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EDITORIAL NOTES

We wonder how many readers will agree with us when we say that, in our opinion, at least, this issue of FANTASY DIGEST is the best yet? We've managed to obtain a large variety of features. Movie & fiction reviews, humor, news, fiction, biographical & collector's articles, more convention notes, and some "straight" articles.

Harry Warner, Jr. has a good idea in the rating system he has recently adopted. As we, too, would like to know which features are the most popular in FD. So we ask you, in addition to the regular comments, to give each feature a rating from one to ten--no fractions. Thanks. If we get enough replies, we'll publish the results in our next issue.

Predicting is always, at best, a risky business. But we're willing to try our luck at it. So here goes: Mark Reinsberg will probably have "Who's Who in Chicago" in by that time. Harry Warner's long-delayed account of his experiences in fandom will be published if they're not side-tracked again. We have no doubt they will make fascinating reading. Don't fail us, Harry! "Claire Voyant" will continue the series of collector's articles which have proved very popular. FJA has given a half promise to the effect that another movie article may find its way to our address. Then, Erle Kershak, who has become almost a staff writer, will have another timely article. And that's about as far as we can give a more-or-less accurate forecast.

A few words re the cover: It was done in a great hurry by "Doc" Lowndes in answer to an urgent request on our part. In the letter accompanying it he says: "As with all my art (?), it is an attempt to give the outre scene -- strangeness rather than horror. The idea of this one -- space ripping open and an immense alien something coming through seems outre enough to me -- but my execution of it, alas!"

Ultimatum: October 2nd is the deadline the "Who's Who in Fandom". All biographical sketches must be in by then. And this means Sam Moskowitz, Jimmy Taurasi, John Giunta. Take heed!

Note to Dick Wilson: If you'd like to continue the reciprocal trade subscription, please send the first two issues of "Escape" plus any later ones.

Pleasant memories: Erle Kershak's visits, and being at 1:15 A.M. A fine time had in our demon-haunted attic, discussing things & stuff amidst stacks of maggy

WHAT IS A "FAN"?

by Frederick Shroyer

It has always been my contention that the word "fan" is probably one of the most debasing and humiliating words that could possibly be applied to one whose interest in science-fiction is an interest purely literary in character.

Discounting, with vast pleasure, that group of science fictioneers whose sole interest in science fiction is to advance some hair-brained political delirium, or gain publicity for the purpose of salving their warped egos, I believe that one will find that the remaining science fiction readers are individuals who regard this form of fiction as an established literature; a field of letters that is rich & rewarding in terms of pure aesthetic pleasure.

It is indisputable that there are those who place science-fiction in the position of a vehicle for the carrying of repressed fetishes. They are, I believe, to be placed in the category of a group of little marvels who form "Deanna Durbin Fan Clubs" and collect large numbers of pictures showing the object of their adoration playing tennis, fondling her dog, emerging through a huge, paper, heart, intently regarding a stocking hung in front of a fireplace, etc. The only difference is that they in turn collect vast store houses of junk: 50 issues of the first "Amazing"; issues of magazines which contain the same material but are different in respect to the number of staples used in their binding; the various types of ink blotches; and various discolorations on the cover. These scientifiational pack rats are worthy of the term "fan". They are fans in the full meaning of the word. I would suggest that they be given, cheerfully, the full custodianship of the abominable word.

One may well imagine that in the good days of Mr. Shakespeare, there were "Shakespeare Fan Clubs" and that schoolboys collected his pipe stems, fingernails, and shirts. Thank God this breed died out & we, of the present age, find that Shakespeare is remembered for his literature; perused for the enjoyment and education that is to be derived from the study of his efforts.

Why, oh, why, cannot this same mature attitude be taken toward that branch of literature called science fiction? I can well imagine that it will be answered that science-fiction is not literature, but there has been science fiction written which could, in my opinion, be eligible to be called such.

I would suggest that much of the tea-pot turmoil of "Fandom" (& whoever coined that horrible, linguistic abortion should be hung by his largest hicky till dead) would disappear once the "fans" were separated from those interested in science fiction for science fiction's sake.

It is not my purpose to address polemics against magazines published by science fiction readers. These magazines, as a whole, are commendable and are written in the literary interest. Information relative to stories, authors, etc. are legitimate according to the bylaws and purposes of any literary group. My polemics are directed towards the use of the word "fan", and my motives are activated as a result of knowing what the word "fan" connotes. There are, of course, a group that the word "fan" does apply to. I think I have made it clear as to which group I refer to.

FINIS

THEY NEVER COME BACK!

by

Sam Moskowitz

(The May 1938 issue of "The Science Fiction Fan" there appeared Bob Madle's pertinent, "They Always Come Back." It so happened that I had composed the about-to-be-presented article at exactly the same time. I was bound to print so I decided, in order to avoid repetition, to consign my efforts to the junk heap. However, I recently reread a copy I had retained, and upon comparing it to Madle's found my article to be radically different in thought and manner of presentation. I have therefore brought the article up to date and present it herewith.)

laughter of forgotten gods that were
 holding still in the oblivion."

