

THE FANTASITE

SEPT. 1941

10¢

VOL. 1 NO. 5



The Fantasite

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE MINNEAPOLIS FANTASY SOCIETY

VOLUME I NUMBER V.....SEPTEMBER 1941

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

SOME NOTES ON ALIEN RACES.....	L. R. CHAUVENET.....	Page 5
THE THIRD CONVENTION.....	HUSTERAR.....	Page 13
ABSENT.....	JOE M. FORTIER.....	Page 3

HUMOR

THE MUTANT COVER.....	BOB TUCKER.....	Page 10
-----------------------	-----------------	---------

FEATURES

HILL FIRE.....		Page 15
MY NOTES.....	JOHN CHAPMAN.....	Page 3
ALONG THE HAMS AND PROS.....	CLBERT A. JANKINS.....	Page 21
RECOMMENDED READING.....	BOB TUCKER.....	Page 21
MY MEMBERS.....	SQUAMFOOT.....	Page 21
FANTAS-VOICES.....	THE READERS.....	Page 22
FANTAS-SCRIPTS.....		Page 22

Advertisements.....Pages:- 12.....20.....22.....&c.

THE FANTASITE is published and edited bi-monthly by Phil Bronson, at 234 West 5th Street, Hastings, Minnesota. Address all mail to 1710 Arizona Avenue, Santa Monica, California, however, until September 24th. This publication is the official organ of the Minneapolis Fantasy Society, and represents the START BENT TRAILWAY. Subscription rates: 3 issues, 25c; 6 issues, 50c; 10 issues, 75c. Ad rates: one-fourth page 25c; half-page 40c; full page 75c. Trade subscriptions and ads welcome, as are contributions. Unsuitable material will not be returned to sender unless accompanied by return postage, and will be forwarded to some other fan publication. Opinions expressed by writers herein are not necessarily those of the editor, and no responsibility is assumed for untrue statements made by writers. This magazine is 100% behind the 1942 World Science Fiction Convention in Los Angeles.

ABUTMENT

By JOE J. FORTIER

The primary idea behind this little article is a bit of out and out propoganda for science fiction conventions.

Everyone is taking this coming Pacificon with ill will and poor sportsmanship. The Dixie group has shown itself to be a very poor loser since it has openly stated that it will not be at the convention for 1942; more than that, it has stated it probably would not come even if there were an opportunity of great merit.

This is ridiculous and haphazard thinking. Those who pulled for a Philcon have been heard and seen from very little since losing the bid. This is rash to merely chuck everything because a little bid did not go over quite well. I don't believe anyone had heart and soul set in the bidding like the Golden Gate fans, yet they are heartily supporting the Pacificon, which is being sponsored by their worst enemies!

The Pacificon must have and will have support. Why? It may be the last convention we will have for a very long time. Indeed, it may never come to pass due to the presence of Adolf as guest of honor--a very possible thing. We must all pull to make this coming convention--the Pacificon--the greatest and most glorious one ever staged in the history of science fiction fandom. If it is to be the final bow to all conventions, then let it be a fitting one with no ill will or sentiment overshadowing everything. This is a convention for a cause--not a group or one person; remember that.

As for a convention in 1943, if it ever comes to pass amidst such terrible years; Minneapolis seems like the only logical place. If we are commencing a war when Minneapolis starts to function, this spot will be in comparative peace and security whereas a coastal area wouldn't have a chance. The bid will be going east, thereby pacifying the Atlantic Seaboard, yet it will be sufficiently and sensibly close to any section of the United States so that all fans may attend. Every single fan may need to attend as many will be wrapped up in governmental affairs.

Then let us remember to support the Pacificon in every possible way, and to bid for the Minneapolis Convention at all costs. This coming from a fellow who might well desire to place a bid should prove ample assurance that this comes straight from the shoulder and is most certainly not publicity. Anyone understanding my relations between certain individuals can vouch that I wouldn't unnecessarily plug a convention under the circumstances.

As for the hearty organizations in Dixie and Frisco, I believe that they will have understanding enough to postpone all their hopes in the face of common sense. 1944 and '45 aren't too far off; this is a grand and glorious world with plenty of time--there's certainly something to take up time until that future date.

FANTA-NOTES

BY THE EDITOR

Well, here we are again! So many readers have been complaining about the brief and uninteresting editorials of late that we have finally decided to revert to the type used in the first two issues; long, newsy, and containing very little discussion of the magazine itself.

We wouldn't feel right if we left out mention of the Convention here, despite the fact that you probably know all there is to know about it by now. Naturally, it goes without saying that we had the most enjoyable time ever, and would not miss the next convention for all the sf mags in existence. With a few exceptions we found all the fans we met to be swell guys and gals, and among the swellest were Joe Fortier, Bob Madle, Art Widner, 4e, Morrojo, Doc Lowndes, Julie Unger, Hunt-Martin-Wiggins, Korshak, Rothman, Al McKeel, and so forth. Too many to mention here, really.

Among the many "reg'lar fellers" we met at the Denvention was a new fan, Rust E. Barron (Rustobar) of California, and we're proud to have him represented in this issue with his account of the sfvention. We hope you'll enjoy it, and don't forget to write, in any event. We'd like you all to send ratings of each item in this issue, using the Warner 1 to 10 system. Just drop a postal, or better still, write a nice long letter! And while we're on the subject of material in this issue we'd like to make a few things clear in regard to the new column, HELL FIRE. Upon reading this column, many people are going to be mighty indignant, and mad! However, you must realize

that the writer is merely expressing his own opinions, as he states, and to quote him: "I hope you can take a little open slamming." Despite the fact that the column will undoubtedly be obnoxious to some, we feel that the majority will find it interesting. This doesn't mean that we agree with the columnist on everything he says, because we don't. Particularly in regard to Walt Daugherty and Jenkins and Gilbert, and it might be well to mention here that since writing the first installment of HELL FIRE, the author has changed his mind in regard to the fanzines Fan-Atic and Sun Spots, since they are now so greatly improved as to be among the top-rankers. We would like to state that the pages of The Fantasite are always open to rebuttals of any type, in the form of articles, or in the columns of the reader's section.

We want to thank Lew Martin for entertaining us at his home for several days after the convention. We had a highly enjoyable time with Lew and Joe Fortier, who was also staying at the Martin residence. And thanks are also due Tom Wright and Joe for the splendid time they showed us when we spent a week at the Wright residence in Oakland, recently. We had the pleasure of meeting Lou Goldstone, editor of "Fantasia", Louis C. Smith, old-time fan, and new director of the Golden Gate Futuria Society, Grady McMurtry and wife Clara, and many others.

Incidentally, D. B. Thompson, now, "Basilisk of the Bayous", may be reached henceforth at 213 Lakeview, Pineville, Louisiana. We met

Don at the Denvention, and he is one fine chap. Unlike quite a few present he was quite reserved, and most likeable. We're sorry we didn't get a chance to say goodbye, Don!

Pardon us, readers, if we seem a bit incoherent right here. We just finished listening to the Inner Sanctum program, featuring a slightly gruesome tale. For the benefit of those who may happen to be unfamiliar with this weekly program we'd like to say that it's really a worthwhile half hour for weird lovers. About one dramatization in every three is really weird enough to suit us, so we listen every week in hopes that the evening's tale will be about vampires, ghouls, werewolves, or the like. And, incidentally, we just picked up Unknown Worlds and it looks good to us. The new, large format appeals to us particularly, and we aren't complaining at the large number of Cartier illustrations throughout the number!

We've heard rumors to the effect that several new fanzines are about to appear. Among them, according to hand-printed announcements scattered at random all over the Denvention hall will be one published by the Cosmic club of Indiana. It seems that this publication will be different each issue. By different we mean that it will have a different title, different contents, and a new type of format each time. Sound interesting? We didn't think so. Another new mag that will be popping up in the mails any day now is Pegasus, to be put out by Bob Jones. He already has it dummied and ready for publication, and it will lean slightly toward the fantasy side. Knowing Bob as we do, we feel assured that it will be a nifty little number, and well liked from the start.

By this time it is probably known that we have taken over DAWN, for publication, as a result of un-

forseen difficulties on the part of Wright and Fortier. We hope to have it in the mails within the next two months, but as things stand we aren't too certain. The magazine itself deserves to be called a book, inasmuch as it will consist of seventy large sized pages of the best fan material ever to be assembled between two covers. Not only this, but it will have lithographed covers, colored mimeographing on the best mimeo bond procurable and will have biographies of all the well known fans accompanied with photographs of each. This book will only cost 25¢, which is certainly cheap enough for such quantity and quality, is it not? Unfortunately, fandom as a whole has not supported this publication very well, and as a matter of fact, when I first saw the subscription list I was shocked. There were, and still are, only 20 well known fans' names on it, believe it or not! Is this then the support that fandom gives to such a worthy publication? Anyone that happens to be interested in DAWN may send in their order now to the editor at 224 West 6th Street, Hastings, Minnesota, for, despite handicaps, it will still be published. Certain benevolent persons, and advertisers, not to mention many months of arduous labor on the part of Wright, Fortier have made immediate publication possible. The only thing that holds publication up right now is the lack of two or three good articles to round out the book satisfactorily, a lot of dated material having been removed from the dummy. You fan writers, how about these articles? And let's see how much support fandom can really give a worthwhile book! For the benefit of advertisers: 300 copies of DAWN will be printed! Ad rates supplied upon request from the editor.

Well, that's all for now, and don't forget to write, even if just a postal!



SOME NOTES ON ALIEN RACES

By

L.R. CHAUVENET

Since science-fiction writers from the very beginning have drawn heavily on the concept of alien races of beings, intelligent after a fashion, and friendly, inimical, or aloof as may suit the purpose of the story, it would be wearisome and impractical to attempt a catalogue of the whole works in a brief article. Do not, therefore, write indignantly to the editor, complaining that your pet race of Xlrfsks in a story by your favorite author received no mention here. I think that it may be of interest if I discuss some of the salient characteristics of various alien races which I chance to remember from my sf. reading, and this is all I am planning to accomplish.

For obvious reasons, the aliens have usually been inimical. Perhaps Wells may be said to have set the pattern in his "War of the Worlds"; his Martians are, however, in every way less interesting than his Selenites in "First Men on The Moon", since it is the civilization of the latter which receives far the most attention. The Selenites were an insect-like race which bred and developed individuals for the performance of specific functions; they illustrate specialism carried to an extreme. It is interesting to compare them with the Chlorans of "Sky-

lark of Valeron"; the difference is that the Chlorans' specialization was a temporary matter only, thanks to their amorphous nature, and any Chloran individual could apparently develop any required organic structure for the performance of whatever task devolved on him. Such races are obviously non-human, as well as inimical. Friendly non-humans are not quite as common, but are nevertheless plentiful. For instance, we have Weinbaum's "Leones" on Io, creatures apparently of a fairly low order of intelligence, and then again Tweel and his race upon Mars. Tweel was a success because he illustrated what others before Weinbaum had chosen to ignore--namely, the possibility that alien minds may function in a radically different manner from ours, so that communication becomes difficult or impossible. The best other illustration of this thesis is EESmith's Vorkuls from "Spacehounds of IPC." The Vorkuls, a serpentine, winged people, were certainly impressive examples of isolationists armed to the claws! Incidentally, regarding the Hexan-Vorkul civilizations, I have always wondered how they ever rose from the jungle, if the Jovian jungle was all that Dr. Smith described it as. If we return to our main theme, obviously Smith's Arisians from the "Pa-

trol" tales fit in about here, except that they are to some extent benevolent. It would be a blunder to omit mention of Weinbaum's famous "Oscars" on the dark side of Venus. These vegetable-like creatures had minds capable of deducing the structure of the universe from any given fact, yet were philosophically resigned to destruction at the hands of howling savages, or the Venusian equivalent thereof. Speaking of vegetable-types brings to mind Stapledon's mention of such beings in "Star Maker", where the most advanced race is pictured as being a mixture--vegetable by day, animal by night--with intelligence, but not sufficient intelligence to avoid disastrous experiments with extreme attempts to become first wholly animal and then wholly vegetable.

