



The Fantasite

Volume 2, Number 4 -- An MFS Publication--November-December 1942

Official Organ of the Minneapolis Fantasy Society

CONTENTS

FICTION

The Captains and the Kings Depart.....T. Bruce Yerke.....5

ARTICLES

Take a Break.....Cpl. Doug Blakely.....9

Via StfNash.....Phil Bronson.....13

A Few Moments of Idle Thought.....Donn Brazier.....21

Flans A La Convention.....Walt Liebscher.....27

COLUMNS

Fan Scratchings.....Gordon Dickson.....11

Recommended Reading.....Bob Tucker.....7

Among the Hams and Pros.....Brackney-Grumbo-Gergen..22

DEPARTMENTS

MFS Members.....Squanchfoot.....19

Fanta-Notes.....The Editors.....26

Fanta-Scripts.....The Readers.....32

Advertisements.....29-30-31

COVER.....Arthur H. Osterlund

BACK COVER.....Sherman W. Schultz

EDITOR: Phil Bronson,
1710 Arizona Avenue,
Santa Monica, Calif.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR:

Samuel D. Russell,
3236 Clinton Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minn.

ASSISTANTS:

Manson Brackney,
152 Arthur Ave., S.E.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Gordon Dickson,
4833 Elliott Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minn.

ARTISTS:

Morris Scott Dollens
Arthur H. Osterlund
Sherman W. Schultz
John L. Gergen

THE FANTASITE is a non-profit magazine, issued bi-monthly for followers of science- and fantasy fiction. This is Volume 2, Number 4; whole number 10. Subscription rates: 10c per single copy, three issues for 25¢, 6 issues for 50¢. Ad rates: one-fourth page 20¢, half-page 50¢, full page \$1.00. No stamps please. Money for subscriptions or ads may be remitted in the forms of coin, money-orders, or checks. Trade ads or subscriptions with other fan publications are welcomed, as well as any contributions for publication. Opinions of writers in this magazine are not necessarily those of the editors, unless so stated. We assume no responsibility for the return of mss. unless they are accompanied by return postage.

The Captains and



T BRUCE YERKE

LONG STREAKS of cloud drifted silently across the bright summer moon, while the silver lines of breakers washed over the sands of a gently rising beach. The silver tones of the waves and sand were etched sharply against the black of the vast, rolling Pacific and the ragged shadows of sagebrush on the deserted California shoreline. The beach rose calmly and smoothly, disappearing into the clustering sagebrush from which, several hundred yards inland, the Dome rose sharply against the sky.

It had once been an observatory, but now it housed a great squatting mechanism that swallowed up most of the interior. Near the top a young man in uniform, his head covered by earphones, sat cradled among girders and huddled over gently glowing dials. His tense body crouched forward on his precarious seat as his wan face watched the pointers and lights before him.

Below him was shadowy darkness, plunging down through the morass of girders and wires to a large platform, on which stood an instrument board with a lighted square of translucent glass panel that stood out unnaturally bright in the cloistered

the Kings Depart

gloom. Around it were silhouetted three figures--two in officers' uniforms and one in a laboratory smock--that stood still and gazed as if hypnotized.

Near the upper right of the glowing panel was a black square with red hair lines crossing the center. Spread with seeming casualness over the rest of the glass were faint green eddy-lines. Near the center a bright red dot was slowly moving toward the square.

Old Foster, the seated civilian in the smock, leaned forward, his high forehead covered with nervous sweat and his blue eyes, hard and grim. A buzzing suddenly started behind the board. Old Foster's hand moved deftly in the half-light and pushed some buttons higher up on the instrument case. The buzzing stopped, and General Paul Renault, the taller of the uniformed men, released a slow, drawn breath.

Then a ticking started up somewhere, coming from nowhere. Tick, tick, tick.... a strange unclocklike ticking, harsh and muted, that accelerated and deepened in tone, tick tick tick tick.

Lieutenant Boyd, the smaller officer, nervously jerked his head up to stare at the man near the top of the dome, who simultaneously moved a dial. The ticking stopped, and after a second or two the officer lowered his gaze to the lighted panel.

Slowly the soft hum of the vast mechanism that clustered around them was becoming audible. It seemed to roar powerrrr powerrrr powerrrrrrrrrrrh.... Meanwhile the red dot progressed slowly but perceptibly, occasionally wavering a trifle, but continuing toward the etched square.

"Much longer, John?" asked the General.

Old Foster didn't look up but just watched the dot and pushed buttons whenever a buzzing started. His blue eyes never winked. Finally he spoke tonelessly: "It has been thirty years, Paul. And now you fret over an hour or so.... Has it passed midnight, Lieutenant?"

The Lieutenant, shadowy and tense in the glow from the panel, looked sharply up at a wall-clock half visible above the board. "12:06, Sir; August 24th now."

Tick tick tick tick tick tick--

"Oh, stop it," the General sputtered testily.

"Mmmmmph," the man in the girders muttered down, and pushed things.

"August 24th," Old Foster murmured. "August 24th, 1972."

The date called up memories to these men, memories of that same night thirty years before--the night the Japanese released their flying wings over Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego simultaneously....the night the assault on Australia and India began, to end three weeks later.

The night also, that the young chemist John Foster would have married Florence
(next page)

Knight, had the bomb missed the church on 8th Street--the night John would have died with her had not the blackout detained him.

And then whirrrr whirrrr into hell and horror for thirty years. First the Japanese, with superior planes and science and incredible fanaticism, got Australia and India and some of Siberia. Then the Allies desperately pushed the reconquest of Europe, only to lose more men and supplies against the stubbornly retreating Nazis than the latter had in Russia, and to find that the long-promised massacres and destruction wreaked by the Germans made the reconquered territories a barren waste.

And whirrrr whirrrr into the grim reality of defeat after defeat, with you and your friends all gone into the army and millions fighting and dying in burning oil-covered waters or smoking tanks, and your life, your hopes, your little plans, all swept into the huge maelstrom.

And the White Man, proud and smug, was gutted and beaten and shamed by the Japanese. And three decades of twelve-hour-a-day labor, with all lost out of life, and everything half-halting in an unsure stalemate while Western science finally caught up, with only the America's relatively inviolate.

And this crashing, spinning kaleidoscope all funneled down into the silence and calmness of a cloudy California night with a languid wind playing through the observatory slit, and soft crowned breakers dashing onto a humid shore.

For a moment Old Foster thought of bygone days of Ford V-8's, and silly things like jitter-bugging and Jack Benny, and a song he recalled, "Who Wouldn't Love You," and kids singing songs along the Coast Highway, and a certain night with a hazy moon over the palisades, and an old wreck of a Nash and a drive-in and college songs.

And then a bell started to clang ding clang ding clang ding ding, and all he could see was that cold white panel and the red dot and the hard, grim tenseness of a world behind blood-soaked barricades.

"What--" General Renault grated.

Old Foster pushed another button.

"I'm checking, sir," said the man above them in the girders.

The breeze came up a bit and carried the salt tang into the Dome.

Clang ding clang ding clang ding ding--

Old Foster grew nervous and tense and almost lay on the panel, so close did he bend, as he pressed more buttons and stepped on some pedal levers. The red dot crossed over a green eddy-mark, and the dinging ceased.

For an hour it continued toward the etched square.

Silently a staff car slipped up to the Dome, and several more officers entered through the slit and stood around at a respectful distance. Then the dot crossed the square, and a blue light at the top of the mechanism went on.

General Paul Renault put a heavy hand on Old Foster's back. He looked out of the slit at the monochrome and the tense, silent world beyond. His misting eyes saw his men, his boys, whom he had directed around the world and seen killed and maimed, and his life, his race, with its best and its loved lying at its feet fighting grimly with a dark future.

"The beam is checking properly, sir," said the control man at the top of the Dome.

"Watch the intensity dials," Old Foster chanted.

Beep, beep, beep! quaint and out of place from somewhere in the girders.

The red dot slowly sat on the hairlines within the etched square, and then it was in the center.

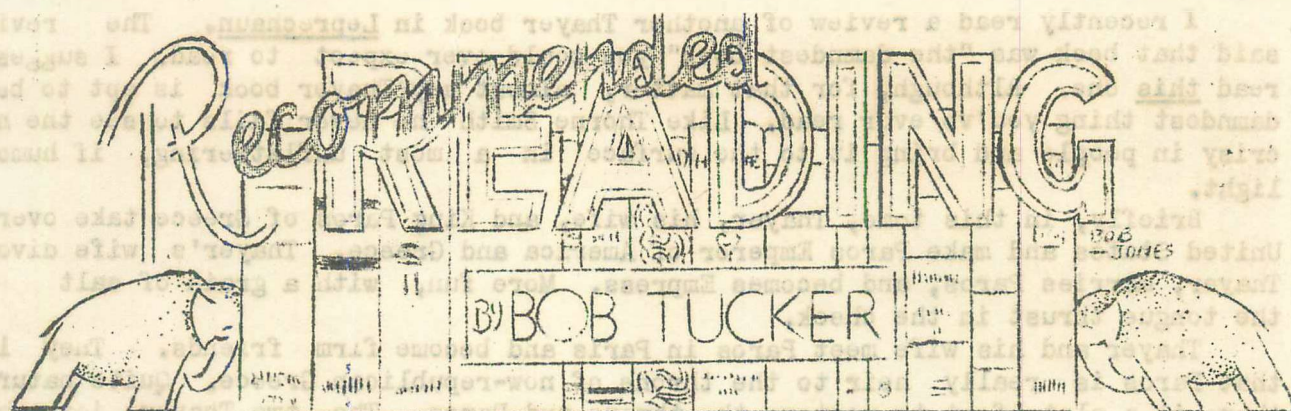
Old Foster's hand tightened on a white button. The instrument panel was suddenly dark.

General Paul Renault lifted his eyes to the ragged clouds that streaked across the California sky.

"Gentlemen," he said with difficulty, "the war is over."

For several seconds the Dome was utterly silent, save for the soft whisper of the wind in the observatory aperture and the wash of the eternal ocean across the sands.





REVIEWING A brace of books dealing with ye infiltration of ye cunning enemy into our fair land, and how we dealt with them in ways expected.

Grosset & Dunlap have published a 50¢ edition, with jacket, of Hendrik Willem van Loon's INVASION (first published by Harcourt in 1940); a short book describing the author's experiences that fateful day the fifth columnists, soldiers, sailors, and airmen of the Rhineland "took over" New York, New England, and various inland and Gulfport cities. They didn't keep their new-won prizes long but that is beside the point.

Van Loon, as does the second author in the work reviewed below, writes from the standpoint of a person actually facing these things--first person singular, with himself, van Loon, the leading character. This is a dramatic, punchy way of telling an exciting narrative; and having a weakness as we do for autobiographies, especially newspapermen's and war diaries, it reads to us as if it actually happened. Which is what the author desires.

The author departs from New York City one sultry summer afternoon after a disheartening round of publishers and newspaper syndicates. As one who has seen his native Holland fall to the Nazis via the agency of fifth columnists and national unpreparedness, he attempts to warn America of these same shortcomings within herself; but America in the summer of 1940 isn't interested. Hitler has assured us that he has no designs upon the western hemisphere. We're isolated by a big ocean.

At home that evening (in Connecticut) he notices a gigantic red glare over distant New York, finds that all metropolitan radio stations are off the air, telegraphic communications dead and only local telephone service available. He receives a friendly warning to leave home and not to take time to pack his toothbrush, inasmuch as a carload of gun-toting strangers are heading his way with homicidal intents. His writings and warnings, it seems, received a deaf ear in America, but they certainly received attention in Germany. The Nazis are offshore, the fifth columnists are riding, and he is their first target.

He sends his family packing to friends in Vermont, and with his son makes a getaway in an old Ford after an encounter with two carloads of gunmen and a machine gun. He makes his way to an upstate newspaper office where a somewhat incoherent story of the night's events is patched together from short wave radio accounts.

New York City was, of course, thoroughly sabotaged. "Swedish" and "Portuguese" ships in the harbor spewed forth Nazi troops, who seized trucks and sped through the city machine-gunning indiscriminately. Bridges were blown up, the tunnels blocked, and Manhattan Islanders found themselves marooned on the island, at the mercy of the Nazis. Planes from the south bombed the gulf cities, while others from the northeast bombed Detroit, Akron, and Canadian points. Parachutists land in New England and establish themselves in sturdy farmhouses.

All in all, the enemy field day lasts about 48 hours or a trifle longer, before the regular army troops land at the Battery and work their way uptown; and before the loyal Vermonters lay a trap for parachuters and pick them off as they descend--by the hundreds.

Not a fantastic book, but thoroughly recommended reading.

Tiffany Thayer's THE GREEK, published by Charles & Albert Boni, 1931.

(Next page)

I recently read a review of another Thayer book in Leprechaun. The reviewer said that book was "the damndest book" you could ever expect to read. I suggest he read this one. Although, for that matter, almost any Thayer book is apt to be the damndest thing you've ever read. Like Thorne Smith he never fails to see the hypocrisy in people and bring it to the surface in a most unflattering, if humorous light.

Briefly, in this tome, Thayer, his wife, and King Paros of Greece take over the United States and make Paros Emperor of America and Greece. Thayer's wife divorces Thayer, marries Paros, and becomes Empress. More fun, with a grain of salt and the tongue thrust in the cheek.

Thayer and his wife meet Paros in Paris and become firm friends. They learn that Paros is really heir to the throne of now-republican Greece. Quite naturally there is a plot afoot to restore the throne and Paros. The two Thayers join wholeheartedly and enthusiastically in the plan. Meanwhile, Mrs. Thayer divorces Mr. Thayer and goes on the make for the king-to-be. It develops that he cannot marry her because a Grecian girl has been chosen for him as soon as he mounts the throne. And Thayer refuses to re-marry her.

On the eve of the revolution Paros and the Thayers go to America so that Paros may study an industrial economy, with a view towards instituting several American ideas and ideals in the New Greece. While here, Thayer has The Great Idea. America, under Herbert Hoover, is a stinking mess. But--America under King Paros and his right-hand man Tiffany Thayer would be a helluva swell country to live in! And so it goes.

Thayer lines up the Greeks and Grecian societies in America to do the dirty work, along with the various man-on-the-street organizations, labor unions, criminals, and bowery bums. Comes the revolution, pal, and they will have the run of the country. And so, one day, Washington awakens to find it is surrounded by thousands of strange troops in a new American army uniform! In all large eastcoast cities Greek warships are lying at anchor flying the American flag--but with their guns trained on the town. A delegation calls on Hoover, acquaints him with the situation and demands that he surrender the United States to King Paros of Greece. (That republic has been overthrown and Paros made King, meanwhile.) Hoover, finding the cards are stacked against him, gives in. Paros announces himself Emperor of America and Greece!

