

FANTASCIENCE

DIGEST

Sept-Oct
1938

Vol. 1
No. 6.



MAR

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Well, I can definitely state that, from now on, FANTASCIENCE DIGEST will maintain a bi-monthly publication date. By that, I mean that it will appear at least bi-monthly, there being a very probable chance that the magazine will soon commence regular monthly publication.

The next issue will be our first anniversary number, and what an issue it will be! It will probably contain 30 large pages, crammed full of the best material available. We have articles and stories on hand by such well-known fan writers as Henry Kuttner, Sam Moskowitz, Dale Hart, Jack Speer, Willis Conover, and many others. We are going to the extra trouble of having even columns throughout the issue, and, if it is appreciated sufficiently, we may continue the practice. This gigantic number will be in the mails on or before November 15th. Watch for it!

Material is now beginning to arrive with a fair degree of regularity. In fact, FD is now in a position to reject some of the material submitted, something we were unable to do a few months back. However, material is still more than welcome, and any submitted will be vastly appreciated.

The cover of this issue is drawn by Rothman. He makes the fourth cover artist FD has used in its brief six months of existence. FD has consistently presented the works of new fan writers, and we intend to continue the practice. So any new fans who desire to submit material, do so.

----- THE EDITOR

Fantascience

Digest

Sept.-Oct. '38

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Vol. 1 - No. 6

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VENUS

MAR

Thumb ~ Nail Thought ~ Themes

by
DALE HART

The paragraphs below are written as the raindrops fall outside my window. The sun is striving valiantly to shine. And such a situation is ideal for writing — so you readers get it....in the neck!

Coffee was employed as a medicine before used as a beverage. Maybe Bartel's story, "The Slizer of Progress," in the April '35 Wonder Stories wasn't so absurd after all.

The germs in an average man's mouth are more numerous and more deadly than those in an animal's mouth. (Isa fact, seoffers.) Bite him, Spear!

Two experimenters disagree upon the question of whether man can adjust himself to a 38-year-hour cycle. Not surprising. I can't adjust myself to the 34-year-hour cycle.

When a Monte Carlo player becomes bankrupt, the Casino furnishes him a third-class railway ticket to anywhere in Europe. I'm broke, fan mag editors. I can't play anymore. Chip in and buy me a one-way ticket to Shangri-La. Say, don't point that thing this way!

Why won't authors be more careful in picking names for their creations? They often duplicate published titles. Gordon A. Giles' "The Atom Smasher" has the same title as a story by Victor Rousseau (May, 1930 Ast.). Giles—he's really Wandie Kinder, you know—

must not have remembered, or, if he did, was too lazy to think up a better name. (It might interest you, Dale, to know that two other stories appeared under the title, "The Atom Smasher." One by P. Schuyler Miller appeared in the January, 1934 issue; and the other, by Donald Wandrei, appeared in the April, 1934 issue of Astounding Stories. There you are, two "Atom Smashers" in Amazing, and two in Astounding. Where does Wonder come in?—RAM)

The shadow of an airplane always is the same size, regardless of the altitude. The dream-shadow of Michelism will never lessen its altitude or nearness—or become of a "larger size." It will always stay in the tenuous atmosphere of Communistic Fancy. A personal opinion, of course.

The antique furniture business is often a racket. The furniture is constructed after a model, shot or drilled full of "worm holes," the finish taken off, etc. When complete, the final product passes for a genuine antique. Fortunately, antique magazines cannot be manufactured from recent material. It just can't be done. For which the fans can be thankful!

When a pedestrian sighs for "the good old days" he probably means 1895. That year there were exactly four automobiles registered in the United States. According to s-f, the pedestrian will become obsolete in time. But, at present, that is scant consolation...

THIS IS THAT -- Anyone interested in attending the 1938 PHILADELPHIA SCIENCE FICTION CONFERENCE is advised to contact the editor of this magazine for details.....One of the features of our Anniversary issue will be, "The Road Back" by Sam Moskowitz. Don't miss it..... When Hahn receives the check for his accepted short story, he intends to visit RAM in Philly. But the story might not be published for six months; and WT pays on publication!