In general, the humanoid races have been pictured as friendly, a trend which is markedly evident in the writings of Jack Williamson and E.E. Smith, among others. Take, for instance, the case of the "Cometeers," where the human inhabitants of the comet join forces with earth-humans against the peculiar sort of light and energy beings forming the "villains of the scene." Where the humans have been described as inimical, we often find reconciliation effected at the close of the story, as in the case of Burtt's "When the Universe Shrank" in which the humanoids come from Sirius, and JWC's "Uncertainty", with its amazingly unpredictable but devastating "nick-of-time-weapon."

Lovecraft has introduced us to many most interesting forms of non-human life, but his readers do not need to be told that they are almost all without affection for the human race. On the other hand, the race of ancient reptiles in Williamson's "Xandulu" is not only amicable but also thoroughly pacifistic. It is interesting to speculate on whether or not a race must necessarily lose belligerency as it grows older; in

this connection we must return again to "Star Maker," where Stapledon sets forth the cases of several "insane" power-mad races which sallied forth with the notion of conquering the universe. The analysis of how they got to be that way is quite interesting; it is one of the few faults of Dr. Smith that his evil races, the Fenachrone, and "Boskone" are supposed to be somehow "innately" wrong-headed, a rather too mystical doctrine to appeal to me, although reasonably acceptable for the purposes of the stories.

The creatures that we have been discussing so far, if not human, at least fit in under the heading of "life as we know it." The question of "life as we do not know it" has naturally come in for much consideration. A story I recall vaguely told of a type of radioactive mineral life which, on encountering human beings failed to recognize them as living creatures, while the humans also failed to discern the presence of radically alien life. We have had several stories of types of life capable of taking on any desired appearance, the creature in "Who Goes There" being best presented. The difference in time sense and time rate was the basis of another story I recall in which investigating aliens found "no life or movement" on earth, because their time sense was so much faster that the fastest human movement would seem to take weeks of their time. A third tale told of interplanetary voyagers who travelled out to Neptune to meet a friendly race of non-humans, but found nothing. On returning a second time, they located gaseous beings whose movements took up days of earth-time.

The notion of living worlds has occurred on several occasions. Jack Williamson used the idea in "Born of the Sun", and there was another tale, "The Planet Entity" by CA Smith, in which the entity was vegetable in nature, and covered the whole sur-

face of Mars. Flame-beings have been described as inhabiting the interior of the sun in a Schachner opus, while EE Smith has given us the description of more frigid beings, knowing water only as a solid, similar to our iron, in the "Space-hounds."

If we except Van Lorne's "Mar-inorro", most of the few examples of intelligent aquatic life are those taken from the Smith epics, in particular "Triplanetary", although the porpoise-men of Dasor are worth a mention. The discussion of Nevian and the Nevians is quite interesting, but woefully incomplete as far as giving us much insight into the origins and social structure of the several Nevian races. The deep-sea fishes, for instance, have always intrigued me, as it is hard to see how they could have been able to take the always-necessary first steps on the road towards civilization, living at such tremendous pressures. Stapledon's race of ship-beings and his symbiotics, mentioned below, also fit in here.

The microcosmos and the macrocosmos have both, on occasion, been claimed to be the residences of life, and, curiously enough, while mere Martians such as Stapledon's in "Last and First Men" have been often enough described as markedly different from humans, these being avian "units" of radial energy linked up together, nevertheless, the electron and the supra-universe have been "found", usually, to possess strictly human life. Characteristic are Cummings' Golden Atom Tales, Meek's "Awlo of Ulm", and Raymond's "Into the Infinitesimal," where humanities are found in the microcosmos, and Wandrei's "Colossus", where humanities are discovered in the macrocosmos. Raymond's hero at least takes his heroine with him, and does not pick her up during his travels, a fault committed by all the others cited. Any student of biology knows that cross-breeding between humani-

ties of diverse origin would be impossible, or at most produce monstrosities; it is against the laws of chance to suppose that any but this particular race should happen to have evolved exactly 48 chromosomes, each with its own particular pattern of genes. One thinks of Burroughs' naive crossing of an oviparous Martian princess with John Carter of earth's viviparous stock as the classic blunder in this field.

Stapledon is the only author I am familiar with who has discussed the problem of evolution of symbiotic races; such a concept has many fascinating angles. "Star Maker" owes most of its interest to Stapledon's intriguing pictures of other types of life, and cannot be too strongly recommended to anyone interested in the subject. The "Star Maker" himself is an interesting form of extra-terrestrial life, but on the whole not as convincingly portrayed as the less prototypical forms of life. One might mention here Lawrence Manning's concept of "The Living Galaxy", which appeared to be an amoeba-like organism of colossal size, browsing upon suns and being composed of the same. It was killed by having every tenth sun of its mass artificially exploded. Finally, we have Stapledon's suggestion that the suns of space are themselves living animals--an idea for which some support can certainly be found in the fact that suns are born, grow old, and die; take in energy, and emit it, and seem to be in a continuous state of controlled change. While it has naturally been thought that the temperature and pressures involved make any stable grouping of atoms impossible, and hence make life impossible, this conclusion cannot be said necessarily to follow upon the premise, since it is doubtful whether energy beings such as the stars may be, could be said to require such a thing as a "stable grouping of atoms."

All of these forms of life I

have mentioned are, of course, merely a fraction of the thousands imaginable and imagined, but I hope that I have at least been able to present an acceptable cross-section.

-----The End-----

MFS NOTES

As yet the summer months have seen but three MFS meetings, June 14, July 3, and July 25. Each marked a new development in the society's efforts to produce dramatic science fiction recordings. June 14 saw the first attempt, an unrehearsed version of a short script by Sam Russell entitled "The Coalsack". For a starter it proved quite successful. Principal parts were played by Sam himself and Doug Blakely, recording by Morrie Dollens. The story was laid in Africa, the scene an abandoned observatory with a steady beating of drums in the background. In spots the effect was exceptionally good, and the entire credit must go to Sam and Doug for their performances. The MFS hopes in the near future to make a second recording of the same story, and if results are good there's a possibility of some distribution.

July 3 was one of the most successful meetings the club has seen. It was on the eve of the Denvention, and everyone was in high spirits. Halfway through the session someone came up with the idea of sending a recorded greeting to fans at Denver, and before we knew it, all business was cast aside to make way for this one task. We believe that full credit for the idea goes to director Cliff Simak, though no one seems to know exactly just how the thought came to light. Preparations for the recording required an hour. A script

had to be typed, including every word that went onto the record as well as musical cuts and the pause between sides. Each member wrote his own part, and when a final script was assembled the rehearsing began. Twice the group went through the entire operation. The third time a recording was made. A playback suggested numerous changes which were made promptly and rehearsed once more. The fourth attempt was the copy that was hurriedly wrapped, addressed and sent airmail to Denver, arriving at the convention about sixteen hours after completion. It's the first time we've heard of such a greeting in relation to science fiction conventions, and already the members have discussed a similar attempt during the Pacificon in '42. Next year, however, we hope to have a little more time in which to plan our recording.

Music on the record was dubbed in with the use of Dollens' two turntables. "Drama" at the finish was enacted by Doug Blakely and Sam Russell, and Squancnfoot, the dog, was beautifully done by Ollie Saari.

The latter July meeting, minus director Simak, was given to the reading of several fantasy scripts by Carl Jacobi, all of which were enjoyed immensely by those attending. Plans were discussed for an MFS outing, to be held sometime in late August or early September, though as yet no action has been taken.

BRIEFS: MFS members are spreading out for summer vacations, leaving the current meetings rather thinly populated. Simak has just returned from a Wisconsin journey, so we understand. Bronson is dictating for Fantasite from California, Eggum still roosts at Camp Claiborne, (not a vacation, however), and Charles Jarvis is working at Glacier Park in Montana.....Sam Russell's short story, "The World Accursed", which appeared in the last issue of Fanta-

(Continued on page twelve)

THE MUTANT COVER

"Okay, boys!" the big man said. He was impressive; the boys snapped to attention, gripped their pencils and drawing boards tighter. As one man, they looked expectant (as expectant as they were each Saturday morning in the pay line). One just looked.

"Okay, boys," he repeated again. "Progress! We gotta get something done. The office (jerking his thumb upstairs) is riding me hard! Now here's the dope: the company is getting out a new magazine. It's up to us to work out a cover and title for the thing, and . . ."

"What kinda magazine, boss?" broke in artist #1. #1 was a peach on girl's figures, and was used on the cover of Saucy Tales regularly. "What's the dope?"

"A science fiction book!" the Big One announced impressively. "And I'm to edit it, too."

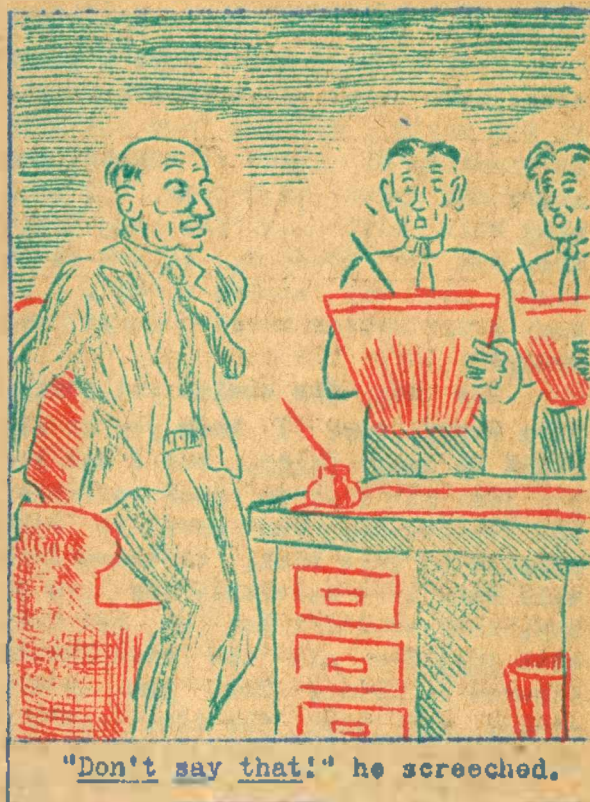
"What the hell's a science fiction book?" piped up artist #2. This #2 was a new boy around the shop. He had recently graduated from a correspondence art school (advertised in the company's magazines) and to date, had done only a few interiors in Doc Gentle. "What?"

