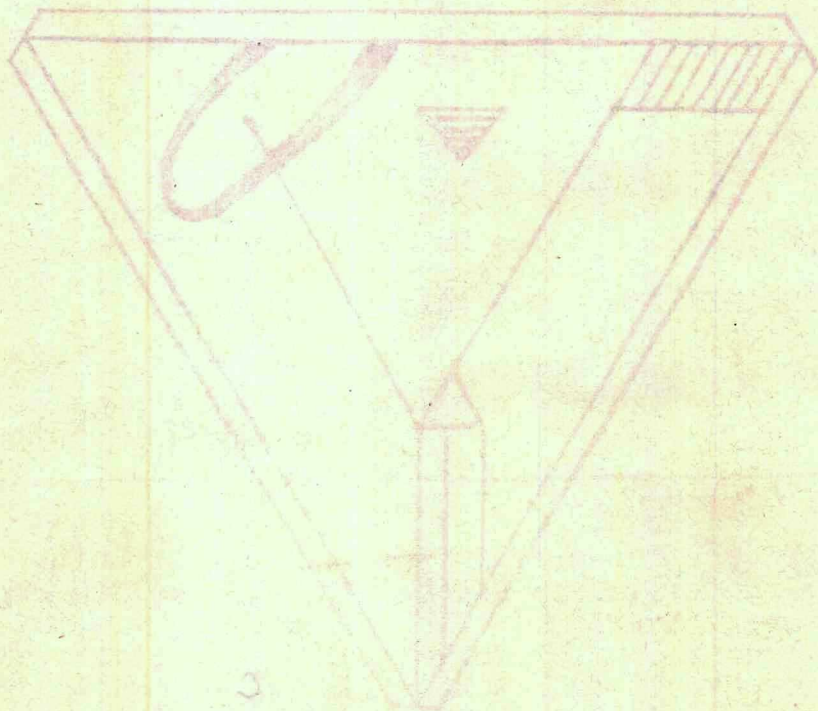


DECEMBER

1942

Custer



NUMBER 2
Quarterly

Cluster

December, 1943
10¢ copy 4/30¢

ARTICLES	The Triumph of Captain Future	5
	CHAD OLIVER	
	The Slan Foundation	6
	CCC	
	Palmer's Folly	9
	RAY PALMER	
	A Merritt	11
	BILL HESSON	
	Drawing Science-Fiction	12
	JOE KENNEDY CCC	
FICTION	From Riches To Dirt	13
	PAUL MILES	
	The Legion of Spice	16
	MOHANDAS K. GEUNDY	
CRITICISM	Reviews Et Cetera	17
	RayK	
LETTERS	The Reader's Cluster	19
DEPARTMENTS	The Editor's Cluster	3

Front Cover Design, Back Cover Design, and the
various Fillers are Entirely Accidental

Cluster is a non-profit amateur scientific project published and edited by RAY KARDEN, 409 Twelfth Street, Cloquet, Minnesota. Exchange subscriptions very greatly desired, as are all contributions of material or letters of comment. Hieroglyphic in following space: [C] means: X Exchange; ? Doubtful; C Complimentary. (number) is as your /pub/ has to run. A quick clarification would be desirable. Unless otherwise stated, only signed opinions are those of the editor.

In our short term in fandom (reader, editor, publisher etc.) we have wondered and commented and wondered some more. We have seen incredibly self contradictory things-- things we otherwise would have registered emotion typical of the incident at--but in fandom, we simply wonder.

We do not wonder at the strangeness of it; we care nothing for the more revolting aspects but only ask: why? Why fandom? Why the movement, the "disciples", the hustle and bother.

To which we say: God only knows.

We believe fandom has tremendous capabilities, in a limited way, capabilities that it should try to amplify, to bring out the best work inherent in it. But we also believe it is overshooting its mark.

First, what--as deciphered from the strangely appearing flood of fanzines now apparent--is fandom trying to do. The more enthusiastic evangelists say fandom "is the only hope, the future will be nothing without fandom." This, if we're permitted to comment on it, is downright silly, as well as unintelligent and dogmatic. However, every movement must have its Christ.

The unfortunately few modest and intelligent members confine themselves to something like "fandom strives to bring upon an intelligent appreciation of the literature..." or quiet words to that effect.

Must we strive between extremes, or is fandom simply infantile rationalizing for an understandable age old instinct.

On which we say: God only knows.

I am, you will notice, using the word "God" in a satirical, alliterative sense, due to the definite deplorable breaking down of beliefs centering around this object.

Fandom, if you didn't know it already, has us stumped. All we know about it is that it knows there will be a future for there won't.

But contrary to what you might think, we do not wish to bring forth our private plan that will bring N. A. to fandom. In fact, to be frank, we don't even know one. If you?

God no, but our thoughts go deep.

