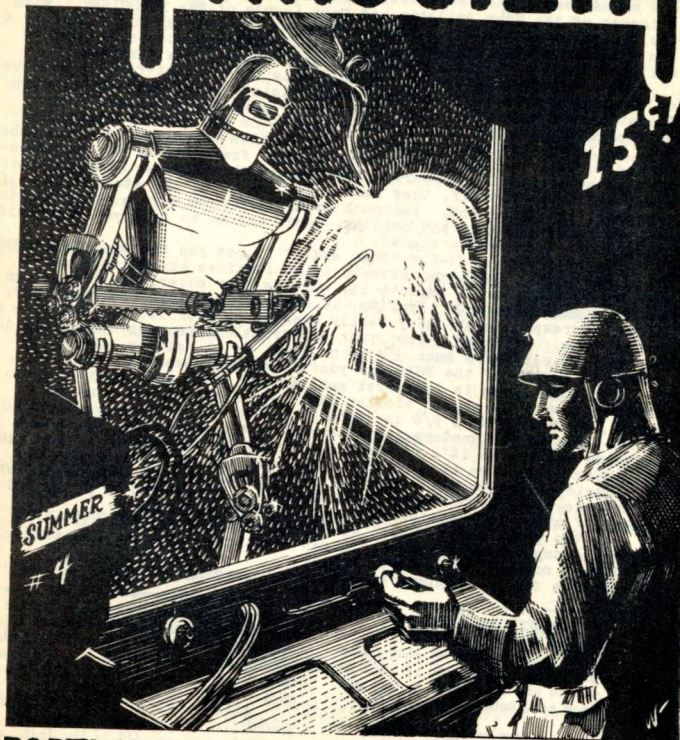


the FANSCIENT

15¢!



SUMMER

#4

PORTLAND SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY

With this issue, The FANSCIANT completes its first year of publication. Also, it was just a year ago that we put out the first PSFS News Bulletin. Last month, the Portland Science-Fantasy Society celebrated its first anniversary. All in all, it has been a busy year. Looking back, the record is rather impressive. The Portland Society has become one of the most active in the country. We have published 9 issues of the News Bulletin and four issues of The FANSCIANT. With the exception of the No. 3 FANSCIANT which was held up for 9 days by a flu epidemic at the printers, we have hit within a couple of days of our deadlines, a virtually unheard of procedure for a fanzine.

We are uncertain whether to call this the all-out-for-dough-issue or the why-be-satisfied-with-synthetic-Finlay-fanart-when-we-give-you-imitations-of-them-all issue. The latter name had its start when Waible and Higbee sat down with Schlitz to do the illustrations for Neil R. Jones' article. I know it was Schlitz because I read the label on the bottle. Anyway the idea was to copy fragments of the illustrations that originally appeared with some of the stories. Having copied Wesso and Morey's stuff, they went a bit hog wild, and started copying everybody including Bok. Inasmuch as most of them were a collaboration between Higbee, Waible and Schlitz, don't ask me to tell you which did which where they aren't signed.

As for the all-out-for-dough end of it, as you can see, The FANSCIANT is one of the more expensive-to-print fanzines and we need your support to continue to improve it. On the back cover, you'll find an ad for gummed stickers. Profits, if any, will go into The FANSCIANT. If you correspond much, they really sharpen up your letters and save a lot of time. Get some. Keep your subscriptions and ads coming and if you want to slip us a buck a year or more, we'll put you down as an Associate Member of the PSFS and you'll get the News Bulletin too.

Our next issue is the first anniversary issue and, just to be different, we will accept booster ads. Put anything you want in a space 1 inch high by 3 3/8 inches wide and we'll photograph and run it as-is. Put in a signature, typed name, little caricatures or squibs. Anything as long as it's in black and white and mailable. If you want to give us even more of a boost, larger ads are available as below.

David H. Keller will fill the AUTHOR, AUTHOR spot next issue, with an article by Ladd on George Allan England, illustrated by Estes and a number of other interesting features, also forthcoming.

In the past, we've stayed away from original poetry, but we're trying a couple in this issue, to get reactions. If you like these, we'll have more, if not; never again.

8 Thanks for the letters and keep them coming. *Don Day*

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ads connected with fantasy & sf, if you prepare the copy, ready to photograph: 1 page \$2.50, 1/2 page \$1.50, 1/4 page 75c. Add \$1.00 to any size ad if we lay out. Non-fantasy ads, double above rates.

LAYOUT OF ADS.

FULL PAGE: Lay out on 8 1/2" x 11" sheet. Leave 3/4" margin on sides & 1" on top &

bottom. Net space inside margins 7 x 9". HALF-PAGE: may be laid out either 3 3/8" wide x 9" high or 7" wide x 4 3/8" high. QUARTER-PAGE: 3 3/8" wide x 4 3/8" high. Half-tones or ads to other scales cost more. Write for quotations.

Column width is 34 pica typewriter spaces (10 to the inch, used above) or 40 elite spaces (12 to the inch, used here). Cash with ads, please.

Volume 2,
Number 2.

the FANSCIANT

Whole Number 4
SUMMER, 1948

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15¢ a copy

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Donald B. Day,
Editor

Editorial Board: Joe Salta, Gerald Waible, Ralph Rayburn Phillips, Moe Higbee, Don Berry

See foot of opposite page for Advertising Rates.

THE FOX and I

by F. Lee Baldwin



I signed the register at the Windsor Hotel, looked the room over; that I'd been assigned and decided to take in the bright spots of Spokane. By midnight I'd run across a Swede lumberjack. I knew from over in Idaho at Orofino. We needed a bottle to commemorate the occasion so I located a phone booth and dialed a cab driver I knew handled after hour whiskey.

I lifted the receiver off the hook and put it to my ear. Doing so caused a bit of colored paper to flutter to the floor. I lowered my eyes and observed that it was an empty cigarette package with a hole torn through the center. It must have been wedged in between the ear piece and the hook. I

stared idly down at it while I made my call.

The cab driver told me to make the pick-up in the washroom of a place further down on Maine Avenue. Ten minutes later I'd made the transaction and was washing my hands, and in searching for the paper towel lever my hand brushed an empty cigarette package impaled over the little gimmick.

It was identical to the one I'd seen in the phone booth. For a moment I stared at it.

Possibly an ordinary person wouldn't have given much thought to this coincidence within a time-limit of ten or twelve minutes, but having a strain of the Pinkerton in me, I was sure they were signs of some kind. But who were they intended for? Not me, because I didn't know anyone around Spokane or other parts who would want my blood on his hands.

Maybe this was some mysterious Blackhand trail I had crossed.

I stared around the damp wall of the washroom. Upstairs, I could hear the cracking of pool balls, but I was alone. I hurried up the steps, the quart bottle clutched bludgeon-like.

Ole, the Swede, was waiting in the room and I told him about it.

He gave out a rough laugh. "Day Red Fox. I see him come out of Greek Yake's dis morning. Some

faller, dat Fox...." He kept on laughing.