"Uh . . . uh," His Nibs hedged, "...you know. Rocket ships swooshing to Mars, and giant ants invading the Empire State, and . . ."

"Oh," interrupted #2. "Those crazy things."

"Don't say that!" the big man

By Bob Tucker



screeched and jumped out of his seat. He peered cautiously around, and sat down again, breathing heavily. "Boy, if you value your job, don't ever say those words here again! There may be a fan around!" He mopped beads of moisture from his brow.

"A what?" chimed #2 and #4 in chorus. "A which-what?"

"A fan," the Big Shot explained patiently. "The guy who will read our magazine and not throw it away afterwards. The dear public that writes me letters on how to run the magazine. Admirers, collectors."

"Oh," said #2, and packed a world of meaning in that barren moon of an expression. "Oh, I'm enlightened."

"Hah!" the Big Man snorted. "I wish to hell I could say that! I've been trying for five or six years to figure them out, and can't. But what

about a title for this book?" His eyes swept the circle.

"Say, boss!" #1 popped up, "I've got an idea. Let's call it Super-Duper Space Stories: I've got a masthead all pictured. Listen: across the top, against a brilliant red space-scape, we'll have a giant slug, (the kind deep in the bowels of the earth), and out from him will be shooting all kinds of comets and stars and gyros and things. This slug will have horrible long feelers, and be drooling saliva as it wings its way across space . . . what's the matter boss? Anything wrong?"

The Big One smiled patiently. "I'm sorry, boy. I know you do all right on Saucy Tales, but I can see you just ain't up on your science. And believe me, you have to know science in this book, or those fans will make life miserable for you! Why, they wouldn't let us get away with that for all the circulation figures in China! Not, you understand, not that the idea isn't a good sales flash. But . . ."

"Gosh, boss, it sounds all right to me. What's wrong with it?"

"Well, in the first place, it's unsound, scientifically speaking. Giant slugs from the bowels of the earth can't fly thru space, and---"

"Don't they?" #1 asked incredulously. "Don't they really?"

"No, I'm afraid they don't. So you see it's unscientific. Furthermore, I'm kind of wary about those stars . . . well, that's something else again. Seems like I read somewhere the nearest star is forty billion miles away. And think what the fans would say about that!"

"But boss, couldn't we dig up a star closer to the earth? Something about as far away as . . . as . . . well, the sun for example?"

"Nope. Sorry boys, no stars. It's unscientific. Okay for the comets, but we can't use stars and giant slugs. Oh, by the way, what are those 'gyros' you mentioned?"

"You know, boss, gyros," said

#1 hopefully. "Them planets that spin on rings like gyroscopic tops. Why couldn't we throw in three or four of those?"

"Good idea!" shouted the Big Man. "By Jove, that's a capital idea. And those double-damned fans can't get us there. We know those planets exist! Okay, boys, we're strictly scientific so far: ringed planets, comets . . . but what kind of a body shall we put on them?"

Numbers 1, 2 and 4 looked thoughtful. Number 3 continued to just look expectant.

"I'm wondering," said #2 then in a small voice. "I'm wondering about that red space. Is space red? The sky always looked blue to me."

"Hah!" exclaimed the Great One. "You've got something there. But we can remedy that darn quick!" He grabbed the telephone. "H'lo. Get me Jenkins in Shipping. That you, Jenkins? Good. Jenkins, you're a crack photographer . . . tell me, what color is space? Huh? No, I said space. S-p-a-c-e. That stuff up above the sky. Yeah...yeah...yeah... yep. Okay, Jenkins, thanks." He hung up.

"Jenkins says we can use any color. Statistics have never proven what color it is. Okay boys, we'll use the red space!"

And the conference went on.

Despite fans and scientific principles, #1 was stoutly in favor of the giant slug. He argued that a brilliant yellow slug against a deep red space would make a newsstand splash to be reckoned with.

On the other hand, #2, somewhat timid, suggested a flying dinosaur. He just wasn't sure what a flying dinosaur was, nor where it lived, but he had seen cut-outs of the scaly thing advertising gasoline. It would make a brilliant splash on the cover. Comets and gyros could be whirling around it. Of course, there was always the chance that some other firm had the dinosaur copyrighted but the Legal Dept. could quickly take care of that. #2 made quite a

The Third Convention

BY
RUSTEBAR

This is the impression that the Third World Science Fiction Convention gave a new fan. It started officially on July Fourth, but to me, it started much earlier. As early as Wednesday, the Second, I had already met Lew Martin, Olon Wiggins, Al McKeel, D. B. Thompson, and Adam Lang. We discussed you-know-what and played cards. Martin, McKeel, and I had even gone out to the army field where Charles Schneeman lives since being drafted by our big uncle. We were unable to get in touch with him as he was off on leave at the time.

Wednesday night, we ascended to the fourth floor of the Shirley-Savoy Hotel and invaded the temporary homestead of the Heinleins. The Futurians and others arrived later to make quite a roomful of fans. Mr. and Mrs. Heinlein proved to be real fans. Smokes and cokes were liberally provided, and so many things were discussed at such length that before we knew it, the new day had arrived. The invading horde slowly ebbed from the room to allow the hosts a short time for sleep and rest.

More fans began arriving the next morning, and before the day was through, old friendships had been renewed and many new ones formed. On the eve of the convention, nearly thirty fans were already assuming command of the hotel and wandering about the lobby collecting autographs in "Stephan the Stefan", given by Morojo in exchange for an autograph.

As the evening wore on, small groups began leaving the lobby and drifting innocently into the streets of Denver. As they wandered along, they watched for signs which would

tell them they had found what they sought. Finding them they would slink into the dive of their choice, and partake joyously, amid many jokes and much laughter, of what came to be known (via Widner) as a "beep". As a result of too much application of joy tonic, one group became belligerent and almost caused a pre-convention brawl. Happily, a little diplomacy prevented this mishap. Thereafter, a joke session was held in Widner's room. This little meeting became a nightly occurrence. Widner hardly let anyone else get in a joke edgewise.

The official convention got started the next afternoon after a morning of waiting. Once it got started, it kept up a rapid pace all the way through. Almost 70 fans registered, and many interested persons in Denver dropped in at various times. Among the best-known fans present were 4e Ackerman, Don Thompson, "Poll-Cat" Widner, the Futurians, Korshak, Unger, the Galactic Roamers, Demon Knight, T. Bruce Yerke Schwartz, Madle, Fortier, Freehafer, Morojo, Phil Bronson, and Rothman. The fast rising "Doc" Daugherty and his Eleanor honeymooned at the Convention. The Heinleins, Edmond Hamilton, and Willard E. Hawkins proved themselves real fans as well as pros.

As late as the opening evening, fans were still arriving. This was a real fan convention, introducing several new fans as well as the old. Several total unknowns appeared, among them Elmer Meukel and Dave Dawson (from Washington), Charles Massion (Salt Lake City), William Deutsch (NYC), and Rustebar (Calif-

ornia).

At the opening session, **every-**one was introduced via the register, and stood to be seen and known. The guest of honor, Mr. Robert A. Heinlein, gave an excellent speech which proved to me that he is a fine speaker as well as a fine author. He discussed "the scientific method" and the future of fantasy fandom as associated therewith. He told us the necessity of its use in our changing social conditions. The talk, very complimentary to the ego of the listeners, was received courteously and appreciatively by the convention.

Shortly after the close of this speech, Galactic Roamer E. E. Evans talked to advocate more cooperation and purposeful planning in fandom. He suggested that fandom eliminate feuds and plan a long range program for its own future. He passed out a resume of his speech so that those present could read it over and give more thought to it.

After a recess for dinner, the evening session was begun with the costume party. Mr. Evans devastated the convention with his carefully done "Bird Man from Rhea". He depicted a member of an advanced race of evolving bird-people who had become space rovers after overcoming their own planet. The costume, which must have cost many hours of labor and no little cash, took the first prize. It was vividly colored, each feather being put on separately, and the eyes (cockeyed) were up on stalks. This costume was donated to the committee and sold to Morojo at the auction.

"Doc" Daugherty copped second prize. His costume was made up mostly of experimental materials used by the airplane factory where he earns his living. He conceived the idea of converting to his own purpose experiments which went wrong. Thus he built up his "\$500" space pilot costume which incorporated plastiglass helmet, shoulder guards, ray gun, and a protuberance

on the headpiece which was purported to be a means of thought expression. From the shoulder guards, a flowing black cloak fell down behind a suit of blue and gold.

Third prize was taken by Forrie Ackerman who appeared to be the Hunchback of Notre Dame. He wore a rubber head-mask which was a panic. It was somewhat loose in the front and he achieved a rather grisly effect by purposeful breathing. As he went about the room beckoning to people to come near, the face contorted gruesomely. No one seemed to reciprocate his desire for companionship.

Other costumes to be seen were "Akka" (Morojo), "The Improbable Man" (Elmer Meukel), Pinero (Deutsch), Jno Star (Demon Knight), Heinlein's prophet (Cohen), a skeleton (Korshak), a mad doctor (Kornbluth), and Doc Lowndes as a zombie with a slashed throat. Bob Heinlein, who had prepared no costume, came as "Adam Stink--World's Most Lifelike Robot", and Art Widner was a wow as old Granny from "Slam!". He portrayed her--voice and all--almost directly from the story. He was so good that no one knew who "she" was for a while. Many fans felt that this impersonation and costume should have taken one of the prizes.

Following the party--and some struggling to get there first--came drinks, consisting of a barrel of beer and two kinds of wine. Most of those present partook thereof. When things finally calmed down, we found that the film "Lost World" was ready for showing. Everyone still able found seats and the show was on. Being pretty happy, some of the audience provided allegedly witty sound effects and helped out by petting the monsters on the screen and creating new ones by hand. Wally Beery and Lewis Stone appeared in the picture, Beery playing "Professor Challenger". At the close of the picture, various Denventionites again sought the Denver dives and the elixir of

joy. This lasted only until the dives closed at the ungodly hour of 2 o'clock, when part of them again went to the Widner joke room.

On Saturday art-work was displayed and admired, several varied discussions held, a goodly number of mags were sold, and little was done otherwise until evening. Then came the auction! With eager anticipation we watched the auctioneer, Mr. Korshak take the rostrum to direct the fight over the spoils. Only F. F. M., Planet, Future Fiction, Astonishing, Cosmic, and their companions contributed, so there was a shortage of good material. However, under the guidance of the redoubtable Korshak, prices zoomed high. Brady paid \$9.50 for a Finlay black-and-white. Other prices went correspondingly high. Top buyer was Gus Willmorth, who took home everything he could get, including Unger's only complete bound set of FFF. Wiggins got the only Dold offered. Heinlein got stuck with Korshak's skeleton head, so he proceeded to auction it again. This time Schwartz was hooked into it by Hamilton. At this time Heinlein's greatest embarrassment came. Daugherty, who recorded the entire convention, made a disc of this episode and then played it back. It was a kick.

After a highly successful evening, most of us went to the local amusement park and made whoopee on the rides and in the fun house until we had to get out. Then, once again, some had to attend the Widner joke school.

Sunday we got started with the soft ball game. Widner's hand-picked team managed to tie Korshak's opposition team in the fourth and last inning after trailing 7-2 from the beginning. Relieving Korshak, Daugherty gave up the needed 5 runs to tie. Dale Hart held 'em down for Widner.

