

# COSMAG

Vol. 3, No. 2

Sept., 1952



# **COSMAG**

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2

SEPTEMBER, 1952

EDITOR: Ian T. Macauley

ART EDITOR: Jerry L. Burge

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Carson Jacks and John Rose

COSMAG is edited by Ian T. Macauley at 57 E. Park Lane, N.E., Atlanta 5, Ga., and published bi-monthly by the Atlanta S-F Organisation. All inquiries, correspondence for Cosmag should be mailed to the editor at the above address. Art work must conform to 3 x 5 ratios (6 x 10, 9 x 15, etc.) and fractions thereof. All material and copy for the next issue must be received by October 15, 1952. It would be appreciated if all material for publication is accompanied by a self addressed, stamped envelope. Subscriptions for Cosmag and Science-Fiction Digest are 25¢ per single copy (this issue, 50¢; 2/- in the United Kingdom)-- \$1.25 per annum or two copies of your fanzine in exchange. British subscriptions, 3/6d for four issues, are to be sent to Derek Pickles, 22, Marshfield Place, Bradford, Yorkshire, England. All other subscriptions and other money should be mailed to Ian T. Macauley, 57 E. Park Lane, N.E., Atlanta 5, Ga. Advertising rates: Full page \$5.00,  $\frac{1}{2}$  page \$3.00,  $\frac{1}{4}$  page 1.75, and other divisions upon request. No charge for simple preparation of advertisements.



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. cover by Burge .

Interior illustrations by Burge, Mac, Davis, Briney, Ben Bost, Lee Hoffman, John Grossman, John Cockroft, Ridley, and Ralph Rayburn Phillips.

CREDIT: To Henry Burwell for the drawings by Davis on pages 7, 8, 9, 12, and 16.

To Richard Elsberry for the illos by Cockroft on page 14, Phillips on page 17, and Grossman on page 23.



## OUT OF THE VOID *by the Editor*

A LITTLE OVER A YEAR AGO, Henry Burwell and I decided to combine our two fanzines, SFD and COSMAG, respectively, into one. Yet, we weren't satisfied in forming a complete merger, for, as Henry once aptly expressed, we c o u l d never reach a mutual agreement. Thusly, C/ sfd came into being as two separate amateur magazines bound under one cover, and later as you see us now, two entirely separate publications merely printed together. The latter method of combining is just about the most suitable one to both of us editors; less expensive (than running two separately), and easier to handle in mailing and with subscriptions.

At any rate, this is supposedly the first anniversary issue of Cosmag Science Fiction Digest, and is attempted to be something out of the ordinary to our regular procedure. Whether you like it or not, or how you comment on this issue will determine the probability of another anniversary number one year from now. Naturally, we hope that you will spread the word of this issue, so that we may sell enough additional copies, and find out the success (or failure) of this issue.

I hope that many of you readers will notice the new type-face in the May and September 1952 Cosmags. A new typewriter with a face similar to the one used in SFD, was bought by Carson F. Jacks, one of the nicest and most pleasant members of the Atlanta S-F Organisation, and myself. Both Carson and I put ourselves further into that shadowy evil: debt to purchase said machine. The latter should produce a much nicer appearance to the magazine; and will definitely halt most cries concerning microscopic print.

Apologies are herewith forwarded for the lack of the letter column this issue. It was originally slated for publication, but due to the fact that our offset expenditures were more than anticipated pages had to be dropped. Omitting your epistles was the only way I could cut down space, and still bring you the articles that are featured. However, don't let the absence of the letter section tempt you not to write, Th'Ink Spot will resume again with the November Cosmag. So, you would-be letter-hacks, oil up that typer, and hurl us a missive; criticisms, comments or whathaveyou. We aren't particular!

Due to a lot of readers' complaints concerning third-person editorializing, I am dropping said method of construction, though personally I prefer "he" and "the editor" to "we" and "I" so typically found throughout fandom. Any further comments on the preceding subject?

As a last minute plea, I reecho my cry for hearing from you; and would greatly appreciate 500-1,000 word articles on stf and/or fanning from you would-be pros, and some black and white illustrations (see size requirements on page one) for interior use.

Until November---

*Jan*  
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# JUDGEMENT

by Mack Reynolds

IT WAS UNFAIR, we were able to tell ourselves. Unjust that we should be so judged by alien races the nearest of whom lived an incomprehensible number of million miles away.

Unfair, above all, that Earth's fate was to be in the hands of but one representative of this Galactic Union. One person--- or was the term thing?--- to be judge and jury of all Earth.

Unjust, we were able to tell ourselves, but there was little, if anything, that we could do about it.

But we were prepared to try.

We had months to plan. And we planned.

He arrived at the spaceport in New Albuquerque, Earth's first and only spaceport, and his vessel was small and ethereally beautiful with its mother-of-pearl sheen. And surprised we were to find he was completely alone, without assistants, servants, or even guards. And that, we thought, might simplify things considerably.

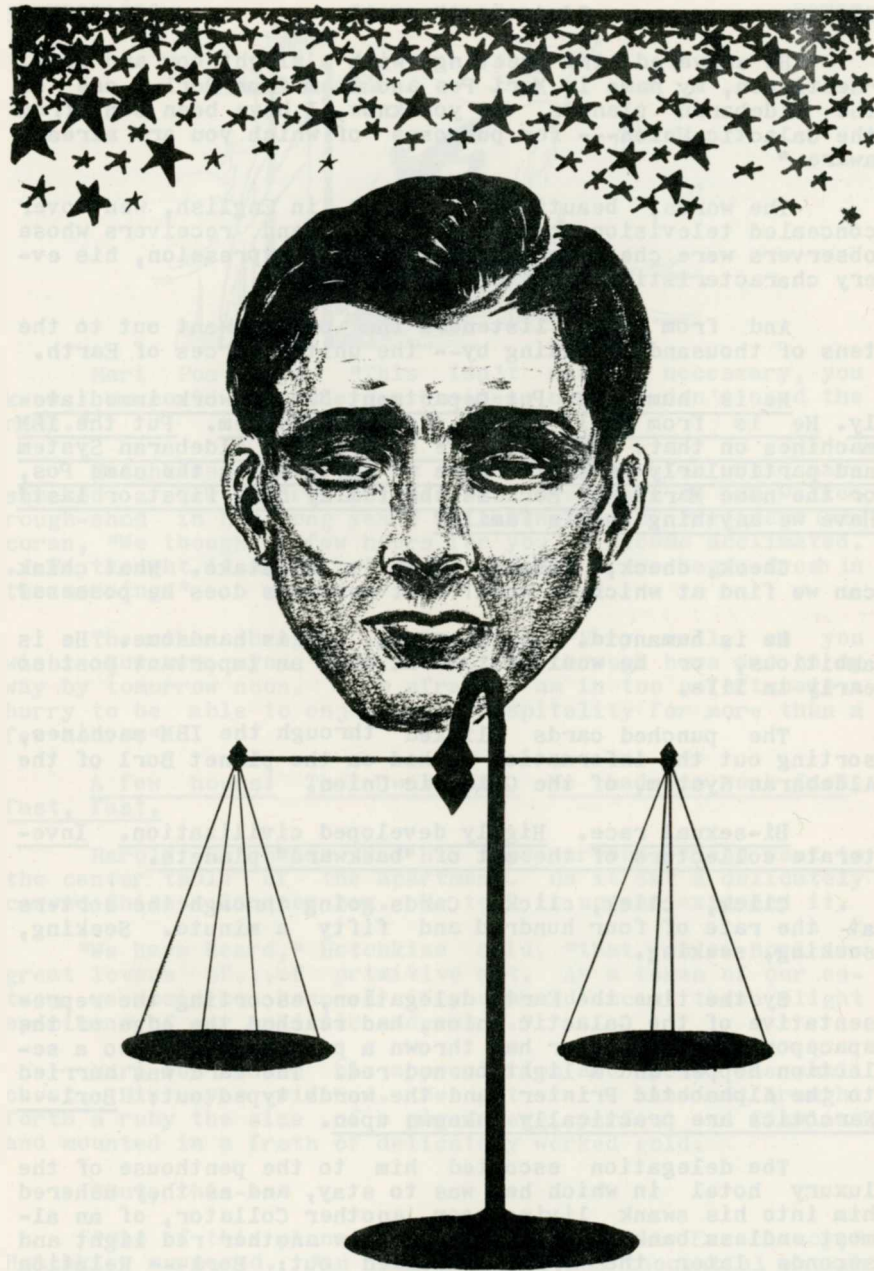
The delegation to meet him numbered but six. After long debate, that had been decided best. A small group would be quicker with decisions, quicker at meeting the unforeseen and forestalling it. So there were but six of them --- six of the most astute minds of the world powers, united as never before to solve a common problem and to avert a common catastrophe.