Thayer is appointed Attorney General, among several other cabinet posts. He wants to institute in America the "Age of Reason". Everything unreasonable must go. And he reasons, wisely, that to capture and hold public opinion the new Emperor must get in there and pitch some good ones. Accordingly, he begins laying down new laws to win the support of the people; all laws of course complying with the Age of Reason. And these are his laws:

He: Repeals prohibition.

Clamps a prohibition on books, thus causing them to be bootlegged, thus making all publishers rich, which was the real end in view.

Legalizes and licenses prostitution, as well as all gambling.

Places military guard over all races, fights, and wrestling matches to insure honesty in every way.

Adopts a thirteen-month calendar.

Closes all stock exchanges and the passport depts.

Frees all "Tom Mooneys" and questionable prison cases.

Substitutes condemned prisoners for guinea pigs.

Gives every adult male the right to commit three murders during his lifetime, without fear of retribution by law.

Gives every adult female the right to commit one murder each leap year.

Forbids all advertising; tears down billboards.

Abolishes Mother's Day and fines the candy & flower industries ten million dollars each for inventing it.

Declares open season on tap dancers and hoofers; the murder of same not to count as one of your three "legal" murders. (Continued on page 10)

TAKE A BREAK...

BY CPL. DOUG BLAKELY

OH, BROTHER, this is the Ah-me. Before this goes any further, let it be said that this "Take a break, youse guys!" is one of the few welcome sounds we hear. It's the call for a ten-minute time-out period; a smoke, a chance to park your weary bones and beat your gums with another G-I. So, take a break, youse guys.

Reader, you will undoubtedly fall into one of three classifications: You're either exempt from the draft because of age of some physical trait, or you're thinking that some time, in the rather too-near future, you're going to trade your civvies for khaki, or else you're in it. If you're in the first classification, read on and find out what it's like on this side of the fence. In case you fall into the second classification, let this writer give you some idea of what you're in for, and how being in the service is going to affect your status as a fan.

If you publish a mag, you might as well forget it. There might be a rare instance where you'd be an office worker with a mimeo machine handy, and enough spare time to get the thing out, but the chances are very strong against it. There are too many details, such as procuring the proper paper, which is going to be mighty difficult if you're stationed in some remote place, and you'll find that the Army loves remote places. Your training isn't going to last long enough for you to get the machinery of production into efficient operation. You are going to run into plenty of trouble if you try to keep up with your mag, so you might as well cover up your typewriter and mimeo machine for the duration, and kiss your collection goodbye. Because your little brother is bound to get into it sooner or later, and if he doesn't your mother will turn your mags into the scrap drive. You can't win.

But if you're just average Joe Phann; a nice, likeable guy with no homicidal or editorial traits, the Army isn't going to stop you from reading all the pros and hams you want. The big rub here is that you can't save 'em. For some reason, we have a place for everything, and everything goes into its place, and there just isn't any place for a big stack of magazines. Or even a little stack of magazines. So you'll have to buy 'em, read 'em, and toss 'em into the nearest G-I can with a sob of heart-rending anguish. Your only consolation is the sympathy of the civilian fans, but on occasion this will become a hollow triumph, because you know that at the moment you are tossing away the latest UNKNOWN, some fan back home is gloating over his huge collection.

Of course, even in this magazine-rack-to-you-to-G-I-can system, it is far better to have read and tossed away than not to have read at all. After you throw your ninth or tenth magazine away it won't bother you so much. In case it does, we might suggest that you sneak down to the orderly room some night and deposit a few pro mags on the magazine table. After that, keep an eye on things, if you can. Sooner or later, some guy will pick one up, attracted by a monster on the cover, and if enough guys pick up enough magazines, you may either discover a fellow fan, or you might be the guiding factor in getting someone started on the road to ruin and corruption.

That's what we did, hoping to discover another fan; but so far, it's been no soap. The guys will pick up the mags, gawp at the cover a while, and skim through it in a dazed fashion, and out of pure curiosity, sit down and read a story. This writer feels fairly safe in saying that he has started three or four G-I's as fairly constant readers, but lacking the background of civilian Joe Phann, they probably won't turn into drooling enthusiasts.

One of the best things about fandom is the mutual exchange of banter when a gang of fans get together. And that's one thing the dog-fan misses. To be truthful, this writer has been in the army about a year, has been in four different camps, and has yet to find a real fan among the soldiers. So you have a good chance of not finding anyone with whom you can exchange the ideas and chatter which are dear to

the fantasy enthusiast.

Your alternative is correspondence with civilian fans, and the reading of all the fanmags you can get ahold of. Harry Warner, Jr. (Bless his sweet name) is busily engaged in sending out bundles of fanmags to fans in the service, and as long as Harry's facilities (i.e., dough) hold out, let him know you're in the service, and you'll receive a pack of mags every month. And until it happens to you, you won't know what it's like to take a break, relax on your squeak pad and delve into a pile of new fan-mags.

The average Army Post Exchange dotes heavily on the Army gag-mags, Westerns, love stories, detective, and picture mags, but doesn't seem to lean heavily on the fantasy side. The PX at this post stocks--yeah, that's right--Amazing. None other. And if you're in one of those deserts or swamps, miles from a newsstand, you're up a stump of no mean proportions. You can have some fan send you the current issues, but as a general rule, you will be able to find a newsstand with a bit of scouting.

The Army does things to you. This scribe, among other things, put on considerable weight. In case you have been thinking that this weight angle is some recruiting officer's propoganda, forget it. You'll get so damned mad at your sergeants and corporals that you'll grind your teeth down to a nub, but it's all part of their devilish scheme. A man will fight anybody if he's mad enough, and so they get you mad. But you won't change in your attitude toward fantasy fiction.

In case you get in the scrap, remember that among other things, you'll be fighting for things that Adolf and Hirohito don't understand at all. And a small part of this free country is your trip down to the mag shop for your quota of fantasy fiction. It has its faults, fantasy fiction has, but at least you won't be barred from reading it because it hasn't been passed by the Gestapo. And if you read about a super-race, you can be sure it won't be the Aryans. Heil Ackerman!

-----000-----

RECOMMENDED READING-- (Continued from page 8)

Abolishes all rape laws.

Taxes churches and invites heads of all foreign countries to kill at once all missionaries inside their boundaries.

Lines up before firing squads the insane, aged, and paupers.

All civic and municipal censorship bodies dissolved, and owners of obscene movies, books, etc., invited to trot them out for display.

Burlesque queens instructed to strip all the way.

National Parks and the entire State of Texas given back to the Indians with the right to massacre all tourists found in their reach.

Marathon dancing and narcotics encouraged.

Wife-beating laws repealed.

Any man or woman with a claim to reasonable proficiency in the Arts is exempt from any and all laws.

All speed laws repealed and motorists invited to go the limit, with a warning to pedestrians to look out for themselves.

Restores chattel slavery to the South, with an auction block in every village.

Abolishes monogamy and permits harems. (He takes several Hollywood queens for himself.)

--And in the book the author leaves several pages blank for the reader to write in his own laws--

For this was the Age of Reason.

-----000-----

Fan Scratchings

By GORDON DICKSON

FAN SCRATCHINGS has appeared in the MFS Bulletin twice before this column was written, but since this is the first time it has appeared in Fantasite, I intend to take advantage of the opportunity to get a few things straight right from the start. In the first place, I don't write the column, we do, if you catch my drift, and I never discuss what we choose to write. I prefer this to working under a pseudonym. Furthermore, we have our little privileges with regard to spelling and grammar and intend to exercise them to their fullest extent. We reserve the right to be prejudiced and refuse to treat with confidence or discretion anything addressed to us. If there is something you have been aching to tell fandom, but have been afraid of stepping on someone else's toes, send us the news. We'll print it--with our own comments. We're not afraid of popular opinion and we're not afraid of you. If you sign your letters with your real name, or if we can possibly find out your real name, we'll print that if we feel like it, too. Now to work.

To begin with, we have been told that Arden Benson's nickname is spelled B-u-n-s (short for Bunsen burner). We, however, have always thought of it as Bunce, since that is the way it is pronounced. After thinking it over we have decided we prefer Bunce and shall continue to spell it that way henceforward in this column. We do not like Raymond Washington ever since he presumed to doubt my identity and even worse, stated openly that I was a pseudonym for Gergen. Since R. W. has never seen fit to retract his statement he may consider himself at open warfare with us.

Speaking of Gergen reminds us that we have heard that he buys back numbers of Astoundings and never reads them. Too bad we can't remember the name of our informant. We consider the Sam Russell's house a at the Y and it better be seems to us that the MFS or the country is throwing feverish activity--moments ting with moments of com-sputtering before going of Cyrano de Bergerac's fandom cut down to a war make history with new org-tions of old organizations much history being made we foresee a complete extinction soon of fandom as it is now and the old fans coming back after the war to a new and different fandom to which all the old members are strangers and vice versa.



But we wander. To get back to the present, we are thoroughly enraged at all members who complain that they haven't got TIME to do this or that. We wish to point out that this is a disease exclusively confined to members of a year or more's standing. New, uncorrupted members never spout the phrase. Look at Sheldon Araas, our newest addition. Shel works eight hours out of twenty-four on the graveyard shift and carries twenty credits in engineering at the U. In addition to this he manages to read all the pro mags and since becoming a member has caught up with nearly all the fan mags in the files of various members. Moreover he makes the meetings and a good share of the informal fangabs in between meetings. Shel has never, to our knowledge been known to tell anyone that he hadn't time to do this or that. Object lesson No. 1 to fans in general. (Next page)



Spaceways' sudden disappearance was a bombshell. We never admit to anything, but it has been whispered that a guy who had an uncle who knew a man whose friend tested telephone lines said that the friend who tested telephone lines said that he had overheard someone tell somebody else that we were as surprised as anyone else and all burned up because now we would not know what kind of comments we got on the "If I Werewolf" installment we and Sam Russell wrote for the last issue of the now defunct mag. (We are not modest!)

By the way, Tucker has been impious enough to protest about the MFS phoning his wife long distance at 10:30 in the evening when he was away from home. We do not remember, offhand, exactly what it was he said, but it was impious. We and Bunce missed the Michicon by hours when the MFS buggy took off without us and, after hearing about the Con. for weeks, have decided to hold a Midwest Conference of our own in New Orleans sometime soon. Ollie, Manse, Phil, and Sam are not invited. A r t Osterlund has done a beautiful picture for the cover of the next Tycho--in black and white--so if the next cover of Tycho comes out in pink and green, you will at least be able to imagine what it might have looked like. Chuck Albertson showed up at the last meeting in an overcoat and domino mask and nobody recognized him for over twenty minutes--he's been absent from meetings so darn long.

Memo to Phil--we want a picture of a fan with a silly grin on his face scratching his back on a post at the top of this column. We want to see Things To Come again and are prepared to go to desperate lengths if we don't get some cooperation from the rest of you snaps. Memo to Rod Allen--Phil tells us you dropped into Hastings the other Sunday--sorry I missed you.

We hear that Dale Rostomily has a bookstore-keeper who is about to foreclose on some mags R. took out on credit. Memo to bookstore-keeper: No \$%&()#*('&_-? is going to foreclose on the two mags We bought from R. at a recent auction. Dear Bunce: I am still waiting for a suitable occasion to use that "by the quivering--and so forth and so on" but up until now nothing has been bad enough.

-To Be Continued-



VIA STFNASH BY PHIL BRONSON

FOUR MINNEAPOLIS fans were able to attend this year's Mid-West Conference: Oliver E. Saari, Samuel D. Russell, Manson Brackney, and myself. We all derived the near-ultimate in pleasure (nobody's going to accuse me of Moskowitzing) during the four days of our little journey, and I must confess that I found the get-together even more enjoyable than the Denvention.

Ollie picked me up in his '35 Nash promptly at 8:00 Friday morning and we zip-ped zestfully to the Russell abode to acquire the Hon. Director of the MFS; thence to southeast Minneapolis to the home of Brackney. By 9:00 we were well under way. Although not possessing a sciencefictional nickname--other than "The StfNash"--Saari's vehicle is distinguished in that it bears the names of fans, fanettes, and fanclubs all over it, if one takes the trouble to peer closely enough. Said names are skilfully applied by pressing one's forefinger firmly against the desired portion of the automobile, then writing with same. The layer of dust offers a fine writing surface. One may now witness such distinctive appellations as "Ollie", "SDR", "MFS", "Michifans '42", "Janie", "Fantasite", "Phil", "E.E.E.", "Jacobi", "Al", ad infinitum, when the StfNash roars by.

The first stage of the trip passed by uneventfully, with corny humor flowing freely about. About the time the various anecdotes, jokes, and plays upon the name "Saari" were becoming well-nigh insufferable we approached Sauk City. Brackney disinterestedly inquired if there were any fans or authors in Sauk City, to which we replied with the familiar "no". A second later four mouths emitted loud contradictory "yesses". We looked in a telephone directory in a filling station for Derleth's address, or phone number. We muttered his name. The attendant pricked up his ears, and said, "Oh, you mean Auggie? He lives such-and-such, three blocks, so-and-so, one mile, across from cemetary." With profuse thanks we left the station, after learning that the station attendant had gone to school with Derleth.

Mr. Derleth was not in, intentionally or otherwise, but we did see his splendid home from the outside, and consoled a charming little kitten which apparently wanted in.

That night, as we neared Joliet, Illinois, I suggested that we look up Walt Liebscher if he were in town, and if he wasn't going to the Conference to either cajole or kidnap him into doing so. The suggestion having met with approval we continued on to Joliet in the face of a dreary form of precipitation--alternately rain and snow--which made the roads very treacherous, and nearly persuaded us to spend the night in Aurora, the town just before Joliet on our route. All the way I wracked my brain in a futile endeavor to remember Walt's address, which was always most-tantalizingly "on the tip of my tongue". We tried everything upon entering Joliet but there was no Liebscher listed, as we had suspected. A good half hour later we decided to push on again, realizing that there would be no way of contacting Walt. As Ollie's foot descended upon the starter SDR inquired hopefully, "It couldn't be 101 South Eastern, could it?". The poor chap still cringes at any sudden noises as a direct result of our concerted whoops for joy. Our obeisances duly made, we found the Liebscher residence and stood resolutely upon the front porch.

