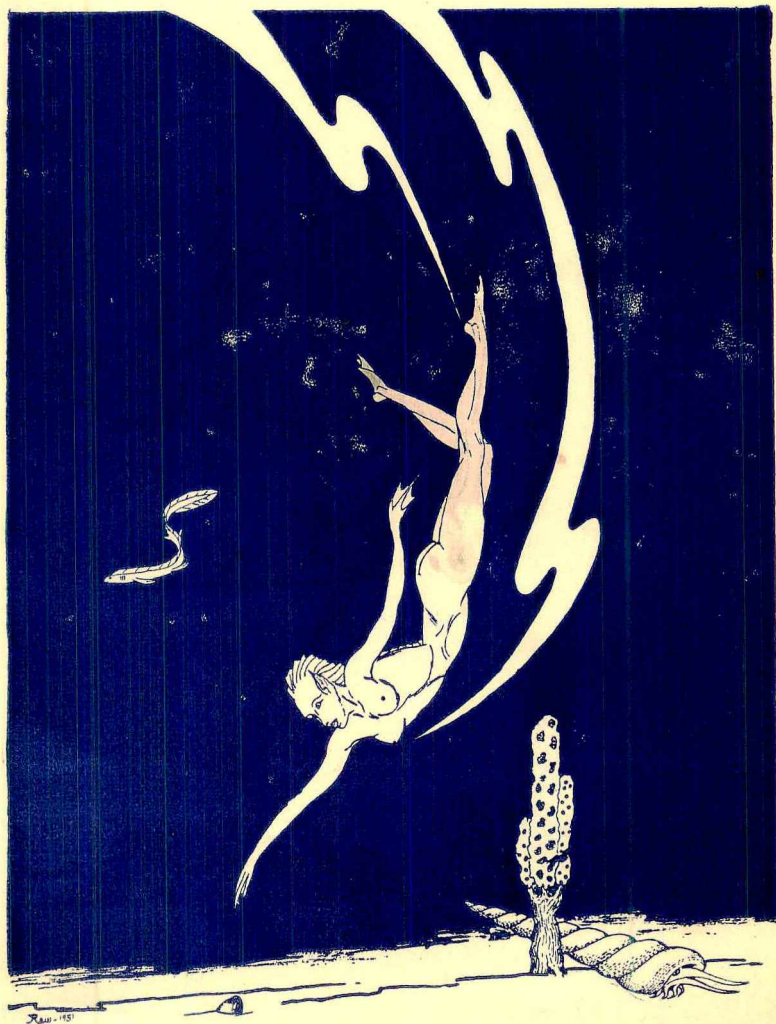


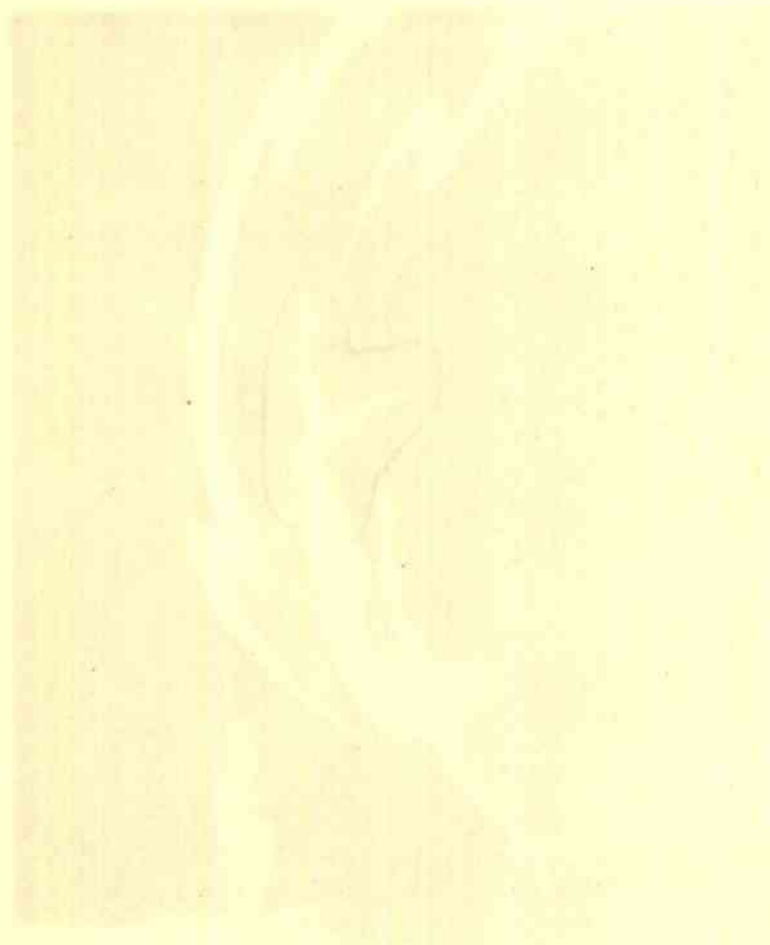
EUSIFANSO



FEBRUARY 1952

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EUSIFANSO

Vol. 2 No. 5

Issue 10

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EUSIFANSO: An irregular periodical sponsored by THE EUGENE SCIENCE FANTASY ARTISANS and the LITTLE PRESS of 146 East 12th Avenue Eugene, Oregon. It is published at intervals right on the interval and circulated thinly over the English speaking world. It goes primarily to science-fiction fans, a small but prominent percentage of whom couldn't find their niche in life with both hands and the aid of a lit candle. Contributions are welcome from all persons good enough and brave enough to stand the Fluorine atmosphere.

TWO WAYS FROM SUNDAY

by Marje Blood

Illustrated by DONNA COVALT

Any continuous culture has a rich heritage from the past, a heritage that must be dealt on its own level, as for example . . .

We were entertaining Jon and Lorna Reed over the week end when this thing started. Jon and I were sitting in the living room cuddling tall cold drinks, and serveying the neighboring country houses through the view wall, while Kay showed Lorna the more intimate details of our new home



"You know how it is," I was explaining to Jon. "We really couldn't afford it, but when you figure the high rents, and the fact that we've always intended to buy our own place someday, it adds up. Kay stumbled on this place through some friends at her office, and came out here and got the dope on it herself. It was such a bargain, we couldn't afford to let it go."

"How far are you from town?" Jon asked with that serious air he sometimes gives to the most casual conversation.

"Seventy-two miles. But auto-copters have taken the sting out of commuting. I finished my drink and stood up to go look for another one. "Country life's the only thing, boy! You ought to look into it."

"Bill!" Kay, my luscious red-head, appeared in the hall doorway. "Come in here, please."

She sounded mad, but since I couldn't think of any reason for it, I sauntered into the bedroom more or less unprepared.

She pounced on me before I got clear into the room. "If this is your idea of a joke, mister, you had better laugh while you still have the strength."

"Now wait a minute —" I began and then stopped. It really wasn't very funny, when I remembered what that soft gray rug had cost.

"What is it?" I asked finally, my eyes still on the thick sprinkling of what looked like dried brown weeds.

Jon had gone down on his knees examining the stuff; rubbing it between his fingers, smelling it, even nibbling a bit cautiously. He raised his head.

"It's hay—" he said, "Alfalfa hay. I worked with some when I was on that synthetic dairy feed project several years ago."

Kay turned back to me, shooting sparks like a pin-wheel.

"Now wait, honey," I began, "I know I made some remarks about this place looking like an old-fashioned cow shed, but that was before we bought the place. Anyway—when would I have had time to do something like this?"

Something convinced her, probably the quiver in an other wise perfectly good voice. Well, if you didn't do it, who did?

I shook my head, I knew darned well it hadn't been there when we left for work that morning. Kay is the kind of person who does her own housework because it is so easy for her and, besides, no one else can please her. She really keeps the place neat, too. She's efficient that gal. She can rub her own back if I'm not available, although I usually am.

"Are you sure you set the lock this morning? Could anyone have gotten in while while we were at work?" she asked me. Before I could answer, Lorna spoke up.

"Where would anyone get hay around here?" she asked Jon.

He nodded thoughtfully, "Nowhere that I know of. The Designated Area for Alfalfa is over in Idaho. There hasn't been a hay field or a cow within a thousand miles of here for years, as far as I know."