Yes, the delegation proper numbered six, but behind them, ready to their beck and call, ready twenty-four hours of the day, were tens of thousands. Scientists, soldiers, statesmen, religious leaders, technicians in every field--standing by to assist the six.

Oh, we had prepared the best we could.

He was young, this representative of the Galactic Union come to judge Earth. Young, bright of eye, obviously capable, and courteous. But courtesy, we knew too well, could be the thinnest of silken gloves over the fist of power. And he wielded power.

Had he been an Earthling, he could have been described as follows: Perhaps thirty years of age; dark complexioned, friendly, open face; thin nose; brown eyes, very soft and sympathetic; black hair; about five foot nine; about one hundred and fifty-five; possibly French or Italian. And very courtly, very polite--- almost to the extreme.





He answered the greetings with a slight bow and said, "Gentlemen, my name is Mari Pos and I am from Borl, one of the Aldebaran planets. As you know, I have been sent from the Galactic Union--- for purposes of which you are already aware."

The words, beautifully spoken in English, went over concealed television cameras to a thousand receivers whose observers were checking his every facial expression, his every characteristic, his every word.

And from these listeners the orders went out to the tens of thousands standing by-- the united forces of Earth.

He is humanoid. Put Department 32K to work immediately. He is from Borl, of the Aldebaran System. Put the IBM machines on that. What do we know of the Aldebaran System and particularly of Borl? Have we anything on the name Pos, or the name Mari? On Borl is the family name first or last? Have we anything on his family?

Check, check, check. Earth is at stake. What think can we find at which to work? What weakness does he possess?

He is humanoid. He is young. He is handsome. He is ambitious, or he would not be at such an important post so early in life.

The punched cards flicked through the IBM machines, sorting out the information we had on the planet Borl of the Aldebaran System, of the Galactic Union.

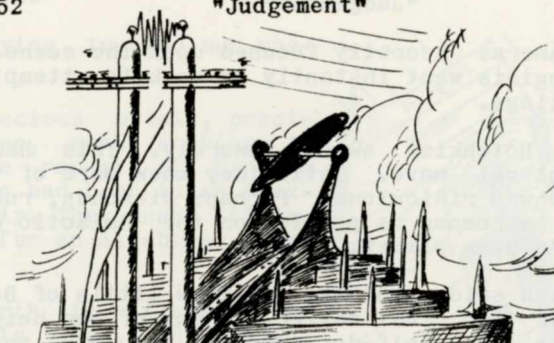
Bi-sexual race. Highly developed civilization. Invertebrate collectors of the art of "backward" planets.

Click, click, click. Cards going through the sorters at the rate of four hundred and fifty a minute. Seeking, seeking, seeking.

By the time the Earth delegation, escorting the representative of the Galactic Union, had reached the edge of the spaceport, a Collator had thrown a punched card into a selection hopper and a light burned red. The card was hurried to the Alphabetic Printer and the words typed out: Borl--- Narcotics are practically unknown upon.

The delegation escorted him to the penthouse of the luxury hotel in which he was to stay, and as they ushered him into his swank living room, another Collator, of an almost endless bank of Collators, threw another red light and seconds later the Printer spelled out: Borl--- Relation between sexes upon--- Romantic love, monogamous family.

Five of the six shortly bowed themselves out with murmured excuses that the honored representative from the Galactic Union must be weary and that they would wait upon him later. Only Harold Hotchkiss remained for a final word.



Mari Pos said, "This isn't really necessary, you know. We could conclude our business now. I don't need the rest."

Hotchkiss said, in a servile voice which would have shocked a few hundred politicians over whom he had walked rough-shod in his long years as hatchetman of President Corcoran, "We thought a few hours for you to become acclimated. ...We thought it might be more suitable if we began fresh in the morning."

The other shrugged pleasantly. "Very well, as you wish. However, you know, I must be through here and on my way by tomorrow noon. I am afraid I am in too unfortunate a hurry to be able to enjoy your hospitality for more than a few hours."

A few hours! That was bad. We had to work fast, fast, fast.

Harold Hotchkiss wet his lips nervously and went to the center table of the apartment. On it sat a delicately carved Chinese lacquer box. He took it up and extended it.

"We have heard," Hotchkiss said, "that you of Borl are great lovers of...of primitive art. As a token of our esteem, we would be honored if you would accept these slight specimens of our artistic endeavors."

Mari Pos nodded his appreciation and opened the small chest. His eyes widened. He put in a hand and brought forth a ruby the size of a pigeon egg, perfect and flawless and mounted in a froth of delicately worked gold.

"But, this---"

"One of this planet's rarer stones, Your Excellency," Hotchkiss murmured. "An Indian Prince was thoughtful enough to donate it, and several of the other pieces you see. I understand the stone's history is long and interesting."

The Aldebaranian smiled again, and nodded his appreciation and thanks, closed the box and returned it to the table. There was the slightest suggestion of a frown on his dark, handsome face. Slight, but instantly picked up by the

television cameras secretly focused upon the scene. A hundred psychologists went instantly to work to attempt to analyze his feelings.

Harold Hotchkiss swore inwardly. This had been a poorly thought out move. Until they knew more of values on Borl, a bribe was ridiculous. Perhaps diamonds, rubies, emeralds, were as common as pebbles on the Galactic Union representative's home planet.

Hotchkiss said smoothly, "We know little of Borl, here on Earth, or for that matter, of any of our neighbors in space." There was self-depreciation in his voice. "Of course, we have been aware of the Galactic Union's existence for less than a decade. Interchange of knowledge, of art forms, trade-- has been only negligible thus far. For instance..." he brought this out nonchalantly "... we haven't the vaguest knowledge of your means of exchange, your monetary system. Do you use rare metals; perhaps gold, platinum, radium? What is of extreme value on your planet Borl?"

Mari Pos had strode to the large studio window and was gazing out over the small city of New Albuquerque and the countryside beyond.

He said, "Our economy, Mr. Hotchkiss, has progressed beyond the point where we use a system of exchange similar to that of your Earth nations."

Hotchkiss repressed his feeling of irritation. This made it harder. "But certainly the citizens of Borl have some objects of great value?"

The other murmured, "You have a beautiful planet, Mr. Hotchkiss; your people are fortunate." Then, facing his



host again, "No, I am afraid not. We have various rare stones and metals, and they are sometimes used decoratively, as are your own. But few of them are owned personally. They reside in museums, in art galleries, where they can be viewed by all. I shall be pleased to turn your gift over to such a museum."

So that was out.

And at the other end of the television cameras, we stood anxiously. A dozen couriers went out, a hundred messages over the phones, at each sentence he spoke. And our IBM machines, our cybernetic brains, clicked and clattered; assimilating, sort-

ing, trying to find our answer.

Precious metals, precious stones, mean nothing to him. The rarest of Earth's treasures had been taken lackadissically. They meant little, a gift for an Aldebaran museum.

Earth is at stake. He is here to judge, this handsome, courteous, gentle, young Aldebaran. Here to judge.

And we know we are wanting.

Harold Hotchkiss led him to another table, a lengthy sideboard, groaning with foods, wines, liquors.

