

the FANSCIENT

50 ¢

No. 13-14

SPR.-SUM., 1951



the NORWESCON
3rd Anniversary Issue

It is with mixed feelings that I approach the end of the final issue of The FANSCIENT. There has been a lot of good solid satisfaction in these last three years---and a lot of damn hard work. There has been a lot of gratification for a job well done on some of the particularly good issues and a lot of fun in doing some of the stuff.

I never intended to get into anything like this. When the PSFS decided to put out a fanzine, I got the job by default. Then, to paraphrase Jack Benny, I put out a good fanzine because I can't stand a lousy one.

The NORWESCON out of the way, I decided to drop all my fanactivities, keeping only The FANSCIENT. I took after various items of painting and remodeling around the house, started spending more time with my wife and kids and took up square dancing. In my spare time I worked on the FANSCIENT, but suddenly it wasn't fun---just work. So this is it!

For the fanzine field, the record of The FANSCIENT has been rather outstanding. The paid circulation has exceeded 250 for some time and with exchanges, single copy sales and a few samples, most of the 500 printing has been distributed. Of the 13 issues, the first 11 came out on a rigid quarterly schedule. We've given you a total of 464 pages of the best material we could get, an average of nearly 36 pages an issue. Except for the first two issues which had 16 mimeoed pages each, it's been all lithoed. The FANSCIENT introduced this "vest-pocket" format which has already been copied and will doubtless continue as a standard fanzine format. It set some sort of record by not losing money since the second issue. In 1948, it was voted top zine in the DREAMLAND OPINIONATOR POLL. Los QUENTOS reprinted the story "Early Butchering" and a couple of illustrations from it and Bob Bloch's article, "The Seven Ages of Fan", was reprinted in THRILLING WONDER, the first fanzine article ever reprinted there in its entirety. The FANSCIENT introduced Miles Eaton, Jerry Weible, J. M. Higbee, Phil Barker and others to the fan press, as well as publishing material by most of the top fan writers and artists as well as many top professionals. All in all, it's a record to be proud of. I am!

As for this issue, there probably wouldn't be one except for Miles Eaton and his help. He has now moved to Portland and really pitched in.

The NORWESCON REPORT isn't all that it might be, but frankly, I'm fed up on it. More photos were planned, but since I couldn't get the ones I wanted, I gave up. The one on page 57 is by Martin Alger, who is offering a set of 40 prints of the NORWESCON for \$2. His address is: MARTIN E. ALGER, 118 N. Center Street, Royal Oak, Mich.

After three years begging, pleading and threatening, Hannes Bok finally gave us an article which appears on page 28. When you read it you'll see why he has long been one of my favorite correspondents. And I really had fun with those illustrations.

And so, goodbye. I'll be keeping up my FAPA membership, but aside from that fandom will hear little from me, for a while at least. Those who have issues coming on their subs will find a slip in with this issue for a rebate on their subs. Please fill it out and return it as soon as possible.

Adieu,

Don Day

the FANSCIENT

Volume 4,

Numbers 3-4.

Whole Number 13

SPRING-SUMMER, 1951

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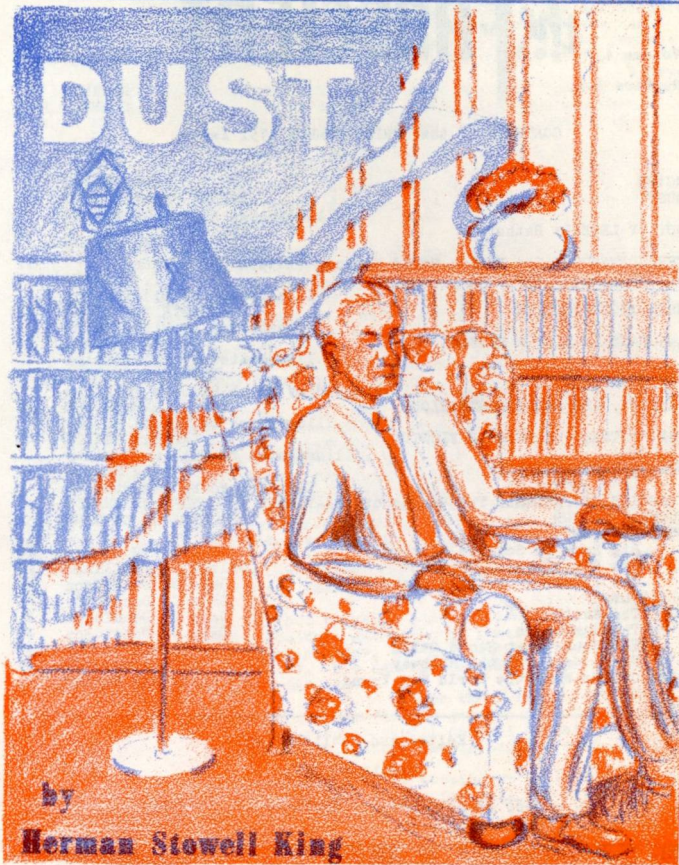
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Edited and Published by

DONALD B. DAY,

3435 NE 38th Ave., Portland 13, Oregon

This is the FINAL ISSUE of The FANSCIENT, an amateur magazine published for those interested in science-fiction and fantasy literature.



"...and nothing can we call our own but death!"

---from Shakespeare--RICHARD II

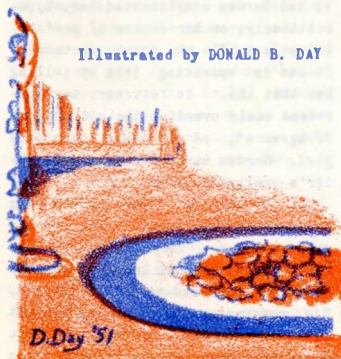
GORDON PARKER sat in the cosy darkness of his study and mused over his blessings.

He was a comfortable, if not necessarily wealthy, individual.

He had his own home, a family and money in the bank. And he had this study. It was quiet and intimate; as he could be alone without being withdrawn in complete solitude from his family. The bookshelves, writing desk and plush chair were his most personal, jealously guarded possessions: effects----he smiled wryly----after his demise.

Gordon settled back in the chair and smoked his pipe slowly, with absolute satisfaction. Why shouldn't

Illustrated by DONALD B. DAY



he be content? What more could a man want?

Thru the closed door of the study sounded the blare of a radio. Freddie, his young son, was listening to that program of hillbilly music. Which he disliked, but tolerated. Wonder where Vera, his seventeen year old daughter, was. In her room prettying up for a date, he surmised. Another smile crossed his lips at the thought of the allegedly "intoxicating" perfume she used; "*A Night in Paris*" or some such name. He often marvelled at the silly names, erotically indicative, of certain brands of perfume. But the rest of his family probably regarded his liking to smoke and meditate in this closed study as an idiosyncrasy. They tolerated his odd habits as he in turn tolerated theirs!

Besides his son, daughter and wife, Gordon's Aunt Mildred lived with them. Good old Aunt Milly! On the

surface, as victorian as any nineteenth-century spinster; underneath, however, good as gold; kindhearted, generous and considerate.

He sighed and refilled his depleted pipe. He had a wide and varied collection of books, but now he preferred to just sit and ruminate.

One of his friends, an embittered cynic, had remarked that life was only a half-illusion; that time and space, especially time, were in part mental fallacies. Gordon didn't quite understand what he meant, for the cynic always talked in abstractions. Gordon had always opposed sardonic pessimism. He certainly had something to live for. He enjoyed and appreciated life. Of course he had to die; everyone did sometime. Death and life were corresponding agents. But he'd die pleased.

What after death?

Gordon shifted uncomfortably. Mustn't start thinking about death. He tried to accept it cheerfully, for it was inevitable. But, the fact was, he had always hated the thought of dying. Anything that reeked of decay depressed him. That was why his home and the furnishings were modernly styled. That was why he wanted every mote of dust cleaned up. And the reason his study was not sound-proof. He liked pensive quietness, but not complete silence. The latter reminded him too much of a cemetery; of the all-pervading atmosphere that surrounded the graves of his parents, which he visited annually. Of all

his studies at college, most of all Gordon had despised *archaeology*. Before he took it, he had thought it would be fascinating. Then he discovered how depressed he became at contact with ancient, dry things. The dust of past ages evoked in him a shudder, rather than fascination.

Gordon arose and left the study, in order to break the mood created by such thinking. Freddie beamed broadly at him from his seated position by the radio and the grin was cheerful. As suddenly was the sawing of some hill-billy's fiddle. Inside the kitchen, Aunt Milly and wife Betsy were preparing a dinner whose odors smelled delicious. He sniffed delightedly and Betsy impishly chased him out. In the living room, Vera met him, arrayed in a vivid red dress.

"Daddy, how do you like my new perfume?" She brushed melodramatically by and Gordon complimented her, hypocritically, on her choice of perfume. It was a trifle too sweet, he thought. No use in upsetting Vera by telling her that tho. He felt sure her boyfriend would overlook the extravagant "fragrance", as she was a darn cute girl. Gordon was proud of his daughter's pretty features.

Not yet time for dinner, so Gordon returned to his study. The morbid mood was gone. He settled in his chair again, pipe in hand, to think.

Yes, he possessed several blessings. His possessions were—he thought again of that word, "effects". Blast it! He frowned at the papered walls

and the shelves of unblemished books. That word annoyed him. Why was it always intruding on his thoughts?

Possessions: effects. When you were alive, what you owned were your possessions. When you were dead, they became your effects.

He remembered something else Frank had said. "Reality and illusion merge; it is impossible to define the shadow from the actual substance." Why, he believed Frank was insane!

He felt a sudden, uncontrollable chill of doubt and dread. Was he so placidly sure of what he termed "reality"? Did not it merely touch immediate external things? If sane orthodoxy was right, mortal ambition meant something. If Frank's paradoxical unorthodoxy was right, it meant little, if anything. And how was one to tell? The shadow, tho not real in the tangible sense, was an effect of the substance. How did Frank mean it?

Gordon found his pipe was cold and lit it again with his silver Ronson. He'd got off on the wrong thought trends tonight. He called Frank a fool and leaned back to take a nap. Forget the uneasy subject of death and the instability of realism. He relaxed and inhaled on the pipe. Soon he was dozing off....into sleep.

IT WAS LIKE WAKING out of a long, long dream. As if he had always been a boy and the span called adulthood was merely a dream. A rather sordid dream. Then he was fully aware of his surroundings. And the bizarre,

sudden change momentarily paralyzed his faculties. He must still be sleeping; had he been asleep or was he just going to sleep?

For Gordon Parker was still in his chair; still in his study. But there was a terrifying, bewildering difference. The walls were decayed, crumbling; the floor was covered with a thick carpet of dust, the smell of it thick in his nostrils. He stared stupidly, uncomprehendingly, around the room. There were the bookshelves—worm-gnawed and sagging; filled with mouldering volumes. Like the archives of by-gone ages.

Everything was the same, only older. Deterioration was prevalent everywhere. Even the chair he sat in creaked, the legs weakening, and the plush was rotted. The pipe in his hand crumbled into ashes as he grasped it. Merciful heavens, what was wrong?

Gordon felt a penetrating fear. He staggered to his feet and dashed out of his study.

The rest of the house was the same as before, too; except much—oh much older! And not a living thing could be seen or heard anywhere. It was as if he had stumbled into a dying, deserted house. But this was his

if he had stumbled into a dying, deserted house. But this was his house! His home! Something was wrong. He was dreaming, or seriously ill.

"Betsy! Aunt Milly! Vera! Freddie!" He called the names of his

loved ones and the hollow echoes mocked him like the chuckling of dead men.

He repeated the names. But now they sounded unfamiliar, as if they had never existed, save in the world of his memory. As if he hadn't heard their names for countless eons.

Memory. MEMORY!

A horrible speculation came into his mind, but he forced it out. Dear God, am I going mad? He sat down, back in the old chair. He felt

tired. Very tired. If he could only sleep and forget this. It had to be a dream.

He reached down and dipped his fingers in the dust; stirred it, shuddered at the dry, dead contact. It was no dream. Only something cosmic had occurred; something which had caused time and space to become twisted, confused. If he waited, everything would adjust itself. This error, or whatever it was, would be righted. The house around him was



as it would look years in the future. His family (how odd that sounded now! Why?) had not been caught in the cross-current of whatever had happened. He was sure Ether had something to do with it. Too bad he wasn't a scientist. There must be a plausible explanation....

Gordon closed his eyes wearily. Dust filled the air; he wrinkled his nose. The thought came to him, "Why not look outside?" How did it look outside? He tried to stand up but his body was heavy. He was tired; so tired! Old, like the house. Sleep. Yes, if he could only sleep. This had occurred while he was asleep. Perhaps it would adjust if he went to sleep again.....

GORDON OPENED HIS EYES to the familiar outlines of his study again. The walls were as they were before, papered and new. The books on the shelves gleamed in virgin covers.

He sighed thankfully and leaped to his feet. The old feeling of safety and security returned. The flow had been righted. Whatever had caused him to be projected into the future, the yet-to-be. He could hear the radio on full blast. Freddie's program.

But it was not as before. The radio did not sound cheerful. The tone wasn't good. There was something still wrong....an element still awry. The effects of his sudden, strange experience hadn't entirely vanished.

It had been so quick and bewildering. Wisps still clung; would they ever completely leave? He glanced around for his pipe, but could not find it.

"That blasted radio....."

What was wrong with it. Frank's gloomy words rang in his mind:

"Reality and illusion merge. It is impossible to clearly define the shadow from the actual substance. Past and Future are relative, with Memory an element that confuses both. Everything is essentially Mental, an Idea, a Concept. And Concepts are often created from Desire."