Upon the opening of the last session before the banquet, bids were made for next year's con. Joe

Fortier, bidding for Frisco started out by telling of the plans the Golden Gate boys had worked out. They had nearly everything promised for free, but didn't win the bid.

Milty Rothman then expounded the good side of Washington as convention grounds, but due to subversive propaganda re conditions there, he also failed. RAM then managed to get one other vote for Philly.

With an earnest plea, and without promising anything but a good convention, Walt Daugherty then copped a 2/3 majority vote to hold the convention in Los Angeles. Even with this majority, the decision aroused considerable ill-feeling among some who wanted the con to be in the East again. However, it's LA in '42, and let's all be there.

When the heat of wrath died down, Daugherty once again took the rostrum and spoke to further advocate Evans' ideas. He then awarded medals to the following people: 4e for best fan and being of most service to fandom; Roy Hunt for best fan artist; Wiggins for the best and most consistent fan mag; Damon Knight for being the top humorist, and Julie Unger for putting out the best news-weekly.

After much discussion and revision, a resolution to support the NFFF was passed. The convention session then adjourned to allow preparations for the convention topper, the banquet.

Everyone should have had enough to eat, and everyone had a chance to say something. Heinlein, Lownes, Daugherty, and others presented speeches. Franklyn Brady then delivered a fine presentation speech and presented Mr. Heinlein with eleven books bought by popular subscription and selected with the assistance of his wife. These were gratefully received by the honor guest.

The convention ended with everyone bidding sad farewells, vowing to be in LA next year, and autographing the books for Mr. Heinlein.

COME TO LOS ANGELES IN 1942!!!



HELL FIRE

To start at the beginning, which is the logical place for one to commence something, I wish to waive any rumors that this column will ever begin to replace the fine Fantasips of a few issues back. I will do my utmost to make this column somewhat interesting with my own special brand of desultory comments. Rest assured of one major point, however, which is that this space will never become insipid; it may be sour, acidic, obnoxious, or fetid, but never will it become ramblings of a thoroughly tasteless or odorless nature. Correct me if I'm wrong in believing that fandom, as a unique whole, revels in things that are on the revolting or anarchic side.

As this column has started in a somewhat stinking and non-unique manner, the Convention has just drawn to a thrilling finish. Now all eyes are turned to Shangri-LA where the stfvention for 1942 is to be held. I thoroughly believe that this coming stfvention will be a terrific success through the efforts of Forrest J Ackerman, director of the LASFS, and Morojo, head of the Esperanto Society, if not through the efforts of one Walter. J. Daugherty, director of the LACon. This obviously does not make too much sense to one who is not in the know, so to speak. Walt is an admirable lad through his indefatigable personality, but it is just so much show as far as certain well-informed ones are aware. What this unrespected one distinctly despises is a person who does work for the prime

purpose of seeking unwarranted publicity! I feel that this is exactly how the stfvention will turn out. Director Daugherty will receive all of the credit as a false letterhead, while Mr. Ackerman and Miss Morojo, a most admirable team, will do the vast majority of the actual work behind the scenes. No one can truly foresee future events, however (and thankfully), so Walt may yet come through with the true goods.

Speaking upon that subject of publicity seeking, it is to be made clear that I hold nothing against ego-bolstering. I feel that it does everyone a great amount of good to have that old boy called "ego" given a definite boost every so often. Hell Fire! little reason to be living if one feels that he is not wanted, that he is not appreciated, or that he has never done anything to bring himself into the hearts of a few. This is utterly different from mere moguls of publicity; they prey upon the public with no thought of doing anything in return for their popularity. A bubble, theoretically, is formed and filled with nothingness; well, the scum is always differentiated from the cream, given time. Pardon for the digression into moralistic qualities -- everyone knows that mine are not too esthetic. All should agree that bad morals are better than none at all, eh what, reader? But this is all to prove that approval is due ego-bolstering, but not publicity seeking. No man or woman can lead a normal life without that certain feeling that he

or she is essential to some other person. Can't you feel how utterly horrible and empty life would be if you were totally unwanted, totally useless, and distinctly forlorn? Those who can seek enjoyment from life when they are surrounded by hate upon all sides are a distinct case for a psychopathic ward. Take heed; Kornbluth and Sykora.

Fans speak of boycotting this and boycotting that, but their action always ends. No true action is ever put into effect. Sun Spots has been dropped -- not flopped, mind you -- dropped from stfandom due to a distinct boycotting from a popular group of fans. This should be done to other select fmz. Namely? Well, Fan-Atic and Fantaseer for starters. It wouldn't be bad to try a little boycotting on the worthless publications -- popular of course -- such as Voice of Imagi-Nation and Mikros. The former are disgustingly worthless in format and material while the latter are haphazardly good-looking but truly worthless as far as content is concerned. Fan - Atic is no more than another Sun Spots (is enough said?), and Fantaseer has been with us for about two years, always decreasingly good (if good is spoken with a broad sense in mind). VoM is most childish, to say the least, and merely contains comments on the last issue which in turn contained comments on the last issue, ad infinitum. Mikros has no place in stfandom, as far as I can see, for it is no more than a slovenly Technocratic bulletin. Let's keep Hoover and the Tecks out of stfandom; stfan politics are okay, but keep the Native Daughters and Technocracy out of our group. Look how detrimental the Futurian group as a whole has been to stfandom. Notice how Socialistic DC'ers have made an attempt to tear things down.

There is more digression here, of course, but that is only natural in a column where a columnist may do as he damn well pleases (Take it easy, Phil!). It is a known fact that stfandom needs neat fanmags -- not that there aren't a few -- and

boycotting is a method to get rid of the 'crummier' ones. Fan-Atic and Fantaseer are a couple to start cleaning out as swiftly as possible. There are several others, of course, but these will suffice to make a start. What is to be done thereafter? Make the established fmz a bit neater than before, is one suggestion, but that is not the prime necessity. Good quality counts a devil of a lot. That is why it is suggested to clean up VoM and Mikros in a good fashion. There are others, still again, which feature crummy material, but these mentioned have no place in stfandom as far as can be seen by an observing individual. These fellows who think they do have the goods for another fanmag should start writing for the established fm that they wish to crack and replace such hacks as Warner, Bradbury, Ackerman, Fortier, etc., who would be willing to take a much needed rest from over-activity in the fan-field. Size doesn't mean too much if quality is to be featured. Here's the whipping point: which do you prefer of these two -- a 50 page Fan -Atic or a 12 page Fantasia, the same price for either? Now, think it over and do something. Fellows like Deutsch ((new fan present at Denvention..Ed.)) and Jones would do well to think over such points. Not that they might not turn out a fm of outstanding quality, especially the latter, but they could do much to help the quality of the established journals. Editors who are also writing for others would do well to use their spare time, formerly used for writing, to work on their own publications, thereby creating a much neater piece of material. I believe that this is an idea worthy of presentation to the NFFF. A final point is that better fan-art is a prime requisite. Omigawd! please glance hastily at one of those covers for VoM ludicrous, aren't they? To put it bluntly, the stench is most nauseating and odious.

Several new FAPA publications will soon be evidenced. Bronson has a new one, unnamed as yet, and Fort-

ier is going to continue Starlight therein in order to insult certain personalities with factual evidence and direct quotations. If any compliments are included, they will be most deserved; the mag will therefore consist of much ego-deflating, of which I approve provided it occurs to the right individuals at the right time. Hart may issue an FAPA mag as may Wright. Let us all hope that this will make the organization take on some speed instead of featuring drivel of the Wollheim and Speer variety. This is not intended to be a slam against the individuals concerned, but it is a knock at their respective publications.

Southern fandom is suffering a terrible disease. That is nothing. The disease has a double-germ that causes it! Every single one of the fans down there suffers from over-hospitalitis and awkwardhumourousness; a majority also has a slight case of staggeringvocabulariosity. No one can successfully write an article with back-slapping and joviality that doesn't seem artificial unless orally presented. Moreover, articles that are meant to be serious should not overflow with silly puns and corny jokes. Topping all of this walking encyclopedias should keep their big words out of the articles unless they can handle them deftly. Follow Heinlein's rule; he never uses a big word when a small one would work as well or better. This especially applies to Jenkins who always persists in using words of which he does not know the meaning. Incidentally, I guess that Jenkins and Gilbert haven't made up their minds as to which one of them is God. Hurry up, fellers. Seriously, Gilbert is far the better of the two. While not another Einstein, he has a mental maturity hard to beat. Jenkins may be a genius, but he has ideas of one just entering the adolescent stage. McQueen? Well, I know that he's a mighty fine poet. But Eastman! He writes the most boring material my weary eyes have ever had the extreme displeasure to scan. Give the boys time; they may

learn from cruel experience.

Then there is an amazing thing about Daugherty. Better yet to say that there has come an amazing thing to Daugherty, for recent days have brought much change to this fellow. Upon being first introduced to stfandom, Walter J. was a very amicable fellow. He was friendly with everyone, on the best of terms with all, and an all-around swell guy. If anyone was a better known fan than he, Walt promptly acknowledged that fact. Look at him today! Walt has come to the astounding conclusion that neither Jenkins nor Gilbert is God; but Daugherty is God! He's absolutely convinced of the fact. He ran the Denvention,* thereby secured the bid for himself, and will run the next stfvention. Perhaps when the Pacicon is over, Daugherty may get a chance to run the one following that. Daugherty tries to run the LASFS, and almost succeeds, and sure makes a good attempt to run Northern California. He had all of the Californians buffaloed for a long, long time. He is trying to step in to gain control of the FAPA; if he does not succeed he'll eventually start a rival organization of his own. If the FAPA offers too much competition WJD will promptly offer the explanation that his rival is a group of Communists and is un-American by trying to stop God in his sacred work. Daugherty will no doubt attempt to run for the next presidency of the NFFT; with his long line, I can see him kidding the membership into electing him. Daugherty has as annual, he has a regular publication and a FAPA publication. More than that, Walt runs one of the few record magazines. Why the dickens doesn't he give someone else a chance to crack the publications field? Take a close look at his record:

Daugherty hasn't been in fandom for much more than two years. It's a cinch that he can't answer the simplest stf quiz. Ask him who illustrated the second installment of "Skylark Three" someday, or when Wesso's first cover appeared and on what magazine. He probably won't

know, unless he looks up the answers. Daugherty is an ingenious copy-cat. The majority of the cuts in Shangri-La are stolen from standard cuts, and half the art-work in Rocket is copied from photographs. More than that, all of his original illustrations have been enlarged from small pictures. Cyclops is very sloppy, and his records are a direct steal from Winchell. He got into the LASFS limelight by practically electing himself; anyone can win an election without any opposition. As a personal note--: Listen, Walter; why don't you wise up to yourself? You're on the road to ruin right now. You're losing plenty of friends, and you'll soon be gaining many enemies. After all, the road to being number one fan is a tough one and only those who are deserving get the title. It's an honor that one has to prove himself eligible for in the face of hard struggles and many years of fan-work. You aren't God, after all, so come back to earth for a spell. You're a decent chap when you're in your right frame of mind.