Quoted from SANDALWOOD, by Clark A. Smith

If I've heard it once, I've heard it a hundred times. "Oh," some

fan would sagely comment, "so John So-and-So is going to quit science fiction for good. Think so? It's only fit for nincompoops.... That's what they all say. He'll come crawling back for another dose of his poison." And time and time again those statements have, to all surface appearance's been corroborated. Few science fiction fans ever condemned stf as a literature so lustily as did Milton Kaletsky. Yet the same Milton Kaletsky showed up at "The First National Science Fiction Convention." When asked why he came, he replied, "I really can't say, except that a criminal always returns to the scene of his crimes."

I feel that it is undeniable that fans who have once read stf., and quit, do occasionally return as regular readers. Such facts are incontestable, but I can contend that no fan, once active in fandom to any great extent, has ever been able to denounce stf., lay off for a year or two, and then return to his previous position of importance. They remind me of pale, lingering shadows, ghosts of their once great scientificational robustness. Striving, desperately to understand and "fit" into the niche of fan prominence. Oh, there have been many who have tried and tried hard, too, but few, if any, have ever managed to measure up to their former scientificational specifications, and inevitably they once again drop far into the background, wondering at the inexplicableness of it all.

A sorrowful spectacle they have made. Fans who belonged to another time, another era, refusing, stubbornly, to change their mode of fan activity to fit the requirements of the present, and those very same wondering yet why it was that their comeback was far from brilliant, and still further from winning the friendliness and accord of fandom as it was.

I won't go too far back in citing my examples. That is to say, not entirely. I am sometimes wont to pride myself upon my "salesmanship" or persuasive qualities, but I shall always remember one of the most fruitless bits of campaigning I ever did. Corwin F. Stickney was, at one time, an active and interested fan. He participated in fan activities to some extent, though never very widely until he and Willis Conover, Jr. created the idea of the "Science-Fantasy Correspondent." The historic split of these two parties is well remembered, as is the resultant campaign of Wollheim to disparage Stickney as a dirty double crosser. Wollheim was not alone. Other members of fandom also took up the

cry of "double-crosser" and for a short interval Corwin Stickney became one of the most misunderstood men in fandom. It was at this time that I made Stickney's acquaintance and gradually weeded his side of the story out of him. Then I became a campaigner for what I considered the right. Smoothing over former abhorractions, defending Stickney on many points. I could easily understand that Stickney, a newcomer, was becoming more and more deeply embittered at the fan world. Gradually, I nursed him out of that mood. I encouraged him to give up his hermit-like fan existence and enter the light of regular fan activities. I convinced him to the point where he began to change his famous "Amateur Correspondent" back toward the fan viewpoint, began to reinstate fan magazines and cut out the loathed stamp department. It took me nine months to show him that the fans were no longer against him and would welcome his active participation in fandom. Well, he tried, half heartedly, I must confess, but still and all he did try. He wrote a few stories for this magazine, an article or two for that one, a regular column and a few stories for my own "Heliops", but it was useless. Stickney had finally emerged from his shell, but too late. No longer were such fine efforts as "Fantasy Magazine," "The Phantagraph", the printed "Fan", the "Critic" and others being published. In their places were purplish, hoktographed monsters, Heliops, Cosmic Tales, Collector Fan, and many others. The viewpoint had changed. Fans were their own source of information. Professional discussion was at it's lowest ebb. Stickney could not fully comprehend it. He saw also that a few fans who had once condemned him were prominent among these peculiar fan mags. It was easier to let go than it was to hold on. He let go. I do not doubt that today he is still an occasional reader of science fiction. But science fiction fandom will never see him again, nor will they again view the fellow who rocketed upward and plummeted downward faster than any of them, Willis Conover, Jr. Two significant reminders that "they never come back."

I've viewed also the puzzled attempts of Jim Blish and Bill Miller to reinstate themselves in a fan world that had forgotten them for only a few months. A few months in which the era did a complete about-face, and everything important one month was of no consequence the next. Two young fans who couldn't understand changes could be so lightning, so complete in character. Bill Miller was an idealist, Jim Blish professionally mannered. Misfits in the short space of two months.

Still clear in my mind are my own attempts to guide Milton Latzer back to activity and dead failure on the brink of success. It was at that point where I realized "they never come back", forgot about the old-timers, and built up the new blood.