I'd crossed the trail of the Red Fox from the logging outfits and blister rust camps of Idaho. Ole told me. These cigarette packages hanging emptily were his signature. Don't get me wrong: The Fox is no public enemy although I believe a psychiatrist would thrill in the probing of his mind.

I didn't run onto any more of those signs around Spokane that winter but I never forgot the matter of minutes or even seconds that I'd missed him coming out of that phone booth or using that washroom.

Ole and I went to Orofino in the spring to line up some work in the timber. Twice during the first week in that Clearwater River town the Red Fox brushed me. It gave me a raw, chilly feeling those few times I saw his calling card hanging from a tack or nail in some frequented place.

By the end of the week I got a job with a blister rust outfit. The camp was out of Pearce City and was supered by a tall, lean, sardonic visaged gent. We became good friends as is sometimes the case between the short and the extremely tall and during the summer we helped make Pearce City a fairly bright spot on Saturday nights.

In spite of all the normal inclinations of a single man of twenty-eight or nine, Art, the super, had a peculiar side. I couldn't understand, why with all his education he preferred staying back in the hills and associating with me, far beneath him in scholarly attainment. For in the course of our friendship he had mentioned graduating from one college and attending two others. After that I saw Art with a different set of eyes.

Early one morning he came into the cook tent where I was getting breakfast and poured a cup of cof-

fee. An expression about his freckle-blotched face caught me. It was in his eyes. There was a blankness in them I'd never seen before. You see it when a baby looks straight at you—then looks directly through you.

Art gurgled a laugh. He had just come back from town where he had bunked at Rosie Berdanto's hotel.

After a rough night in one of her beds he had hauled his six foot five inch frame through the door and solemnly gone and borrowed a saw. Back in the room he cut through the wooden bed frame and side panels, leaving only a sliver holding the structure together.

I started laughing.

Art rolled his red-thatched scalp forward until it almost reached his brows. "I'm a firm believer in that American institution: the added attraction. And that's what the next customer at Rosie's will have."

By the end of the season it was all set for me to go to Spokane with him, where he lived with his mother.

We were having a few beers in Duff's place. Art leaned over his glass, peering into my face. "Whatever you do," he warned, "Don't ever mention to my mother that I ever drank anything stronger than a cup of coffee, and don't offer me a smoke."



Incredulously, I nodded that I'd keep his secret. But I couldn't understand why this grown man of keen wit and education hadn't ever taken his mother into his confidence. I figured there must be a reason for it. There would have to be.

We finished the beer and lit the last two cigarettes in Art's package. He folded the empty wrapper in half, tore a small hole in the center and hung it over a lonesome looking nail in the wall.

We left Duff's.

I must have known during all those months that Art, the super, was the Red Fox. But for some reason it hadn't come just right to ask him. The fact that I picked up his trail that winter in Spokane and got into his blister rust camp the next summer, I now lay to pure coincidence. During that time I had forgotten the strange sensation of crossing some mysterious trail.

But walking out of Duff's I felt oddly frustrated, as if I were the

(continued on Page 13)



One Moment in Annihilation's Waste
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste
The Stars are setting, and the Caravan
Starts for the dawn of Nothing—
Oh, make haste!

Another of the series by DONALD B. DAY illustrating THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

THE LEGEND OF INTERPLANETARY

by Neil R. Jones

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

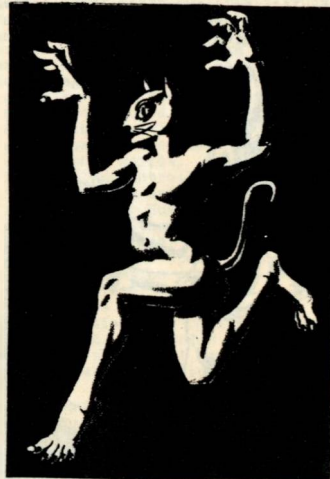
In the annals of science-fiction, there have been a number of cases where a series of stories was set against a single "history of the future." One of the first of these, as well as one of the longest and best known is that of Neil R. Jones. His "Professor Jameson" as well as his "Durna Ranguis Cult" tales are well known. It is not commonly realized, however, that all of these, as well as virtually all of his other stories, are laid against one consistent "history of the future".

It is with a great deal of pleasure, therefore, that we present Mr. Jones' own outline of this future history, with a complete bibliography of his published works, arranged in roughly chronological order to parallel the outline. Inasmuch as several of the stories cover a period of several centuries, this integration cannot be entirely accurate. Mr. Jones' stories fit mostly into 3 groups, Tales of the 24th Century, Tales of the 26th Century and the "Professor Jameson" series set some 40 million years in the future.

Four more stories in the Professor Jameson series are awaiting publication, as well as manuscripts in the 24th and 26th century series. Included in this latter group is a 93,000 word novel, "The Outlawed World", scheduled for book publication later this year.

—The Editor

Born from out of the sun's incandescent mass, the earth, with its sister planets, was hurled at worldbirth upon the threshold of an amazing career. Ages passed before the earth cooled sufficiently to allow the first simple forms of life to exist upon its surface. Millions of years were also necessary before these simple forms of life changed and grew



through the gradual process of evolution into the present day animals, of which man is the most intelligent and complex species, therefore reigning predominant.

Mars, farther from the sun than the earth, and much smaller, cooled sooner and gave birth to a civilization while prehistoric man still dwelt in caves or lived in trees. The Martians mastered space flying and sent an expedition across space to the earth two hundred thousand years before Rome's legions set forth to conquer the world for the Eternal City. But if the rise of Martian civilization was rapid, its downfall and disappearance was even more so. By the time mankind on earth had reached a preliminary stage of civilization, all intelligent life on Mars had disappeared.

Steeped in progressive eras of ignorance and bigotry, men of the earth, up until the time of the Renaissance, religiously adhered to the principle that the earth was the center of everything and that stars, moon and sun moved around it; moreover, the earth was flat. A very few, like Columbus, believed it was round. Earnest seekers after the truth, however, found it dangerous to reveal their discoveries, as Galileo found. Copernicus, during the 15th and 16th centuries, did much to upset these antiquated ideas, and upon his heels, during the Renaissance's surge of learning, Tycho Brahe dedicated a good share of his life in determining the relative positions of the heavenly bodies, laying the groundwork for those who came after him in classifying some seven hundred or more sun-illuminated bodies of our own solar system,

not to mention the far off stars and more distant nebulae beyond. In the 16th and 17th centuries, Johann Keppler established the laws of planetary motion, and beyond his own lifetime, even into the 18th century, Sir Isaac Newton carried on this work and outlined the laws of gravitation. About this time, the improvement of telescopes took definite shape and purpose, and during the 19th century, such men as Proctor, Lowell and Flammarion helped push back the boundaries of space. Among other discoveries, they found that our solar system is rushing toward the constellation Lyra at twelve miles per second. Neptune was discovered in 1846, while Pluto was found nearly a century later, in 1930.

