





VERTIGO

The

Magazine

For

The

Fan

Modern

And

Old

Who

Feels

As

We

Do

That

Science-

Fiction

Is

Going

Around

In

Circles

Sometimes

Cosmic

Sometimes

Comic

But

Vertiginous

In

Any

Case

Which

Is

A

Source

Of

No

Great

Concern

To

Most

VERTIGO is a science-fiction fan magazine

VERTIGO is what fans get from reading such magazines

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## OGILVIEA

### WHY VERTIGO? Russell Wilsey's Explanatory Editorial

Vertigo constitutes nothing, and should therefore be considered non-existent. However, as it does exist, it therefore constitutes something. Outside of this there is nothing to prove such. Of course, to accept such as fact would be absurd. Still, we must remember the above. And keeping the above in mind: it is deducted or deduced that while nothing constitutes nothing, in this case the sum total is something.

If this be true, we must take a different conception. For we have nothing equalling something, which is novel. Nevertheless, as something is considered in general numbers, it will really amount to nothing until we arrive at specific numbers. It therefore we take  $h = \text{something}$ . To find the value of a literal expression for particular values of the letters we must use numerical expressions.  $h$  will therefore equal 3, as follows:  $h-7 = 2h+5 = -2(7)$   
 $15 = -14+5 = -19$ .

By getting 19 we have deduced the unknown factor. Just how valuable this is will become apparent further on. As 19 is the unknown factor, it must be squared by the known factor which is Vertigo.

By accepting the above and using the total sum arrived at, we must now consider if it is sufficient. To be sufficient, our force must naturally be equal to its predecessor cubed by  $r(n)$ . But Zero cannot be a divisor. Now in a case such as this, as outlined in "New Ways of War" we must rely on initiative in co-operation with infiltration.

Should however the enemy press home his numerical superiority, some form of immediate concentration must be achieved. To do this we must remain in constant touch with the scattered forces. Telepathy would seem one manner of relief. But still this would require a nation of slans. To do such would bring in a time machine which many believe impracticable. But remember the old axiom that nothing is impossible. And since we cannot have nothing, because that is impossible, it must be realized that the whole is endangered.

We exist, but make no use of that fact. To challenge such is a fallacy. Let us try to penetrate this fallacy for all its worth. A challenge is to summon to a contest. A contest such is useless. It is a shame to realize futility, for the realization of futility is the loss of all, including Vertigo.



BEAT IT, MARTIAN!

OOIIJHEA

Do You Really Want to See the Ugly Things?

The fact is that if the Martians could come here, they wouldn't. Why should they? This planet stinks, by any standard. It's no ten with germs, bugs, animals, fungi. The weather is lousy--either too hot or too cold. And the leading intelligent creature is ugly-tempered, predatory, suspicious, and generally vicious to strangers.

Take ghosts, for instance. Everyone knows what ghosts are. They wouldn't surprise. They're really rarely described as dealing out death. Nothing so much as deadly as an ordinary uniformed cop, or a taxi. Yet people are scared stiff of ghosts. Won't go near a haunted house. ~~Flee~~ Flee from ghosts, if they saw one. Ghosts are unearthly.

So what chance would a Martian have--unfamiliar creatures as they must be? Even if they're humanoid--well, the freak shows are full of plain, ordinary homo sapiens that just happen to differ slightly from the norm. Slightly--like having a leathery or scaly skin. Slightly--like a parasitical twin. Slightly--like atrophied hands or legs. Slightly--like the bearded lady.

Most stupid white folks feel uneasy among Negroes, just because their skin is dark. Or Chinese.

So how about Martians?

Do you think the average man really wants to meet Martians? No. They may talk about it and even believe in 'em--but that's because the critters are so far away, so comfortably far away.

The average jerk would hate like hell to have his little private universe upset by finding a place for intelligent Martians too. He has enough trouble working the other human races, civilizations, and religions into his psychic setup. Let alone buggers like Mars men.

The Martians are quite unwanted here. They would be resented. And the guy that first goes there and brings them back--or even knowledge of them--is going to be resented more so. He's going to be disliked. That's a mild word. He'll probably be lynched.

Earth for the Earthborn. That's going to be a slogan someday. Millions of two-legged jackasses are going to brag it. Maybe you.

-RAY/

WITH A BANG BANG An En and Three, not Two, Big Effs Besides!

Sometimes fandom worries me. Sometimes one gets the impression that things are never what they seem. Sometimes....