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

-Anonymous-

~~~~~

Written two years ago by a guy that may have been wrong, and plenty wrong at that.....

Most people don't seem to realize this fact, and the worst and noisiest offenders are the science fiction fans themselves. The pages of the last few issues of the old Wonder Stories contained the silliest, most absurd requests of any publication it has ever been my dubious good fortune to read. Many fans complain bitterly of Astounding Stories' recent policy of changing Brass Tacks into Science Discussions. Although I don't particularly favor this publication, I feel like wringing the hand of a man intelligent enough to realize that he was printing the nightmarish desires of two hundred "kids," many of whom had not even reached the adolescent stage of development.

Surely no adult in full possession of all his faculties would have turned out such manner of prattling trash as, "Why don't you have smooth paper and edges, at least 160 pages like your competitor, change back to the large size, smaller type, publish a quarterly, have a thicker grade of cover paper, have a sister magazine, and issue an all star issue with A. Merritt, Edgar Rice Burroughs, John Taine and E.E. Smith, all in one issue." The writer never took into consideration what he probably partially knew already, namely; that science fiction magazines have a very limited circulation, that having a good grade of paper, smoother pages and even one of the above named stars in each issue would obliterate any small profit the magazine might possibly be making, and force it into bankruptcy in the course of two or three issues. That wasn't considered; he wanted the whole hog, or none.