It was puzzling all right, but I was getting hungry. "What do you say we bat it around at the dinner table?" I suggested. "You get dinner ready, Kay, and I'll clean up this — litter."

We didn't solve the mystery at dinner, and before break-

fast we had another one to contend with, so that the first one got lost in the shuffle.

I had just dived down into really deep, after sitting up untill well past midnight, when I became aware of something teasing me awake. I woke up reluctantly, and sat up in bed, but before I could say anything I felt Kay's hand slip over my mouth.

That is a very nice feeling indeed: Kay's hands are soft, and warm, and in the middle of the night . . . I kissed the palm of her hand turned to put my arms around her when her elbow dug into my ribs and she whispered, "Bill?"

"It'd better be," I whispered back.

"Listen," she said, still whispering. "Do you hear anything?"

I started to say no. And then I sat straighter. I did hear something. Heavy, muffled breathing, and a rhythmic undertone of noise I could not identify. It was more rhythm than sound.

"Don't get excited," I whispered. "It's some perfectly natural thing. After all, the country is different from the city—"

"Shall I turn on the light?" she breathed.

"No, I think I'll go get Jon." I swung my feet over the edge of the bed, and thought better of what I had said. "Maybe you'd better turn it on," I admitted.

Kay touched the button and the bed-wall glowed, spraying her lovely shoulders with a soft rose light.

"I really don't think it's anything important, honey," I began, and just then whatever it was gave a loud wheeze close to my bare foot, and I jumped for the hall door.

I tiptoed down the hall and rapped cautiously on the guest room door, sliding it open an inch or two.

"Jon," I called softly. "Are you awake—"

"No," he said. "Get lost, will you?"

"Come on, Jon. Wake up. There's something in our bedroom that sounds like a lion that just won the hundred yard dash."

"Does it look like a lion?" he muttered into his pillow.

I glanced over my shoulder. "I don't know," I admitted.

Jon groaned. "I'll take you to the zoo tomorrow morning, first thing, if you'll just go away and let me sleep now."

Lorna sat up and touched the light button. Frightened as I was, I could not help noticing that she couldn't hold a candle to Kay for looks when it came to waking up in the middle of the night.

"Is something wrong, Bill?" she asked matter of factly.

"There's something in our bedroom that sounds like a lion, only we can't see anything. I need Jon to come help me do something about it, and he won't wake up—"

Just then Kay gave out with a blood chilling scream. I swallowed my heart and made the bedroom door in two leaps, Jon right behind me, and Lorna trailing him.

"Did he bite you?" I was sitting on the bed, holding Kay in my arms, ready to protect her from anything, visible or not.

Her face was ghastly. "Look" she whispered, pointing to

the corner of the room. "My beautiful new rug—" she cried then.

"There's nothing in here," Jon was saying. "You're having nightmares, both of you."

"It's a nightmare all right, but not the kind you mean." I got up slowly; went over to the— place— towards which Kay was pointing. "Come look at this," I told him.

Jon and Lorna walked around the foot of the bed and stood staring stupidly at the floor. I didn't blame them. The stuff on the rug was very fresh, and very, very real. The odor was unmistakable.

There was simply no explanation. Jon and I cleaned it up the best we could, and Lorna helped Kay wash the spot on the rug with warm water and a detergent. Kay was grimly silent, and I had an idea that whatever was using our bedroom for an outhouse had better stay invisible if it knew what was good for it.

After breakfast the next morning, Jon suggested that he and I buzz into town. He had some business to attend to, he said.

It was all right with me. I wanted to get away from the house: Kay was not happy, to coin an understatement, and Lorna could probably get along with her better than I could.

Of course we talked about it on the way into town. "It's beyond me," I confessed to Jon. "Can you figure it any way?"

Jon was smoking; he sat now with his eyes narrowed, peering through and beyond the smoke. "What was this country like a hundred years ago, Bill? Small farms, wasn't it?"

He sat for a few minutes without talking; then turned to me abruptly. "Why don't we run out and see that fellow Endres . . . ? It won't take long, and there might be a possibility— "

I'd been a half step behind him, up to that point. When he mentioned Endres, my mind clicked into position alongside his. Endres . . . The fellow who'd been fooling around with Time. Layers of Time.

I had it pretty well figured out by the time we'd gotten home. He was trying to explain to the girls, and I was listening, just to make sure it checked.

"You see, Kay," Jon said, "if Endres is right, and Time settles around us like so much dust settling down— then this could happen . . . easily. A hundred, even seventyfive years ago, this was small farming country. There were prosperous small truck gardens and small dairies. It would seem, from the evidence we've had, that your house is situated in the same spot as some farmer's barn; superimposed, you might say, over his barn. Somewhere, somehow, you're making contact with the past— as we know it— "

Kay had been standing in front of the window wall. She turned to look at him, brushing her hair back away from her face with a swift, impatient movement.

"Why does it have to be my new bedroom that's getting the benefit of this? Why aren't we all treading on our ancestors' toes? Why hasn't the bottom fallen out of Time for everyone, instead of just me?"

Jon shook his head. "We don't know. Maybe someone on the other side of the fence is working on it. It could be, you know." He rubbed his face thoughtfully. "Has anything happened while we've been gone?"

Kay shook her head. "Not as far as I know. But it's been a couple of hours since I was in there."

"Let's go take a look." Jon glanced at his watch. "It's about time for the farmer to bring his cows in from the field."

We walked into the bedroom and there they were: muddy outlines of heavy boots marching across the light gray rug, crushing the nap and staining it cruelly.

Without a word Kay went into the bathroom and returned with a basin of hot water and a scrub brush. I tried to take it from her, but she shook her head and went down on her hands and knees, trying to clean them away.

Jon and Lorna went out into the living-room, and I stood by uneasily, trying to keep out of the way.

As I watched, tears began to roll down Kay's cheeks; silently, smoothly. I was on my knees beside her in an instant. "Don't, baby," I said. "Don't cry about it. That won't help."

She dropped the brush into the water, and wiped futilely at the tears with wet fingers. "I know it," she choked. "It's just that I'm getting tired scrubbing the barn floor for some dope that doesn't even exist any more."

I sat down on the floor, holding her against me, until she stopped crying. "That's better," I said. "Don't you worry: we'll think of something."

We were half way through dinner when Kay suddenly put down her fork. "Jon," she said abruptly, "does that gimmick work both ways?"

"Both ways?"

(Cont. page 20)

SPACE MEDICINE

The Human Factor in Flights Beyond the Earth

John P. Marbarger, Editor.

The University of Illinois Press at Urbana; 1951

Did you know that the equilibrium temperature $T(°K)$ of an artificial satellite close to the earth can be determined by the formula $e_1 \delta b T^4 = e_2 (S'c - S_{ad}) e_1 E$, when $\delta = 82.6 \cdot 10^{-12} \text{ cal/cm}^2 \text{ min}(°K)^4$ and so on?

Even more impressive than the fabulous-looking formulae in the appendix are the list of names and titles on the contents pages. In many ways, this is a remarkable little volume.

It purports to explain: - as title, sub-title, and various explanatory introductory remarks make plain - the steps taken and the problems ahead in the field of space medicine. What fun, then, to find that its eighty-three pages (including title page and references) embrace everything from the position of space medicine in the U. S. Air Force to the problems surrounding multi-stage rockets, artificial satellites, and the possibility of life on other worlds. From the actual contents a more appropriate title might have been derived than SPACE MEDICINE: something like PROBLEMS OF ASTROGATION, LUNA AHOY, or BRADBURY? HAH!

Major General Harry G. Armstrong, the Surgeon General, assures us that the Air Force's interest is not limited to the military possibilities of space conquest; Wernher von Braun, Hubertus Strughold, Heinz Haber, Paul Campbell, and Konrad Buettner, all of whom have impressive titles and-or departmental connections, tackle multi-stage rockets and artificial satellites, extra-terrestrial life, sun-spots, solar prominences and attendant phenomena, "Orientation in Space," and "Bioclimatology of Manned Rocket Flight" respectively. It's not until page 62 and Paul Campbell's contribution that space medicine really comes

into its own. Campbell's is a concise dissertation on the expected effects of acceleration and zero gravity on a space flier's orientation through their disruption of the so-called orientation triad consisting of the visual, vestibular and kinesthetic apparatus with their neural connections. Since the latter two are in part or completely gravity-oriented, it seems that the visual component of the triad must take complete command—and to insure the completion of even the simplest tasks this calls for extensive conditioning. When scientifictioneers start paying a little more attention to this aspect of interplanetary travel science fiction will either reach a new high in authenticity and realism or bog down in a morass of cumbersome detail and the kind of thing some genius once referred to as "somniferous verbiage."