THE KLETRICAL MAN
Scientific Detective May 1930
SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT
Amazing Detective Tales Oct. 1930

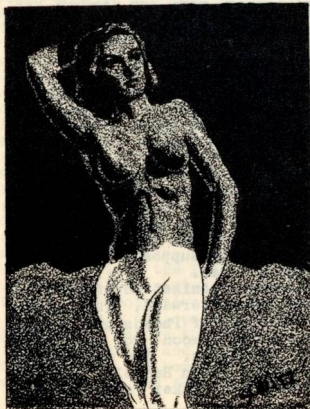


Having conquered the air with flying machines, men looked beyond, to the realms past the upper reaches of earth's atmosphere; to the depths of space, and their next port of call, the moon; and then to the nearer planets glowing steadily in the evening sky. Professor Goddard's experiments with rockets laid the groundwork for what was to come. Even more significant was the realization of atomic power, yet men stood in awe of this fearful Frankenstein they had created in war, and the work of harnessing it to useful purposes was sluggish.

During the 21st Century, a cosmic veil of meteoric dust buried the earth in a mantle of gloomy darkness for forty years before the sun once more shone upon the earth, and the human race emerged upon the surface of the earth from the underground cities they had built.

It was not long after this that actual attempts at space flying were made, producing dismal failures in the initial phase. The improvised space craft never left the earth sufficiently far behind but what they always curved back. Daring and foolhardy adventurers met horrible deaths, while others, less confident, sacrificed only empty projectiles on the altar of forlorn hope. Finally, space ships hurled themselves from the face of the earth, and free of the tenacious gravity reaching its long, invisible fingers far into space to drag back luckless space craft. Yet progress was gained only at the shrine of catastrophe. The martyred heroes became legion. Like an irresistible

gambling wheel, the prospect of space navigation lured men to their doom, and death waved its menacing sceptre upon mankind's persistent efforts to reach other worlds. The new fuel was still uncontrollable. Elector tubes and even entire rear ends were burned out. Human passengers were roasted. And there were explosions. Mechanisms failed, leaving human beings to die in space from starvation, exhaustion of oxygen supplies and the bitter coldness of space. Space ships became unmanageable and were destined to drift forever throughout the realms of space manned by a sepulchral crew. Most awful were the tragic and drawn out horrors of space ships pulled into the mighty attraction of the sun's vast flaming body. Clay Birch was the first man to reach the moon's pitted surface. This was in the year 2178, but his moment of glory was brief. The space ship raced down from the sky at sub-meteoritic



speed and buried its wreckage beneath the lunar crust.

Throughout the 23rd Century, space flying became better perfected, and not only was the moon safely reached, but Mars and Venus as well. Further worlds and their satellites were reached in the 24th century, and the colonization of Mars and Venus was started. No intelligent SPACEWRECKED ON VENUS life was found on Mars, but on Wonder St. Quarterly Winter 1932 Venus a species of slate-colored troglodytes was discovered on the highlands among the great swamps.

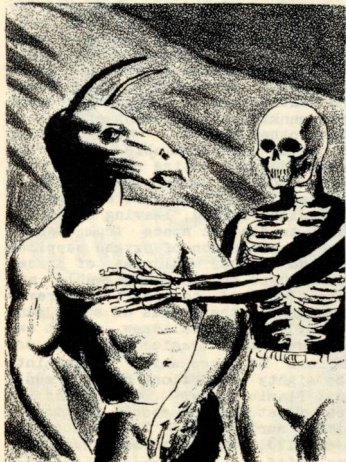
Three expeditions were sent to the moons of Saturn before one finally returned. Two races of swordsmen were found on Dione; one red, the other brown. They were hereditary enemies. They bore a distinct resemblance to men of the earth, even as the troglodytes of Venus, but one arm terminated in a long, bony sword blade. Only one man survived the crash of the first expedition. Old Ben Cartley became the leader SWORDSMEN OF SATURN Science Fiction October 1939 of the red swordsmen in their Science Fiction October 1939 walled cities. Curiously enough, the only survivor of the second HERMIT OF SATURN'S RING Planet Stories Fall 1940 expedition, lost in Saturn's ring, was Ben's crony, white-haired Jasper Jezzan, who for three years lived as a hermit among the myriad small moonlets of the great ring of Saturn until the Baynes Expedition came and rescued him. This happened in the year 2364.

Meanwhile, with the dawn of the 24th Century, the Durna Rangue, a semi-scientific cult banished from the earth for practices in condemned sciences, found a haven in the gray cliffs near the Silmono Desert on Mars. But they preyed too consistently upon fellow colonists

DURNA RANGUE NEOPHYTE June 1937
Astounding Stories
PRIESTESS OF THE SLEEPING DEATH April 1941
Amazing Stories
CAPTIVES OF THE DURNA RANGUE
Super Science Novels March 1941

for victims of vivisection and experiment, and once again the cult had to fly. Civilization did not again hear from the cult for two hundred years, and the organization was generally supposed to be broken up and dead.

As the colonization of Mars and Venus went forward, the little Martian moon of Phobos was employed as a penal moon for interplanetary criminals. The most famous was probably Ern Hantel, who with the aid of a rocket stolen from a



space ship supply base, fled the ESCAPE FROM PHOBOS hermetically sealed prison yards Wonder Stories February 1933 in a space suit, shooting off the face of the moon to nearby Mars, where he came down through the atmosphere by means of an improvised parachute. But he was not very lucky, for he fell into the hands of the Durna Rangue, and in trying to escape blundered through the cult's aging chambers, going in a young man and coming out aged and white haired.

Throughout the 25th Century, space travel grew swifter and more efficient, and the most obscure and furthermore ramparts of the Solar System were explored. Even the myriad meteors flitting through THE DEATH'S HEAD METEOR the system were often visited by Air Wonder Stories January 1930 meteor miners, who, mooring their tiny space flyers to the craggy surfaces, crawled over the small cosmic bodies in space suits, extracting any valuable minerals their detectors revealed.

The 26th Century found Mars and Venus as well established as the mother world, and interplanetary commerce flourished in spite of the numerous bands of space pirates, having their hangouts on the moon, and farther out in space on uninhabited moons. Probably the most famous among these pirates of the early 26th Century was Nez Hulan, half man and half robot, who lay dead in space a long time after a meteor crashed a space ship on which he was one of the crew. He was brought back to life, but without a soul, and was given metal arms, metal legs, a rubber heart, radiophone ears and an aluminum skull. The resurrection stimulated his intellect but perverted it to evil.

Into this era of interplanetary prosperity exploded a swift reign of terror and conquest of the earth. This happened in 2578. When banished from Mars, the Durna Rangue had retreated to distant Oberon, a satellite of Uranus. In the depths of this remote little moon, they had hidden and worked for two hundred years while shaping their plans for conquest of the earth. At the eleventh hour, they enlisted the aid of the numerous space pirates and later set them up as territorial rulers, dividing up the earth's surface into small districts of jurisdiction. Over all, in their grim sanctuaries, among their monsters and weird creations, ruled the cult. The Durna Rangue had leaped out of obscurity like a conquering archangel, and they held the earth secure against the interplanetary Guard from the sister worlds by throwing a protective barrier of rays about the earth.

