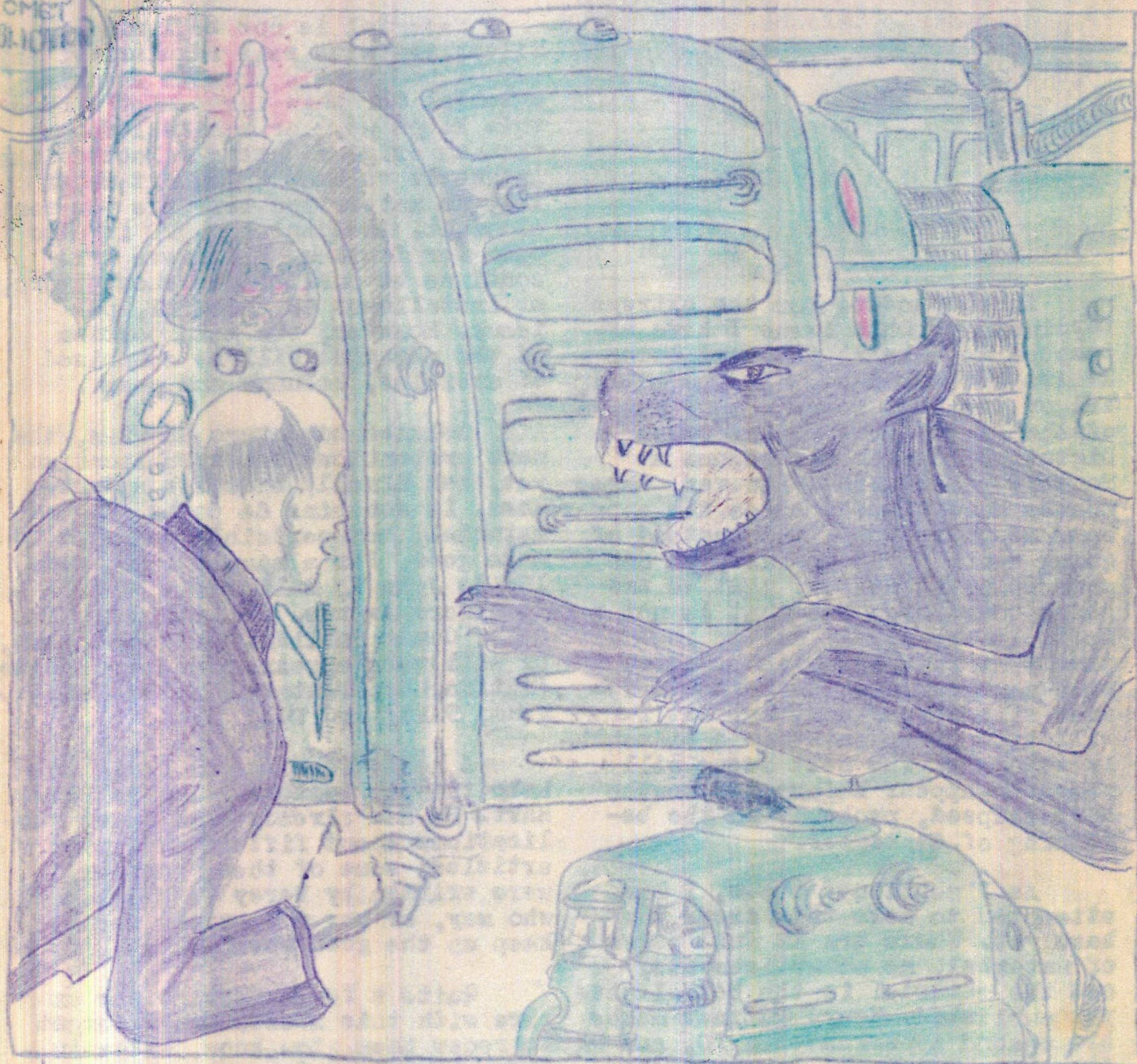


FANTASCIENCE DIGEST



Vol I

IN THIS ISSUE

No. 4



As I mentioned above, I have attempted to make this issue the best yet. There are 19 full pages of material, no advertisements, and the material is the best I have yet published. Henry Kuttner makes his second appearance in FD, and I'm sure you'll all like his very humorous burlesque. Dale Hart, Percy T. Wilkinson, Miles R. Frome, Jack Cadrell, Izygous, Helen Cloukey, George R. Hahn all make their initial appearance in FD this issue. A nice bunch of newcomers, eh? Of course, we have Willis Conover, Jr. with us again. His column is also