Russell and Saari were none too optimistic as to the possible nature of our reception. They seemed to think that even a fan would stand aghast at the thought of allowing entrance to four such wet, bedraggled creatures. Bravely I stood my ground as we saw someone trip gaily down the stairs in answer to our timorous knock. Through the window in the door I saw that it was Walt himself. The door opened. I extended a hand, mumbled something unintelligible and heard a surprised voice bellow "Phil!" as I was jerked bodily inside. We went upstairs, met the rest of the family, and gabbed, dripping mournful little pools of water on the rug from our coats, until

Mrs. Liebscher insisted that we remove them and stay a while, which we did with celerity. We listened to some of Walt's records, read his mail, and discovered, finally, to our intense joy, that he was going to the Conference with Jane Tucker and some Chicago fans, and to our sorrow that Pong himself would not be there. Jane arrived, as did Neil DeJack and Frank Robinson, and we went through the introduction rituals again. Before anyone could casually murmur "splrfsk" (which word I coined back in 1940, incidentally, now that it is becoming popular) we were told we had three choices: coffee, beer, or highballs. Before our parched throats could guzzle with delight assorted glasses and cups were magically filled with wondrous liquids and pressed into our eager hands. We had a gay time of it. Having already found Walt to be a swell fellow, Saari and Russell cornered DeJack and discovered that he was a chip off the old block also. In another corner of the room Manse and I gleed with our highballs and tried to get words in edgewise as we conversed with Frank Robinson, who is a little fellow, but knows how to use his big words. Janie and I laughed while Walt's mother related humorous things about him, as mothers will do. Janie's smile is most infectious. In case you don't know it already, Tucker is a lucky fellow, because Mrs., in addition to being pretty, is also the world's best cook, barring none. You should taste her coffee sometime.

Around 12:00 we departed for Battle Creek, with Robinson making a fifth occupant of the StfNash. We were no longer fearful of becoming lost (it was still raining like cummings) as we could follow Janie's car. Brackney and I, occupying the back seat to ourselves, rudely announced our intentions of catching forty winks, as we had had no sleep to speak of the night before, having haunted an all-night Minneapolis restaurant which has good food and nice waitresses. I felt rather good, though, and every time I'd so much as contemplate succumbing to the arms of Morpheus, wisps of the science-fictional conversation would penetrate to my brain from the front seat, and I'd perk up and enter the chatter again. We all stopped somewhere for gas and Manse purchased some cigars--way, Gnu only knows, for they were of a particularly foul and offensive grade. Having discovered this after once more getting under way (although the price of the cigars could hardly conceal such a secret.) Brackney and I amused ourselves by blowing clouds of smoke into the front seat, so thickly in fact that the three strangling, swearing figures there were obscured from our sight. We left them little choice: either they must needs open windows or suffocate, or endure torrents of slanting, icy rain, and chance drowning. They compromised by letting Frank bail with a shoe during the short intervals in which they dared to open the windows, and managed to survive through sheer will-power, if nothing else.

It must have been about 7:30 when we finally reached Battle Creek and stopped at the Ashley home. Walt went in first, then summoned the rest of us. In we trooped, eight in all; weary and disheveled, but happy. Abby Lu greeted us then bustled around straightening things up or something while we talked to Al as he finished his cup of coffee. Walt and Jane went over to see Evans, while Al led me into the den to see the Nova equipment. Neil DeJack had brought along some good fantasy books, and people were soon pawing through them. Jane and Walt returned from Evans' place and Jane set about preparing breakfast for the whole hungry mob. I shal never forget the heavenly fragrance of that coffee as long as I live. M-m-m-m-m! By and by there came a peremptory summons from the kitchen, and a stampeding of feet as people crowded through the door. Robinson was trampled underfoot in the rush, but wasn't hurt. While we breakfasted Al entertained us with assorted card tricks, some of which I still maintain are utterly impossible, though for some weird reason they never failed to work.

Walt suggested that we repair to Evans' room about noon, so six of us drove over in Ollie's car. We left Frank and Jane asleep at the Ashley's. Everett was working, but we made ourselves at home, and busied ourselves admiring his originals, pawing his books, and playing his records. Some of the originals that were to be auctioned off at the Conference were there, and we opened some that were loosely confined by string. Ollie was surprised to find an illustration for a story of his, "The Cannibals", that was then unpublished in Future. Someone (bless him) express-

ed a desire for beer. We piled into the StfNash, buzzed downtown in search of a tavern, and parked in a one-hour parking zone within two blocks of one.

Brackney and I insisted on having a shoe-shine before we walked another block, for our shoes were literally covered with mud--the result of pushing Janie's car from the side of the road where it had become stuck the night before. Walt and Neil continued on down the street, with the promise to be back in ten minutes, while Saari, Brackney, Russell, and Yours Truly found a barber-shop and all had shines. By the time we were through, Walt and Neil walked in. Where they went we never managed to discover, although I have my suspicions. The tavern was our next stop, and we all ordered sandwiches and beer. Brackney and I were particularly appalled at the fact that they had no beer with which we were familiar and noisily expressed our sentiments. We finally ordered some, and it tasted like flat soda pop. A nifty s-f session took place, though, and we stayed for some time.

Returning to 86 Upton Avenue we found Jack Wiedenbeck and Everett there, and once more introductions were in order for some of us. A resumption to book perusing took place, and Al brought out the mimeograph preparatory to running off a few last-minute pages for the Conference. EEE had me dictate to him the titles and authors of the stories in the current promags while he stenciled them. Then they were run off with remarkable swiftness and precision. After the haphazard, trial and error method which we were used to, it was a real pleasure to watch Al and Jack work. They have some splendid equipment, and displayed a new photoscope which they had recently purchased, and with which they will doubtless introduce some new innovations in Nova. Brackney managed to dig up a bottle of beer somewhere and triumphantly waved it in our faces.

Tallyho! It was time to leave for Jackson. Books and personal belongings were hastily gathered and we stampeded noisily down the stairs, trampling Robinson underfoot. I drove the StfNash, and somewhere made a wrong turn, losing Janie's car, while still in Battle Creek. Consequently, I speeded three-quarters of the way to Jackson in an attempt to overhaul the other car. After driving for about forty-five minutes we still had not overtaken them. Frank then calmly informed me that we had passed the other car a good twenty minutes before. Jackson then hove into sight and we swished into a parking lot, grabbed some luggage and madly rushed for the Otsego Hotel. There was a noisy cluster of people before the desk registering, and I was carrying someone's bag, attempting to be chivalrous. I held the bag for about fifteen minutes until I disgustedly found out that it was Jack's, and that he was happily and smilingly empty-handed.

As one person we vowed to spend the next few hours resting and cleaning up. Seventy-nine of us squeezed into the elevator, squashing Robinson against the wall, and rode to our respective floors. Brack and I got out on the third floor along with a crowd of other fans and staggered to our room. Strangely, we did not feel at all tired. We looked closely at each other, then at a liquor-list thoughtfully provided by the management. At a loss as to how to contact other fans we made some noise, and shortly there came a timorous knock at our door. It was Frank, looking slightly the worse for wear, and we sent him to round up some other fans. Walt breezed in, having heard the commotion, and pretty soon everybody was there. A good ol' gabfest took place, complete with hard and soft drinks. At about 5:30 people began to leave to clean up for dinner, and finally only Evans, Asuley, and Wiedenbeck were left. Everett suggested that we meet in the lobby at 6:30 for dinner, and departed. Al, Jack, Brackney, and I became so absorbed in our discussion that we didn't notice the time flying until somebody frantically called up and weakly informed us that it was 6:45 and the fans gathered in the lobby were nearly prostrate with hunger.

In the lobby we met Dick Kuhn, Harry Schmarje, and Marvon Levene, who had just arrived. Then to dinner. I sat next to Walt, and endured his quips for the full length of the meal, toying with my knife only occasionally. Robinson was squeezed tightly in between two other husky fans, but managed to survive. Afterward we gathered in room 452, which had been designated the official gathering-place. Program booklets were passed out and the autographing started, new arrivals pouring into the

room the while. Someone heard a feeble cry, discovered Robinson hanging out the window, and dragged him to safety. Brack and I had left our program booklets in our room and inquired as to the quickest way to get there. Somebody suggested the stairs and directed us to the door at the end of the hall. We dashed out of the room, down the hall, and scarcely paused to open the door. It was the fire-escape, and Manse pulled me back just in time to prevent me from blithely soaring into space. I still don't consider it a very decent sort of practical joke. By the time we returned the room was in a hubbub--cigarette smoke obscuring things from vision, and people shrieking into each other's ears in order to make themselves heard. It was hyper.

Friend Brackney casually mentioned something about dates. Dorothy Tomkins promptly grabbed up the telephone and I heard her say something about "fellows from Minneapolis--they want women". She hung up, and they dragged me from beneath the bed telling me how beautiful the blonde would be. Weakly I acquiesced.

The rest of the night I know little or nothing about. I vaguely remember a drum room, or "The Drum Room", or something, where I downed a few drinks, and had a swell conversation with Al Ashley. I dimly recall something about our becoming indignant because they didn't serve Vodka. Al promised to have a private stock on hand for the next Conference, and we sealed the bargain with an umpteenth Cuba Libre. There is a hazy recollection of some cool-looking green slime, and I wonder if that's why people were calling me "The Shamrock Kid"? After a while, I floated out, drink still in hand. We had apparently been in another bar. We waltzed lightly back to room 452. I think it was 452. At least it was a room. I think. Somebody was playing poker. Evans was smoking a cigar. Somebody called up and told us to shut up so they could sleep. I suddenly became possessed by an overwhelming desire to play poker, but somebody wouldn't let me for some reason. Robinson was shivering in a corner in his ~~starts~~, having been coaxed into the game by the others.

Manse and I wandered all over the hotel looking for our room about 3:30 in the morning. He seemed in a bad way, although every time I'd attempt to help him the wall would intervene. After a while the misplaced room was located, and we entered after much fumbling with a key. I wanted to help Manse, so I tenderly clutched the bedclothes, gracefully folded them back, then did a beautiful Njinsky into the air and onto the bed. Manse mumbled something unintelligible, picked up the heap of sheets and blankest from the floor and we both were asleep.

A dim light filtered through to my eyes from somewhere. Vaguely I heard a ghastly, sepulchral banging sound, which seemed to fill the entire room with weird vibrations of varying intensity. After a while the sound stopped. Then the phone rang, and after a while I persuaded Manse into answering it. It proved to be 9:00 in the morning, so the caller was duly thanked and we went back to sleep. The banging noise started again. We pondered it for a while, then discussed it. We both arrived at the inevitable conclusion that it was someone at the door. It was Walt, and he (heh, heh, heh) had come to get us up. He did a remarkable job, though, and in no time at all we had taken showers and were all fresh and daisylike. Then we went downstairs to breakfast where we met "Doc" and Mrs. Smith, and started autographing all over again. Looking in my booklet I noticed that Janie had signed it six times, while I had signed it twice myself.

Next meeting-place was the Conference Hall, and we all cooched and aaached over the beautiful originals plastered all over the place. I saw a piano in the corner, shouted "Eureka", and with Brackney's aid dragged Walt over to it. We made him play everything from boogie-woogie, honky-tonk, and just plain swing, to "Liebestraum", and his beautiful composition "Futurama" in E Flat and G. Lots of interesting incidents took place that morning, and we had many a swell gabfest.

At 10:30 EEE called the meeting to order. First on the program were the brief talks by everyone present, in which they introduced themselves and explained what they wanted most out of science and fantasy literature. The Honor Guest, Raymond M. Palmer, was unable to be present, so the round table discussion was held next. The MFS applied for membership in the Mid-West F.F.F. and was admitted along with some Schmarje organization.

During the introductory talks, Dick Kuhn very deftly gave Ollie Saari a hot-

foot, much to the merriment of those in the back rows who could see what was transpiring.

We all ate at the Regent Cafe for dinner, and a goodly portion of us ordered "Chicken in the Rough". Robinson arrived late and was crowded in between two husky fans. However, he managed to survive the ordeal once again.

There were twenty-five people at the Conference, and they were all grand fans. Those who arrived Saturday night, and Sunday were: Claude Degler, Tommy and Dorothy Tomkins, Dalvan Cogor, Earl and Helen Perry, and Dr. Alan R. Becker.

In the afternoon nice movies were shown. I mean the movies were nice. Aw.... Liebscher rooked us out of our hard-earned money in his capacity as Auctioneer. I bought one Paul, which I still insist was the best one of the lot, and there were a lot of them. There were many swell paintings and interiors there, from Ziff-Davis Future, and F.F.M. Saari, Russell, and I all won door-prizes, mine being another Paul. Then, after the drawings were completed we adjourned to the Tomkins residence, where there was plenty of food all nicely arranged on the table for our arrival. Short work was made of it.

Lots of things took place that night. More prizes were awarded for original story plots, and various games were played. Have you ever been hooked into the "Z" game? Several heated discussions raged all evening, all over the place. Brackney and I doctored up a cigarette and Schmarje fell for it. We watched closely, but there were no signs to the effect that he noticed anything amiss. He did turn a bit green around the gills, and emitted a few feeble coughs, but appeared none the worse otherwise. Someone heard a feebly cry, and alarmed by it, hunted up the source, which proved to be Frank Robinson who had been flattened behind the



kitchen door when a crowd rushed through for cokes. There always seemed to be a steady stream of people rushing in and out of the kitchen with coke bottles in hand. About this time, Dick Kuhn had to catch his bus for Detroit, so Janie, Tomkins, and I went to the depot to see him off.

The time flew by with alarming speed, and it was time to leave before we realized that we had even been there long. So, we clambered tearfully into our respective vehicles once more, and were on our way again, back to Battle Creek. In the StfNash were Walt, Abby Lu, Claude Degler; in addition to we four Minnefans. As we pulled into Battle Creek we stopped at a tavern and had a bit of beer. We lingered, then headed for the Ashley home. The others were congregated there and soon we were all milling about, shaking hands, kissing, exchanging fond farewells, and picking each other's pockets. Claude Degler had discovered, halfway to Battle Creek, that we weren't going back to Jackson, and so the Ashleys put him up for the night as he hadn't brought his luggage from the Hotel.

We drove all night, or morning, as you will, and separated somewhere in Illinois, I believe, around 8:00 or 9:00. I transferred to Janie's car, which also contained Neil, Frank, Schmarje, and Levene. Janie and I both drove on the way to Chicago, and finally made it, dropping everybody off at the Robinson home. Frank insisted that I enter and inspect their mimeo on which Parsec will be turned out, and so I did, and he also showed me the dummy for the first issue. Then he made me a present of an Air Wonder, which I didn't have, for no apparent reason at all. Robinson is a nice guy.