WE WISH TO ANNOUNCE A NEW FANZINE AND ASSORTED ODDMENTS IN THIS SPACE while *Glister* is still appearing. If, if we can get a fairly good mimeograph, a new fanzine will be due from us. *VISTA* it will be rather specialized, completely devoted to future civilizations. If you are interested in the subject, please contact me, the attitude will

be one of cheerfully cynical optimism--whatever that is!

And, of course, anything for Cluster will be appreciated. We have grandiose plans in the making--all depending on whether we get a mimeograph or not--in which Cluster will become a twelve page monthly (price 5 cents, then) and VISTA a sixty or seventy page semi-annual. Ah, fruition...

And a few apologies seem to be in order now. A few of our subscribers seem to have thought that this issue will be mimeographed. It's like this: ahem... ahem... We almost got a mimeo. A firm in our wonderful lively city--which contains two papermills, and I use some made someplace else...that doesn't quite make sense... Well, anyway, they were asking ~~four~~ twenty-five. Then, the navy--in the person of crude capitalistic distributor--stepped in and paid forty. Curses, curses...

Also, we feel the air of general messiness

(This brings up a joker. The guy came into our office. He held a copy of Cluster in his hand. He screamed, "Take it away. I can't bear the sight of it!" Aagh! "What's wrong. Why can't you stand Cluster," we inquired--solicitously. He moaned, "I got Clas trophobia," he said proudly.)

which will not be corrected as long as we have a hecto. But if we get a mimeo, we promise right hand margins, and better illustrations...

Also, we should warn our subscribers and exchange fanzines about our regularity. If we can't get a regular copy out in the mails in the three months allotted us, we will send a small supplement, giving our alibis, and explaining the present situation. We assure you, however, we will try to get the regular copy out.

CLUSTER I

The Article

The science of the fanzine article is none. Look at the examples on the page following. Do you see a single one that illustrates any of the rules for decent articles: readable articles. No! Every single one is hacked out incredibly sloppy, in a hurry to meet our deadline, that creates arbitrariness common to magazine publication. However, we've been pessimistic about it long enough--now go ahead and read them--we dare you--go ahead.....

THE TRIUMPH OF CAPTAIN FUTURE

--Chad Oliver

I have been asked to construct some sort of defense for that much maligned gentleman, Captain Future. I'm no lawyer, nor do I have the persuasive vocabulary of a Merritt or Lovecraft--but I am going to try to point out a few pertinent facts, for the simple reason that I think it's about time somebody did speak up in favor of the Solar System Saver.

First--why does fandom look with such disgust on the magazine? The answer, I think, lies in the first few issues. "Captain Future and the Space Emperor," "Calling Captain Future," "Captain Future's Challenge,"--distinctly comic-book stuff. Fandom turned thumbs down on the new character because it was not true science-fiction. Captain Future was a space-dick, a super Dick Tracy.

It is a sad observation on fandom in general that, once they form an opinion, they never change it, come hell or high water. If Ray Cummings today authored "The Moon Pool" fandom would say, in a reluctant tone, "Well, it was better than 'Hack' usually grinds out."

Thus, when a change occurred in CF, fandom blissfully ignored it. And there definitely was a change. It was a gradual change, creeping in slowly, and it first became evident in "Star Trail to Glory." Captain Future had ceased to be a dime-novel detective, and the novels were complete well-written science-fiction--some of the best that was currently being written. After that one big break, Edmond Hamilton really went to work. In rapid succession we got "Quest Beyond the Stars," "The Lost World of Time," "The Comet Kings," "The Face of the Deep," and others. They were not only good stories, they were superb stories.

Gradually, the Futuremen had ceased to be a Little Orphan Annie Secret Society and had become a fascinating group of adventurers, probing into the innermost secrets of the Universe.

The departments perked up generally, and all the characters were more carefully drawn. In short, CAPTAIN FUTURE had grown up. And still the majority looked down on the magazine--it was lower than AMAZING, lower than which there wasn't. It wasn't science-fiction, they said. Just so much mothwash, say I.

When Edmond Hamilton was inducted, Brett Sterling, an unknown, took over. He did a creditable job on his first attempt, in Spring 1943. "Worlds to Come" was a darned good yarn. He got into full swing on "The Star of Dread," and kept it up through "Magic Moon." Sterling is not quite the author Hamilton was, but he'll do until Ed gets back. And he's a darned sight better than a good many of the present-day hacks.

Nobody can make you like a magazine--least of all myself. But I do think it would be a good idea to toss out ancient dislikes and give the magazine a fair chance.

How about it?

Ray Karden
RAY KARDEN

THE SLAN FOUNDATION

--CORMERWAN C. CROCHETPOCKET

(Yed's note: No letter that we have yet recieved has praised Mr. Crochetpocket. He insists it's all an oversight on their respective parts. Then he hands us his life story. We herewith print it--literally!)