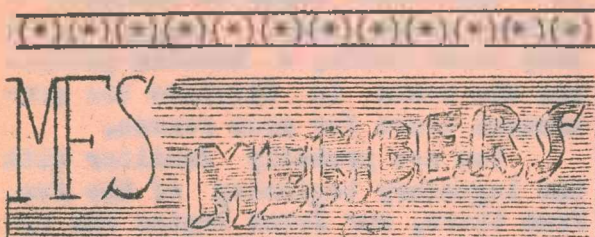
Awards of the month: A slightly shriveled onion-skin to Sam Moskowitz for his stand in regard to the Denvention. A bouquet of gardenias to John Cunningham for his British Science Fiction War Relief Society. The former mailed an anonymous letter to the Denver Chamber of Commerce as an inquiry to see if there would be any Denvention. This was plainly no more than a letter to throw a bad light over the Denver Stfvention. If Sam was in utter seriousness, he could have had the common decency to send a letter direct to Olon Wiggins before drawing any hasty conclusions. As to the latter award, Cunningham is doing a marvelous job in the way of helping British Stfandom. If you have any real spirit in you, mail some of your newest issues of the better stf promags to 2050 Gilbert Street, Beaumont, Texas, accompanying each of same with a five cent stamp. State to which country you wish the mags to go; Cunningham will see that

they get there. Maybe six months' passage will bring you a complimentary British promag. A suggestion to aristocratic stfans is that they might donate a dollar or so to this worthy cause which has the seal of unanimous approval from the Denvention; I'm doing just that and I know I am the farthestmost thing from a rich soul.

I don't know whether you will like this column or whether you'll extremely dislike it. However, rest assured of one thing: I don't give a damn what anyone thinks. I trod on practically everyone this issue and don't know what the reaction will be, but I hope that you can take a little open slamming. When a person gets it in the guts, he has it coming. And the person ain't always male. After all, a few subtle compliments get dished out on rare occasions. If there is anything that is detestable it is a person who smiles in your face, then stabs you in the back when you turn around. I could mention several names, but I've got the common decency to keep my trap shut in order to give certain ones a chance to mend their ways. Hypocrites are utterly loathsome, to say the least. If one doesn't like something or someone, why not let the individuals concerned know? If one has the finesse and tact to handle a dislikable person in a refined manner, then more power to him; but not if that one is going to talk behind his back. Lowndes is a fine example of one who knows how to use diplomacy, both at close range and from a distance. I doff my hat to the gentleman.

Thanks for sticking through to the end, if you did, and I appreciate your attention no end, if it has been given. I hope that I have not sounded too egotistical, for, though I wish to make my column interesting I do not want to accomplish my ends in the Miske manner. I sincerely hope that Editor Bronson has the common sense to edit this in good fashion, but still leave enough of the original atmosphere as not to change the meaning as so often hap-

pens with amateur editors. Phil, however, has a good amount of common sense. That is proven in his work, for as is factually evidenced, it's damned hard to be very intelligent and an all-about good sport at the same time, of which Phil is both. This isn't blatant praise, but well deserved commendation. If I thought Phil was anything else, I'd calmly tell him to go to the utter depths of good old Hades. Yes, I would, by Hell Fire!



as seen by Squanchfoot

Yep, we knew it. Sooner or later, in MFS circles, the inexorable and awful question would present itself: WHO IS SQUANCHFOOT, the wonder dog? Ollie knows, but he won't tell. Chapman knows, but he won't tell. Or will he? By the way, who is this boy JOHN CHAPMAN?

Our Jawn was born, it seems, in some obscure villa in the dreary state of North Dakota, but has lived in Minneapolis most of his 21 years. His earlier years were mainly concerned with turning out huge volumes of writing concerning, of all things ---Nick Carter. Johnnie has put the doughty dick through more tight scrapes than the original creator ever thought of. He'll never show you, but he has literally drawers full of it.

About six or seven years ago, his interest changed to the fantasy field and poor old Nick was left out in the cold. Soon after, he was plucked out of his happy home into the Mpls. SFL. Since then he has been very active in s-f channels as a reader of the mags and correspondent with other fans. His writings in the fantasy field are about as

voluminous as the earlier Nick Carter efforts, and he has sold a few to various mags. He writes on the theory, apparently, that if you write enough, you are bound to sell something sometime, and his hedge-hopping imagination produces new ideas like a machine. The stories he has sold to various pulps have spurred him on to greater heights, and now he has a semi-secret yen to sell the slicks, especially American Magazine.

The Great Profile reads most of the mags, and likes these emements in s-f stories: Good writing, characterization, and dialogue, plus punch endings---either the surprise variety or the good old heart-throb. Doesn't care for pure science in fiction.

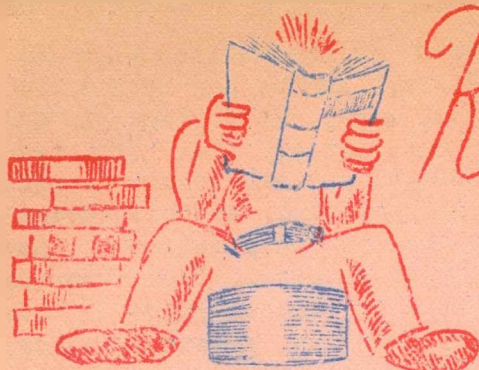
Music plays a large part in his life. He loves to tootle on a battered clarinet, and at least 99% of his income (in the banking business in downtown Mpls.) goes for phonograph records. We'll personally match his collection of records against any we've seen in town.

He likes: Picnics with that certain gal - (Let's go for a picnic --you bring the blanket) - historical novels, especially those of Kenneth Roberts, baseball, his Ford V-8 Stokowski, long trips, Simak, Hal Kemp, and hamburgers--with puns.

He hates: Cops with spotlights on their cars, Cheerio sticks, cats, and ghouls. Especially ghouls. "They're so slimy...." he shudders.

So that's Chapman. Next issue, Squanchfoot, the wonder dog, reveals himself!

Join the Fourth World Science Fiction Convention Society! Membership is \$1.00. Give your support to the Pacificon and help make it the greatest convention of them all! Receive an attractive membership card and the bi-weekly newsheet, PACIFICONNEWS!! Walter J. Daugherty, 6224 Leland Way Hollywood, California. LA in 1942!



Recommended (?) Reading BY Bob TUCKER

Take particular note of the question mark in the brackets ---(I say brackets because the word is so much easier to spell than parentheses)--- in the heading of this stanza. The book about to be discussed is questionable. To be or not to be fantasy, the authors said to themselves, and they had a hard time deciding. As it finally turns out, it is in the sense that three characters have everlasting life (well, almost), and it is not in that the sexual element was deliberately played up to boost sales, for which I blame the authors not one whit. They were working on the royalty basis undoubtedly, and every trick means a dime.

There are really three books in the series, each book is the life story of each of the three characters mentioned. The first book, "My First Two Thousand Years" is the tale of the Wandering Jew, the same lad who pops up every now and then in the promags. "Karpen, the Jew" in Gnaedinger's very first Famous Fantastic is the latest instance I've read. ((Ed's Note: there was also another Wandering Jew story in a fairly recent Planet, we believe)) "My First Two Thousand Years" is by George Viereck & Paul Eldridge. It sells pretty well, too, my copy is of the eighth printing (November 1929) from the Macaulay Co., New York.

Described as the autobiography of the Wandering Jew, the authors tie no reins to Mr. Isaac Laquedem nor to their imaginations, and poor Isaac is responsible for everything

from philandering with Pilate's wife to organizing and financing Mussolini's blackshirt march on Rome, not to mention giving tacit support to a chap named Lenin, a Russian gentleman who seeks to displace the government there for some reason.

You are probably familiar with the legendary beginning of the Jew. From there, our Isaac begins his upward climb, progressing from palace to palace, from ancient city to ancient city, and it must be mentioned that seldom (if ever) did he sleep in his own bed, or if he did, certainly not alone. Which is why I included the question mark in the heading. I am thinking of Joe Fann, aged thirteen, who might be led astray by the volume. Isaac wanders on, in time meeting two other characters somewhat superior to himself in that they cannot die, while he of course is limited to an unnamed life span. The first is Salome who has been on the scene a long time before him; the second is a not-too-intelligent chap from Africa. According to my somewhat befuddled intelligence, I deduce that this third party originated in a white African tribe and because of a secret potion he once swiped and swigged from a local priest, cannot die.

The African believes Isaac is God, or what passes for God in his mental world and forthwith becomes his slave. Together they set off to roam the world and the ages, ever on the trail of Salome, whom Isaac hopes to marry. They meet most of the big shots of history, Nero, Faustina,

Constantine, Attila, Mohammed, Ali Hassan, Charlemagne, Prester John, Don Juan, Queen Isabella, Columbus, Giles de Retz, Joan of Arc, Lucretia Borgia, Queen Elizabeth, Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, Spinoza, Rothschild, Frederick of Germany, Mussolini and Lenin. Really everybody that was somebody in history. If Isaac didn't get around to them in time, they just didn't turn out to be a tink-e-'s dam. Mere puppets. Oh, before I forget it, we are also controlled by him -- you see, early in the life of our republic had got something on Ben Franklin and company, and came into control of the banks hereabouts. So he owns America too. It could be that he was really the chap who founded the Sat Eve Post, who knows?

They never miss a trick, often shape history by just that: a trick. Such as the dark night he painted chemicals on the back of the slave and sent him up a hill in front of Constantine's army, outside Rome. At the proper moment the slave zipped off his shirt ((Eds. Note: Hey, Pong, did they have zippers in them days?)) and there emblazoned in the night sky (so it appeared) was the cross, formed by "stars". Or the time he met a doddering old cnap in the woods. The old gentleman had blew his top it seems, but still wanted to set the world afire. So Isaac puts some wonderful words in his mouth, and Rousseau comes bounding out of the woods to write books and things. Among other enlightening things I learned was that Joan of Arc was a white witch, and that that old rascal Shakespeare was in love with Willie Hewes, the first Juliet. Willie, it turns out is/was a femme, a mere slip of a girl, but the ladies were barred from the stage in those days, so our Juliet was a Willie.

The second book in the series, "The Invincible Adam" (Liveright, Inc. 1932) is the story of the African person, his version of the past two

thousand years. It is tied in pretty closely with Isaac, for he met him "early" in life and sticks with him to the end. (End of the book, not life or lives.) He manages however to slip away now and then to set himself up as a harem-master somewhere until his girls grow old and he is forced to depart for fear the villagers inquire into his never changing age.

The third book (I hope I haven't switched these last two, chronologically) is "Salome, the Wandering Jewess" (Publisher, date unknown to me) who dedicates her life to creating a new, third sex, and making Isaac unhappy by leading him a merry chase.

Now, as I implied, these books may or may not be fantasy. The interpretation rests entirely on the particular reader. For every one who finds them so, there will be two or three who will not. But I have proof that at least one other famous fan has read them, or some of them, for he once used a quotation from the first book in his fanzine! I shall repeat the quotation, you place the fan and fanzine:

"My First Two Thousand Years", page 134: (quote) "Unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged!" (unquote) You catchum, Joe? ((Eds. Note: Our guess would be Sam Moskowitz, writing in the Science Fiction Collector, keerect?))