For instance this NFFF....On the face of it, we get documents from certain fans testifying to terrific activity, overwhelming support, brilliant ideas. Heck! Evans is bubbling over with activity and support. One senses a humbling around in Battle Creek. A terrific folder comes from Walt Daugherty, just busting with vim, vigor, and voracity for Triple E and N. Triple F. That's what has me on the ropes.

For the damn thing is--I never seem to sense any wild enthusiasm for the NFFF around this neck of the woods. I'm for it myself, but... I see fans around here. All kinds of fans. Some are Futurians. Some are not. Some are young and idealistic, some old and idealistic. Some are young cynics, some old skeptics. Some fat, some skinny. None ever bring up the NFFF. None ever get the least bit interested. Mention it to them--any of them. Enthusiasm is conspicuous by its absence.

The cynics sniff, the idealists smile faintly. That's all.

That's all. That's what's driving me mad.

But Daugherty says, "Wow, Bang, Woowie. Zowie. Hot-Diggity!" Or words to that effect.

Ackerman is a firm friend of his. He says, on the subject, "---,"

A faint smile, obviously.

Personally I believe in fan organization. But I always cautiously ask others first, before I broach the subject of NFFF. A faint smile or a slight sniff.

Read the Charter of the Arisians. It's interesting. Bill Stov wrote it. Bill 's never belonged to any fan organization. But he's not wet behind the ears. Not particularly. Yet the charter, which he pulled out of his pocket unbidden, summarizes the exact feeling of most Easterners on fan clubs. Nix on formalities. nix on officers, nix on dues. How come he got that way without ever being active? Psychic, maybe? Or is this the climate on the Atlantic Coast. We all agree with him--and some of us have been active for years.



With a Bang Bang - Continued

Anyhow Walt Daugherty is enthusiastic. He gave that impression in Denver, too. In the Ivory Tower, back in 1939 or '40, there came a letter, a funny one, from him to the Towerites. It asked for material for a new fanzine. We sent him some. I remember sending a brief, odd bit of mine about an aeropile, a sort of vignette from the "present" of fantasy's past. It has never appeared in any LA magazine. Daugherty, good old enthusiast, never said thank you. He never rejected the stuff. He never published. I dunno what happened.

Now Walt wants me to send him a dollar. I sent a dollar to Walt Dunkelberger. But as I said, sometimes fandom worries me. Take the NFFF..... (Daw)

POO LA LA Roll Out the Covered Wagon, Boys.

We have noticed an alarming tendency on the part of many fans to announce their future removal to Los Angeles. Alarming this, when it seems to hint of a new fan center of gravity...the great sprawling city on the Earthquake Coast. Of course, unmentioned in all this fan talk is the real factor that draws them--rumors of high wages and ready jobs. Rumors, which later news tend to contradict.

Personally we suspect that these fans from the East, South, and Mid-West are going to be pretty much disappointed. L.A. is far from being the great stuff the California Chambers of Commerce would have us believe. According to pretty reliable evidence the big city is scarcely more than a sort of sprawling, colorless Brooklyn, devoid of Brooklyn's subways and pretty girls. (Eve-witnesses testify that L.A. femininity is weak in certain of the outstanding features of East Coast cuties--very weak.)

Now that the LASFS has shown itself to be a far from terrific group, the legend that Ackerman worked so hard to build may lose its charm. Let's hope the truth sticks.

We of New York have a natural sneer for all these other cities. On our set of islands, comfortably off the mainland, we sit in the midst of the most civilized city on the globe, the only up-to-date metropolis in the nation, the only wide-awake district in this half-asleep nation, and amusedly watch the sleep-walking of the mainlanders. If you still wish to move to Earthquake-on-the Unpacific you may, but if you find yourself in the center of a deep mental and social bog, don't say we didn't warn you. (Daw)

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CREDO OF A TRUE FAN

A Statement of Faith by Roy St. John LeGraine

I believe that man was created in the image of robots, and that he came upon this Earth for the purpose of fighting off the other planets of the universe.

I believe that this Earth is hollow, open at each pole, and habitable on the interior; further I believe that dinosaurs live there.

I believe that this Earth had many continents now sunk, that these continents were Atlantis, Lemuria, and Mu, and that each harbored a mighty civilization greater than ours.

I believe further that remnants of these civilizations are even now lurking in deepest Africa, darkest Matto Grosso, and secretmost Antarctica waiting to pounce on the rest of the world and conquer it.