Gordon shivered from the touch of the Unknown. He felt cold, almost inanimate. When he looked at them again, the walls of the study seemed less solid. The plush on his chair had faded. A feeling of awful understanding slowed his steps as he walked toward the door. *"Concepts are often created from desire!"*

The radio was harsh, jarring; and somehow hollow. He paused, hand on the doorknob. He was barely breathing.

"Everything is an Idea; the Shadow and the Substance....."

Then he opened the door and screamed!

Beside the radio, a leering travesty lifted its head and looked at him.... laughed in an empty, jeering voice. It was hideous, skull-like. Three more of the things approached him, uttering unintelligible noises like the gurgling of corpses. One of them emanated a scent; the sickening sweet scent of the dead, or the incense of

tombs. This one reached out a skeletal claw.

Gordon backed up, hands fending off the monstrous beings. The study no longer afforded safety and comfort. Once again it was assuming the appearance of premature age. Webs fell from his eyes. He understood. He knew.

"God in Heaven!" Gordon screamed, "Get away from me! You aren't real! You are only shadows; illusions! That was not the future I was projected into!"

He reached in his pocket and pulled out a knife; clicked the blade open. The figures leaped toward him, frantically, and just as he plunged the icy steel into his throat, he sobbed:

".....and nothing can we call our own but death!"

BIG BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION edited by Groff Conklin. Crown Publishers New York. 545 pages. \$3.00 1950

In reviewing an anthology, one is faced with several difficulties not encountered with other books. One such difficulty arises when an attempt is made to assess the worth of the contents. One story may be of outstanding excellence, while the next may be incredibly bad.

In the difficult task of assembling the third of Crown's massive science fiction anthologies, Groff Conklin has succeeded in avoiding the latter category. Unfortunately he has almost succeeded in avoiding the first also.

The earlier Crown anthologies, "The Best of Science Fiction" and the "Treasury of Science Fiction", (Continued on Page 62)

Out of Legend HATHOR

Lady of the Burgoise, Two of Ra, Guardian of the Judgment Hall, Mighty Dweller in the Funeral Mountain, Beautiful of Face in the Boat of Millions of Years, Lady of the Palm Tree; such are some of the titles of Hathor (Hot-Hor--house of Horus).

The name Hathor was Syrian and used to identify this personification of youth, life, and abundance revered a long time under a score of names at many places.

As Seaheta she was too strong to be displaced by the later Ra and Osiris-Isis cycles so was included in these theogonies in positions indicative of antiquity as well as attempted subordination. Also at an early date the Nile dwellers conceived a polymorphous monotheism and the blending of many attributes with names to get the proper combination of celestial power is hardly conducive to clarity.

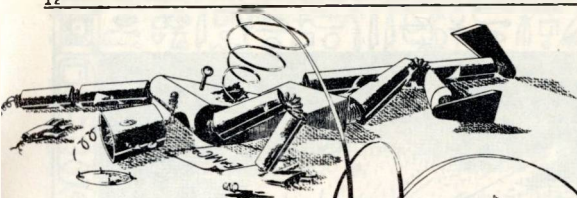
In her more homely attributes, she is seven virgin goddesses known as the Seven Hathors who presided over births with auspicious omens and foretold the future of the new-born.

In the Judging of the Soul, Hathor fills the needed place of preparing the way through the fiends of Duat and succoring the stricken soul with figs from her sacred Sycamore.

Text.....MILES EATON

Picture.....LIN CARTER





The NORWESCON Report

Enough time has passed since the NORWESCON, the Eighth World Science-Fiction Convention, that it can be looked back upon with some degree of calmness. So much took place that no one person could take it all in, so this report must necessarily be incomplete.

PRELUDE Just before the CINVENTION, a long-standing difference of opinion in the PSFS came to a head. As founder and work-horse, I had long exercised dictatorial powers. The conflict was brought to a head when, at long last enforcing the provisions of the constitution, I, as treasurer, declared approximately half the membership suspended for non-payment of dues. The announcement provoked quite a discussion with Jack de Courcy bringing into play for the first time the technique which was to serve him so well in the Chairmanship of the NORWESCON. He resigned from the PSFS. To forestall this terrible fate, it was decided to hold an open meeting for all members and ex-members of the PSFS, with the idea of deciding if it was the type of organization Portland fans wanted, and if not, changing it.

At this meeting, Jack de Courcy, acting as temporary chairman, did a magnificent job of railroading thru a remarkable new constitution he and Dot had prepared. The outstanding feature of this fannish magna carta was a clause absolutely forbidding suspension of any member for non-payment of dues. In putting this thru, he was ably abetted by Jerry Waible, Forrest Davis, Ruth Newbury and others (all of whom had been suspended for non-payment of dues).

From this point, things really get confusing. At virtually every meeting, the officers resigned en masse. At one meeting the new constitution was repealed and at a later on the PSFS was abolished. For some period Jack was President and Dot Secretary, then they switched places. It finally ended up with Dale Donaldson holding all offices of the non-existent organization.

In the meantime, the PSFS having abandoned the FANSCIANT, I took it over starting with

the 64 page, two-color 2nd Anniversary Issue; 100-odd copies of which, together with some other material, were distributed at the CINVENTION just prior to the vote.

Also in the meantime, in the first wild enthusiasm of their freedom from my dictatorship, Davis, Waible, the de Courcys and others put out an issue of the PSFS News Bulletin. Conceived in a spirit of good clean fun, it contained practically nothing of a factual nature. Nevertheless, a couple of the articles drew immediate repercussions, notably the one telling of our plans (fictitious) for a rump convention if our bid failed and the one on the PSFS Nudist Colony. To counteract this, it was decided to put out another issue in which the "humor" was applied with such broad strokes no-one could possibly mistake it. Jack and Dorothy de Courcy put this out singlehanded. Meantime, Davis continued to needle Chairman de Courcy and the meetings continued to hustle thru the "business" in order to get to the important part of the meeting, to wit: drinking beer.

At this point, the weather took a hand. Shortly after Christmas, a snow storm, unique in this area, kept the roads out of town semi-impassable for two months. With Chairman de Courcy snowed in 11 miles east of town and Treasurer Newbury likewise, 9 miles in the other direction (neither with a telephone), things came to a standstill. Finally however, the cards, fluorescent ink for the backs and other supplies were assembled and turned over to Treasurer Ruth Newbury and her husband, Forrest Davis. During the next couple of weeks, with an assist from fellow-insurgent Waible, they were mailed to the members, together with the now-notorious "confidential report". Mimeographed on NORWESCON stationery and mailed with the membership cards, most of the members considered it an official NORWESCON publication rather than an individual fanzine and reacted accordingly.

It was shortly after this that Chairman Jack de Courcy, announcing his intention of departing forthwith for California, presented his resignation, naming as temporary chairman and suggesting that all offices be declared vacant and new officers elected. At the following meeting, by unanimous vote, the committee elected me permanent chairman and confirmed Juanita Sharp as Secretary and Ruth Newbury as Treasurer. At a subsequent meeting, John de Courcy appeared and demanded that the "confidential report" be withdrawn and a retraction of some of its statements be distributed to its recipients. The alternate suggested by de Courcy was that he would file suit and tie up the convention funds. De Courcy's demand agreed to, nothing remained but to arrange to put on a convention.

It was now April---we had close to 200 members, no publicity in the national magazines, no meeting hall under consideration, no official fanzines out, no local publicity and a great deal of disagreement on many vital points. The pro magazines were written to. The American Legion Hall was selected for the convention site. 1500 copies of the first NORWESCONNEWS were lithoed and copies mailed to the 1100-plus names on our mailing list.

At about this time it was discovered that no membership cards had been mailed out for about 6 weeks. 'Confidential Progress Report on the 8th World Science-Fiction Convention' the editors of *effig.* 9109 SW Olson Road, Portland 19, Oregon.

so the job of sending them out was taken from Ruth Newbury and given to Secretary Juanita Sharp. Treasurer Ruth Newbury promptly resigned on the grounds that she had been stripped of her duties. Bob Wever was elected to take her place. Shortly after this, Davis went to southern Oregon to work and things went smoothly for a while. On the other hand, one thing after another delayed de Courcy's departure for California until he decided to remain until after the NORWESCON. He then proceeded to work harder than he had as chairman; lining up the preview of DESTINATION MOON and the DIMENSION X transcriptions, as well as refining and improving his Matter Transmitter. There were, of course minor difficulties such as Bob Wever's taking a summer job in Seattle, bringing Monna Sneller in as the third treasurer.

Then with the NORWESCON NEWS No 2 nearly laid out, another snafu turned up. The Legion Club fell on financial difficulties and to retrench they closed down the club facilities including the restaurant and bars and put the building up for sale or lease. While we had an agreement that would assure the use of the hall, it was now much less desirable. Fortunately we found space still available at our second choice, the MULTNOMAH HOTEL and the NORWESCON was shifted there.

This change meant a lot of extra work including redoing the whole issue of the NORWESCON NEWS. The delay on this caused us to abandon the plans for a third issue.

From here on there was nothing much to do except work.

THE CONVENTION earlier, the first we heard from were Harry Moore and his party, Chuck Reisner from Lynn Haven, Fla., Bob Johnson of Greeley, Colo. and Mack Reynolds of Taos, N. M. Arriving early, Mack established himself at what he described as a "flop house" across the street, while the rest went to a motel. Harry Moore moved the following day to the Multnomah.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31 A registration booth was set up the mezzanine of the MULTNOMAH Thursday morning to take care of the early arrivals. Registration Various mimeographed sheets had been prepared for the aid of the delegates.

Early arrivals included Steve Schultheis of Warren, Ohio; Walter A. Colet; Frank Kerkhoff of Washington, D. C.; Norm Stanley, Rockland, Maine; and a delegation of 9 Michigan fans including Ray, Trev, Walter and Mrs. Nelson; Martin Alger, George Young, Ed Kuss, Perdita Lilly and Agnes Harook. Outlanders Rick Sneary and Mari Wolf arrived Thursday night as did Ackerman and KEVANS, followed later by Stan Woolston.

Registration continued on Friday with many more from far away including Jean Bogart of Philadelphia; Doc and Jeannie Smith; John Millard of Toronto; Bea Mahaffey of OTHER WORLDS; Claude Degler from Neweaston, Indiana; "Rog Phillips" Graham; Bob Tucker of the Box 260, Bloomington, Ill. Tuckers with Mari Beth Wheeler; Ben and Phyllis Keifer, Columbus, Ohio; Roger Phillips of Washington and Nancy Moore of Sharonville, Ohio.

More fans, authors and editors were arriving. Howard Browne was supposed to arrive on the next plane following Rog Phillips' and

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1
AFTERNOON

Special Program at the Planetarium,
Oregon Museum of Science & Industry

EVENING

Transcriptions and Motion Pictures

of Science & Industry, we moved into the Assembly Hall. Located on the mezzanine of the MULTNOMAH HOTEL, it is approximately 90 by 45 feet. Display tables were set up all along the right hand wall under the windows there. Most of the room was taken up by chairs in an auditorium set-up with aisles down the middle and at each side. At the far end, a low platform was set up, backed by a black backdrop on which out-end letters of fluorescent paper matching the membership cards spelled out "NORWESCON". On either side of the stage, screens served as wings.

The LITTLE MEN of the Bay area sent a delegation including proxy Dr. J. Lloyd Eaton and George Finnigan while from the other side of the Bay, the GOLDEN GATE FUTURIANS had a group including Hans Ruch, Stewart Metohette, Jimmy Kepner, Mel Brown, Claude Plum and Bill Knapheide.

The Northwest was well represented by substantial groups from the leading local and area clubs. The NAMELESS ONES of Seattle sent some 35 delegates including Gertrude Carr, William (Buck) Austin, Alderson Fry, Jack Speer and Phil Barker. The Eugene (Ore.) SFS had Roscoe Wright, Ed Zimmerman, Norm Hartman, Bryoe Decker, Sandy Fraser and others. Tom & Eileen Daniel were among the representatives of the TERRAINS of Aberdeen, Wash.

My intentions were good. I had resolved to set a precedent on the first evening, by starting on time. Virtually the whole program consisted of transcriptions and motion pictures. At 7:30 the sound man was ready at the transcription table. The 8mm and 16mm projectors were set up, ready to go. For safekeeping, all the records and films had been assembled and looked in Forrie Ackerman's room. And Forrie Ackerman was nowhere to be found. For a half-hour, I dashed madly about, tearing out handfuls of hair, while Mel Korshak, veteran of 8 conventions smoothed my brow and counseled me to calm down every time I passed his table near the door. Finally with Ackerman located and the transcriptions and films on hand, I stepped to the microphone for the first time. It was only then I realized I had not prepared a speech of welcome. So much to everyone's relief, I skipped it and got right into the program.

The opening feature was the playing of a recording made by Roger Dard and a group of Australian fans, greeting the American fans at the NORWESCON. This was followed by a transcription of one of the DIMENSION X radio programs. Next Forrie Ackerman introduced and commented on a group of films he had brought. The first, MONSTERS OF THE MOON, was put together by Bob Tucker from some bits of primitive process film found by Ackerman and first shown at the CHICON in 1940. Next was a German short

had Rog worried for a while as he took a later plane. Other later arrivals included Mel Korshak of SHASTA PUBLISHERS and Tad Sturgeon who came from New York.

While most of the early arrivals were over at the Planetarium show at the Oregon Museum

which was dug up by Maj. O. G. Estes, showing a rocket flight to the moon. Following this, Ackerman commented on a film taken at LASFS meetings and another film made by some of the LA gang, featuring a lot of gags and trick effects.