"I was born in 1343, during the Dark Ages. With my coming, they brightened up a bit and I was able to get an education by doing odd chores around Buckingham Palace. At that age (13) I was first introduced to science-fiction while cleaning out the king's quarters. Under his bed one day I found Mr. P. Hogg's immortal novel, "Exile to the Sties." Needless to say, after that fortunate suitable bit, I was an ardent fan. I rummaged through all the second hand bookshops in Europe, but had a hard time locating copies, as the printing press hadn't been invented yet. But, after the usual hardships of childhood, my life was a bit monotonous--the only variations being the discovery of America and Poo-ahantas--Wow! As I had always been aware of future trends through my reading, I started up the Industrial Revolution, only interrupting this vital work long enough to rush over and sign the Declaration of Independence. A few wars intervened--piffling affairs--between the setting up of fandom and my acting as Napoleon's advisor (from which position I was forcibly ejected just before his attempted invasion of Russian). In recent years I have roamed the world, finding nothing even faintly stimulating me, until I began working for Mr. Karden and Cluster. I now occasionally relax from my duties by flying to some country in Central Europe--the largest, I believe, the name slips my mind--and amusing a character I have created there. It immensely amuses me every time I look into the mirror, but vague dissettling rumors have forced me to abandon that sport. That seems to be about all, except in 2049 I invented the first successful contra-vita- hectic drive, that achieves speeds faster than light. While dying in 1897630 A.D., I believe my life has been a fairly good one and worth living; try it sometimes."

Mr. Crochetpocket's literary efforts are well known. Besides his fantasies, of which "Indian Summer of a Lensman" is representative, he has the following serious works: His hospital trilogy, "After an Ague," "Beyond This Doudenum," and "Phagocytes From the Infinite"; His epic of hotel industry, "Vessels of the Master Bedroom"; and "RAT," an epic of the exterminating industry.)

Sweeping fandom, sweeping mass opinion of science-fiction and fantasy readers, it has come. "The Slan Shack." It is rather hard for one to realize the consequences of that name, but since its crude publicity in le Zombie and other periodicals, one has to realize the Horrible Truth: It is here.

But it must be stopped!

Is fandom to submit to this rebellious outrage, this blasphemy of all it hopes to gain, this puerile invention of one whom we have learned is a taxi-driver. No!

Soon it will be worse: the very name, "Slan Shack," attests to this. A hamburger shack, we should say. No, we will fight with all that is in us to preserve us from this outrage!

(next page)

LAN FOUNDATION:



Not drawn to scale.
Numbers refer to text.

RayK

But before we launch helter-skelter into the discussion of this great plan, a few words thoughtfully commenting on the financial situation might be well to the effect. We have not bothered to analyze the cost in detail, a crude approximation brings it to \$200,000 or thereabouts. This sum, because of the crudities of finance in a modern democracy ~~will~~ will be of necessity be obtained by (a) begging, b) borrowing, or (c) stealing. Casting a glance at fandom, we find that the latter two will have to be eliminated. This leaves begging. Fandom will hold a vote, nominate somebody to whom talk comes easily and delegate him to the job. He will pick out a suitable millionaire, explain the inner intricacies of fandom to this millionaire, and then wait for the donation. Now we have the money.

Then we need to hire architects, etc., to design and build the building. This is vitally necessary. Of course, these will be the most modern followers of the art to be obtained and everything will come out plastic and gleaming in the end. (Honest, the right hand edges we've been getting are almost purely accidental.) Shall we see what it holds in store for us?

(1) the main administration building. The plan is of the first, or main floor, only as the second floor is devoted almost completely to sleeping quarters and modern rooms--for both single fans and married specimens. We have not yet hit on a concrete plan for keeping this wonderful piece of futureism up, but feel sure it will be something along a communal project with cash payments along the side. A few permanent lackies will be hired to clean and do such things, and also to chaperone--the members of the younger fans will have their hearts completely at rest when their little darling is enjoying the fruits of this wonderful spot. (And experiments in practical biology must not be allowed to disturb the peace and quiet of this wonderful institution.

next page

The disposes of second story, first building. Under this group of luxurious bedrooms for fandom's elite will be offices and other things of that nature. From it will be conducted the giant nationwide fan organization that will control slant activity. From it will emanate the flood of fanzines that will strive for places in the ten best. These--and the organization--will be of such stature that advertising will be placed in prozines there to attract more and more to the fold. Also will be such diversions as a spot to obtain cooling refreshment (you will note that we deliberately omit the type of cooling refreshment as to keep all parts of fandom together...) and a newstand selling the latest copy of every pro- and fanzine and books.

In the basement will be an auditorium. Seating seven-hundred and fifty persons, it will be used for conventions, plays, and other such endeavors of the mighty science-fiction and fantasy addicts. Next will reside a luxurious dining hall, and many developments in modern hedonism, thus assuring constant enjoyment.

(2) is the courtyard. In it will be the large swimming pool (tastefully decorated with Finlay murals, of course) and other forms of healthful athletic endeavor to refresh the tired bodies of fans after a hard days work of advancing the cause.

Of course, in planning this, it is intended that each fan will do what job he is most capable of; such as a certain Bloomington, Ill. personage to handle the movie-projector, and taxi-drivers to ~~maxx~~ er taxi-drive etc.

