, we only expected about fourteen. Reason it was a little larger than we thought was Sam Moskowitz. He suddenly had a flash of ambition and sent us some material. What's your opinion of Johnson's short peace on page 17? If you like it we may begin a series of his items. I like them myself, but the final choice rests with you. (Oops, got I and we mixed up back there, ah well.) The letters on TTTT probably will not appear in No. 2, the only reason we printed them in this issue is the fact that we're not sure when the next TTTT will ap- pear. Anyway, let's hear from you.

GRF

* * * * *



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