1/2/3/4/5/6/7/8/9/10/11/12/13/14/15/16/17/18/19/20/21/22/23/24/25/26/27/28/29/30/31/32/33/34/35/36/37/38/39/40/41/42/43/44/45/46/47/48/49/50/51/52/53/54/55/56/57/58/59/60/61/62/63/64/65/66/67/68/69/70/71/72/73/74/75/76/77/78/79/80/81/82/83/84/85/86/87/88/89/90/91/92/93/94/95/96/97/98/99/100/101/102/103/104/105/106/107/108/109/110/111/112/113/114/115/116/117/118/119/120/121/122/123/124/125/126/127/128/129/130/131/132/133/134/135/136/137/138/139/140/141/142/143/144/145/146/147/148/149/150/151/152/153/154/155/156/157/158/159/160/161/162/163/164/165/166/167/168/169/170/171/172/173/174/175/176/177/178/179/180/181/182/183/184/185/186/187/188/189/190/191/192/193/194/195/196/197/198/199/200/201/202/203/204/205/206/207/208/209/210/211/212/213/214/215/216/217/218/219/220/221/222/223/224/225/226/227/228/229/230/231/232/233/234/235/236/237/238/239/240/241/242/243/244/245/246/247/248/249/250/251/252/253/254/255/256/257/258/259/260/261/262/263/264/265/266/267/268/269/270/271/272/273/274/275/276/277/278/279/280/281/282/283/284/285/286/287/288/289/290/291/292/293/294/295/296/297/298/299/300/301/302/303/304/305/306/307/308/309/310/311/312/313/314/315/316/317/318/319/320/321/322/323/324/325/326/327/328/329/330/331/332/333/334/335/336/337/338/339/340/341/342/343/344/345/346/347/348/349/350/351/352/353/354/355/356/357/358/359/360/361/362/363/364/365/366/367/368/369/370/371/372/373/374/375/376/377/378/379/380/381/382/383/384/385/386/387/388/389/390/391/392/393/394/395/396/397/398/399/400/401/402/403/404/405/406/407/408/409/410/411/412/413/414/415/416/417/418/419/420/421/422/423/424/425/426/427/428/429/430/431/432/433/434/435/436/437/438/439/440/441/442/443/444/445/446/447/448/449/450/451/452/453/454/455/456/457/458/459/460/461/462/463/464/465/466/467/468/469/470/471/472/473/474/475/476/477/478/479/480/481/482/483/484/485/486/487/488/489/490/491/492/493/494/495/496/497/498/499/500/501/502/503/504/505/506/507/508/509/510/511/512/513/514/515/516/517/518/519/520/521/522/523/524/525/526/527/528/529/530/531/532/533/534/535/536/537/538/539/540/541/542/543/544/545/546/547/548/549/550/551/552/553/554/555/556/557/558/559/560/561/562/563/564/565/566/567/568/569/570/571/572/573/574/575/576/577/578/579/580/581/582/583/584/585/586/587/588/589/590/591/592/593/594/595/596/597/598/599/600/601/602/603/604/605/606/607/608/609/610/611/612/613/614/615/616/617/618/619/620/621/622/623/624/625/626/627/628/629/630/631/632/633/634/635/636/637/638/639/640/641/642/643/644/645/646/647/648/649/650/651/652/653/654/655/656/657/658/659/660/661/662/663/664/665/666/667/668/669/670/671/672/673/674/675/676/677/678/679/680/681/682/683/684/685/686/687/688/689/690/691/692/693/694/695/696/697/698/699/700/701/702/703/704/705/706/707/708/709/710/711/712/713/714/715/716/717/718/719/720/721/722/723/724/725/726/727/728/729/730/731/732/733/734/735/736/737/738/739/740/741/742/743/744/745/746/747/748/749/750/751/752/753/754/755/756/757/758/759/760/761/762/763/764/765/766/767/768/769/770/771/772/773/774/775/776/777/778/779/780/781/782/783/784/785/786/787/788/789/790/791/792/793/794/795/796/797/798/799/800/801/802/803/804/805/806/807/808/809/810/811/812/813/814/815/816/817/818/819/820/821/822/823/824/825/826/827/828/829/830/831/832/833/834/835/836/837/838/839/840/841/842/843/844/845/846/847/848/849/850/851/852/853/854/855/856/857/858/859/860/861/862/863/864/865/866/867/868/869/870/871/872/873/874/875/876/877/878/879/880/881/882/883/884/885/886/887/888/889/890/891/892/893/894/895/896/897/898/899/900/901/902/903/904/905/906/907/908/909/910/911/912/913/914/915/916/917/918/919/920/921/922/923/924/925/926/927/928/929/930/931/932/933/934/935/936/937/938/939/940/941/942/943/944/945/946/947/948/949/950/951/952/953/954/955/956/957/958/959/960/961/962/963/964/965/966/967/968/969/970/971/972/973/974/975/976/977/978/979/980/981/982/983/984/985/986/987/988/989/990/991/992/993/994/995/996/997/998/999/1000/1001/1002/1003/1004/1005/1006/1007/1008/1009/1010/1011/1012/1013/1014/1015/1016/1017/1018/1019/1020/1021/1022/1023/1024/1025/1026/1027/1028/1029/1030/1031/1032/1033/1034/1035/1036/1037/1038/1039/1040/1

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No 4

A
COMET
PUBLICATION

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Jack Agnew. . . Assistant Editor
John V. Baltadonis. . . Associate Editor
Willis G. Conover Contributing Editor

Page 7

Page 4

Page 4

Page 5

Page 11

Page 12

Page 13

Page 14

Page 15

Page 2

Page 6

Page 10

Page 18

Page 14

Page 17

INTERIORS by Agnew, Botthorn, and Cadrell

INTERIORS by Agnew, Botthorn, and Cadrell



A New York publishing firm is bringing out a magazine devoted to slightly spioy science-fiction. Intrigued by the news, I made a quick trip in my time machine to 1999 A.D. and selected at random a half-dozen magazines from a newsstand there. It is my purpose to lay before the reader a startling and significant revelation of the future specialization of s-f/.

We might have expected it. There has been Scientific Detective Stories and Air Wonder Stories, and now a magazine dealing with the lascivious aspects of science. Naturally the process will continue. Nevertheless I was surprised, on scanning the various magazines I had brought back from 1999 A.D., to see one called Astounding Real Confessions. The cover shows a slightly disheveled blonde covering before the advance of a robot with a neutron-gun in one hand and something that looks suspiciously like a bottle of gin in the other. The feature story is called "I Married a Hopped-Up Robot," and begins thus:

"My pre-childhood was a happy one, and I have fond memories of the days when, as an embryo, I gambled innocently in my test-tube. But one day, about two months be-

fore I was born, a handsome robot with soulful blue photo-electric cells bought me, took me to his home, and immediately aged me in his evolutionary chamber. I emerged as a sweet young thing of sixteen. When I rushed to my husband and threw my arms around his neck, I got me first taste of his wickedness. Instead of responding to my kiss, he ground his gears in my face, and before I could stir, I felt his avid clutch. . ."

Well, that just shows you. The next magazine I picked up was called Western Wonder, featured a story called "Atom-Blasters of the Rio Grande," and started off thus:

"For months the western prairies had been terrorized by the mysterious bandit known only as 'The Quanta.' Lefty Hardy, reining his pinto horse to a halt, smiled grimly as he looked down at a herd of fat termites grazing in the valley beneath. 'Wal, leetle boss,' he said, 'I plumb reckon they'd shore be hell a-poppin' if the ranchers knew I wuz The Quanta.'

"You said a mouthful, pard," the horse replied. . ."

I put down that magazine and picked up another, called Scientific Love Thrills. The feature story was titled, " H_2SO_4 Means Passion." Here's how it started:

"Bitsy Riggs, staring into the mirror, ruffled her golden curls and sobbed. Nobody loved her. And only yesterday she had found out why. She was radioactive. Her best friend had told her so, and then had gone off to the Eclipse Club with Marvin Undergunk, the only man Bitsy had ever loved. Even now Bitsy could remember the ecstatic night a week ago when she and Marvin had parked in the moonlight and he had said, his voice tense with passion, 'How are your genes?' Bitsy sobbed again, and picking up from the bureau her x-ray photograph of Marvin, she smothered it with radioactive kisses."

The next publication was called

Amazing Tiny Tots. I shall quote from the story called, "How Slapsie Rabbit Split the Atom."

"What a nice day, Slapsie Rabbit thought. Solar radiation, filtering through the Heaviside layer, made him feel hot in his fuzzy little fur coat. But Slapsie was hungry. He had refused to eat the nice bowl of Wheaties his bunny mother had placed before him that morning, and now Slapsie's tummy was empty as a vacuum. A vacuum has one atom to every cubic centimeter. Remember that, kiddies."

Somehow I feel there is little purpose in continuing. Especially as the newsdealer from 1999 A.D. has just arrived in his time machine and is wanting to know why I didn't pay him for the magazines. I offered him a dollar, but he says currency is deflated and demands payment in teheez, which seems to be some form of money current in 1999 A.D. Naturally I have no teheez.

I had intended to keep these future magazines on file, lending them to any readers who might be interested, but the newsdealer has just snatched them up and returned to 1999 A.D. I realize that without proof my statements may be open to doubt. But I am not the man to take such an accusation lying down. If any Doubting Thomas among my readers will send me some teheez, I shall be very glad to return to 1999 A.D., and purchase the magazines in question, and mail them to him. If this isn't a fair arrangement, I don't know what is. Moreover, if any man calls me a liar, I have given the editor of this magazine permission to fight him on my behalf.