YOU AREN'T AN ACTIFAN UNTIL YOU READ ALL OF THESE:

SOUTHERN STAR

SPACEWAYS

FANTASY

LE ZOMBI

VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION

FANTASIA

FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST

and, of course, The Fantasite, which is a very subtle hint to you fans who have let your subscriptions lapse to re-new them! The Editor.

AMONG THE HAMS AND PROS

Joseph Gilbert

-- representing --

Harry Jenkins, Jr.

"The Columbia Camp"

PROS

Astounding: August. Harry couldn't see the Rogers cover, but it struck me as being rather good. "Nightfall" by that conceited and preconcious brat, Asimov, is an excellent story with a striking plot, and very clever development. "Test of the Gods" is a rewrite of Amelia Reynolds Long's "When Half-Gods Go," and not such a hot rewrite at that. "Mission" is so-so, "Elsewhere" ditto, "Methuselah's Children" ends happily and satisfactorily, and Knight and Bester aid a good bit in bolstering up the short story end. We're inclined to believe that X has something when it sez that Astounding's longer stories are outstandingly good; its shorts mediocre.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries: October. Sorry, but I don't think "Palos" is such a little daisy dandy. Very glad to see a reprint of one of Lovecraft's best known stories, but disgusted that it wasn't "The Outsider" instead of "The Color Out of Space". The latter story is exceptionally good, of course, but lacks the tremendous punch of climax possessed by the former. Splendid Finlay cover.

Future Fiction: There was quite a campaign in all the writer's magazines a while back against mags that used reprints. Columbia is the only company that now offends in this respect, I believe, tho the campaign was originally directed against the Fiction House people, publishers of Planet. (Let me hasten to add; however, that Planet has never used reprints itself.) Anyway, a stf mag that uses reprints cannot help but be cheapened in the eyes of all writers as well as its purchasers. We know Doc doesn't like the idea worth a damn, but it's up to the fans to do something about it thru the letter section of FF, I think. As to the new stories: Doc summed it up rather well himself in his "Beacon Light" column for Spaceways, "...the policy of such magazines is fixed; one may see less outrageously bad yarns, but don't expect real science fiction." Future Fiction is certainly a big improvement over the old mag, but there's not a story in this issue that is more than mediocre; tho if the mag goes in more strongly for good fiction from the fans in the future, the situation may change. (We understand that Doc has a story by Tucker coming up; probably a sequel to the short in Super Science. Swell!). Excellent Box cover, and very good interiors by Bok and Dolgov. Departments are all most interesting. That squib, "Reprinted by Popular Request" on Cummings' story, is good for a chuckle or two.

Weird Tales: Sept. Block melodramatic, and I wonder whether or not Miss Quick is capable of writing anything but mushy and magnificently dull romances. Her "Lost Gods" this time, is a real stinker. We suspect Bond of being heartily sick of Lancelot Biggs

and pulling a Conan Doyle by killing off his infamous hero. "The Man Who Lived" is an unusually well-written little story with a trite ending. Good Brundage cover.

Unknown: October. Ha! The new large size is the stuff. Format not as neat as Blue Book, perhaps, but definitely on the plus side. I started the lead story, determined not to like it, because of an overabundance of DeCamp lately, which is rather like an overabundance of peppermint candy -- it cloy's your taste eventually. However, this had its serious moments, and on the whole it rather appealed to me. But it's hardly worth your while if you have something better to do. The climax was rather puzzling, tho not as much so as Hubbard's story, leaving several points unexplained. This seems to be open season on sloppy endings. Bobby Bloch is thoroly delightful; don't miss his lovely little novelette of a knight in modern times who got tangled up with a truck farmer, who in turn was tangled up with the protection racket -- the wrong end. Beautiful. Cartmill and Hubbard are best in the shorts, and "Smoke Ghost" is good. We're astonished that Campbell would print a story as melodramatically and poorly written as "Prescience". "The Dolphin's Doubloons" is chiefly remarkable for a villain that sneers, the first I've ever seen in Unknown. Good ending, tho. Can 't understand why all the fuss over Nostradamus; whose ambiguous and remarkably unspecific prophesies are just beautifully vague enuf to be fitted to any situation. Oh, well, if it enables article writers to live. . . . Kuttner gets away from demons long enough to tell an amusing story of a labor organizer among gnomes. Bests: ties -- "A Good Knight's Work", by Bloch, and "Borrowed Glory" by Hubbard. Worst: "Finger! Finger!", which wasn't really stinky; just too average for comment.

FANZINES

Musts---

STARLIGHT; Spring. This thing inspired a "Gluckle!" of breathless surprise when it was first brought out of the envelope. Which, I thot, was a very clever comment under the circumstances. Seriously, STARLIGHT is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. A splendid piece of work that deserves the heartiest commendation of fandom. The paper is 24 lb bond, and the cover stock is 36 lb which is exactly, plug, the weight of that used every issue on the covers of the SOUTHERN STAR, unplug. The cover is fairly good, especially considering that it was done directly on the stencil, and the interior Hunt is not only a beautiful pic, but a masterly stenciling job, by the olde master stencilere himself e, Tom Wrighte. The format is quite unexcelled, the mimeoing is perfect and the interior art work is lovely -- with the exception of that gloriously lousy Bush horror -- and the entire magazine a really remarkable job. Unfortunately, there are no extra copies left, and if you missed out on it, you've also missed one of the best fanzines ever issued. Pardon me, the best looking fanzine ever issued. Congratulations, Tom and Joe, on a truly fine fine fanzine!

FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST: July. This serious-minded, very entertaining pub comes from JM Rosenblum, 4 Grange Terrace, Leeds 7, and you can get it by sending 75c to that gentleman. It's composed of mimeoed pages from several different British fans which are assembled and stapled together. It's candid and realistic and delightful. Outstanding in this issue are letters from Britishers and Americans specifying what they read in the bath. Good clean fun. Or is that funny?

ECLIPSE: August. In four issues this Michigan fanzine has risen from the position of "just another fan mag", to a deserved position as one of the fan field's leaders. The small faults in its appearance have all been cleared up with this fourth issue, with the aid of a good grade of mimeo paper and cover stock and clear cut stenciling. There's one of those excellent Rudy Sayn front covers on this number, and a Jenkins back cover, which, if not as good as that genuinely fine symbolic effort he had on the previous number, is up to snuff. The outstanding feature of this publication is, as usual, its many diverse and unique columns. D. B. Thompson kicks in with some quite interesting musings. On the Pros, Dick Kuhn tells of his visit with those two exceptionally swell dopes, Tom Wright and Joe Fortier. Bridged Editorations is a bit too much of an editorial this time, rather than a column. Ship a quarter to Richard J. Kuhn, 13598 Cheyenne Detroit, Michigan, and insure yourself of the next three issues.

Good Enuf---

SUN TRAILS: Summer. The second number of this Joquel publication is not as neat in appearance as the first, but the material, while written entirely by the editor, is all good, and some of it is exceptionally interesting. Cover smells, interiors are fair. You'll enjoy reading this bi-yearly magazine, so drop the editor a card and tell him to ship you future issues. You'll be expected to pay for 'em, of course, but it's only a nickel per issue, and two nickels a year won't break you. Or won't it? Incidentally, whatever happened to SPECULA? Oops, the address is 1426 West 38th St., Los Angeles, California.

To Complete Your Files----

FANTASEER, 5¢, William H. Groveman, 38 Maryland Avenue, Hempstead, New York. This department is always easy on newcomers, because we know only too well the perils and shortcomings involved in making up that magic first issue. But when a hectographed magazine appears issue after issue with lousy hectographing, obviously don't-give-a-damn appearance, even margins on one page, uneven on all the rest, a letter section that is illegible because it runs over into the ads, rotten spelling, and typing errors struck over with no attempt to correct them -- well, it's about time someone started getting caustic, I think. All this is FANTASEER. Careless, immensely sloppy, smeary makeup, and stinky material, issue on top of issue is, to my mind, the indication of nothing but the attempt to get out any crappy thing that another fan editor will trade his honestly-sweated-for, sincerely-striving mag for. I have never

been with Koenig in denouncing those enthusiastic smaller fanzines that are limited by their editor's funds, circumstances, and/or time; but, I do, emphatically, see no place in fandom for the dead beats such as Groveman's mag. Good Bronson cover on this number.

FANTASY TIMES: October. Remember the Triumverate? Well, they're back without Sykora, and with another news mag. Oddly enuf, there isn't a slap at a Futurian in the thing, and they don't even try to belittle the Convention. On the contrary there's a rather neat makeup, some news I haven't heard before, and a thoroly Moskowitish article by Moskowitz, that I nevertheless enjoyed. Good letter section, and on the whole not too bad for a nickel. You can always neglect to re-subscribe if they start using Fantasy-News tactics, so snip 'em a quarter for six, and keep in touch with the times. Ha! ha! Joke.

"X", June, 10c. The Futurians all contribute to this thing with ideas and articles, which Lowndes then re-writes to preserve, as he puts it, a comfortable veil of anonymity. I liked the first issue quite a lot, but this second one -- not so good, boys. The slaps at Speer are dull, and so obviously prejudiced as to be completely worthless. The article on Joquel's pubs stretches a point or two in order to have something nasty to say, ala Koenig. We wish the boys would abandon their frantic attempts to obtain even margins without a dummy. Sorry, but thumbs down on this.

COSMIC TALES, August. Same people, same price as FANTASY TIMES. A good cover, considering that Taurasi did it. And the Giunta interior is surprisingly splendid, darn good. The attempt to make a zombie out of the defunct New Fandom is abortive and bound to fail. Everyone is giving their all to a sincere and truly worthwhile effort toward a united fandom -- the NFFF. Tell the lads and lassies about the NFFF, Phil. The fiction by Gardner is God awful, and in the issue is gruesomely cheerful news that it will be followed by fiction by Moskowitz, Taurasi and more Gardner, Joseph Gilbert.

Pros

Fantastic Adventures: September. After starting out with a fine little character in Oscar, the lovable Martian, James lets him (1) shoot up a few zombies, (2) go Western and shoot up a few Indians, and now (3) he's coming back to shoot up somebody else. Not Oscar, I'll betcha. Palmer sez in his editorial, "You'll go for it (Oscar's return), we predict." I'll go for it, but it won't be Oscar. It'll be the third door to the left. I might be taking up a lot of space here, but it's a shame the way authors create fine characters like Adam Link, Oscar, Meg, etc., only to make them into stinkeroos in sequels. Now if Binder will let the little people save the world or the U. S., everything will be _____. (Supply your own word just so it's spelled h--e--l--l).

FANZINES

To complete your files----

SUN SPOTS: August. Nope, still won't go over, not even in the new printed format. The material is poor, but the best is Wellman's

piece on his Marrrrrtianssss. Methinks de la Ree and the rest would have done better to put out a large mimeod mag. With printing prices what they are, why they ought to have been able to really put out a good mimeod mag with the money they spend on printing four mediocre sheets or so. Anyway, it's 10c from 31 Bogert Place, Westwood, New Jersey.

Musts----

SPACEWAYS: The front cover on the August issue is by Bob Jones -- need I say more. It's a pretty good drawing, but the stenciling is a bit poor this time. I found the article on vision, "Fourth Color Field" quite interesting. Madle's account of the Widneride is good, while "A Collector Speaks" is not too good. The most disappointing thing in the entire issue, however, is the knight-Hurter tale. We were all primed for another of damon's fine humor sagas, but we just didn't like it.