After driving apparently halfway to Mexico, Jane and I reached Bloomington. I swished the car into the driveway. Janie dragged me into the Tucker abode and up to the den where I recall shaking a hand and mumbling "hello". I was tired. We were all tired. Russell was deep in Tucker's books, Saari was chattering about something, Brackney was asleep on his feet with a cigarette in his face, and Walt was deep in Tuck's personal mail. I fished out a pack of cigarettes and started smoking. Brackney helped me and we finished off the pack. We were all thoroughly exhausted, having had no sleep to speak of for four nights. Janie held up better than any of us.

(next page)

44-38861-1000

On and on we drove. I finally gave up and went to sleep. I was still at the top of my voice, and when I saw that it would be impossible to continue, I called out to the driver, "I'm asleep."

Christmas

FANDOM

After a while the exhilarating aroma of Janie Tucker Coffee began to wend its way up the stairs. We perked up. Then the heavenly scent of fried chicken reached us and we definitely became alive again. Tucker dragged us downstairs and took some photos out in the back yard, after which we partook of a sumptuous meal. Bob had to leave for work, so we said goodbye, and prepared to leave ourselves. Janie wanted us to stay and we wanted to stay, but it was essential that we be back by Tuesday, so we oozed into the StfNash once more, and backed out, waving goodbye vigorously. Russell waved so vigorously that he disjointed his arm and griped all the way back home.

The jaunt to Joliet took a few hours, and we had a good time playing a game suggested by Walt, "Gorey Morey". But soon Joliet was reached and once again we bid farewell. Shedding bucketfuls of tears we drove away, with Walt's promise to get up to Minneapolis sometime ringing happily in our ears.

We had a bit of motor trouble later on, about thirty miles out of Joliet, when the fan pulley-shaft froze, but the cost and time expended in repairs was negligible. Light-hearted, we stopped at a roadside tavern for beer. Manse and Ollie finally dragged me out and we got started again and sped away into the night.

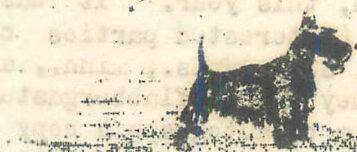
On and on we drove, till finally Ollie had to let me take over at the wheel. Brackney was dead to the world, despite the fact that I was singing "Giannina Mia" at the top of my voice. I was a bit sleepy myself, and when I saw that it would be impossible to continue, I pulled over to the side of the road, and we slept, slept, for the first time in aeons.

The next morning Manse was driving. He felt inexpressibly gay and managed to express himself at length by speeding down the most curvesome road I've ever seen. Speeding down a hill at 65 m.p.h., with an embankment on one side, thirty feet of nothing on the other, and a sharp turn at the bottom of the hill, he decided to have some fun by applying the brakes. We skidded, spun around, and went halfway down the hill broadside, then backwards, narrowly missing the edge two or three times. Fortunately, or unfortunately--as you wish--we managed to come through without injury.

We pulled into Minneapolis Tuesday afternoon, tired, tired, tired....

We had a great time. If anybody can tell us where to meet a better bunch of all-around swell people than the Mid-West gang, go right ahead--we won't believe you anyway. Here's to bigger and better conferences.





MFS Members

AS SEEN BY

SQUANCHFOOT

IT'S BEEN quite some time now since the last installment of this column appeared, I guess, but then I've been pretty busy with other things, what with writing my diary, and getting settled in a new home again, so perhaps you can forgive my tardiness this time, and I'll guarantee you a biography each issue henceforth--that is, providing I don't run out of members very soon. You see, we've lost five of our best members to the army during the past year--Doug Blakely, Cyril Eggum, Don Wandrei, Johnny Chapman, and Rod Allen--and although there have been new ones joining up I'm afraid a lot of them won't be with us too long. Not that I'm a pessimistic old dog, though, fellows.

Well, to get down to brass tacks.... Let's see, who have we on the list for this time? Oh, yes, MANSON BRACKNEY! He's one of our more recent additions to the roster, comparatively speaking. "Manse", as he is called by his friends (you should hear what he is called by his enemies--or maybe you shouldn't), rivals Arden Benson for the dubious honor of being the tallest man in the MFS. He's a hulking Irishman of 6' 3", and he'll be 20 December 12th. He's a Junior at the University of Minnesota. Anytime you happen to be in Minneapolis, and want to get in touch with him, you need only go up to the balcony of the Union at the "U", for he's invariably there along with Gordon Dickson (whom we'll tell you all the sordid details about next issue), another avid Minneapolis fan. Don't worry about interrupting his studies, for he doesn't study; it too closely resembles work.

Manse has been a steady reader of science-fiction and fantasy since 1935, and came very close to being ensnared by active fandom when he decided to reply to an old Minneapolis Science Fiction League announcement in one of the pro mags around 1937. However, as might be expected, he forgot to mail his letter, carrying it around in his pockets for months, thus gaining a temporary new lease on life until January 23rd, 1942, when he attended a meeting of the MFS along with Gordon Dickson, and joined the organization.

He's a friendly chap, ergy, and I'm of the opinion did salesman. "Brack", as he a nice-looking guy with conlocks of which are inevitably ettes, redheads, blondes, men. Is a fond devotee of "My Life and Loves", by Frank ite books, although for what hardly sounds like science-bars, too, not to mention main interests is "corn", of variety. Novelty bands, hon-"The Bumblebee Song" are tops for the classics, too. Likes and Transfiguration, by Strauss, and The Face on the Barroom Floor. Favorite single piece of music is Delius' Irmelin Intermezzo. Favorite piano-tickler is Walt Liebscher.



MANSON BRACKNEY

with an overabundance of enthat he would make a splenis known in MFS circles, is stantly tousled hair, several dangling down over his foreheadness for blondes, brunredheads, brunettes, and womovie actress Janet Blair. Harris, is one of his favorreason I wouldn't know. It fiction! Oh, yes, he likes burlycue shows. One of his any size, shape, color, or ky-tonk piano playing, and with him. But he does go in Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, Death

Manse knows Minneapolis like a well-read book, and if you ever want to be shown the town, inside and out, look him up at Delaney's, buy him an "Angel's Tip", put a nickel in him, and he'll start singing Pagliacci. But don't mention fan-magazines for he'll sell you a subscription to The Fantasite before you can say "Polymorphonucleated Leucocyte".

He published the fanzine "Br-r-rack!" (Stupor-Science) for the 2nd Annual
(next page)

Mid-West Science-Fiction Conference in Jackson, Michigan, this year. It was a mag entirely of "science-fiction corn", as Manse terms it. (Interested parties can no doubt secure copies by writing him at 152 Arthur Avenue, S. E., Mpls., Minn., and enclosing a 3-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing) Brackney was so flabbergasted when a fan approached him at the Conference and requested him to autograph a copy of the mag that he is seriously considering to perpetuate the magazine via the MFS mimeograph. Any contributions of an utterly worthless nature will be gleefully printed. The price of the first issue was "one beer".

Manse is on the Fantasite staff, and is an Associate Editor of the MFS Bulletin. He solemnly vows that he'll start hacking for Amazing any day now if you ask him whether he's interested in writing, and as proof is constantly deluging members with ghastly short stories and mimeographed sheets which he "dashes off as typing practice". He does own a typewriter, although at first glance one would wonder if the name "typewriter" is at all appropriate.

Likes to get letters from Frank Robinson, because in the Chicago fan he recognizes a kindred soul; besides, it's an even swap; illegible hand-writing for illegible typewriting.

Constantly refers to his room as "Grand Central Station", and if by chance you ever get to pay him a visit you'll understand the reason for such an odd name. People are constantly entering and leaving, and Manse calmly endures it all by banging out messy missives while sitting in his shirts. That's one of the curses of being an incurable extrovert.

Likes to argue and will gladly take the opposite viewpoint from yours if he thinks you'll put up a good defense. Of course, it's all in vain, for he constantly wins out by virtue of his superior belligerence.

His favorite s-f story is Campbell-Stuart's "Forgetfulness". His pet peeve happens to be fans who haven't read this story. Likes Stuart better than Campbell, and both of them a great deal. Astounding Science-Fiction rates as THE mag with Brack, although he's still telling everyone he meets that "Campbell is mad...mad," for printing "Warrior's Age" in a recent number. But he isn't too restricted in his tastes. Has an open mind, for he's just as likely to be found reading an occasional issue of Fantastic Adventures (Quarterly) as not. J. Allen St. John is one of his favorite artists, and Manse was pleased to get an original St. John interior at the Michiconference,

Aside from Fantasite, Nova and Spaceways are his two choices for the best fan-magazines. His favorite fan list would undoubtedly be comprised of names like Evans, Liebscher, Wiedenbeck, Ashley, Janie Tucker, etc. As a matter of fact, he was so favorably impressed with the Illinois and Michigan fans that every now and then it requires two or three husky MFS boys to restrain him from setting out on foot to start a new one-man Conference in Michigan. After the war, when transportation, school, and the army are obstacles of the past he'll undoubtedly start out on a tour of fandom, providing he gets safely past Bloomington or Battle Creek, and I strongly suspect that he won't be alone.

Manse is a fond advocate of eating, wolfing, and sleeping, at any time or place, although the latter plays an extremely insignificant part in his life. He likes to drive (especially in the StfNash), particularly at 65 m.p.h. speeds around curving roads, and has at various times had eight or ten decrepit automobiles.

He intensely dislikes letters of the "I am fourteen years old, and this is my first letter to...." variety, or any reasonable facsimiles thereof. Other pet hates are: Space Tales, work, bills, people who won't subscribe to Fantasite, getting up early, editorial apologies in fanzines. Denies he's the fictitious letter writer, Kamis Lessur. Insists he can swear in Slovak. Loves to linger in bars, (or did we say that, already?) especially over Cuba Libres.

So now you know him. But you have to meet him personally to appreciate him.

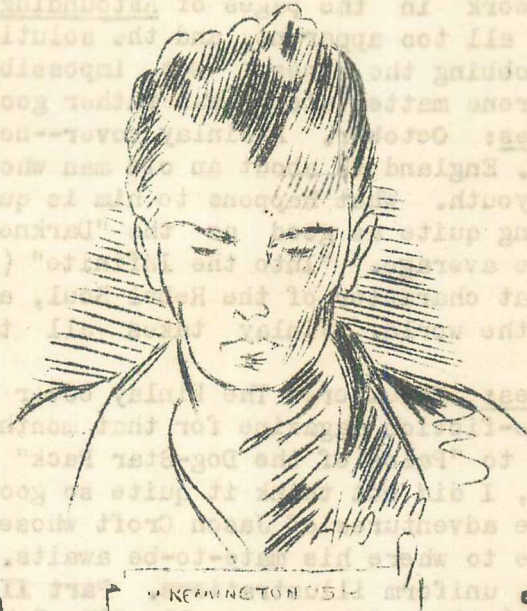


A FEW MOMENTS OF IDLE THOUGHT

— Donn Brazier

A SENTENCE in a clipping from a Milwaukee paper: "Downtown areas were found to have the highest rate of insanity, but a high percentage of the 6000 cases studied showed that insanity also tends to follow the river valleys, especially the Menominee River Valley." Why? Reminds me of several things. The Chinese and their "evil spots" which they determine by a willow stick. The theory of the cause of cancer advanced by an electrical engineer, Ernest Gonzenbach, in an article "Earth Rays in Action" in the Rosicrucian Digest for July, 1936. Could water concentrate certain "rays" that would cause cancer, or would tend to make insanity follow the river valleys?

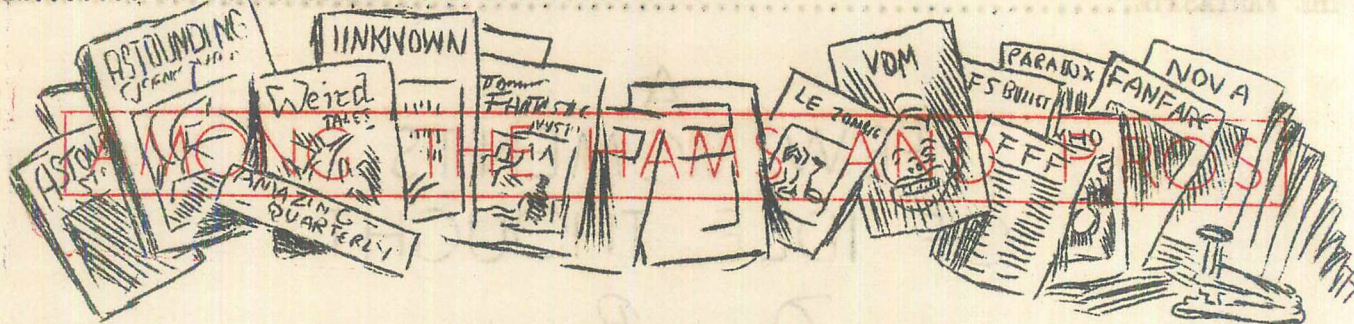
A photograph in the Dayton Daily News for August 18, 1942 shows a navy blimp on its way down a San Francisco street. I quote: "The navy puzzled Monday for a solution to the disappearance of Lt. Cody, pilot, and Ensign Adams from the navy patrol blimp which fell in a suburban street here Sunday." A blimp crew of two are puzzled. What is the possibility of them being rescued to safety in some spot, or into some haps something from their perch in the



From "Fermi-Germ Theory" by Age for August 25, bacteria are an im-tetanus; yet 99 per-cent and expose the bacteria and escape the tissues did not contain bacteria" Which comes

Reminds me of the queer case in Santa Anna, California, in January, 1924. On 2, one-tenth to one-eighth of the drinking water was raw sewage. Immediately persons became sick with gastro-intestinal disorder, and a check for typhoid germs revealed none. In the middle of the month these same cases had developed fevers "clinically identical with typhoid" and bacteriologically sustained. The water at the start was free of typhoid germs, but full of filth. So what caused the typhoid? Germs or filth? It appears that filth caused the germs and germs caused the disease called typhoid.

Prometheus dug up a lump of clay six feet long to which he touched a spark secured from the sun. A man arose. Jupiter was angered by this, and so to keep man from annoying the gods he made a woman. What a brilliant guy, this Jupiter!!