ADVERTISEMENT

WANTED! the 13th and other issues of THE SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR--James V. Tauradi, 137-07 32nd Avenue, Flushing, New York.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?
Conducted by the old Editor-----

Perhaps the questions asked last month were too difficult, or then again, perhaps you readers are too darn lazy to send your answers to me. Personally, I believe the latter to be the case. Anyway, a few readers did send me their answers, and I wish to thank them for their trouble.

Here are the answers to last month's questions:

1. Elliot Dold had a complete novel, called "The Bowl of Death" in the second (and final) issue of Miracle Stories. He is the only science fiction artist who has had a story published in an s-f magazine.

2. The Time Traveler combined with the SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST with the November, 1932 issue.

The first hektographed fan magazine was the Terrestrial Fantascience Guild Bulletin, published by Wilson Shepherd a few years ago.

4. The Thrill Book, the first fantasy fiction magazine, was edited by Harold Hersey, and was published in 1919.

5. Wonder Stories (including TWS, has used covers by Paul, Brown and WESSO.

6. The cover of the initial issue of Amazing Stories illustrated a story by Jules Verne.

7. "He Who Shrank" was written by Henry Haase.

And now I'll give you a few more to ponder over. The results will be published in the next issue, of course.

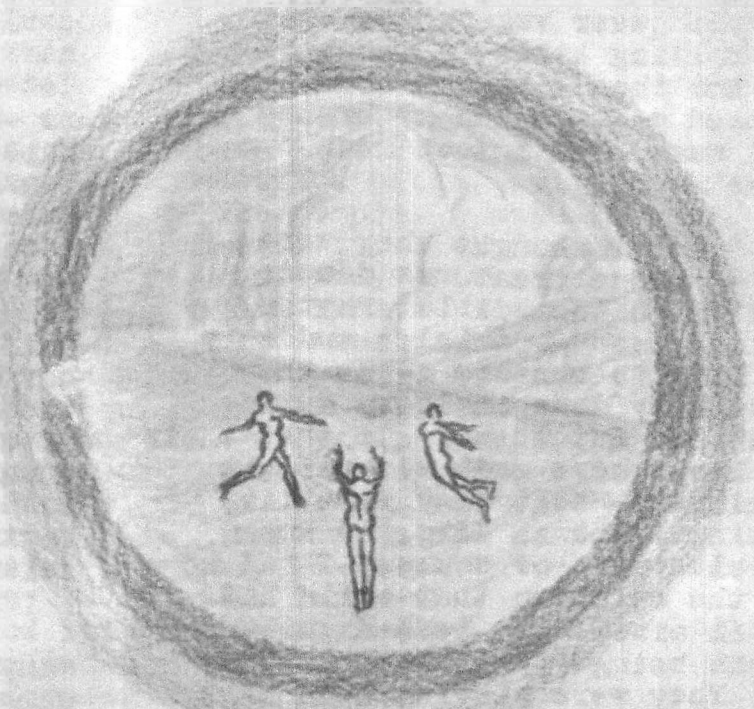
1. What was the title of Hugo Gernsback's first contemplated s-f magazine?

(Continued on page 9)

THE EYES of PAUL CORDNEY

By

NILS H.
FROME



MAR

There was a hush in the room. A sheet mercifully hid my mangled legs and paralyzed body from my sight. Sight.....sight. That was all I had left now. Sight. But of what use is a pair of eyes if all they would ever see would be the four walls of this room, or my image in the mirror on the opposite wall.....a strange mirror.....

For awhile it distracted me from the imprisonment that was mine, the murmurs of pity, the sobs that dimly reached my ears from the adjoining room. The silence of the room became less oppressive. The shafts of brilliant sunshine became less cruelly remindful that a few moments before I had been as free as it was now. I had been in command of a powerful, tall body, and a mind as carefree as my eyes were keen. Now, little by little, something was taking despair out of my mind....piece by piece....section by section....until....

The mirror began to
draw.....nearer.

see myself in the mirror any longer. What had disturbed its angle? Had I fallen asleep for a moment, and while slumbering, someone had come in and -- but no, that couldn't be the.....Then I saw what it was, why the looking glass no longer mirrored my recumbent form, my pale face, my bed -- the truth was that the mirror no longer showed this room in any part, nor any room, nor any place in this world!

It was a world that could not be -- yet it was -- I was seeing it -- and my eyes were far too keen, too unusually healthy, to submit to any illusions. It was there. I saw it. And wasn't seeing believing? Thought of my poor body was gone; I was aware of -- thing except this uncanny, inexplicable marvel that was happening right before my eyes. It had to happen now; now, when my burning curiosity was incapable of being satisfied due to my inability of moving even so much as a finger. In the mirror I saw with my powerful eyes a world that really was

Page 8
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Dices

worthy of them. And as I looked, I imagined that a fresh, gently, but impetuous breeze must have blown those deep blue skies; must have soothed the queer vegetation that covered rolling hills in the background. And then I viewed something that caused me to catch my breath -- or would have, had I that much control over my body.

At first I thought they were fairies -- those creatures dancing with well-nigh incredible rhythm, beauty and grace -- fairies suddenly come to life to console me as they had previously done in books during my childhood. But then I saw that their soaring leaps were made without the use of wings -- that they were like human beings, and as large as human beings, although, of course, I had no idea of the relation that world had to ours in size. They were exactly like human beings -- ultimately developed. They were playing some sort of a game -- but a game too complicated for me to follow. They were god-like. Tall, all uniformly proportioned. Their skins were tanned a light gold, and they were becomingly dressed in unconcealing thin down that shone silver in the sunlight. There was an apparent lack of hair upon their bodies, and all appeared youthful, although some did subtly bespeak of maturity. As they laughed and played, I longed that I might join them. I perceived an immense power of intellect behind their fine foreheads, clear eyes, and pleasant mouths, and was not misled by their seeming state of barbarity. Here was a state I wished humanity would be able to rise to in an eternity. And their perfect bodies, glistening in the sunlight, reminded me horribly of my own pitiful state.

Then I saw one not so gay as the others, sitting upon a stone nearer to me than any of the others, and this creature looked rather depressed and mournful. And when he turned towards me, I saw that, in a face as well formed and as healthy as the others, eyes that were dead. So startling was the contrast that I mentally shuddered. Here in a world without worry or pain; here among these laughing people,

none of whom were old in the true sense, was one weighed down by invisible, ponderous age. He could not see. His eyes were horribly punctured and mangled. Yet he appeared to be looking at me -- mentally, perhaps -- perhaps where they were able to communicate by thought as well as by words. Perhaps my interest had attracted him. I thought I saw pity in his face for me -- thought he saw me as if no great gulf of space and time separated our respective worlds, and as though we were within a few feet of each other. We found perfect understanding and cheer in our respective thoughts, as I was beginning to receive his and he felt mine.

