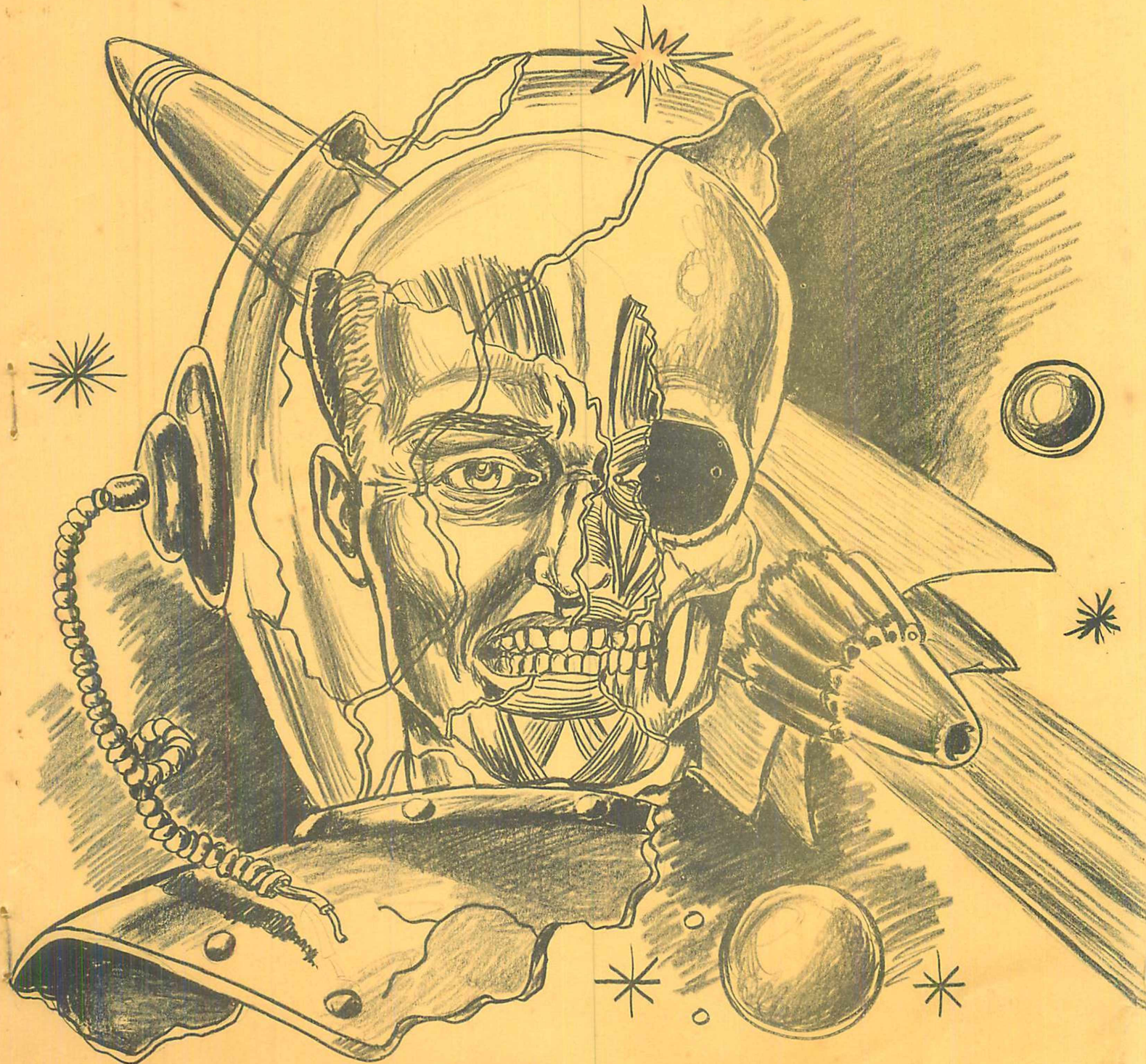


# Fan Warp

Levin

Volume 1, No. 1







# Fan • Warp

## FEATURES

- Vol. 1  
No. 1*
- Famous Last Words  
an editorial..... 4
- Burpsel On The Moon  
by Sol Levin.....11
- Philadelphia And Conventions  
by Milton A. Rothman.....23
- Philcon Publicity Releases.....24

## ARTICLES

- The Fanzine  
by David H. Keller..... 9
- How To Attend A Science-Fiction Convention  
by Robert Bloch.....12
- Medical Improbabilities Of The Future  
by Alan E. Nourse.....21
- Weightlessness In Space  
by Mari Wolf.....25
- Grand Old Fan  
by Robert A. Madle.....27

## FICTION

- Zealot  
by Basil Wells..... 6
- Than The Eye  
by Dave Hammond.....17

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# FAMOUS LAST WORDS

034

LYLE KESSLER

The first thought of publishing a fanzine came to us in the latter part of December, 1952. And that's all it was - a thought. It remained a thought nigh-on-to eight months and then with an unheralded burst of enthusiasm the first issue of Fan Warp saw publication. We could make all kinds of excuses as to why it's so late, but we won't attempt to. We will, though, state the foremost reason as being work on the World Convention. But, from now on, we promise to stick to a strict bi-monthly schedule.

This editorial is rather long, but that was done on purpose as there are quite a few things of importance to talk about.

Discussing our Editorial Board is as good a place as any to begin..... FW's two Assistant Editors are Marvin Snyder and Jerry Hopkins, without whose benevolent help the assembling and sending out of this monstrosity would have been practically impossible. Thanks also goes to Jerry for

quite a bit of the art-work in this issue. Our Art Editors are Russell Swanson and Sol Levin, two of the very best. Russ, who also has the "grand and glorious" job of multilithographing FW, has become famous overnight because of his magnificent work on the convention stamps. If you have noticed the back cover you've also noticed the Virgil Finlay Portfolio Russ has been contemplating printing. Publishing a portfolio of this type is nought but a "Labor of Love," and it would be a nice feat if money, i.e. greenbacks, could be made from it. Nevertheless, it will contain the best from Finlay's work and it's a positive must for every Finlay fan; and who doesn't enjoy Finlay. Our other Art Editor, Sol Levin, is probably the top fan artist in the field today. His status as such would be a known fact if Sol produced more. But it's the lucky editor who can wrangle any art-work from him. He's already illustrated a few sf books and his cartoons can't be beaten. For example, take-a gander at the Bloch



article in this issue. But, sad to say, Sol will very soon be leaving the city of "Brotherly Love" and FW will have to push on without him. Don't be surprised to see his byline for art credit in future stf magazines. Robert A. Madle, our Editorial Adviser, has come forth with quite a few helpful suggestions for FW. Bob at one time was a rip-roaring fanzine editor himself. A few of you relics of the fandom of the late thirties and early forties are sure to remember one of the leading fanzines of the period, Fantascience Digest. A glimpse at any of the contents pages brings forth a multitude of names of today's professional science-fiction writers. But, more on Bob later. As for myself, I'm one of Ray Bradbury's pseudonyms and I love every minute of it.

And now we come to Fan Warp's writers----- Basil Wells, author of "Zealot," has appeared in a large number of science-fiction magazines, and also has a few books to his credit. He lives on a small farm in Pennsylvania with his wife and two sons, and holds the notorious position of being FW's first contributor..... David H. Keller has probably contributed to more fanzines than any professional writer alive today. He first appeared in the old Gernsback Amazing Stories and his name soon became familiar to readers of stf. His works have appeared in a few books and he has accumulated quite a number of followers..... Robert Bloch! Now, there's a fellow after my own two hearts. His article, if it may be called such, is one of the most side-splitting pieces of fan-satire that I've ever had the fortune to read. I'll admit though, that I may be a teensy-weensy bit prejudiced. Bob appears in print quite frequently and he is known for his outstanding humour. He is, and a large number of fans will back me up, one of the most likeable chaps in science-fiction..... Burpsel, the

BEM, is a notorious person down Philly way. If it's at all possible we will include a Post-Card greeting from Burpsel in every issue of Fan Warp..... Dave Hammond, of "Then The Eye" fame, has up and left us for the Air Force. Dave, before his departure, had been a super-active fan,-- almost singlehandedly bringing out the first Philcon Progress Report besides being editor of the bi-weekly Philadelphia Science Fiction Society's news-sheet. If Dave isn't too busy with work in the Air-Force, we'll try to secure some work of his for future issues of FW..... Alan Nourse is the right choice to write "Medical Improbabilities Of The Future" as he is studying medicine as a career. Alan is one of the newer stf writers and in a brief period he's broken into almost every professional magazine on the stands..... Milt Rothman, chairman of the Philcon, is a nuclear physicist and is doing research work at the Bartol Research Foundation of the Franklin Institute. He holds the position of being the only person to be chairman of a World Convention two-times.. Milt has appeared professionally both under the name of Lee Gregor and his own name, and in previous years edited a few fan publications..... Mari Wolf and "Fandora's Box" are thought of synchronously. Her fanzine review column in Imagination is read and enjoyed by all of fandom. Mari, and her husband Rog Phillips, appear quite regularly in stf magazines..... Bob Madle has been deluged with letters and cards praising his column "Inside Science Fiction" which appears in Dynamic Science Fiction. In fact, there was so much praise for it that Editor Bob Lowndes will be publishing it in Future Science Fiction also. Now that Calvin Thomas Beck's fanzine column has folded, "Inside Science Fiction" and "Fandora's Box" seem to be the last thresholds of fandom.