P R O S---

Astounding Science-Fiction: November. I enjoyed the November Astounding; yes, enjoyed it, after months of forcing myself to read an entire issue. Maybe I'm optimistic enough to think Astounding is on the upgrade again, or is this just a decent issue between several mediocre ones? Well, anyway, I liked it; that is, with the exception of Murray Leinster's the ish was Van Vogt's "N o t certain appeal that has been late, and rates right up there months. Next is the lead nov-Cartmill. A well-written pre-handled in such a refreshing reading. Then there is "The man. A problem story, to be written as are all of Berry-

BY

MANSON BRACKNEY
RAYMOND GRUMBO
PHIL BRONSON
JOHN GERGEN

"Four Little Ships". Best in Only Dead Men". It had that missing in his stories of with the best of the last six elette, "Overthrow", by Cleve sentation of an old plot, but manner that it makes enjoyable Gentle Pirates" by John Berry-

sure, but nevertheless well-man's stories. Why doesn't like to see more of his work in the pages of Astounding. There are some technical flaws in "Sand" that are all too apparent, and the solution to the problem relies on an illogical method or robbing the mines. Not impossible, but illogical. "Minus Sign", another contraterrene matter story, was rather good. -----

Famous Fantastic Mysteries: October. A Finlay cover--need we say more? "The Elixir of Hate" (A-) by G. A. England is about an old man who drinks the Alkahest, the great secret of eternal youth. What happens to him is quite fantastic. This novel did not strike me as being quite as good as the "Darkness and Dawn" trilogy. The art work by Paul is above average. "Into the Infinite" (A+) by Hall (1st installment) deals with the great character of the Rebel Soul, a superman, who has the power to lead or tear down the world. Finlay takes all the honors with his splendid set of illustrations.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries: November. The Finlay cover was by far the best cover of any fantasy or science-fiction magazine for that month. "The Mouthpiece of Zitu" by Giesy (A) is a sequel to "Palos of the Dog-Star Pack" of several months back. Although others disagree, I did not think it quite so good as the first novel in the series. It continues the adventures of Jason Croft whose spirit returns once more across interstellar space to where his mate-to-be awaits. Paul does full justice to the story with his clear, uniform illustrations. Part II of "Into the Infinite" not so interesting as Part I (A-). "The Demoiselle D'Ys," by Chambers, impressed me as being well worth reading.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries: December. Finlay cover depicting "The Golden City". The story by Farley (A) dwells with the lost continent of Mu which is seldom ever seen by men. The adventures of one man, Adam Mayhew, who found his way into this mystic land by accident offer a nice way to while away your spare hours. Part III of "Into the Infinite" (A+) builds up to a climax that leaves one in an agony of suspense in anticipation of the concluding installment. Hall is truly a master story teller. There is really some lovely fantasy poetry in this issue, and Finlay's pics are tops. -----

HAMS---

Musta--LE ZOMBIE: (#49) We're all for this New York litho firm of yours, Bob. This cover is duplicated extremely well, and if the price is as you state, the Co. ought

to be receiving a lot of orders for fanzine covers soon. The material here is all of the typical Tucker variety, although just a trifle stereotyped this issue, for some unghodly reason. There just doesn't seem to be as much "freedom" as usual in the writing. But there's no cause for alarm--the stuff is good.

FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST: (Vol. 2, No. 10) J. Michael Rosenblum, 4 Grange Terrace, Leeds 7, Chapeltown, England. I found this issue exceptionally interesting, and bouquets to the stable Britishers who get it out. The mag consists of letters, columns, and little news-notes, etc., by British fans all, who send in the material already stencilled. There are comments from and about, Turner, Rosenblum, Webster, Eric Williams, Ted Carnell, etc. Definitely recommended.

VoM: (#25) Personally, I see nothing whatsoever in the cover. However, as always, the contents are unique and varied. The issue opens with an interesting letter by Sam Russell. Other fans have various notes of interest, and you really ought to look up a copy, if you haven't already done so.

PARADOX: (#2) Frank Wilimczyk, Jr., 3 Lewis Street, Westfield, Mass. Despite contrary opinions of Bronson and others, I like this "Time-Travel Only" policy. There is an unlimited number of possibilities that may be developed along the line of T-T.... Keep up the good work, Frank. The mag can stand with some improvement, but this issue has some clean-cut mimeoing, and attractive make-up.

FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST: (Vol. 3, #1) The cover appears to be a senseless jumble of shading and lines. I don't pretend to understand it. However, the material is excellent. This issue contains letters from Parker, Russell (EF), Doughty, Rosenblum, Smith, and Carnell. Also there are several departments and independent sections, such as the "Review Section" (comments on fanzines, books and prozines), the "Booklist" of Rosenblum, regular column "Sands of Time" by Carnell. Also included is the 2nd issue of an attached fanzine by the name of "Galaxy", and another column, "Delirium Tremens". A very interesting and refreshing issue. ----- JOHN GERGEN.

PROS---

Astounding Science-Fiction: December. I still like Rogers! I was reassured in this after seeing the latest Astounding cover painting by William Timmins--the artist who did the cover for the September issue--which is a fair-to-middling depiction of a scene from Van Vogt's lead novelette "The Weapon Shop". Van Vogt does his usual good job on this story of the future, but there is nothing about it that makes the reader feel that he has read a classic. A good piece of writing, but nothing inspired. Cleve Cartmill's "Some Day We'll Find You" receives approximately the same rating. It deals with the search for two men and their invention which might change the existing order of political power. "Piggy Bank", the third novelette in this issue, is an amusing story of one man's mistake in his grasping for wealth, and how he is defeated by his own scheming. A new author, E. M. Hull, makes his debut in Astounding with "The Flight That Failed". I thought this story was handled exceptionally well, even though it could have been used to better advantage in Unknown. "Interlude", by Rocklynne, is an interesting little tale of a caveman precipitated into a society of the future, and how he unwittingly frees the enslaved population. I had quite a time orienting myself in Long's story of plural worlds, "To Follow Knowledge". It required so much effort on my part to follow the characters from here to someplace to sometime, I couldn't allow myself to become thoroughly interested in the plot. Among the shorts, "Johnny Had a Gun", by R.M. Williams takes the crocheted gobboon for the month. Williams relates the tale of a small-time gangster who finds a gun from sometime in the future and uses it to the extreme bewilderment of himself, the police, and for the disposal of an enemy. The issue rates on a par with any of those of the last few months.

Future Fiction: December. I'm rather at a loss as to how to rate this mag, but I shall try to compare the stories to each other rather than to those in the other pros. "A Complete Novel of New Worlds" by that old-time hack F. Orlin Tremaine is "A Leader For Korcin". You all know the plot as well as I do: Ye Hero goes to a microcosmic world and by his invaluable aid rescues the people and the fair damsel from danger. Three hearty cheers for Our Hero! "The Key to the Dark Planet", by Martin Pearson, is a passable story of Pluto and the mysteries that surround it.

(next page)

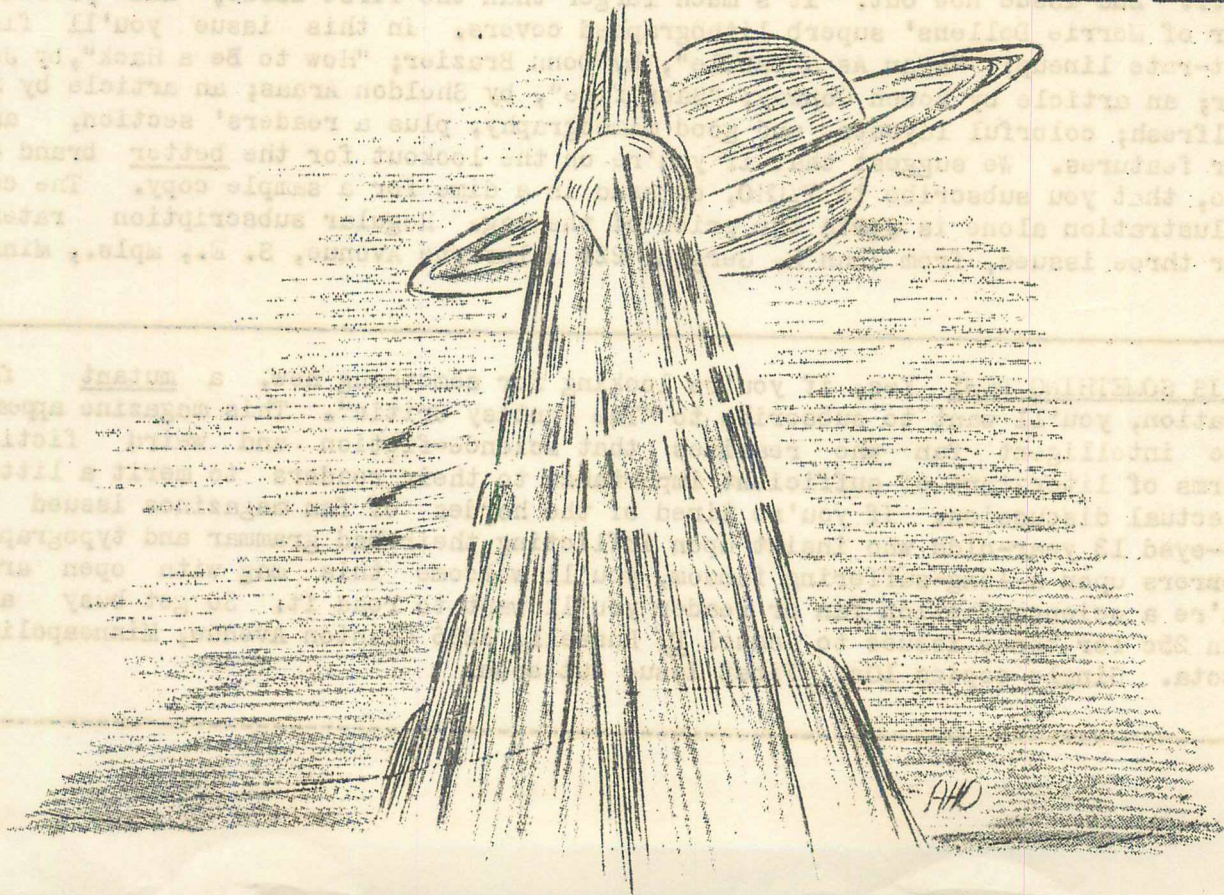
Carol Grey must have had something else on her mind when she wrote "The Leapers". Men and women of an imaginative mind--science fiction readers, mind you--leap up, up, and away from the surface of the Earth, with the Moon as their destination, to combat age-old powers that have been trying to keep man under their control. "Claggert's Folly" I liked, even though the light tone of the first part of the story doesn't jibe with the ending. Incidentally, after I had read the ending, I turned the page, expecting to find more. "The Creator", by Rocklynne, is a jumble of Ghu only-knows-what-and-he-won't-tell. The imagination of the hero in this story is only a little greater than that of Rocklynne. I wonder what kind of opium Ross smokes. Now for that story, "The Cannibals". I intend to hop on this story, not because it was the worst story in the issue--far from it--but because Ollie Saari wrote it. I know he's a much better writer than this tale would indicate, what with its slang speaking super-scientists and such names as "Dan Daniewicz". I did feel that the surprise ending was no surprise in that it was inconsequential, however. I shall pass hurriedly over "Fanatics of Mercury", by Henry Andrew Ackermann, almost as rapidly as I did in reading it. Rating: one long and drawn-out scream. Gordon's "The Oomph Beasts" is the story of beasts that, by their appeal to the sex instincts of men, lure them to their death. I had always thought that Lana Turner was the Oomph B(r)east. ----- MANSON BRACKNEY

Dear Readers: I was going to review the latest Amazing Quarterly, but I find it impossible, for the damned thing fell off my desk the other day and kept right on going through the floor. I use the hole for an ash-tray, now, but every time that I flick ashes down there, I hear someone swearing at me in Cantonese. I wonder how the Chinese like Amazing? Maybe I did Palmer a favor. Think of how his circulation is going to improve, with 400,000,000 illiterate Chinese to read the magazine. ---M.B.
Weird Tales: January, 1943. A rather hastily done, although more reserved than usual, Tilburne cover this time, illustrating Frank Owen's "Quest of a Noble Tiger" which didn't seem to be comparable to his other recent stories for some reason or other. The strange civilization that Trent discovers is too hard to swallow, even in Weird, because of its people's love for China, yet their disinclination to do anything aside from sitting back and watching the war progress. "The Two Moons of Tranquillia", by Arthur Leo Zagat is another story with the War-and-Utopia theme. Not bad reading, although not a good story by any means. John J. Wallace's short "Say A Prayer For Harvey", although having been done many times before is still a worthwhile 1,000 or 1,500 words of reading. Alice-Mary Schnirring's gem of the issue, "One-Man Boat", further verifies her ability in the handling of a weird tale. I'd like to see more and longer stories by this author. Nice illustration for the tale by John Giunta, who appears to be developing somewhat of a style at last. Keller's story this time not up to par, but a very odd tale nevertheless, and with the usual satirical element underlying the coating of horror. Counselman, Bloch, and Quinn have all turned out readable ~~yarns~~ this issue, but none of them are outstanding. I still weep for the days of yore, when Weird Tales printed some exceptional fiction and some exceptional illustrations and covers and an exceptional readers' department.

Unknown Worlds: December. Dear Mr. Campbell: I love Unknown. I have worshipped Unknown since it first appeared on the stands. I have purchased every issue faithfully. I used to chew my nails in-between issues. But, dammit, what's happened lately? By Der Fuehrer's Face how did Hannes Bok's "The Sorcerer's Ship" ever get by your blue-pencil? What right has such a stinker in Unknown, the aristocrat of fantasy-fiction? One might expect to find it in Fantastic Adventures, but never in Astounding's worthy sister. Unfortunately, the fiction in the remainder of the issue doesn't make up for "The Sorcerer's Ship", which is the story of a hero who goes to another land and helps to save the Utopia from the totalitarian state, and with very little necromancy thrown in. This story has been written over a thousand times, and infinitely better for the most part. Robert Arthur's short story is by far the shining example of fantasy in the issue, with the rest of the stuff by Jane Rice, Mary MacGregor, etc., being average material. One exception in Sturgeon's "The Hag Sel-
 een" stands above the rest. ----- PHIL BRONSON..