I say there never has been, there never will be, a fan who was great enough, a fan who was beloved enough, that he would be searched out and coaxed by the entire fan group to come out of his voluntary retirement. I've watched too many of them try to come back. They found the road too steep, the path filled with thorns. New fans didn't enlighten the ignorant. They had thought they could stop right back into their position of prominence. To have their entry announced with a blaring of trumpets and the rolling of drums. To have headlines in every fan magazine announcing: FORREST V. TUCKER "TOP" FAN OF TWO YEARS AGO MAKES COMEBACK! and probably continuing lines such as this: The fan world rejoices that F.V. Tucker has finally made his re-entry in the field. We are happy to have so great a fan once more in our midst, and we can not too sincerely express our appreciation, other than, a paean of thanks for gifting the fan world with your return." No, no, my friends, that never has happened, that never will happen. What you may expect, outside of a simple acknowledgement is to pick up a fan magazine and find some

Mencken of the fan world, who thought you dead, saying none too sorrowfully of your former activities: "Forrest Van Tucker was not funny, he was ludicrous, one laughed at him for the same reason one laughs at a man who has just slipped on a banana peel. When people thrust his personified sewage at me as being funny---, it seems to me that I may be pardoned for lambasting him with a lusty kick in the pantaloons."

"Gulp" comments Van Tucker. "One meets the nicest people." Addressing another he might say that the great Forrest Van Tucker (himself) is reentering the field. In politer language he would be replied to: "Van Tucker! Never hold of you, you aint dat dead guy are you?" If you are polite enough to outline your past career to this unappreciative gent you might (if you were attempting a come back), receive some reply like this.

"So what, I never saw you do it, and anyway I'm a better fan than you are. I'm an "old-timer." Then this same uncomplimentary gentleman might wisely advise: "If you're a big shot let's see you organize a club like MooMoo, or a manuscript bureau like Moskowiggins does, or a news weekly like James V. Duce. And if the returning old-timer is a damn fool, which they sometimes are, they organize competitive MooMoo's and competitive manuscript bureaus, and competing news sheets and attempt to impress upon fandom the fact that they are someone important, they're a "great" "old-timer" and that that dope Moskowiggins who writes old-timer articles is regarded as a dope by everyone in fandom, & surely everyone recognizes that you being a "real" old-timer, are entitled to designation of "top" fan.

Yes, some fans returning actually do get in that deep and worse, and after it's all over, after they've entangled themselves into one great mess, they either sulk away or attempt to rise through their own initiative and their own originality to a position of respect as a real fan and not as an unwanted, meddling throwback.

Seriously though, there were the Louis C. Smith's, the David A. Kyles, the Morris S. Dollens, and dozens of others, all making fruitless comebacks. I say it can't be done! That no fan who has once known a position of prominence and prestige in the fan field will ever fight to the finish and clear the brambled path ahead of him. He hasn't the patience anymore. He remembers, acutely, that a few years back he was the big choice, and wonders if he isn't smart enough to achieve that position some "easy" way. He'll never know, that there never was, never will be an "easy" way. Not, at least while human nature remains as it was.

And maybe, I say maybe because nothing is beyond the realm of possibility, some long years from now, after I've retired in one form or another from active fandom, I may feel the urge to return, to experience again the joys, the dissappointments, the heady exhilaration of well done and well complimented fan activity. At that future date, I'll once again survey the fan world, only half comprehending it's immense change since last I viewed it. They say there is no fool like an old fool, and the same applies to fandom where one might say "there is no fool like an "old-timer" fool, and maybe I'll fool motivated enough to egotistically proclaim my return, and experience the chagrin of not being remembered. And maybe again, I'll say to myself; so and so has a manuscript bureau, such and such has a weekly, this fellow here has organized a cult called Rah Rah. I'll become famous too. I'll organize a manuscript bureau, publish a weekly, make a better Rah Rah club and once again I'll be one of the "top" fans. And when a little time passes and my Rah Rah, my manuscript bureau, my my weekly has received unjustly small acclaim, I'll grow embittered and pick on every little point I can find

ridicule one fellow's pretense at being an old timer, take unwise stands on various situations and maybe, God willing, I'll look over my collection some day and see an old dusty fan mag titled "Fantasy Digest". And drifting sentimentally through it's time-honored pages, I'll find an article titled "They Never Come Back!" Then I'll realize what I deserve now. That I'm no better than a usurper, I'm out of place, I'm a creep begging sorry to let me play on the kid's ball team. That I'm ridiculous as hell playing at someone else's game. If I'm smart, I'll say to myself: "I had my day once; it's their turn now", and I'll do what fans with brains have done. Take a back seat, and enjoy science fiction and the activities of the fans to the fullest, but not to interfere. And then I'll become another highly respected Julius Schwartz H. C. Koenig, Jack Darrow, and watch the fans go by.

-END

CONVENTION SCENES

Walter Sullivan

This article is just a conglomeration of scenes at the Convention that stand out in my mind.