He motioned to the fare. "I am afraid that we are not as familiar with your foods and beverages as we should wish. As I have said, our intercourse has been incomplete. But I trust that here you may find some refreshment..."

Mari Pos said charmingly, "How pleasant! I am sure that any needs I have will be filled." He picked up a sandwich, bit into it and nodded approvingly.

Hotchkiss said, "And now I'll leave you for the evening, Your Excellency. Tomorrow, when you arise, we will wait upon you again."

"Splendid, Mr. Hotchkiss; although, I assure you, if you would rather, the work could be done tonight. The rest isn't really necessary; I am not at all fatigued by my trip."

"Good night, Your Excellency."

"Good night, Mr. Hotchkiss."

In the corridor outside the apartment, Harold Hotchkiss let excess air from his lungs and wiped his forehead with his breast pocket handkerchief. A veteran of innumerable political conclaves, conventions and even International conferences, he had never been so mentally and physically drained. It wasn't that the other was difficult--- but never had there been so much at issue.

He hurried after the other members of the welcoming delegation.

And in another building an Alphabetic Printer was typ-





ing up the scant information we had on Aldebaranian women, subdivision, Borl.

Brunette. Average heighth, five two. Average weight, one ten. Brown eyes. Latin type. Beauty characteristics most similar to those of Spain, Italy.

There was other and more intimate information on the women of Borl and the relationship of the sexes there. And as it typed out, a score of specialists studied anxiously.

\* \* \* \* \*

She knocked on the door gently and he said, "Come in, if you please."

She stepped inside, closed the door behind her and said softly, "May I enter?"

"By all means. His eyes were slightly wider than they had been before. "What may I do for you?"

The faintest of smiles beautified the corners of her delicate mouth. She stepped closer to him. "The question is -- what may I do for you?"

He considered briefly, then shook his head. "I am afraid there is nothing I require, Miss--"

"Consuelo. My name is Consuelo...Mari." She held her arms down at her sides, palms toward him. "Do you not think me attractive?"

"Most attractive." The tone of his voice had changed subtly.

She turned for him, as a model would turn for his approval. "Am I as the women of Borl? Am I as beautiful as they?"

The frown was on his face. He took another small sandwich from the sideboard, as though seeking something to do with his hands. As he bit into it, he looked at her again.

"There must be very few who are as beautiful as you... Consuelo," he said finally. "On Borl, or elsewhere. And on Borl beauty is striven for above all else."

She smiled and half extended her arms toward him. "Long months ago, when we first knew you were to come, we held world-wide beauty contests," she said. "And they judged each type of beauty our planet provides. Had you been brown in complexion, as are the men of Sirius, we had found the most beautiful Asiatic of all. Had you been--"

"I see," he said.

Her hand went slowly and deliberately to the jeweled clasp that held her gown at the left shoulder.

He shook his head. "I am afraid there is nothing, Consuelo. But thank you. You are most gracious-- and most beautiful."

Her smile died. "But..."

"I am afraid there is nothing, Consuelo."

Her head went down in defeat. "Perhaps someone else--"

"Thank you, but no."

She turned slowly and left him, and he stood watching after her until long after the door had closed. There was pain in his eyes. Pain and a longing.

In the morning, the delegation of six found him seated at the desk of the large library-study of his apartment. He was perusing several heavy tomes with keen interest, but he came to his feet instantly upon their arrival.

"Gentlemen," he said, smiling his welcome.

They greeted him stiffly and in moments had found chairs, with the exception of Harold Hotchkiss who stood, obviously the spokesman. The eyes of the other five went to President Corcoran's hatchetman.

Hotchkiss cleared his throat. "We have come to hear your decision, Your Excellency."

Six pairs of eyes were on the Aldebaranian.

He said slowly, "Gentlemen, for the sake of the majority concerned, I am afraid that I must rule against you."

There was a heavy silence.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," he added.

Hotchkiss brought forth his handkerchief and wiped his mouth carefully. His eyes went to the others, and each of them nodded infinitesimally.

He cleared his throat again, almost apologetically, and said, "Your Excellency, what I am about to say is most difficult..."

The representative of the Galactic Union nodded, "Continue, Mr. Hotchkiss."

"This means more to us," Hotchkiss said, "than possibly you can understand. More to our planet--"

The Aldebaranian held up a hand. "Please. I know

how much it means, believe me. Unfortunately, my decision must stand."

And now the voice of President Corcoran's right hand was as though no others present. As though he were talking to himself. "So much does it mean," he said softly, "that we decided long ago that nothing, nothing, must stand in our way. We have tried what we could to bring you to our way of thinking, to see the desirability of your deciding in our favor. ---Unfortunately, with no success."

He paused and Mari Pos nodded. "I am sorry," the Aldebaranian repeated sadly.

Hotchkiss went on, his voice soft, almost silk-like. "We have, on this planet, Your Excellency, various chemical compounds unknown, evidently, on the Aldebaran worlds. We call them narcotics." He took a watch from his pocket and checked it. "For over a year, our most capable scientists have been developing, investigating, evolving these narcotics so that their forces apply to every life form with which we are familiar in the Galactic Union. When you first arrived, and we discovered your origin, we made immediate efforts to subject you to one particularly suited to your metabolism."

Mari Pos said nothing, but a flatness had come to his eyes.

The Earthling continued, "When you ate, when you drank, you assimilated it. So powerful is its nature, Your Excellency, that you are already, unknowingly, addicted." He shot a quick glance to his watch again. "Within one minute, no more, your body will demand this drug. Demand it so insistently, that you must have it immediately or your whole being will be racked with agonies never before known to you."

His face tightened, and Harold Hotchkiss finished abruptly, "Your Excellency, we must demand that your decision against us be reversed."

Mari Pos had remained seated during this. Now he arose and turned his back to them to stare again out the window. "It is most unfortunate," he said. "It is a beautiful planet. Its potentialities are endless."

The six were looking at their watches, varying degrees of satisfaction reflected on their faces.



He continued to watch the surrounding countryside, and, as the minutes passed, their expressions changed.

The face of Harold Hotchkiss paled. He muttered, fiercely, unbelievably, "Inhuman. You're utterly inhuman!"

The Aldebaranian turned and there was compassion on his face. "Of course, I am inhuman," he said. "I am an android, gentlemen--- a robot might be the more familiar word. I am afraid that I am incapable of response to your drugs, your bribes-- the charms of your most beautiful women. You see, it would be most unfair for the Galactic Union to send forth on such a fateful assignment, a being subjected to human weaknesses.

"Gentlemen, your planet isn't ready for membership in the Galactic Union, such as you have requested. The very fact that you have taken the measures you have to insure my approval of your request, is the best indication that you are not prepared for such a responsibility, that your race is immature."

He ended gently, "I am infinitely distressed, but I am afraid that I must recommend that the quarantine of Earth be continued until your race has evolved to the point where they are suited for free association with the civilized planets of the Galaxy. I am afraid you have far to go."

-Mack Reynolds





# The Science-Fiction Writer, A Lost Artist?



by Lemuel Craig

IN 1937 JOHN W. CAMPBELL became editor of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION. Earlier in that year the previous editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, printed an obscure story entitled "The Isolinguals" by a new author named L. Sprague de Camp.

Under Campbell's editorship the name de Camp became a byword with science fiction fans as did a host of new names unearthed by Campbell in the next three years. Lester del Rey, A. E. van Vogt, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, Anthony Boucher, Cleve Cartmill, L. Ron Hubbard, Fritz Leiber, Jr., Frederic Brown, a collection of names to conjure with; all made their debut under the Campbell auspices during this period. One or two cracked other markets first, like Asimov, or came to science-fiction, like Hubbard and de Camp, after some success in other pulp fields but, despite this, the initial push to fame in every case can be laid to Campbell's door.

SEPT., 1952

"The Science-Fiction Writer"

Fifteen

These names still tend to dominate the field, but not to the extent they did ten years ago. The men are still skilled writers but the fresh approach seems gone from the works of de Camp, del Rey, and Cartmill. Van Vogt and Hubbard both abandoned writing for the dianetics will-o-the-wisp. Van Vogt will perhaps return, and this writer regards Hubbard as no loss, despite his still vocal coterie of loyal readers.