Following an intermission, the film, "DEATH OF A SPECTATOR or NOT SO MUCH IN GOMORRAH", done by Joe Kennedy, Lloyd Alpaugh, George Fox and Ron Maddox was shown.

It had been planned that the finale of the evening would be a panel discussion on fandom's publicity. Already lined up were vociferous proponents of the "dignity be damned" school, led by Forrest Davis. Several equally vociferous antagonists to this view were in mind, but either they didn't come or arrived later, so this was called off and additional DIMENSION X transcriptions substituted. The first evening's session broke up about midnight with the delegates adjourning to the bar and various smoke-filled rooms. Stopping off briefly at the bar, where I met Poul Anderson, who had to leave early the following day, I also passed thru Rick Sneary's room where a mob was gathering, before heading home for bed. That was the sad part of the convention for me. Determined not to pull an Ackerman by collapsing during the convention, I got to bed at semi-reasonable hours and so missed most of the fun which went on after the regular sessions.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

MORNING

Swap Session

AFTERNOON

Introduction of Notables

Presentation of Resolutions

Editors and Publishers

Guest of Honor: Anthony Boucher

EVENING

DIMENSION X Transcription

The NORWESCON Auction

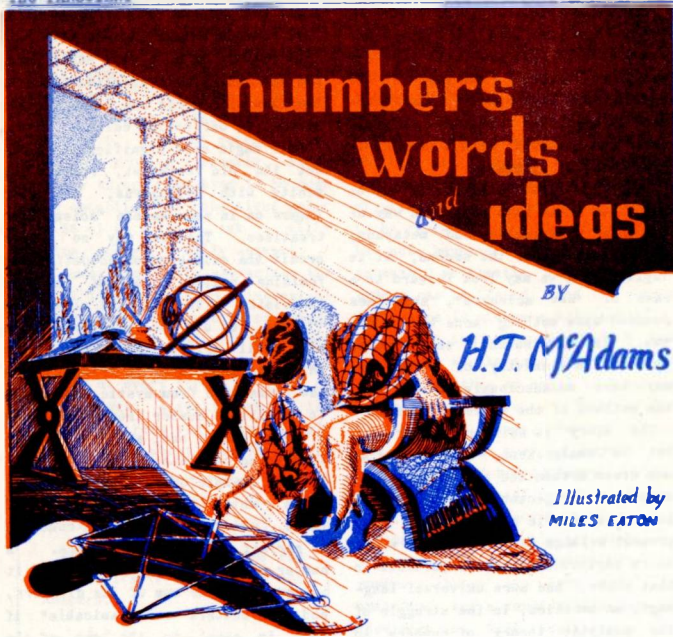
Melvin Korshak, Auctioneer

Bea Mahaffey and Howard Browne reported on the future plans for their respective magazines. At this point I was supposed to call on Mel Korshak to report on SHASTA's plans, but somehow it got overlooked. The NORWESCON Guest of Honor, Anthony Boucher, was next introduced and after speaking briefly on what was good and bad about the present science-fiction picture, he called for a general discussion which lasted for some time.

The evening led off with the playing of another
(Continued on Page 57)

There may have been some swapping done Saturday Morning. I forgot to ask. I was home cutting and running a stencil on a last-minute bunch of illustrations that had just arrived from Jerome Bixby of PLANET STORIES.

Not too late, the afternoon session got under way with a very small attendance. Most of the gang was apparently recovering from the smoke-filled rooms of the previous night. I'd intended to open by introducing the Portland bunch, but apparently they'd all had a hard night, as practically none of them were present. Mel Korshak took over and introduced such prominent fans and pros as had managed to get out of bed.



TO THE TRUE DEVOTEE of philonism—that is, to the true lover of novelty—a bromide is an abomination, even the couched in all the esoteric terminology of his favorite cult. For that reason, he may need to be coaxed, and wheedled, and cajoled before he can be made to attend seriously to the reactionary hypothesis that today's platitude

may be tomorrow's science. Toward this end, nothing serves the purpose better than the camouflage of allegory.

The Chief Semanticist of the Alpha Centauri Expedition to Terra perused the great books of cybernetics, dianetics and —etics, and smiled. For he had already digested the contents of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary!

The same old saw about the young author who was told in jest that every word of his new book had been published before! And yet, in the light of new developments, the statement is dignified with some seriousness and endowed with a completely new gender of flippancy.

Under the first category, it may be said that ideas have a curious way of begetting, by analogy and metaphor, new ideas. Under the second, it is implied that we may look forward to a rash of "new sciences", sometimes founded upon nothing more than a bad pun. In our semantic eagerness to construct a chemistry of words, we may have unconsciously lapsed into the methods of the medieval alchemist.

The story is neither new nor old, but is omnipresent, for as long as men dream dreams and see visions, the otherwise respectable sciences will have their mystic counterparts. The present melange in the realm of words had a particularly close parallel in that other, and more universal language, mathematics, in the struggle of the analytic theory of numbers to free itself from the strangling tentacles of numerology. The number theory has not yet enjoyed its millennium, the serious investigation of number relationships is now recognized as a science in its own right.

A complete roster of number lore would fill many volumes, for it is almost as old as history itself, and the end is not yet. Numbers in gen-

eral, and certain numbers in particular, somehow became endowed with magical properties at a very early date, and thus share this questionable distinction with words and certain other symbols in our racial culture. This number magic runs significantly thruout the Old Testament, reaches its zenith with Pythagoras, and even lingers on in some modern "scientific" treatises. Tho we may no longer credit the existence of masculine and feminine numbers, or of numbers associated with all the vices and virtues, as did the Pythagoreans, we may still cringe before the number thirteen, especially on Friday. Thus the transition from mystic numerology to scientific number theory has been a very gradual one, and is still far from being complete.

As an example of this subtle transition, which often produced hybrid forms, we may point to such concepts as *perfect* and *amicable* numbers. A number is considered "perfect" if it is equal to the sum of its divisors, and two numbers are "amicable" if each is equal to the sum of the divisors of the other. A delicious little bit of anthropomorphism, *n'est-ce pas?*

These gems of imaginative activity required very little science, but the recipe for their discovery was a different matter. In order that the prophecy might be fulfilled, it became necessary to study numbers for their own sake, rather than for the

sake of their magical properties. As a result of such investigation, it turned out that a number represented by the expression $2^n - 1$ ($2^n - 1$) is perfect when $2^n - 1$ is prime---that is, when $2^n - 1$ has no divisors other than itself and 1. This, of course, simplified the problem immensely, since the only thing remaining to be done was to establish the conditions under which $2^n - 1$ is prime. Ask a silly question, you get a silly answer!

In order to fully appreciate the irony of this impasse, it is essential to realize that the problem of primes is a particularly obstinate one, and that it besets the number theorist seemingly at every turn. In spite of the consequent attention which the problem has received, surprisingly little is known about this perplexing

class of numbers.

By ingenious proofs it is known that no greatest prime number exists, and that no rational integral algebraic formula can represent prime numbers only. Tho the literature is replete with formulas of restricted utility, only enough is known about the apparently haphazard distribution of primes thruout the number system to be certain that the distribution is not haphazard. For example, certain arithmetic sequences of primes can be found, and the common difference is always a multiple of 6, except for the sequences 1, 2, 3 and 1, 3, 5. Furthermore, the number of primes less than or equal to X equals $X/\log X$ as a limit. Methods for finding these primes, however, have not progressed greatly beyond the crude *Sieve of Eratosthenes*, which amounts to a trial division of each number by all preceding primes.

Because of its poetic associations, a surprisingly large contribution to number theory has been made by amateurs, and a considerable body of knowledge has been built up on the basis of intuition and conjecture. Many of these "hunches", such as Goldbach's conjecture that every even number greater than 2 is the sum of two primes, have neither been proved nor disproved. Another classic example is the famous "last theorem" of Fermat, in which it is stated that $x^n + y^n = z^n$ has no integral solution for n greater than 2.

A SHORTCUT METHOD OF EXTRACTING SQUARE ROOT

Every square (N^2) is the sum of the first N consecutive odd numbers.

$$\begin{aligned} 1 &= 1 \\ 4 &= 1 + 3 \\ 9 &= 1 + 3 + 5 \\ 16 &= 1 + 3 + 5 + 7 \\ 25 &= 1 + 3 + 5 + 7 + 9 \end{aligned}$$

For example: 16 is the sum of the four consecutive odd numbers, 1, 3, 5 & 7. Counting them, we find there are four, hence 4 is the square root of 16.

WHEN FOOLS COME IN

By
KENNETH
F.
SLATER



INCURIOUS EYES WATCHED the little ship jet down from the sky. A few watched long enough to see flame burst from the nose, as it halted its fall, and swung into a long glide over the hill tops. Two pairs of eyes only, stayed with it as it came to a final rest in a clear space near the foot of the hills.

The owner of one pair of eyes croaked, "They come...." The second owner of watchful eyes replied, "Even as we, long ago...."

Together they took wing and flew over the trees, to nest in the center of the forest that filled the plain.

The ship, lying in the glade, seemed strangely out of place. The tall trees, green and blossoming in colorful array; the silent hills, blue-purple in the distant evening light, made a background most inappropriate to the stubby, pitted-metal monster that had roared down upon them, belching smoke and flame from its mouth. It lay there, silent and still now to all seeming, while inside, busy figures operated tiny airlocks, taking samples of the atmosphere; testing temperatures; making cultures from bits of soil and green-tinted life raked thru double-doored apertures in the underside of the hull. For two whole days, as this world judged its time—the ship lay there, before finally a man emerged, to sniff luxuriantly at the air and then to wave his comrades out.

From the port, four other men stepped down onto the soil of this quiet, peaceful-seeming world. During their two days and nights of watchfulness, not a single sign of mobile life, other than insects, had they seen. In their previous circle of the planet, no towns—

or even tiny villages—had been apparent to them. But still, they wore things in belts slung around their waists which could only be weapons.

Hidden in the flowering branches of a tall tree, far indeed for man's eyes, the two original watchers gazed on this new activity, still without curiosity. "What now?" queried one.

"They will go a short way into the forest," replied the other, "And then return."

So it was. After a short look around the glade, with many exclamations of surprise and much picking of specimens—carefully, with gloved hands—and much placing into containers and sealing up, the five men went into the forest, walking close together, moving warily.

Time elapsed. No telling how long, for the watchers were not overly worried about the passage of time, but sufficient time for the sun to move a good distance on its journey from horizon to horizon, the five appeared once more, carrying more specimens, but walking with an air that the watchers rightly interpreted as that of puzzlement. The watchers had a vast amount of inherited memory on which to draw for their interpretations of the actions of mankind.

At the port of the vessel, they were met by yet another man, who exclaimed gladly at their return and made expressions which carried the sound of interrogation.

"Six," said a watcher, "We can deal easily with six."

"No, comrade," said the second, "That is not the answer. Where one or two or six have come, more will come. In their millions they will come—and the more quickly if these six do not return. For they have curiosity; that instinct that makes the bird watch something bright, and peck and poke until it damages it. Not that ex-

actly, but like it."

"Then what?" asked the other.

"Patience, patience. We watch and we wait."

Several more times parties of men, never less than three, emerged from the ship and departed in different directions. Never more than one party at a time and never on the path followed by a previous party.

Finally the ship was sealed tight once again and blasted off from the ground, heading outward from the planet. And with their departure, the quiet, still world burst into activity. From all parts of the planet, tiny flitting, flying beings sprang from the trees and converged on the hills whereunder the spaceship had rested. The hills and valleys swarmed with them, until every tree seemed to bear fruit and flowers on every least twig.

Silently they came, and silently they waited. The watchers communed together, joined by others of their own rank and kind. A decision was reached and communicated to the assembled throngs. Then in orderly array the creatures winged upward, ever upward—beyond the limits of the atmosphere—and still upward, and outward from the sun. For man had come, and there was no other planet within this system where these creatures could feel safe. Now they must make a vaster journey than they had made some centuries before.

The powers of these beings were vast—vast even compared with those of man—but they could not live with civilized, mechanized man. That is why when man entered the Industrial Era, the "little people" had fled the earth. The smoke and dust of man's machines was killing them. And now man had reached their refuge, they must flee again. Man, who did not believe in fairies, had unwittingly driven them beyond his knowledge.



My interest was instantly aroused by an article appearing in the current issue of the FANSCIANT (Spring Number, 1950) as it was on the subject that I have been waiting for a long time to see discussed in relation to science fiction. I refer to the article starting on page 28 of that issue and entitled "The Language Problem". Like the author of the article, I have seen otherwise talented science fiction writers handle the language problem with reckless abandon, making their heroes un-

derstand on the instant strange speech in a manner that amounted to a belief in miracles. And what heightens the paradox, they attempted to explain space science by our earthly knowledge of the principles involved, but totally ignored the language of space, as if language was something outside the realm of science. In fact, they ignored the fact that language is also a science with principles as

exact as atom smashing.

Broadly speaking, language is the mechanics of expressing thought and thought bears a distinct relation to science. If space inhabitants approached other scientific subjects, as the writers aver, according to the principles of science we know, then their language approach would be similar—probably not in the matter of using the same words but according to the same principles. People have been using languages for a long time, possibly longer than they have known anything about science, and in that time they have learned a great deal about them, possibly more than they have learned about the physical sciences. And in their learning languages have been reduced to understandable rules in as great a degree as has chemistry, physics, electricity, magnetism, etc., all of which the fiction writer feels capable of handling in a plausible manner. So why make a hurdle of language, as one outstanding example?