I believe in the certainty of space flight and the habilitv of Mars. I believe further that the Martians are about to invade the Earth and conquer it. I believe that the Venusians will come to our aid, only to revolt against us later.

I believe in space pirates.

I believe that this Earth is about to come to an end from a comet, invading planet, plague, or the discovery of uncontrollable atomic power.

I believe in the ray gun, the anti-gravity shield, the mind-reading machine, and disintegration. I believe that New York is doomed in the next war.

I believe in atoms, in their disintegration, and in their ability to sustain life. For I believe that atoms are worlds inhabited by civilizations lurking to attack this Earth and conquer it.

I believe in the conquest of the Earth.

Gosh, I'm scared.



AN OUNCE OF CYANIDE FOR THE PATIENT, NURSE Rx B-- John Michel

Far from being star-begotten singularities, stfans are, on the whole, depressing bores. This fact, however, is not as disappointing as it is cataclysmically destructive of an illusion universally cherished these many years that the mind of the fan was more than just a few crude notches higher in the ladder-climb from the ape than the mind of the rest of the race. Indeed, I held this view-point myself, stoutly maintaining that the quality of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ cerebration proceeding from the fannish crania was actually of a rare, fine order. But the dismal truth of the matter--bursting upon me slowly after a lapse of memory occasioned by the war--is that, barring about a dozen and a half people, most of whom could be counted on the fingers of one hand, stfans share most of the defects of their non-stfal brethren. Worse, they enter the lists of intellectual intercourse under false and not very fast colors. One or two bouts and they invariably come apart, displaying the nickel-plated, threadbare works inside, consisting mainly of the usual wheels, gears, wires and levers that make up the average moron.

The difference between them, I have begun to appreciate, is that in the case of the fan, the clockwork is a little shinier. Be that as it may, it's still stamped-out parts with the same ticks and buzzings, marked with the name of the identical manufacturer.

It may be argued, in futile rebuttal, that most people have been spoiled for me. Which would be true. As a man of science and of the world, I have made it part of my business to associate myself with all grades and orders of modern society, and I may truthfully report that the most scintillant repartee of intellectual America looks like a dollar watch compared to the stuff dished out by ~~my~~ any Futurian. On edge as I have occasionally been with some of my Futurian friends, I will nevertheless take off my night cap to Wollheim, Lowndes, Pohl, Kornbluth, Knight, Cohen, and some of the Los Angeles boys. In plain fact they are the creme de la creme besides which Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley and Ogden Nash are guttering candles; Einstein, Millikan and the rest of the mumbo-jumbo brotherhood imaginative welterweights, the liberally educated bedouins of our civilization a collection of louts with the wits of wombats.

It is no surprise to me, therefore, to find the great mass of fans, including the larger part of their leading lights--the Ackerwacks, the Middle-west toffs such as Decker and Ashley and their Speers, Warners, and the like shining with all the luminous brilliance of a sick glow-worm. (Turn to final page, please)

INFINITE LENS MAN S.D. Gottesman Gently Snitches the Master's Mantle

For centuries Crime had lagged behind law-enforcement. With the development of the riot gun, the Chicago gangsters discovered the automatic pistol. With the development of the motionless drive, the forces of disunity and pillage found themselves hopelessly outclassed and all decided to go straight. Thus, at one blow, a major form of wealth distribution was abolished. The economic system of Civilization broke down; millions went without their Feenamant, an exotic drug from the far planets of New New Jersey, billions suffered from deprivation of the most elementary requirements, such as enema bags and X-lakhs, staple food of the human race.

Finally a heroic decision was arrived at by the Galactic Patrol. They would take the ran; they would take up the torch of plunder and death traitorously let slip by the forces of Crime.

In the midst of the frantic activity, painting of the skull and crossbones over the simple numbers of the Ptrol's maulers, super-maulers, protosupermaulers, and rowboats, there stood a baffled figure. Who is He, this godlike one of the busted beezers, this knight of the knothole nostrils, the king of the cauliflower contingent, this monarch of the muscle-bound marauders, this titan of the twisted torso? Listen, and you shall judge for yourself. He sneaks:

"Twenty-three skidoo, but this sure sets me on my ear! I'll be dumb-swizzled if I don't think there's dirty work at the crossroads, by Klono's permanganate pentoxide peritoneum!" See how He turns, with a boyish laugh and scratches his quarter-inch of forehead. Who is it but KIMBALL KINNISON, the celebrated high tension thinker!