(Editorial-

continued on page 8)



# ZEALOT

BY  
BASIL WELLS

R.S.

"Eight Thousand Miles," his mind was exulting. "Eight thousand miles and the final glorious victory is ours!"

His mind formed the words, even yet, in their hated English. Always, before he addressed his comrades, he must transpose that native capitalistic jargon into their own rich Slavic tongue. It was hard for a man of twenty-five, even though a sincere convert to their austere and bloody ideology, to think in unfamiliar phrases.

The great bomber bored eastward, its three deadly atomic bombs poised above three sealed openings in the ship's sleek belly. The nine other-crew members and the four scientists were dependent on the three men here at the controls. Only when the triple targets, the three remote prison camps in the drab flatness of Siberia's heart, were reached would they take over.

But they were never to reach the unsuspecting huddles of humanity. For another pain-and-hunger wracked week --- or month --- or year --- the living corpses would walk and work in their dull nightmares until final darkness came...

He, and Znacov, the navigator, were taking over. And the exper-

imental targets would be, not within their own homeland, Siberia, but across the Pacific. Down over the arctic wastes of Alaska and Canada they would roar and over Detroit, or Pittsburgh, or New York they would circle.

To almost a spoonful he had calculated the fuel. From the doomed cities to the wooded Appalachians, it would carry them. There they would parachute to safety. And the Man, seeing the destruction one bomber had wrought, would swiftly smash the hateful warmongers and capitalistic filth of this, his birthplace.

He swung the ship off-course slowly, heading now toward Canada. Znacov was watching Inovick, the co-pilot, his automatic across his legs' juncture at the knees, and his hand on its butt.

Inovick turned to the pilot, his dark eyes alert.

"Off course", he commented softly. He sounded apologetic.

"We do not bomb today the prison camps," said the pilot. "Today we strike the first blow against Wall Street."

Inovick's eyes were puzzled.

"But the orders?"

"We have other orders." The pilot laughed, his thin lips a

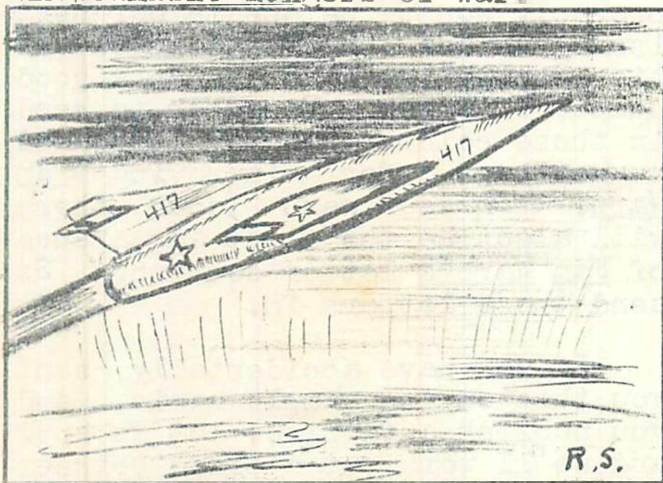


bright red against his gleaming teeth. It was for this that he had flown an American ship into the East German Zone. And why, for three years, he had worked so faithfully for the Man and his cause.

"To Korea?" Inovick asked, eagerly.

"To America," the pilot said his thin face snarling.

Inovick stood up quickly. His expression had changed. Now he was puzzled and unbelieving. Yet he knew that the pilot had been an American. His thinking was plain in his face. This was why the Man rarely allowed men of foreign birth to join the Party ranks. The pilot was fleeing to America--to turn the bombs over to those unspeakable mongers of war!



"Zhacov!" he cried, reaching for his own holstered weapon, "seize the Yankee traitor!"

Zhacov calmly shot him twice. Once through the body and once through the eye. Inovick made no sound. He was a heap of shapeless garments and flesh.

Zhacov secured the compartment.

"A long trip before us, Comrade," he told the pilot. "And death at the end."

"Death," the pilot agreed, his eyes and teeth glistening. "But glorious death. Even as the Man orders our execution he will know we led the way to victory."

From the after part of the ship a thunder of cries and running feet and fists pounding on

stout doors came to them.

"Tell them," said the pilot...

DOWN ACROSS CANADA came the renegade American and his stolen plane. And at the last his choice lay between Chicago and Detroit -- his fuel had not lasted as calculated.

That the Man, and his aides, were searching for the experimental plane and its precious load he could not doubt. -- To them he must seem a traitor. And yet he was sincere. He had merely cut through the red tape and blunderings of the bureaucracy that hampered the course of world revolt. After he struck they would know.

This would be the Third, and final, War. Once the Man ruled all Earth there would be no longer excuse or need for bloodshed. The capitalistic bloodsuckers, like those who stole away his father's garage and sent his brother to prison, would perish....

Like clockwork the great ship came down above the Detroit target and loosed its deadly freight. The three mighty mushrooms of boiling vapor lifted majestically skyward and the city of automobiles, trucks and tanks was a bloody broken thing.

The pilot locked the automatic controls, after heading the ship southward. Only seconds of flying time remained in the emptying tanks. And then he and Zhacov blasted free the escape hatch and their parachutes blossomed.....

Neither of them knew that the grief-crazed fighter pilot who riddled their bodies with bullets as they swung earthward had a mother and a sweetheart in Detroit. They were too dead to know anything after the first burst.

Nor could they have foreseen that a hundred heavy bombers, heavily laden with fission bombs, would be launched instantly back at the Man. And the Man, unprepared in his belief that he could choose his own time to strike, could retaliate with less than twenty of the deadly bombs.



In two weeks of bloody death, destruction and revolt, the Third War ground to a standstill. And it was the final world-wide war, even as the pilot had hoped.

Only --- the Man was gone. His own people had seen to that.

The prison camps were emptied all over Earth, and, for the first time, men of all nations sat down together to talk honestly....All? Most of them ... Enough!!!!

Basil Wells

\*\*\*\*\*

(Editorial-

continued from page 5)

The field of multi-lithoing is quite versatile in that you can use color illustrations and photographs. And we expect to use them both in the next issue of Fan Warp. In our second issue, and in every issue thereafter, we will devote a page or two for photographs of everyone contributing to Fan Warp. When sending in material please do not enclose a photograph of yourself. If your work is accepted we will then write to you and ask for a snapshot.

There were a little over three hundred copies of this first issue printed, and they were sent out in large envelopes, mostly as sample copies. For our next issue we will send out only a few sample copies, and those being only in special cases. After sending out all these sample copies we expect at least one thing from you, the recipient. We expect a letter or postcard from everyone who receives this first issue of Fan Warp. All suggestions and criticisms are very much welcomed, and will be regarded with due respect. It wouldn't deflate your pocket-book too much if you also threw in a couple dimes for the next issue. Or better yet, a dollar for a year's subscription. We'd like to make each and every issue of Fan Warp better than the preceding one, and your money will help us achieve this goal.

As to the next Fan Warp, it will be our "Convention Report" issue. There will be a long article covering the entire convention with plenty of photographs

accompanying it. Send in your money now so you won't miss out on this ultra special issue.

We are looking for a couple of regular columns for FW; especially the newsy interesting type column. We will probably include one small fiction piece each issue. There probably won't be one in our next issue because the "Philcon Convention Report" will take up a good number of pages. Remember to send in those columns and articles and suggestions for improving Fan Warp. In our next issue there will also be the first appearance of Fan Warp's letter section. So send those letters in.

If we have accidentally sent you this on a sample basis, and you publish a fanzine, let us know and we'll work out a trade between the two zines. If there are any artists receiving this issue who have knowledge of drawing on a multilithograph stencil, and who would be willing to contribute to Fan Warp, let's hear from you.

It's been a long and hard job bringing out this first issue of Fan Warp, but we wouldn't give it up for the world. I hope to see and meet quite a lot of you at the Philcon, which, as things are shaping up right now, will be the grandest World Convention of all time.

We'd like to dedicate this first issue of Fan Warp in the memory of one of science-fiction's finest men, James A. Williams.