~~~~~  
How I used to grit my teeth

when checkerboard would gleefully point out a typographical error on page 133, or a mixed metaphor on page 97. I'm willing to stake my boots that none of the writers could have written one page without making some manner of error in spelling or English composition. But like everything else, these have been consequences of these absurd communications. Editors, shocked to learn who was ordering them about, bore down on their readers' department. Not one question in the aforementioned vein was answered. All advice, and the all too few letters of constructive criticism, were completely ignored. Even to the extent where one publication today, which caters in particular to the juvenile mind, solicits its readers' columns to a large extent. The fans have lost what they believed was their sacred right; to dictate the policies of the science fiction publications. They have lost it, I believe, for good. For never again will any sensible editor risk the success of any science or fantasy publication in the hands of the more active readers. They know now that their more frenzied clientele have yet to learn that, "You can't have everything."

~~~~~  
AUTHOR'S DREAM (2)

Progress

One tiny cell of a living spore  
Deep in the rock born slime  
Nothing more, the earth was poor  
At that brainless birth in time.

A mighty tower of shining steel  
From the brains and soul of man  
An achievement real to ever seal  
A mighty endless plan.


Helen Cloukey----



## SKYLARK

By Milton A. Rothman

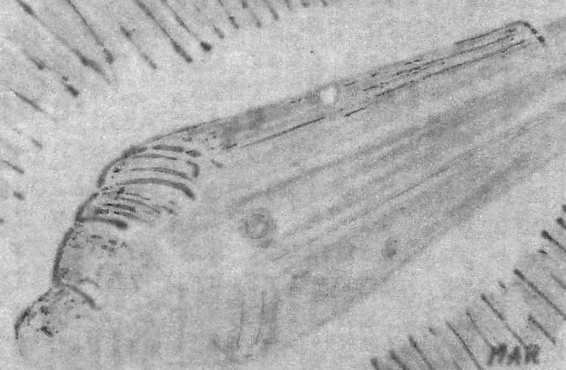
## THOUGHT

Sequel to  
Skylark, by Smith  
Invaders from the Infinite  
by Campbell.


Heat, moist and soggy, coiled and swam in engulfing waves and dripping streams of sweat. The day was a sweltering segment of fourth dimension sandwiched between the darker, but only slightly cooler pieces of night.

Burton J. Cherney sat morbidly and methodically twisting a discouraged lump of tallow between his fingers, brooding over the fiendish devices nature used to torture her children. In time the former candle looked like nothing conceived on earth; or on any of the infra- and super-universes.

"If each one of these figures represents an equation on a three-dimensional graph," he thought, "I'd hate to have to figure them out. This reminds me of those two stories, 'Arithmetic' and 'Living Mathematics.' They both had living equations in them, and although I couldn't understand them, perhaps some of the equations I'm making now might come to life. This silly thing, for instance."



He had taken the piece of tallow, bent it around into a spiral, squeezed the ends, and had tied the whole thing into a knot, pulling it out again, and then twisting around once more.

He was smoothing away a roughness in the figure when he noticed a small ball of radiation overhead. It was a shimmering globe of red and yellow luminescence fading away at the edges into sparkles of green flame. Through his shocked mind flashed one tremendous thought: "I did it! I made a living equation!"

The ball grew until it was ten feet in diameter, and the space around it was curiously distorted. A corona of pearly haze swirled about, and lengthened into a misty tentacle which reached out to Cherney's head. He tried to dodge, but it caught him, and at once he felt a wave of great intelligence beat against his mind.

"From one chance out of three"

culable numbers you have made me. The laws of chance say that there is one out of nine to the ninth to the ninth to the ninth power of you turning to the right combination of planes and solids which would cause my creation, but, unbelievably, you did it.

"My intelligence is such that I have already read the minds of everyone on this planet, and with this little knowledge I shall go out into the universe to discover the basic secrets of nature.

"But before I go, is there anything you would like me to do for you?"

Burton's dazed mind raced. A veritable Aladdin's lamp! Should he ask for money, great knowledge, strange and mighty powers? Or the one thing which he otherwise would have no chance at all of seeing?

"I would like to see a battle between the Skylark and the Thought. I've always wondered what would happen if they met."

"The Skylark and the Thought. The two mightiest space ships in the universe, each with infinite power, but with different weapons. What would happen if the two met?"

In a flash Burton Cherney was transported out into the depths of interstellarspace. Everything which occurred was revealed to his all-seeing eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

Hurting through space with the incalculable velocity produced by the sixth order system of propulsion was a tremendous sphere, as large as a small planet. On a broad, grassy plain, below many shells of inoson, stood three houses. Two of these were replicas of houses in Washington, D.C., United States of Terrestrial America. Between them was a modest gray structure. This was the room from which was controlled the vast cosmic forces hand-

led by the tremendous sixth order projector which composed most of this prodigious ship.

"I say, Crane, do you pick up anything strange out there?" Richard Seaton's gray eyes peered out inquisitively from beneath the massive control helmet he wore.

"Yeah, about a hundred light years away and coming closer fast. Looks like some awful funny fields."