Ackerman and Morajo in their futuristic costumes.....Milt Rothman beating out Chopan's "Revolutionary Etude" on the piano...Numerous fans passing out those yellow pamphlets on the sly.....Bradbury laughing at Bradbury.....Julius Pohl and Gertie Kuslan holding hands.....Balty puffing on his pipe.....That Futurian boy(?) taking notes...Jack Speer signing autograph books as John A. Bristol.....David A. Kyla with their heads together cooking up something.....Jack Agnew telling me that he didn't recognize me without my hat (I haven't worn a hat in eight years).....Dale Hart telling the Futurians that he thought they were monsters.....Dick Wilson as quiet as ever.....Camera fiends (and I do mean you, Balty) catching you in undignified positions.....Madle trying to down a sandwich.....Lou Kuslan wondering about his sister and Julius Pohl.....Milt Rothman at the dinner watching me to discover which spoon to use, and me watching Willey Loy.....Jack Darrow looking like what I did not expect.....Mark Reinsberg discussing conditions in Chicago and trying to get the next convention there.....Cyril Kornbluth and Fred Pohl using Eric Korshak as the victim in the levitation act.....Lowndes discussing and cussing J. Chapman Misko.....Rothman signing autograph books as Lee Greger.....Nine of us in Dick Wilson's limousine.....Bradbury going crazy about Cartier illustrations at the auction.....Dale Hart and myself looking for J. Chapman Misko for about an hour in Columbus before we discovered that he lived in Cleveland.....4E feeding Agnew Esperanto.....Moskowitz wondering what happened to the eight hundred conventioners who must have become lost.....J. Pohl and Dale Hart wearing my pants (not the blue pair of course).....A Paul cover going for about two dollars at the auction.....Rothman telling what he thought of Ackerman, not knowing that 4E was sitting at the same table.....Madle and Baltadonis singing on the corner of 8th Ave and 34th Street at about three in the morning.....***** (Censored).....That dance at the Cuban Village (Of course it has nothing to do with stfm but it still stands out in my memory.)

END

WHO GOES THERE?

by

Harry Warner, Jr.

I, in all my innocence, was turning handsprings in the backyard, in my favorite daisy patch, that fatal night, when suddenly a thunder of trumpets pealed forth from the other side of my humble domicile. (That may be a little exaggerated, of course, but I recently read that you should always start any piece of writing with something to draw the reader's attention. At any rate, the news came that someone was on the front porch to see me.) I went around the side, stopping meanwhile to water my rather drooping polka-dot garlic plants, pluck a few blossoms, and make sure I had silver bullets in my trusty .44 (just in case), turned the corner, and there they stood! That, I realize now, was the turning point in my life. I fear I shall never be the same again. Nor, I fear, will they.

The foremost of the two immediately shook hands, and proceeded to exasperate me with a "guess-who" business, first warning me that I was a correspondent of his. After futile thrusts in the dark (nearly literally dark, too, at that time) during which my guesses of Madle, Hoy Ping Pong, Campbell, Mephistopholes, and Fu Manchu proved to be inaccurate, he finally broke down and admitted that he was Frederik Pohl, and the gentleman standing quietly beside him Jack Gillespie.

We immediately squatted upon the front porch, and I proceeded to try to extract satisfaction as to who wrote a certain article by "Peggy Gillespie". After that episode, I came to the conclusion that, (a), Peggy Gillespie is Dick Wilson's cousin; (b), Peggy Gillespie is a kitten and member of the Science Fiction League; (c), that Peggy Gillespie wrote the article in question; (d), that Sleeping Giant of Richmond Hill Wilson was actually the culprit; and (e), that someone was pulling wool over my eyes.

This not settled to everyone's satisfaction, we entered the door of my house, proceeded back into my "office" (actually consisting of a mimoo, typewriter, and desk), and I stapled each of the fans a copy of the just-completed-and-sorted seventh SPACWAYS. Freddie approved my policy of running a feature article each issue; disapproved once more of Mr. Moskowitz, and then proceeded to give the sordid details of the World Stf. Convention---the first news I'd heard of it, though it had been consummated for three or four days. The recital was from the outside looking in upon it, of course, but nevertheless I got some rather intriguing information. Unfortunately, some of it wouldn't go through the mails.

Talk kept flying so fast that even now I can't speak above a whisper, after the aftermath to this meeting, about which you shall learn. But, back to the original subject, at length it was decided by the committee of two (Pohl & Gillespie) that it was time to proceed homeward. Having given their chauffeur permission to leave before they, since their Rolls-Royce was in storage over the summer and the Chrysler in which they had arrived was in rather poor shape; having done this, it was decided that they must lower themselves to the degradation of hitch-hiking home. Of course, don't even suspect that this was the way they had arrived.