Lyle Kessler





# THE FANZINE BY



DAVID H. KELLER

\*  
Col. David H. Keller has been for many years a consistent contributor to fanzines. His files show that he has given over one hundred and fifty articles, reviews, stories and poems to these magazines. Only rarely has he refused an S.O.S. from a new editor. Some of his very finest tales first saw publication in amateur fields. We understand that he has decided to discontinue this form of philanthropy and this little article will probably be the last of his non-profit writing. He will long be remembered as a true friend of all fanzine editors.  
\*

Many years ago an adventurous literary pioneer determined to write, print and circulate a magazine devoted to articles on fantastic and weird literature. Prose and poetry were also included, preferably by professional authors. To fill space they also added contributions from amateurs who had not as yet been recognized as literary geniuses.

Only a gifted historian could state with accuracy the name of this first magazine or its editor. However it was soon followed by others which eventually were classified under the name of FANZINE. From the first issues most of these early fanzines deserved considerable praise. The editorials were worth while, the articles always interesting, the biographies instructing, while

several noted authors such as Lovecraft and Merrit helped the amateur editors in every way. Lovecraft, for many years, had more stories and poems in fanzines than he sold to Weird Tales.

With increasing interest in Science Fiction the number of these fanzines increased rapidly. With disregard for expense in time, effort and cash more and more ambitious young men determined to publish their own magazines. Every would be editor had little trouble in securing others to act as Assistant Editors or take charge of the art department. Unwilling, or perhaps unable, to profit by the experience of others, they boldly began their publications. They were convinced that many, perhaps hundreds, would be willing to pay from ten to



twenty-five cents an issue or about one dollar a year.

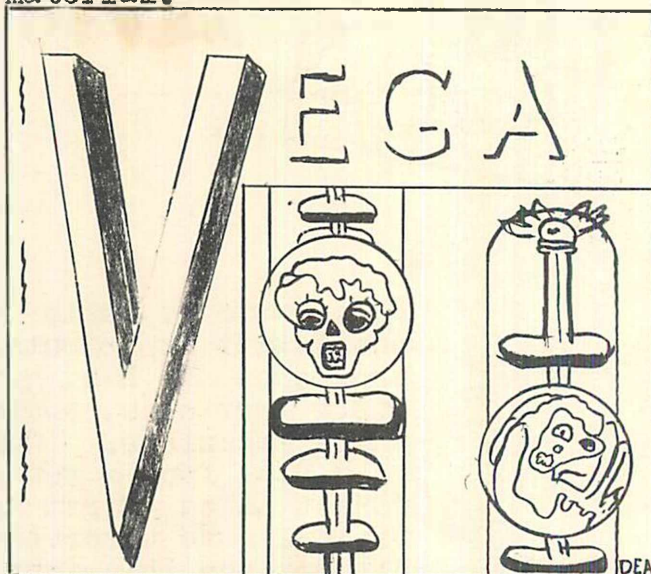
Unfortunately subscribers were few and advertisements rarely paid for the cost of paper. As the number of magazines increased the contributions of professionals decreased and the literary quality suffered. The editors took their losses bravely for a while, but many ceased publication after a few issues.

Thus an interesting situation arose. Fanzines were born and many died, but for each mortality a new magazine was born to take its place. In fact there was a gradual increase in their number. Rapidly more space was given to amateur writers who, unable to sell their stories, were all too pleased to see their children in print. The editorials became less literary and more controversial. Everyone with a crow to pick seemed eager to scatter the feathers on the pages of a fanzine. Some of these arguments seem, with the passing of years, trivial, but when printed were no doubt of great importance to the author.

Occasionally a fanzine of genuine merit shone on the literary horizon. Magazines such as the *Commentator* and *Arkham House* equaled in quality many of the professional group. But even these seemed unable to weather the storms of passing years and like their lesser competitors eventually folded.

Finally the amateur editors founded an association of fanzine publications. One of the main objectives of this society was to exchange magazines so each member would eventually receive all fanzines published by the members of the society. This assured every editor that his fanzine would be circulated practically all over the world, for some went as far as Australia. It also provided every editor opportunity to review all

other magazines. These critiques, often caustic, received rebuttals and thus every editor had no trouble filling the pages of his fanzine. In addition a department was organized to receive and distribute stories and poems contributed to the organization by amateurs. These were distributed whenever the editors ran short of material.



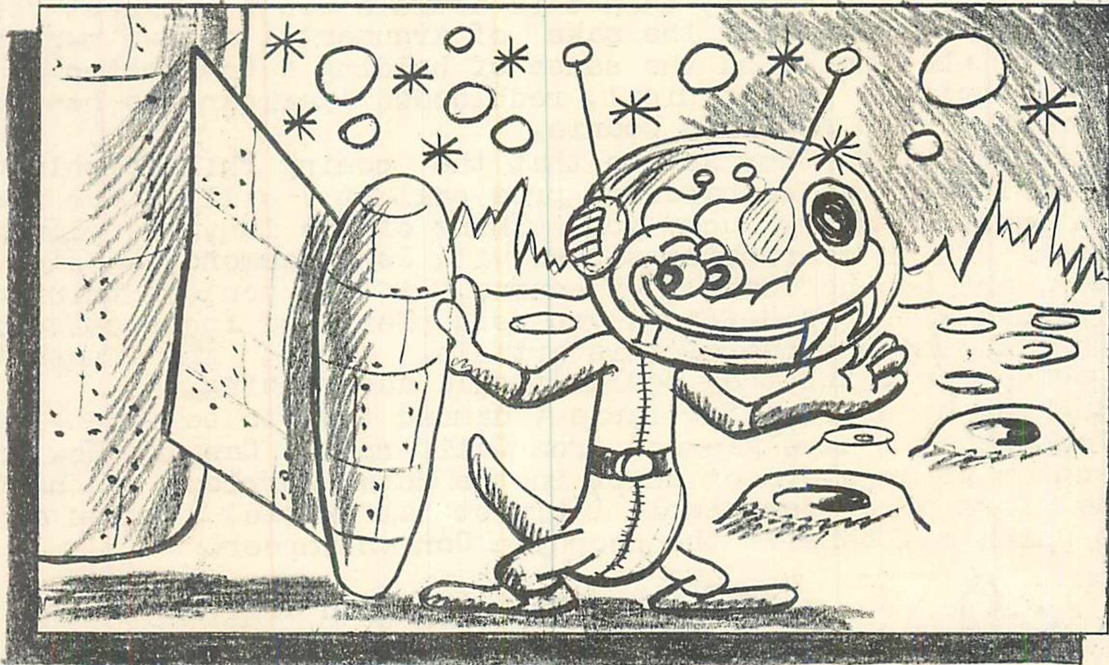
Recently I received in my Ivory Tower news of the formations of another organization to promote more fanzines and give encouragement to ambitious youthful authors. I was honored by being asked to act as the literary instructor of these young men. But I felt that my attainments were not sufficiently notable to deserve such a position, and with great regret I declined the position. As I recall my letter I stated that if a man wanted to really make money it would be better for him to learn the plumbing trade than strive for literary fame.

The question arises as to the ultimate value of these fanzine publications. Personally I feel, after years of observation, that they have served a worthy purpose. More than one amateur editor has graduated to professional rank and many a young writer who first wrote for fanzines has been able (continued on page 16).



# Burpse!

on the Moon  
by Sol LeWitt



Dear Folks:

The moon is  
my first stop  
as I cruise  
around the  
Solar System.  
Watch for me  
in each ish of  
Fan Warp....



Earth  
North America  
United States  
Fan Warp  
2450-76 Ave.  
Philadelphia 38,  
Pennsylvania



## HOW TO ATTEND A SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION

### OR, THE MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE

By  
Robert Bloch

(Illustrated by Sol Levin)

I am a little boy thirty-five years of age, but already I have attended four Science-Fiction Conventions. Or, rather, two Science-Fiction Conventions and two long parties with George O. Smith.

As I sit here in the peaceful twilight of my iron lung and muse back through the years, I contemplate those affairs and endeavor to collect my thoughts -- which isn't as easy as it sounds, if you have two heads. If you don't, then this article won't interest you anyway.

But let's say, for the sake of argument ( and we must have arguments, or what would be the sense of holding a Convention in the first place? ) that you're a typical, redblooded American two-headed science-fiction fan, with-a double beanie.

And let us further assume that the coming Philadelphia Convention ( or "Philthcon" as we hardened pros call it ) will be the first you'll ever attend. Lucky, lucky you! Think of the fun, the glamor, the excitement! Think of rubbing elbows with Ish, Hammond, Kessler, Rothman, del Rey, and Lee Hoffman! Of course, if all you can think of is rubbing elbows with Lee Hoffman, you need plenty of instructions.