"Uh huh. And if it's what I think it is, our rotating into the fourth dimension was elementary. They, whatever it is, have got something, and I'm going to see what it is."

He rapidly gave some mental orders to the titanic mechanical brain which was, next to Seaton's own mind, the controlling power of the ship.

"That's the quickest way. The brain will analyze whatever fields are there and drag the thing here. Ah, finished. It's a space-distortion field designed to create a new space with arbitrarily fixed properties, and we're using an intense gravity beam — 2980th band of the third order — to pull that ship out of the other space.

"Wow! What a jolt that was! We must've pulled the wrong booth that time. The brain took a millionth of a second to put up the screens and in that time something sliced off a half mile of our armor. Did you get it, Crane?"

"Yes. There was the most intense and solid beam of second order vibrations I have ever seen. Cosmic rays we used to call them. It heated half our surface to a temperature of 200,000 degrees. And then there was a curious beam of vibrations between the infra-red and radio which caused all the inoson molecules to move in one direction, which made quite a mess of the outside."

\*\*\*\*\*



Arcoot and Morey looked through the visiplates of the Thought at the familiar view of two "ghost" ships flying beside the real ship in the constricted space. Their artificial universe was so small that light from the ship went around it easily, coming back to them from the other side.

Suddenly the black space went grey, forces strained and snapped, sparks flew within the ships as terrific energy rushed from the storage coils to the space-distortion coil. Some terrific force was draining the big coil, and as fast as it was drained, the storage coils struggled to keep it charged.

"Lord, Morey, what a gravity field that must be! Our coils are enough to take us past any conceivable star. We wouldn't even notice that dead giant we were caught by before. It must be a space ship using an attractor ray on us. I'm going to take us out of this space and look around for that ship. As soon as I see it I'll give it a touch of the molecular, cosmic, and magnetic, about a tenth of a sol each. Each of the first two will do plenty if it's ordinary matter, and the three combined will wreck relax plenty quick."

As Arcoot thought his orders in to the headpiece, the space in the ship became surcharged with an electrical tension. Sparks snapped and metal points were surrounded by a blue corona as the mighty power flowed from the space coil to the storage coils. In a moment the strain was gone, and they were back among the stars. Three needles flickered in their dials, and then the mighty ship reeled to a titanic blow. Meter needles swung crazily as Arcoot tried everything in his armory, but the unknown forces still struck the Thought, throwing it about wildly, and eating stubbornly through the tough armor. Then all went quiet.

"Whew!" Arcoot mopped his brow. "They sure have something there. I gave them a bit of a nudge with my combination before their screens went up in about a millionth of a second. I wonder what kind of re-

lays they have. And they sure have power. Maybe the same as we have.

"And they sent out something my latest researches had just begun to suggest. A ray far below the cosmic in frequency. It didn't even effect our screens, and I thought we could handle any vibration carried by the ether. That's it! They use sub-ether vibrations. It went right through artificial matter and the protonic screens. The only way I kept our cosmium up as long as I did was by continually rebuilding it as soon as it was disintegrated.

"I couldn't run away from them by the space distortion, so I pulled us up to their own height by a time advancement. I used enough so that their high frequencies are about in our visible spectrum, and our cosmites are down to their level.

"Let's see what we can do now. Their big size indicates that they use matter to handle their power instead of having space do it, as we do. I wonder what their limits are, and whether we can blow a couple of their fuses."

The space between the two giant ships was a seething area of energy. For light years around terrific radiations blasted and swirled. A stray sun wandered into the dangerous area and was lashed instantly into a shrieking ball of disintegration. A torrent of energy poured from the tormented sun upon the two ships which stubbornly resisted its onslaught, while at the same time absorbing this energy to re-discharge it in the form of lethal rays.

"Arcoot! Our time field is failing!"

"Uh-huh. They've got a reverse field on us, and we've got to fight it. I'm going to send us up to a faster rate."

"But we can't go much faster. If we do, we won't be able to get enough power from the sun. The



be sending us energy so slowly we won't be able to light our lamps."

"That's an idea! Suppose we take a sun along with us in the advanced field. A couple of suns! And disintegrate them so fast that the other ship won't be able to get power fast enough to resist."

\*\*\*\*\*

"What happened, Dick?" Crane asked. "It happened so fast I got lost after the first second."