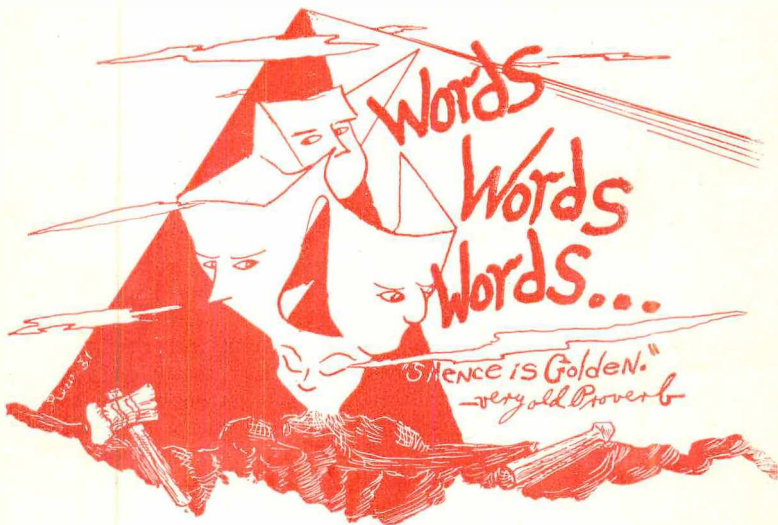
The final chapter, Buettner's "Bioclimatology of Manned Rocket Flight", deals with maintaining steady temperatures in man-made satellites and rockets, the necessity of induced convection, and the doubt-inducing factor of harmful radiations normally absorbed by the atmosphere. It is by far the most technically detailed contribution: a couple Ph.D.'s or a six month course in orientation conditioning are recommended concomitants.

Remember?—the equilibrium temperature $T(^{\circ}\text{K})$ of an artificial satellite can be determined by the formula: $e_1 \sigma_b T^4 = \dots$

Still with me? If so I hope you brought a compass along!

SPACE MEDICINE? Oh yes. Just remember to take the title with a truck-load of rock salt and you'll find it a concisely informative little book.

—Gearld Pearce



One little...

Thanks for the copy of EUSI. I can't remember subscribing to the book so I will inclose a dollar for said subscription. This issue was a vast improvement over the early issues (barrowed) that I have seen. Some of the material is very clever - especially the fine print.

MARJE BLOOD, Valley View Farm, Lowell, Oregon

Two little...

Congrats on the splendid July issue. Really great. Even some of my non stf friends were very much impressed with the outstanding printing and artwork, which are rarely found in amateur magazines.

The article, THE EDITORS OVER A BROILING FLAME, was a very interesting reading, although I must say I disagreed with several statements made in the article. Firstly, I believe OTHER WORLDS is one of the better prozines. The statement is made that each issue succeed in being duller than the last. Oh, what you said! Now I realize that OW is not printed on the best of paper and that the stories are not of the best quality. But the mag has a homey feeling. I especially enjoy the editorials by Palmer. Non of this high-brow stuff that ASTOUNDING and GALAXY insist on using. Frank sincere and down to earth -- that's Palmer. And that's for me -- Palmer, a good author, an even better publisher, and OTHER WORLDS, one of the best mags on the newstands.

RAY SCHAFFER, Jr. 122 Wise St. North Canton, Ohio

Three little...

The July 1951 EUSIFANSO arrived this morning, and while I don't want this to be a "gosh, wow, etc." letter, I must say it seems to get better and better. I particularly liked the cover. Your work? (*Thanks! Ed.*)

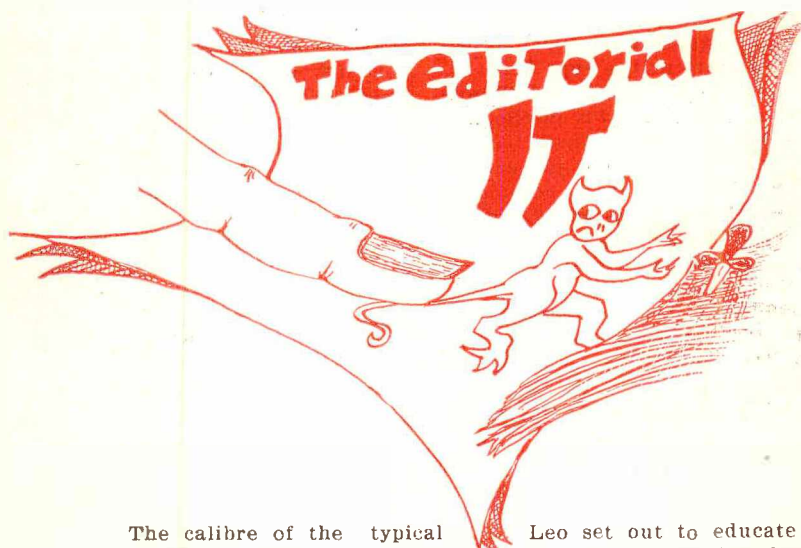
The main reason for this letter is however, a statement or two in the broiling flame article. The writer says: "For about three issues, approximately a year ago, OTHER WORLDS was the most exciting magazine on the stands." I'd like to point out (connection with the writer's remarks that OW has gone down-hill since then) that it was exactly one year ago that Rap had his accident, and that he is just now getting back on his feet, both literally and figuratively, so that he can continue to fulfill all those promises he made about the future of OW. I think if you keep your eye on OW for a while now, Rap may surprise you (pleasantly, of course) with some of the new ideas he has for improving the mag.

Best of luck with EUSE. I'll be looking forward to the next issue.

BEA MAHAFFEY, Managing Ed., OTHER WORLDS, 1144 Ashland Ave. Evanston Ill.

I'll be seeing you. . . .





The calibre of the typical science-fiction fan is by no means inconsequential. Fans are a discerning and intelligent species of homo sapien with rare critical judgement, profound organizational talent and a fine sense of humor.

The forgoing can be substantiated by the fan's achievement as a fan and by his adjustment to life.

I repeat: fans are discerning and intelligent. Fans never accept anything without evidence and in fact most fans have the mental capacity sufficiently large to prevent them from accepting evidence. They stand on their own two feet and make their own place in the world.

For example take the cases of Leo and Denny:

Leo set out to educate himself at a university but he soon found that the professors had the wrong slant on things. Their viewpoints were trite things badly hide bound and limited by overexposure to pertinent data and were completely incompatible with Leo's own splendidly unprejudiced view which rose out of his absolute unfamiliarity with the facts in the various courses. After five years of crusading Leo was unable to save the professors and so proudly returned to his cobwebs and old AMAZING STORIES and left the professors to their own ends.

Denny was different; Denny didn't try to go to school; Denny was business inclined. He went out and put his talents to work. Denny wanted to get ahead in the world so he found a job. In fact he found several jobs

in rapid succession. Denny went over with a bang and a crash from the start but the bosses just couldn't appreciate Denny's desire to start at the top. They booted him down and out. Denny protested in his own intellectual way but in vain. Finally conceding that it was vain to beat his head against a stone bosome as it were Denny wisely and bravely retreated from the scene and went too live off some friends.

For further evidence of the brilliance of science-fiction fans mention might be made of the sage ones who instantly realized that the story in GALAXY, intitled "Dark Interlude" condoned lynching of negroes because one of the lead characters (at the end of the story) approved of shooting the one character who was part negro.

Of course all fans are discerning enough to know that a new fan who can't spell has nothing to offer because if he can't spell he can't express himself and if he can't express himself he certainly isn't very bright and if he isn't very bright he most assuredly can't think and if he can't think he has nothing to offer fandom.