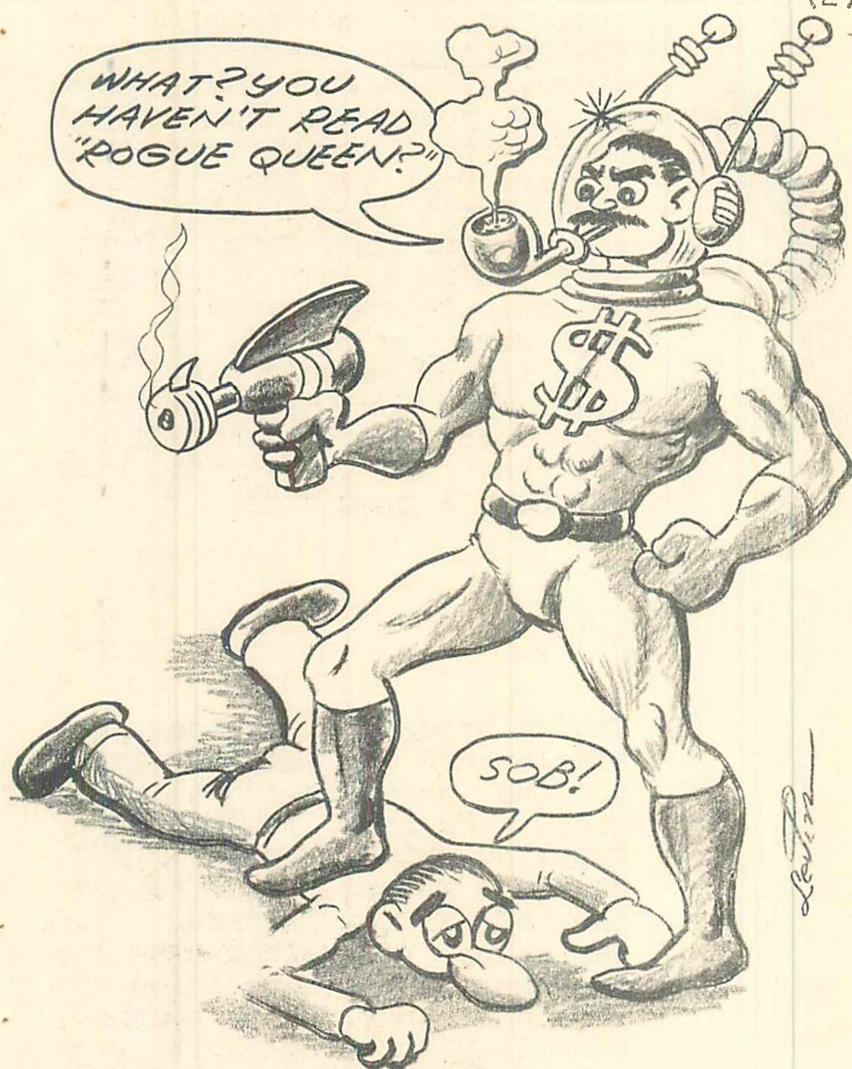
That's the purpose of this article. That, and a need to fill up some space for which they couldn't sell advertising.

Anyhow, here are a few facts- ( damned few, to be exact- ) about Conventions which I have gleaned from California, Canada, New Orleans and the bottom of an elevator shaft in the Hotel Morrison. I have put them in the form of a few simple ( almost half-witted ) rules and instructions which may benefit the neophyte Conventioneer.

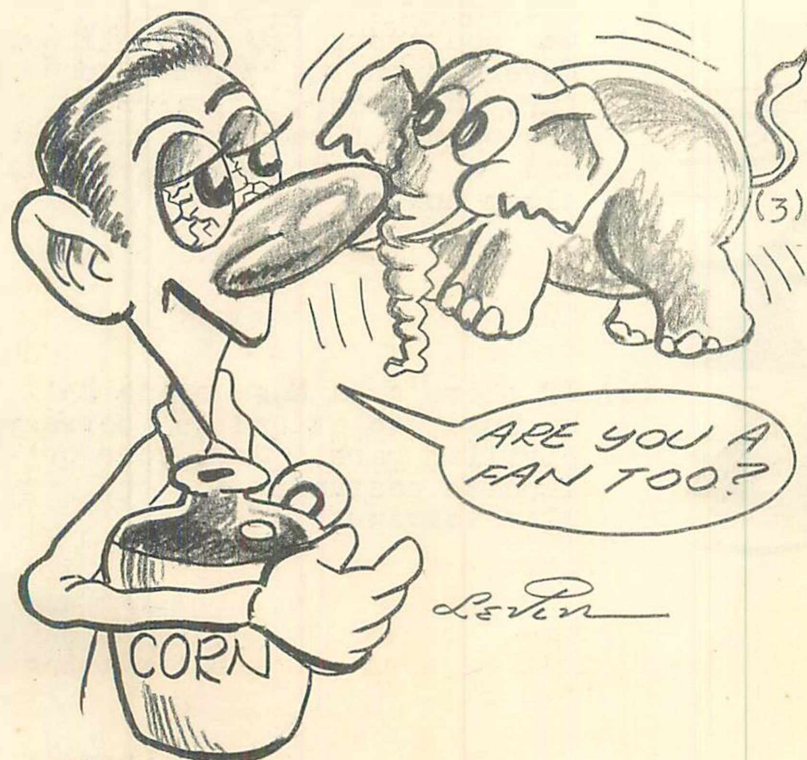


- (1) Upon arriving at the Hotel, go up to the desk and register under an obviously assumed name, such as P. H. Economu or Peggy Gordon. Be very sure to get a room on the top floor. This is important. It means that when you look out the window you won't be in danger of getting beaned by a bagful of hot water from above. Unless, of course, there's somebody on the roof. Come to think of it, there's always somebody on the roof. So why not register for accommodations on the roof? If somebody's up there, it might as well be you. Make sure you use at least 10-lb bags. Water should be approximately 130° Fahrenheit. If you're not sure about the exact-temperature, ask Willy Ley. He can tell as soon as the first bag hits him.





(2) After you are comfortably settled in your room and have found out where all the necessities are located ( that little dingus, for instance, that opens bottles on the wall ) you can go down to the lobby and look for celebrities. If you're new at Conventions, you might appreciate a few tips on how to identify the prominent guests. JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR., for example, is easily spotted. He has a Bonestall drawing on his beanie. The man with the exclusive, patented zap-gun is undoubtedly L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP. The quite, soft-spoken, almost inarticulate little fellow in the corner will turn out to be SAM MOSKOWITZ. If you visit the bar, don't step on FORREST J. ACKERMAN. When you see two book-ends on either side of a lot of Gnome Press editions, you've met DAVE KYLE and MARTIN GREENBERG. Don't look for BEA MAHAFFEY or EVELYN GOLD or GINNIE SAARI or LEE HOFFMAN or any of the other gals, because chances are I will get there first and spirit them away. Go talk to TUCKER instead. Tell him you've found the Ten of Clubs and see how interested he gets.



(3) Along about the second or third day of your stay, the Convention will start. By this time, if you're any kind of a mixer at all, you'll be up in some room with a bunch from the Southern delegation. Those Southerners always welcome a mixer, to say nothing of ice. If you happen to meet them, your troubles are over. You can read about the Convention later in some fan-magazine.



(4) Let us suppose that you're a true faaaan and decide to actually attend Convention sessions. The safest thing to do is get your name down on the program as a speaker or a performer. Does the thought scare you? Don't worry! All you do is get your name down. Then, when you're scheduled to make an actual appearance, just send word you're ill, or can't make it, or weren't paroled in time. The Committee will find some poor goof to substitute for you, and you can sit back and have a good time.

(5) You've bypassed all these obstacles and are actually going to the sessions. Well and good! Be sure you're amply supplied with soft drinks, reading matter, and the company of a few friends. You can enjoy yourself during the speeches if you have these diversions handy. Some seasoned fans like to bring their portable radios into the hall and listen to the ball game. But be courteous at all times. Never turn the volume up too far. Remember, all around you are poor, tired fans who have had a hard night and want to sleep now.

(6) If there's a Masquerade Ball, be sure to attend in correct civilian garb. Save your outlandish costumery for the regular sessions.







(7) If you're a camera-fan, bring your camera and flashbulbs and make your presence felt. Whenever anyone gets up to speak, take his picture. Take a picture of the guy who introduces him. Take a picture of everybody listening to the speech. Take a picture of other people taking pictures of everybody listening to a guy making a speech. Take a picture of a guy taking a picture of a guy taking pictures of everybody listening to a guy making a speech. Go all out! Flash like crazy! Nobody will ever know that you actually don't have any film in the camera. It's done at all the Conventions; they apparently take picture after picture but nobody expects to see any when it's all over.

(8) Keep your ears open! Remember, the main purpose of holding a Convention is to collect and record every faux pas or personal remark made by fans and pros alike. These remarks, if in sufficiently bad taste, can be sold for big money to publishers of fan magazines. If you don't get enough "quotes", sit down and invent a few that you think might be typical.



(9) Above all, enjoy yourself! Take full advantage of the three fun-packed days and nights, the carefully-planned programs which have taken the Convention Committee many months of time, effort, and anguish to prepare. Enter into this unique and amazing project to the utmost of your ability, and get out of it all the pleasure you possibly can.