"After we got our screens up I soaked them with a mixture of sixth order rays. They're not made of ordinary matter, because they lasted longer than I would have thought possible, and they kept rebuilding as fast as they disintegrated. Then they did something. I think they speeded up their time rate, because I'm sure they didn't have anything less than second order, and we received plenty of low sixth order. In the advanced time rate, their low frequencies would come to us as high frequencies."

"I sent a time stasis after them, which was supposed to nullify their advanced field, but they fought, and now we're at a deadlock."

"Now — what was that?" His eyes opened in amazement as the heretofore noiseless machines whined and roared in their efforts to resist the unbelievable blast of energy that struck them.

"Say! We can play that was, too. They took a sun into the advanced time field and released all its energy on us in one second. I'm gonna do more than that. Here's a nice big star."

Seaton mentally directed forces which hurled the huge sun directly at the Thought and exploded it in an instantaneous gush of intolerable radiance. But the comparatively tiny ship held. In face, it absorbed energy and used it for its own protection so fast that the space around it was dark

and strained.

"Oh, I see," Seaton gasped. "Anything started at him is absorbed as a change in field density. It don't get to first base. We're stalemated."

\*\*\*\*\*

Arcoot compressed his lips grimly. "All right. If we can't get anywhere by using clean energy, we can try something else. Remember what we did to the Thessians by using psychology?"

Out in space, in the racked and torn area between the two ships a weird drama was enacted. A mistiness appeared. It hardened, and solidified into an amorphous shape which, strangely, radiated tangible repulsiveness. Hate, horror, Arcoot projected emotions amplified a million times, were embodied in this creature.

The shape whipped out a noise, slimy tentacles towards the Skylark. A solid beam of energy cut it off, and the shape recoiled. It rapidly changed form, and now appeared as a colossal, hairy spider which leaped across millions of miles of space to the Skylark. Straddling it with elongated legs, it attempted to bite through the inson with its cavernous, repulsive beak. It bit into a concentrated beam of sixth order radiations instead, and jumped convulsively away.

Now, appearing from the Skylark, was the giant figure of a man. As large as a sun it was, a distorted, hunchbacked monstrosity with arms a million miles long. In a great bag on its back was a mass of round objects — planets!

Peering around, it beheld a still more monstrous figure striding over from the Thought, holding a small sun in each hand. The first monster picked a choice planet out of its bag and hurled it at the other. It struck directly in the

stomach, and the Terror gave a gasp, but strode purposefully on, pelleted by flying planets.

The suns in its hands began to radiate faster and faster, illuminating the scene with a devilish purple glow. The two monsters were close together now, and the one with the hot suns raised his arms and smacked them on the face of the other, one on each cheek. They exploded in a blaze of blinding, lashing fire. The monster roared with anguish.

The two figures grappled. Tumbling over suns through distances measured in parsecs, they wrestled back and forth, making a shambles of that corner of the universe. Laughing, roaring, and howling with unholy glee, they swung stars at each other, demolishing clusters, growing in size and ferocity each second.

A galaxy in the hand of one of them was hurled like a bunch of pebbles. Suddenly there was an instant of utterly intolerable radiance, swirling colors, and chaotic forces. The cosmos disappeared.

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Burton Chorney was back in his room shivering. "What happened?" he gasped.

The being he had created answered calmly. "Seaton and Arcot both went crazy. Anyway, I happened to remember that it was impossible for both of them to exist in the same universe.

"You see, the Thought recognized the Einstein theory, and goes to all sorts of trouble to go faster than light without violating the theory, while the Skylark merely disregards the theory and just goes faster than light. So, is one is possible, the other is impossible.

"Anyway, it was an interesting experiment while it lasted."

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## MUSINGS

by Dale Hart

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The Professor Jameson yarns began with "The Jameson Satellite" in the July, 1931 AMAZING and ended with "The Music Monsters" in the April, 1938 AMAZING, which was the final number under Teck Pubs. Jones' series has irrevocably gone well, perhaps they had run their course, but their passing leaves an ineffable sadness.

Gernsback's "The Reader Speaks" in Wonder, has never been equalled for interest.

The April, 1929 AMAZING contained "The Terror of the Streets" The April, 1936 AMAZING contained "A Modern Comedy of Science." Both stories are concerned with a reformer who undertakes to strictly enforce traffic regulations, and in both stories the Reformer uses invisibility as his means to an end. It seems that the major difference in that one is a comedy, while the other is of a serious nature.

Wonder what Heinbaum's "New Adam" was about? I guess we fans will never know....unless RAP decides to publish it as a book (it's unsuitable for magazine in theme; also, it is very long).