Not only are fans discerning and intelligent but they have commendable criticle judgement as is proven by Ross a fan who diligently compounded a thesis to the effect that fans were discerning and intelligent Homo sapians with rare critical judgement, organizational talent and a fine sense of humor. Having composed the thesis he went out in search of evidence to prove his thesis true. He soon found that such evidence was non-existent but being a man of integrity and

stupendious courage, he refused to permit such an absurd triviality to shake his thesis and, because of his courageous stand, he remains today the epitome of judicious fandom.

The organizational genius of fandom is evidenced by the remarkable growth patterns of regional science-fiction clubs. This history progresses thusly: A smart fan logically deduces that several heads are better than one and so he founds a club. The constituents of the club decide that the club should have a purpose for existing and after much profound deliberation sponser a club magazine for the exclusive purpose of printing minutes of the meetings. Then, after everything has started rolling smoothly a very, very, brilliant fan comes along and says "The best governed is the least governed."

Thus the club wisely decides to go insurgent and organizes to eliminate all organization. Then an e-x-t-r-a enlightened fan says: "We are putting out a good magazine each month. We are getting in a rut. The only way to get out of the rut is to stop and not do anything." From that day on the fans demonstrated their superiority by sitting on their olympian door stoops and orating over uncapped beer anent their earlier works. But they are careful not to gather in groups of more than three or to do anything but talk for they are wise in devices to prevent themselves from degenerating to the lesser glories of the past.

Rarely would any one question as to whither fans have a

sense of humor or not since the fans scense of humor is such a predominate facet of his make-up. This is indicated by the cheerful gales of laughter with which fans greet any serious attact on their favorite reading materials. It can also be evidenced by the productions of individue fans as, for example, the work of Jimmy, who puts out the oldest and the best news magazine in the field the which

is composed of page on page of the most uproiously funny material ever printed.

And so do science-fiction fans with their discerning and intilligent minds, their gift for organizing, their critical judgement and their fine sense of humor make their diamond studed heel-prints in the sands of time.

Ye Ed

The
10TH WORLD
SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION
BOX 1422
CHICAGO 90, ILL

"This— this Time Layer deal: does it work both ways? I mean, is this farmer going around wondering how that beautiful gray rug got in his barn?"

"Jon thought about it. "I suppose so," he said finally. "To a certain extent, anyway "

"You thinking of setting a bear trap?" I asked her.

Kay smiled grimly. "I would if I knew where to get ahold of one."

"You've got something on your mind besides your steak," I guessed, but she wouldn't answer.

She didn't mention the matter after that, though. We spent a nice sociable evening; watching television for awhile, and when we picked up a good band, trying out the patio as a dance floor.

Kay seemed to have forgotten the barn in our bedroom, and I was glad.

We saw the Reeds off to bed about two-thirty, and went into our own bedroom. Kay was laughing, her arm around my waist.

She touched the light button, and her laughter died. She jerked away from me and stood just inside the door, staring at the muddy footprints marking our rug in a frenzied pattern. This time there were small prints, too. A woman's . . .

Kay didn't say a word: she was literally too angry. I could feel my teeth grinding together. After all they don't give you rugs like that. I was the guy who'd had to pay to have that rug laid, and some galoot out of the past was using it for a door mat, and I didn't like it.

I turned to Kay to tell her exactly what I thought of the whole dirty deal, when from a distance, and yet perfectly clear, I heard someone talking. "Belle doesn't look so sick to me, Robert," the voice said.

I looked at Kay to see if she had heard. Her eyes narrowed. "So his name's Robert," she said now.

And then the man's voice cut in. "She is too sick, Mary. And it makes me mad the way you carry on. You act like I enjoy coming down here three-four times a night, taking care of her."

"It's just that I'm afraid up there at the house, Robert," the girl pleaded. "I'd a lot rather get up and come down here to look after the cow, instead of you sleeping down here all night."

The man's voice cut in again, angry and bitter. "I know what it is: you're afraid Wanda Evens will be down here waiting for me. That's right, ain't it?"

"Well— " the girl hesitated painfully. "I know she used to meet you down here— "

"I told you that was all done with, didn't I? I told you and told you. If you don't quit accusing me of meeting her down here, you're going to be sorry. Might as well have the game as well as the name."

The girl sobbed softly for a moment, then begged, "Please, Robby. It's only that I'm afraid up there alone. I'll even come down by myself next time if you want me to and you can sleep late."

"All right! All right! You go on up to the house and I'll be there before long." The girl's footprints slipped out of sight by the bathroom door.

"So that's the kind of guy I've been cleaning up after—"

"What do we do now?" I asked her, unzipping my shirt. "This is too close for comfort."

"I'm going to bed," she said, stepping out of her dress. She caught it before it reached the floor; looked toward the closet. Then, with uncustomary abandon, she flung it across a flat chest at the foot of the bed. "I'll have to clean the whole thing tomorrow, anyway . . ."

Kay went into the bathroom to wash her face. While she was gone I watched the heavy bootprints clump off after the girl.

I crawled into bed, and switched off the light. Moonlight came through the unshaded window, blurring the footprints into a textured pattern on the rug.

Kay came out of the bathroom and stood in the center of the room.

"We're going to have to do something about this, you know—" I told her. "At the rate this thing is developing, we might wake up any morning in bed with a cow."

"I intend to do something about it." Kay's voice was low, but clear. She slid into bed beside me, and the moonlight picked out the outlines of her lingerie where she'd dropped it to the floor, and left it.

Kay was still beside me, but I couldn't sleep. I was worried about her. This thing seemed to be getting her down, and things didn't bother her, as a general rule.

It wasn't like her to leave her clothes lying carelessly about the bedroom; and tonight she'd simply stepped out of her things and left them lying there in a heap in the middle of the bedroom floor.

I turned over and raised up on one elbow, watching her curiously. Her eyes opened slowly. She smiled at me— a sort of cat-that-ate-the-canary smile. "It works both ways, dear," she murmured.

Wow! The pieces of the puzzle fell into place. "You little witch," I whispered, laughing in spite of myself.

Kay's face sobered. "I'll teach him to keep his damned cow out of my bedroom," she said.

It worked both ways. Anyway, after we cleaned the rug that Sunday morning, our troubles were over. Whoever had been tampering with Time—or whatever—must have decided he'd done enough damage.

...Could be the farmer's wife burned down the barn and killed the farmer, too.

Or maybe the poor guy was so busy trying to explain that Super-sheer, molded plastic, Tru-flesh tint Bra-Scanty set in the hay mow that he never had time to go near a barn again.

—Marje Blood

Memoirs of 146 E. 12th

There was never such excitement around 146 E. 12th as on the day Rosco and Ed's new \$700 power press arrived. Never again they boasted, would they stoop to operating a manual press. Two days later, due to Rosco's overenthusiastic pressure on the platen, the broken power press was sitting idle and Rosco and Ed were fuming over their hand presses.

I'll never forget how, after the club's main meeting, the entire male membership adjourned to

the home of the local Unitarian minister. The hangovers were so bad that not a single club member made it either to work or to school the next day.

I'll never forget the device we used at the last meeting to prevent one of our members from producing the sparkling witticism with which he had entertained the assemblage at previous functions.

We daubed both his hands with molasses and gave him a feather! This kept Ed happily occupied and oblivious of his surroundings for the remainder of the evening.