He stood looking at me for many minutes; then something came into his expression, a pathetic hope, and he returned my gaze -- for mentally he really did -- with a new power born of excitement. Only then did I fail to understand him, and vague despair began to creep into his expression and thoughts. Before we had communicated very simply, but now it was far more complicated. However, I finally understood....eyes...eyes...it had something to do with eyes. I then received another thought... see through your eyes....give me your eyes.....

Then I understood.

What miracle was this? Until a few moments ago I had been lying looking up at an ancient mirror, seeing only me reflection and the reflection of the room, and now I was receiving a breath-taking proposition, put to me by an amazing, blind being of an alien world, somewhere in the infinite depths of space and time. By rights I should have protested, cried out at the madness of the proposition, but for some reason I found myself suddenly become warm with enthusiasm. And now I was wildly anxious to

try this incredible experiment.

The world seemed to reel. But there was no pain, although there were some disturbances; whether of sight or sound, I could not tell. Someone -- or something seemed to be beside me in the room. He -- it was doing something. I didn't exactly know what. I did not try to resist. For a moment I doubted my senses, and this it all to be a dream. Then I began to doubt the wisdom of submitting to this being -- but I felt assurance in the thoughts of the stranger, and again became willing to undergo the experiment. Perhaps it would succeed. I would never use my body again, would never walk across the fields and feel the wind blow upon my brow; would never steer my way through warm South Sea waters; would never feel the thrill of living as I had before. This could not be! But perhaps I would not forever be condemned to a nightless existence, a life so utterly drab that it would possibly drive me to madness. Perhaps I might yet live a life of comparative happiness, a life upon another world.

Then it seemed that everything was as it had been; the fog had cleared from my eyes; I seemed to be able to move; at least my eyes were many feet off the floor. My mind was rather hazy, so I didn't wonder at the circumstances so much. I had the sensation of being as I had been, on my legs again, and the accident, the terrible grinding wheel of the truck, my crippled state in a sick room had the quality of a very vivid dream. I was up and about once again.

I seemed to float toward the mirror at the opposite end of the room; the old, the strange, the almost terrifying mirror. It seemed incredible -- a mad dream -- but no, it was all very real. Even if it weren't, what did it matter? What was more real than happiness? And I was happy as I had never been before. Passing the mirror seemed to do something; something I can't describe. Such sensations, such visions

were never seen by man before.

Then I was through.; floating a height my eyes had never been before. Behind me I saw the mirror, a replica of the one in my room, coalesce with an ordinary reflection, my room and my bed slowly blot out, and in their place were forests and hills, and beautiful god-like people. I saw all this, but seeing it, I also caught a glimpse of my body in the bed covered by white sheets. I would forever live in two worlds.

FINIS

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?
(Continued from Page 6)

2. 3. Name the three stories in the "Paradox" series.

3. Which author made the most consecutive number of appearances in Amazing Stories?

4. Of the following set of personages, who won contests sponsored by Hugo Gernsback?

(a) Kenneth Sterling (b) Donald A. Wollheim (c) William S. Sykora (d) Allen Glasser (e) Cyril G. Yates.

5. If you are wide-awake, and have read "The Man Who Awoke" series of stories, you will be able to state, without further thought, that there were how many stories in the series, and in which issues of Wonder Stories did they appear?

6. Don't let this one throw you for a loss; Arthur H. Lynch edited which science fiction magazine? Think hard before answering.

7. The following names are the names of authors connected with various scientific fictional comics. See if you can connect them up. (a) Phil Nowlan (b) Les Falk (c) V. T. Hamlin (d) Dick Calkins (e) Alexander Raymond (f) William Ritt.



The man was respectfully friendly—not "friendly" in the way a young lady might expect from the average male party-goer. In the first place, he was nearly twice her age, and a gentleman. And this was in Virginia, where social gatherings are not parties in the strictest sense.

"Where did you say your family lives?" he essayed.

"In Cambridge, Maryland," she replied. "I'm just visiting here in Charlottesville for a few days. My husband's people."

The man eat up!

"Cambridge, Maryland?" he repeated. "Why, I correspond with a young man living there. Do you know Willis Conover?"

"Not personally. I've met his parents, though, and I know of him. Is he in any way connected with the magazine you draw for?"

He settled back in his chair.

"No, not exactly connected with it," the man said slowly. "He has an active interest in it, though, as I have. When you return to Cambridge, you might remind Willis that he owes a letter to Elliott Dold."

Small world? We think so.

The Observatory, in the August

Amazing, states that "Robert Bloch, author of this month's feature story and the subject of our second direct color photo cover, has written a story that clicks in more ways than one."

Is this merely clumsy wording, or does the editor mean literally that Robert Bloch—new to the science fiction field, but well-known to Weird Tales readers and fan magazine cliques—actually posed for the singularly unexciting photo on the cover?

There may be an ominous significance underlying this. We'll look into it.

Interest in fantasy is not dead yet.

One amateur publisher tried to induce E. Hoffmann Price, old-timer in fantasy circles, to join four others in digging up \$3500.00 each to back him in a new and revolutionary fantasy fiction magazine. Presumably \$700 was the contribution expected from each of the prospective subscribers. But Price found that none of them could any more raise that sum than he could!

David H. Keller, M.D., announces that his novel, "The Sign of the Burning Heart" has been published in French (in English), and that only seventy copies, autographed, are for sale. This is a very limited edition, but there is still time to obtain a copy from the author.

Keller, with a whimsical touch that is typical of him, remarks thus in the printed circular he distributed announcing the book: "Naturally, being the parent of this brain-child I loathe it and, as did another Creator, pronounce it good. I hope there are persons in the United States who will agree with me."

If you, like Jurgens, are willing to try anything once, fill in the

Fantasy Science Digest

order blank and enclose \$2.00. If you read it, and feel that it is not worth that to you, send the child back and your money will be refunded. I naturally would not want this child of mine to stay in any home where it was not appreciated and welcomed."

While not truly fantastic---as, indeed, are none of Dr. Keller's better works,---"The Sign of the Burning Heart" is imaginative and very readable, one of his finest, and surely worthy of every fan's collection. A desirable addition to any collection, this book will be a particularly rare item in the future.

Get in touch with Dr. Keller at 55 Broad Street, Stroudsburg, Penna.

Although Walter H. Gillings doesn't know it, he came so close to acquiring Virgil Finlay as illustrator for his Tales of Wonder that it isn't even funny. And for the fact that Virgil isn't illustrating his magazine, Gillings has none other than A. Merritt to thank.

Gillings has no doubt fainted by now.

While we were staying with Virgil Finlay in Rochester, we made it known that a new fantasy magazine---to wit, Tales of Wonder---was being published in England. Virgil became highly interested, obtaining from me Gillings' address, and obviously being quite ready to sit right down and send him samples of his work (haw!) just as soon as he finished placing the dot he was laboring with.

It seems Virgil was eager to branch out into other magazines (in addition to, not besides, Weird Tales). Appreciative of the start Weird Tales' Editor Wright had given him, however, Virgil didn't care to produce for magazines which in any way competed with Wright's publication---as he believed the science fiction mags do. Working for a British magazine, though, would be an entirely different matter. European publications

couldn't interfere with the circulation of a magazine distributed largely on this continent. So Tales Of Wonder was to hear from Virgil Finlay very soon.