I'd like to know what policy Mr. Brisman, editor of KAPVIL SS, will maintain. You would, too. We fans will find out in time.

Do you think S-F is on the upward or downward trend? If you just haven't thought, do so for a while. I'm non-committal about the question.

Did you know that Mark Twain's was a man after an s-f fan's heart? Read his Notebook and find out what I mean. The book is warmly recommended. Look in your local library.

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Next issue Dale Hart tells us "Who's Who in the Clayton Ant-  
councing."





It used to be science. Then adventure and romance came, hand in hand. Now it's humor that predominates, and the fans are facing battery after battery of whimsy and satire and all the rest. Good clean fun, of course; but when the laughing gas has blown away, what will the writers think of next?

Or will the cycle continue anew? It has tried to before: perhaps it's well to prepare ourselves for fundamental science (as distinguished from pseudo-super-scientific conceptions) in great gobs after a year or two more of the tee-hees.

Astounding has a clever new editor in Campbell. Not the least clever thing about him is his realization that, to keep ahead of the present, science fiction must change frequently. He really hit the word when he spoke of 'mutants'. Science fiction is due changes in ideas and characterizations, and even in style of writing. And it's a good thing. When science fiction stands still, as Amazing did for a decade, it stagnates. Astounding did this in '37, but now that's taken care of.

I personally should appreciate

and laud a 'science fiction' that combined all types of fantasy—wild, weird, wild adventure, heavy science—any fiction that was unusual and off-the-trail. This outlook, too, shows strong indication of materializing. Lately there has been a general diffusion and overlapping of types in the fantasy field, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if in several years we had eight or ten publications on the stands devoted to stories of the bizarre and unusual.

That is, if commercialization doesn't kill the field.

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Last night a long distance phone message arrived from the Oklahoma IPO head—Jack Speer, who is taking a pre-law course in Washington, D.C. And today I was blessed with a visit from the same friendly gentleman, with whom I spent a most enjoyable afternoon and evening. We talked science fiction almost exclusively, and hardly an angle was left undiscussed.

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Marvel Science Stories is shaping up somewhat, although some of its first pages burned my fingertips. This was definitely, I thought, to be the newest outgrowth of the Spicy influence. . . . and I'm still expecting to find, in almost any issue now, a story entitled, "Flash Gordon's Strip to Mars"!

-----

If I could project myself into the past, by no matter what means, do you know what I'd do (after depositing huge sums—hah!—of money in the bank, to collect the interest when I return to the present)?

I'd buy early copies of the science fiction magazines and write letters to certain persons whose names appeared in the reader's columns.

Here, in a 1938 Amazing, is a letter from a John W. Williamson, a young fan living in New Mexico. I'll write him like this:

Dear Jack:

This may seem too personal addressing you as 'Jack'; but after all, you've written me as 'Willis'. . . . You've never heard of me? Well, a good many people don't know me, but you aren't one of them. Perhaps you haven't heard of my name before now, but you will.

Jack, you read science fiction quite extensively. And a favorite science fiction theme concerns the mastery of time. As ardent a fan as you are, surely you can believe me when I tell you I come from your future, from the year 1938.

. . . .and that, in 1938, you are considered to be an old-timer in the field of science fiction writing. Jack Williamson will have been a favorite for years.

Hard to believe? Well, certainly you believe you will someday sell a story—you've been trying to market your efforts, haven't you? Here's me telling you that you won't stop with one story. Just keep plugging away, my boy. Someday your "Legion of Space" will pull down all kinds of applause. It will appear serially in a magazine you haven't heard of—yet, Astounding Stories. And have you been reading Weird Tales? You should, if you expect to sell that "Golden Blood".

Crazy? Sure, crazy as hell. . . . But when, around the last of 1936, you receive a letter from me—the first one I ever wrote you (the one you're reading is the latest)—be nice and friendly to me. Remember that, while I won't know it at the time, I'll be the one who gave you

this early encouragement.

All I can say is, I wish some one would come from my future and tell me all these nice things!

Your old friend,

W.C., Jr.

And here's a letter from a Mortimer Weisinger in an issue of Astounding dated 1931. I think I'll drop young Mr. Weisinger a liner:

Dear Mort:

I've just sent off a letter to Jack Williamson three years ago. And you're going to think me as nuts as he did.

Suppose I told you I'd read published stories of yours?—which is just what I'm saying. No, you haven't received checks for them yet; and you probably never will if you continue having your stuff accepted by Gernsback.