Around 9:45, PM, if memory serves, I guided them through the wilderness of Saturday-night Hagerstown, to a telegraph station, for them to inform relatives in Philadelphia that they would be arriving there in a few hours. (Poor innocents! Just wait.) This finished, we stopped at an elegant luncheon known as, I think, Joe's Diner, or something like that, while they satisfied the inner man with a bowl each

of the most vile-looking chili which I have ever had the satisfaction of looking upon. Another half hour elapsed, during which we tried to figure out the proper route out of Hagerstown to Philly; finally discovering that we were going in the right direction in the first place. I finally was forced to leave them, precisely .00000000112 of the way to the destination.

The finish of this section of this article must now be written by Mr. Pohl himself, as he is best qualified to give it. I quote from the first letter I received from him after the fateful visit;

"You might be interested to know what happened to us after we left you; it is definitely interesting to a certain type of mind. A sadist could have had great fun watching Jack and I try to get a ride out of Hagerstown. We left you at about ten o'clock, and walked to the city limits.....About one A.M. we got our first lift, taking us just across the state line to Middleville (at least, I think that's the name of the place.) (Wasn't; it's Middletown. HW) Then we walked again, walked walked, walked, well we had walked about six miles and eight hours.... At 9 A.M. we found ourselves in -- I think -- Marion, where we got a ride into Chambersburg. (Forty four miles from here, I think---Chambersburg---as the worm crawls. HW) I think I could describe in minute detail every foot of ground between Hagerstown and Chambersburg, Pa; god knows I had enough experience with that stretch of road.

"There is something definitely unpleasant about Maryland motorists, Harry, though it pains me to say it; they just have none of the milk of human kindness.

"I got home, by the way, at 4 A.M. Monday. 44 hours since I had slept last."

And so that was that. My first fan encounter had been encountered, and was successfully completed. But the next night---!

II

It was rather late. Dark out, in fact, and I was sitting in the front room, doing nothing in particular, when there was a flurry of footsteps upon the front porch. Leisurely striding to the door, I wondered who could be coming at this hour of the night---and recoiled in horror at the dim shapes that met my eyes. Dozens of figures, it appeared, were rushing up to the door; vomiting out of the door car, and generally coming into view. The leader of them; an Adonis of nineteen or so, pressed his nose against the screen and asked if I were I. Replying in the affirmative, it was but the work of seconds for him to inform me of his identity--Dale Hart---and that some of the others were Julius Pohl and Walter Sullivan. The procession entered our domicile; after counting noses I found that there were only six of them after all, and we crowded about our dining room table--the same historic spot where had reposed the forms of F. Pohl and J. Gillespie only a scant 24 hrs before. More copies of the seventh SPACEWAYS were distributed--I had stapled it in the interim--a frenzied dive made by all concerned to get their favorite colored cover; and talk began.

This proceeded for an hour or so, when suddenly someone got a bright idea--Leslie F. Stone lived in town; why not visit her? No sooner said than done. A hurried phone call, in which Miss Stone heard the manly voices of Hart and Warner peal out, and four of the fans went their way out through the gloomy, deserted streets. I stayed home, for various reasons; mainly because I had intended going out that week later on, and also felt I should watch any possible transformation---it isn't well to take any chances, you know.

Hours passed. We compared Texas and Maryland weather; discussed the World's Fair; talked of science fiction--though the two who didn't go along with the rest weren't ardent fans--; spoke of music; radio; automobiles; and a thousand and one other topics. After all, we had three or four hours in which to do it. Midnight passed quickly like a silent ghost; far away the clock in the tower boomed out the hollow pronouncement that it was one A.M. Still no return. One of the two that remained remembered that he had to drive all of the next day, and that sleep wouldn't be a bad idea. No sooner said than done! To bed, and if the rest came before it was light, they would be let in.

Well, they finally did come--two A.M., and frankly, sooner than I'd expected. After all, I know how hard it is to break away from Miss Stone's house myself. By that time, the pangs of sleep were gripping me, so that I knew no more until morning.

Oddly enough, it grew light the next day--though during the thunderstorm which was raging all the night before, since the time they had arrived, I had wondered if it ever would grow light once more. We had breakfast, Dale immediately throwing a wet blanket on proceedings by announcing that he liked a big breakfast, including such things as fried potatoes. After that none of us were hungry, save Highlands Hart.

There was little time for more. All signed my STEPHAN booklet; Sullivan snapped my picture, to place in his Rogue's Gallery; J. Pohl & I agreed on Wagner and almost came to blows over Verdi; I had one awful glimpse of their car--magazines, magazines, everywhere, and crowning all the Paul original--and it was a fond farewell.