Meanwhile A. Merritt invited him to New York and had a little talk with him. . . .

And now Virgil's drawings may be observed each Sunday in The American Weekly---editor, A. Merritt.

We feel there should be a moral to this story, but we can't think of one just at the moment.

P R O X Y

Whether she knows it or not, Pogo is registered as having visited the Oklahoma Historical Building last spring.....

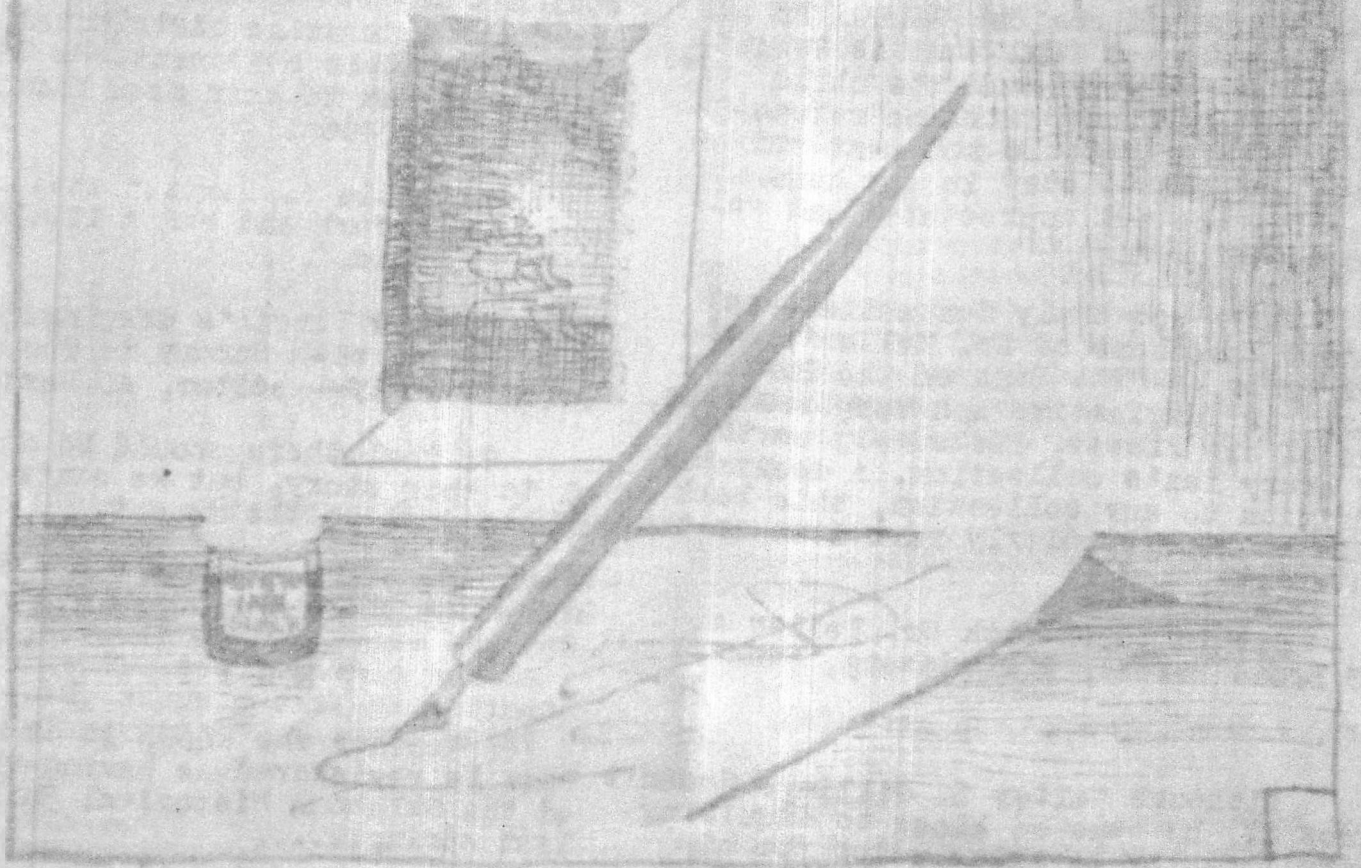
And St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church, South, here in the city, was recently honored, according to its records, by a visit from Donald A. Wollheim (333 E. Belgrade, Los Angeles)!

The following is rendered more or less phonetically: "Lo. Okloma City Water Demartment! This' Harry Dockweiler, down in New York. Yer water here tas's awful. Chamber Commerce oughta do sumthin about it.

McPhail is my witness for that.

---Jack Speer, June 25, 1936





I imply in the above title that there is art to the pictures that appear every month in the various hektoed fan mags. Many will disagree, I know, on various grounds and tenets. Let us examine the problem from this angle.

One of the prime factors of deciding whether a picture is artistic or not is; did the artist give the impression he intended to, or not? This point cannot be decided in many cases, for the mind of the artist is not always open to inspection. Scoffers at Cubist paintings usually overlook this fact. But in the case of the hekto fan artist, his purpose is bare for all to see. He must catch the imagination of his audience, must give his drawing an air of being outside of hum-drum existence. Nearly all of the pictures I have seen by fan artists all do this very well. Choice of subject is the most used device they employ. Bizarre machines and creatures, queer-looking space-ships and rail-

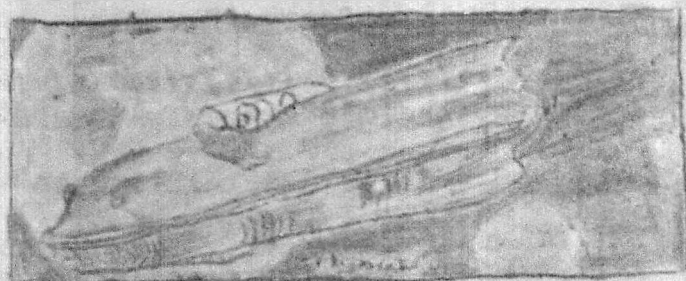
ed vehicles with spouting rockets, deadly looking weapons in the hands of grim-visaged, helmeted future-men, all place the action of the scene as not of common occurrence. Fan artists, much more than the professional artists, give one the same feeling that is obtained from reading science-fiction itself. It has been termed, aptly or inaptly, as the case may be, a sensation of "escape." We shall let this term serve our purpose. It cannot be contradicted that the fan artists succeed in instilling this feeling in an art, fan. On this score, then, we can say that the hekto artist is artistic.

Another thing that makes a picture art is the attitude of the artist in drawing it. Does the artist think only of the monetary gain that is to come from the picture, or is he working only for the love of his work? Hekto artists get no remuneration in coin for their work so we can discount this angle immediately. But, you say, there are

other forms of remuneration. Maybe the artist just likes to show off, and see his name in print. Yes, this is a possibility, but isn't this a motivating force of everything we do in the creative line? Deep down in every man is this yearning for the plaudits of his fellows. It is very seldom a prime factor, but it does weigh in the balance. So we cannot hold this as proof only of the unworthiness of fan artists. It is proof of — well, what is it proof of? It is inherent in all men, and seems to be a proof that all men are human!