And, incidentally, from now on you'd better be wise not to praise Astounding Stories so highly as you did in your recent letter, because someday—hold tight, now—you'll be editor of Wonder Stories or what is practically an equivalent. And your worst competitor will be the Astounding Stories on which you're heaping all the praise!

Your old friend,

Willis.

Then I'd make out similar copies and ship 'em to Johnny Campbell and Ray Palmer.

It would be fun reading the replies.

—o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—  
Science fiction magazines for sale  
Vol. 1, No. 1 Amazing minus cover;  
numerous copies of Amazing, Wonder  
and Astounding from 1936 to '38  
with covers; also nos. 2, 3, 4, and  
5 of Marvel Tales. Make offer, —  
Latzer, 8417 S. California, Chicago



"AMAZING" NEWS

by

**Mark Reinsberg**

M. Brundage, the lady who paints those "human interest" covers for WEIRD TALES, will do some work for AMAZING soon. . . . Ziff Davis (Ziff is the publisher and Davis the editor of the enterprise) would like to start a string of pulps. . . . If they cannot buy some "down and outers" they'd be willing to create a few. Reason? AMAZING'S success. . . . Palmer is working on the Quarterly idea. . . . In it he'd like to put Weinbaum's "New Adam"——if he can sell the Quarterly idea to Ziff and the "New Adam" to Mr. Davis. . . . It would take plenty of editing to modify the "sexy" parts in it.

Originally, Weinbaum wrote a one hundred and eighty thousand word novel. It was very rich in—er—shall we say "human interest"? But seeing the folly of trying to sell such a lengthy story, he split it up into three parts. He also gave each part a separate title. They are, "Dawn of Flame," which appeared in the Weinbaum Memorial Volume, "Black Flame," which THRILLING WONDER now owns, and "New Adam," which, it is quite possible you will be reading soon.

Sharpen your wits, fans. A contest of some sort will appear in AMAZING. When? To avoid embarrassment, I'll just say-----soon.

Recently Palmer introduced Julian S. Krupa and Robert Fugua in his editorial office. They had never met before. Incidentally, Krupa's success made front page news in Polish newspapers all over the country.

The photographic cover will return presently---bigger and better. In fact, a special space ship

model is being constructed--complete to the minutest detail--for future extra-terrestrial scenes.

Wallace Quitman, who wrote "Outlaw of Space" in the August **AMAZING**, was a pseudonym. The real author was none other than the managing editor, Raymond A. Palmer. He has written many other stories that have enjoyed more than moderate success. See if you can pick a few out.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

Readers column: A method of getting free publicity.

Science fiction: One way to get rid of your money.

Author: A guy who — "you could write a better one yourself."

Editor: The creature who didn't  
print your last letter.

DIMENSION - LIMITED

When the raincloud  
scuds across the skies,  
Mystery scenes strike  
my wondering eyes,  
For Something drifts  
in an unknown space  
Haunting with scenes  
of a forgotten race.

A something livened  
by ancient spell  
(Perhaps Work of a man  
now past his knell)  
Or maybe fault in  
dimension planes  
Sensitive to earthly,  
wild rains.

Ever when wet winds  
go hurtling by  
I glimpse the scenes  
neath the far distant sky  
Through raindrops which  
seem numerous hosts  
Of misty and flying,  
wind-driven ghosts.

—Litterio E. Farsaci



Sam Moskowitz writes:—First of all, I agree with Giunta when he says the third issue was better than the fourth. However, the fourth issue was a good, enjoyable issue nevertheless. Agnew's cover was good, though I'm certain he can do much better; his inside illustrations were quite good also. The material; both of Hart's pieces I thought interesting. Hart is one fan who is out to aid the fan mag editors, and I'm glad to see his work when it appears. It's written sincerely. "Fun With Atoms" by Kuttner, your own Convention article and Frome's surprisingly good story were three of the top-notch items in my estimation. All very good. "Can You Answer These?" good as a space filler; Conover's column was fair; he hasn't the connections he used to have, or if he has, he doesn't care to utilize them for news. Didn't think Wilkinson's piece in the fourth issue good at all, even for a filler. Aszyous was simply stupendous in his philosophy, as was Hahn's little piece. (Were you referring to Hahn when you mentioned someone who got his stuff accepted by WT?) (I was—RAM) Aszyous this time simply backs up my statement that Aszyous is anyone who feels like using the name (and rarely Wilson).....

July-Aug. number:—Baltadon-  
is did a perfectly magnificent