-EDITOR'S NOTE-

Due to circumstances beyond our control, we are unable to present herein a picture of JEROME BIXBY playing Ravel's PIANO CONCERTO FOR THE LEFT HAND.

We are grieved to announce that even SAM MOSKOWITZ'S personal collection was lacking this one momentous item.

(10) Then, go back home and prove yourself a true faaaaaan by grumbling that "it wasn't so hot" and "JERRY BIXBY didn't play Ravel's PIANO CONCERTO FOR THE LEFT HAND as well as Casadesus" and "DEL REY sounds like one of those editors to me". Remember, unless you gripe, nobody will ever know you went to a Convention!

Well, they're coming now to strap my arms again, so I'd better bring this to a close. If there's anything more you want to know about Conventions, get hold of me in Philadelphia. I'll be there!

Robert Bloch

\*\*\*\*\*

The Fanzine

(continued from page 10)  
to sell to the pulps, and thus to some extent augment his income.

all seemed to appreciate my efforts to make their magazines more interesting to the public.

During the last twenty-five years I have contributed largely to these magazines and have never regretted it. The constant contact with youth has served to lessen the ravages of time. Many of my best friends were fanzine editors. While none ever asked me to serve as Assistant Editor they

And so I send greeting to the older editors whose magazines have folded and to the new editors who so eagerly are starting fanzines which, if they follow the habit of their predecessors, will also fold. Perhaps some day I may even publish my own magazine.

David H. Keller

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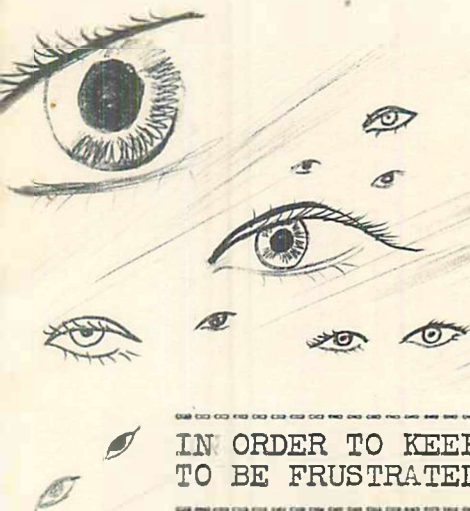
'Twas Brillig, and the Slithy Toves.....

In Fan Warp number two we will feature a special article by ROBERT W. LOWNDES, editor of Dynamic Science Fiction, Future Science Fiction and Science Fiction Quarterly, entitled "PURPOSES AND FUNCTIONS". This is a survey of the "purposes of Science Fiction" wished upon the literature and on the fan field by various parties and groups, contrasted with what the effects actually seem to be.

We will present as a special service for Fan Warp's readers, a "get acquainted with the Author and Artist" page. This will include a few lines about the person and also, his or her photograph.

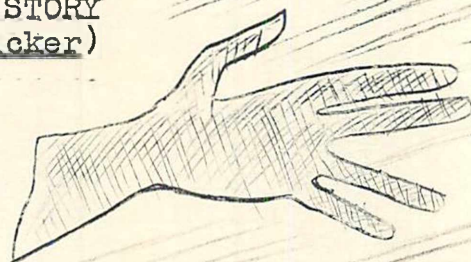
Also, as this will be our convention issue there will be a rather long report on the 11th World Science Fiction Convention. This will cover the entire Philcon, starting on Friday, September fourth, till Tuesday morning, September eighth.





THAN THE EYE - A FOUNDATION STORY  
(A sequel to The Hand Is Quicker)

By DAVE HAMMOND



R.S.

IN ORDER TO KEEP THE PLAN IN OPERATION THE 1ST FOUNDATION WOULD HAVE TO BE FRUSTRATED IN ITS PLANS, BUT WHEN THE 2ND FOUNDATION.....

ABLO DIABLO - born in the 13,004th year of the Galactic Empire of proud but passionate parents. His early life showed promise of greater things--as whose doesn't? Unfortunately, he was dropped on his head too many-times by an overattentive nurse. At the age of 5 years he strangled his father to become ruler of Siwenna.

—Encyclopedia Galactica—

PROLOGUE

Picture a room!

In this room sit two members of the 2nd Foundation. They are busy over their charts and graphs, plotting out the course of Seldon's Plan. They communicate with each other, but not with conventional talk. To them, a nod of the head can express volumes; a grunt whole encyclopedias.

The first Speaker blinked his eyes.

The 2nd Speaker, seeing this, leaped to his feet, accidentally dropping his drawing compass on his toe. He gave a howl and jumped about the room holding his foot.

The 1st Speaker sniffed which, if translated freely, meant: "Now really, something important happens and you have to play hopscotch."

The 2nd Speaker dropped his head a quarter of an inch, which gesture meant a formal apology.

The 1st Speaker burped. This showed acceptance of the apology, but also served as a re-

primand and a warning to be more careful in the future --- especially with an impending Crisis!

Yes --- another Seldon crisis was in the wind! In order for us to learn more exactly what this Crisis is we shall shift from the 2nd Foundationers' gesture talk and translate their words into more conventional language. Of course, this, as any other translation, loses the flavor of the original, but now we can understand it.

The 2nd Speaker spoke: "You mean it? A Seldon crisis! But one isn't due until next-Labor Day Weekend!"

"Nevertheless, a Crisis is upon us. As you know, psycho-hysteria depends upon the reactions of groups of people - not hundreds or thousands, but entire worlds."

"Of course, but how did this Crisis develop?"

The First Speaker sighed. "I'm afraid it was all our own fault. We should never have exempted those cross-eyed jack rabbits as



being an unimportant factor. Here is what happened: approximately seven thousand eighty-two years ago and (he glanced up at a calendar) twenty-one days, two hours, and twenty-five minutes, plus or minus, an ancestor of the present ruler of Siwenna landed on an insignificant planet of a sun on the edge of the Blue Drift. This planet was inhabited only by cross-eyed jack rabbits. This person was marooned there for exactly five years with nothing to eat except rabbits. Imagine five years of eating nothing but cross-eyed jack rabbits! Well, that seriously affected his genes and this being cross-eyed became a recessive trait. In the present ruler of Siwenna, the trait is no longer recessive. Ablo Diablo, Grand and Glorious Ruler of Siwenna, is cross-eyed!

"That is a staggering thought," said the 2nd Speaker, "but how will this affect the Plan?"

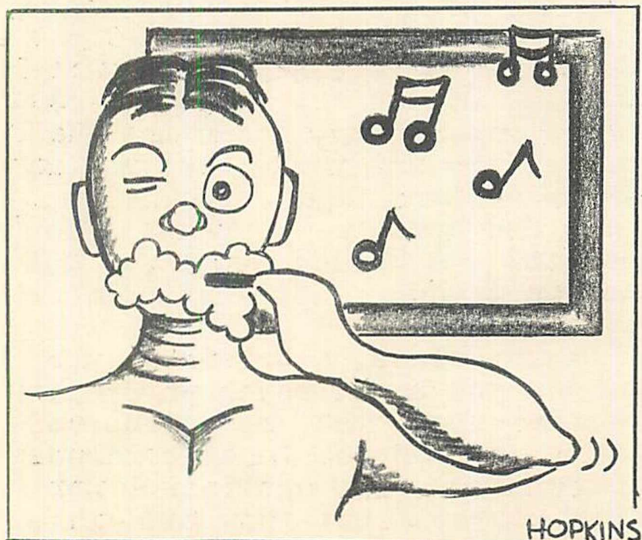
"You shall see! My calculation reveals that the Plan has a chance of 72.0004% of being thrown completely out of whack!"

"Gad --- this is a Crisis!"

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## 1. THE FOUNDATIONER

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Darv Entz was singing and brushing his teeth at the same time. The song was the recently revived Redheaded Venusburg Gal which was

fortunately interrupted by the arrival of Wert Marvoon, Darv's best friend.

"Are you still getting ready, Darv?" he bellowed, clapping his pal on his back so roughly that his false teeth fell out of his hands. "Come on, buddy, the ship for Siwenna blasts off in about ten minutes. You don't want to keep your bride-to-be waiting."

"True," agreed Darv, carefully adjusting his toupee and grinning broadly. "My marrying the royal princess of Siwenna and becoming a heir to the throne and all that money is pretty shrewd."

"Yes," said Wert, with a grunt, as he pulled Darv's corset tighter, "and it puts the Foundation in solid with the Siwennans."

"You bet---and all that money! There - I'm all dressed. How do I look?"

"You look as dashing as a Trader. You remind me of that great Trader named Mallow. I can't remember his first name."