(3) is the library. This modern specimen of the Bibliographers byproduct will contain, on the top floor, more living quarters. Then the main floor will contain three complete libraries, all designed for the utmost ease and comfort of researching and relaxing slans.

(a) will contain one copy of every pro and fanzine ever issued. They will be neatly bound away and indexed carefully so as to be ever ready for reference. However, none will be allowed to be taken out of the room.

(b) will contain at least one copy of as many fantasy books as it is possible to obtain. Rare issues and first editions will be carefully guarded, but others will be allowed to withdrawn--if the fan wishing to has a good record in previous matters of that sort.

(c) this will be a general lending library, but it will be together with the mail order dealer section. This will be a huge non-profit enterprise dealing in fantasy books and periodicals. Special fans will act as agents all over the country and express entire stocks of bookstores here, were they will be sorted into conditions and sold. These can also be taken out by anyone, or bought, on the S. F.

But in the basement of this building will be the fanzine publishers dream. Here is the office where will be printed the fanzines flooding the world. It will include at least three very good mimeographs, a printing press, etc. Anyone may use it, but they must do their own work. (Incidentally, the FAPA--if it can--will emanate from here. Will somebody put Ray Karden's name up for joining, etc., and tell him up about it?)

That, then, is part of the plan for the Slant foundation. Much work will have to be done, but we are sure it will eventually provide over a country teeming with happy contented slans.

PALMER'S FOLLY

(The Yed: Every fan, in his dizzy scramble to reach the heights, writes not too polite letters denouncing Amazing. We--received an answer. We are reprinting it here, certainly not with the guy's permission (you may remember his fame for his attempts to model pro-zines upon mail-order catalogs) but--hell, it's hard to fill twenty-four pages!)

Dear Mr. Karden: Thanks for your long letter. Ordinarily I don't answer letters because that's all I'd be doing. ((Quite an improvement if you did, we'd say.)) You see, we do get a lot of letters, in spite of the fact that some of the fans think the stuff we publish doesn't inspire fan letters. ((We still say it doesn't...)) However, I want to take exception--your own sincere spirit in the matter is being duplicated thereby--with some of your statements.

1. You mention a type of ~~xxx~~ story that falls into "classic" classification. What about that? Thinking it over deeply, I find that it's the story that is strictly not a type that goes over big and is remembered. ((Intending no slur upon the mentality of your readers, does it make a difference what type of critical-mind remembers it?...)) So when you say you have had experience enough to know that "type" you are defeating your own efforts at rating classics because you only consider a certain type of story in that category. A classic, to me, is a damn good story. One that you want to read over and over again, and ten years along, is still a dang (pardon me, damn,) good story.

2. In a purely personal vein, I read Unk and Ast. To tell you the horrible truth ((Gad! Keep this away from Campbell!)) I find perhaps one story in three issues that I enjoy. One story in three issues I'd ever care to read over again. That's just my personal taste. Naturally, it means nothing. ((Naturally!))

3. Yes, I enjoy stories that tell of future civilizations. They fascinate me beyond words. But going on a jive jamboree and going "out of this world" in describing such a world is as obnoxious to me as Kay Kyser's music--and boy, do I hate him. ((We think he is referring to Judgment Night)) As well try to pick a classic out of the tunes he tears off in the upper racket brackets. ((Or a classic out of the stories you tear off in the lower-grade pulps.)) And I'm not the type to fall on the Shostakovich bandwagon just because he wrote a symphony under gunfire. I admit it's good, but it's just good, that's all. I think Morton Gould could really make something of it. If only I could get Morton Gould to write pulp fiction! That guy is a craftsman. As much a craftsman as Gerson, O'Brien, McGivern, Cabot, Williams, Weinbaum--and best, David V. Reed. In that respect, I want you to read the November Amazing, carrying Reed's Empire of Jegga which is precisely that civilization yarn you mention. And boy, is good! (())

- You mention satire, and parody. Yeah, if you'd seeme tearfully trying to get their souls into a yarn, you'd sit down and have a good dry too.

4. What is a classic. We say it is a literary work that lives long after the author is dead. But isn't a classic also a literary work that is liked by the majority. Would you say a novel that sells a million copies is a classic. Thus, John Carter is a classical ~~story~~. Terzan is a classic. ((We recommend Pollyanna...))

5. Look, Ray, how am I pompous? Do you expect me to come out and say my magazine is the worst in the world, or even just an ordinary magazine. I'm not that modest, nor that much of a sap. I've got a good magazine, and I intend to let everybody know it. If for no other reason than I want to sell my product. The mere desire to sell doesn't mean I'm selling junk. You can't keep on selling junk because you, the buyer, are no more of a sap than I. (Ford do it.)