Sturgeon devotes his time to FORTUNE magazine, and with the sort of salaries Henry Luce is reputed to pay, who can blame him? Even for the top writers, writing as a career tends to be an uncertain poorly-paid business. Others have also found greener pastures. Heinlein's time has been devoted, during the past several years, to writing for the slicks (and most of the result is of undistinguished quality when compared with his 1939-1942 output), turning out juveniles on an assembly line basis, and plucking the fruits of the Hollywood vineyard. His two recent stories in GALAXY give rise to the hope that we may get some more of the old Heinlein who wrote "Universe," "Waldo," "Magic, Inc.," and half the other best remembered tales of ten years ago.

Frederick Brown has become the fair-headed boy of the detective field. As a full-time writer, Brown must write what pays the bacon bills best and that is his highly popular series of 'tec novels. His occasional sf and fantasy yarns are labors of love produced while playing hookey from his mystery tasks.

Boucher has become an editor, and perhaps his contribution as editor of one of the three top magazines of the field is more valuable than his output as one of the top twenty writers.

Since winding up his two memorable series, the "Foundation" and "Robotics" series, Asimov's output has been very spotty as to quality. He's attempted another series which presumably bridges between the two, making a future history of almost his entire output. But some of the results, most noticeably "Tyrann," have been downright distressing, and none are the equal of the finest stories in his first two series.

Of all the men mentioned, only Fritz Leiber (full time editor of a scientific journal) has managed to maintain both the quantity and quality of his old-time output.

But Leiber, with spasmodic help from Sturgeon, Heinlein, etc. cannot maintain the quality of science fiction alone. And yet most fans agree that the general level of science-fiction is slowly rising over the years.

Which is rather a long introduction to the actual subject of this piece, an attempt to identify the Heinleins and van Vogts of today.

Since the advent of the above-mentioned writers only one other important name has been developed; Ray Bradbury,

who came up like thunder in the mid-40's. But even Bradbury (the one person who has been able to make writing science-fiction pay off in big money) has more or less deserted us for better paying markets and frequent ventures into non-fantasy writing. Since mid-1950 Bradbury has appeared only in magazines which admittedly pay much higher than average rates and who advertise a willingness to really splurge to get the big names. He has had two stories in GALAXY, one in Marvel, and one in FANTASTIC. (OTHER WORLDS and IMAGINATION also printed one each during that period but these were more in the nature of reprints, appearing simultaneously or a trifle later than book publication.



I think I am safe in saying that we don't have the percentage of truly great stf classics today that were abundant in Campbell's pages ten years ago. The rising level of quality is due primarily to the fact that there are far fewer really poor written stories appearing and a great many more which rate well-above average.

But we are getting some stories which compare favorably with the previous decades and perhaps a few trends can be detected.

If asked to name the most outstanding stories by a new writer in the last five years, three would pop instantly into my mind. And all were written by women. Judith Merrill's "That Only a Mother," Wilmar Shiras' "In Hiding," and Katherine MacLean's "Incommunicado." But neither Merrill nor Shiras was able to duplicate their original feats and Miss MacLean produced only one other story of similar power, "Con-tagion."

But who is writing today's outstanding stories? Leiber gets a nice slide of the credit as does Damon Knight. Knight is a highly spotty writer who has never developed too strong a following as a result. Some of his stories are the purest hack. He has turned out two unforgettable yarns "Not With a Bang" and "To Serve Man." In between comes the rest of his output. But his average is very very high.

I think it is notable that GALAXY, the highest paying magazine in the field till the arrival of the new FANTASTIC, has printed more stories by Knight and Leiber than any other writers.

However, some writers are not concentrating their pro-

duction in one market in this fashion.



I think easily the outstanding discovery of 1951 was Walter M. Miller, Jr. (He had one story printed in AMAZING in 1950 but it remains best forgotten). Miller hasn't received much comment from f a n circles. Perhaps because initially his stories went about half to ASTOUNDING, and half to Ziff-Davis; with Z-D, surprisingly enough, getting the better stories. Also the name Miller is quite common (a handicap also suffered by Frederic Brown) and is not so easy to remember as such weird cognomens as van Vogt, Asimov, and Heinlein.

Miller has been branching out recently with one story in GALAXY and another in one of the Standard trio. He is the writer of the memorable "Izzard and the Membrane" in aSF, and what I consider the finest novelet of 1951, "Dark Benediction" which appeared in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. (For some inexplicable reason, FA, which I consider the worst magazine on the stands except for OTHER WORLDS and AMAZING, manages to pull down one or two of my best story selections every year.) His recent story, "Dumb Waiter," in the April 1952 aSF entitles him to the title of today's Heinlein. It is well worthy to be placed alongside the Heinlein tales of ten years ago, and is even reminiscent of Heinlein's style, and far surpasses any postwar Heinlein work with the possible exception of "Gulf" and "It's Great to be Back!"

Who is the van Vogt of today? Well, there is no one on the horizon, today, who can weave the twisted strands with the ingenuity long displayed by A. E. Closest contender would be J. T. M'Intosh.

That, incidentally, is a name no one should have trouble remembering. But M'Intosh is a British writer. And many of his stories do not appear in the United States. Easily the finest story ever printed by NEW WORLDS, one of the four best short stories of 1951, and a yarn which did not appear in the United States is "Machine Made," a M'Intosh yarn. (You might find it disappointing now. One or two more poorly written stories with highly similar plots have appeared in the U.S.). M'Intosh's great virtue is not that, like Heinlein, van Vogt, or Sturgeon, he has produced so many classics of the genre but that (and in this he is almost unique) he doesn't seem capable of writing a poor story. (As yet, perhaps I should add. I only found two poor stories in the first sixteen years of Sturgeon's writing, but have come across four more in the last eighteen months,



and Heinlein had nearly as good an average in his early years). One interesting thing is that M'Intosh has had two of his stories in the fanzine OPERATION FANTAST. One is as poor as anything he's written. But the other is quite fine. And I've heard rumors that there are more to come.

With all the new writers who have entered the field, it would seem the law of averages would give us twice as many new outstanding writers as in the forties, but it doesn't work that way. The radical new Bradbury style would seem a fertile row to hoe but only two new writers have had any success at this sort of off-trail thing. The better of the two is Richard Matheson, a welcome addition of talent to the ranks, though a minor one. Matheson writes well, and originally. But he is not, and shows no signs of developing into, another Bradbury nor a writer of the stature necessary to lure new readers into the field.

His stories will remain interesting tidbits and appetizers for the jaded tastes of the confirmed science-fiction fan and the occasional dabbling in the field by literary snobs, but a Matheson experiment could hardly be extended into the main course of our literary fare.

Less successful, but perhaps potentially more valuable, is Kris Neville. When imitating Bradbury, Neville goes all-out and does so so slavishly as to at times cause the reader embarrassment. And some of Neville's other stories can only be described as amateurish. But about one out of five is of a calibre to make the reader lean back in his easy chair and cheer lustily after completing it. The first, last, and only fine story I've read in IMAGINATION was Neville's "Special Delivery." How this escaped the big three I don't know. (Coincidentally, another good story with the same plot, written by Walter Miller appeared a couple of months later in the first issue of IF). And Neville's "Bettyann," which I have not yet read, caused something of a sensation among book reviewers.

One other writer deserves our attention. One time fan Frank Robinson, Jr. appeared on the scene simultaneously with Miller. He produced some very attention-worthy material, although I would place only "The Hunting Season" (which appeared in ASTOUNDING) in the category of stories of permanent worth. Robinson displayed immense talent which had not yet matured. Unfortunately, he was called back into the Navy, shortly after his stories started appearing, suspending his blossoming career. When last heard of he was in Africa and its hoped he'll resume writing on his return.