CYRUS F. PROUTY

OLD BOOK STORE

BOOKS ADVERTISED AND SEARCHED FOR

1254 WILLAMETTE

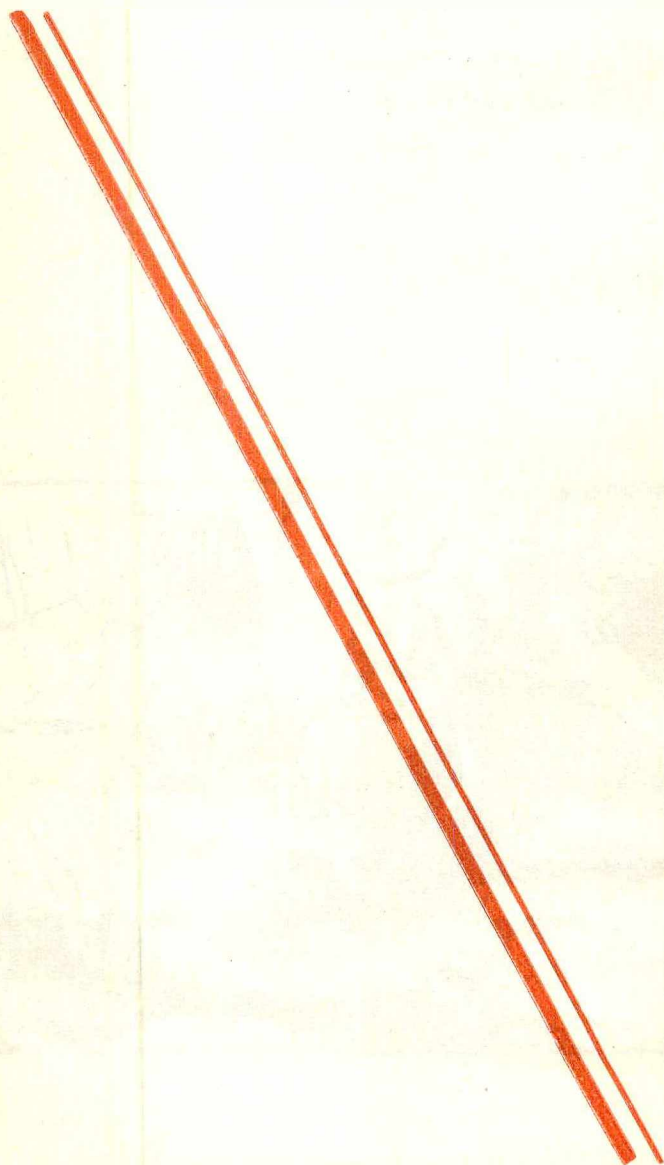
EUGENE, OREGON





On the next few pages is a new experiment for EUSIFANSO, though not for this editor, who put out a science-fiction art magazine in '43. Your reactions and your contributions of art will be appreciated.

Rew



We herewith present two drawings by

HENRY LEWIS

from whom
we expect a very
remarkable series of
pictures for CONCEPT.





BEYOND INFINITY



When I lie dead, let it not be the ending!
The grave, the worm, the darkness and the mold -
These cannot be the total sum of all
The long, long years, the heartbreak and toil!
No, rather let me lightly roam the universe
Burdened no longer by the dragging handicap
Of gravitation's pull, of age and failing powers.
I long to skim the ocean, wave by crested wave;
Race the wild wind across the upthrust, barren peaks;
Lie motionless with lizards in the desert sun.
I'd ride the carrousel of Saturn's rings,
And dive beneath bright Venus' veil of cloud;
Circle the moon, bestride a comet's tail,
And rest awhile on lovely dying Mars.
The spiky stars are calling me to follow
The ether drift that trails the curve of time
Until it meets the slow, sweet curve of space,
And find there this brave truth - there is no death!

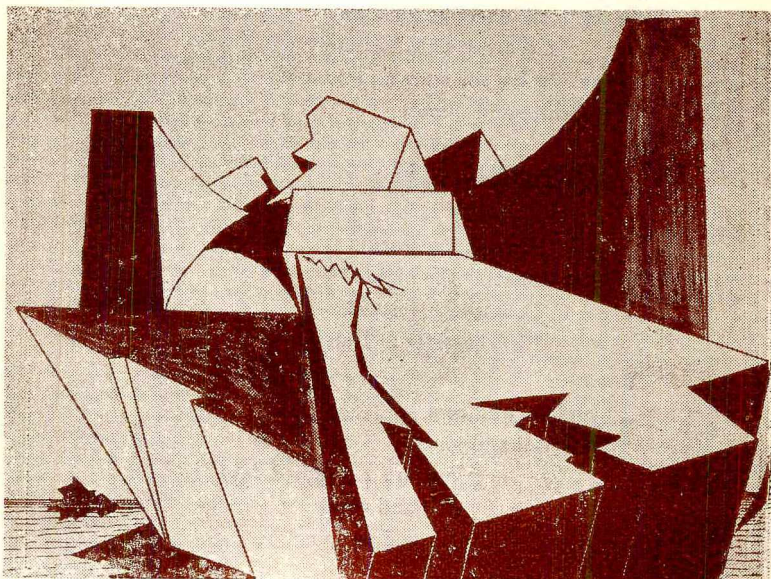
ADRY FAULKNER

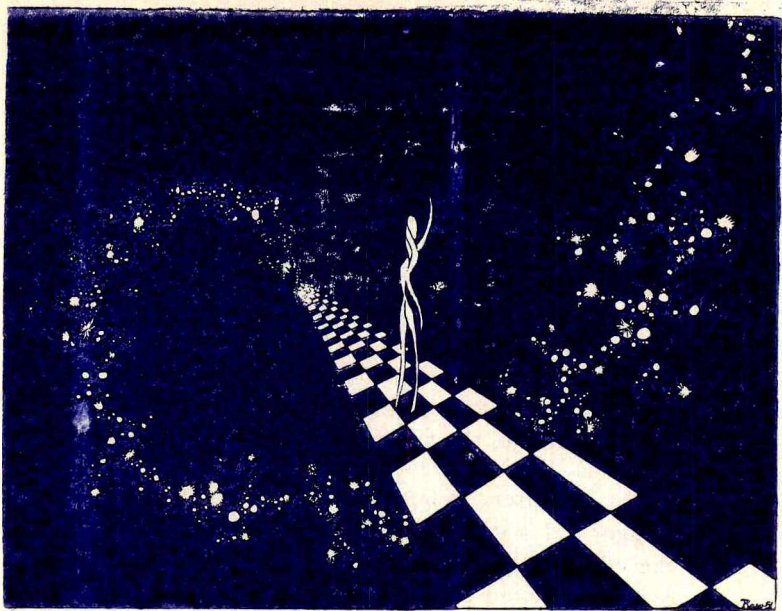
SCIENCE-FICTION-ART

We believe that science-fiction-art offers vast possibilities in fine arts, illustration, and design; that it can include much that mundane art includes and much that mundane art doesn't include; that once s.f. art moves beyond "cigar shaped space-ships" it rises above the slovenly thought patterns such as denote most fantasy art, and markedly above such 'closed-circles' as, for example, the few morbid emblems of weird art.

To often, to our regret, s.f. art has, perhaps justly, been catagorized with fantasy or the macabre. We are not alone in the effort to give s.f. art a new birth of imagination. You are cordially invited to watch the fireworks.

—Rew





ENDLESS

Endless cool - and endless quiet;

Endless fate - and endless night.

I am

a tall and lonely goddess on
a checkered path to infinity;
reaching for the stars so cold and
white and remote.

I am

a tall and lonely-goddess-I
wish I could
Scatter the stars!
Shatter the night!
Crumple the path!
Rip the gates of Hell...