"Yo-ho, me hearty," says a righteous, erect figure, trying its best to skulk. Underneath the spotted bandanna and above the smashing rubber boots KINNISON recognized Port Admiral Haines, he of the snowy lacks and the 1776 tactical theories.

KINNISON starts. He cries, "Well, rewrite me by Heinlein and call me credible! Admiral, I'll be ding-swizzled, if I ever slapped me peepers onto a Ricelian cateagle that looked more dad-blamed fee-rocious than you, you old rogue!"

"Hist!" said Haines, trying not to recognize the salutation. "We meet by the blasted oak at midnight. Bloody work's afoot, me hearty buckoos!" Haines slunk away.



Ogilvie

KINNISON followed him with both eyes and the sense of perception. What was up? (Ideas crept but slowly through the superb reinforced concrete of his thrice-grafted brainpan.) But His attention was distracted by the approach of the seductive Clarissa MacDougall, she of the well-distributed two hundred and thirty odd pounds. Flashing her auburn hair, she remarked:

"KIM, you loathesome old goat of the lower limbs of hell, ya wanna get fixed up?" She followed her invitation with an unmistakable leer.

KINNISON fled in bewilderment. He looked to His mighty wrist to see if the Lens were still there, symbol of law and order. It occurred to him that there was one who never had and never would fail him--the noble Velantian, Worsel, the other High Tension Thinker. He sent out a hurry call.

In a flash there dropped from the heavens the horrid, dragonlike spectre that was his dearest comrade. But what was this? Cocked on Worsel's head was a black pirate hat decorated with the infamous skull and crossbones. Hark! What was that coming in over his Lens from the great reptile?

It was a song--aloathsome song. It ran:

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest--" and the crashing chorus rang, "Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!"

Surely the world had gone mad! Pressing His mighty head between His mighty hands, the Grey Lensman dashed for His speedster and locked Himself in, away from the loathsome creature He had taken for a friend.

KINNISON soliloquized, "Beat me, daddy, but it's shore a bewildering turn of events! By Klono's titanium toenail, what shall I do?"

There was a strange tingling in His mind--the unmistakable message of Mentor, the Arisian whose pet He was. The strange tingling, translated into words, was, "Buck up, punk. We got the jury fixed so if you cop a plea, they'll swing before you do. We'll cut the srag by the blasted oak. See you on the vardarm!"



## OGIINHA

"It is too much!" roared KINNISON. With a colossal effort, He tore from His mighty wrist the symbol of His shame, the hateful Lens. He hurled the horrid thing across the speedster and turned with grim purpose to the control board. Like a master His hands played over the great keyboard as if at some mighty organ.

Then, with one mighty finger, He reached out and turned on that miracle of Tellus, the culminating glory of the congress of three hundred and twenty lunatic scientists, the Motionless Drive.

Faster and faster it went, tearing through space, time, and the fourth dimension, tearing through matter, protons, positrons, neutrons, deuterium oxide, soldenoids, isotopes, six times nine is fifty-four and the square root of twelve is irrational, ring around the rosie, a pocket full of posie, with its incredibly unbelievable rays raving out against staggeringly unthinkable pure force.

The ship came to rest. The Motionless Drive, powered by the unthinkably mighty Ginsbergs had done its work. KINNISON had expanded: He had grown and swelled and bloated and enlarged. He was big, vast, gigantic, enormous, sizable, colossally titanic.

No more Galactic Patrol. No more Rogers covers. No more checks in four figures. No more Boskonian, Eid, Arisia. No more thionite, no more zwilniks. No more wordage. No more law enforcement lagging behind crime.

... It was the end.

KINNISON was THE INFINITE LENS MAN.

### An Ounce of Cyanide By John Michel (Continued)

There is a good deal of evidence to prove that this sad situation cannot and shall never be rectified--at least not until the scientific state has been established throughout the world and outworn ideas are uprooted not only with books but also with guns. Stiffandom had its opportunity to prove its intellectual standing at three great world conventions, the Nycon, Chicon, and Denvention, whereat were gathered in conclave its most brilliant and original minds--self-reputedly the best our planet can boast--and not a single idea expressed or developed during these meetings has survived the course of the war. Heinlein, in point of fact, did mention time-binding as a hallmark of the fan, during the course of the Denvention, fandom's all time high mark, but even ~~xxxxxxx~~ bookies use that as a part of their trade.

Moral: Swine still have no use for pearls.