I feel that, with the present-day boom in sf, there is a vacuum where new writers are concerned. It cannot be filled by the old timers no matter how fine. The one shot boys and girls cannot even be considered for it. Miller and M'Intosh have made the grade (even though they haven't as yet received public acknowledgement) and Neville and Robinson are prospects. But there is still room for 10 to 35 more prolific writers with a consistently high quality to their

work. They must be around somewhere. Campbell seemed to have little trouble finding them in 1940. Ideally, under the new multi-magazine setup, each magazine should have a pool of writers from whom they would buy perhaps 75% of their material, and who would only occasionally sell to other magazines. These writers in conjunction with the editor would set the policy of the magazine, making it individualistic and catering to a certain section of the public taste.

But is this being done? GALAXY is absorbing most of the Knight and Leiber output. But for the rest they seem frantically shopping from one new writer to another, seldom accepting more than one story from each.

ASTOUNDING has Fyfe. The rest of the one time powerful ASTOUNDING stable has gone.

The pulpier magazines seem to rely on the leavings of the big three or print reams of stuff by such dated writers as Pratt and Smith.

The Ziff-Davis magazines and OW and IMAGINATION have their stables. But they have chosen the worst writers in the field as their standbys.

Only Boucher and McComas seem to follow the above plan, and it seems to me the plan is weakened in their case since they print no long stories. It is difficult to build up a following for a writer without an occasional novel or long novelet which will stick more securely in the public's memory. At any rate, the best MOF&SF has been able to do so far is Matheson; the rest of their frequent repeaters seem to be nonentities with a talent for blending intellectual snobbism with slapstick. The result is not too tasty, to this palate at least.



## PROJECT FANCLUB

by DICK CLARKSON

Project Fanclub is, to put it simply, Orv Mosher III's pet name for the booklet he plans to publish-- about January or February of 1953-- to be called "How to Form a Science-Fiction Fanclub." This booklet will cover all aspects of forming and maintaining a s-f fanclub in a vastly informative and neatly mimeographed form, chock full of hints, information, and answers to any conceivable problem that might pop up.

It all began just over a year ago. Orv got together with Shelby Vick and Nan Gerding, and they began getting information from the various fan groups on how each club treated different situations, from meeting dates and frequencies to discussion topics.

Sometime last January, yours truly came onto the scene, which was by then beginning to roll. After Orv and I had traded letters for a couple of months, Project Fanclub made me its publicity editor, and so here I am. And this is how it all shapes up to me:

Project Fanclub is bound to do a lot of good in the places where it counts. With information which has been gathered from all over the United States, and with what we hope will come from overseas-- England and Australia-- soon, Orv will have an answer to just about any question or problem you could possibly dream up. To give you an illustration, Orv has what he refers to as "test-tubes."

These test-tubes are fanclubs which, for one reason or another, need help either in getting started or in maintaining the group. There are nine of these altogether. The idea behind the test-tubes is two-fold: One, to help out these clubs, and two, to get reactions and a general impression as to how well the booklet and the information will succeed upon publication.

Orv has been giving out to these test clubs all the data we have accumulated, in advance of the date of the booklet's printing. The success has been unbelievable! In one particular case, a fan organization had but five members when Project Fanclub and Orv stepped in, and the group was still just an idea in the heads of those five fan. With our aid, that group grew until it is now a statewide organization. Others have all shown similar progress. What more proof do you need? But still we need help and ideas. Those we leave up to you....yeah, YOU. You who belong to a successful fan group can help out others like the test-tubes by giving your answers to our questionnaire. That's all we're asking you for, but we're going to give you a lot in return. You, will, of course, get a free copy of our booklet as soon as it comes

( cont'd on page 28 )

science fiction in

## WEIRD TALES

by Robert E. Briney

WEIRD TALES is generally known as the magazine in which the tale of grue and horror first had its true home, and where it has held sway for almost thirty years. That sway has not, however, been entirely undisturbed by incursions of a poor relation, science fiction. During the first fifteen years of its existence, Weird Tales published considerable science fiction material, and it is this hulk of matter which I would like to consider in this article.

The type of science fiction featured in Weird Tales differed often and in many ways from that published in her competitors, Astounding Stories, the Wonder duo, and Amazing. The majority of science fiction stories in WT were of the "old school" type; there was not a commensurate growth and upward development in them as there was in the other magazines. One of their principal points of difference from other sf was the consistent, and insistent weird treatment accorded sf themes. In many cases they were provided with the same trappings as conventional tales of ghosts and specters and such. Thus, in a science fiction story in the early Weird Tales, there was sure to be a horrible race of BEMs on whatever planet was visited; or if it was a tale of perverted biology or forbidden experiments, the scientist (invariably mad) would simply have to have his laboratory either located on a lonely mountain top where it thundered and stormed constantly or on a lonely stretch of moorland which was perpetually swathed in fog. Sensationalism, the appeal to the fear-emotions, was a trademark of Weird's early sf.

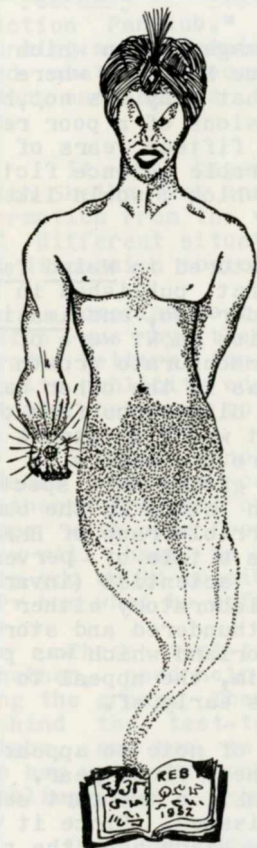
The first science fiction story of note to appear in Weird Tales was published in the magazine's first year. The story was Austin Hall's PEOPLE OF THE COMET, a two part serial in the September and October 1923 issues. Since it was reprinted in book form by FPCI a few years ago, the plot hardly needs detailing here. Worth note, however, is the fact that, involving as it did time-rate differences and theories of the microcosm, the story had an important impact on the rest of the field, and set off a train of similar tales which trickled along for almost twenty years. Regardless of these concepts, the novel was primarily adventure, and as such it was accepted by the readers; it relied for its effect upon the feelings of awe and wonder aroused in the readers. It would be safe to say that straight idea science fiction never appeared in Weird Tales, with only one or two possible exceptions.

One of these exceptions is Donald Wandrei's classic study of the ultimate universe, THE RED BRAIN. In it the



hope of the universe lies in one brain among the mind-creatures; and the brain is mad.

The first years of Weird Tales were liberally sprinkled with stories on many sf themes; trips to other planets, as in PLANET PARADISE by Dick Fresley Tooker (February 1924); invasions of Earth, as in A. G. Birch's THE MOON TERROR; brain transference, as in THE THING IN THE GLASS BOX by Sewell Peaslee Wright (February 1926). Death rays also abounded; in fact it would be difficult to name one of the themes that were already becoming clichés in the field that was not represented.



Weird Tales can take the credit for the discovery of one of the most popular and prolific writers, Edmond Hamilton. His first story—rejected, rewritten, and accepted—was straight fantasy; THE MONSTER-GOD OF MAMURTH, in the August 1926 issue, remains one of the author's very best. His descriptions of the huge invisible temple and its equally invisible occupant are extremely effective; and the idea of an invisible building, so well developed in this story, was used later by many authors, notably by H. P. Lovecraft and Kenneth Sterling in IN THE WALLS OF ERYX. Hamilton's second story was printed in the issue following his first tale; the second one was a serial, ACROSS SPACE, in which he was already developing that flair for manipulating planets and throwing super-science around that was soon to earn him the sobriquet of "world-wrecker" Hamilton. He was virtually the first Weird Tales author to break away from the traditional horror-and-grue treatment of sf themes, although he returned to the old style on occasion. In such

stories as THE METAL GIANTS, EXPLORERS INTO INFINITY, THE POLAR DOOM, and THE STAR STEALERS, he approached more closely the type of sf being published by the other magazines, to which he was also beginning to contribute. The last-named story was one of those occasions when he returned to the weird treatment; the descriptions of the dark, cone-shaped inhabitants of the dead star are in the best horror tradition. But in this tale, too, the super-scientific attitude was present; the story might be looked upon as a sort of synthesis between the two styles of treatment.