Harry Jenkins, Jr.

Editorial Note: Our apologies to the writers of the above column, and to the readers, also. As a result of lack of space this issue we were forced to cut the column to about three-fourths of its original length. We'll try not to let it happen again!

ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertise-

in PEGASUS:

The first issue has been mailed out already. Number two will see substantial increases in the number of those to whom Pegasus will be mailed. Mektoed in many brilliant colors, your advertisement will command instant attention. Ads will be illustrated, if specified, by Pegasus' staff artist, Mr. A. Lambert Widner, Jr.

Full Page----50c

Half-Page----30c

One-third page--25c

Two-thirds page-40c

Quarter page-20c

For smaller afd: 2 1/2 cents per line.

For further information and placements, contact the editor at 281 14th Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Join the Fourth World Science Fiction Convention Society -- now! ----

fanta-scripts

We open the letter section with a missive from the editor of "Pegasus":

BOB JONES

Man, that fourth Fantasite really hit the spot, no kidding. A better looking magazine would be hard to get. That cover drawing was swell. One of your best pieces to date. Do you intend to use the set-up regularly? It's quite attractive. ((If you mean the titling, yes.)) The World Accursed was a good piece of work. Glad to see that you're publishing more fiction. Good illustration on page eight. Chauvenet, as usual, turned out a fine article. I would like to see something like that as a series. ((The second of Chauvenet's "Notes" articles is in this issue, and we expect the series to continue.)) One criticism: his style is a bit icy and impersonal---perhaps some people might lose interest half-way thru, due to this (This does not apply to me). Something on the next page here---Newarkon? It never commanded much of my attention....I never knew that Taurasi and Sykora were mixed up in it either. Enlightening, these New Jerseyites. By the way, I was born and lived most of my life in Queens---funny I never noticed the stench. You're right about "Special-

ized" being dated---slightly? Among the Hams and Pros---all right, but I can't imagine an active fan even noticing the Standard or Ziff-Davis publications. Jenkins giving all that space to a lousy magazine like Fantastic Adventures destroys my faith in the human race. Bluebeard? A surprise ending---but for Brazier, not too good. The MfN Notes were quite entertaining---speaking of tall fans; Ford is 6' 6" or thereabouts. Fanta-scripts was short, but readable. ((Do you mean short in comparison to previous sections, or short as compared to letter sections in other fanzines? If you mean the latter, we can't agree with you!)) I missed Harry Schwarje's monthly letter---don't leave it out next time. Yes, I was well pleased with this issue, too, it was not set up as cleanly as was ~~the~~ Ink changes (and paper changes) in one article. Right edges occasionally uneven..... but the use of three color pictures and the double column page made up for those.

Next we have another "Bob", who, it seems, has a few gripes:

BOB TUCKER

I unhesitatingly nominate one Phil Bronson, editor of The Fantasite

that many strange beds. The July Lez
was mailed before the convention to
your Hastings address. Did or did
not you get that? ((We did get it,
and a fine issue 'twas, what with
that litho-cover and the added bulk.
Not an item to be missed!)) J u l y
issue still rates a nine as a whole,
but what is the idea of reprinting
an ASTOUNDING astronomical plate,
and how did Campbell come to let you
have it? ((As explained in the edi-
torial we were in one big hurry, and
there was very little time to do the
cover in. unthinkingly, we probably
drew something resembling an ASI as-
tronomical plate, having been influ-
enced by same when it was published.
Sorry!)) Box 260, Bloomington, Ill.

[illegible]

LYNN BRIGGS

The cover was really something. Best Bronson pic I've ever seen, and the colors blended in perfectly. Maybe it was lucky the blue part did come out too dark, as I think the red-black combination was better than the intended three color job would have been. Anyhow, using the Warner system, I'll give it 9 points. Unfortunately, the colors were somewhat off-center on Jones' pic, but it was still good. Anyway, that was no fault of the artist's and he gets an 8. Mixing colors that way is a tough job on a mixer as I've found from sad experience. You do a much better job of it than I could even hope for. FANTA-NOTES7. I like longer editorials. THE WORLD ACCURSED....7. 'Twas well written, but I just don't like fiction in a fanzine unless it's something unique, that couldn't possibly be used in a pro mag. The ending was also far too obvious. ((The story, of course, was never intended for fanzine publication; it was well written, and quite different from the usual run of fan fiction---

that's why we printed it. Readers are clamoring for fiction, but we won't print stories just for the sake of variety, unless they are good.)) Nice pic accompanying the story, and this time the colors matched O. K. 8 points for the illustration. SOME NOTES ON THE IMMORTALS....8. Darned interesting. More articles like this wouldn't hurt any fanzine. The next item, the one about why the Solaroids abandoned the Newarkon, was pretty boring. Why can't the boys just forget anybody ever mentioned such a conference, without trying to throw the blame for the idea on everyone else? If you want a rating on it, give it 4. The biogs on MFS members continues to be one of your best features. 8 for the pair this time. ((Squanchfoot is quite the popular dog, these days.)) Lew Martin's brief article is a six pointer. Nothing in it that hasn't been said more than once before this. AMONG THE HAMS AND PROS. 9. The way Gilbert and Jenkins are handling it, this is the best review column in fandom, or anywhere else. ((Are you listening, fellas'??)) Not overly long, but still long enough to do a complete job of reporting. I didn't agree with everything the boys said, of course, for instance, Jenkins' rating of my column. And just for the record, Editorations does not appear in YHOS. Not that I'm complaining, but Widner might get mad about the error. ((Sorry! the error was purely typographical.)) Oh, yep, just one thing missing from ATHAP. Where was the review of the second SOUTHERN STAR? ((Another oversight on our part.)) BLUEBEARD I didn't care much for. No definite reason, it just didn't go over. 6. MFS NOTES7. FANTA-SCRIPTS....7. And that concludes things for this time. The duplication job wasn't quite up to that of the third issue, but was still well above the fanzine average. Technically, FANTASITE is right at the top, and your material, too, is generally well above average. 7720-Pitt, Apt. -7; Detroit, Michigan

Next in line is that chess friend from Virginia, with a few brief comments:

L. R. CHAUVENET

I liked your fourth issue of Fantaside. I cannot take time to comment on it at length because I have to analyze and send moves in about 40 correspondence chess games--the cards piled up while I was away. Cover is marvelous, except for a slight "familiarity" in choice of subject, which reduces the score to 9. To tell the truth, I thought.... ((Censored, by request!))....was the best thing in the issue, although I forbid you to publish this opinion in your readers' column. Russell's story brought to mind a tale I read in one of the later, small-sized Gernsback Wonders, "The Accursed Galaxy," on a quite similar scene. I think "Among the Hams and Pros" is tediously long and drawn out. I question the advisability of continuing it. Wait a minute--I'm thinking of the previous issue. Three pages for this issue would still have been preferable to four. I think. The Honorable Mention dept. is the most interesting part. I rise to remark that pardonyx ((FAPA magazine.)) is as colorful as any fanzine now being published. There is at least a certain interest in comparing the opinions of Joe and Harry. Youse is a wannaful guy wif a mimeo! Esmond, Virginia.

We again delve into the correspondence and produce the editor of "Fantatic":

CHARLES (CAG) BELLING

Latest FANTASITE, though not quite as good as No. 3, was excellent. Liked best Russell's and de la Ree's contributions. Cover would have been better on pink paper, where blue would have shown up better. Drawing excellent, though. Harrington Pk., N.J.

Comes next an excerpt from a letter from across the pond:

DOUGLAS WEBSTER

No FANTASITE so far, but no doubt it/they will flow through the box all in good time. I've taken over FANTAST from CSYoud, so if I manage to finish it by next week you'll get a copy then, if not, later. With luck I may manage to put out two or three more issues of it, but inevitably I will follow the way of all good English fan mag editors and quit this autumn. Thus, I can hardly offer it in exchange for anything, but you're welcome as a friend/acquaintance/correspondence/anything-you-like. If you know of any morons who'd care to have copies, have 'em write me without delay for terms. Well, how did the Denvention stagger along? As you'll see, my latest US letter was wrote just before Art Widner thundered along with the Skylark to pick up Milt & head full-steam for the West, so I wouldn't know. ((Article in this ish ought to give you all the details, Doug. And I recommend FANTAST to anyone that doesn't have a copy of the latest No. from Doug Webster, Idlewild, Fountainhall Road, Aberdeen, Scotland.)) A few comments next, from the MFS' best impromptu entertainer:

DOUG BLAKELY

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the last Fantasite. I read it from cover to cover, twice; it was that good, and better. Natchnerly, the best thing in the mag was good old Sam Russell's "The World Accursed", which was really a beautiful piece of writing, good enough for any pulp on the stands right now. Orchids to Sam for a great little yarn. "Bluebeard" was good also. Just about everything in the mag was tops. ((We can readily see that brother Blakely likes us! There'll be more of Russell coming up. Some dandy book reviews are on hand here for the next number)) 4244 Crocker Ave Minneapolis, Minn.

And here's another MFS member:

KEN PETERSON

A few comments on the latest Fantasite. Glad you left the contents off the back of the cover this time, Sam's story is fine, I liked his style of writing very much, and your illustration was good, too. As for Hams and Pros, couldn't you put the pros all together? It's rather confusing the way it is now. Altogether it's a swell issue. 1410 Wellesley Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Here's a portion of a letter which was crowded out of the last issue, commenting on #3 Fantasite:

D. B. THOMPSON

Jacobi treats a nighly controversial matter in a sensible and enlightening manner,--but I still don't care for definitely weird material. Squanchfoot, who took the honors in the club pic, also seems to be about the best writer in the MFS, which, considering the makeup of that organization, is very high praise indeed. "Among the Hams and Pros" is very adequately handled. One person can't do justice to such a column. Suggest that, where there is violent disagreement among the various members of the Camp, they might occasionally give conflicting reports on a specific magazine or story, just to liven things up a bit. ((How about it, boys?)) Fanta-Scripts deserves special mention. A good fanzine gets a good letter section, and vice versa. Why, even Schmarje, the noisy little fellow from Iowa, has a readable missive. Nothing like that ever happened before. Warner, Ackerman, Gilbert, and several others have written entertaining, constructive letters. I heartily agree with Robert Arthur in the matter of critical material for future issues. 213 Lakeview, Pineville, Louisiana.