6. Aw, for Pete's sake, don't go to extremes-- Sexual perversion... Bet you don't even know what it means? If you think it's what's in my magazine, then I say you don't. "The Sexual perversion" you are talking about is the very lovely illustration of Virgil Finlay, who percent's pretty damn high even with the wildest of the percenters. As for a sensual dance in the moonlight, why not? (I'll tell you, Palmer. Outside my window it is beautiful moonlight. It is also approximately twenty-degrees below zero. Shall we go?) I've seen a lot of females. (Oh, you're talking about females... Then, the twenty degrees below will just improve the party... let's go!) I'd really enjoy dancing in the moonlight--because for beauty of line, rhythm, color, form, motion, expression, it's hard to beat. Yeah, I know, the boys go to see the bubble dance in the blue floodlights at the gayety strictly from sensuality--but I went to see it to delight my eye with color and motion and line. (What a man!) To be frank, I was duped and disappointed and mad. I didn't see what I wanted to see. But I did see what I wanted in Shayla's Garden. Because I saw what I wanted to see. I would have seen lust and sensual perversion if that had been what I was looking for. You can't pervert the guy who already is perverted. All of which is just philosophy. My point is, I don't agree that there is even a breath of sexual perversion in our books. Beauty, yes. Sex--well, if you mean female beauty, I suppose so. Perversion? Oh, Oh, come now, Ray. (To see my eye delighted with beauty and line and form, yes!)

Last time the postoffice looked us over, they seemed happy about the whole thing--and the guy who looked us over has become a regular reader. As for DeLisle, you must admit he hi-jacked a swell bunch of stories! Our readers sure liked em. And DeLisle is the only one in trouble--in fact, he's in trouble, or so I heard--and I don't expect to hear any more from him. As for other trouble, no author will kick about it, but if they do, we'll be more than happy to pay them again. A good yarn ought to bring its author something. (So it should--So it should! HAH!)

Well, thanks for your letter. Maybe our percentage of classics will go up someday. Sometimes I see a gleam of improvement in our writers from story to story. Let's call Reed's "Jagga" story a beginner. (On page 38, I'm inclined to call it the end!)

Cordially, Ray Palmer

Here I have a feeling I should stick in a lengthy analysis of his environment, heredity, his quaint penchant for dancing in the moonlight, etc., but for sheer "perversion" I won't...

BY THE WAY, HOW MANY TIMES DO WE HAVE TO TELL YOU TO SUBSCRIBE TO US

HOW TO WRITE AN ARTICLE FOR A FANZINE AND MAKE IT SOUND LIKE A LETTER
TO THE EDITOR (Or: Fan Promoters Have to Bear Up Under These Things
For a Myriad Reasons)

A. MERRITT

BY Bill Hesser

(Note: In addition to mauling the contents of this article slightly we lost the address of the author. If some generous fan will give it to us we will instantly move to the other side of the U.S. --after sending him a copy.)

A short time ago Fantasy Fandom marked the passing of one of its greatest authors, Abraham Merritt. He has possibly made a greater contribution to Fantasy Fiction than any other person. (But--what about Pong?) Among other things he was editor of "The American Weekly". In appearance he was a mild, inoffensive looking person (Like Pong, bespectacled, and often seen smoking his pipe. (Now that reminds us of someone...)) He wasn't the sort of person you'd expect to write a story like "The Metal Monster" (Either is Pong!) but it is one of his best. A list of his best known stories follows:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. The Pong in the Abyss | 6. Through the Dragon Glass |
| 2. The Fake Mother | 7, 8. The People of the Pit, and |
| 3. The Metal Monster | The Dwellers in the Mirage |
| (subtitle: Pong!) | 9. The Fans Who Visit Pong |
| 4. The Moon Pool | 8. Creep Pong |
| 5. Pong Conquers the Moon Pool | 10. Projectionist of Ishtar |

The above is evidently not a paid advertisement. Come, Pong.

CANADIAN FAN DOM

THE FORMER 8-BALL passes into its second year of publication with the Christmas issue, number six. Featured will be a litho cover with photos of all Canadian fans. Stories by Oliver E. Saari, Peter Young, and Bob Gibson. Articles by Schmarje Nanek and regular departments of Hurter and Crutch. All this and more for only five cents. (A value that no fan can afford to miss. Will probably make the '43 first ten RayK)

BEAK BLYNN

St. Andrews College

AURORA, ONTARIO -- CANADA

AND E... First of all, a sin of omission: Pages 19 thru 22 on some recent copies. Technical hectographing reasons. (Or have we mentioned it in place else. At any rate some of you will notice it. By the way, give first place for Karden in the Jan. Astounding's Prop. Zero contest. He is depending on it for money to buy a mineo. That is if it's not too late by the time this reaches you. You want to see Cluster mixed, don't you? (Keep your opinions to yourself.) !!! Incidentally, Paul Miles--if he appears; haven't seen his work yet--has the minor distinction of professionalism attached to him. AMAZING'S "Bill Candron"--a neat satire, even Palmer admitting it.