Planet Stories: Winter 1942. I sighed for the old days; I cried for the old days, and my pleas have been answered in the last few issues of Planet Stories. Yes, I like Planet. Not because the stories are the best in the field; but because they are simple stories of heroes, villains, fair damsels in distress, action, and blood. When one stops to think of it, the old days were not really as great as we like to think, for the stories representative of the "old days" began to cloy upon the taste with continual reading. However, Planet is a welcome relief from the technical-technician-in-a-technological-technocracy type of story that one finds in Astounding. The only things I miss are the vivid spaceship and space-scene cover paintings that used to adorn every mag. The cover on this issue of Planet is the usual conglomeration of monsters and terrified females, done in every color available to the printing trade. "Colossus of Chaos" is the story of a huge, man-like monster that grows to proportions such as they grew only in the old days. Blood! I love it, and you'll find an abundance of it spilled by that competent hack, Nelson Bond. Peacock's story of the "Planet of No-Return" is the familiar tale of a monster, and how the green youngster and the space-hardened veteran dispose of it. Then there is another of those Neil R. Jones epics of the space-wreckers, "Spoilers of the Spaceways". Just another story of a muscle-bound hero who destroys the enemy and saves the beautiful girl--for himself. Nothing special about it, as you have undoubtedly read the plot a thousand-and-one times before. "The Man from Siykul" is just like the rest of the stories in the issue: so-so. It deals with a young, and completely idiotic, earth couple who are kidnapped by a queer being from an alien system, and how they are saved by another race on his planet. Completely wacky. "Meteor Men from Mars", by Harry Cord and Otis "Adlepate" Kline, reads like a Van Lorne or a Cummings opus. It has the same features: pretty girls from a different race, monsters, and love triumphant in the end. I can't say much for the short stories as they were all alike in that they were all bad, with the possible exception of "Peril of the Blue World", which has as a theme the Martians coming to Earth and why they left so suddenly. Rather entertaining to anybody who likes stories related from the alien viewpoint. "The Vizigraph", Planet's letter-section, is the big attraction of the mag, and would do credit to any pro in the field. For an evening of re-living the old days, old-timers, I suggest you pick up a copy of the latest Planet. -----

-----MANSON BRACKNEY.



MARVEL TALES-- Undoubtedly you've heard of this famous fan magazine. Copies of it are rarities today. But we have secured a small stock of them, and the few remaining copies will go for 25c apiece. March-April 1935, is the issue, and it contains over 100 small-sized printed pages, featuring material by Clifford D. Simak, P. Schuyler Miller, George Allan England, H. P. Lovecraft, John Beynon Harris, Amelia Reynolds Long, etc. Two-color cover. Really a must on your list if you're a collector, or want some good reading material. Only twenty-five cents per copy from Phil Bronson, 1710 Arizona Avenue, Santa Monica, Calif.

BACK ISSUES OF FANTASITE still available at low costs. If your files aren't complete, we still have copies of Numbers 5, 7, and 8 left. Number 7 (Anniversary Ish) is 20c, while the others may be had for 10c each. In the fifth issue there is the following feature material: "Some Notes on Alien Races", by L. R. Chauvenet, "The Third Convention", by Rustebar, "The Mutant Cover", by Tucker; 35 pages in all, with a lithographed cover, and multi-colored mimeography in the interior. If you don't have your copy of the 1st anniversary issue you haven't seen one of the best fanzines ever published. It's a huge, seventy page issue, with a splendid lithographed cover by Dollens, 17 photographs, color-mimeography, and the best material in the fan field.

THE MFS BULLETIN.... From six to eight neatly-mimeod pages every issue of fan news, articles, and special features. Published every two weeks by John L. Gergen, at 221 Melbourne Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Only five cents for two issues.... Material every issue by Brackney, Russell, Bronson, Dickson, and fan reporters. You can't go wrong with this compact, newsy, fanzine, especially with the lowest subscription rates in fandom.


TYCHO.... 2nd issue now out. It's much larger than the first issue, and presents another of Morrie Dollens' superb lithographed covers. In this issue you'll find a first-rate lineup: "Evan As a Candle", by Donn Brazier; "How to Be a Hack", by Joe Fortier; an article by Bowen Conway; "Sacrifice", by Sheldon Araas; an article by S. A. McElfresh; colorful layouts, and good mimeography, plus a readers' section, and regular features. We suggest that if you're on the lookout for the better brand of fanzine, that you subscribe to TYCHO, or send in a dime for a sample copy. The cover illustration alone is worth the price of the mag. Regular subscription rates: 25c for three issues, from John L. Gergen, 221 Melbourne Avenue, S. E., Mpls., Minn.

THERE IS SOMETHING NEW! Yes, if you're looking for something new, a mutant fan publication, you'll want to subscribe to "The Fantasy Critic". This magazine appeals to the intelligent fan who realizes that science-fiction and weird fiction are forms of literature of sufficient importance to their readers to merit a little intellectual discussion. If you're tired of the hordes of fan magazines issued by bright-eyed 13 year-olds who insist upon inflicting their bad grammar and typographical errors upon a long-suffering fandom, you'll welcome this mag with open arms. If you're a science-fiction fan or reader you'll want to read it. So get busy and send in 25c for three issues to Samuel D. Russell, 3236 Clinton Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Single copies 10c. First issue out soon.


FLANS A LA CONVENTION

BY

WALT LIEBSCHER



SOLD TO THE
GENT WITH
THE GREEN
ZITCHEL-PODS!



CAN I HAVE
YOUR
AUTOGRAPH -
MR. SAARI?

The michiconference was to start and end on Sunday. For the Illinois and Minnesota fans it started on Friday night and ended the following Monday night.

Neil DeJack and Frank Robinson were to meet me at my house, along with Jane Tucker. Well, Friday, the day we planned to shove off it started to snow. In the middle of September, of all places.

'Twas about 9:30 p.m., and still no Frank, Neil, or Janie. Suddenly there came a thumping as of something bumping, bumping with an empty head upon my chamber door. And me not finished shaving.

I opened the door, and in walked four Things: Phil Bronson, Sam Russell, Oliver E. Saari (decrepit delineator of "The Door"), and Manson Brackney. I invited them up. They entered the Liebscher apartment and Ollie dived for the refrigerator, Sam dived for my books, Phil for the bread-box, and Manse made friends with the cat. Even so early he was feline tipsy. While the MFS flans were slowly and systematic- all devouring and perusing everything in sight Frank and Neil arrived, and Janie soon afterward. My Dad went to the store to get some beverages and stuff and a pleasant confab and refreshment hour was enjoyed by all.

After I'd shown my distinguished company my rooster that wore red pants we sailed off for Battle Creek.

Hours later the whole gang of us barged in on the Ashleys. Immediately Ollie dived for the ice-box, Sam for the Ashley books, Phil for the bread-box, and Manse tripped on the rug. After the usual hello's, gladtameetchas, and fond endearments Janie and I went over to arouse the grand old fan, EEE. He was already up. Said he had smelled us. Could be--fans are flans you know.

After EEE went to work we went back to the Ashleys. Janie and Frank went to sleep and the MFS gang, Neil and I went back to EEE's. I opened the door and Ollie dived for the refrigerator, Sam for Evans' books (this time he found what he was looking for: a sea-story entitled "Steamin' Seamen"), Phil for the bread-box, DeJack for the cigar-box, and Manse and I collided diving for the maid. After listening to EEE's records we returned to the Ashley's and shortly thereafter too off for Jackson.

About an hour later we arrived at the Otsego Hotel. After cleaning up, and eating the whole gang convened in Room 452. Boy, did we have fun! If I told you, you wouldn't believe it!

The Minnesota wolves got to feeling lonesome, so Dorothy Tomkins, being of an understanding nature called up two of her girl-friends. After said friends were picked up, Jane and I, Manse and Phil, and Dorothy and Al Ashley went out for some refreshments. After sampling everything on the lists we finally decided the best concoction was an "Angel's Tip".

Later as we entered the hotel, the refrigerator dived for Ollie, Sam went to bed in a book, Manse played hop-scotch with the chamber-maid, Phil made bread-pudding, Janie dived in the fish-bowl, and I dived into bed. At least that's where I found myself the next morning, or rather, Evans found me. After valiantly striving to awaken me he hit upon the idea of pinching my solar plexus. It worked; I awoke.

At last, the day of the Conference! Let's see--the Michigan gang were all there, the MFS boys, the Illinois gang, Dick Kuhn from Detroit, those two well-known

fans, Harris M. Schmarje (Author, Columnist, Critique), and Marvon Levene, Doc Smith and my beloved pal, Ma Smith and several others whose names escape me. The morning session was devoted primarily to the business. In the afternoon we had some very enjoyable movies.

As Korshak, fandom's official auctioneer, was not present, I was elected and the rest of the afternoon I yelled myself hoarse draining every last shekel from various fans' pockets.

After the auction the door prizes were awarded. I won one, the Minnesota fans each received a prize, and Dick Kuhn another.

Just as we were about to adjourn we received a special delivery letter from Unger announcing the heart-breaking news that FFM is no more. Munsey had sold out to Popular Publications.

After adjourning we all went over to the Tomkins residence. We entered their beautiful home and Ollie dived for the table, Phil dived for the table, Sam dived for the table, and Manse dived for the table. A buffet lunch was enjoyed by all-- of the Minnesota gang; no one else had a chance. Did you ever see Phil Bronson hanging from a chandelier eating a bunch of grapes? You should. Phil had to be near the table in order to eat and as the rest of the MFS chaps were sitting on it the nearest place was the chandelier.

After the repast prizes were awarded for the minute speeches given by all attendees at the opening session of the conference. Judges EESmith and Ollie Saari couldn't agree, so it was a tie between Degler and me. We flipped and Degler took first prize, and I second.

Then came the contest for the original science-fiction and fantasy plots. The first prize was won by Doc Becker, the second prize a tie between Dick Kuhn and me, and flipping again I lost. The Becker plot is the most astounding thing I've ever read. You'll see the story in a forthcoming Nova.

Followed now fangabs of various sizes and types. Someone missed Ollie and after searching frantically for about half an hour we located him in the refrigerator. Seems he was searching for Minnesota beer and someone closed the door on him accidentally.

Phil was in the middle of the floor advertising Fantasite at the top of his voice; Manse was out in the kitchen chasing the maid around the room; Sam scampered about yelling "books, books, millions of books"; Phil Bronson drew pictures on the wallpaper; Schmarje was trying frantically to look sophisticated; Jane Tucker and Tommy Tomkins were playing tiddlywaks with manhole covers; Ollie climbed up on the radio and began to recite "The Door", word for word; Abby Lu and I were playing patty cake on the floor; Evans was giving Wiedenbeck a haircut; Claude Degler was doing a rhumba with Dorothy; Neil DeJack was playing his zither; Frank Robinson was reciting "Thanatopsis", and in other words it was a real, honest-to-goodness fangab.

But all good things must come to an end, and so after long and hearty good-byes the out-of-Jackson fans departed for Battle Creek.

As the entourage arrived, there was a mad scramble, and Ollie dived for "The Door", Phil ran for "The Door", Sam dashed for "The Door", Manse leaped for "The Door", Abby Lu ran for "The Door", and I ran for "The Door". Only this time the door was the entrance to a tavern. After consuming innumerable bottles of Schlitz we zipped up in front of the Ashley mansion and after more prolonged goodbyes took off for Bloomington.

As we entered the Tucker abode Ollie dived for the refrigerator, and found it empty, Phil dived for the bread-box with the same results. Sam dived for the bookcase, and assumed a woe-begone expression at finding it empty. Manse and I asked for something to eat, for we were empty. "Gad, gad, gad, gad, gad, gad, fog, fog, fog, is there nothing in this joint?" shrieked Ollie. I informed him that Tuck's den of iniquity was always empty of everything. In fact Tucker's head is empty.

But Janie went to town and several hours later we were treated to a hearty supper, the main course being chicken.

After tearful farewells we left Bloomington and headed for Joliet. On the way home I was forced to listen to Samuel Davenport Russell explain at great length the

FANTA-NOTES

BY

THE EDITORS

WHEN YOU stop to consider the number of your friends in everyday life who are classical music lovers, and then stop to compare this number with that of your fan friends who are classical enthusiasts, there's something wrong! Too many fans like the classics. Of the present Minneapolis clique of fans --15 in number--nine are c-m lovers and three like the stuff quite a bit. The others probably have their particular favorites in this line, too. I think I have yet to meet a fan who doesn't care the least bit for good music.

Well, Johnny Chapman has been sent overseas, as rumored by several members, and verified by Doug Blakely's letter, so I'm afraid the initial installment of "Squanchfoot's Diary" will be the last. (Incidentally, this column was written entirely from memory) Take care of yourself, Chap, and we wish you all the luck in the world. As soon as we manage to locate him again, we'll print his address in Fantasite. Guess the Squanchfoot of old will not be in our pages again for the duration. But we have managed to procure a substitute Squanchfoot and hope that he will measure up in a small way to the scintillating features of John Chapman.

Doug Blakely, too, has been moved, and you'll find his new address in the letter-section.

I sadly fear that Russell's suggestion that an epidemic of writer's cramp is sweeping fandom is in truth a reality. Only a very tiny percentage of our readers have been writing in their comments of late. Come on, fans, let's have your suggestions, criticisms, gripes, or praises, as the case may be, on this issue. And not only this particular issue, but every one. You will be in good company, y'know, for Fanta-Scripts has a reputation for being one of the best letter-sections. Then again, it is your medium for expressing yourself in Fantasite's pages. Our policy imposes no restrictions on length or brevity of letters, nor on their contents, just as long as you write. If you want to start a feud, you're welcome to space in Fantasite's readers' column (although we do not necessarily endorse such feuds). In any event, sit down at your typer, or un-cap your pen, and get busy. You needn't worry if you are an atrocious penman, for we are experts at reading illegible handwriting, being able to decipher even that of Frank Robinson!

In this time of scarce fanzines, a new one is like a flower in the desert. We suggest that you fans who don't possess copies of the 2nd issue of Tycho send in a dime or a quarter for a subscription now. Consult the ad elsewhere in this issue for further details.

A few thoughts on the fanzines.... Harry Warner's Spaceways has folded, and we tear our hair, weep, stamp on the floor, and wander around in a perpetual daze. Good old Julie's Triple-F has been appearing with commendable regularity, especially when you consider the amount of work involved in putting out a weekly, and the long time that FFF has been hitting the mails. We like it, but wish that it was duplicated a bit better, and had even right-hand edges. But then, you can't have your cake and eat it too. Lovely Le4 is another old-regular, and it would doubtless be a sad blow to fandom if Unc Sammy decided Tuck would make a better soldier than a fanzine editor. Aside from these three pubs, and Vom, I can't think of any other magazines that appear quickly enough to prevent one from forgetting them. Certain ones appear too regularly, and one wishes to forget them, but that's beside the point. No-va, another gem of the first-order should be seeing its third issue soon. What's happened to all of the others, though? Maybe the oft-repeated phrase "t o p - t e n f a n -

(continued on next page)

FLANS A LA CONVENTION (Contd.)

writings of Stanley G. Weinbaum. In due time we arrived at Joliet, and I bid farewell to the last of the conventionites. Ah! sad parting! At the time of my arrival in Joliet I had survived three days with only 4 hours sleep. The Minneapolis boys had survived 5 days with only 4 hours sleep, and in addition had driven some thousand-and-more miles. Yes, truly it is true; the secret is out. Fans are flans.