Eight fans in two days--and previously I had not seen a one! At that time, of course, I little know that in another two weeks I would meet Willis Conover, which historic occasion has been chronicled for another magazine; and as I type this (August 25), Jack Spoor and Milton Rothman are due in forty eight hours. John Mason is coming down from Canada sometime soon, and probably others will drop in. But, remember this always--there's an extra bed at 303 Bryan Place.

END

HOMAGE TO STANLEY WEINBAUM-
by Harry Warner, Jr.

4

PARASITE PLANET

Published in ASTOUNDING STORIES, February, 1935. One interior illustration by Bold; approximately 11,750 words.

Once more this is not one of Weinbaum's very best stories. However, the weird forms of life are a little better done than in "Flight on Titan"--which, in a way, this story resembles. In both yarns it is a flight across an alien world which is the main theme--and, strangely enough, this makes up the main theme of a great many of Weinbaum's stories. This was mainly done, I imagine, in order to make it possible to bring into prominence the animals.

The present yarn is laid on Venus, in the dawn of its colonization. There are only two characters: "Ham" Hammond and Patricia Burlingame. The former is in search of the treasures of Venus, xixtchil, and manages to get a large supply of the rarities. At last, though, his luck runs out. A mudspout comes, sweeps away the rude hut in which he had lived, and he is forced to set out for a laege settlement with his xixtchil. He runs across, in the midst of the wilderness, another trader's hut---but this a comparative mansion. He demands entrance, to have a moment's freedom from the multitudinous parasites which continually plague settlers on Venus; is refused, but finally forces his way in, over the other trader's protest. It turns out that this other

(Concluded on page 20)

KOLLECTOR'S KORNER = So Weaver Wright thinks he has a lot of odd
by Jack Erman = and unusual items, huh? Just wait till U hear
===== about my odditys & endityts!

First is "The Dragon's Power", a 9-pt novel of 1951, each installment illustrated, by Carl H. Claudy. Appears in The Classmate of Cincinnati in '33.

Interested in popular science-articles by Willey Ley? Here's one I bet U didn't know about: "The Conquest of Krakatoa" in World Horizons mag, N4 (38 Dec). Same ish has "White Horses of Omsk", an off-trail mas tale with an attractive illustration.

Harper's had "The Electric Ring" by Dunsany. If I knew when I'd tell U. Pal Paul Freehafer has complained that ofttimes my info is incomplete. If this b so it is not purposely I assure U. Many of my items have come from other collections, whose owners neglected to note data. I always label personally excerpted material.

U might b interested in "Ideal Mating" (as an article, not an experiment!) by Hugo Gernsback with picture by Paul in the 37 Jan ish of Your Body edited by Dr Keller.

Red Bk: '11 Mar., "The Eternity of Forms" by Jack London. '14 Dec., "The Metal Knob", a very out-of-the-ordinary story'.

Golden Bk: "Micromegas" by Jean Francois M. H. Voltaire. 37 Sep, "Miracle in Suburbia" with a cut by "RB" that looks like the work of Robert Bloch!

People's Mag: '07 Jan, "A Stolen Soul".

People's Favorite: '19 Mar 25, "The Strange Case of Alan Moraine" by Bertram Atkey.

Everybody's Mag: '08 Aug, "The Shadow World" by Hamlin Garland.

Clues: "Blank Life" by Nat Schachner. Novel Mag, '20 Sep: "The Rm Over the Shop" by Ray Cummings.

Excitement: "The Man Without a Soul", 2 pts.

Parisiene: '30 Nov, "The Evil Thing".

Thrilling Detective: "The Metal Monster" by Jno S. Endicott.

Thrilling Mysterys: "Quest", "Revolt of the Soil".

Eerie Mysterys: 38 Nov, "The Robot's Revenge".

Complete Detective Novel: 33 Aug-Sep (bi-mo), "The Electric War", Craig Kennedyarn by ABReeve, illustrated by Moroy.

Stage & Screen Storys: "Don Juan Visits the Planet Mars".

Mystery Storys: '28 Jun, "Dead Men of the Mts".

The Smart Set: '10 Oct, "The Haunted Pyjamas".

Brief Storys: '24 Aug, "Black Pagoda".

Short Story: '14 Jan, "The Key-Note Vibrator".

Between Weaver Wright, Claire Voyant, myself & a couple other Angelenos, I dare say we have the exact same excerpts as Ackerman; & maybe in another issue I can persuade Claire to list some of her's.....

END

THE METAL RAIDER

by

J. Harvey Haggard

"The Robot Pirate!" That was the order, crackling out of the otherlines from the Earthren Barracks on Earth, where a scuttled liner, gutted of gold and strewn with charred bodies, had floated down out of the stratosphere, and of all the Earthguard patrol ships that could have been near, it was Corlin Morrit who picked up the call. Gold been sewing a button to the jacket of his metalline uniform when the call came through.