The cult and space pirates ruled the outlawed world for nearly a generation before the Interplanetary Guard found a way to penetrate the barrier rays and reclaim the earth, destroying the cult, once and for all. The heroic and deadly figure who finally cracked the cult and paved the way for the reclamation of earth was Lindquist, the lone

SPOILERS OF THE SPACEWAYS Planet Stories Winter 1932
THE ASTEROID OF DEATH Wonder Stories Quarterly Fall 1931
LIQUID HELL Future Fiction July 1940
THE MOON PIRATES Amazing Stories September 1934

LITTLE HERCULES Astounding Stories September 1936
VAMPIRE OF THE VOID Planet Stories Spring 1941
INVISIBLE ONE Super Science Stories Sep. 1940

pirate, sworn enemy of the cult and space pirates alike, yet outlawed by the civilization of the other worlds. The only man the cult feared, he fell in a death duel with earth pirates during the reconquest of the earth, his blazing atom pistols cutting down his enemies even as he fell.

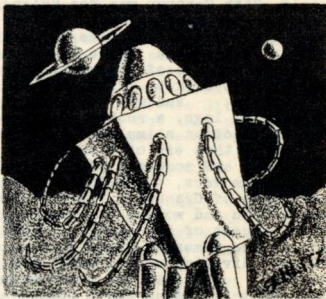
From here on, civilization rose and fell, ebbed and flowed beneath the ceaseless changes of evolution and events, as dynasties and nations grew and changed. Meanwhile, the sun cooled, and planetary motion grew slower, while cosmic bodies commenced to draw closer together in their travels, as if to conserve and exchange their dwindling heat.

Five million years after the 20th Century, mankind deserted the chilled earth and its cooling sun for a planet of the great double star, Sirius. But now men little resembled their barbarous predecessors. Their bodies were smaller and they had developed another pair of arms. The digestive tract and organs of respiration had gradually disappeared with the increase of energy broadcasts from huge power stations. Men of this far-flung age had neither mouth nor nostrils, and where hair had once grown upon their heads there now grew instead, fully two dozen antennae, like those of insects; these antennae receiving the broadcast energy. They had long since done away with sleep, and a normal lifetime was 10,000 years. They left the earth lonely and untenanted, with but a scant bit of lichen-like growth clinging here and there to the rocks. Earth's atmosphere had now grown so rare that stars were often visible in the daytime.

Thirty-five million years later, a group of immortal wanderers from the planet of another star in a far corner of the universe stopped in their tour of eternal exploration, in the shadow of the dying world. They were machine men of Zor. Organic brains in the metal heads of machines. They had achieved immortality by removal of their brains from flesh and blood bodies to coned, metal heads, directing a metal cubed body supported by four metal legs and carrying six metal tentacles. A ring of television eyes surrounded the coned head, and when a part of their bodies wore out, it was replaced.

They found the rotation of the earth slowed to a stop, one side forever facing the dull, bloated

THE ASTOUNDING EXODOUS
Thrilling Wonder April 1937



The PROFESSOR JAMESON Stories.

1. THE JAMESON SATELLITE
Amazing Stories July 1931
2. THE PLANET OF THE DOUBLE SUN
Amazing Stories February 1932
3. THE RETURN OF THE TRIPEDS
Amazing Stories May 1932
4. INTO THE HYDROSPHERE
Amazing Stories October 1933
5. TIME'S MAUSOLEUM
Amazing Stories December 1933

sun, to which the slow moving earth had now drawn close. They also found the rocket satellite of Professor Jameson who had died during the 20th Century and had left orders to have his body shot into space in a special rocket he had invented, where it would always remain preserved in the vacuum of space. The rocket, like the moon, had become a satellite of the earth. The Zoromes found him perfectly preserved, and they recalled his brain to life after removing it from his body and placing it in one of the metal coned heads. He became one of them and was henceforth known among them as 21MM392, joining them on their never-ending adventures from world to world throughout the universe in their search for the unusual.

6. THE SUNLESS WORLD
Amazing Stories December 1934
7. ZORA OF THE ZOROMES
Amazing Stories March 1935
8. SPACE WAR
Amazing Stories July 1935
9. LABYRINTH
Amazing Stories April 1936
10. TWIN WORLDS
Amazing Stories April 1937
11. ON THE PLANET FRAGMENT
Amazing Stories October 1937
12. THE MUSIC MONSTERS
Amazing Stories April 1938
13. THE CAT-MEN OF ARMA
Astonishing August 1940
14. COSMIC DERELICT
Astonishing February 1941
15. SLAVES OF THE UNKNOWN
Astonishing March 1942
16. DOOMSDAY ON AJIAT
Astonishing October 1942

THE END

THE FOX AND I

victim of some unfathomable, sly prank. I was keenly aware of the Red Fox.

I jerked my head toward the booth where we had sat. "What's the monkey-business for?" I asked brittly.

The Fox fixed me with guileless eyes. They had no depth of expression like the eyes of intelligent beings should have. But behind them lay the Fox.

He shrugged. "The greater mass-

es will know who has passed this way", he said.

Where is the Red Fox now?

You'll find him around McCall, Idaho, where he lives in a log mansion on the shores of Payette Lake.

He might tell you that he keeps vigil there for the pre-historic monster which is seen by a select few when it rises from the depths of that mountain lake.

THE END

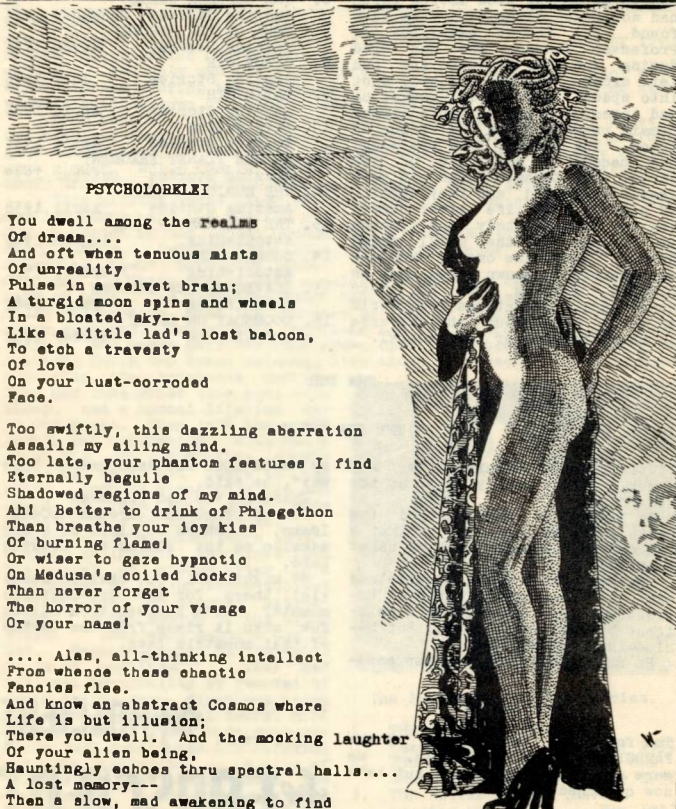
BACK ISSUES

The following back issues of THE FANSCIENT are now available. We were all out of Nos 1 & 2 but have now obtained a few.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| No. 1, September 1947 | 50¢ |
| No. 2, Winter 1948 | 50¢ |
| No. 3, Spring 1948 | 15¢ |

SUBSCRIBE TO **the FANSCIENT**
50¢ a year.

the FANSCIENT
3435 NE 38 Ave.,
Portland 13, Ore.