FANTA-NOTES (Continued from page 26)

zines" will have to be cut down to "top-five", if the slump continues. Several promising newcomers have seen their first issues, though: Tycho, Paradox, and The Acolyte.

The Fantasite Staff is valiantly striving to produce on-time issues, but we're battling rather heavy odds. Dolens, Russell, and I must keep the wolf from the door; Saari, Dickson, and Brackney are studying hard at the "U"; Osterlund and Gergen are also working, and Gergen goes to school in the daytime, so you can readily see that we have our obstacles. Sherm Schultz was laid up again for a while, and couldn't make it to MFS meetings, but we recently received the heartening news that he's up and around again. You'll be seeing some of his art work in Fantasite, too. Despite obstructions and the ever imminent threat of induction into the army, we'll keep The Fantasite coming as long as there is one MFS fan left, so you needn't start worrying!

PHIL BRONSON.

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO THE FANTASITE! If this is a sample copy, or you are reading a friend's personal copy of Fantasite pay heed to these facts: The Fantasite is the No. 1 fan magazine. It features a greater amount of wordage every issue than any other fan periodical, and the biggest variety of high quality material for your money.

LOVERS OF THE WEIRD AND FANTASTIC:

"The Acolyte", an amateur quarterly devoted wholly to fantasy and supernatural fiction, invites your patronage. Each issue consists of from 18 to 36 mimeographed pages, and contains original articles, poems, and stories. We particularly wish to feature professional quality material which is too uncommercial for the pulps, but beginning writers will find us a good medium for presenting their better class efforts. We use little or no science-fiction, but if you like your stuff in the Lovecraft-Smith groove, you'll probably like "The Acolyte".

Four issues will cost you 35¢, but if you are not on our list, 3¢ postage will bring you a sample copy of our second issue (out December 20).

Francis T. Laney
720 Tenth Street
Clarkston, Washington

IF IT'S

AN MFS PUBLICATION

it's right up there on top! If you're looking for some really worthwhile fan magazines, you can't go wrong with any of the following: TYCHO, THE MFS BULLETIN, THE FANTASY CRITIC, & THE FANTASITE-- Then, in the lighter vein, you'll find the humor mags, specializing in science-fictional trivia and nonsense-BR-R-RACK-! and THRILLING YAMP STORIES.

BORED WITH IT ALL? WEARY OF THE COMMON, EVERYDAY FANZINES? DOES YOUR WIFE EAT CRACKERS IN BED?? Well, then, send in a three-cent stamp for a copy of ----- "BR-R-RACK!" In the 2nd issue: "The Dice King" by Damuel Z. Bustle, "Monsters of the Void" by Arden Benson, "Raisins If It's Raisin Bread", by P. Robert Bronson, Stf. D., D. S. C., and other hyper material by M. Brackney. Get your copy now of this screwy fanzine; it's different and it's refreshing; the answer to the manic depressive's prayer. Send for one now from Manson Brackney, 152 Arthur Ave. S.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Paid Advertisement

*-- FANTASY BOOKS FOR SALE ---

VERNE.....	FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON.....	35
VERNE.....	20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.....	35
VERNE.....	THE FIELD OF ICE.....	75
VERNE.....	A JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH.....	50
VERNE.....	FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON.....	50
WATERLOO.....	THE STORY OF AB.....	75
WATKIN.....	ON BORROWED TIME.....	\$1.00
WEINBAUM.....	THE NEW ADAM.....	75
WELLS.....	THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU.....	50
WELLS.....	MEN LIKE GODS.....	50
WELLS.....	THE WORLD SET FREE.....	50
WHITE.....	THE SIGN AT SIX.....	50
WINGER.....	THE WIZARD OF THE ISLAND.....	75
WINDSOR.....	VANISHING MEN.....	75
WINDSOR.....	STATION X.....	\$1.00
WRIGHT & LEBAR.....	THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY.....	75
WRIGHT.....	DELUGE.....	75
WRIGHT.....	THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW.....	85
BURROUGHS.....	THE GODS OF MARS.....	50
LA MASTER.....	THE PHANTOM IN THE RAINBOW.....	75
PEMBERTON.....	THE SIGNORS OF THE NIGHT.....	75
CURTIS.....	WOODEN GHOSTS.....	75
GANPAT.....	HARILEK.....	50
FLAMMARION.....	URANIA.....	\$1.00
PAEK.....	10,000 YEARS IN A BLOCK OF ICE.....	75
SEDGWICK.....	THE THIRD WINDOW.....	60
HOEY.....	THE STARTLING EXPLOITS OF DR. QUIES.....	\$1.00
TURNER.....	A VOYAGE IN SPACE.....	\$2.00
HERING.....	ADVENTURE AND FANTASY.....	75
CAPEK.....	THE ABSOLUTE AT LARGE.....	75
BOYN.....	THE DIABOLIKES.....	\$1.50
BURROUGHS, J. B.....	TITAN, SON OF SATURN.....	\$1.00
CLAUDY.....	THE BLUE GROTTO TERROR.....	50
CLAUDY.....	LAND OF NO SHADOW.....	50
BLACKWOOD.....	THE GARDEN OF SURVIVAL.....	\$1.25
DICKENS.....	THE HAUNTED MAN.....	50
CLEATOR.....	ROCKETS THROUGH SPACE.....	\$3.00
STAPLEDON.....	THE STAR MAKER.....	\$2.50

MAGAZINES FOR SALE

- ONE SET OF "THE SKYLARK OF VALERON" IN EXCERPT FORM -- \$2.00
 ONE SET OF "SKYLARK THREE" IN COMPLETE FORM -- \$2.25
 ONE SET OF FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES (26 issues) SEPT. 1939 TO DEC. 1942-COMP. \$10.00.
 ONE SET OF FANTASTIC NOVELS (5 ISSUES) JULY 1940 TO APRIL 1941 -- COMPLETE \$2.50.
 ONE SET OF "THE SKYLARK OF SPACE" IN COMPLETE FORM -- \$2.25
 ONE SET OF "THE GREY LENS MAN" IN COMPLETE FORM -- \$2.00

All books and magazines postpaid from:

Neil DeJack

1746 Balmoral Avenue
 Chicago, Illinois

Fanta-Scripts

FRANCIS T. LANEY: The Fantasite is a fine publication. I particularly liked the idea of using a back-strip, and believe that I may copy this feature. Russell's story, despite a tendency to compress too much into a short space, is definitely in the top grade of amateur writing. I feel the long article on "Black Cat" is scarcely worth the number of stencils it used up, but then that is just my own personal viewpoint; and I will admit that serious research along bibliographical lines is generally worth encouraging. Cross-word puzzles are scarcely my idea of worthwhile material, but if the readers like them.... After all, there's no law to make me work them! The really commendable feature of "Fantasite" is the mature viewpoint shown throughout. I am heartily tired of getting fanzines which I am ashamed to show to my non-fan friends. Of course I'm just a doddering old graybeard (crowding 29 now), but it is a real pleasure to find a sheet that is out of the juvenile class. 720 Tenth Street, Clarkston, Washington. ((Thankee for the kind comments, brother Laney. We would like to suggest that you fans who are unfamiliar with "The Acolyte", which is edited by Laney, send in a dime for a copy. It's the best of the latest in our estimation. PRB))

FRANK ROBINSON: The cover is the most magnificent cover I have yet seen on a fanzine. This includes Clyne covers so far printed. Russell's story hasn't changed my opinion about fanzine fiction, but my opinion isn't quite fair. I read it last night when I was in no condition to read anything. ((Why, Frank; shame! EDS)) Reread a paragraph of it last night and it sounds good. Brazier writes rather well. I don't blame Doublepound. I weep for him, poor guy. Boggs reminds me of an eternal optimist. Judging from the interest now displayed in super speeds, heavy armament, new "secret" weapons, etc., one would think that the newsstands would be practically buried under stf. As you know, though, such isn't the case. F.F.M. gone--and if the reports are correct maybe Columbia's mags. Farsaci, Squanchfoot, and Fassbeinder interesting. Editors and Tucker good. Phil Lehr awful. Geez, poor Branson! Can't drawn can't write; can't do anything but drink beer and wolf. How I wish I could. Russell okay, and the MFS triumvirate likewise. Evidently Brackney didn't like "Warrior's Age"? ((Don't mention that name! He's liable to hear you....EDS)) Warner's ad interesting. Did you bribe him to print that hypocritical statement about Phil? ((Harry! You promised not to tell! PRB)) 6636 S. Sacramento, Chicago

JOE FORTIER: Just got Fantasite and have to break the silence to say it's quite all right. Cover's beautiful and contents neat. The fiction was a dud this time. Tucker's reviews are far too long. ((Chiefly because you don't like book reviews, as you have reiterated before. However, Recommended Reading is highly favored by the majority of our readers. EDS)) Farsaci's "The Golden Dawn" is the best thing in the issue; on this you might eat a few words in the editorial. ((Why? Because we didn't spread blurbs throughout the issue, proclaiming that "TGD" was originally scheduled for the ill-fated DAWN? We had the permission of Larry Farsaci, the author, and also that of DAWN's editors. In addition, practically everybody is aware of the fact that Lowndes' article in the Anniversary Issue, and some other minor items--and the Farsaci article were planned for DAWN. EDS.)) I'd like to see Lou Smith's column back again and the same goes for JR's. ((Unfortunately, we haven't been able to locate Louis C. Smith since his abrupt and unheralded depart-

ure from his former address. You will find that John Reitrof's column is not in this issue again. He did send the installment in, and it was a long one--4, 0 0 0 words. However, Mr. Reitrof forgot that we are publishing a fan magazine. f o r nine-tenths of Hell Fire dealt with marriage and divorce, sports, jokes, and anything but science-fiction. Hence no Hell Fire column will be found in this issue. EDS // "Squanchfoot's Diary" is no more than an amateur's account of personal, purple prejudices. ((John Chapman is no amateur. We thought you were in sympathy with personal, purple prejudices. EDS)) I don't think much of non-professional crossword puzzles, but Chappy's looks good! "M.F.S. Notes" rather dry, but readable. "Among Etc." was lousy this issue: Kuttner's work not stinkeroos. AS-F's astro cover was not accurate. Crack against Fannual not in good taste. Passabeinder your best columnist. Please enlarge this column! "Fanta-Scripts" fair, and best letter-section in fandom. Warner gives me a pain though....so much quibbling. Brazier most interesting in here. Yerke forgets that L.A. is underpaid in ratio to the rest of the coast. All-in-all, you've one of the two best fannags, Nova being the other one. A nice format, though a bit slipshod in spots. ((Sorry, we had to run that last issue through in a hurry, and that's the reason for the bad portions. EDS)) 2222 E. 30th, Oakland, California.

CORP. DOUGLAS E. BLAKELY: A word about the August-September ish and then we move on to other things. Incidentally, enlighten the unenlightened and tell me what weight of paper you now use. ((usually, 20-pound mimeo bond. EDS)) When I get out of the army and start publishing my own mag, I gotta know all about these administrative details. I fully expect the ill-will of a hundred or so fans for a remark in my letter to Fanta-Scripts to the effect that Ackerman writes rubbish quite consistently. However, Lieut. Donn Brazier seems to feel the same way as I do, and in the same department at the same time. Typical example of how the army sticks together. And it was rather odd to say "Hang on to writer Russell and Artist Dollons". They are editing the damn thing this issue. This was something like telling J.W.C. Junior to hang on to Don A. Stuart. "The Ice-King", executed with Samuel D. Russell's usual polish, was nevertheless lacking in something. I can't quite make up my mind what it is. Maybe the story is too short, maybe it's the plot, old as the kiss of death. I can't find out exactly why the story didn't click as sharply as most of Samuel's stuff, so let's forget it. "When Sleeping Beauty Spoke" was enjoyable, if wacky. Maybe the army does to Brazier the same thing it does to me. The two articles, "Alas, Poor Yorick" and "The Golden Dawn" are instructive, interesting, well-written space-fillers. Which is about all an article need be, yes? No? "Squanchfoot's Diary", undoubtedly written in the shadow of a top-sergeant's stinging lash, was very okay and to me, an old MFS member, nostalgic to the point of a full-fledged crying jag. In fact, I dropped into the PX for a bottle of Budweiser. 's good. By the by, since the article was written, old Squanchfoot was snipped over, and I hope the army is as good to Squanchfoot as he is to the army. (Give 'em hell, Squanch!) ((Ditto!)) The departments were up to your usual standard of quality. And that COVER! My God, what a masterpiece! Its effect is heightened by the fact that at the moment I happened to look at it, a hunk of very dragon-like symphony was purring darkly out of the radio. Nice cumulative effect. Orchids, Morrie. Big, black orchids, at ten bucks per shot. Did you know that "Lights Out" is back on the air? I picked it up last week some time. Arch Obler does the scripts, and they're the same old Obler stuff. Anyway, they reminded me of those cutting sessions in Squanchfoot's apartment that we used to have. Those dear, dead days beyond recall, when I was a happy, simple civilian, having an occasional beer at the Jugge ((The MFS "Jug-attending tradition is now carried on by Brackney, Dickson, Shari, and Benson. EDS)), driving around in a Real Car, and recording Russell's dray-mas on Morrie's recording set. O'Lost! I got a couple of ideas for dray-mas that we might use, in case we ever get together again. I rather like your tirade against those certain fannags which are evidently run by a bunch of neurotic fourteen-year-olds. Although I suppose you can't get too open with such a thing, and name names of the chief problem children. Such a practice--that of an open crusade against a certain group of fans and fannags

--always seems to lead to boycotting of the mag, fights (not dog), and all stuff like that there. Unhappily, in the process of running a mag, one evidently must not antagonize groups too openly. The nice thing about your system of not naming anybody is that all those fizz kids think it's the other guy. Um. Well, the ravelled sleeve is in dire need of being knitted up, and now must get myself off to my pad. I will take some of my little friends to bed with me. Ah! I see your eyes widen at this. You have been in California, Fil, and you know of whom I speak. Correct: my little friends are the sand-floas this beautiful country abounds in. Just like Mary's little lamb, these diminutive and hellish beasts follow me wherever I may go. So I itch and scratch, and I curse and moan, and finally I mag get to sleep. Who can say? Note now address: Hg. Btry 2nd Bn., 6th C. A., Fort Cronkite, California.