Mechanical defects in the drawings of hekto artists are myriad, that is not denied. Outlines are shaky and ill-defined; colors are blotchy and "off"; placement and balance are all done by guess-work, if at all. There is a school of art today that says these things are not necessary for real art. Examining some of the impressionist paintings, or some of the modern "horrors," and you will see all of the mechanical defects that are present in fan art. Yet these "big time" pictures are acclaimed as art. So why not hekto-graph fan drawings?

Some of the above mechanical defects are, no doubt, caused by the medium itself. Hekto ink is not like ordinary drawing ink. It has much more of a tendency to soak into the paper, and blot, and fall off the pen-point at the wrong moment, and run together, and is absolutely impossible to wash correctly. India ink is a purring kitten compared to hekto ink! So give the hekto artist credit. He is a real artist!



What is said to be the largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, which has a circumference of 68 feet and a height of 31 feet. The bell weighs 443,772 pounds. (It rings out freedom with an axe.)

Visitors to San Francisco's fair will be able to observe in a test chamber the reactions of the nervous system to city noises. Which seems to us like a heck of a reason for visiting a fair. (Should be used in the '39 A-F Convention.)

A magnetic hair-pin has just been invented. Sales aren't expected to be so hot among the steely-eyed westerners.

A youth who went out to look at the moon escaped injury the other night when he fell from a roof, but young people who go moon-crazy still ought to watch their step. (A space-traveler, no doubt.)

Comes a story of a young man in Cleveland who has completely furnished his home with furniture he made himself. No doubt he started carving furniture as a child. (Sounds like Walter Earl Mercenotte, or does he dwell in Cleveland?)

A couple in Texas recently got married by telephone. Now, if they'll just keep things that way, they'll probably live happily ever after.

Mars, 2200:-A monkey who arrived here the other day from Earth was deported. He had threatened to lecture.

New York, 5000 A.D.:—A once good-natured boxing Martien got so irate over being injured in a super-rocket car accident that he started going around tearing up people. Might be a good idea for other traffic victims.

A doctor suggests music as a means of alleviating the pain of insect bites. What the world needs is a tip on how to exterminate a maniacs. (?)

Imitation ivory is now being made out of nuts. Somebody who was talking with a g-f fanatic conceived the idea of reversing the old process.

That German inventor who has developed a "house-fly" flying machine deserves credit for marvelous ingenuity. It's a helicopter, with rotating wings; and it can go up, down, forward, backward, sideways, or hover motionless in the air.

Yes, but can it walk upside down on the ceiling?

JOIN THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, THE CLUB FOR THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN! FOR PARTICULARS, WRITE TO WM. S. BYKORA, 31-51 41st Street, LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK.

1/2/3/4/5/6/7/8/9/10/11/12/13/14/15/16/17/18/19/20/21/22/23/24/25/26/27/28/29/30/31/32/33/34/35/36/37/38/39/40/41/42/43/44/45/46/47/48/49/50/51/52/53/54/55/56/57/58/59/60/61/62/63/64/65/66/67/68/69/70/71/72/73/74/75/76/77/78/79/80/81/82/83/84/85/86/87/88/89/90/91/92/93/94/95/96/97/98/99/100/101/102/103/104/105/106/107/108/109/110/111/112/113/114/115/116/117/118/119/120/121/122/123/124/125/126/127/128/129/130/131/132/133/134/135/136/137/138/139/140/141/142/143/144/145/146/147/148/149/150/151/152/153/154/155/156/157/158/159/160/161/162/163/164/165/166/167/168/169/170/171/172/173/174/175/176/177/178/179/180/181/182/183/184/185/186/187/188/189/190/191/192/193/194/195/196/197/198/199/200/201/202/203/204/205/206/207/208/209/210/211/212/213/214/215/216/217/218/219/220/221/222/223/224/225/226/227/228/229/230/231/232/233/234/235/236/237/238/239/240/241/242/243/244/245/246/247/248/249/250/251/252/253/254/255/256/257/258/259/260/261/262/263/264/265/266/267/268/269/270/271/272/273/274/275/276/277/278/279/280/281/282/283/284/285/286/287/288/289/290/291/292/293/294/295/296/297/298/299/300/301/302/303/304/305/306/307/308/309/310/311/312/313/314/315/316/317/318/319/320/321/322/323/324/325/326/327/328/329/330/331/332/333/334/335/336/337/338/339/340/341/342/343/344/345/346/347/348/349/350/351/352/353/354/355/356/357/358/359/360/361/362/363/364/365/366/367/368/369/370/371/372/373/374/375/376/377/378/379/380/381/382/383/384/385/386/387/388/389/390/391/392/393/394/395/396/397/398/399/400/401/402/403/404/405/406/407/408/409/410/411/412/413/414/415/416/417/418/419/420/421/422/423/424/425/426/427/428/429/430/431/432/433/434/435/436/437/438/439/440/441/442/443/444/445/446/447/448/449/450/451/452/453/454/455/456/457/458/459/460/461/462/463/464/465/466/467/468/469/470/471/472/473/474/475/476/477/478/479/480/481/482/483/484/485/486/487/488/489/490/491/492/493/494/495/496/497/498/499/500/501/502/503/504/505/506/507/508/509/510/511/512/513/514/515/516/517/518/519/520/521/522/523/524/525/526/527/528/529/530/531/532/533/534/535/536/537/538/539/540/541/542/543/544/545/546/547/548/549/550/551/552/553/554/555/556/557/558/559/560/561/562/563/564/565/566/567/568/569/570/571/572/573/574/575/576/577/578/579/580/581/582/583/584/585/586/587/588/589/590/591/592/593/594/595/596/597/598/599/600/601/602/603/604/605/606/607/608/609/610/611/612/613/614/615/616/617/618/619/620/621/622/623/624/625/626/627/628/629/630/631/632/633/634/635/636/637/638/639/640/641/642/643/644/645/646/647/648/649/650/651/652/653/654/655/656/657/658/659/660/661/662/663/664/665/666/667/668/669/670/671/672/673/674/675/676/677/678/679/680/681/682/683/684/685/686/687/688/689/690/691/692/693/694/695/696/697/698/699/700/701/702/703/704/705/706/707/708/709/710/711/712/713/714/715/716/717/718/719/720/721/722/723/724/725/726/727/728/729/730/731/732/733/734/735/736/737/738/739/740/741/742/743/744/745/746/747/748/749/750/751/752/753/754/755/756/757/758/759/760/761/762/763/764/765/766/767/768/769/770/771/772/773/774/775/776/777/778/779/780/781/782/783/784/785/786/787/788/789/790/791/792/793/794/795/796/797/798/799/800/801/802/803/804/805/806/807/808/809/810/811/812/813/814/815/816/817/818/819/820/821/822/823/824/825/826/827/828/829/830/831/832/833/834/835/836/837/838/839/840/841/842/843/844/845/846/847/848/849/850/851/852/853/854/855/856/857/858/859/860/861/862/863/864/865/866/867/868/869/870/871/872/873/874/875/876/877/878/879/880/881/882/883/884/885/886/887/888/889/890/891/892/893/894/895/896/897/898/899/900/901/902/903/904/905/906/907/908/909/910/911/912/913/914/915/916/917/918/919/920/921/922/923/924/925/926/927/928/929/930/931/932/933/934/935/936/937/938/939/940/941/942/943/944/945/946/947/948/949/950/951/952/953/954/955/956/957/958/959/960/961/962/963/964/965/966/967/968/969/970/971/972/973/974/975/976/977/978/979/980/981/982/983/984/985/986/987/988/989/990/991/992/993/994/995/996/997/998/999/1000/1001/1002/1003/1004/1005/1006/1007/1008/1009/1010/1011/1012/1013/1014/1015/1016/1017/1018/1019/1020/1021/1022/1023/1024/1025/1026/1027/1028/1029/1030/1031/1032/1033/1034/1035/1036/1037/1038/1039/1040/1