I assumed the deck to the controls with one stride, glimpsing Corlin Morrit as his wrinkled face turned ashen. The robot pirate's sweat popped out of his seamy forehead and he looked as old again as sixty; his grey old eyes were haunted, as though by an invisible spectral presence. That legendary monster of metal, who like the Frankenstein monster, had slain his maker and now haunted the spacelanes in a stolen space cruiser seeking vengeance against the human race, had struck again!

Old Captain Morrit's eyes shifted, met mine in a silent glance. I know what he was thinking; his wastrel son, John Morrit, had been among the missing since a mighty space liner had crashed on Titan ten years ago. And there were some who thought the Robot Pirate was hiding behind false colors--was a man!

"All right, Romy," he said, nodding to me. "They got two points on the pirate's trajectory of flight. Ought to be able to chart the curve! Get that!"

I plotted the pursuit angle with rapidity born of long habit, lunged hard on the controls and sent the pursuit ship swerving. Triple acceleration pinned us back against leathern supports, sucked the air from our lungs.

We shot up like a bullet out of the black night, earth's shaded side, arching across the voidal cleft, hoping to contact the mythological buccaneer at last, and fearing too--for he was notorious for his acts of coldblooded murder.

The otherphone clattered out of the strained stillness. Breathless, scuffling like a living ghost, old Morrit stroked a gaunt finger forward, flipped the switch, and on the silver visor stood an image--the robot pirate!

Tall and contemptous, a metal monstrosity peered at us from lensed eyes. A thick tentacle moved from the blocky metal frame. And a voice ground out, tinny, metallic--yet strangely familiar. It could have been a human voice in disguise.

"So the Earthguard picked up my trail at last," came the crescendo of tones. "You won't catch the Robot Pirate! I'm heading into the sun! I can plunge down into the very flames, being of heat-resisting metal, and still live. So, my worthy friends, adieu!"

"Into the sun!" The thought ate its way deliberately into my mind. "Then we're headed in the wrong direction!" I dragged my arm toward the controls.

Corlin Morrit stayed my hand. His chalky visage was squinting past the gleaming robot shoulder, out through the tiny porte-disc and into the depths of space.

"No," came his voice through gritting teeth. "The robot pirate is lying. See that faint misty gleam through his portal! It's the Zodiacal

light, visible only on the side of the earth away from the sun, bent back by radiated force like a comet's tail. We're on the right tangent

With a snarl the metal monster wheeled, focusing his glassy eyes at the telltale light, then reached over to snap off the other visor. I granted appreciatively.

"I think I see him now, sir," I reported elatedly. "Just a mere speck far ahead, but it's shifting across the starfield. Sooner or later we'll overhaul him. We can come down out of his blind sunside before he knows it."

Two sleepless days later we had crawled closer and closer to the dark, piratical hulk, and were approaching the dangerous regions of the asteroid belt. Warning screams of planetoidal fragments sounded in the static instruments. We were close enough to our prey to be able to peer down into his port-holes of transparent glassite.

"We'll have to take it slow," I said reluctantly. "We've got to do that, for safety's sake! But if he gets into those treacherous channels of the asteroids, he may get away."

I felt sorry for old Merrit in that moment. During those intervening hours he hadn't eaten a scrap. His eyes were red-rimmed and he tottered as he stood by the forward detron gun station. His clutching hands slipped over the release handle and began adjusting the leveler sights. He was biting his lips until they showed scarlet lines.

"Thanks, Remy," he whispered. "We're officers of the Guard, and I won't forget! But you know that it's mouthed about that the Robot Pirate is not a mechanical thing of malign intelligence, but is really a man, camouflaged by a metallic garb. And we're going to find out!"

Poignant moments those! Nearer and nearer our two spacecraft were racing toward the river of streaming particles ahead, a collision with any of which meant death. I felt my muscles rippling in waves of premonitory weakness, stared down fascinatedly at the ring of glassite to ports that circled the belly of the black pirate vessel.

Wrinkled fingers did not waver on the controls. Outside the prow the recoil mechanisms were jabbing back as though berserk, sending streamers of bullets slicing down across the intervening space. One by one the glassite windows were shattered by the bombardment, transformed into splintery holes. If it were a robot, the loss of air would mean nothing. On the other hand, if the clutching hand at those controls was of flesh and blood, only a few minutes of air, at best, could remain for him.

The silver visor panel was flickering again, very feebly. Old Merrit limped forward, dragging with horror, and thoughts of that wayward boy whose escapades had added years to the bent old shoulders burned through my brain. I would have given an arm to have been able to destroy the etherphone in that instant.

I think I shouted hoarsely. Ahead, leaping out of nowhere, loomed a jagged meteorite, hurtling with majestic silence and violence out of the abyss, straight across our pathway. In that agonizing instant had come the supreme test. If a metal mechanism hovered over these forward controls, a flick of tentacles would avoid certain destruction.