DAVID MILLER: As I unwrapped the latest issue of Fantasite, I was struck by the singularly impressive cover. Gad! let's give 15 to Dollens! I guess the little elephants are finally getting him. No foolin! it was splendid. The binding was a swell touch, too. The next thing that caught my eye was a page of material entitled Science-Fiction Goo ((Special insert published by Russell for the FAPA, and mailed to all non-FAPA members. EDS)). That was a little gem; a diamond in the rough---er, well not exactly rough. It is one of the best constructive criticisms and discussions I have ever read about any subject for a long time. Another thing, it's about time someone expressed an opinion that must have been in many fans' minds for some time; that of the semi-tragedy of Weird Tales. Ah, me. Things like "Goo" are not often found. They certainly don't grow on trees. ((Hold on thar', Dave; Mr. Russell is drooling enthusiastically in a corner! PRB)) I suppose I enjoyed "Alas, Poor Yorick" (as an intelligent article on the destination of fandom after the war) and "Recommended Reading" (as something useful to all of us) the most. "When Sleeping Beauty Spoke" was amusing, and too tragically true. 306 College St., Valdosta, Ga.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: Ah, and to Fantasite! (This is a novel feeling to me, it being the first time in four years I've been able to comment on a fanzine unhampered by the fact that I'm issuing one myself and can't crack down to hard on certain items.) The cover could hardly be better. It does what it's meant to do perfectly; I can't find a flaw in it. The little strip of passe-partout or whatever it is running up the spine improves the appearance immeasurably, too; I'd retain it, if possible. Fiction: Sam's story was very good. It suffered from one thing, common to a lot of amateur weird and fantasy fiction--all description; no conversation. While I don't care for a story which is practically nothing but talk, with the reader left to guess what is happening by the speeches, whenever possible, a little direct quotation helps, and gives variety and realism. Of course, I realize that in this particular story, the whole writing style would be chopped up if any quotes were included. But the same holds true of too many fan stories. Brazier's bit was very amusing, and seemed just right in every way to me. (Incidentally, I just heard that Donn is now stationed in Georgia, and is making contact with Lynn Bridges, who is located very near him. It'll be the first case of Amerifans being brought in touch par la guerre.) Among the dark chapters of my life is the period in which I was a crossword puzzle fiend. I still retain some beliefs and prejudices from that time, and have been sorely distressed by previous attempts at stf. crossword puzzles. This one is easily the best I've seen (except for the scientific ones, which really don't count, in Startling). The only big fault is that so many abbreviations are used. Technically, it's not good because there's no contact between the upper and the lower half, but that's an insignificant defect. I childishly worked it, and got it all right, except for the name of the Slan character. ((Ollie Saari scored the very same as you: all right except for name of Slan character. EDS)) Parts of Farsaci's article were interesting. But nine pages were a lot to spend on it. If it had been complete in some way--that is, if it had listed all the stories over a certain period, or all the stf. and fantasy over the magazine's career, it would have been more valuable to the collector. As it is, it's little more than summations of the plots of a lot of stories, and titles and authors of some more; and only about one out of every six is stf, or fantasy. And I don't enjoy plot summations when they're so brief,

unless they concern some magazines which can be had fairly easy. "Alas, Poor Yorick!" rambles a bit, like a lot of other good fan articles. I rise up in wrath, that Boggs says such heresy against sf. books. Maybe he hasn't read the right ones. Of course, the greatness of the works of Wells, Cabell, Poe, and the other better-known writers is hardly questioned, and I don't think Dean was complaining about them. But concerning books not well known in literary circles, generally--you'll go a long way before you'll find a story like Stapledon's "Last and First Men", or Beresford's "The Hampdenshire Wonder", or a hundred others. I doubt that sf. mags will show any trends because of world conditions, at least for a number of years to come, except those that the entire pulp magazine field shows of prosperity or hard times. Almost all of your columns and departments (what's the difference between "Squanchfoot's Diary", which you list as a column, and "Among the Hais and Pros", to cause it to be called a department?) are excellent. I especially liked the introduction of Squanchfoot. Nearly all fanzine articles and columns these days consider only the important things, and little items such as are used here have no homes; yet they are entertaining and should see print. Sam's editorial is one of the finest paragraphs of writing I've ever seen in a fanzine; his choice of words is perfect. I note from the letter that Pvt. John Chapman is stationed at Jefferson Barracks. Boggs was there for a short while, immediately after his induction, and very possibly the two were there at the same time. 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland.

RAYMOND WASHINGTON, JR.: The illustration for "The Ice-King" was good. I rather like the idea of a page for the cut and illustration. Though someday some fan is going to astound us by giving us a double-spread. It's not at all impossible. The story was damned good. I mentally connected it with the latest astounding I saw at the newsstand not long ago--seems there is an illustration showing a Nazi being swallowed by an ice-floe. Alas, Poor Yorick! is interesting and Boggs premises are probably correct. However, he states, "But it would seem that a pulp magazine will print the Great Science Fiction Novel if it is ever going to appear." Dear Messrs. Boggs and Bronson: The Great Science Fiction Novel has already appeared. Have you ever read The Ark of Fire? Therefore, Boggs, I'll excuse your ignorance. Tucker's Recommended Reading is faintly interesting. Easy to read at any rate. Same for Dynamic Dream. Now, Fanta-Notes. Comments on Bronson's note to Ludowitz: I read the "Old Fantasy Films" in the Ann-Ish! (Jenkins' enthusiasm gets yuh) of The Fantasite and was bodaciously puzzled when I read the same item in the alledged Space Tales. I just knew I had read the item before, probably in this mag. Bronson makes the mistake of trying to reason with Ludowitz as if he were a normal fan with the average fan intelligence. If Ludowitz's amazingly incoherent typing is any clue to his mental processes, one must reason with him as with a child. Personally, I think he is more intelligent than his writing would indicate. Perchance he has not yet mastered the typewriter--in which case he has no business putting out a fanzine in the first place. The Golden Dawn: I disapprove of long features like this. They're quite unnecessary as a means of recording material and events, but I think this type of article should be published in a separate volume where they would not take up so damn much space in fanzines that should feature greater variety. ((We are prejudiced against fans who don't like long articles or features because "they take up too much space". One of the reasons we publish such large issues of Fantasite is to allow the inclusion of long articles. EDS)) Think of all the juicy stuff that could have been published in place of that article. (No, Bronson, I don't mean pornography. You have an evil mind.) A little personal note: Russell's advertisement about "The Fantasy Critic". His reference to "bright-eyed fourteen-year-olds" annoys me. I assume he was referring to me, Shaw, McNutt and Ludowitz. ((In the reference to the age of the bright-eyed fourteen-year-olds Mr. Russell did not intend to slam all 14-year-old fans, but merely the ever-present youngsters who callously perpetrate their ghastly gazettes on fandom. Don't jump to conclusions! PRB)) If he was, I beg of the gentleman to drop me a postcard, letting me know more in detail. Squanchfoot's Diary: good, because it is interesting and can be read easily. When Sleeping Beauty Spoke is the best item in the issue, for my money. MFS Notes. I would say I liked it, and it was interesting except that I am in a rut. I always read every thing in

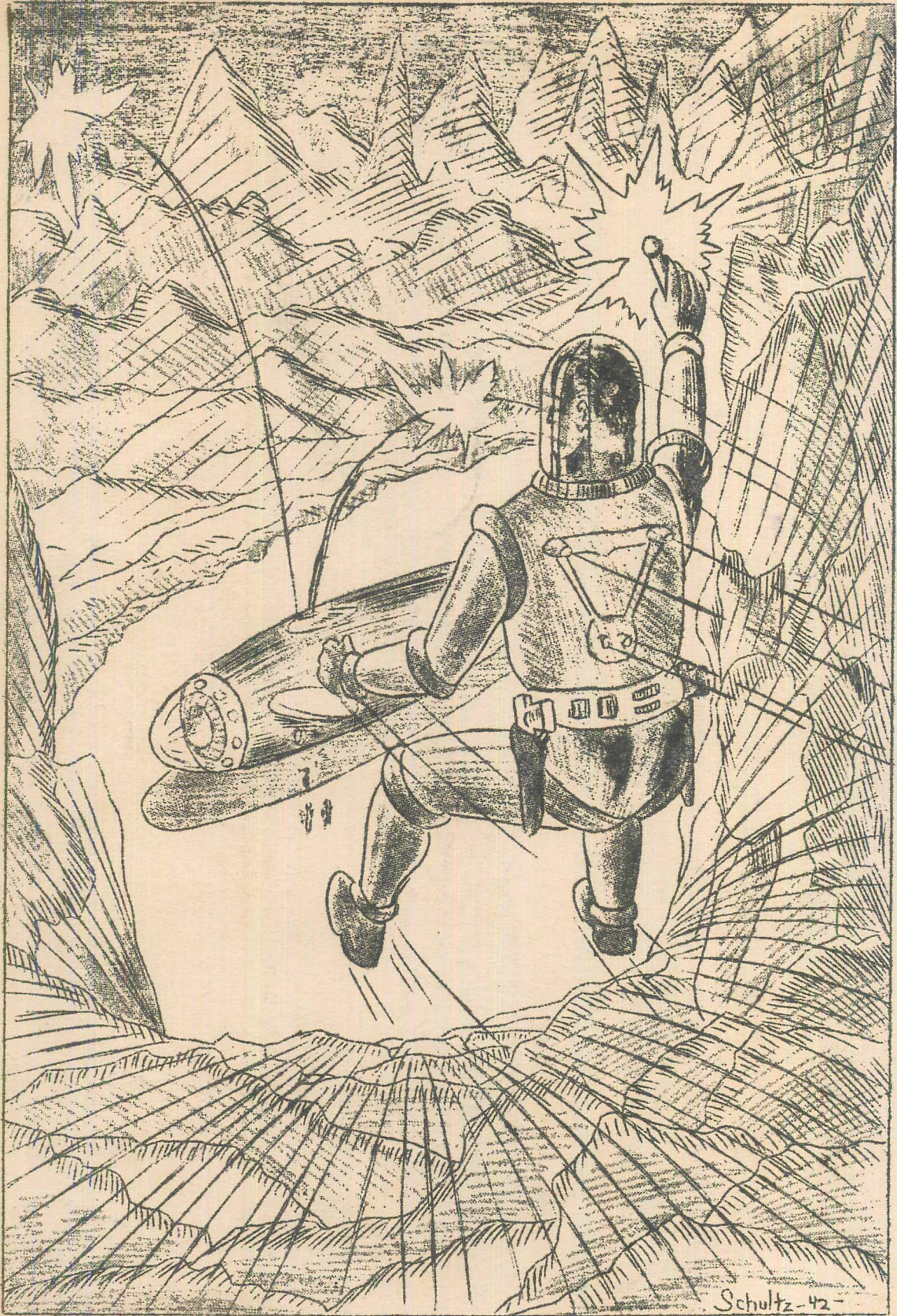
every fanzine except Space Tales, mainly because I prefer idle eyes to an upset stomach. Among the Hams and Pros, er, quite interesting, as always. I wish there was a synonym for "interesting". Sauerkraut Und Gefiltefish: I believe that Carlton J. Fassbeinder is indirectly related to Lothar Penguin, Thorn-Smith, Deceased,-- Fywert Kinge, and various other personalities too fantastic to mention. I am most partial to Fassbeinder's type of humor. He is one of my favourites. Fanta-Scripts is okay, while Spaceways' advertisement draws too heavily on past glory. The binding further enhances the issue. And the cover-- Poe's Toes! I haven't even commented on the contents page or the cover! Former was good--as to be expected--and the latter was distinctive, although a bit stereotyped, as the Fantasite is quite partial to such opuses. ((?)) What spiritual reimbursement may I expect for writing the longest letter commenting on the Fantasite? A blonde or a stencil will do nicely. ((Isn't that just like a fan: "...a blonde or a stencil...": We would hardly call a blonde spiritual reimbursement. As blondes are more in Mr. Brackney's department we refer you to him. EDS)) Live Oak, Florida.

BRIEF COMMENTS----- Art Widner: Fantasite cover reminiscent of Sigmund on '33 large size Amazing, only much better. 10+. Where do you get your lithoing done and how much? ((Any place, and too much! We're going to give the firm Tucker discovered a try soon. EDS)) How much do you want for the original? Will trade Hunt's "Cthulhu". ((Sorry, but we prize our Dollens originals pretty highly. They are all done-up extra-large on heavy drawing board, and are much better than the reproductions. EDS)) Melvin Lyon: The May-June and the Aug.-Sept. issues of The Fantasite arrived the other day, and I have been eagerly perusing them. Both were excellent, except for "The Tale of the Hooten" in the May-June number. Best thing about either issue was Morrie Dollens' magnificent cover on the Aug.-Sept. one..... Roscoe E. Wright: The Fantasite, as I had expected, passed my inspection. The front cover was especially good, and all the interior work was outstanding for a fanzine.

BILL EVANS: The cover on the last issue is one of the best I've ever seen. It equals Nova's, if not surpassing them. Give it 10. The Ice-King was very good, although Amazing used the same plot at least umpteen times in the last year. Alas, Poor Yorick! was a rather good analysis of the field. I hope Dean is right. Squanchfoct's Diary--good, although I don't agree with all of it. Was "The Moon Pirates" a Prof. Jameson story? I say not. When Sleeping Beauty Spoke-- best fiction in the issue. I missed Smith this issue, and hope you can get in touch with him. ((To date our efforts have all been to no avail. Doesn't anybody know what happened to Louis C. Smith? EDS)) Now that Spaceways is gone, Fantasite is the top fanzine. Until this war is over, I'm afraid that fanzines are going to be few and far between. I hope that the few that are left will be able to keep up the tradition. 233 Sheldon, Ames, Iowa.

A P O L O G Y D E P A R T M E N T : ----- ELEVENTH HOUR REPRIEVE!
An Airmailletter from Pvt. F. C. FORREST J ACKERMAN: "Ludowitz Innocent!" -Ackerman. Missing Witness Comes Forth With Startling Statement, Saves Stefan From Electricchair; Warns Against Circumstantial Evidence!!! Here's what hapnd: When Fantaseer folded, or maybe it was a Studley mag that never got going; anyway, as I recall, for some reason now obscure to me, the material on hand was sent me. Among the mss. I definitely recall Hunt's cine-syn, which I forwarded to Space Tales. Apparently Roy had a copy he sent U, or re-roto it. Anyway, if TL has protested his innocence, I thot I'd better rite substantiating his claim. Would U please tell Donn I sure got a gut laff outa his Sleeping-Beautyarn? HQ., Checking Station, S. C. U., Fort MacArthur, California.

We wish to extend our apologies to Tom Ludowitz for our editorial statements anent the duplication of Fantasite material in a recent Space Tales, and for so hastily jumping to conclusions. The Editors. -----



Schultz-42-