PSYCHOLORKLEI

You dwell among the realms
Of dream....
And oft when tenuous mists
Of unreality
Pulse in a velvet brain;
A turgid moon spins and wheels
In a bloated sky---
Like a little lad's lost balloon,
To etch a travesty
Of love
On your lust-corroded
Face.

Too swiftly, this dazzling aberration
Assails my ailing mind.
Too late, your phantom features I find
Eternally beguile
Shadowed regions of my mind.
Ah! Better to drink of Phlegethon
Than breathe your icy kisses
Of burning flame!
Or wiser to gaze hypnotic
On Medusa's coiled looks
Than never forget
The horror of your visage
Or your name!

.... Alas, all-thinking intellect
From whence these chaotic
Fancies flee.
And know an abstract Cosmos where
Life is but illusion;
There you dwell. And the mocking laughter
Of your alien being,
Hauntingly echoes thru spectral halls....
A lost memory---
Then a slow, mad awakening to find
A crumbling mind contemplating....
An idle universe.

—Eric Atlas.

Decoration by Waible

THE "TREASURY" IS NOT "THE BEST" IN SCIENCE FICTION.

a review by SAM MOSKOWITZ

A TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION. Edited and with an Introduction by Groff Conklin. Crown Publishers. 1948. 517 pages. \$3.00.

Despite the fact that inflationary conditions have forced upon "A Treasury of Science Fiction" fewer pages, poorer paper and binding than its predecessor, "The Best of Science Fiction", it is still, in a quantitative sense, a bargain at \$3.00. To the uninitiate it will provide many an evening's entertaining (if at times restless) reading. Among its pages will be found at least three stories generally conceded to be among the great stories of the genre. Those are "The Eternal Man" by D. D. Sharp, "Vintage Season" by Lawrence O'Donnell and "Minsay Were the Borogoves" by Lewis Padgett. Having said this much, I virtually exhaust the favorable aspects of the volume.

Groff Conklin's work on "The Best of Science Fiction" reflected great credit upon himself as a milestone in the advancement of science-fiction. Its good points so far exceed its faults that it was the discreet thing to overlook the latter, but in this companion volume, Groff Conklin has betrayed the cause of science-fiction and lost faith with himself.

The prospectus of "A Treasury of Science Fiction" as given to me by Groff Conklin himself is now itemized.

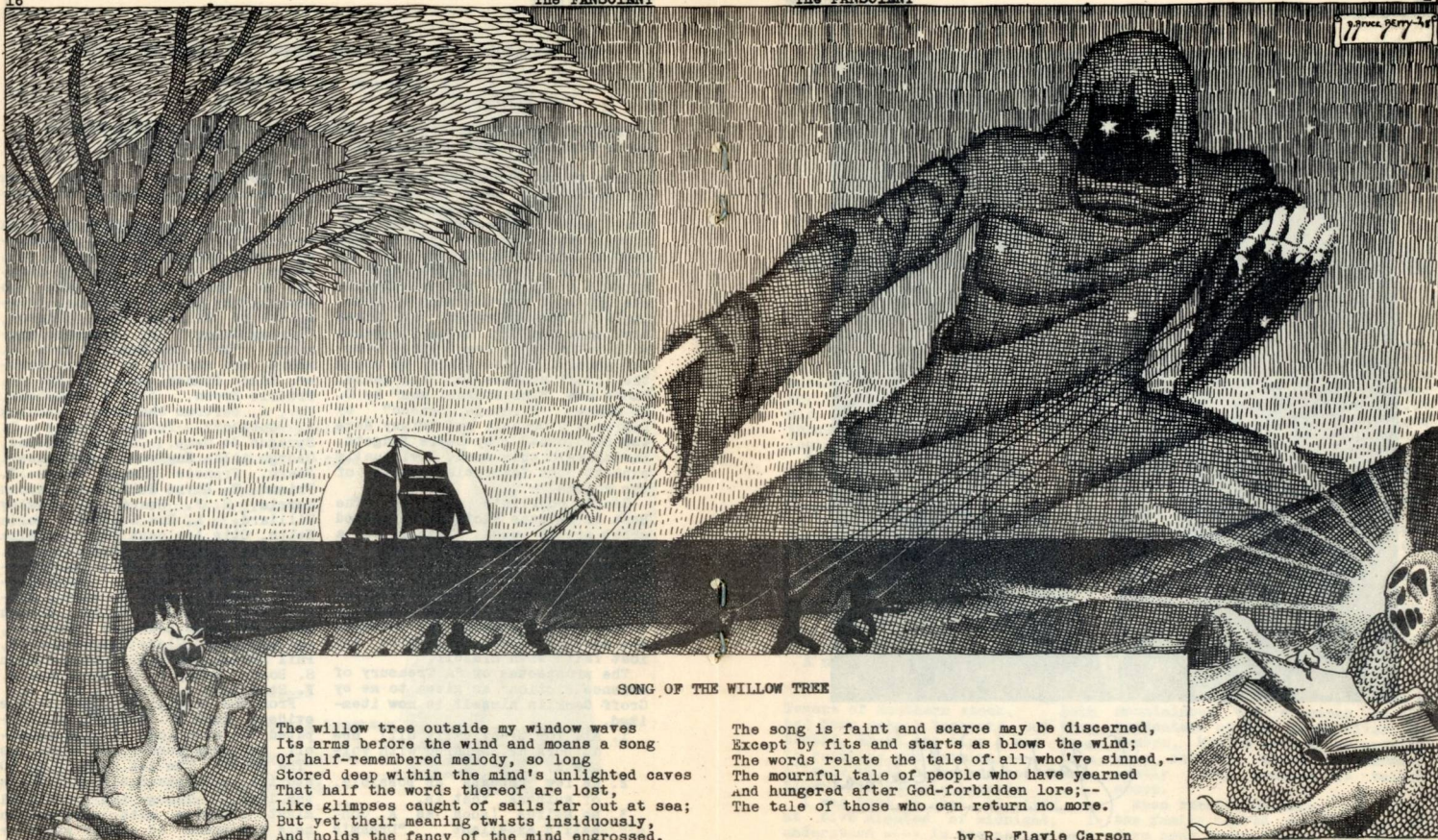
1. All (or practically all) new authors as compared with volume 1.
2. As few repeats as possible, of authors, that is.
3. No weirds (such as A. Connelly's excellent "Dream's End.")