But I am

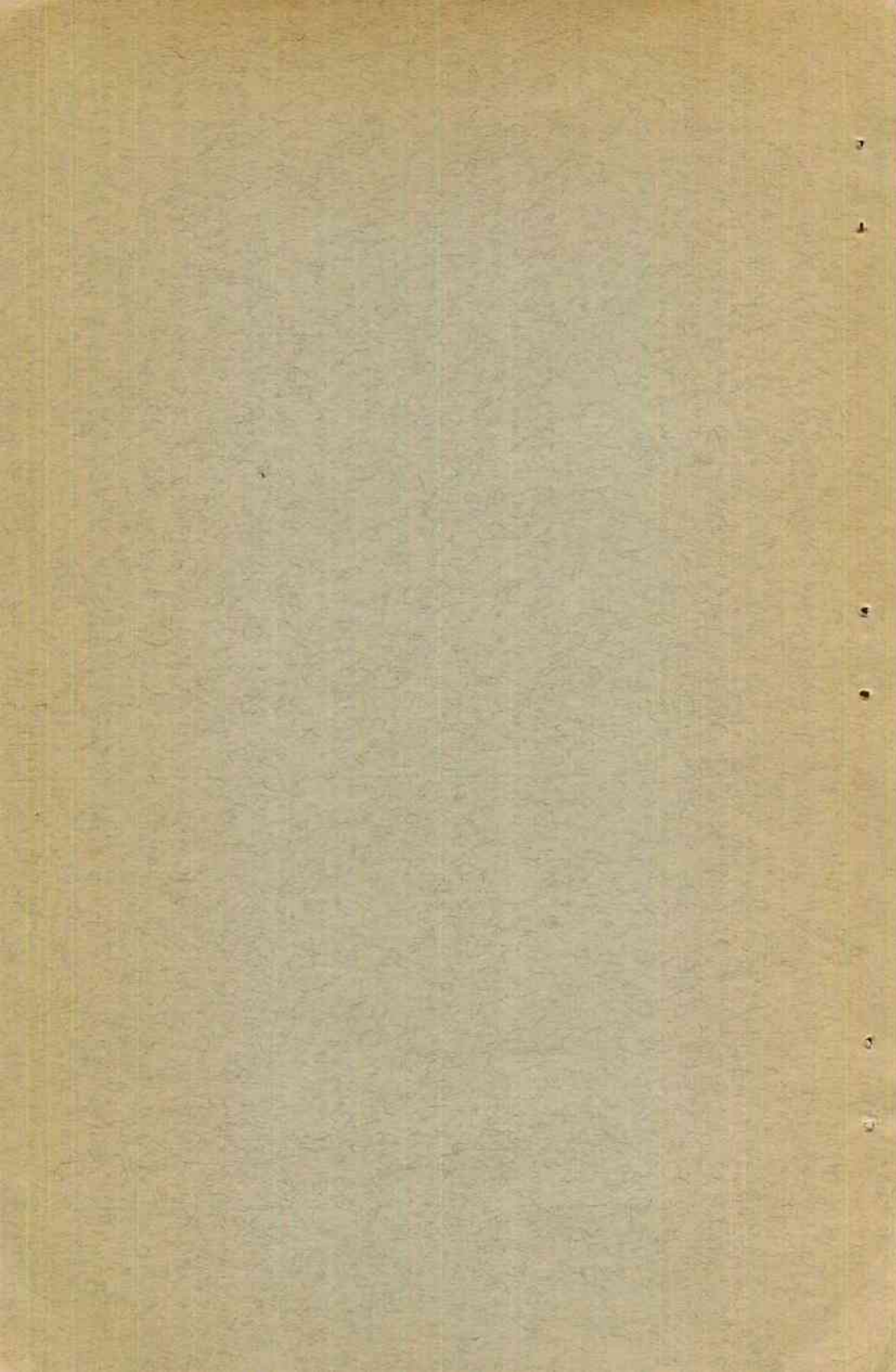
endless and cool
tall and lonely
goddess on a checkered fate
cold and white
and weeping.

-- Rosco Wright

This is not an issue of CONCEPT. It is a preview. The first issue, unless world events prevent, will be out in July 1952.

You may have a copy only by writing for one. CONCEPT will be free even though it will cost us more than EUSIFANSO. We want to spend our time editing and printing, not keeping subscription lists up to date.

Rew



Sic Transit Gloria Merwin

by marion bradley

Down at 10 East 40th street there is a wistfulness in the air. Up there where many a reject has been tossed and lost, an editor who flips a mean blue-pencil has gone the way of all good editors... Sam Merwin, beloved alike of fan and author, has gone where all editors go.

I don't blame him. Not so long ago, in the name of fandom, I beseeched him to scotch this vicious rumor that he was leaving. I pleaded they couldn't *do* that to him... not good old Horatio! He replied (I fancied, a trifle wistfully) that he was leaving of his own free will, to freelance... and he added, "loving the idea, and hoping I can make good at it."

Well, I hope his stories are many and his best sellers better, but probably no editor will ever achieve so much again. Merwin spent seven years with STARTLING and TWS and the new Magazines. He printed such stories as AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT, THE SHADOW MEN, SEA KINGS OF MARS, THE STARMEN OF LLYRDIS, TRAN-SURANIC, CALL HIM DEMON, THE STAR OF LIFE and CITY AT WORLDS END. He made *startling* famous through the field for novels which closely rivalled, and filled the barren niche of the old UNKNOWN.

When Sam Merwin took over SS and TWS, they were two sloppy magazines with terrible type-face, worse art work and an editorial policy which almost aloud, said "these two books are our inferior pulps. They're hardly worth editing."

Merwin, of course, had no authority. Leo Margulies and Charlie Strong were the actual 'editorial directors', and Merwin began as little more than a final reader of the stories. He had a limited budget and a readership down there with the PLANET readership, and a letter-column full of assorted Bemlins, rotten with Xeno and Snaggletooth, and cluttered up with the tradition of an editorial 'Sarge Saturn', a character on a par with Hopalong Cassidy.

Almost Merwin's first act was to reform the lettercolumn (over which he had, obviously, unlimited control, that being a minor chore with which Margulies and his dictators would not concern themselves) throwing out the bemlins and enforcing a strict Volstead act on the Xeno. He started throwing out the clever-cute hackletters and printing the severely critical type, although sometimes he had a hard time finding them. He also began to make over the fanzine review column, from a mere listing of the number and size of the pages to a genial criticizing and sometimes horseplay.

But he didn't make the mistake of a too-swift change. He kept humor in the letter-columns, in large doses... he has, in fact, always had a weakness for perfectly atrocious puns and extemporaneous (and mostly awful) poetry. He is surprisingly erudite for an editor... and displays it in a manner of laughing at himself.

Then he gradually gained more authority over his magazines... and began to build them up.

For my money, Merwin has done twice the job Campbell did. The pre-Campbell ASF's were famous even then as a better pulp. Street and Smith have always been generous with their writers, and their editors are given authority for competent editing. Merwin started with a couple of down-at-the-heel thud-and-blunder mags, and built them up into the only real science-fantasy magazines on the market. He struck a lovely medium between the adventure running rife in PS, and the science in ASF; and we who love the Merrittesque which is vanishing so quickly, found it in TWS and STARTLING. In fine, he made them magazines of *wonder*....

Merwin always took his editing seriously. He likes to read and write science fiction, and he is probably the only editor who is really versed in literature (with the possible exception of Tony Boucher). He isn't a scientist.... and he holds the sensible idea that sf is science FICTION, rather than SCIENCE fiction. (More power to him!) He is the only editor in the field who isn't afraid of fantasy. He has printed such out-and-out fantasies as THE LADY IS A WITCH, THERE SHALL BE NO DARKNESS, and THE ODDESSEY OF YIGGAR THROLG. Yet he delves deep into science in such stories as THE CYBERNETIC BRAINS.

Merwin has pulled his bonors, of course. There were the Bud Gregory stories, and the Tubby saga, which made everyone weep. Yet his erring was always in the right direction.

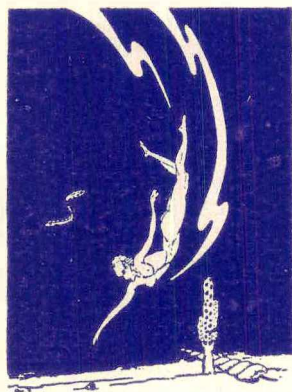
I have never heard anyone gripe about editorial relations with Merwin. And I know from experience that he is almost incredibly decent to would-be writers. He's rejected my stories constantly, but never yet have I received a reject without some little note explaining wherein the fault lay and expressing a hope for better luck soon. Once I asked him out-and-out if my stories were hopeless and he took time out.... and he's a busy man.... to write me a full page letter on the psychology of rejection slips and urging me to keep at it, delineating my faults and virtues as a writer quite clearly. I kept it---framed!

Perhaps an achievement even more startling than the raising of two comic-strip pulps to top level is the success he has made of his new books, FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE and WONDER STORY ANNUAL. It's a hard task to make a reprint magazine work.... but he's done it, in FSQ, by salting the magazine liberally with new stories, and picking the best of the older stories.... not merely re-reprinting fairly recent ones.

He went out in a blaze of glory with WSA recently. This was actually more of a reprint magazine, with slick paper, trimmed edges, and a reprint of one of the most famous stories ever printed, Manly Wade Wellman's TWICE IN TIME. Perfect artwork and really slick editing keyed it, all the way through. Even the most confirmed reprint-boycotters could honestly buy this collection... as legitimately as THE POCKET BOOK OF S-F.