by ARYKONIS

This Michelism business: It seems to me that the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and "Michelism" both had their inception at about the same time. Yet in his speech, "Mutation or Death," John S. Michel definitely stated that science fiction was dead. Donald A. Wollheim, who read the speech, evidently agreed with his views. Yet these two are now the powers behind the FAPA, which consists for the most part of magazines given over to "baloney-bending," as J. Michel so crudely put it. And Wollheim talks about William S. Wyke's two-facedness!

— — — —

Now byword for fantasy: "How's your rhodemontade today?"

HO IS AZYGOUS???

Let Darwin's weighty volumes
stay

Dust covered on the shelves,

Men were not made from weasels.

They made monkeys of themselves.

George R. Hahn

Ignore Wellheim's attempts to disrupt the fan field by his incessant attempts at causing dissension



On May 18th, 1938, I received a letter from William S. Sykora in which was contained the names and addresses of some 20 science fiction readers residing in Philadelphia. He requested that I contact them and find out whether it would be possible for any of them to attend the First National Science Fiction Convention. Therefore, I wrote to all of them announcing that a meeting would be held Thursday, May 26th. This meeting, they were informed, was to be held with the express purpose of planning for the convention.

Finally the evening of the gathering arrived, and those who attended were Milton A. Rothman, Jack Agnew, Bernard Quinn, Milton H. Asquith, Thomas Whiteside, Clifford Anderson, Walter Simpson and your humble scribe. John V. Baltadonis was convalescing at home and, and Oswald Train was unable to attend due to the fact that he has a night position. Of those twenty I wrote to, only two attended. They were Simpson and Anderson. The former stated that he would definitely attend, while Anderson informed us that it would be impossible due to the fact that he, like Ossie Train, would have to work at the time. Whiteside also had to work on the day of the convention, and Baltadonis, of course, was unable to attend due to his

sickness. Asquith stated that he would be able to take three or four of the PSFS members along with him in his Ford coupe (1936 model). We therefore arranged that Agnew, Quinn and myself would meet him at a designated spot at 11 A.M. Sunday morning. After all arrangements were made, we held a general discussion pertaining to S-F, and among other things, I read aloud Henry Kuttner's "Fun With Atoms" which had the boys in stitches. It was quite humorous watching Milt Asquith attempting to light his pipe, and incessantly blowing out the match with a loud guffaw. However, he finally succeeded, but only after the reading of the article was completed. When I displayed TALES OF WONDER to Asquith, his eyes almost popped out. It seems that he had not heard of the magazine previously, and although he is not a fan mag collector, he is a very ardent professional magazine boarder. After various discussions on space-travel, Thrilling WONDER Stories (Milt Asquith brought up the subject of those "Foot Itch" ads which adorn the back covers of TWS, suggesting that something be done about them), MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES, fan mags, etc. etc., the meeting was finally adjourned.

Sunday morning found Quinn, Agnew and myself anxiously awaiting the arrival of Asquith. We arrived at the designated spot fifteen minutes before eleven o'clock, and had a half-hour wait as Milt did not make his appearance until a quarter after eleven. However, although Milt's car is not a 1938 Chrysler, it certainly can make good time. We arrived in Newark a few minutes after two o'clock, despite the fact that we had spent a half-hour replenishing ourselves on the road. After about 30 minutes of maneuvering about the city, we finally arrived at the convention hall. Will Sykora was the first to greet us, and after proper introductions were made, we entered the building where your scribe immediately met James V. Taurasi and John Giunta. We were then introduced to Louis Kuslan and various other fans. Herbert Goudket, the Official Photographer, requested

everyone to make their exodus for the outer spaces so he could snap some pictures. This took close to a half-hour, and then those present once again entered the building; but only after signing their names on Nathan Schupak's official attendance sheet.

By this time, well over 100 had arrived, and the convention was about to start. Sitting next to where we (Quinn and myself) were sitting was Harry Bookweiler, who was busily smoking cigarettes and displaying photos of Frederick Pohl in various communistic poses. While interestedly inspecting a photo of Fred addressing a multitude of young communists, Will Sykora walked over and thrust the minutes of the preceding convention into my hands, with the request that I read them. After gulping several times, I made my way to the front of the room and proceeded to read what the great John V. Baladonis (who was supposed to have been secretary) had written. After the gory details were over, Sam Moskowitz, the Chairman, addressed the huge throng of scientifiotion fans. Sam spoke very engrossingly on the relation of the reader, editor and author of science fiction. This interesting speech was immediately followed by that of William S. Sykora, who addressed the delegates on the feasibility of holding a World Convention in conjunction with the World's Fair in 1939. Milton A. Rothman, our own Milt, was the next speaker, and he also made more than casual mention of the World Convention. The latter portion of Milt's speech concerned itself with the comparison of the development of classical music with that of science fiction.

Mr. John W. Campbell, author, editor and fan, was then called upon to address the assemblage. Mr. Campbell's speech dealt with the subject of fan magazines, and many an amateur editor perked up his ears when Mr. Campbell commenced to speak. Editor Campbell made public the fact that he is gravely interested in fan publications, and sincerely believes that a magazine of

the old FANTASY MAGAZINE calibre will be a definite asset to the World Convention in that it will be capable of contacting the "outer circle" of fans. Most of the present fan mags, being published via the hektograph, do not have this capability. Amid untinted applause, Mr. Campbell made his way back to his seat, and Mr. Mortimer Weisinger, Managing Editor of THRILLING WONDER STORIES was called upon to make a short address. Mr. Weisinger delivered an interesting speech which was, fortunately or unfortunately, intermingled with pertinent remarks by Herbert Goudket. Fortunately, Messers Goudket and Weisinger are old friends, and all remarks were received with a friendly smile. Both Mr. Weisinger and Mr. Campbell announced that they would do their utmost to promote the World Convention. Telegrams were received from Editor Wright of WEIRD TALES, Editor Goodman of MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES, and Editor Palmer of AMAZING STORIES, all wishing the convention the best of success.