Here's a long letter which we felt was just too good to keep to ourself:

BILL BRUDY

Belated thanx for the ish of Fantasite. I enjoyed it, but plenty. There is a bit of a story -- tearful and stupid to recount but rather necessary to establish proper connections -- about the way I happened to get on your address list. I was at the local P A blotting up beer and half-way through the third I thought I saw a small brown man dash out of the trash-basket and bite me in the ankle. Naturally this reminded me of UNKNOWN, so I set the beer down and began forging my way toward the mag counter. While banging for service with an old piece of propellor I carry for just such emergencies I noticed a long chap beside me doing the same thing except he was using a defunct egg-beater that he must have stolen from the mess hall. He was making a far classier commotion than I was so I stopped to watch and admire. A clerk finally ventured out from behind a pile of empty aspirin cases and apprehensively inquired if he could help. "One UNKNOWN," the egg-beater fellow and I bellowed at once. The clerk, accustomed as he was to the erratic behavior of radio men, nevertheless sprang a foot or so into space before serving us. But we didn't notice. It's a rare thing indeed, even in a crowd of five hundred, that you can ask for an UNKNOWN and have the request turn to be a duet. We turned and measured each other up and down. I cringed a trifle -- this roscoe being rather larger than me and having the appearance of a man who would tolerate little or no nonsense. But we recognized Bob Bloch's "too-b right" look in each other's eyes. Another minute and the old bull began flying. Another minute and people began to point. "I know a fellow,"

said Egg-beater, "wna is a veritable nut on this stuff. If you give me your address -- " The ink was dry and I had my pen back in my pocket before he got that far. "What's his name," I inquire. Egg-beater laid out twenty cents for Street & Smith. "He's from the cities, name's Phil Bronson -- " I pay for mine with a ten which I've been keeping in a secret compartment to avoid seizure by poverty-stricken barrack wolves. The clerk scowls in annoyance, but I can afford to ignore him. "I've seen this chap's stuff up at Mart Alger's at Mackinaw City," I interrupt. "He puts out a nice mag. Where is he stationed now?" It turns out that you're not one of Uncle Sam's busy nephews, much to my surprise. New grooves wear into your mind easily in the army, and I'd grown to think everybody I'd ever heard of was either a sucker or a deaftee --- if you get my meaning. At any rate we gab for all of fifteen minutes whereupon something occurs and this chap has to dash off. I linger in the pleasant daze that follows an unusually promising acquaintance, meanwhile watching the clerk warily as he counts out a stack of ones. All of a sudden it occurs to me that I don't know Egg-beater's name. "Hey -- !" I yell, and start running. "Hey -- !" yells the clerk waving green. "Hey -- !" yell five guys at a nearby table that I've promised on four Bibles and a prayer book that I'm broke. I'm smothered. I come out with four sixty. (Scene Two) Yesterday I'm on K. P. I am dishing out cake. It's been all of two or three months since the free-for-all in the P X. My arm has been out of the sling for a couple of weeks. All at once in the chow line I see a familiar face. I look around for the egg-beater, but he is carrying a pocket full of old tubes now I see. Mentally I allow that maybe they are noisier, though not as permanent as his old stand-by. "Hello, Bill," he says. "I want to see you. -----contd. next pge.-----"

Be home tomorrow?" I throw two pieces of cake on his tray -- glancing about first to check the location of the cooks -- and say, "All day. Come on up. Barrack 726." He nods -- grabs some bread from the next stop in line and runs for a table. All of a sudden it occurs to me that I still don't know his name. "Hey -- !" I yell waving a spatula. "What the hell," inquires the next customer, taking a piece of cake out of his hair, "do you think you're doing?" (Scene Three) Today I stay in my barrack all day holding the bunk down. No Egg-beater. Comes five o'clock and still no Egg-beater. I am ravenous from no meals. Though a thunder-storm is in full swing I crawl into my G-I raincoat, strap on my water-wings, and take off for the mess hall. I eat very poor chow. I come back to 726 convinced of the incompetence of army cooks, the incompetence of the G-I raincoat and the stupidity of its inventor. Muttering something about epithets I slipper out of it and make to throw it on my bunk. But hold! you've guessed it -- Egg-beater!! At last I have him. "Just who are you, friend?" I inquire. "Don Connors," he says sticking out his paw. "Did you hear from Bronson?" "God yes," I mutter. "I've got a Fantasite here someplace. Also some stuff from Evans and a Le Zontis or two. Have you seen the latest UNK? What did you think of my little job in Wonder? Oh." He sat down and we started. I'm glad he came -- I met one very nice guy even if it did take me two months to learn his name. I really like Fantasite. Especially I like Squanchfoot and the "Hams and Pros" which Gilbert and Jenkins do nicely. Fantascripts, too, fills a niche of its own. Speaking of Hams and Pros -- I was unfortunate enough to miss Merritt's "Metal Monster." I wanted desperately to read it. I intend trying to get it from Munsey's. ((There's alot more to this letter but unfortunately, we can't all ow

it any more space this issue.)) Bill's address: Pvt. W. J. Brudy, 34th School Squadron, Scott Field, Illinois. He's probably graduated by now, however, and we don't know his new address as yet. Next a couple of excerpts from letters about #3, which were also crowded out of the July issue.

ROBERT J. WASTELL

Enjoyed The Fantasite very much. Keep Tucker's column. Ask him to give us the latest dope on the new books. Keep Hams and Pros by all means. How about putting down some dates? You might also rate each mag with a letter: masterpiece--M; excellent--E; very good--G; and so forth. 2511-6th Ave. E, Hibbing, Minn.

RAJOOZ

Am very rushed now, so will use the Warner-Roud rating system. Give the front cover a nine; it is good. "Fanta-Notes" are fair, but only worth a 6.5. Jacobi gets an eight, Tucker, an eight point five. "Fantasy Factory" is a weird, but it is nevertheless worth a seven.

A couple of longer letters now, which just managed to make the deadline -- and get squeezed into the dummy. An MFS'er is first:

SAM RUSSELL

The cover ((July)), of course, is splendiferous; it's definitely reminiscent of Astounding's astronomical covers, and the looming ball of Saturn has a live, three-dimensional quality, probably enhanced by the diagonal line strokes of the sky. The frontispiece by Bob Jones is good, too, though drawings of that sort that seem like illustrations from stories ought to be accompanied by a bit of explanation, it seems to me; it would help one's appreciation of the picture if the artist were to write a paragraph or so, in perhaps

prose-poem manner, to accompany and supplement it. The excellent mimeoing and cleanly-drawn illustration of my story make the thing seem almost good, until you start to read it. ((Tsk, tsk, Sam, don't be so modest!)) Donn Brazier's "Bluebeard" is written with fine succinctness, but I'm afraid I don't care for clever "let-down" endings such as are the fashion among light fan fiction today. The articles, as usual, are the best things in the issue. L. R. Chauvenet's "Some Notes on the Immortals" is excellent literary criticism and just the sort of thing that ought to be featured in every issue of The Fantasite. (How do you like the second article in this series?) Chauvenet classifies the various types of science-fictional immortality soundly and clearly and discusses them very intelligently; moreover, his article is solidly and logically constructed in its form--something that most fans forget when they write. The only major fault in it is the absence of footnotes giving the source of the stories he mentions. One purpose of such an article should be to stimulate the reader to read the stories--at least the good ones, or perhaps one might like to know how many of them one has in his collection. Also I disagree with Chauvenet's opinion that "any immortality which left the immortals feeling unhappy...must be....defective." Such a dissatisfaction with the tedium of immortality would be a purely psychological condition, perhaps curable by medical treatment but certainly not caused by the physiological operation or elixir that produced immortality. It is not comparable to an inefficient cure for insomnia, since there the craving for sleep has always a physiological basis. Physiological and psychological nervous disorders are two different things, even though they overlap somewhat and are both based ultimately on the physical structure of the nervous system. Attempts to cure psychological maladies by physiological means have hardly begun at

the present time. (Incidentally, the current movie, "Shining Victory," which should be seen by everyone interested in scientific research, deals quite clearly with these interesting recent experiments to find chemical remedies for psychological disorders.) Now let's see, where were we? Ah, yes, The Fantasite. Gerry de la Ree's article on the Newarkon admirably describes without punch-pulling the infamous machinations of the Unholy Three and is the second-best piece in the issue. "Scientifiction--Specialized" is rather slight, and although what Martin says about Astonishing and Amazing each filling a specialized field is correct, it does not justify Amazing's moronic level (after all, there are good children's stories and bad, and Amazing's are just plain stinky). The biographies of Dollens and Blakely are, as usual, well done and thorough, though I tremble at what will be said about me if Squanchfoot ever sniffs in this direction. Gilbert's and Jenkins' magazine reviews can be criticized only for their brevity; there is too much white space among them, even though, of course, some of the mags don't deserve extended treatment. "MFS Notes" is personally interesting to a participant in the escapades therein recorded, and I am happy to see that the letters in "Fantascripts" are doing right by our mag. ----- Sam's new address: 3230 Clinton Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The popular editor of "Southern Star" winds up the letter section:

JOE GILBERT

The July FANTASITE came, was seen, and conquered. That five color front cover was a lovely job. Or was it three color? ((Yes, three colors were employed. Like the cover this issue)) It was still a lovely job. The second sheet contents page was a good idea, but it didn't work. The paper is too light to make a good impres-

ion. ((The paper you refer to is a light onion-skin bond, and extremely difficult to mimeograph on as just about every other copy sticks to the cylinder, being destroyed in the process of removal.)) The Jones drawing was quite good, too, altho the colors were a little out of line. The Russell story wouldn't sell to any pro mag. It's written nicely enuf, but the idea has been used in a million different forms. It was strictly a fan story. That last paragraph, tho, was a honey! I liked it immensely; read it over several times, in fact. Wasn't quite so enthusiastic about any part of Brazier's story. Or the whole of it, for that matter. Not bad. Just average. Chauvenet is, of course, one of the really good writers in fandom, and everything he turns out is well worth reading, while some of it is exceptionally excellent. His article on the immortals was as well-written and appealing as anything you've ever printed in FANTASITE. That de la Ree piece was darn good reading, too. So that's the inside story, eh? Not very nice people, these members of the triumvirate. ((Maybe -- anyway, we know that Jimmy Taurasi is turning out a couple of nice, unbiased magazines!)) Lew Martin was rather stupidly obvious. You must have used it merely to fill up a couple paragraphs. The MFS notes and biographies are far more interesting than things of their sort usually are. Who gets the credit? ((Chapman, of course, writes MFS Notes as is always noted at the end of them, and shucks, we wouldn't want to tell who Squanchfoot is! Suffice it to say that there is a "guest" Squanchfoot this time for a very important reason -- which should make things clear! Squanchfooting this time is Doug Blakely.)) 1100 Bryan St., Columbia, South Carolina.

Well, the letter section was pretty long this time. We still didn't get all of the letters printed, though!

We hope you'll take time off to drop us a postal, at least, letting us know how you liked this issue -- and don't forget those ratings! Chauvenet's "Some Notes on the Immortals" was the best liked item in the last issue, followed by "The World Accursed" and de la Ree's article. Next issue, providing enough ratings are received, of course, we'll give a complete line-up of the material and how it rated according to the 1 to 10 system.

This is the last issue we shall send out gratis to those whose subs have expired, and to prospective subscribers. These 35 page issues are too much expense to be sending around free much more, so better do something about it, you fellows who are receiving this as a complimentary issue, or whose subs have expired!

Bob Jones informs us that Donn Brazier has been drafted, which news was quite a shock to us! We lose more darn writers this way --- damn the army! Anyway, if anyone can inform us how to get in touch ... with Donn, we'd appreciate it a great deal. (There is no truth to the rumor that that was a sly hint to Phil Schumann!)

Pegasus arrived the other day from Bob Jones, and we certainly were pleasantly surprised! We won't go into a detailed account but will say that unless you get this fanzine you're missing a really good item! The technical work is wonderful. To our knowledge, however, Bob doesn't charge for the magazine but either exchanges or sends it out absolutely free.

Well, that's that! We'll close with a "Yours till Amazing amazes!" (aka Sam Russell) See you next issue.