I'm sure Sam Merwin will make a good free-lance. His science-fiction is as good as the best, and he can always write detective yarns, none better. I wish, however, that editors could engage in a cabal not to buy his stories... so he could go back to editing. Although he will be competent as a writer, as an editor he stands in a class by himself.

—Marion Bradley



ODD ENDS

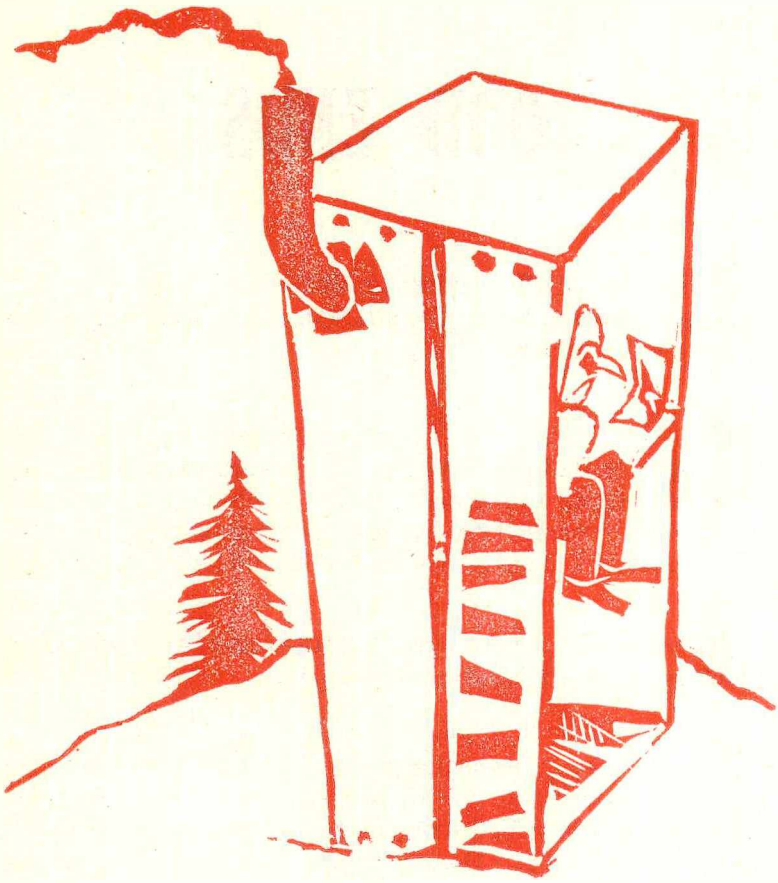
The ed of EUSI, having graduated once from the University of Oregon, still isn't satisfied. He's back at it again. This time it's art exclusively.

Type for this issue, if it appers as two columes, is linotyped by Wright or Mc Cain. All the rest is laboriously handset by the unholy three on the masthead. Much body text was set by Ed Zimmerman; Rew hogged the display type and press runs while the old sarge, Cyrus Prouty, made coffee.

It takes six months to get out an issue of this magazine, which is one third faster than people.

Henry Lewis, appearing in the CONCEPT section, is a graduate student at the University of Oregon's School of Architecture and Allied Arts, from whence also came David Stone of GALAXY. Donna Covalt, illustrator for the lead story is also an art student at the same institution.

You are requested not to subscribe to EUSI. Just write for publications from here. Henceforth there will be no price tag except your genuine interest. The money we get from EUSI isn't worth the bookkeeping. Besides money is supposed to be spent on women, or like it says on the penny "e pluribus unum" and "In God We Trust"



Frankenstein Rides Again

by Lemuel Craig

Tucked away in obscure corners of this nation of ours, living in caves, deserted army barracks, and upended banana crates is a peculiar breed of people. They spend their money on miserably

printed, miserably illustrated (and frequently miserably written) pulp magazines on whose covers abound artwork so garish as to put an art major into state of trauma. They spend their time perusing these publications, accumulating back issues of them, and amassing piles of material with some tenuous connection to the field they reverently refer to as 'stf'.

They invest in mimeographs and the cheapest possible stencils and publish 'fanzines'. This serves to bolster their ego and give their 'creative impulses' an outlet. They write feverish and indecipherable letters back and forth to each other and occasionally give vent to long, detailed, and slightly ungrammatical 'appreciations' of some long-forgotten 'classic' printed in 1931 by AMAZING STORIES.

In their spare time they work for a living, usually at something highly unremunerative. Since all their money is spent on mimeo equipment and dog-eared fanzines, these people have little money left for such things as clothing, outside entertainment, or a balanced diet. But they don't mind. They are far too happy fondling that rare copy of MIRACLE SCIENCE STORIES with only the cover and the first fifteen pages missing which they picked up last year at such a bargain price.

These people are known as science-fiction fans.

Now, someplace on the West coast in a psychological state known as Hollywood, there exists another group of people. They spend their time trying to escape from themselves, where the stfan proved his superiority long ago by succeeding in this goal when he allowed himself to be completely

absorbed by his collection.

Where the sf fan is bankrupt due to his infinitesimal income, the makers of motion pictures manage to be bankrupt on some of the fanciest incomes ever confiscated by the Internal Revenue Collector. Where fans tend toward introversion, they are extroverted.

The two groups have only one thing in common. They are both thoroughly unconventional.

These two divisions of mankind managed to go their separate ways fairly unhappily until quite recently. Then Hollywood discovered stf! At last--- something to replace the Western and keep the coaxial cable from the door! True, they had made one or two abortive motions in the direction of the science-fiction film in the past plus many fantasy movies ranging all the way from superb to Abbott and Costello but never before had there been any concerted attempt to cash in on this comparatively recent step-child squalling on literature's front doorstep.

And fans, as we have already seen, seldom had either the wherewithal or the inclination to enter into the precincts of the local cinema.

But in early 1950 portentous rumblings could be heard reverberating through the fan press. Robert Heinlein (at which name all true fan doff their ancient drbies) was in Hollywood writing a script, so the story went, for the first REAL science fiction film. Not only was the fan press deluged with publicity handouts but the general magazines, both slick and specialized, helped blare forth the news with what was perhaps the biggest advance ballyhoo for any film since "Duel" in the

Sun". Later bulletins spread the tidings that the picture would be scientifically correct in every detail and that Chesley Bonestell was designing the sets. The fans went into raptures. The millenium had arrived! The world was about to be converted to science-fiction. The fanzines willingly went all out in publicizing the film. A casual glance at some of the pieces printed at this time would lead an innocent bystander to believe that he was perusing a rave review of an all-time classic. It required fairly close study to ascertain that the picture wasn't even completed yet and the writer of the piece was merely misquoting garbled fourth-hand information.

The picture "Destination Moon" began to take on the attributes of a tribal totem. Thus fandom was somewhat stunned to learn that a diaphanously budgeted production entitled "Rocketship X-M" was being rushed before the cameras and would hit the theaters prior to the long-awaited DM. Fandom couldn't quite decide what its reaction should be. After all, weren't they devoted to the encouragement of all science-fiction? And wasn't RXM stf? But could they conscientiously support a production which had the audacity to go into competition with that paragon of still unreleased virtues, "Destination Moon"?

When RXM was released they had their answer. It showed meteors rushing through space with a tremendous roar of noise! How outrageous! Why... Why... Why it was..... well, they hated to use such violent terminology but it was..... downright *inaccurate scientifically!*

Worse yet, there were other errors noticable to even the most uneducated fan, each of whom rushed to his typewriter to produce a blistering review of the offending film. The fact that RXM was one of the year's most successful pictures financially they chose to ignore and in some cases they actually printed false information to the contrary.

Then came "Destination Moon". The fans swooned to a man. Well, almost. It is reported there was one color-blind fan in Little Rock, Ark. who sat vainly through two showings waiting for the end of the newsreels and travelogs so he could see the picture. Finally running out of money with which to buy popcorn, he disgustedly went home.

Hollywood could have taken lessons from fandom in the use of superlatives after "Destination Moon" was released

After a few month's lull, in the spring of 1951, came Howard Hawks' production "The Thing".