Languages, as we know them, and what we know in any realm is what we have to base our ideas on, are loosely classified according to characteristics of grammar as isolating, inflecting and agglutinating. Chinese dialects are nearly pure isolating languages in that additional words are used to modify meaning rather than suffixes or interior changes. English in its process of change tends in the future to become an isolating language. Latin and the Romance languages are inflecting because root words are modified by suffixes in accordance with gender, time, number, case, mood, etc. The Semitic languages are agglutinating, changes within the root word signifying gender, number, etc. There the fiction writer has a simple scientific basis to decide what kind of a language his space hero

might encounter on a given planet. If the conditions are going to be sufficiently similar to earth conditions so that his hero is not entirely lost, then the language conditions are not going to be too different.

If he is scared by the fact that the thought processes of the Martians might be different from those encountered on earth, he has only to remember that the thought processes of the Asiatic are not the same as those in the Western part of the world, yet they each have an understandable language that can be learned, a language that can be explained by recourse to the science of language structure, regardless of whether the words are short or long, spoken from the depths of their throats or whistled through their teeth.

Another thing that the science fiction writer should learn is that some of the most complicated inflected languages are in the possession of the most primitive races, that progress in language evolution invariably tends to simplify them, as in the case of the evolution of English from the language of the Angles and the Saxons. The languages of the North American Indians, gives one an adequate idea of how complicated a language can become. In the Navaho language, for example, the verb also becomes an adjective by a simple change in its structure. The Navaho uses a different verb for put, depending on whether he is putting on his clothes, putting a potato in a sack or a book on a table. All of those queer quirks in language structure that the science fiction writer is afraid he might encounter in unknown space, he can most probably find on earth, principles that have been reduced to an understandable science by earth linguists.

Since the times of the early Greek scientists linguists have

devoted themselves to theoretical language making, trying to devise a simple language that could be learned in a minimum of time and be used universally. The first modern attempt in this regard was Volapuk, which was based on the Germanic languages. Other attempts, that have attained considerable use and made language structure a science of more or less common knowledge, have been Esperanto, Ido, Interlingua, Occidental, and a score of others that I will not name for want of space. If the science fiction writer wants to design a language for his mythical space dweller to use, and one that his hero will have no difficulty in learning to use, he has recourse to the methods used by several hundreds who have spent their lifetimes trying to devise an acceptable international language from the materials at hand.

For a number of years, upward of a quarter of a century, I have been using one of these so-called artificial languages, Ido, to correspond with people all over the world and have experienced no difficulty in making myself understood, although you would hardly assume that the thought processes of an Oklahoma printer, a Madagascan student, a Spanish laborer or a Japanese priest were the same. Yet the language I have used to correspond with these members of different and dissimilar races is a simple synthesis of modern languages reduced to a grammar that can be learned in less than a week of spare time study. I once knew a man, totally uneducated, who knew a half dozen complicated Indian dialects. Are we going to assume that our science fiction hero, versed in all kinds of physical sciences, would be dumber than a totally uneducated man, knowing nothing at all of the principle of language structure?

THE END

THE GREEN MAN OF GRAYPEC by Festus Pragnell. Greenberg: Publisher, New York. 190 pg. \$2.50 1950

This story, first published in the old WONDER STORIES in 1935, is one of the best early treatments of the "atom world" theme. Somewhat rewritten from its earlier magazine appearance, it is still eminently readable, even to one who has read numerous other expositions of the same idea.

The story begins when his scientist brother sends the personality of Learoy Spofford, former tennis champion, to occupy the body of a green skinned savage on the atom-world of Graypec. The culture of the world consists of the primitive green cave-men, semi-intelligent animals and decadent humans, all controlled by a hypnotic undersea race of crustaceans. The green men and humans are trained hypnotically to war on the free remnant of the democratic human culture. Spofford, in the body of the cave-man Kastrov, takes the lead in a rebellion to cast off the yoke of the crustaceans.

This book is primarily good adventure, with a certain amount of comparison between the failings of our culture and the failings of this fictional one.

Typographically the book is attractive and it is graced with an outstanding jacket by Hannes Bok, which adds no little to its visual appeal.

Greenberg has apparently adopted a policy of avoiding the "heavy-science" type of story in their selections and depending on either plot or action to make an appeal to a wide group of reader. If so, their end has been gained in this one, as it will be of interest to the general reader, not demanding that he accept a large number of new concepts--and yet there is plenty of action and suspense to make it readable to the more blasé reader. —Gilbert H. Williams

DISPLACED PERSONS

So howl, demon, to the moon
and gambol, monster, on the shore
of fading sanity, for soon
new ghoul's will pour
out queer songs from cracked lips.
I prophecy the finish of your reign,
and this the flaming truth that rips
aside your shroud... You lived in vain,
poor ghost, foolish, oh lost!
For you swapped your heaven, deserted hell,
and grugged not any cost
to remain near. Now I tell
you that you can never stay,
for the atom flares with the madness
of man, and mutant horrors play
on burnt soil. Ancient sadness
lingers till the burning dawn
banishes. You too had best be gone!

—Thomas H. Carter



HANNES BOK



I

Aside from taking two years of what was called "Art" when I attended High School, I have had no artistic training. I found out things the hard way, which was both fortunate and unfortunate.

Fortunate, because I've yet to meet somebody who stuck thru an entire art school regime who had any originality. Every Big Name artist I've met or read about was thrown out of the art school he attended, because he refused to conform—he had ideas of his own.

Unfortunate, because one does learn a lot of technical short-cuts at an art school—how to letter, how to make layouts, how to use such magic as scratchboard, "wash-tene" papers and what have you?

And the art school student's work is exhibited every now and then with the rest of his class—so that he has often found a patron before finishing his schooling.

Ah, me!—by learning the hard way, I learned all a-gley. My watercolors look like oil; my oils look like charcoal drawings and like colored lithographs; my pencil work looks like ink work; my gouaches look like pastel.

In telling this yarn on myself, I'm glad that I'm in good company. When Maxfield Parrish got his first magazine job—to produce halftone illustrations for Kenneth Grahame's story, "Its Walls Were as of Jasper", he looked closely at halftone pictures, saw that they were composed of minute dots, and so the poor man spent weeks pre-

looks at



ducing his pictures in—spatter-work! He did them, he says, in the bathtub, so that most of the flying particles of ink which missed the paper would be washed down the drain. He made mistakes, and had to do some of the work a second

time. And then, when the work was all done, the publisher told him about the halftone process—peer Parrish could have done the work in any technique: watercolor, oil or pencil—lets faster—and it would have reproduced just as well.

My error was in the same line. I aspired to become a magazine cover artist, so—like Parrish—I studied current covers. A magnifying glass disclosed that the colors were made by the juxtaposition of microscopic dots of red, yellow and blue inks. Eureka! I spent weeks producing a cover, executing it by stippling colored

EDITOR'S NOTE: Any similarity between the illustrations accompanying this article and the work of any artist, living or dead, is unbelievable.

Illustrated by DONALD B. DAY.

inks. Without knowing it, I had rediscovered Seurat's pointilliste technique, the I learned that fact only later, since at the time I had never heard of Seurat---in fact, I had never seen a real live original painting except a few dull brown things at a museum; stuff that would never appear on magazine covers, painted by people with names hard to pronounce, like Botticelli, Titian, Vermeer and so on, and probably put into the museum because nobody would want to have such junk hanging around in his own home.

My folks disapproved of Art, you see. The only Art I ever saw was what was on calendars or in magazines. The only reason I ever got to the museum was that one of my Aunt's suiters thought he'd make a hit with her by introducing me, her one and only nephew, to culture. It was a dismal fizzle, since I was more interested in the Ice Cream premised at the end of the trip, and I never again saw a museum until after I was 18. And since I was brought up to believe that my father and stepmother knew best, and they said that Norman Rockwell was the Best Artist in the World, I wasn't going to fall for any of that---ugh---Botticelli stuff. Not me!

II

Well, finally I had left Home and Stepmother, and gravitated toward the company of real bona fide artists, most of 'em long-haired, most of 'em graduates of art schools. They talked bewilderingly of Matisse and Picasso and Rousseau and Seurat. They shuddered at me, my work, and my ideas of art. I shuddered right back, but since I was of the minority, I tried to find out about this-herenew Modern Art—I read books about it (mostly Sheldon Cheney's, with a dash of Roger Fry, Maier-Graffe

and Claude Bragdon) and visited a few galleries, and---well whaddayuh know?—these-there guys had something!

At the time I was trying to design murals, and my mural style happens to leak a great deal like Rousseau, so that's what they called me—"Hi, there, Rousseau!"

I worked in a room wherein hung a lot of Morris Graves' work; it was just after Morris' "great period", and he was painting dark, deserted, lapsed old Seattle houses in depressing colors, with a great deal of paint squeezed directly out of the tube on the canvas, like a lot of varicolored worms having a convention—or was it the d. t. e.?

I asked my boss for heaven's sake to let me move out of that room before I went nuts. Altho I had "gone modern" to a mild extent, I still believed that pictures should be attractive, and these



haunted houses of Morris' were giving me the willies. Morris, by the way, introduced himself at a gathering as "Mme. Picasso".

But once I was removed from Morris' pictures, I began to miss them. I found out that I liked them!—they really did convey the eerie mood of haunted houses. I was "getting religion", esthetically speaking.

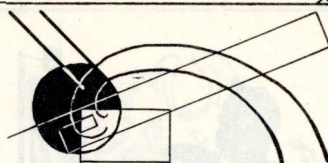
And, getting religion, I was horribly depressed when the other painters sniffed down their noses at my own work. "Pretty", they'd say condescendingly, "But of course it's commercial."

They never did quite make it clear to me what the sin consisted of, in being commercial. We used to have big arguments pro and con commercial art. I maintained that all art was commercial, since anything done to make money was commercial. Now I can define what they couldn't, then—fine art is work done for quality's sake; the money, if any, is incidental. Commercial art is work done to make a buck; if it happens to be good work, fine; but the buck comes first.

What they were telling me, of course, was that my work wasn't good. Maybe it wasn't. But our discussions led up to the point I've been leading up to—which is, what is art and what isn't art? It seemed my stuff was bad because it was illustration. I defended the illustrators by referring to the illustrations of William Blake, Durer, Rockwell Kent, Kay Nielsen, and medieval illuminations. These were capital-A Art, and still illustrations, weren't they?

My detractors agreed that they were, but they couldn't tell me why. I then put forth that most of the pictures of the Renaissance were illustrations of Greek Myths and Bible Tales—and still passed as great art.

Oh, we had a fine heated time



arguing back and forth! But it wasn't until I had left that group and gone to New York to work as a pulp illustrator that I found the difference between Fine Art and illustration.

The guys in Seattle had called illustration a "bastard art", because Fine Art (they said) never needed any explanation; in fact, a good picture had no need for a title; you could call it "Composition Number Twelve" and it still stood on its own feet. But illustration couldn't stand by itself; you had to have words—or Literary Art—to explain what the picture was all about. And since illustration was part Art and part literature, it wasn't a thing by itself.

Now this made sense, to a point; but those guys said that Dali and Tchelitchev were fine art—and if you ask me; if any pictures need the aid of words to convey their messages, Dali's and Tchelitchev's certainly do!

III

Here's the difference between Fine Art and illustration.

Artist Jim Brown decides to paint a vampire. He does a nice gruesome job of it, so that a fee-racious critter glares at you out of a frame and gives you goose pimples. It has an effect on you; it stirs your emotions at sight; it's art.

But artist Mike Smith decides to illustrate a story of a vampire.

IV



He paints the scene wherein Beautiful Belinda is scared silly by a vampire. We see Beautiful Belinda cowering in dread from a ferocious critter looming over her. And we don't jump out of our skins. The vampire isn't threatening us. He's threatening Belinda. Any feeling we may have is derived from Belinda's plight. Thus instead of being stirred, or of being scared out of ten year's growth, we're getting our emotions second-hand—thru Belinda's plight.

Fine Art, then, speaks to you directly. Illustration speaks to you indirectly. But—quite often a smart illustrator turns out a hunk of Fine Art without intending to do so; he wants the picture to have impact on you, so he drops Belinda out of the scene and makes the vampire leer at you, the observer—as the you personally were Belinda.

Now there are other things which make or break a picture. I've seen plenty of so-called Fine Art entirely devoid of texture, for instance—and draftsmanship—and design—and related color. There's a lot more to art than meets the eye. But I think it's a safe rule to say that if a picture causes a reaction in you, it's good—provided, of course, it arouses the action that its painter intended. I've seen a ghoul on a *WEIRD TALES* cover (by Lee Browne Caye) which simply made me laugh—it couldn't possibly make me shiver—it looked like Mortimer Snerd.

Then another artist depicted winged skulls flying around. If I saw a winged skull, I wouldn't cower, I'd snicker. How could the thing fly if it had no muscles nor blood supply to enable the wings to operate? How could it see where it was going without eyes? What could it do to me if it reached me? It couldn't eat me—no stomach to contain me. Naw, I'd just snicker and say, "You've had one beer too many, Bub."

And so we've come to Fantasy Art.

There are all sorts of artwork, just as there are all sorts of music or types of books. No branch is better than the other, despite the claims of pseudo-intellectuals, who cannot see that "archaic and inhospitable" is as much of a classic as "Ulysses". "Li'l Abner" is just as much art—in its field—as Helheim's "Dance of Death".

But some of the phoneyos think that if a picture's "tight", it has to be bad. They like Matisse, who works broadly, with elegant brush strokes visible all over his

work; they like van Gogh's heavy impasto. (You can spot a phoney by asking him what he thinks of Breughel, whose work is very tight—if he likes it, which he will say he does, because Breughel is among the Elst, you can have a lot of fun asking why he condemns tightness in other painters.)