CLUSTER II *

* The Arts

Arts. What a beautiful word. What a magnificent word. Look below for what is undoubtedly the worst representation of it you have ever seen. Good old GOC and good old Joseph Kennedy always obliges with matters of such sort. Oh, we love the little fellows for their quaint work--that is, until the next batch of reader letters.

DRAWING FOR SCIENCE-FICTION

—Gormerwan Crochetpocket
—Illustrated by Joe Kennedy

The art of drawing for science-fiction is an old one, but that does not mean it is easy. In fact, it isn't. But what have we to do with facts, a fascinating group of philosophers exploring the innermost secrets of the universe. Nothing--nothing whatever.

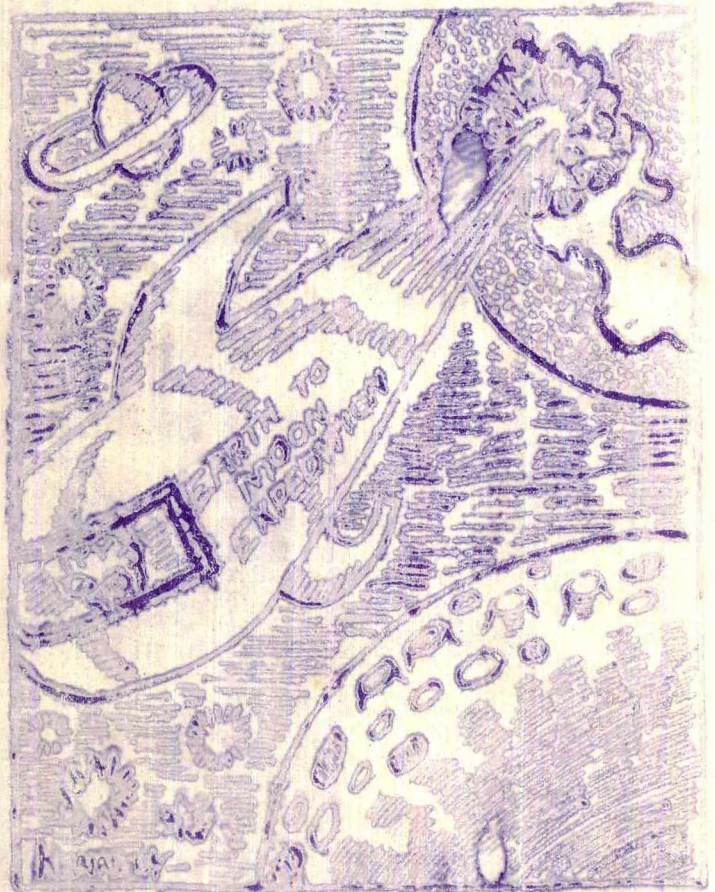
There are certain essentials in the matter. Not that they are essential--they are. The first is genius. While not the genius of Mr. Kennedy, you must have some. Virgil Inlay and Raik R. Aupl illustrate what we mean perfectly.

You must have a firm surface on which to execute your work. (Ha! ha!) We recommend emery board or sandpaper floating on water.

That is all. Then you draw. For this you will need pencils and inks and such various matters. Faw!

After hours of work and more work, we have been told you will finally get a result. If it's like the above--for goodness sakes, throw it away!

(Note: The above article has been sponsored by the Disgruntled Fansine Illustrators of America, and is not to be construed to mean a thing. To which we say: Hell, no!)



"HECK! WE MISSED!"

RICHES

DIRT!—

HE WAS RICHES AND POWERFUL AND DESIRABLE. BUT HE WASN'T WHAT HE LOOKED TO BE AT ALL. AN ASTONISHING SAGA OF SPACE WRITTEN AROUND A SLIGHTLY SMELLY IDEA:

Joe was a handsome fellow in his newly won captain's uniform as he stood near the president of Earth. The president spoke:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me pleasure to introduce the gentleman who saved our government seven billion dollars. Here he is: Joe Hopkins, captain of the Golden Queen, which he owns. You bought the Golden Queen with the reward money, did you not?"

"Yes, or rather almost. I still owe a hundred thousand dollars, but in five months she will be mine," replied Joe with grim humor.

"Well, well," grinned the president. "Now let me introduce you to the Ladies and Gentlemen."

Joe was so sick of this crowd that he swore that he would ship out at first chance. So far only old ladies tried to attract his attention. One old lady, tittering like all the rest, said, "Oh, Captain, I want you to meet my son. He wants to become a spaceman like yourself. Could you take him on the ship? Of course, as an officer, not a lowly every-day spaceman. He wouldn't be able to stand the smell of the ship's hold."

"Oh, David, Daviidd. Come here!"

"Yes, mother. What do you wish to speak to me about?" asked a sickly looking, but handsome, young man.

"Here, I want you to meet Captain Hopkins. He says that he has a place on his ship for you," replied the woman in her superior voice.

"Oh?" was all the young man could utter.

The old lady left David to Joe to talk over the terms of the job. Joe needed another man but he wanted an old experienced spacehand for the job.