During these early years when Hamilton's stories were making such an impression, other writers were adding their

ideas and talents to WT science fiction. John Martin Leahy produced his two excellent novels, DRACONDA, a tale of pioneer flight to Venus, and DROME, a novel of caverned life beneath Earth's surface. The latter title is slated for book publication by FPCI. Another rising author was Nictzin Dyalhis, with his excellent WHEN THE GREEN STAR WANED, (April 1925), the story of an expedition from Venus to save the primitive Earth from alien invaders. There were sequels to this story, THE OATH OF HUL JOK and others, but they were generally less successful than the original story. And Bassett Morgan was around with his endless variations on brain-surgery and transplanting of minds.

Humor was also raising its ill-formed head, principally with badly plotted and insufficiently-thought-out tours-de-force. J. U. Geisy's THE WICKED FLEA (October 1925) was of this type.

Other random examples of the sf of the late '20's are THE CONRADI AFFAIR, by August Derleth and Carl W. Ganzlin, and S. Fowler Wright's ironic tale of immortality, THE RAT (in the October 1928 and March 1929 issues respectively). The former story was typical of many stories of the time—scientifically created monster turns on creator; in this case the monster was an overgrown bacteria culture which overflowed its tank and consumed the scientist who had been examining it.

With the January 1930 issue came Otto A. Kline's tale of parallel worlds, THE BIRD PEOPLE, and the full-flowering of the Burroughsian-adventure school of sf in Weird Tales. This was followed the next year by the six-part serial of a land under Asia, TAM, SON OF THE TIGER, and in November 1932 by another serial, BUCCANERS OF VENUS, the third in Kline's Venus series, published in 1950 in book form as THE PORT OF PERIL.

Jack Williamson joined the high-adventure bandwagon in April 1933 with the first part of his novel GOLDEN BLOOD, a tale of immortality and a golden-skinned people in Asia. This had been preceded in October 1932 by the WAND OF DOOM,





a short story of telekinesis and mentally-created matter. A third Williamson story, *THE PLUTONIAN TERROR* (October 1933), marked the rise of space opera in WT again. In January 1934 appeared his story of a future ice-age, *INVADERS OF THE ICE WORLD*, which was a return to the old weird treatment.

In that same issue the first part of Dr. David H. Keller's *THE SOLITARY HUNTERS* was published. This well-known tale of insect-supremacy in the world of the future was reprinted in book form by Prime Press about two years ago.

And through all these years, Edmond Hamilton was present; his steady contributions to both the weird and science fiction departments became sort of an institution with the magazine. His *THUNDERING WORLDS* and *CORSAIRS OF THE COSMOS* (March and April 1934) showed his usual free hand with worlds and suns, and the fast action that was his trademark.

About this time *Weird Tales* began featuring various stories with an interplanetary background, but which were essentially fantasies and weird tales. These were C.L. Moore's tales of Northwest Smith, the space-wanderer who always seemed to encounter remnants of ancient races or primal gods on the planets. His meeting with the Martian vampire in *SHAMBLEAU*, with the mind-witch *YVALA*, and with the various ancient gods in *BLACK THIRST*, *DUST OF GODS*, and *THE TREE OF LIFE*, are not science fiction, but they form an interesting offshoot of the interplanetary theme, besides being excellent stories in their own right. Other authors as well dabbled in this type. Clark Ashton Smith's *VULTHOOM* and *THE VAULTS OF YOH-VOMBIS*, and a few years later the Kenneth Sterling - Lovecraft collaboration *IN THE WALLS OF ERYX*, belong in this category.

Another offshoot of the main stream of sf was Paul Ernst's series of stories about the super-criminal *DOCTOR SATAN*. He was a sort of poor man's Fu Manchu who employed super-science as well as the supernatural in his crimes. Mysterious rays that made flesh invisible and drove fair maids to suicide were his stock in trade.

True sf took over again with Paul Ernst's serial starting in January 1935, *RULERS OF THE FUTURE*, a novel of our descendants reduced to barbarism and battling against lizard-men and similar creatures. The BEEMs would not be denied.

In February of 1935 Frank Belknap Long published one of his excellent satirical vignettes of the future, *THE BODY MASTERS*. This tale of artificial love-slaves was reprinted in the *Avon Fantasy Reader* as the *LOVE SLAVE AND THE SCIENTIST*. Another of Long's short sf pieces was *HE RETURNS AT DUSK*, the story of a robot's revenge on the master who destroyed him.

( Concluded on page 26 )

## After 113 Years

by DARRELL C. RICHARDSON



Darrell C. Richardson.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is a factual article, and although it is not along the line of material ordinarily printed in this magazine, it is an unusual account of the macabre and certainly deserves publication most whole-heartedly. Mr. Richardson, the author, is well-known among fan and professional circles as well. He has one of the largest, if not the largest, collection of science fiction and fantasy magazines and books in the world, and has contributed articles to a number of the professional magazines. On the side, or rather as a career, Mr. Richardson is the pastor of the Fort Mitchell Baptist Church in Covington, Kentucky, and quite active with the young people group there.

ON OCTOBER 9, 1814 the funeral services for Robert Henderson took place in the pioneer river settlement of Henderson, Kentucky. It was an important occasion because Robert Henderson was the founder of the little village that took his name; and farmers, hunters, trappers, and Indian scouts from miles around came in to the historic services. They came to pay tribute to the little man who had helped push civilization westward. But now we come to the unusual part of this story, Robert Henderson would not stay buried.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back in 1927, high water in the Ohio River washed out a casket from an old-time abandoned cemetery. This old cemetery dated back to early pioneer days and was located about seven miles from Henderson on the banks of the river. The last record of any person being interred there was in 1854. The casket was found lodged in driftwood about fifteen miles below Henderson. The casket was floating in the water and seemed airtight. It was brought back to Henderson and turned over to an undertaking establishment.

The casket, an unusual one made mostly of metal, was opened. The remains were found to be in such perfect condition that anyone who had known the man in life could easily have identified him. After two days of tracing records, the body was determined to be that of Robert Henderson, the founder of Henderson, Kentucky, who had come down the Ohio River soon after the Revolutionary War. The body was reburied in Fernwood Cemetery on the family lot of his descendants. The



original funeral had taken place back in 1814 and the body had remained undisturbed for 113 years until the flood had washed it out of its resting place.

The corpse was attired in Colonial dress which was remarkably preserved. There was a handmade linen shirt, with stock collar; a large white bow; buttons sewed on the shirt with home-spun thread; trousers of home-spun unbleached linen; gray socks on the feet; and white silk gloves on the hands. When the gloves were removed, they were found to be in near perfect condition, as well as the flesh under them. In fact, the entire body was almost perfectly preserved in full flesh.

A winding sheet had been used to wrap the body. Furthermore, the casket had a raise in the molding to take care of the feet and a hollow place in the lid to care for the head and face. A name plate was placed across the face, which was about six inches in diameter. Above this was carved the figure of an angel with outstretched wings, and five stars above that. The entire casket weighed nearly four-hundred pounds and was upholstered in satin, which like the body, showed but little signs of the ravages of time.

#### SCIENCE FICTION IN WEIRD TALES (Cont'd from page 24)

June 1935 saw the first part of a rather unique serial, Arthur W. Bernal's SATAN IN EXILE. Not at all what the title suggests, it was a story of a space-pirate, a sort of interplanetary Robin Hood. It had no weird treatment, few BEMs, and was in every way out of place in Weird Tales.

Eando Binder joined the ranks of WT's authors in 1936 with the tale of parallel worlds, THE CRYSTAL CURSE. Later that same year came another of Jack Williamson's novels, RULER OF FATE. After this novel, sf in Weird Tales fell off considerably. Save for the still-enduring stories of Edmond Hamilton, the field was almost barren. IN THE WORLD'S DUSK, THE DOOR INTO INFINITY, HE THAT HATH WINGS, and the novel THE FIRE PRINCESS, and others, continued his established reputation for fast action and adventure, combined with startling variations and new ideas.