4. Good Writing. Only a fan would accept Meek or Williamson.

The following stories had been definitely or tentatively scheduled: "The Eternal Man" by D. D. Sharp, "The Letus Eaters" by Stanley G. Weinbaum, "The Man Who Evolved" by Edmund Hamilton, "Derelict" by William Hope Hodgson, "Living Galaxy" by Lawrence Manning, "No Other Woman" by C. L. Moore, and stories by Alfred Bester, Bando Binder, Miles J. Breuer, Fredric Brown, John W. Campbell, Jr., A. Bertram Chandler, Stanton A. Coblentz, Polton Cross, L. Sprague de Camp, Lester del Rey, George Allan England, John Russell Fearn, Francis Flagg, Oscar J. Friend, E. Mayne Hull, John Beynon Harris, H. F. Heard, A. Rowley Hilliard, L. Ron Hubbard, Colin Keith, Otis Adelbert Kline, Amelia Reynolds Long, A. Merritt, P. Schuyler Miller, Eric Frank Russell, Curt Siodmak, A. Hyatt Verrill, Earl Vincent, G. Peyton Werthebaker, Phillip Wylie, Robert Moore Williams, Lawrence O'Donnell, and possibly Clare Winger Harris, Phil Nowlan, Neil R. Jones, Nelson S. Bond, Henry J. Kostkos and R. F. Starzl.

From the size of the list, it was evident that Mr. Conklin anticipated an anthology of approximately the same number of pages as "The Best". The cut from 40 to 30 stories understandably mitigates the list. Though the individual might disagree with a selection here and there of either story or author, it was plainly evident

(Continued on Page 27)

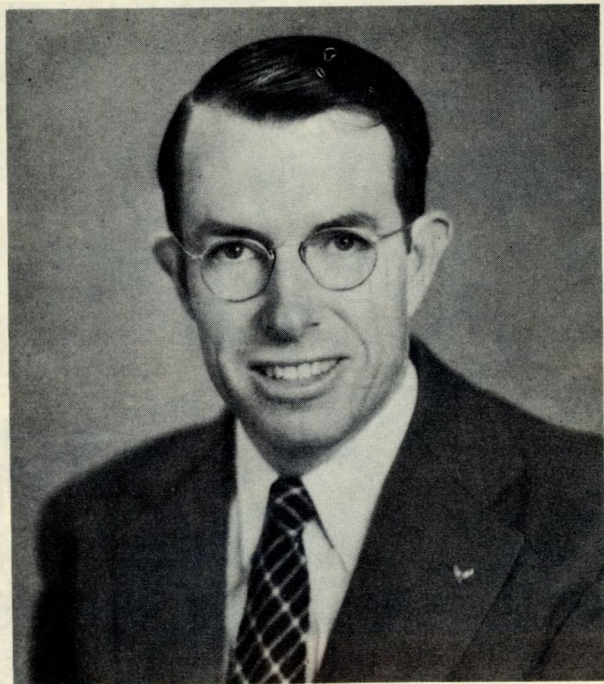


SONG OF THE WILLOW TREE

The willow tree outside my window waves
 Its arms before the wind and moans a song
 Of half-remembered melody, so long
 Stored deep within the mind's unlighted caves
 That half the words thereof are lost,
 Like glimpses caught of sails far out at sea;
 But yet their meaning twists insiduously,
 And holds the fancy of the mind engrossed.

The song is faint and scarce may be discerned,
 Except by fits and starts as blows the wind;
 The words relate the tale of all who've sinned,—
 The mournful tale of people who have yearned
 And hungered after God-forbidden lore;—
 The tale of those who can return no more.

by R. Flavie Carson



Jack Williamson

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

JACK WILLIAMSON

To the long-time reader of science-fiction, the name of Jack Williamson is a promise of truly entertaining reading. Outstanding for their careful craftsmanship, his stories carry the reader enthralled, from intriguing start to logical ending.

Williamson is the creator of a number of the most memorable characters in modern fantasy. Who can forget whining old Giles Habibula, of "The Legion of Space" or Garth Hammond, villain/hero of "Crucible of Power"?

Coming early to his chosen field, Williamson has, in the twenty years since his first appearance, written story after story that ranks high among science-fiction's classics.

A number of his stories have

been reprinted in England and several others are scheduled to follow "Legion of Space" in book form under the Fantasy Press imprint. Currently, "With Folded Hands...." is available in Groff Conklin's new anthology, "A Treasury of Science Fiction".

In "The Legion of Time", Williamson was the first to utilize the theory of branching time, since so widely used. John W. Campbell, Jr. heralded this story as a "mutant" when it first appeared.

Though his work is widely known, comparatively little is known by his many admirers, of Jack Williamson, himself, so it is with interest that we now turn the stage over to him.

My parents, both living, are Texans of Southern stock. Both had been school teachers, but they turned about the time I was born to ranching and farming ----- in a climate which surrounds both vocations with certain hazards.

I was born on April 29, 1908 --- at five minutes of midnight, I understand ---- in the mining town of Bisbee, Arizona Territory. My

first few years were spent on a mountainous cattle ranch on the headwaters of the Yaqui River in Sonora, Mexico ---- a colorfully grim setting which I remember mostly from hearing it talked about.

When revolution came, in 1910, the family moved to an irrigated farm near Pecos, Texas, and migrated again in 1915, by covered wag-

on ---- with a few cows in a trail herd and the chickens in a coop on a back behind the wagon --- to the Llano Estacado of eastern New Mexico, where my parents and my brother are still in the cattle business.

The first lonely homestead in the sand hills was a good many miles from the nearest little school, and I was taught to read at home. Later I attended grade school two years, and graduated from a country high school around 1925.

Another student whom I used to admire from a timidly safe distance was a pretty blonde athletic girl named Blanche Slaten. The Christmas before I graduated, she married another guy.

Times were pretty hard. I wanted to go to college, but there wasn't money enough. I stayed at home, working on the farm. My own little herd of cattle had all been wiped out by the dry weather. The crops were regularly ruined by sandstorms and hail, or else worthlessness on the market. Altogether, life seemed a little grim.

In such circumstances, a friend gave me a stray copy of the old Gernsback AMAZING STORIES ---- the November 1926 issue, I remember, which contained Stribling's "Green Splashes". I talked my sister into helping finance a subscription, and the next issue I saw plunged me again into a wonderful new world of escape from all the harsher aspects of life, with the second installment of Merritt's "Moon Pool".

Immediately I started dreaming up stories while I was riding a horse or plow or leaning on a hoe, and soon started writing "scientific" ---- as Gernsback used to call it ---- on an old typewriter with a faded purple ribbon. AMAZING rejected four or five yarns, and then printed "The Metal Man" in 1928 ---- before I was told of

its acceptance. It was complete with a gaudy Paul cover ---- sight of that was a moment I shan't forget!