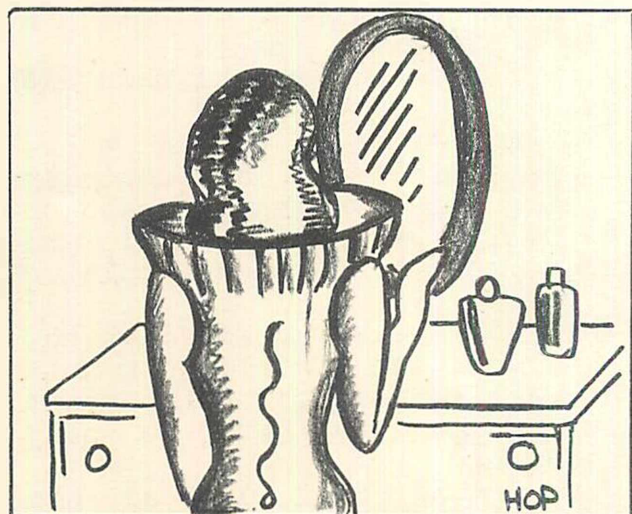
"I think it was Höber; or it might have been Marsh. Cimon, we had better get going. If we're late it wouldn't be good."

"Right, but --- Marsh Mallow?"

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## 2. THE PRINCESS

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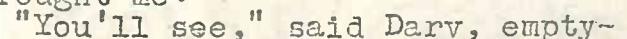


"GREAT GALLOPING GALAXIES!" swore Princess Tanya in tones capable of ionizing the atmosphere.



"Oh, no!" said Tanya, adjusting a wisp of green kyrt cloth around her hips, "Darv Entz told me that one the last time he was here. Where's my Atom Fire & Dry Ice fingernail polish?"

# THE JACK RABBIT





ing one of the boxes. "Here's a toy spaceship that drops real-atomic bombs. Here's a miniature ray gun that is deadly at ten feet. There is a lot more."

#### INTERLUDE

A room — somewhere.

The 1st Speaker speaks: "Things are moving badly, gentlemen. Events will soon reach a climax. If anything goes wrong....."

"What went wrong in the first place?" said the 2nd Speaker.

"What makes this Ablo Diablo so important? What if he is cross-eyed? What effect does that have on the plan?"

"I can answer that," said the 3rd Speaker. "Being cross-eyed has affected Diablo's entire outlook. His left eye sees the right side of things; his right eye, the left. He sees life like this:

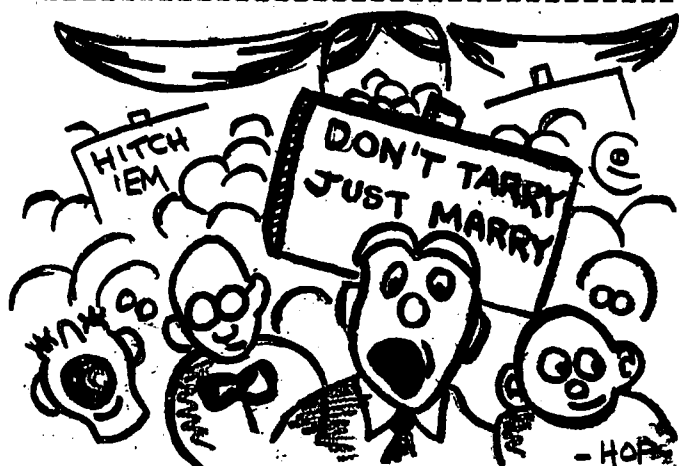
When people tell him he is wrong, he gets mad. He now feels that people in general are wrong; he always does things the opposite of what the majority wishes. This ruins the psycho-hysterical trends which guide the Plan."

"I follow," said the 4th Speaker. "The Plan can only follow the trends of large amounts of people. Diablo is going against these trends."

"Then there is only one thing to do," said the 5th Speaker.

"Exactly," said the 1st Speaker

#### 4. THE WEDDING



FAN WARP

Darv glanced at his radium watch. "Fifteen more minutes and that money will be mine."

"Yep, things are smooth now, but I was awfully worried when that crowd met us at the 'port with the ripe fruit and those signs," said Wert.

"Yes," what did some of them say? One said 'Down with Darv' and another 'Go Home'. What was that one making fun of Mallow?"

"I heard that before. Let's get going."

"WAAAAH! I don't wanna wear my purple robes. I wanna wear the green ones," bawled his noble majesty, Ruler of Siwenna, knocking his head angrily against the plasteen wall.

"As you wish, sire. This is an important event," said the valet. "and you must wear that which suits you. After all, this union, between the royal house of Siwenna and the Foundation, is what the people want."

"Space and nebulae!" cursed Tanya, blisteringly.

"Ma'm, you shouldn't talk so," said the maid, holding her hands over her ears. "Think of Siwenna and the advantage it will have in being joined to the Foundation."

"The space fiend take Siwenna!" said the princess throwing a vial of Atom-glow perfume at a picture of Darv that hung on the wall.

"That knock-kneed, pot-bellied excuse for a man won't enjoy being married to me!"

The Grand Ball room was jammed to capacity as Darv and Tanya entered together and walked down the long aisle to where the Foundation Justice of the Peace awaited them. The people on all surrounding the pair, some ten thousand were cheering wildly.

The justice began to read the few lines necessary to wed them. Darv was so busy thinking of the wealth that was so soon to be his that he barely heard the words:

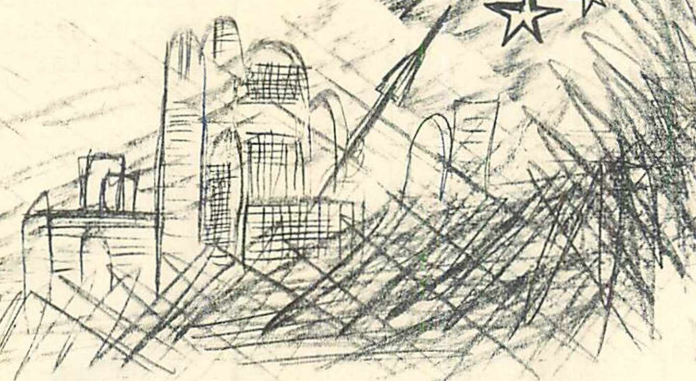
(Continued on page 28)



# MEDICAL IMPROBABILITIES OF THE FUTURE

BY

ALAN E. NOURSE



One of the great delights of science fiction is the freedom it gives us to speculate and predict things to come in our worlds of the future. This sort of prediction has gone on in free-wheeling style in many fields; curiously, the field of medicine has been largely ignored.

One of the big problems in attempting to predict probabilities (or improbabilities) in the future of medicine is the problem of the appearance at any time in our lives of an unpredictable variable, with its equally unpredictable addenda. There is no way to say when such a variable will appear, or even whether it will appear in any given span of years. But we can say that such variables have appeared in the past, in fact, within the space of a few years past.

We've seen such a variable appear in our own lifetime. Consider for a moment the age-long history of man's ailments and his battle to conquer disease and death. In a sense, man has lived a history of plagues. Hippocrates

was a sharp cookie: he recognized and taught how to diagnose "fluid in the chest", and he first recorded pneumonia as a medical entity. The great plague of Athens, recorded by Thucydides in his "Peloponnesian Wars", was in all probability an epidemic of measles; history since is peppered with accounts of plagues of bubonic plague, small pox, tuberculosis, syphilis, and a dozen other diseases. But the point is that all these killing plagues were infectious diseases, spread by micro-organisms. They killed children and adults alike, and continued to kill and kill --- until 12 years ago. And in 12 short years the whole structure of medical study and treatment has been turned upside down by the appearance of an unpredictable variable of staggering potential: the antibiotic drugs.

On the basis of this variable, certain predictions can be made with a fair assurance that they will very likely be accurate:

1) We will see the ultimate conquering and control of all infectious diseases caused by micro-



organisms, probably in our lifetime.

2) We will see the appearance of more and more old people in our population.

3) The complete shift of medical attention from infectious diseases to another type of disease: the diseases of DEGENERATION AND OLD AGE, the diseases of those who live to be forty, or fifty, or sixty years old --- cancer, hardening of the arteries, kidney disease, joint disease, heart disease --- and the ultimate killer of them all, old age.



There are two avenues of approach in fighting these diseases of degeneration --- cure or replacement. Cancer is in a class by itself, and we'll make no attempt to consider the problem that it proposes --- it would take a book. But how about the others? Even today there are inroads, and possible leads to the cure or prevention of many of these diseases, but ultimately old age will take its toll, because nobody can "cure" an organ that stops working because its worn out. What can be done, in times to come, is replace those organs.

Already there are artificial heart valves, artificial heart-

lung preparations being used in animal experiments and being improved for human surgery, artificial kidneys, which, while functionally adequate, pose quite a problem in engineering because of their size, complexity, and need for technically skilled persons to keep them going. But in the future there are other possibilities. Far more promising, from the standpoint of longevity is the possibility of growing replacement organs, from embryonic transplants. The biggest problem standing in the way here is simply that nobody understands enough about the nature of protein to tell why foreign protein won't grow in its transplant host as well as in its natural host, if it grows at all. And this problem has dozens of biochemists and physicians working on it today. Curiously enough, one of the more promising lines being followed in this study is making use of certain peculiarities to be found in cancer tissue.