For my money, fantasy art simply has got to be "tight". A sketch is a very nice thing, an impression. But a sketch isn't convincing. Not, anyway, when it tries to depict something that never existed. A sketch of a dragon is interesting, but it won't convince you that dragons exist.

But a tight, photographic painting of a dragon, with every scale in place, and dirt showing in between the scales, and some of the scales chipped or broken off, and some worn dull by being dragged over rough ground—none of which could be shown in a sketch—such a tight, photographic painting convinces you that maybe dragons do exist—because the thing looks so real it simply has got to exist.

And so I try, in my painting, to "make kedaohromes of the impossible". I'm trying to arouse the emotion that the things depicted actually exist somewhere. And I sincerely believe that what I'm making is Fine Art.



VI

Now for a look at the illustrations in pulp magazines—fantasy illustrations, that is. Are they art?

I'm afraid that most of them aren't. Let's look at Richard Ree's work. He has a marvelous grasp of anatomy; he can make figures that are very convincing, with creases in the skin and bones sticking out. His monsters are wonderful—you'd swear they exist. And yet—

His pictures don't hold together. They look wrong, and are wrong, because they're off balance, as regards tonal qualities; they lack the unity of an overall pattern—too much detail crammed all in one corner, or a big sweeping line of movement rushing on and on—to nowhere—right out of the picture. The lines in a good picture lead you right back into it, and around, and over, and under, always bringing you back where you started from; hypnotic—you can't take your eyes off the thing.

How about John Dee's work. John evidently can't draw worth beans, because to make a picture he copies the head and torso of a nude babe from *NAUGHTY NUDDIES MAGAZINE*, and sticks on the tail of a snake cribbed from *NATURAL HISTORY MAGAZINE*. The fact that the girl-part



was lit from above and the snake-part was lit from below doesn't worry Jehn. He then adds a man copied line for line from von Stuck's "Plastische-Anatomie", which was signed by von Stuck, and because there's some space left, he fills it full of "arty" little sparks, sunbursts and bubbles.

Just where is the art in this procedure? The gal is exactly as a camera sees her. Art is net photography of things as they are; Art is the accentuation of characteristics. The camera sees just a mangy old cat walking across a street. Art can take that cat, and by accentuating certain feline characteristics, convert that cat into something that throws the observer for a loop; an artist can make that cat a demonic, sinister devil stalking its prey; a wee-beene misfit of a quadruped forlornly questing an abandoned fish-head; a tired aristocrat feebly trying to strut in one last pathetic attempt at dignity, for cats have dignity—but the camera can't do it unless the operator of the camera is an artist who patiently takes dozens of pictures until he happens to get the right thing—and has to discard all the negatives but one (which is as long, as involved, as just going out and drawing the cat).

And Jehn Dee doesn't convince. We know darn well that the snake-woman is just an ordinary gal fitted with a snake's tail. John didn't accentuate the feminine characteristics; he could have elongated the girl's lines, emphasized the slant of her eyes, the length of her tapering fingers, making her emineous and baleful; he could have softened her lines, made her pose more drooping and seductive—he could have done lots of things, but no, he just saved time and copied a naked babe, peried!

Composition—pattern? He never heard of it! You look at the



thing once, blink because you're not sure whether the spots are bubbles in the picture, or in your own eyes, and that's that.

Of course, Jehn has a snazzy technique—a lot of stipple and cross-hatch and scratchboard dead-lings. But technique isn't an end in itself, only a means. Technique is only HOW you say a thing—and what does it matter how a thing is said, if it's not worth saying in the first place. If a girl is dirty and smelly, what's the sense in decking her out in diamonds and furs?

And then there's that matter of signing Jehn Dee's manicker to a drawing swiped from von Stuck and signed by von Stuck.

But you can't blame Jehn Dee too much. He doesn't get paid enough for his work to warrant going to any great length of effort or originality. The average payment per pulp-fantasy picture is \$20. Thus, to earn \$1500 a year, Jehn Dee has to grind out 75 pulp illustrations every 52 weeks. Speed is paramount. Art? As far as Jehn is concerned, art has to be kept incidental.

VII

This new guy, Bill Bones, does interesting stuff. I wonder how long he will last, because he's riding a good horse to death. He has a distinctive style—too distinctive. You never knew from the picture what story you're reading. He uses the same approach to every yarn he illustrates, whether it's a story that's delicately poetic, downright horrible, or brightly comic. He doesn't seem to differentiate. We get the same people in the same surroundings, in the same kind of lighting, in the same kind of composition.

And then there's a whole flock of so-called "artists" who aren't artists at all. Like a number of

editors, these jerks consider illustrations to be diagrams of story-action—as if the readers hadn't sense enough to perceive what's going on from the author's words. They make no attempt to do anything except present a lot of details—no attempt to relate them into an overall effect of unity; just a number of spots cut-out and pasted-on, like wallpaper design. Stuff like that belongs in Comic Books.



VIII

To me, a good illustration is something which catches the prospective reader's eye—it arouses an emotion in him, generally wonder plus something else—maybe horror, maybe pleasure, maybe an acute feeling of "wrongness", maybe any one of a hundred things. If it's plain unadulterated illustration, he is forced to read the story to see what the picture is all about. If it is illustration, but simultaneously good art, he will want to read the story—in the hope that it will do the same things to him that the picture has done.

I don't believe in depicting the action of the story—for one thing, it's repeating something, and I don't care for repetition. Then, too, the reader is supposed to have a mind, and if he has to have a diagram to show him what happened, a factual illustration is an insult to his intelligence. I believe that an illustration should suggest the mood and events of the story, thereby acting much the same as the "blurb" following the title of every story.

You might raise the objection that such a picture is like an advertisement—saying, "Let me sell you on this-here-new-story!"

Sure it is! But all art, fine or otherwise is advertising!

Only an idiot or a phoney would take time to paint something without purpose. When van Gogh splashes his hues around in a rendition of a landscape, he is saying: "Lookit all the wonderful colors in Nature! See things as I see them!" When Rubens paints lush nudes, he is saying: "Oh boy, isn't flesh alluring, lots and lots of it! Yum!" When Picasso depicts some cubistic maidens, he is saying: "Lookit the rhythm in the human form; ain't rhythm fun?" When Piet Mondrian draws what

looks like a lineal pattern, he is saying: "Lookit how interesting just lines alone can be!"

Indeed, artists are advertising—their viewpoints, of course, editorializing on whatever they're depicting. A good illustrator advertises whatever he found interesting in the story. Sometimes he is stuck with a dull story, and has to (for the purpose of making a few bucks) pretend that the story was good. In that case, he'll point-up the most promising aspects of the story.

Then there are some editors who should stick to editing—but no, they've got to leuse things up. Artwork makes magazines interesting by breaking up pages of solid gray type, so by all means let's have artwork. If they'd leave it right there, and let the artist (who presumably knows his business) take over, it might be fine. But no! What sells magazines? Why, lots of sensational stuff, of course—nakkid girls, lots of blood and gunplay. So let's have all we can get of it.

As an example, let's pretend that the editor needs a half-age drawing for the yarn, "The Ornkster Process". This is a funny tale about the first expedition to Japetus. A girl explorer lands among a colony of lizard people. Her racket is busted. The lizards think she's an ugly monster, but she managed to earn their respect



and get her rocket repaired by manufacturing scale—polish to beautify them, which she calls "The Ornkster Process".

The artist never gets to read the story. The editor calls him in and says: "Now I want you should draw a gorgeous blonde babe. Put her up front, real big, see, and don't put any more clothes on her than you can help. Now behid her, stick a lot of godawful looking lizards—they're threatening her, see? Make them look real mean. In one of the corners, stick a wrecked rocketship. I'll need this day after tomorrow.

The artist returns with the picture, which is published, and then the fans start squawking. How come the artist had the gal undressed? The writing distinctly mentioned she was wearing a space-suit. How come the rocket was shown as cigar-shaped when the story said it was a globe? How come these huge dragons are threatening the girl,

when the lizards in the story were only ten inches long, and didn't use their teeth and claws to scare the girl, but instead threatened her with hypnotic suggestion?

IX

As for my own work, all I can do is state what I try to achieve, whenever circumstances are favorable. I am for interesting pattern, for good characterization, for a feeling of movement. And sometimes when I manage to get them, the engraver and the coarse, soft pulp paper foul up the result.

Why do I stick to fantasy art, when it doesn't keep me decently supplied with the necessities of life?

Well, for one thing, there's a lot more variety in it than in other fields of illustration. One week you're drawing Martians, next week you're doing lunar expeditions, and the week after that,

you're showing a dryad emerging from a tree.

Straight advertising art pays better, but what a bore! You have to submit "roughs"—loosely drawn yet still fairly explicit versions of the subject you're stuck with—and after the "roughs" are finally altered to suit the client, it's almost impossible to instill any spontaneity and design; and the finished picture shows people grinning their fool heads off at meter-cars and radios nobody would want to be caught dead with.

"Fine Art"—Gallery Art—Museum stuff—exhibition pictures—are swell. Every real artist hopes to devote all his time to them—someday. But unless he has other means of income, or has been premeditated by dealers into being a "Big Name"—he just can't do it. And dealers of course are out to make money; they wait until a guy's on the brink of death before they start advertising him; once he's dead, they can unload to collectors (at fancy prices) stuff they get almost for free—the artist is dead and can't turn out any more works to glut the market with his type of stuff. And collectors buy pictures mainly for resale purposes, not because they personally like the work. No kidding, many people buy pictures because "they match my new living room walls"—instead of building the living room around the picture! And some people buy the picture because they like the frame it's in—it just fits with the antique chairs! If people bought pictures for the interest in their pictorial content, I'm sure that the Art Departments of the big department stores would go broke. If an artist wants to do gallery art, he usually has to dig up a patron—some rich Beauty Shop operator who needs a pet artist to show-off to her friends (as one "Big Name" artist did); and another "Big Name"

was financed by a gangster who wanted "culture"!

There's more of a chance to "get established" in the "commercial field"—in illustration and advertising. Sometimes an artist's work "catches on" with the public. And then the poor guy is expected by his dotting public to turn out the same thing ever and over—until finally they get bored with him and drop him where they found him. If he paints the same thing ever and ever, he's a "rubber stamp," and commercial as all get-out—wanting to keep in the money. Esthetically, Harrison Fisher, Rockwell Kent, Bradshaw Crandall, Norman Rockwell, and countless others were okay until the public demanded that they keep on doing the same thing over and over.

But illustration—especially fantasy illustration—demands variety. So I stick to it. The mere fact I. And since some editors don't dictate how to draw a fantasy illustration, I can oftentimes throw in a lot of "quality" that I could never get-away-with in advertising art. Several times I passed off pure abstractions as illustrations! Hey, how smart I felt!

And I'm a violently imaginative person. I like to draw, to photograph some of the things my imagination sees. I've tried other jobs, and was a dismal flop at them, because they didn't offer leeway for my imagination, and also because I had specialized at drawing for so long that I've become incapable of doing anything else.

I've been criticized because I don't draw pictures with "social content." But I'm convinced that my work has a lot of social content. The mere fact that I don't draw crime, misery and sadness should show that I disapprove of them, since an artist draws only what he's interested in—if he's anything at all of an artist. And

I think that if I can make pictures which arouse people's imagination, perhaps making them think a little, I'm doing much better than the artist who portrays the crime, bloodshed and poverty which can be found in any newspaper.

There are some people who, when they are unhappy, like to sing torch songs. Songs about how abused they are, and what a mean old world it is, and so on. I like the torch-songs, and shut them off the radio whenever they come on, because when a gal wails, "Now laughing friends deride me, and I cannot hide my tears," I keep thinking, "Well, if you'd stop that feeling sorry for yourself, and go to a beauty shop, and find something interesting to talk about, you wouldn't be in the spot you're in."

And I think art that concentrates on graft, and corruption, and death, and poverty and all sorts of ills—is like that. Who wants to hang up a picture of a butchered man in their living room—to stare at day after day? Such a person is either a psychopath or stupid.

But there are some people who, when they feel low, sing happy songs, or work songs, and snap out of their depression. And I like to make pictures with that effect

—pictures showing things not as they are—which we all know too well—but pictures of things as they might be, and could be; and maybe by doing so, I can convince people to start working toward them.

Most of the time I'm stuck with stories that are pointless and a waste of words. I try, when illustrating them, at least to make them interesting patterns. One may have to use a privy, but there's no reason why he can't use a privy of tasteful design.

I think I'd be happiest designing furniture and tableware; if I had life to live all over again, I think I'd be an architect. Not having any training in Mechanical drawing, I think it's a bit late to start in at my age. And so it's fun to invent architecture and furniture and fashions all my own, in fantasy illustrations.

And I like to think that perhaps I'm having a bit of influence on the kids who read the pulps. If I give them as much good taste as possible, in my work, they might get slightly in the habit of wanting and expecting it, thereby infinitesimally raising public standards.

And I think that if nothing else, my work has proved one thing—I can dream, can't I?



The "Future" of SCIENCE-FICTION

by lambert becker

Ask any reader of science fiction what it is that gives him greater reading pleasure than any other form of literature. Ask the fantasy aficionado why he stores endless boxes of his favorite books and magazines away in his attic, even buying two copies of each issue so that there is no possibility of losing a copy. Indeed, most real fans would hardly know how to answer such a question, so absurd would it seem. "Read it yourself," they would say, "And when you start collecting magazines and going to conventions, then see if you can answer such a silly question."