This brought mixed reactions. Somewhat inaccurate scientifically and an extreme distortion of Campbell's "Who Goes There?", it still was the filmization of one of the greatest sf stories ever written and it *was* sf. So the fans wound up by giving it pretty good reviews but this time they sat on their superlatives.

Other sciencefiction movies are scheduled for the near future. And the fans' reactions can easily be predicted though bearing small relationship to either the commercial success or artistic worth of the films in question.

Today the typical fan regards "The Shape of Things to Things to Come" (one of Alexander Korda's mid-30's mistakes) as the finest film ever made (this despite the fact that he has probably never had a chance to see it). He is very happy that "Destination Moon" won THE Academy Award and is apt to cite it as evidence of sf's growing prestige. Most fans ignore the fact that DM's Oscar was a special award for technical excellence which was never voted on by the general Academy membership.

The average fan probably has never heard of "All About Eve" and if he has doubtless thinks it the title of some Richard S. Shaver tale. And it is doubtful if one fan out of a hundred has the foggiest notion as to who Joseph Mankiewicz is.

A similar reaction accompanied the recent science-fictional invasion of radio. Despite the long-since-exhausted limitations of radio drama, "Dimension X" and "4000 Plus" were *stf* so each fan religiously tuned in and happily absorbed every juvenile sound effect.

We shall doubtless see history repeated, someday, in television.

What I am attempting to point out is that fandom, partly through ignorance of the medium - partly through lack of any critical standards, has blundered ludicrously when attempting to evaluate available stfilms.

There are immense possibilities for stf in the movies, the only known dramatic art form which can equal the novel in freedom and potentialities. But so far Hollywood, in its usual bumbling manner, has completely avoided them with the fans applauding all that is worst in the present primitive efforts.

"Destination Moon" proved as scientifically accurate as predicted. The Bonestell backgrounds, which accompanied perhaps one-fifth of the picture, this writer found breathtakingly beautiful. Otherwise the picture proved to be a dull hour-long travelogue featuring poor acting and worse miscasting. Two of the main actors were so similar in looks and actions and so poorly differentiated by the script that it was next to impossible to keep track of which was which.

We can't lay all blame on Robert Heinlein. He was forced to battle all the way for realism and accuracy. The script's weaknesses can be attributed to Heinlein's total lack of experience in the field. With nine or ten screenplays under his belt Heinlein should be able to produce something truly impressive judging from his achievements in slicks and pulps. But, as yet Heinlein is still a fish out of water.

Having never had opportunity to see "Rocketship X-M" my information regarding that picture comes second hand, mostly from fans, and almost entirely derogatory. Yet I am inescapably led to the conclusion that it was a better movie than DM.

So there were scientific errors. So what? So it makes you feel superior to catch them. All right, feel superior. But remember, the average man in the theater doesn't know they're errors; and if he did, he wouldn't give a damn about it. RXM did science-fiction an invaluable service; it helped introduce to the general public a new type of story, something they find intriguing and something they'd like to see more of.

It is doubtful if DM intrigued anyone without scientific training. This is not to say "Destination Moon" was a flop. It succeeded. But despite, not because of, its faults.

RXM had movement. I am told it had suspense, something which appeared only twice for brief moments in DM. While I did not see it, I'm willing to bet RXM featured better acting than DM or "The Thing". The principal actors in "Rocketship X-M" have been around Hollywood for years, always turning in competent performances but never quite manufacturing the personality spark necessary for stardom.

This brings up another gripe. Why does Hollywood insist on filming science-fiction pictures with unknowns? The excuse given is that this adds verisimilitude. The truth of the matter is that the star system is breaking down in Hollywood and unknowns cost less. Which is fine as long as they give good performances. But the law of diminishing returns seems to have set in. Too many of the new faces can't act. And in casting any picture (including science-fiction) the studio should acquire the best performer for the role, regardless of whether the best performer is a high-priced character actor, an all-too-familiar supporting player, an unknown fresh from Broadway . . . or even a top boxoffice star. What's wrong with an established star in a science-fiction film, anyhow?

Fandom's attitude of making scientific accuracy the sole criterion of quality seems rather absurd. While the initiate may not enjoy the inaccurate pictures, the more popular the fare becomes (and every picture helps) the more we will see of both accurate and inaccurate films. In perhaps ten years there may be as many as fifty sf films produced annually, of which probably 35 will be highly inaccurate B's made for the Saturday matinee trade, another ten hackneyed plots that didn't quite come off, and the remaining five scientifically accurate, well written, well motivated, well acted films, well worth anyone's buck fifty (the probable price of a theatre ticket by then). Then you can attend the pictures you care to see and stay away from the other 35 or 45. But five really good science-fiction films is exactly five more than the entire industry has produced in its first fifty years. So isn't it worth having the general public misinformed about free fall in order to get some really fine entertainment eventually?

But nothing whatsoever is to be gained by going all-out to knock films which do not measure up to arbitrary and somewhat illogical standards of fandom. At the NORWESCON Anthony Boucher made an impassioned plea for the fans to rise up in their wrath and smite down Lippert Studios for making RXM, crying "This isn't what we want! We want pictures like 'Destination Moon!'" This is mildly amusing since probably all of fandom combined isn't apt to bother Lippert much when they can gaze at the beautiful black ink in their ledgers which show a million-plus return on an \$80,000 investment.

But it is serious for a man of Mr. Boucher's status to hold such an attitude. Most fans can't exert much influence but Anthony Boucher is one of the important figures in the sf-literary field and sufficient pressure brought by several people such as he could well nip the sf-boom in the bud.

If he wants to see the destructive force of such tactics, Mr. Boucher should investigate the results of these methods in strife-torn jazz fandom where each group believes itself to be the sole purveyor of true jazz. A Republican politician in the South draws less abuse than the record executive who has just cut a bop session gets from irate Dixophiles. The modernists squak almost as loudly about two-beat recordings. As a result of this ingratitude the major labels almost never record jazz anymore except for items of proven commercial value. They may re-issue their old releases but the fan must rely on the independents for anything new.

"The Thing", while better than DM, proved merely a B suspense and action picture making A money because of its novel theme --- which wasn't so novel after all, since the supposedly super-human intelligence not only looked like the Frankenstein monster of yore but even used the same shuffling walk and same primitive method of killing (merely thrashing its arms purposelessly from side to side till the victim comes within reach) that was originated by the moronic-minded monster who once stalked the back lots at Universal. Of course if the monster had acted intelligently he would have killed off the entire cast, thus ending the picture, in the third reel.

Too bad they didn't film "Who Goes There?" which would have made a fascinating picture.

What hope is there for sf movies in the future? A glance at today's output shows that only five names can be counted on to consistently provide quality entertainment; Joseph Mankiewicz, Preston Sturges, John Huston, and Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. These men share one common quality; they are all writers. And, with the exception of Brackett (a producer who always co-scripted his pictures with Wilder until this year) they are all directors who bring their own scripts to the screen.

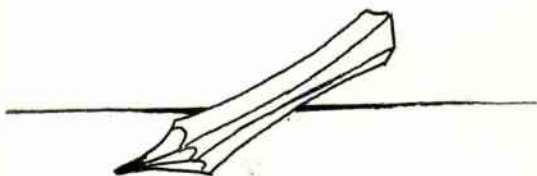
Hollywood has long been addicted to the notion that the more writers there are on a picture the better it will be. Which handily prevents any individuality from creeping in. Even when scripted by just one man (which rarely happens) the director and producer each add their own alterations. But the above-mentioned men have proven that the writer who brings his own script to the screen bears the magic formula necessary to succor an ailing industry.

However all these men served long apprenticeships turning out typical Hollywoodish product. So how will we get good sf movies in the future?

I see one answer. The Heinleins, van Vogts, Bradburys, and de Camps (or their successors who are now learning the trade) must move to Hollywood and spend painful years working on bad movies until they learn screen technique, the lack of which tripped up Heinlein. Then they must find some studio willing to take a chance on allowing them to direct their own stories. After that it's up to them. They'll have to rise or fall on their own efforts.

Until then what is available? Very simple, "Frankenstein Rides Again". Only this time it's in a rocketship and there's a beautiful stowaway (from an original story by Ray Bradbury), playing now at your downtown theatre. Only 75 cents.

—Lemuel Craig



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