And there, as far as this article is concerned, the story ends. The first fifteen years were the most fruitful for science-fiction in Weird Tales, and many good and enduring stories were published in that time. Such classics as THE RED BRAIN, THE RAT, WHEN THE GREEN STAR WANED, and IN THE WALLS OF ERYX, will be remembered as long as there are fans who have an interest in science-fiction's past.



## Speaking For Myself

by  
Peter J. Ridley

JERRY BURGE is unfair to Columnists. Just look at the way he reviews fanzines when everyone knows it's really a columnist's job. Of course the only reason any columnist starts reviewing 'zines is to get a free copy of as many as possible, but that is understood and accepted as one of the perquisites due to anyone daring enough to risk his or her ego by putting their thoughts on paper for the edification of the rabble. However, at the risk of repeating something that Jerry has already said I'm going to mention a couple of zines I recently received.

First is TLMA #3, the main course is a meaty bit of prose by Manly Banister concerning the art of dowsing, which evidently isn't such an uncommon gift as one might suppose. At any rate, Manly says that a fifth of the population can do it. Second course is a well written but seemingly interminable article by Rich Elsberry relating how, when and where numerous fen spewed their guts up after overtaxing their capacity for liquor at the recent Con, which, at any rate for one who didn't attend the Nolacon, and has no happy memories of vomiting green slime into Rich's basin, held singularly little appeal. Basil Wells serves a tasty desert with a short piece about ERB's Martian alter ego, the whole meal is spiced with illustrations and there is a particularly good cover by Ronald Clyne, one of the best pieces of work I've seen clothing a fanzine in some time, though I think the effect would have been better in plain black and white rather than the rainbow process. Second 'zine is one called Current Science Fiction Weekly, which is badly produced when compared with the less frequent zines, but when you take into consideration that the whole thing has to be done in a week it looks much better. It contains news, reports and reviews on fannish things in general. Personally I can't see how anyone can get a zine out week after week and still have any time left to eat, so I shouldn't be surprised to hear that Ronald Friedman has died of starvation in the meantime.

I've recently been reading "The Collected Stories of E. M. Forster," short fantasies written before World War One, and lately published in book form. Mostly they show their age, but a couple are well worth comment. "The Machine Stops" envisages a World in which decadent humanity is served by an almost omnipotent machine, which supplies every need at the pressing of a button. As a result rarely leave their



"rooms" and journeys are made only at the behest of the machine, either for the purpose of propagating the race or perhaps just to effect a necessary re-arrangement of accommodation. There are seldom any meetings in the flesh, in fact the act of touching another human being is considered indecent, or rather, "unmechanical." Communication is carried on by means of visiphones, which admit of combined listening for the purposes of lectures and talks, which are the only outlet for expression. Any transgression of the Mechanical-Laws is punished by the "homelessness," a pleasant term for extinction by being placed unprotected in the thin outer air of the surface. As the title suggests the Machine finally breaks down through the failure of the Mending Apparatus, and those who lived by the Machine die, but we are left with the knowledge that all those who suffered the "homelessness" did not succumb to the cold and lack of air on the surface, and that the more vigorous part of the race carries on. Written before the 1914 - 18 War it must have been one of the first stories with the old anti-push-button theme. The author describes it as a reaction to one of the earlier heavens of H. G. Wells.

Most of the other tales are creaky jointed bits and pieces usually involving Greek Mythology and Victorian England in almost comical combination, but I feel that one other tale in this volume is deserving of mention, and that is called "The Point of It." The point of "The Point of It" is that there are two parts to Hell (no Heaven), one half where the damned are those who went through life praising the incompetent and lauding the inadequate for fear of hurting peoples' feelings, those who saw good in everything. In this half of Hell these tolerants were buried in the sand, an illimitable desert which sloped upwards to cloud and downwards to darkness. The place is ignoble, dirty and loathsome, and the people in it are deformed and horrible, but they are forced to praise the beauty and comfort of the place forever, and of course the reverse applies to the reformers and ascetics. I thought the idea was so delightfully cynical as to be worth repeating.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### PROJECT FANCLUB (Continued from page 20)

off the presses. Also, your name and the name of your fanclub will be mentioned-- egoboo! Plus the knowledge that you've done a lot of good to dozens of other fans and fanclubs. For the mere answering of a questionnaire, what more could you possibly want?

And we have yet more to offer. If you'll contact either myself or Orv Mosher III (Orv is at 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas, and my address is 410 Kensington Road, Baltimore 29, Maryland), either one of us will be glad to give you more info; and some of that might well knock you right off your feet.

So c'mon....get the lead out! We need to hear from YOU. Sidle up to that typer over there, sit down, cross your legs, and give!

## FAN PUBS

Conducted by  
JERRY BURGE

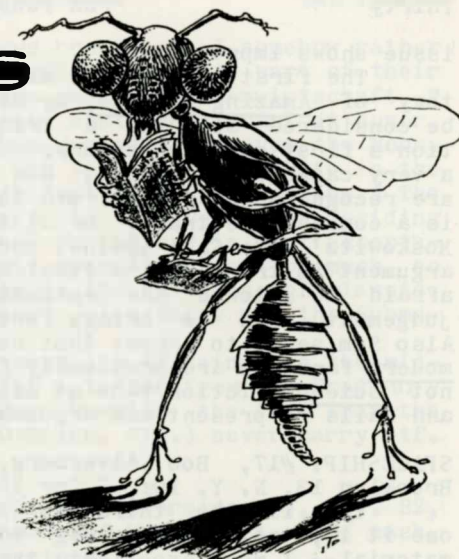
WELL, IT HAS BEEN a long, bitter struggle, but at last the conductor of Fan Pubs yields to the readers of Cosmag. From now on reviews will be as long as I think you can stand-- but I intend to maintain my integrity. I refuse to criticize unnecessarily, as some think a fanzine reviewer should. If this doesn't satisfy you-- to heck with you.

DESTINY #6: 11848 S. E. Powell Blvd., Portland, Oregon. Editors: Malcolm Willits and Jim Bradley. 20¢ each, \$1 for five. 32 pages. Offset.

Destiny seems to be the last remaining exponent of the Fanscient-sized miniature fanzine. I rather prefer this size-- it's very easy to handle, and, more important to the fanzine collector, requires far less storage space. Content, this time around, is even better than last issue's; which is saying plenty. The articles are all on the heavy side (for fanzine articles, that is), but are nevertheless quite readable. The two by Darrell C. Richardson, "The Father of John Carter and Tarzan- a tribute to Edgar Rice Burroughs" and "The Wheel as a Religious Symbol," are particularly interesting, though the latter, concerned mainly with the prayer-wheels of China and Tibet, seems hardly to belong in a sf fanzine. George Wetzel's "A Lovecraft Randomonium" will probably be of interest to HPL fans, but I found its intricacies somewhat difficult. The series of "Who's Who in Science-Fiction" continues with August Derleth its subject this time. For the fan fan there is a reprint of an article which appeared last December in a Statesville, N. C., newspaper concerning Master Monster Lynn Hickman and his fan activities. The article was headlined: "Machinery Salesman Heads-- of All Things-- Science Fiction Fan Club." And Robert Bloch's article on fanzines (reprinted from the Chanticleer) is hilarious. Destiny's fiction and poetry is also above average and the mag is very well illustrated by some of the top fan artists. Obviously I have no criticism of Destiny.

THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE-FICTION #2: 1331 W. Newport Ave., Chicago 13, Ill. Editors: Charles Fruedenthal and Edward Wood. 25¢ per copy, 4/\$1. 32pp. Offset.

With its first issue a few months ago, the JofSF definitely established itself at the top of that group of fanzines whose appeal is more to the serious fan. This second





issue shows improvement.