But then again, it would take weeks to find another man, so he gave David the job as an ensign. (()) Joe grimaced to himself as he saw the fellow sign the contract without reading it.

His thoughts were interrupted by a young and beautiful woman. "Would you care to dance, captain?"

Joe discovered that she was Wanda, the president's daughter. Before long she had him out on the terrace making him tell her about the great deed he had performed.

"Well, it all began when the Martian government refused to let the thirty Martian Pearls come to Earth unless Earth paid for them before we were sent here. The reason they refused was that Dan Sheth stole pearls last year and the Martians were out seven billion dollars."

"Earth paid for them and figured that my ship wouldn't be suspected. Dan Sheth since we never handled anything important. Somehow, Dan discovered that we had the pearls and intercepted us between Earth and Mars at the thirty-ninth parallel."

The ship along aside and waiting crossed in front of the moon. He pulled the trigger, and put him out of action until the Space Patrol arrived.

The patrol gave up since the chance of capturing Dan and his crew was only a slim one. They decided to leave the ship.

Joe surveyed the ship and after giving it a complete overhauling, he decided to keep it. It was a complete overhauling. It's a very sturdy ship. It's a very sturdy ship. It's a very sturdy ship.

Joe thought, "If the ship is sturdy, it's a very sturdy ship. It's a very sturdy ship. It's a very sturdy ship."

Ha Ha " ((Ha)) As he undressed he repeated his thoughts out loud.

"What gullible fools they were. I'll bet they think I'm the captain of a luxury liner or even a space freighter. If they could only see my ship. A garbage scow!"

"Yes. I told the truth. I captured Dan Sheth, the pirate wanted by the whole system, but the 'cannon' was the garbage chute for unloading the rubbish in the ship's hold. I was so scared that I pulled the lever opening the chute trapdoor by mistake instead of the rocket brakes. Luck have it Sheth's ship was in line with the 'cannon'. The stuff froze solid, inclosing the pirate ship.

"When the space patrol arrived and tried to rescue the pirates, the aroma drove them back. So they ordered us to use the oxygen de-icers and melt the frozen garbage from around the door. Dan and his crew were unconscious from the odor. (I fainted when I first forked the steaming stuff down the chute unloading it from the liner.)

"I can remember how the port officer on the moon closed Dan's ship into a small part of spaceport so as not to allow the aroma to smell up the whole port. They were still trying to fumigate it even after they had left with the ship. Of course it still smelled a little but I was used to it. That dear little millionaire ensign wouldn't like it at first, but then he could learn as I had." Thus thinking Joe fell asleep.

Ensign David Masters reported to the port master bright and early. At least he had never seen what the sun looked like at 11:00 A.M. before.

"Sir, I am ENSIGN DAVID MASTERS of the good ship GOLDEN QUEEN. Where is my ship located? Hurry, my good man, I'm in a hurry," snapped David as he twisted his d gloves about his hands, impatiently.

"Straight down that o' way. You can't miss it, suh," grinned the port master.

"Thanks. And when my valet arrives with my belongings please direct him to the Golden Queen at once. I trust you will carry out my commands?"

"Yes, Suh," replied the port master with a mock salute.

As David left he heard the port master laugh loud and hard. "A crude type of fellow," thought David, and brightened at the idea.

David hated to go to work but it was the only way he could catch the eye of the beautiful president's daughter ((?)) Wanda. Oh yes, Wanda, the president's daughter. She had said that if he made something of himself she would consider marrying him. Of course, now he had to compete with Captain Hopkins. That wouldn't be hard because the captain didn't know that she loved him. And if David didn't deliver the love note she had sent by him--well, He'd never know.

David sighed. This would be an easy way to make something of himself (so he thought) and to have command of a CREW wouldn't be too bad. Maybe he might get to have breakfast in bed with one of the "crew" serving it.

Hmmm, look at all those ships! Beauties, but the Golden Queen was zx bood of better than them. --what the!!!

"Good morning, Masters," mocked Joe. "What kept you so hellish long. Parance papers two hours ago! Come on. What the devil are you

oked. This broken down ship wasn't what he had dreamed of wasn't the quiet refined gentleman he had seen last night. "I don't expect me to rocket in that, that tub, do you?" David as the aroma from it assailed him.

"Bill show greenhorn to his bunk and get set for takeoff--three

"Sure ting boss, hey, sonny, how's about lettin' me borrow ya

When Joe burst into laughter as he knelt

[illegible]

.....

[illegible]

1. The first part of the document is a title page. It contains the title of the document, the author's name, and the date of the document. The title is "The History of the City of New York from 1624 to 1789". The author is "John Smith". The date is "1789".

100

This week's issue of Time contains a medium-long article on Hugo

.....

Entropy shivered slightly as he walked through the entrance of the great Love Room of the Legion of Spice. He stared glumly at the message in his hand. What could it mean? "The Head Varga wishes to see you, Entropy Jones." It ended with the usual Legion greeting. "Release their repressions..."