At any rate, enough work is being done to offer a basis for the prediction that a sort of subtotal prosthesis, a wholesale replacement of worn-out organs, will become practicable, and will add years onto the normal life expectancy. But any prediction, in medicine, is at the very best an improbability --- again, because of the variable factors which may appear as research progresses. Now, at least we have much more knowledge to enable us to recognize the importance of a variable when it does appear (penicillin went for 12 years as a puzzling laboratory curiosity before somebody decided maybe they should give it a little study to see if it could have any practical use). And the intriguing thing is that in any problem of medicine, we never know but that tomorrow may be the day.

ALAN E. NOURSE

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## PHILADELPHIA AND CONVENTIONS

By Milton A. Rothman  
(Chairman of the 11th World Science Fiction Convention)

One of the things that Philadelphia will never get over is the fact that one day in 1936 a small group of science fiction fans from New York decided to visit the fans in Philadelphia. This they called the first science fiction convention, and they also planned to hold a bigger one in New York the next year.

That started it. Year after year it went on. First in Philadelphia, then in New York, back to Philly, shuttling back and forth until in 1939 it was decided that there had been enough of this small-time stuff, and it was time to have a real national convention. Since the World Fair was on in New York at the time, it was considered logical to call this the First World Science Fiction Convention.

From that time on science fiction fandom was dedicated to bigger and better things. Every convention was guaranteed to be more colossal than the one before. Boost Science Fiction! became the motto of the day. So we boosted science fiction right up into the stratosphere, until the magazines and the books multiplied beyond all finite limits, and the number of delegates to the conventions rose above the thousand mark.

Then we had the bear by the tail. And the tail began to wag the dog. The climax came when one person, asked to state the purpose of science fiction conventions, said that the purpose was to publicize science fiction.

FAN WARP

Now let's get things straight, and let's learn to put first things first. The main purpose of a science fiction convention is for people interested in stf to get together, talk about things, have fun, play poker, tell dirty stories, and in general do the things that people do at a convention. In other words, the conventions are for the benefit of the people who go to the conventions.

It's very nice to boost science fiction. The magazines give the convention publicity, and they contribute things to the auction. In return for this they get a certain amount of publicity. But when it comes to making up a convention program, the person we think of first of all is the person who is coming to the convention. Basing all their actions upon this premise, the committee of the 11th World Science Fiction Convention has designed a program which will give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number of people. There will be thought-provoking discussions, on topics such as "Science Fiction As A Career." There will be talks by such men as Willy Ley, George O. Smith, L. Sprague de Camp, Lester Del Rey, and many others. There will be discussions of fan interest ---- how should conventions be managed in the future, for example. There will be skits and other entertainment provided by the fans.

This will be a real fan convention.....

Milton A. Rothman



## PHILCON PUBLICITY RELEASES

### "PHILCON INTERPLANETARY STAMPS"

The LUNA COLONY POSTAGE STAMP on page eleven and the MARS POSTAGE STAMP on this page were especially designed by Russell Swanson for the 11th World Science Fiction Convention. A sheet of forty stamps cost fifty cents. To receive both series send a dollar to the convention box number.

#### "PROJECT: EAST MEETS WEST"

Tetsu Yano, Japanese science-fiction fan, will be attending the Philcon, Labor Day weekend 1953. Tetsu, brought over to the states by super fan-philanthropist Forrest J. Ackerman, has covered more distance to attend a convention than any other fan. Arriving in Los Angeles on May 14th, Tetsu has been the guest of the Ackermans during his stay in the U.S. Tetsu has already attended the Westercon and is now planning his trip to Philadelphia for the World Convention. The Convention Committee is making arrangements to special-guest him in the most cordial manner. All this is costing Forry Ackerman a great deal of money and, to be sure, all fandom will want to share in "Project: East Meets West, rather than let one individual suffer the whole burden. We urge all fan of good will to send whatever they can spare to Forrest J. Ackerman, 915 S. Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles 35, California. Let's all get behind this worthy campaign, "PROJECT: EAST MEETS WEST."



#### "ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS"

At the Philcon a new tradition will be established, that of awarding the FIRST ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS. The competition is hot and heavy, and the race is very very close. In fact, the persons who are ahead at this moment are only so by a few votes. It's an open race and the fan, writer, editor or artist who starts a campaign for himself among his friends, will very probably win. That's how close the balloting is. Some fans have complained because they had to mutilate their Progress Report in order to send the ballot in. This is no longer necessary. You may now send in your choices on a piece of blank paper with your name and membership number. Be sure to send in your membership number or your votes will not be eligible. Remember, it's quite possible that you could be one of the winners. So send those votes in before the deadline, August 25.

#### "THE BANQUET"

The Bellevue Stratford, well known throughout the country for its delicious food, will serve the following dinner at the Banquet Sunday night.

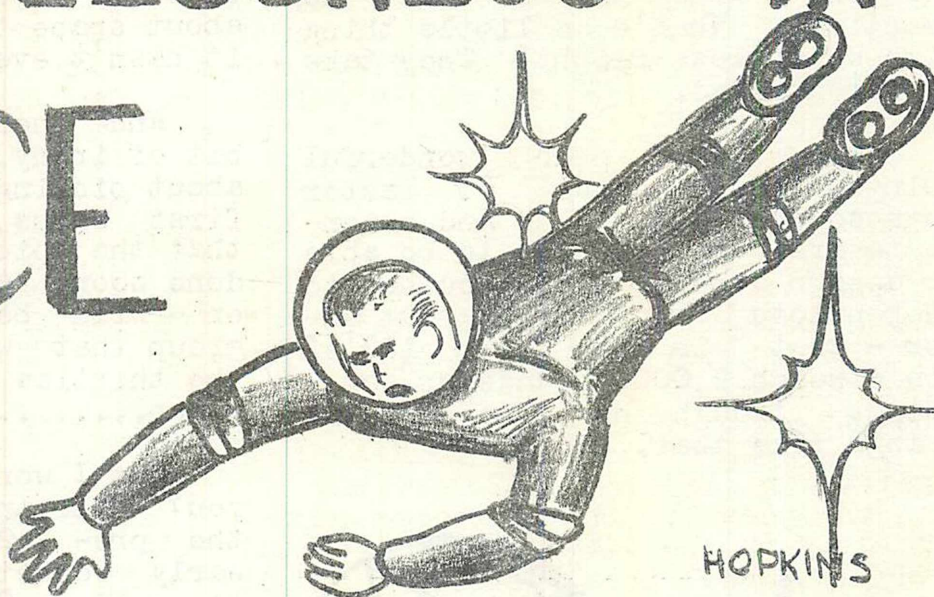
##### "Menu"

1. SEA FOOD COCKTAIL.....
2. CREAM OF FRESH MUSHROOM SOUP
3. ROAST OF TURKEY.....
4. RING OF VANILLA ICECREAM....
5. ROLLS, BUTTER, AND COFFEE...



# WEIGHTLESSNESS IN SPACE

by  
MARI WOLF



Early this year there was an item in a Los Angeles paper about free fall. I don't know whether or not it was picked up in other parts of the country - I do know that very few people out here got wind of it. It was a very interesting article too - all about how it feels to travel under 0 g effective, what it's like to be weightless, and to see weightless cigarettes floating in front of you. A very interesting article - though not too unlike a lot of articles we've been reading in science fiction magazines for a good many years. But there was one significant difference.

This article wasn't fiction.

The reporter who wrote the item was Don Dwiggins, and his pilot for the flight - in a P22 jet trainer coasting over the top of a parabolic arc - was jet speed record holder Bill Bridgman. It wasn't a particularly special flight, apparently. Bridgman and others have flown weightless before. But now it's being publicized. (Or is it? Odd that there

have been no follow-ups anywhere.)

The mechanism of achieving weightless flight in a jet is quite simple. You simply dive to gain speed, then pull out of the dive into a parabolic arc with speed such that, as you fly through the parabola, your centrifugal force will just cancel out gravity. You'll be falling up at the same rate you're falling down. And for about thirty seconds you feel as you would probably feel in space.