By that time my father had found money to help me start to college at Canyon, Texas. I went there two years, as a science major, and later attended the University of New Mexico for another year, presently selling enough stories to pay my own way.

Since, with a few interludes of various kinds, I've made a living writing science fiction. While it hasn't been all moonlight and roses, there are compensations. I've been able to spend a good deal of time in more or less carefree knocking about odd corners of North America ---- often in the pleasant company of Edmond Hamilton, whom I first met in 1931, when we went down the Mississippi in a small boat.

The writers and editors and readers of science fiction proved to be a friendly fraternity. I've enjoyed knowing a good many of them, in several cities. There are too many names to list, though I might say a word of my debt to such editors as John Campbell and Leo Margulies and the late Farnsworth Wright of the old WEIRD TALES. I'm still a science fiction and fantasy fan ---- although it's unfortunately impossible to find the time to take much part in fan activities.

When the war came, I had been living in Los Angeles for a year and was more or less a member of that famous, but highly informal organization, the Menasha Literary Society, composed of Bob Heinlein, A. P. White, Cleve Cartmill, and a number of other individuals who had discovered how much exertion can be saved by talking stories instead of writing them.

I served three years as an enlisted weather forecaster in the Army Air Forces, stationed most of

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the time in New Mexico. I went overseas in the spring of 1945, in time to have an interesting air trip to the Solomons, by way of Leyte and New Guinea, and to accompany several Marine air missions of the milk run variety over Bougainville, New Ireland and New Britain ---- points which now seem as remote as Mars.

While I wasn't wounded - weather men had a pretty soft spot ---- a medical misadventure in a veterans hospital came very near killing me soon after my discharge. I've recovered almost entirely, but the affair had a somewhat sobering effect on my general outlook.

"... And Searching Mind" was written on the ranch, after I got out of the hospital in the spring of 1947 --- I've a little house there, furnished mostly with old science fiction magazines, which has been a permanent base of operations; Edmond Hamilton, by the way, lent a hand one summer with the building of it.

When that story was finished, in the middle of 1947, I moved into Portales, the county seat town, to take a job as wire editor on the local daily. Six months at the desk was enough to satisfy me about the glamor of newspaper-

work, but the episode is important to me because I found Blanche again, unattached. We were married in August, 1947, and are still living in Portales, New Mexico.

Except for a brief excursion into the mystery field, all the eighty-odd stories I've written are science fiction or fantasy. My own favorite of the lot is probably "Darker Than You Think", which I've recently rewritten to 90,000 words for Fantasy Press.

I read most of the current science fiction magazines with a good deal of pleasure and a keen appreciation of such new writers as Ray Bradbury. However, I must confess a lingering fondness for such of my old favorites as Merritt, with his exotic atmosphere, and "Doc" Smith, with the galactic scope of his adventures. And H. G. Wells, in my estimation, remains the greatest figure in the science fiction field; he was a pioneer with most of the common themes, and I believe that many of his earlier stories are unsurpassed in their convincing presentation and their feeling for the impact of science on human life.

—Jack Williamson

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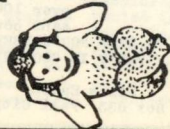
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Collision Orbit *2-1 Astounding July 1942
Minus Sign *2-2 N Astounding Nov. 1942
Opposites—React! *2-3 (2 parts) N Astounding Jan. 1943

*Sequels: Each series has the same first number throughout. Second number shows order.

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*1-1 The Legion of Space
*1-2 The Cometeers
*1-3 One Against the Legion

*2 CONTRA-TERRRENE MATTER series
*2-1 Collision Orbit
*2-2 Minus Sign
*2-3 Opposites—React!
*3 HUMANOID series
*3-1 With Folded Hands...
*3-2 ...And Searching Mind


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34 Astoundings '38 to '46
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6 Fantastic Adv Vol. I #2 to '43
5 Marvel Vol. I #1-5
2 Dynamic Vol. I #1-2
2 Super Science Vol. I #1, III #4
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1 Comet Vol. I #2
5 Planets Vol. I #1 to '47
1 Future Vol. I #1
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from the above list that Mr. Conklin was familiar with the past science-fiction and if he could get most of those names down with a representative sample of their work, he would truly have accumulated a "Treasury" of science-fiction. It understandably appeared that this would be the science-fiction anthology.

What has happened? Of the 30 stories in the new volume, only 12 are by any of the authors Mr. Conklin listed in his prospectus. From the works of these 12, he succeeded in picking one of their superior stories in only three cases, i. e., Lawrence O'Donnell, Oscar J. Friend and D. D. Sharp. C. L. Moore, of the never-to-be-forgotten "Shamblau" and "Greater Than Gods" is crucified with "No Woman Born", one of her weakest yarns, as is Lester del Rey, whose "Dark Mission" is scarcely in a class with most of his other stories. To weep over the fact that in two great anthologies, totaling 1302 pages, there could not be found room for a single Weinbaum yarn, while space was not lacking to print something like "The Embassy" by Martin Pearson or "The Person from Porlock" by Raymond F. Jones, is but to cry over spilt milk.

In repudiating his original prospectus, Mr. Conklin has lost faith with himself. Needless to say, he did not adhere to a single one of his self-imposed conditions. No less than 7 authors are duplicated in Number 2, Lewis Padgett, A. E. van Vogt, Malcolm Jameson, Cleve Cartmill, Murray Leinster, Clifford D. Simak and Robert Heinlein.

Arthur C. Clarke has two stories in the volume.

Without conscience, A. Connell's fine story, "Dream's End", was consigned to the rubbish heap as a "fantasy", but no apology precedes

the inclusion of Malcolm Jameson's "Children of the Belay B" which is the most outright, unblushing straight fantasy ever published by ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION.

We did not agree with Mr. Conklin when he said that Capt. (now Col.) Meek and Jack Williamson were poor writers, and we are glad to see that in the latter case he has changed his mind with the inclusion of "With Folded Hands" which despite its worthiness, could have been duplicated by a less recent Williamson classic, such as "Crucible of Power" or "The Moon Era".

Of the 30 stories in the book, 25 are from ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION. The stories selected, with a few notable exceptions, all bear the stigma of being the "second best" after Conklin's previous anthology and "Adventures in Time and Space" swept away the cream of the stories published in the issues of ASTOUNDING under Campbell's editorship. The impression created by all three major science-fiction anthologies to date, that only stories from the CAMPBELL issues of ASTOUNDING are worth anthologizing, is a MONSTROUS FRAUD. It is an undeniable fact that John W. Campbell has presented many excellent stories during his reign as Editor of ASTOUNDING, but they have all been stories of a certain pattern, and of a certain type. To hold these out to the general public as the only type of science fiction worth publishing is an idea that should be fought with might and main. In the Tremaine issues of ASTOUNDING lie a fine selection of very great stories based upon "ideas" and "humanized machinery". A few fine yarns lie buried in the Clayton numbers, and the files of AMAZING STORIES and WONDER STORIES scintillate with scientificfictional gems as do the issues of others of the magazines.