However, some would not hesitate to tell the inquirer that it is the endless variety of background, the peculiar twists one can find in plots



Illustrated by WILLIAM ROTSLER

dealing with alien subjects, and the weirdly fascinating subjects dealt with in the stories. Such variety, they claim, can be found nowhere else on earth in any form of literature,

and it adds that peculiar, indescribable spice of enjoyment. Both science fiction and fantasy have an infinite number of possible backgrounds and characters, widely differing from the here and now.

Yet science fiction has hardly begun to exploit all the possible (and even probable) futures. The major science fiction magazines use stories which deal with a very small percentage of the probable worlds. Let's look at the general background bones of some of the most common types of stories. First, the complex technical civilization. At some distant, future date, civilization has evolved into a highly stratified, complicated technical State, a government more or less democratic, with much the same cultural attitudes and habits as at present. Such authors as E. E. Smith, A. E. van Vogt, Robert Heinlein and Isaac Asimov have exploited this type of future world to the fullest, dwelling elaborately on crises in the history of such worlds and adding complexity on complexity.

The second most common projection into the future is the absolute monarchy, a type beloved of both science fiction and fantasy authors. This world embodies much of the culture of our present moment of time but also contains a dominant king reminiscent of ancient Egyptian Pharaohs. This may or may not be a priesthood, complete with sacred idol. The greatest exponent of this form of fiction

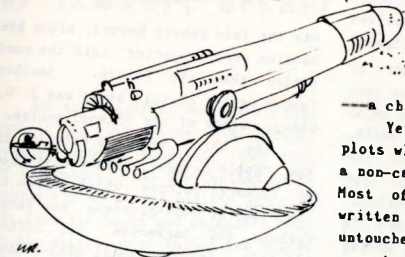


was the late Robert Howard, altho his stories were projected into the past rather than the future. Another famous writer of this style was J. U. Giesy, author of the "Jason" series.

The third type is embodied in the "Noble Savage", the uncivilized or barbaric culture which dwells in the ruins of once-glorious New York. Perhaps the barbarism has lifted slightly, leaving small city-states holding the land, fiercely warring with their neighbors and striving for dominance.

This exhausts barely half the possibilities for future governments. Saving only the past, as we do, it is difficult to postulate future governments based on future events and not on our present culture and form of government. We are not even sure that our own civilization will sur-

vive, much less dominate the future. It would be just as reasonable and just as probable to write of a culture based on that of the Hindus, the Chinese, or even the Eskimos! Human history has taken many unobvious paths in the past, wiping out great sprawling empires which seemed to have every chance to survive and prospering little outland tribes, until they were masters of their world. Such was the case of Persia and Egypt. Great Egypt had existed for four thousand years of known and recorded history, whereas Persia was but a



tiny country ruled by a shadowy king. Then came Cyrus to the Persian throne, and his grandson Cambyses dictated peace from the throne in Memphis to an astounded Egyptian populace.

It could happen here!

It is not a pleasant prospect, and it is one which most science fiction authors have studiously ignored. The only writer of real importance who to date has written of this possible submergence of our present

culture is L. Sprague de Camp, and he has rather compromised with destruction, leaving all future nations on more or less of an equal footing. There is yet to be a human hero in science fiction who is not of English, American or Northern European ancestry. This is, of course, excluding heroes of alien races, developed by the author.

Such a concept would be unthinkable to many science fiction readers—a Chinese, Hindu or negro hero...

Yet there are many fascinating plots which could be developed from a non-caucasian, non-American future. Most of these plots are yet to be written and utilized—a wealth of untouched material.

An interesting concept which plays a vital part in some cultures (and is relatively unimportant in our own) is kinship. Among the Australian aborigines one finds tremendous importance placed on the precise relationship of one man to another. In the central Australian deserts, the only person a man can marry—under pain of death—is one's mother's mother's brother's daughter's daughter! However, due to their kinship structure, there is usually a whole

THE "FUTURE" OF SCIENCE FICTION

group of these vital young ladies for the Australian youth to choose from.

The religion of the future civilizations of the world has also been left relatively untouched by author's hands. The religious practices of the "savage" peoples of the future usually has to do with cruel idols, withered priests and the blood sacrifice of lovely young ladies—apparently for the purpose of making a leading illustration for the story. Actually, most so-called "primitive peoples" have very little of the human sacrifice in their nature, and their "vicious" gods are not considered vicious by them. Some of the real religious concepts of simple peoples make more interesting reading than any dreamed up to date by science fiction and fantasy authors.

Nor have the possibilities of dress and adornment of future peoples been adequately (and scientifically) written into stories. The covers and inside pictures of most magazines follow today's customs and dress well enough—only less of it. The covers of the *Standard Publication* pulps have even begun to show girls with the short hairdo that is the vogue now. However, it is highly improbable that our present customs will continue and be taken up by the future inhabitants of the world. Only such famous authors as Heinlein ("Beyond This Horizon") and L. Sprague de Camp in his "Zamba" series have come close to adopting different customs for their characters. In fact, it is

probable that women a thousand years from now will regard the wearing of lipstick as something "ugly and uncivilized"—perhaps by that time the Indonesian custom of tattooing the face and torso completely will be fashionable, or even the African custom of cutting neat patterns of scars in the skin of the face and back.

It is just as possible that the young beauty whom Our Hero goes forward in time to see will shave her head and cover it with concentric circles of green paint in order to hold her man.

In taking L. Sprague de Camp's stories of the Zamba world for publication, *SCIENCE FICTION* magazine has begun a policy which might lead to the introduction of some of the untouched concepts named above. However, the average reader of some of the other magazines might not be able to stand it—indeed he yells if the heroine is anything but a *milk-and-honey* blonde in a short version of a French bathing suit. Which is all right, too.

Thus, science fiction has a long way to go before it begins to come close to the end of its possible (and interesting) futures. Nor has it exploited the vast variety of social, religious and political complexes which are to be found in other parts of the world. There is a tremendous lot to come, and so to the reader who reads science fiction because of its intense variety of story, we say:

"You haven't seen anything yet!"

ONE AGAINST NEGATION

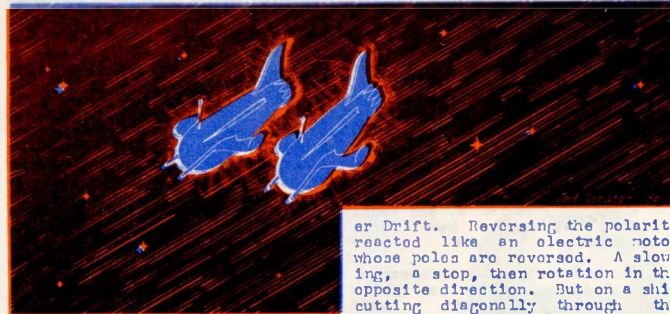


JAK PARRY threw full load on the starboard nullifiers. The ship quivered like a live thing, and went into a tight helix. In his earphones he heard the static of the Ether Drift chatter across the smooth hull as it slipped sideways across the current. In the rear view-sighter he saw two glaring eyes that watched him hungrily. They marked the glowing hulls of two remaining patrollers. His eyes flared with hate. Well it was better than seven. Only two with their runs dead on him. The rest must have reacted too slowly and were now lost in the dark cloud. If he could elude these two and hide in the dark cloud himself, they would never find him. He would have a chance. If not—he was too lightly armed to last long

in a pitched battle. And somewhere in that dark cloud the little island that held the salvation of the Free People was hidden.

Tensely he let the eyes creep up on his tail. The Redon ticked off the merciless distance. Ten—, nine and one half—, eight. His clawed hand poised over the brake button. Almost within range damn him. Well let 'em come, he'd pull the last trick yet. Remorselessly the eyes crept closer.

It was a crazy thing he intended to do. The speed of his crate exceeded that of light. As one of the newest jobs that rode the force-lines called the Ether Drift, it was among the fastest ships on the spaceways. Unfortunately the Patrol had them too. Damn them. Automotons of a soulless machine



er Drift. Reversing the polarity reacted like an electric motor whose poles are reversed. A slowing, a stop, then rotation in the opposite direction. But on a ship cutting diagonally through the lines of the drift at tremendous speeds the static was terrific. The effect of the brake was unknown. The brake might do nothing—or anything.

For instance it might actually work. Jak shuddered. Reversing polarity suddenly might reverse his direction in the same ratio. In his insulated cabin he might suddenly become only a thin layer of organic matter coating the forward bulkhead.

The eyes on his tail wore close now. The Redon clicked like the voice of fate. Seven—, six and one half—, six—, five. Time! His mind cried it. His hand plunged. The hull screamed as the static whipped across it. Every plate sang like a harp string in the hand of a giant. The ship, now negative to the Ether Drift, arched like a bow—and stopped.

Jak Parry did not see the patrollers go by. They passed in an instant of time, in a ten-thousandth of a second. In a few moments the wash of their space warp hammered behind them like a thousand meteors. Jak Parry did not hear this either. Jak Parry and his ship ceased to exist in a three dimensional universe.

END

THE GROSSET & DUNLAP

SCIENCE-FICTION CLASSICS

THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW by
S. Fowler Wright. Grosset &
Dunlap. 298 pages. \$1.00 1950

FURY by Henry Kuttner. Grosset &
Dunlap. 186 pages. \$1.00 1950

THE WORLD OF A by A. E. van Vogt.
Grosset & Dunlap. New York.
246 pages. \$1.00 1950

THE HUMANOIDS by Jack Williamson.
Grosset & Dunlap. New York.
240 pages. \$1.00 1950

Science-fiction came into its own many years ago. This was recognized by authors, illustrators, Doctors, men of science, youngsters, business men, loafers, undertakers and just plain people. —practically everyone other than book publishers. A few volumes were put out, privately printed, or as an experiment, but no major publisher had the desire to cater to the fantasy minded section of America. To enter into such a field was to court the Unknown. The Unknown had no scale with which to count the dollars and cents, as did the mystery, western and cheesecake fields.

But the scant editions of imaginative literature sold.....thus encouraging a few more one-shot anthologies. The book clubs hesitatingly selected a few for emergency only. A few more reprints followed with new faces and names, all however with scandalous prices and with inferior material. The tiny publishers drew back, regrouped, counted the moola, and launched a new attack....this time with comparatively decent yarns but still with the unreasonable price tag attached. This campaign

wobbled....but still science-fiction and fantasy disappeared from the retail shelf. And then came the stasis.

Bless L. Ron Hubbard and dianetics for breaking the deadlock. A literal deluge of hard-bound imagination and science poured over the parched and long-suffering fan. And at long last....mighty Grosset & Dunlap put out four permanent volumes at one dollar each....a price within even the reach of a high school student. A decent distribution was assured, and review copies were sent out for publicity's sake. Herewith the first quartet:

Filled with satyrs, elongated dodos, and a realistic dryad, S. Fowler Wright's "Island of Captain Sparrow" holds enough brutality for the most bloodthirsty, enough beauty for the butterfly lover, enough action to enthrall the Hop-along Cassidy fan, and enough of the "lost civilization" theme to disgust the ardent science-fiction reader. For those not in the know, the plot consists of an undiscovered island peopled with varied ancient life-forms, and the advent of a present day man fortunate enough to be cast ashore. Published by Grosset & Dunlap for a buck, this is a must for the fantasy shelf.

A book uncomfortably difficult to get into and extremely refreshing to be out of is Henry Kuttner's "Fury". Published first in ASF and losing none of its violence in the Grosset & Dunlap edition, it's the story of the rise of mankind from the sea—this time on Venus rather than earth. This is not the classical Kuttner, and could well have been left in pulp form. Still, for a buck, it's a decent addition to your fantasy collection. Recommended for its possession.

(Continued on page 56)

Now Science Fiction's Famous Books only \$1

FURY

BY HENRY KUTTNER



THE HUMANOIDS


By JACK WILLIAMSON

THE WORLD OF A

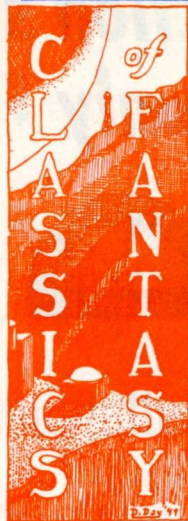
By A. E. VAN VOGT

THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW

By S. FOWLER WRIGHT

GROSSET & DUNLAP · INC.  PUBLISHERS

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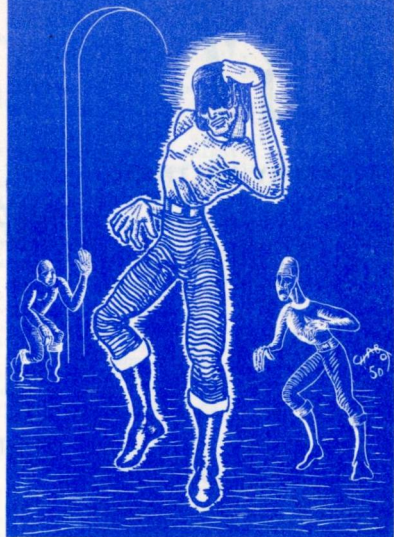


Pictured
by

Henry W.
Chabot

Bringing the gifts of one of the great modern poets to fantasy writing, Clark Ashton Smith excels in the delineation of the other worldly. Perhaps nowhere, is the contrast of the meeting of man with the completely alien better exemplified than in THE VAULTS OF YOH-VOMBIS, truly a CLASSIC OF FANTASY.

The Vaults of Yoh-Vombis by Clark Ashton Smith



THE HOUSE THAT STOOD STILL by A. E. van Vogt. Greenberg, Publisher, New York. 1950 \$2.50.

This new novel, not previously published in a magazine version, is typical of what his admirers have come to expect from van Vogt. While not the best to come from his pen, it is nonetheless a swiftly paced and engrossing tale that the reader will have difficulty in laying down once he has been ensnared in its pages.