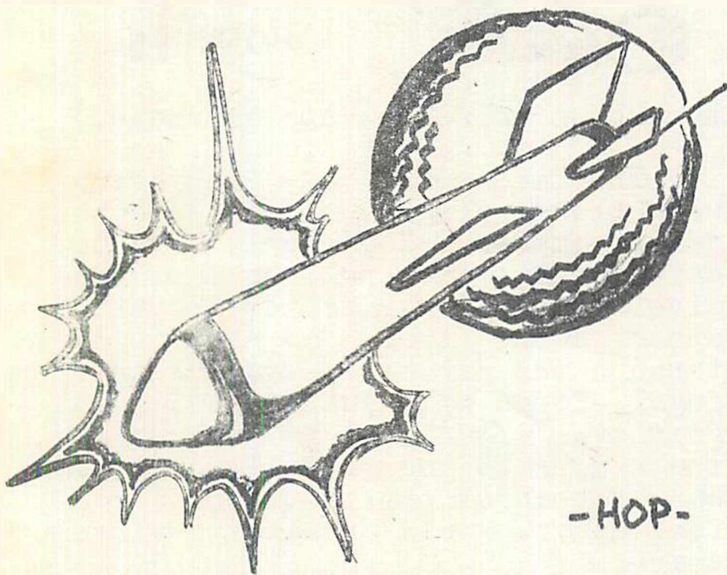
The odd thing, though, is the complete lack of interest people show when you tell them about the article. We, of course, were really excited. Jim Nuding read the article at a meeting of the Pacific Rocket Society, and naturally there followed a long discussion on it. Plus a lot of hopeful plans as to how some of us might hitch a ride in the right jets....

But other people, non-science fiction and non-rocket people, just don't seem impressed at all. So what? their attitude seems to



be. After articles like the Colliers symposium telling what's coming in the field of astronautics, after movies and radio and TV and talk about orbital space stations - after all of this, no reaction. What's a little thing like weightless flight? They take it for granted.

Sure, jets do wonderful things, these days. Go faster than sound, and all. And scientists are pretty smart to be able to design acceleration couches to keep pilots from blacking out under - what is it now, 10G's? You'd weigh 2,000 pounds or something, though how they figure things like that.....



-HOP-

But weightless you wouldn't weigh anything, would you? You'd just float. Yeah, like in the movies.

In a way it's hard on an old-time science fiction reader. It wasn't so long ago that people laughed at the idea of space flight. That was heartening. After all, people laughed at the idea of heavier-than-air planes before 1903. And people laughed at the idea of trains traveling faster than horses could run, and at steamboats. And probably at the first man who thought of hitching

a chariot to a horse.

It's almost enough to make you agree with the old folks who say that things happen too fast nowadays, to have people already blasé about space travel. Blasé. And it hasn't even happened yet.

And there's just one further bit of irony. - In all the articles about picking space crews for the first ships it's quite apparent that the picking will probably be done soon. And the men - and women - will be chosen from the age group that were wild-eyed fans in the thirties and forties. My age group.....

But I won't go to space. Will you? Will any of the dreamers of the pre-V-2 years? Some - the early rocket builders - will be too old. Others just won't meet the rigid physical and psychological qualifications. Those that will go - who are they?

At least for a while there shouldn't be any blasé men in space. - Maybe never. But more likely, within three or four generations there'll be plenty of out-space travelers who won't even bother looking out at the envacuumed stars. Why should they? They'll have seen them all before.

But right now, in 1953, we can stand at the threshold of our dream's fulfillment. We can read of weightlessness as it really is. We can read of the laboratory conditions that simulate outer space. We know we'll read, fairly soon, what space itself is like.

And the majority of us can stand on the sidelines and watch, and smile a sad "I told you so" to some of those who only yesterday scoffed at the idea of space flight - and tomorrow are leaving for space.

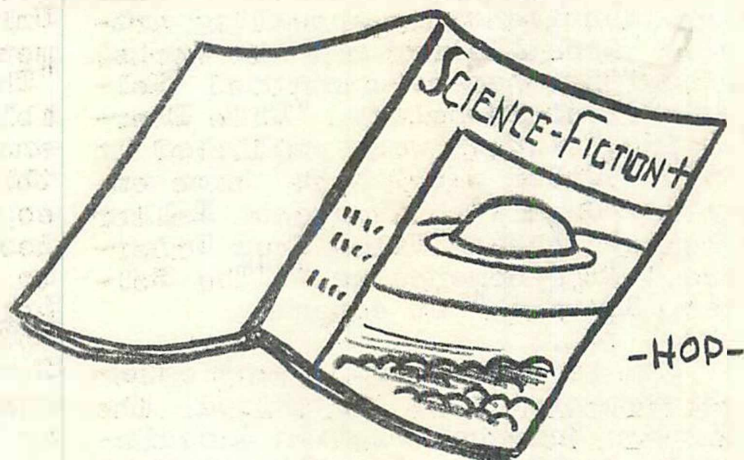
Mari Wolf



# GRAND OLD FAN -

by -

Robt. A. Madle



The earth seemed to cease its rotation! The hustle and bustle of New York traffic came only as some rapidly fading, very distant and unreal echo. The chance of a lifetime was now laid out before him: The opportunity for which he had lain awake nights and prayed. And it all had come so unexpectedly. The memory of the last words that publisher Jackson had uttered were now an unforgettable record indelibly stamped upon his brain.

"I think you understand the circumstances of this offer," Jackson had said. "I know that the science fiction fan field trusts and respects you. You have proved that your influence extends even beyond the fan world and that most editors and authors of science fiction realize that when you speak you voice the sentiments of the entire science fiction world. That is why I ask you to accept my offer. I want you to edit this new fantasy magazine of mine."

The above two paragraphs opened "Grand Old Fan," a short story which appeared in the March-April 1939 issue of Fantascience Digest, one of the fan publications of that era, and was authored by Sam Moskowitz. Sam admitted that the story was semi-autobiographical but Sam could not

realize that thirteen years later the very thing he wrote as fiction would materialize. Today Sam Moskowitz is, of course, Managing Editor of Hugo Gernsback's Science Fiction Plus.

We personally rate Sam Moskowitz second in importance only to Forrest J. Ackerman as far as impact on the science fiction fan world is concerned. Sam is a jovial, amiable thirty-two year old resident of New Jersey who has been active in science fiction circles since 1937. During the era of 1937-1940 Sam was probably the most verbose and vociferous fan writer. He ground out as many as fifteen fan articles a month, sometimes as many as three or four appeared in a single issue of a fan publication. Whenever a young enthusiast desired to give birth to a fan magazine all he had to do was to write to Sam --- and several articles or columns would be forthcoming. Sam was the guiding light behind the "First National Science Fiction Convention" of 1938 which was held in Newark and was the first fan gathering to attract over one hundred attendees. Sam was also one of the prime instigators of the "First World Science Fiction Convention" which was held in New York City in 1939 and for which he was chairman.



As a writer for fan publications Sam has written some very commendable material. During the early '40's he personally resurrected David H. Keller from an all-but-forgotten writer to his present prominence through some very sentimentally appealing articles about Keller and his works. Moskowitz then co-sponsored Keller's first anthology, "Life Everlasting," which was published in 1947. Other publishers have emulated Sam with various Keller volumes such as "Tales From Underwood," "The Homunculus," "The Solitary Hunters," et cetera.

Sam is noted for many other achievements: he organized the "Eastern Science Fiction Association" in 1946 and built it into one of the most influential fan groups in the country; he possesses a collection which is the envy of all fandom --- this collection includes bound volumes of just about every amateur science fiction publication ever issued; his knowledge of science fiction is as

vast as is his collection --- he is a veritable "Encyclopedia of Science Fiction," and, in this respect, it is interesting to note that he recently presented a two hour lecture on science fiction to the English Department of New York University. His greatest achievement, however, was the writing of "The Immortal Storm," an incredible 150,000 word history of science fiction fandom. Although this volume appeared only in mimeographed form, P. Schuyler Miller deemed it sufficiently important to feature it in his Astounding Science Fiction department, "The Reference Library." "The Immortal Storm," a labor of love if there ever was such a thing, will appear in book form in the near future.

Sam as mentioned above, is now the Managing Editor of sciencefiction's first slick. And, although he is now a professional in every sense of the word, we are certain that Sam Moskowitz will always be the "Grand Old Fan."

Robert A. Madle

#### - THAN THE EYE -

(Continued from page 20)

"...for acceleration and deceleration, in spacewreck or in free fall...."

Tanya, too, had difficulty keeping her mind on the words. She glared atom-daggers at Darv. She was hurt, too, that the people present should so quickly have changed to favoring the alliance rather than being annoyed with it as they had been.

"...for infinity on infinity, so help you Foundation...."

Tanya's lower lip quivered. Was there no way to stop this?

"...if there is anyone here who sees reason why this wedding should not take place let him speak now or-----"

"I speak!"

It was the king.

"I order this marriage ceremony stopped!"

The scene dissolved into one of hysteria and surprise. Tanya

fainted with joy. A crowd of men with scowling faces seized Darv and carried him away. Riots broke out. It was awful.

#### CONCLUSION

"Gentlemen," said the first Speaker. "We have won again. The Plan is back more solidly than ever. If the Foundation had become united with Siwenna it would result in the Galactic Empire learning too quickly of the Foundation; the Empire is still strong. Seldon's plan doesn't yet call for a clash between the two. This crisis was solved easily. Diablo always does the opposite of what the majority wishes. All we had to do was get our own men at the wedding and get them to shout in favor of the marriage. Once again, the Foundation has won!"

"Doesn't it always?" said the second Speaker.

Dave Hammond







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