The first half of the mag is devoted to a capsule history of Amazing Stories, by Edward Wood. This may perhaps be considered sort of a tribute to magazine science-fiction's first quarter-century. Ed Wood is, in many respects a very capable historian; his own opinions though present, are recognizable as such, and do not intrude overmuch, which is a commendable trait. Of at least equal importance is Sam Moskowitz' "The Case Against Modern Science Fiction." Sam's argument is strong in the first half of his article; but I'm afraid he allowed his enthusiasm to overcome his better judgement when he brings forth Lovecraft as an authority. Also Sam seems to forget that he is presenting his "case" to modern fans who are presumably fans of modern stf-- that is, not science-fiction fans at all; but science-fiction fans-- and fails to present his argument accordingly.

SPACESHIP: #17, Bob Silverberg, editor, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, N. Y. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 3 for 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Quarterly. 40pp. Mimeographed.

This is the third anniversary issue, and a very good one it is, too. And a big one: forty pages of excellent material-- I mean excellent; there's not a bad piece in the mag. Sam Moskowitz leads the issue with his book preview of Dr. Keller's "The Ivory Tower," a four page review. WAW is present-- hilariously so-- with some observations anent the pro-ed's sudden display of affection for one another. Redd Boggs writes of a "Man WHO Might Have Been" a great weird writer had he lived. The stories, by Morton Paley, Fred Chappell and Paul Stephens are all worth reading. The regular features, particularly Roger Dard's "Report from Australia" and theed's "Backtalk" seemed to be better, somehow, this issue.

The only sour note is Richard Elsberry's article, which is interesting mainly as an example of negative thinking. Ray Palmer is the recipient of Elsberry's vindictive (of which Elsberry is a past master), this time. The objection is that Palmer is not producing a magazine for the fans, although that was his announced intention. It is Elsberry's opinion that Rap was deliberately misleading the fans when he made his predictions of what "My Mag One Year From Now" would be like. True, issue #9 is not what Rap said it would be like. However, did you bother to read the editorial in that issue, Richard? Or the two before it? Ray Palmer at the time was in a hospital bed, paralysed from the waist down. The rest of the article is your opinion and your welcome to it.

RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST #19: 2524 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley 4, Calif. Don Fabun, editor. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Multilithed. 64 pages.

RD is fandom's heavy weight, inasmuch as it actually discusses the things fans of Science-fiction are purportedly interested in-- the scientific facts on which the stories are supposedly based-- in an intelligent and, usually, adult manner. I employ the term "heavyweight" in a comparative sense, only (which, on second thought, is about the only way it can be employed). The lead article describes the Little Men's recent Moon stunt and the combination of wit and luck that carried it off. Very clever; but when I first heard of

their stunt, on a midnight news broadcast, I somehow rather wished the words "Science-Fiction" weren't part of their club title. "Lunar Geopolitics und Grossranmwirtschaft," the next article, is a completely abstruse attempt at humor, concerned mainly with who has jurisdiction over the Moon. Best articles in the issue are Gary Nelson's "Life in the Universe," and Bob Silverberg's "Notes on the Nautilus." The former so far (this is part 1) is involved in deciding which of the various theories of "creation" is most acceptable-- deciding finally that it doesn't matter too much, so long as the theory is favorable to the existence of planets. The Silverberg article is about Jules Verne and the Submarine.

Shudderingly, we slip past the "fanzine" in the middle of RD, only to run afoul of a letter from Ray Bradbury to Tony Boucher, wherein Ray bewails the fact that the "best" anthologies (O'Henry, O'Brien, etc.) never carry stf. No comment.

TYRANN # 3: Norbert Hirschhorn, 853 Riverside Dr., N.Y. 32, N.Y. Editors: Norbert Hirschhorn and Henry Ebel. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  each, 3 for 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ . June. 22 pages. Hectographed.

As RD is a heavyweight fanzine, so is Tyrann a lightweight. The friendly atmosphere pervading every article and column is a welcome change from the constant criticisms of all and sundry, to be found in many of the other zines. Ev Winne's "The Big Eye" is cast on collecting this time. He suggests that paper books are the easiest items to collect. Doesn't sound too satisfying to me. An intention to publish a booklet on "How to Form a S-F Fan Club" is announced by Orville W. Mosher, who seems to be going pretty deeply into the matter. Sounds like a worthy project. A. W. Haddon tells of the growth of Australian fandom. Sounds like they had plenty of troubles, trying to get going.

Artwork by Bergeron and Keasler, very good.

S F CLUB DIRECTORY, 1952: Barclay Johnson, 878 Oak St., Winnetka, Illinois. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Mimeographed.

Don't know if this will be a regularly appearing directory or not-- the only information I can find is what you see above. Anyway I hope Bark will at least keep it up to date. The Directory is not an index of facts and figures, but is an informal description of each club, interspersed with occasional editorial comment, and cartoons by R.M.Kidd. This is a worthwhile effort which should be supported and added to.

TLMA # 5: The Confederate Publishing Co., 239 East Broad, Statesville, N. C. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ , \$1 a year. Bimonthly. Lynn A. Hickman, editor. 30 pages. Multilithed.

This issue of TLMA is the first issue of any general fanzine I've ever seen in which the non-fiction is completely eclipsed by the fiction. In fact, Basil Wells' story, "Draftee" is the best story I've ever seen in any fanzine before-- and Richard Elsberry's "Assumption Unjustified" is head and shoulders above it! This may sound like an extravagant statement but I am quite serious. If there is any one thing in which Rich Elsberry and I are not disagreed, it is

that Rich, is a writer of real ability-- and I only hope he'll continue to prove it as he has with "Assumption Unjustified."

The rest of the issue is fair to middlin'. Bill Venable's guest editorial being about the best of the non-fiction. How about getting some long articles, Lynn? Something we can sink our teeth into.

There's an announcement on page 28 that Lynn is issuing a book-- Basil Wells' 60,000 word novel, Sons of Thrane, for only a dollar. That's the prepublication price. It'll go up to \$1.50 afterwards. If you like Wells-- or if you'd like to support this kind of undertaking-- send Lynn a buck for a copy.

SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER, July, 1952: 1745 Kenneth Rd. Glendale 1, Calif. Bi-monthly. 44pp. 75¢ per annum, 20¢ per copy. Offset. Editor: Roy Squires.

Although, the ads remain the chief concern of SFA, I would be the last to deny the increasing quality and importance of its recent series of articles. This issue concludes the article by Arthur J. Cox, begun last issue, Cox dissects van Vogt, through his stories and private conversations, using a method far too involved to go into here; and discovers a man neither small nor gigantic in stature, but who is, nevertheless a brilliant story technician. Perhaps you've arrived at the same conclusion-- but I'll bet you didn't reach that conclusion (unless you're Arthur Jean Cox) through so profound a study.

The book reviews are, as usual, capably and interestingly done. And the Dollens cover is, also as is usual, very beautiful.

If you decided to subscribe, say you saw it in Fan Pubs in C/SFD-- boy, has Squires got a sub contest on!

PEON #23

PEON #23: Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham St., Norwich, Conn., 10¢ per copy, 12/\$1. Quarterly. 27 pages. Mimeographed.

Peon is one of the steady fanzines; every issue consistently good quality material with neatness of format to produce entertaining and easy to read results. This issue's editorial is concerned with the hoaxes which have recently been perpetrated by over-enthusiastic fans. Actually the latest two-- the Willis "death" postcard and the "Invention"-- seem to be more on the order of practical jokes than hoaxes. The Willis card was so crude as to be almost laughable-- though several fans were taken in by it-- and the "Invention" apparently was a complete flop since nothing came of it. Also concerned with hoaxes is T.E. Watkins, one of Peon's columnists, who was so impressed by the success of the Little Men's publicity stunt that he wants all fandom to try one. Watkins' plan is to land a manned flying saucer in Chicago's Grant Park during the SF Convention. That is just about all we need to gain the high esteem and respect we deserve.

The rest of the material is, as I have said, good.