job on the cover. Best cover FD has ever had; in fact, the best illustration, inside or out, you've yet presented. Baltadon's colors are very striking. You can see plenty of improvement, even for Balty. Some day we'll look for him on the cover of a science fiction mag, eh what? (If he gets a swell head, I'll knock it off next time.) Rothman's bit is the best I've seen by him, while Giunta is a bit below standard this time. Well, to get away from the art work; I don't like to dishearten Miss Cloukey, but her story was none too good, that is, in my opinion. The poem was fair. Speer was very disappointing upon this occasion.....The two best articles, or what-not, in the issue are, in order: "The Story Behind Amazing" By Reinsberg (which I enjoyed immensely) followed by Wilson's "Whither Wollheim. Where, may I ask, is the relation to Wollheim? (Ask Wollheim that; he knows as much about it as I do—RAM) Aside to RAM; I've got an article titled, "The Life of Donald Wollheim" which will have you in stitches; it's by Chet Fein; have you any desire to print it? It's indirectly slanderous?????!! (I've read Mr. Fein's article, and I'm sure you are very modest when you state that it is indirectly slanderous. Unfortunately, FD is not open to such articles, so I cannot use it—RAM) Closely following the above mentioned articles is Wilkinson's entertaining anecdotes which show about 100% improvement over his previous article. Mike had what I consider a fine piece of poetry, and, of course, the reader's department is indispensable.....Best items in the first five issues:— "Sonnets in Memoriam" by J. Francis Hatch; "The Mother" by David H. Keller; "A State Awakens" by Jack Speer; "Convention Review" by RAM; "Fun With Atoms" by Kuttner; "The Story Behind Amazing" by Reinsberg etc. etc.

Richard Wilson, Jr. writes:  
The cover is very hack. Men have been battling octopi since time immemorial and putting the octopus



space suits doesn't make a whit of difference.... Rothman's pictorial section begins elegantly. Isn't this month's, "Mercury," one of the indie-linked batch JVB and you and I saw at his home? (It is--RAM) Helen Cloukey's "Good Company" is one of the exceptions to the rule that all fan fiction must be unutterably rotten. I enjoyed it..... Jack Speer's "After-Dinner Conversation" was a giggle-provoker.... "May for Percy T. Wilkinson's owl. The column is an excellent one. Aside to Pee-Tee-Doubleyou: vocabulary test a cinch. Have innumerable other Mary versions, frinstance: Mary had a little lamb, and some mashed potatoes on the side. Pohl tells others that wouldn't bear print..... Mark Reinsberg's "The Story Behind Amazing" was interesting and informative... "The Reader Comments" is always interesting, no matter whether its name be "The Voice of the Imagi-Nation," "The Readers Say," "Return Mail," or what..... Modesty forbids my telling you what the best article in the issue was.

The only thing I didn't like about the issue was "Can You Answer These?". I couldn't. And even if I could, I wouldn't have tried unless there were a prize attached for this greedy scoundrel to jump at.... J. Chapman Miske's "Ysta" was a bit thick, but very impressive when read aloud at 2.30 in the morning, as I did to Jack Gillespie, as we were doing the forty-third News Letter (plug-plug). When I had finished, he looked at me with tears in his eyes and said, "What's the word meaning low and underhanded?" "Despicable," said I. Jacksie Miske will see how touched we were.

Harry Warner, Jr. writes:—The July-August FD seems to be better than the last one, the only fault being that it's rather anemic in thickness; only thirteen pages not counting the covers and the spread on page three, though that's not intended as a slur at Rothman and

Maltadonia--what I mean is that we could stand just a little more reading matter. However, the quality of the articles made up for the lack of quantity. The Reinsberg piece is just the type that I go for.--it really gives you some inside dope on what goes on in the editorial holies of holies. I can't get any sense out of the title for "Whither Wollheim," unless it was to attract attention, which it undoubtedly did, at least in my case.--anyway, the article was decidedly worth reading. Miske's "Ysta" was great; very reminiscent of Lovecraft. And Wilkinson's article was good in most places, though I must admit I didn't go into gales of laughter at any time. Speer's article was better than the majority on the same order, but I couldn't get much sense out of the Cloukeyarn--maybe I'm just dumb. The front cover was okay, though a better scene would have been lots more effective, and Rothman's series starts out fine. I can't figure out for the life of me, though, what those electric fans are doing there, when there's no air for them to fan--or is there? (They weren't electric fans; I believe they are supposed to be telephone connections, or something. Maybe Rothman can explain?--RAM)

Mark Reinsberg writes:—The art work this 5th issue of FD is really excellent. A decided improvement over that of the last issue. The cover stands out very well; more than that, it is attractive. Keep up the good work.

As for the stories, etc; on the whole, they were better, but I believe a better magazine would result if you kept FD more to S.F. news and fact. That, after all, is what Digest implies. It's all a matter of opinion, though.

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COMING IN FUTURE ISSUES: Excellent material by Henry Kuttner, Harry Warner, Jr., Sam Moskowitz, Jack Speer, Dale Hart, and others.  
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NEW FANDOM! Fans, support this organization; it is slated to go places and do things! Already NEW FANDOM has announced its intentions of sponsoring the WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION next year. The organ of the club is also titled NEW FANDOM, and is really a worthwhile effort. Dues are at a minimum, and it will be to every real fan's advantage to join—Sam Moskowitz, 603 S. 11th Street, Newark, New Jersey.

SEND TO:

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