Motion pictures were then shown; the first on the program being the Einstein Film, which explained the principal points of the theory of relativity. A few short subjects of a scientifiotional nature were then shown, and finally, "The Lost World", authored by Arthur Conan Doyle, was flashed upon the screen. However, due to the fact that many of those present had already seen the film, and the others weren't overly anxious, the showing was postponed until the latter portion of the convention. However, due to the length the convention dragged to, the film was not shown at all, as was Milt Rothman's marionette show.

The remainder of the program consisted of introductions of the various authors, many of whom related short anecdotes when called upon. Among the celebrities present were Otis Aielbert Kline, Manley Wade Wellman, John D. Clark, Lloyd Arthur Eshbach, L. Sprague De Camp, Otto and Jack Binder, Leo Margulies, Milt on Kaletsky, Julius Schwartz, Conrad Ruppert (publisher of the old

FANTASY MAGAZINE), Leo Margulies and numerous others. The latter part of the meeting consisted of discussion in reference to the World Convention and the reorganization of the International Scientific Association. After much bickering and arguing it was finally decided that there will definitely be a World Science Fiction Convention in conjunction with the World's Fair next year, and a committee was appointed by Will Sykora. This committee is merely a temporary one, and the final one will consist of almost every active fan.

After the convention proper was adjourned, an auction of various fan mags and such was held, and some of the prices paid were certainly ridiculous. Alex Osheroff must have struck oil in his back yard, for he was the chief bidder, and did he pay! Following this, Milt Rothman, Jack Agnew, Bernard

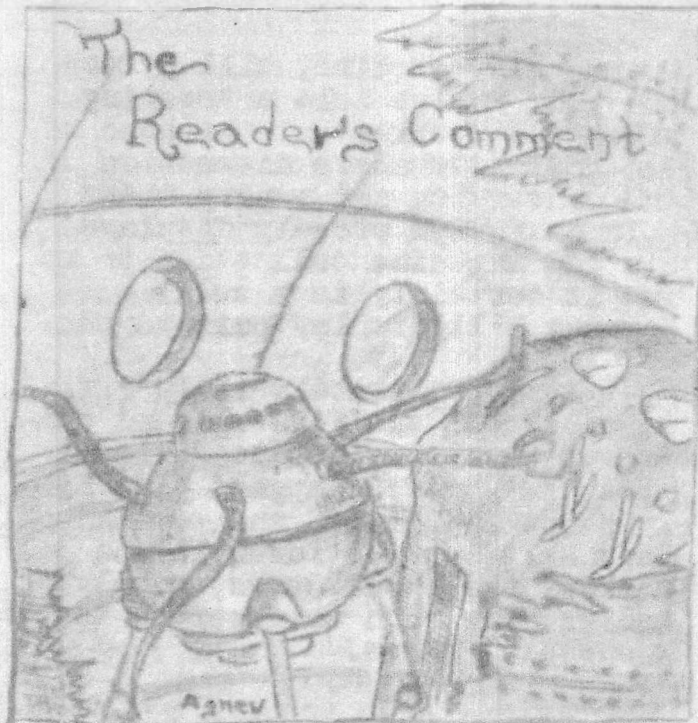
Quinn, Milt Asquith, Will Sykora and your scribe held a "meeting after the meeting" at the home of Sam Moskowitz where discussion of the convention and sundry items held sway. Sam proudly displayed his fan magazine collection to me, and it certainly is a swell one! Someday I'll display ours to Sam.

At approximately 11.30 P.M. we sadly bid Sam farewell and commenced our trip back to Philadelphia. We arrived in good old Philly about 2.30 A.M., and we then bade Milt Asquith farewell and boarded the Broad Street subway, and we were soon transported to our respective homes.

M I C R O N I S M

Within the science of the lens
Lurk creatures far beyond our ken
Waiting there to teach us truth
No man could find alone
Without the aid of that keen sleuth
Whose sleek sides, well-polished, shone
In the labs of famous men
When they came through to teach us true
That disease was lost, and, to transcend
All knowledge then at hand
From such a small and erring band
Gave a science to save the land
Where it shall blossom true
To never die, forever new,
To show to us what is in store
When death is dead, forever more
And life rules with a steady hand
This thoughtless, erring land.

—Helen Cloukey



JACK CARRELL, of Paterson, New Jersey, writes:—"I am enclosing some material that I hope you can use for *Fantascience Digest*. By the way, I wish to compliment you on the swell work you have done in issuing that fan magazine. I disagree violently with Van Houten about pictures in fan mags. For me, you couldn't have enough, especially of the quality you have been able to get. I fancy myself quite an artist at times, but some of your artists are really good. I have a bad habit of judging articles and stories by their illustrations, and on this basis, your *Fantascience Digest* and *JVB's Collector* strike me as being the best fan mags that I have seen.

"I advocate the small size in hektoid fan mags. The art-work seems better on a half-page than it does on the larger magazine. I notice that *JVB* has seen the light of this and reduced the size of the *Collector*. It is really much better looking. Now to make it unanimous, you follow suit." (I'm really sorry that you prefer the smaller size page over the present type. I'm afraid that a change in size is out of the question as the majority of readers prefer the large size. Anyway, James Taurasi states that he'll do something drastic if *FD* changes size again.—Editor)

JOHN GIUNTA, of Brooklyn, New York, writes:—"Conover's 'Looking Around' is a good department. I was overjoyed when he said that *Amazing Stories* will soon print something special for Weinbaum fans. You know, I tried to get the Weinbaum Memorial Volume without success. Can you tell me if it is still available?" (As far as we know, the volume you wish to purchase is still available. I believe it would be advisable for you to contact Raymond A. Palmer, care of *Amazing Stories*, and he'll be able to state definitely if it can still be purchased.—Editor)

JACK SPEER, of Comanche, Oklahoma, writes:—"By golly, I bobbed up at three different places in the latest *FD*! Giunta's cover was better than anything I've seen in a long time, and since you apologized for the *s* in *Speer*, as written on the cover, I'll not chew anyone's head off, though I originally intended to.

"Sykora's satire was only fair. I picked out Don and Herb—after some difficulty—and John, but Billy still eludes me. (Did you ever hear of Will Sykora? —Editor) The whole story was a little too elusive for my coarse comprehension. You'll think me an ingrate for criticizing the way my material was presented, but I'm doing it anyway. "Over the Telefoon" as I've already said, was but the name of the first filler—they were intended to be scattered about when you've been using asterisks and ads. There was a comma between Alfred and Lord Tennyson in the original, was there not? You know how nuts I am on grammar, and the comma belonged there. My copy of the page on which "A State Awakens" started had curious whitenesses cutting into the lettering; I can't tell whether this is the watermark, or was on the hektoid. And I wish that you'd spelled Foo correctly the first time, so there would be no strike-over. That's almost heresy, you know!

Enough about me. I promise not to do it again. oskowitz"