Then he stopped, his heart filled with grandeur at the great Love Room. He saw the familiar murals of swayingly naked creatures of the opposite sex, the loose limbed white-slaves sprawled over luxurious furnishings. He always felt awe at the sight. But he hurried through the massive hall, intent on his mission. From the corner of his eye he saw a readhead throw herself into ecstatic quiverings for his sake. He felt an almost incredible desire to stay. But the Legion goes on, thought he; the Legion goes on!

He arrived in the office of the Head Varga out of breath, and repressed. The chief Varga put him at his ease, when he threw him a small card. "Look! Hot, eh?"

Entropy whistled, "Wow! What pronography!" He laid it down lovingly, and instantly the Head Varga grew serious.

But suddenly Entropy felt a new distraction. He saw, for the first time, the overpoweringly beautiful girls throwing perfume into the room. Feeling he couldn't stand this any longer, he grabbed one, and kissed her long and hard...then he realized what he was doing. He threw her roughly away.

The chief looked serious. "You must control yourself, Entropy Jones." But there was an indulgent smile about his features...

"I'm sorry." He straightened himself ruefully. "But why did you call?"

The chief sat up straight, rustling the innumerable pictures on the walls. "The good ship Esquire, with a boatload of new girls, has banished."

Entropy gasped. "You mean--"

"Stolen by pirates, yes. That means the end of the legion if their girls don't come in. We must do something about it! So I've decided to appoint you to do it!" The chief smiled at the other's surprise. "You shall go into Udder space, and I have a surprise for you..."

Entropy broke in, "You mean a Hurrell...?"

"That will come later, if everything turns out satisfactory. But you shall use the Libidinal Drive, the fastest ever invented. Now go, member of the Legion, and you shall succeed..."

As Entropy walked out, proudly, bravely, he knew he would do all for the Legion. His eyes lifted the soul stirring VISTA in his mind.

(Note: Anyone who wishes to contribute further to the above is welcome.)
We feel sure everybody is dying to know what happens.....)

Tucker is in a room. He is leaning over his mimeograph, his teeth clamped tightly about a pipe (there are several explanations for this: 1. He smokes. 2. He's scared his teeth would fall out otherwise. 3. He enjoys the odor. We're getting no place deciding.) Under the deepest, watchful eyes, he is presumably turning out Lez. But--comes supreme idiocy, rolling out from under the roller comes a lithographed cover. And under it is another litho cover, but a different design. What a mimeo. What a man. What a picture.

However, we forget to mention the background. There are several framed pictures on a wall with pretty designs on it. These are of a nude and a Varga girl (?). Not that we're opposed to nudes and Varga girls; we just wanted to call it to your attention (.. end of Subtle Satire Dept.)

Book Review:

WINTER'S TALES, by Isak Dinesen. Random House.

First we want to assure you that this is not a book of fantasy--as most of you know it. However, we do want to assure you that they are probably the strangest--and best, in their way--published for a long time. They deal with perfectly real people and things; only in one story is a short mention of the Wandering Jew made; but the method of treatment is as unusual as ever chosen by a book club. They are queer stories, of strange--often panicky power, of poets, children, dreamers, wives.

They are not reality. They are not treated as reality. They are simply bits off of a coagulated crust of life, embellished with glamour. They treat love and hate and emotion as it should be treated--impersonally coldly; in precisely the right number of words. They are cold, unyielding to the ordinary gaze; icy pieces of frost; but as stories they stand up under any scrutiny.

Often they are symbolic. Not artificial symbolism of modern literature but symbols factoring into the equations of life itself--life not as we can ever understand it--but life.

We recommend these seven short stories, to only those to whom the stories would recommend themselves. As for our opinion, we didn't like them too much, but accept their quality. If your mind has evolved far enough to accept pulp fiction simply as a fiction, try them. There is plenty here, although we can't quite see what...

THE MAKING OF TOMORROW by Raoul de Roussy de Sales. Reynal & Hitchcock

We're not going to review this; simply recommend that ~~xx~~ you read it. Science-fiction addicts are concerned with the future--and the future is not all technocracy or beauty. Heinlein. It will be orthodox theory and dryness as well. See what you can do with this, and try an article explaining its significance to s-f. (Another one: THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION by James Burnham) We need material.

Cluster MISCELLANY (Miscellany)

This is our department of anything. And speaking of anything, we think we ~~misspelled~~ misspelled miscellany...there, we've rectified it.

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A BIT OF GISSOP DEPARTMENT ::

Now, we don't accept responsibility for this...er, no...but one of our sources...kept secret of course...has informed us...he warned me not to quote him...that a certain author's (sf authors, we believe...) have quite the LASFS...because...er they were beating his wife...er something...er she was staying around without paying dues...er now don't quote us.

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"I RESIGN!"

Notes: The above symbolic bit of expressionism--by the eminent Joseph Kennedy--is intended to denote the reason for the complete absence of A. R. Ke Levin from our staff this issue.