The story opens with attorney Allison Stephens representing the home-town interests of the Tanahill estate, owner of far flung interests thruout California. As the tale progresses he becomes aware of a web of intrigue and mystery centering about the Tannahill residence, the Grand House. Built by some unknown race, long gone, it is the prize of series of plots involving the return of a "dead" man in the guise of his nephew, numerous masquerades and the attempts of one woman to forestall an atomic war.

In the first chapter, Stephens rescues this woman, Mistra Lanett, beautiful and immortal, from torture at the hands of a mysterious group and his increasing interest in her leads him into involvement with the immortals of whom she is one. Possessing spaceships and a host of mysterious powers, as well as great financial and other power in the community, they first scorn the pitting of his merely human ingenuity against them. He is first ignored as being harmless, only arousing them as he penetrates deeply into their secrets.

This story abounds with the "wheels within wheels" and the intricacies of plot structure that have become a trademark of the van Vogt story. At times one might wish for some slight lessening of the intricacy, especially when the denouement seems a bit of a let-

down after all that build-up. Then too, as has happened occasionally before in his stories, a few of the tag ends get left dangling, to leave a faint feeling of dissatisfaction after one has finished the tale. For example, just what sort of electronic equipment did those cords lead to inside of the clay images? There is a scene in which the hero examines them but is unable to determine their function without breaking the images, then the subject is never brought up again.

In the resolution of this story, van Vogt again resorts to the deus ex machina. While this is oftines a valid plot mechanism, it seems more satisfactory if the hero can solve his own problems, rather than having aid handed to him when the going gets tough.

The binding and typography of this volume is pleasing, but a little more thought and artistry expended on the jacket would undoubtedly pay dividends to the publisher in increased sales.

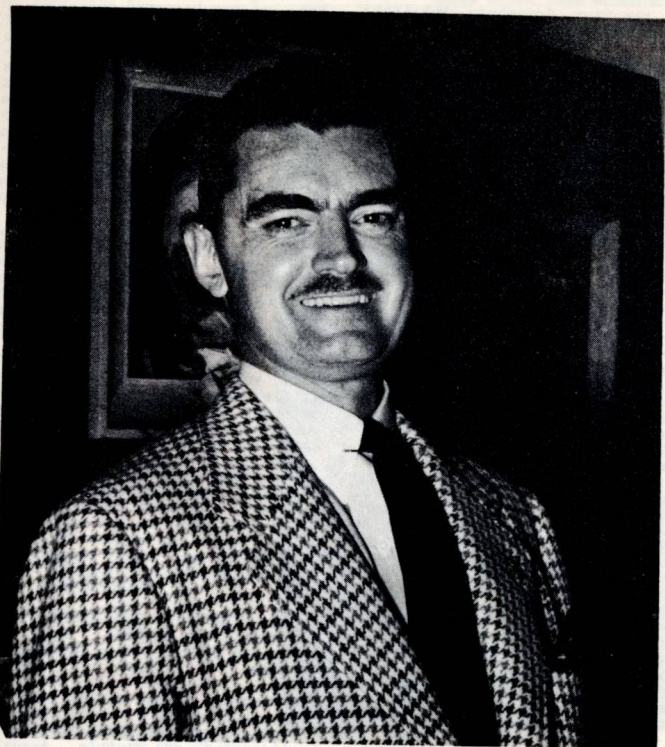
"The House that Stood Still" is a book that will be enjoyed by all who have liked van Vogt's magazine stories. In addition, it should prove palatable to the new reader in the field of science-fiction, as there is no "heavy science" to slow him down.

---Donald B. Day

YOUTH WALKS ON THE HIGHWAY by Richard Albert Wetjen. Ill. by John Alan Maxwell. Ben Abrahamsen, 70 pages \$10.00 1946.

According to the jacket blurb, "This is a story of youth's first experience of passionate love; the bewilderment of youth's sexual hunger, of primal passion followed by a Dionysiac frenzy that subdues into a larger view of love's amazing possibilities".

In elegant prose the author (Continued on Page 62)



L. Sprague de Camp

THE FANSCIANT

AUTHOR, AUTHOR L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

In the last couple of years, a host of new friends have joined his many old ones to rejoice in the return to the fantasy field of L. Sprague de Camp, author of many of the most enjoyable stories in the science-fiction field.

One of the mainstays of UNKNOWN WORLDS in its heyday, he has also appeared enjoyably in ASF and a number of other magazines with a number of their most memorable stories and articles. Few who have read them will forget such stories as "None But Lucifer" (in which he collaborated with H. L. Gold) and "The Undesired Princess" or such articles as "Language for Time Travelers".

In addition to his fantasy writing, Mr. de Camp has aided in popularizing various branches of

science thru his articles in some two dozen different magazines, both popular and scholarly. He has also sold many book reviews and radio scripts, has done ghost writing and is the author of two textbooks, "Inventions and Their Management" (with Alfred K. Berle, International Textbook Co., Scranton, 1937) and "The Evolution of Naval Weapons" (U. S. Government, 1947). Mr. de Camp also lectures professionally.

Mr. de Camp is best known for his humorous stories. Many of the more recent ones are set in a background that includes the planet Krishna, site of his recent ASF serial, "The Hand of Zei".

As for his plans for the future, we'll let Mr. de Camp tell you about them. —The Editor

I was born in New York City forty-odd years ago and educated in various parts of the country, but more in Southern California than anywhere else. In 1933 I found myself with degrees in aeronautical engineering and in economics at a time when engineers were still being fired faster than they were being hired. I had worked at

various odd jobs in between—sawmill hand, chairman on a surveying crew, and draftsman, for instance—and had travelled in North America, Europe and Asia. So when a man offered me a job as editor and (I suppose you'd call it) consulting patent engineer I grabbed it.

For the next five years I held several such jobs with publishing

and educational institutions. For a year I was principal of the School of Inventing and Patenting of the International Correspondence Schools. In addition to the publicity, textbook and trade-journal writing that comprised part of my jobs I started on fiction in 1936.

My first efforts were a short story, "The Hairless Ones Come", (which appeared in a now defunct magazine of historical adventure stories, GOLDEN FLECK) and a novel, "Genus Homo" in collaboration with P. Schuyler Miller and recently published in book form.

When I saw that first check, my reaction was: This certainly beats working; why hasn't somebody told me about it before? Hence in 1938 I quit editing for full-time free-lance writing, and except for the war years have been at it ever since. With the sale of "The Command" (the first Johnny Black story) I found I could make money being funny, which neither I nor my friends would have suspected, as in private life I'm a rather serious gent. In fact my non-admirers have called me a stuffed shirt, and not altogether without reason.

During World War II I was first a civilian engineer for the U. S. Navy and then an officer (Lt., Lt. Comdr.) in the Naval Reserve. My work was what in romantic moments I call being a mad scientist inventing secret weapons, which gives me idea of the paper-work and frustration involved in the process. Bob Heinlein and Isaac Asimov worked in the same place as technical civil-service employees, though it is not true (as a writer for the late PHILADELPHIA RECORD asserted) that we three were put to work on a space-suit project and made a hash of it. The nearest any of us got to space-suits was that at various times I had charge of the Laboratory's cold-room and altitude chamber in which pressure

suits were sometimes tested.

Since then I've gone back to turning out copy at an average rate of a quarter-million words a year, nearly all of which I sell. In 1939 I married a beautiful blonde named Catherine Crooke. Eleven years later we're still married and have a red-haired nine-year-old son who shows every sign of becoming a science-fiction fan. We own a house in Wallingford, Pennsylvania (a Philadelphia suburb between Swarthmore and Media) and cope with crab-grass, contractors and cocktail parties like other bourgeois suburbanites.

I wouldn't say that I had any special hobbies, but I have betimes gone in for many games, sports and hobbies, not so much as ends in themselves as to expand my own experiences to use in my writing. Thus one year I may be taking up Spanish, the next shorthand and the next square-dancing. As a result I can do quite a lot of things more or less badly; fencing, archery, horseback riding, home photography and sign-painting, for instance. In case anybody is planning a pass at Catherine, I'm a passably good shot with almost any kind of hand firearm. I'm active in several clubs and societies, mostly of a literary nature; and travel when I get the chance. Right now I'm polishing my French for a hoped-for visit to Europe en famille next year.

I read a lot, sometimes for fun and sometimes in connection with my work. In the last year I've read a lot of hard-cover science-fiction and fantasy stories; a few detective stories; about twenty last-continent novels (by Ashten, Birkmaier, Bond, Cox &c.); some prophetic 19th-century science-fiction novels (by Dennelly, Bellamy, Wells, &c.); in Classical literature, parts of Aristophanes, Pausanias, Plutarch, Pelybius, Thucydides, and Xenophon; and

thirty-odd other non-fiction books such as Abu'l Fida's "Geographie d'Aboulfeda"; Bok, "The Milky Way"; Bonestell & Lay, "The Conquest of Space"; Brown, "The Story of the Maps"; Butler, "The Myth of the Maps"; Chatterton, "Sailing Ships"; Davis, "A Day in Old Athens"; Dixon, "The Building of Cultures"; Duncan, "Astronomy"; Durant, "The Life of Greece"; Pratt, "The Third King"; Thevenin, "Les Pays Legendaires"; Thompson, "Studies in the Odyssey"; &c., &c. At the moment I'm deep in Perkins' "Elements of Police Science". I also read regularly about 26 magazines (half of them science-fiction) and two newspapers.

I work about 60 hours a week and belong to the careful, systematic school of writers who meticulously outline everything before starting and rewrite it at least once after it's done. It takes me anywhere up to six weeks to plot a novel, but on final draft I turn out thirty or more pages a day. One of my little tricks is that when I lay a story in an imaginary setting (like Krishna) I invent a language for it with logical grammar and phonetics. Being a pretty good amateur phonetician, I base the phonetics of my language on that of a real language. Hence, Gozash-tandou is a kind of pig-Persian, and Avtinky (in "Rogue Queen") a kind of pig-Welsh. I have made very little use of pseudonyms because my own name sounds more like a literary pseudonym than most pseudonyms do.

I keep branching out, trying new things, trying to break into new markets, trying to learn more about writing technique, on the theory that competition is getting tougher all the time and a writer who stands still will find himself stranded. Sometimes my experiments work and sometimes they don't. My writing has been influenced by too many people to list, but I might

mention Burroughs, Dunsany, Radisson, Thorne Smith and Wodehouse. I also learned a lot from the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, where I was a fellow in 1941 and which I have revisited since.

My attitude toward my profession is frankly commercial. I write primarily to make a living and secondarily because I like writing and like to be self-employed and to work by myself. I don't mean that I am an unprincipled scoundrel who will do anything for money; but I know of no reason why writers haven't as much right to eat as other people. On the other hand I wouldn't advise anybody to go into the field unless he has a pretty strong urge; it's a tough racket, and while it has great compensations it also entails great frustrations and disappointments. I've had my share of both successes and failures, and at that I've gotten off easily compared to some people.

Perhaps you'd like to know what I have in the works. Any time now the Fantasy Publishing Co. should bring out my old novel, "The Undesired Princess". Then about January Prime Press will publish my non-fiction book, "Lost Continents: The Atlantis Theme in History, Science and Literature". This is 90,000 words of text and 20,000 of appendices and other end matter, and excerpts have appeared in my recent articles in ASF and GSF. After that, Doubleday will publish another novel, "Rogue Queen", which is told from the viewpoint of a female e. t. and is all about love. Willy Ley and I are collaborating on a non-fiction book about geographical legends (Sinbad, Prester John, &c.), and I'm working on stories of various lengths, including two book-length novels (at least one of which will probably be published in 1951) and one collaboration with Fletcher Pratt. I'm also revising Berlie's

and my old textbook on inventions and patents for its third edition. While I don't know if there will be any more Krishna magazine serials, I may, if sufficiently encouraged by readers, write more

Krishna novels as book-originals; I should like to make an endless series of them a la Tarzan.

So, you see, I keep busy, which is how I like it.

—L. Sprague de Camp

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Best-Laid Scheme, The	Astounding S F	Feb. 1941
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CASTLE OF IRON, THE ** (Book)	N Gnome Press, N. Y.	1950
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You Too Can Be a Nostradamus (art)	Esquire	Dec. 1942
(THE WOLF LEADER by Alexander Dumas ((Allanson Translation)) Edited by and with an introduction by L. Sprague de Camp. Prime Press, 1950)		

STORY under the name of LYMAN R. LYON

Employment	Astounding S F	May 1939
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(*) "Krishna-Vishnu" series. (**) "Harold Shea-Reed Chalmers" series. (***) "Johnny Black" series. (N) Novel.

This bibliography assembled from material from the files of L. Sprague de Camp, S. G. Norman Ashfield and Donald B. Day.

THE GROSSET & DUNLAP

SCIENCE-FICTION CLASSICS

(Continued.)

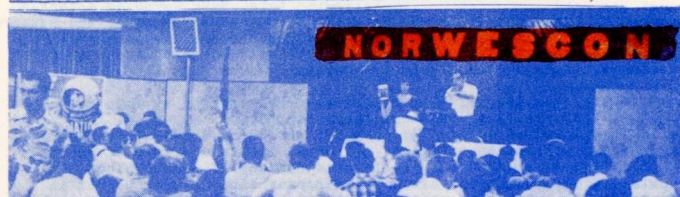
value—not for its readability.