Thirteen of the stories in the

book (almost half) are from the 1946 and 1947 issues of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION. Eight more date back no further than 1940. Were they all great stories, which only two of them are, no valid excuse could be made for this ridiculous action. A year's subscription to ASTOUNDING would cost you the price of this book, give you six times the wordage, at least as many great stories, and a whole of a lot more of the average, run-of-the-mill yarns that the "Treasury" is largely composed of. Second hand book shops and even other fans sell these recent 1946 and 1947 numbers at 10 cents apiece; you could buy up the past three years for the price of this book second hand. Completists like myself will buy this volume, and newcomers will get their money's worth, but others have nothing to gain. Lacking in this volume is the fine grade of editorial matter that accompanied the first. Conklin's introduction is trite and uninspired, and he contradicts himself by saying in the early part that the object of this anthology is to include fine yarns that could not be crowded into the first book, and then further on says it is to give the "latest reports" of the field "Since 1946", which he does, much to our sorrow.

The only thing we can say is that some other influence must have shaped the course of this book. The Conklin of the original prospectus spoke like a man who knew what a book of this kind should contain. Conklin has mentioned previously that he had to fight against the insistence of Crown officials to enthusiastically fill the entire book with stories of the current ASTOUNDING vein. If our surmise is true, Conklin lost this battle, and the cause of science-fiction lost it with him.

NOTE: All references to the prospectus of Groff Conklin documented with signed letters.

LIFE EVERLASTING, and Other Tales of Science, Fantasy and Horror by David H. Keller, M. D. The Avalon Co., Box 8052, Clinton Hill Sta., Newark 8, N. J. 382 pg, plus separate 12 pg bibliography, 1948. \$3.50

David H. Keller has provided one of the greatest literary upsets of my young career as a reader of fantasy. One by one, I've read the revived classics of the "older gods" of fantasy writing, Edward E. Smith, Ph. D., Jack Williamson, John Taine, Garrett P. Serviss, John W. Campbell, Jr., and always the story has been one of tales dated by the science and methods of the days that produced them, but Keller has completely upset the apple-cart. His stories are almost entirely about human beings and the underlying science, the old, honorable one of psychology, just cannot, does not date. These stories will be as fresh 100 years from now as they were when originally published, for human nature changes very slowly.

LIFE EVERLASTING, the feature novel, is characterized by a superb simplicity of style, a deep understanding of human beings and leisurely construction toward a powerful denouement. In this story, Dr. Keller has a scientist invent an immortality serum and general cure-all. Its effect upon the population, and the amazing (but psychologically sound) reaction of the women to this serum, which has as its own price, sterility, is profoundly moving.

THE BONELESS HORROR, is a long novelette that tells the story of the sinking of Atlantis in a prose style that is virtually flawless.

But excellent as are such science-fiction tales of the future as UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN, the tremendous power of his horror tales has to be read to be believed. THE THING IN THE CELLAR, THE DEAD WOMAN and HEREDITY have the toughest wallop of any horror tale I have ever read. And the remark-

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able PIECE OF LINOLEUM is also at home in this category.

I know this is beginning to sound like a paid advertisement, but I couldn't help but be impressed by the versatility of an author who could, in addition to the above, write so admirable a satire on the detective story as THE CEREBRAL LIBRARY, and an exposition of beautiful fantasy in the form of THE THIRTY AND ONE. The man who could write tales like these, is revealed to have a life surpassing in interest that of the late H. P. Lovecraft, in the long introduction by Sam Moskowitz. The bibliography becomes a valuable addition because you really are interested in reading more by Keller after the above sampling.

My only criticism is that NO MORE TOMORROWS and THE FACE IN THE MIRROR are too subtle. By utilizing some of my newly acquired college education, I caught the irony in the former, but the latter calls for greater elaboration. But all in all, I think that Keller comes closer to being a true literateur than any fantasy author I've read to date. ---Alvin R. Brown.

MILLENNIUM 1, a play by W. A. Dwiggins. Alfred A. Knopf. 102 pg. 1945. \$2.00

Despite the difficulties inherent in reading a play, this little volume tells an interesting story. A tale of the distant future when intelligent machines have taken over the world, while "homogrub" hides and plots to regain his position, it is well presented altho the idea has been often used.

In format, the book is a true collector's item. The typography is excellent and a group of designs at the front of the volume illustrates each scene.

Printed in a limited edition of 1750 copies, for appearance and interest, it is a "must" for collectors. ---Donald B. Day

TELEFAIR by Craig Rice. Bobbs-Merrill. 1942.

"Is it that Telefair is the illusion we have cast up in our minds?" With this fascinating introduction Miss Rice creates a spell of mysterious and fantastic happenings, well suited to confuse the average reader. For the book, despite its beautiful build-up of horror and suspense, terminates in a confusing manner.

As an admirer of Miss Rice's several mysteries, I expected a logical, if somewhat supernatural, conclusion. The primary criticism must be aimed at the final dream sequence, and the following scene in which several characters' actions appear to continue from that dream sequence. On the credit side are the excellent construction of mood and suspense, some very effective description and the theme that a person cannot distinguish between reality and imagery. The constant repetition of this theme

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builds a splendid picture of an illusionary world of the mind.

At intervals, though descriptive and repetitive passages may seem to delay plot continuation, they compellingly contribute to the overwhelming effect achieved. Thus one is not inclined to be overly critical of the slow pace.

In summation, Miss Rice's story may be particularly recommended to

admirers of Lovecraft and Merritt, for the story is a blending of their styles plus Miss Rice's own vigorous prose. Other readers may also be delighted by this unique, unorthodox work. ---Eric Atlas

RED SNOW by F. Wright Moxley. 409 pg. Simon & Schuster. 1930. \$1.00

What would be the reaction of humanity under the shadow of extinction. Such is the motif of this marvelous story, fascinating and absorbing in every chapter from opening to conclusion.

Somewhat Swiftian in style, Moxley writes with an unflinching zest and plausibility. Using a viril imagination as the warp and sex as the woof, he weaves a sensational novel tracing the consequences of sterility engendered by the fall of a substance similar to red snow.

From a portentous opening in 1935, our author guides us through almost a century to the year 2027. In that span of years lies the travail of a doomed people. Beset on the one side by the Scylla of pogroms, massacres and race war; besieged on the other by the Charybdis of horror, madness and an ever-mounting sex conflict; the narrative is relieved only occasionally by touches of grim humor.

An inconsiderable animadversion is Moxley's incidental utilization of abstract etymology which was consummately esoteric to this unworthy connoisseur's discernment. (Look, no hands) Suffice to say, Moxley achieved a tale of terrific intensity when he penned "Red Snow". ---Eric Atlas



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