Not much need be said about van Vogt's "World of A". This proves the absolute fallacy of "never the twain shall meet"—that is, fantasy and science-fiction. Here is an utterly fantastic story of a group of oft-murdered people who return to life with bewildering frequency, and who propose axioms with scientific accuracy. Also a Grosset & Dunlap one dollar edition, this is a necessity if one is short the ASTOUNDING printing. Superior in pulp, A. E. looks even

better in hard covers.

With such a wealth of fine fantasy and science-fiction screaming to be blessed with hard cover, the very poor "Humanoids" by Jack Williamson somehow slipped into the hands of Grosset & Dunlap's selection board, and thence into the hard-bound, one-dollar quartet. Williamson writes some mighty fine fiction, but the tale of the battered, bleeding Forester, and his struggle against perfection in civilization, leaves the reader cold and somewhat reluctant to plunge into additional science-fiction. This flummery....even at a buck....should be purchased only if one is determined to have everything published by anyone for placement on the interplanetary shelf.

—Dale C. Donaldson



NORWESCON REPORT Continued

DIMENSION X transcription following which veteran auctioneer Mel Korshak started with the auction. On sale were some 150 items, mostly from Ray Palmer's OTHER WORLDS, IMAGINATION and FATE, in addition to material from ASTOUNDING S F, PLANET, MARVEL, SUPER SCIENCE, FANTASTIC NOVELS, FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES and The FANSCIENT, as well as donations from numerous fans and pros. Prices on individual items were not as high as at some previous auctions, with the top price of \$34 paid by Phil Barker for the DEAR DEVIL cover from OTHER WORLDS. For the benefit of the younger and poorer fans, threw out a bunch of illustrations for from 25¢ to \$1.50, but in spite of this, the auction, which lasted till after midnight took in a total of \$602.00.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

MORNING

Fanzines

AFTERNOON

"Authors on the Spot"

Panel: "Titles in Hard-Covers"

EVENING

The "Matter Radio"

Dianetics

MIDNIGHT

DESTINATION MOON Preview

all the authors present speak briefly on what they were doing and their plans for the future. Among those heard from were "Doc" Smith, Ted Sturgeon, John & Dorothy de Courcy, Rog Phillips, Howard Browne, Anthony Boucher, Forrie Ackerman, E. Everett Evans, Arthur C. Stangland, Mack Reynolds and Bob Tucker.

The fanzine session had been scheduled in the morning on the assumption that only a few would be interested in it, but the turnout was good and it proved one of the most successful sessions of the NORWESCON. Bob Tucker, Roscoe Wright, Ray Nelson, George Finnigan, Coswell and myself gave brief talks on phases with which we were most familiar and this was followed by a discussion on various problems of fanzine publishing and policy.

Through one of those snafus common to affairs of this kind, the program for Sunday afternoon got omitted from the PROGRAM BOOKLET. In spite of this, a good crowd was present to hear

Following this, Mack Reynolds acted as moderator for a panel consisting of E. E. Smith representing the authors, Mel Korshak for the publishers, Anthony Boucher for the editors and Bob Tucker representing the fans. They discussed whether the most suitable titles had been selected for hard-cover presentation.

The evening session led off with a lecture-demonstration by John de Courcy of the first practical "Matter Transmitter". After explaining the principle involved (C²RA-P²), inventor de Courcy unveiled the machine, a fabulous collection of dials, switches, lights and levers, which when activated emitted an unbelievable cacophony of hums, whines and howls. Transporting, as his first demonstration, his wife from an upstairs hotel room was successful on the spatial co-ordinates, but a lag in the time element produced her clad only in a bath towel.

For his next demonstration, de Courcy proposed to transport a volunteer, Joe Salta, to the rear of the hall. There was some hitch here as he did not re-appear where planned. It was only after de Courcy had produced a bell-boy with ice-water, an un-identified monster, and a previously evicted poet, that Joe was retrieved from a nearby sewer where the transmitter had dropped him.

Next Forrie Ackerman, who had been associated with the Los Angeles Dianetic Foundation, told of his experiments with Dianetics and of the work the foundation was doing. Ted Sturgeon, who, as a long-time friend of Hubbard, had known of Dianetics for some time before the book came out, added some background material about Dianetics and some of the people concerned with its introduction. This was followed by a period in which Ackerman and Sturgeon answered questions. Judging by the interest shown, this could have gone on all night, but it was broken off at 11:30 to allow time to get to the GUILD THEATER for the DESTINATION MOON Preview. The evening session and the preview were the two best attended events of the convention with nearly 400 present at the theater.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

MORNING

Fan Organizations

AFTERNOON

Kenneth Arnold

Business Session

EVENING

THE NORWESCON BANQUET

Recording of "On the Record" Tape

The Masked Ball and Entertainment

*First demonstrated at the little norwescon (April 23, 1949) For report see THE FANSCIANT No. 8, Summer, 1949.

The turnout for the fan organizations was small, but the NFFF, SFI and FAPA proceeded with informal recruiting Monday morning.

Starting at 1 PM before the business session, Kenneth Arnold gave a brief talk and played some tape recordings he had made of interviews with others who had seen flying saucers, little men, etc.

The business session opened with Jack Speer reporting for the resolutions committee. Passed were resolutions commending the producers of DIMENSION X, DESTINATION MOON, and (after considerable

debate) ROCKETSHIP XM, as well as one asking John Carlos Minnotti to write an opera around Heinlein's GREEN HILLS OF EARTH. Slaughtered was Rick Sneery's resolution that the NFF should conduct the voting for future convention sites.

Bidding for the 1951 convention site was opened by Harry Moore, presenting the New Orleans bid, seconded by Mack Reynolds. George Young put in a surprise bid for Detroit (as late as the first day of the convention, they hadn't planned to bid), seconded by Ray Nelson and others. Will Sykora put in a bid for New York on behalf of the QSTP. After a number of people had spoken on behalf of various bidders (including Mel Korshak, who lost Detroit several votes by citing a smoke-filled-room agreement at the TORCON as a reason Detroit should get it), the balloting was held. Tallers Rog Phillips, Mari Beth Wheeler and E. Everett Evans announced the vote as: New Orleans - 101, Detroit - 29, New York - 2, with one blank ballot.

For the final evening, the hall was set up with banquet tables at one end of the hall; the other end cleared for dancing. In lieu of the usual after-dinner remarks, the time was devoted to tape-recording an interview of Anthony Boucher for the radio program "On the Record" for KPOJ, Mutual affiliate in Portland. Ted Halleck moderated while Forrie Ackerman, myself and two Portland Newspapersmen shot the questions at Tony.

While the "Masked Ball" has been traditional at the cons for years, into the past this has been somewhat of a misnomer. While costumes were encouraged, dancing was not. This year a band was hired and it was really a masked ball, cabaret style. The tables were left in place and set-ups were available, the doubtless due to the two-day closing of the liquor stores, few availed themselves of the opportunity.

At intervals during the evening, Ted Sturgeon acted as master of ceremonies for various entertainment. With his guitar he rendered several songs, told some dialect stories and introduced dances by Laura Shay Hastings and some of her pupils.

What was variously considered the high or the low point of the evening came when the Portland Insurgents, "the editors of effigy", Forrest Davis, Jerry Waible and Ruth Newbury, took pokes at Dianetics, General Semantics, War and fandom, as well as other things with their lecture-demonstration of DIACETER-SMARTMINTAMICS. Prominent in this demonstration was an eight-foot "Chaotic Inferential" on which, by hanging various objects and labels, "Thebald Mackerel" demonstrated "how to identify". A number of persons were seen to leave the hall during the demonstration. It is not known how many of these were offended and how many merely bored.

Stubbornly defying the tradition for chairmen, I did not end the con by collapsing. During the final dance of the evening, I was observed jitterbugging strenuously, following which, with Gil William's help, I took down the decorations and removed our stuff from the hall before falling into bed for 12 hours of solid sleep.

From the standpoint of attendance and memberships, the NORWESCON was unquestionably by far the *For further details on DIACETER-SMARTMINTAMICS and the CHAOTIC INFERENTIAL, see INCINERATIONS No. 2, Grape Press, 9109 SW Olsson Rd., Portland 19, Ore.

most successful convention to date. With slightly over 550 members listed and just less than 400 present at the top sessions, the NORWESCON practically doubled the figures of previous conventions. As planned, rather than carry over a large profit, the funds were spent on the convention. The excellent Turkey dinners served at the banquet cost the NORWESCON COMMITTEE \$2.50 a plate, but of this amount, the 174 persons attending paid only \$1 each, the balance coming out of convention profits. In spite of this and other expenditures, around \$130.00 is being passed on to the NOLACON.

As for its success from the standpoint of the delegates, that can best be summed up in the words of Anthony Boucher, NORWESCON Guest of Honor, whose first convention this was,

"The only thing that could prevent me attending future conventions is if I don't survive this one."

And so, ON TO THE NOLACON.

Don Day

Donald B. Day, Chairman,
NORWESCON COMMITTEE.

9TH NOLACON

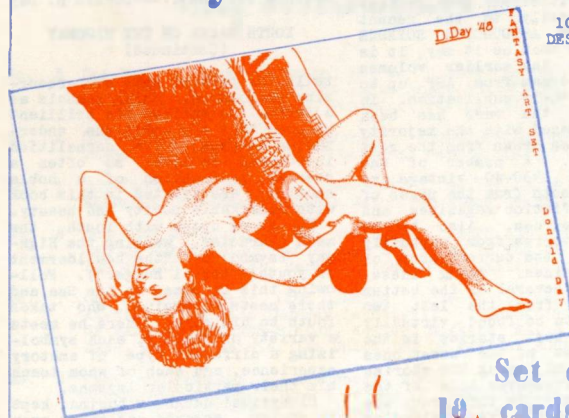
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BIG BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION
(Continued.)

have been criticized because they ran too heavily to the recent stories from ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. Be that as it may, it is certain that the earlier volumes skimmed the cream from ASF up to the time of their publication. In this volume, the base has been somewhat widened with the majority of the stories drawn from the rest of the field. A number of the tales of the 1930-40 vintage are represented both from the pages of the science-fiction magazines and from other sources. Also to be found are stories from virtually every one of the current crop of fantasy magazines. Among these, together with several of the better ASF stories from the last two years, are to be found virtually all of the best stories in the volume. Most of the worst ones are to be found among the stories from the worked-over lode of the early-'40s ASF. In this group are a number of not-quite-outstanding tales; stories that should have been good, but lacked something.

Not to be considered in this latter group, is H. L. Gold's "A Matter of Form", which was the first of ASF's "Nova" stories. Other outstanding items include Kuttner's "Margin for Error", Graham Doar's "JatEvPost yarn", "The Outer Limit", Eric Frank Russell's "Dear Devil" from OTHER WORLDS, Noel Loomis' "The Long Dawn" and Damon Knight's bitter "Not With a Bang".

All of the 32 stories in the 545 pages of this volume are readable and many are outstanding. The regular follower of the magazines will find many stories here that he has read—the number depending on how long he has been reading and how thoroughly he covers the current field. On the whole too, this is such a big package for the

money, that virtually any reader will bet far more than his money's worth out of the "Big Book of Science Fiction". —Donald B. Day

YOUTH WALKS ON THE HIGHWAY
(Continued)

tells the tale of this ever-recurring phenomenon, using symbols as a device to achieve the brilliant effects that the ambitious undertaking demands. The carnalities incidental to love, so often a seeming profanation of a noble emotion, are treated in this book with remarkable purity and beauty.

The story opens with Youth, the main character, walking the Highway (symbol or "the bewilderment of youth's sexual hunger"). Following this he comes to the Sea and there meets Dionysius, who takes Youth to his ship. There he meets a variety of damsels, each symbolizing a different type of amatory experience, and each of whom teach him their particular lessons.

Dionysius' daughter Lucina, kept in chains, escapes and takes over the ship, enforcing a puritanical reign on it and putting her father, together with Youth, ashore. There Dionysius shows Youth the start of another Highway.

As you've probably guessed by now, the book would be classed as sex or pornography by moralists. It's more than that, however. It's a beautiful (no other adjective properly describes it) story, with descriptions finer than anything Merritt or Bok ever did.

The jacket blurb, instead of being an exaggeration, just a shade too purple, is really an accurate description of the mood of the book and the whole work is written with an air of (if you can imagine it) purity. The drawings by Allan Maxwell display a precision and power equal to the text they accompany and are almost as remarkable as the book. ---Mark Walsted

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the FANSCIENT

STILL AVAILABLE

- | | | |
|--------|---|------------|
| No. 3 | Cov-Day. AA-E. E. Smith, Ph. D. Ladd, Keller, Klingbiel, Bladwin, Moffatt (with EARLY BUTCHERING, which LOS CUENTOS stole), Phillips, Waible, Higbee. | \$1.50 ea. |
| No. 4 | Cov-Waible. AA-Jack Williamson. LEGEND OF INTER-PLANETARY-Neil R. Jones, Moskowitz, Carson, Berry. | 1.00 ea. |
| No. 5 | Cov-Photo of JAEPHUS. AA-David H. Keller, M. D. EXTRAPOLATION-Henry Kuttner, Eaton, Grossman, Waible | .75 ea. |
| No. 6 | Cov-Ruth Newbury. AA-Ray Bradbury. SEVEN AGES OF FAN by Robert Bloch (which was reprinted in THRILLING WONDER STORIES), Berry, Eaton, Ladd, Phillips. | .50 ea. |
| No. 7 | Cov-D. Bruce Berry (LOS CUENTOS stole this too) AA-Will F. Jenkins (Murray Leinster). CHECKLIST OF BRITISH PROZINES-Slater, Keller, Moffatt, Eaton, Ladd, Wetzel, Waible, 1st CHECKLIST OF FANTASY BOOK | .25 ea. |
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