I saw the spacecraft strike headlong, crumple along a seam into a wrinkly ball as though it were a handful of tinfoil. In that extended second of time I watched it totter in a cruel spire that had completely spiked through the wreckage. Tottering slowly, it finally shot off in a new direction.

Moving automatically, I swung our ship up in a steep curve and circled around. How long old Merrit stood there, I don't know; his gray face was mummified & impassive, & the crimson eyes were fixed on

"When Rochester Speaks Up", or

"More Who's Who in Rochester"

by

Larry B. Farsaci

(Continuing the series inspired by "Who's Who in Hagerstown", which in turn was inspired by "Who's Who in Rochester".....Thanks, Bob, for your suggestion to have names listed alphabetically.)

HOWARD J. FAHRER.

Do you remember a letter in an old 1927 Amazing which commented on the epitaph dedicated to a Mr. Lu Senarens in the June issue? Well, if you noted closely you must recall the above name as author of the letter. I first met Mr. Fahrer about a year before I wrote the "Who's Who in Rochester" article---and it is mostly because of him, whom I completely forgot to include, that I am writing this sequel. The person is a man now past his twenties, husky, and of friendly disposition. I still vividly recall that night when, together with Elmer, we all drove over to the home of one of the country's really classic collectors, who lives right here in Rochester, and inspected his marvelous collection of items from all over the world, and through all the years, among which is a holy temple bell from ancient China (oh! what a treasure this is!) and one of the six original "Declaration of Independence"! (No science fiction, I am sorry to say, except possibly in the likelihood some of the early dime novels, etc., were of such nature.) To get back to Mr. Fahrer: You recall he said in the letter that the dedications brought back to him pleasant memories of his younger days when he read and reread the adventures of Frank Reade, Jr. originating in Roadstown, N. J. Well, he has quite a large collection of those Frank Reade Jr. weeklies, beginning about 1901, and prizes very highly the Vol. 1, No. 1, issue for which he has been offered as much as five dollars for, if not more. The reason he keeps them is the same reason why we would treasure a copy of the first science fiction mag we ever saw and because, at the same time, they are worth-while and entertaining stories, actually representatives of the very first all-stf magazine long before "Amazing Stories". Oh! I almost forgot: Mr. Fahrer is the owner of a dairy business and has a son who has ability in drawing advertising displays. As a fan he is another person who believes the real essence of science fiction left for good when Gernsback stopped publishing large size magazines and the reprinting of "The Moon Pool" and other classics.

LARRY B. FARSACI.

That's me in case you don't know and here are some autobiographical facts. I was born in Rochester, February 11, 1921. With the first glimmerings of consciousness, I began to be interested in the vast unknown. Everybody I met practically had to suffer for a question such as "What is a star?" and at the very early age of 11 I was noted for having a prodigious amount of knowledge of astronomy. The highlight of this period was when I appeared at the telescope with Professor Fairbanks in "The Times-Union" for March 4, 1935 under the title, "Young Rochesterian May Unlock Some of Deepest Riddles of Universe".

My introduction to science fiction, as far as I can recall, was with "The Swordsman of Sarven" and "The City of Singing Flame" issue of Wonder, one of my favorites. I did not find fan mags, however, until about the beginning of 1935 when I wrote to Julius Schwartz for a sample copy of Fantasy Magazine, the issue dedicated to Amazing Stories. Soon after that, I made an surprising discovery in a bookstore. There, put together with a rubber band and priced at 40¢, was a neat little

pile of magazines, the topmost one having a cover illustrating "Science Fiction Heroes", by Mort Weisinger and Julius Schwartz. You may be sure I lost no time looking through them and when I found what they really were, magazines having biographies of my favorite authors, Harl Vincent, Z. S. Schuyler Miller, etc., I carted them home then and there, leaving with their former proprietor 35¢ (I counted the pennies!). There followed a week of joy.

I had known Elmer Weinman about a couple years before this, but not well enough to be intimate, and I kept the discovery to myself for a while. But he soon knew and in a short while I had traded him the complete year of 1934-Jan. '35 Fantasy Magazine for the duplicates he had of the Digest and only issues of Miracle, Science and Fantasy Stories, to which he introduced me in turn.

To go back to my "find": I have never to this day found out who originally owned those "Fantasy Magazines". Could Schwartz tell me? (Could it have been Neil R. Jones? I hear he lives somewhere near.)

At the present I have big plans for the future. I have now reached a point where there is little to nothing of items I lack for having one of the world's best collections of science fiction, but I am not stopping there, but will go ahead with the collection as a foundation for THE FANTASY COLLECTOR (the only all-around strictly collector's magazine fandom) and SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM, about which you will hear more presently. Among other credentials, the fact that I've had printed (and not in a fan mag either, so far!) my first science fiction story: "Into the Inscrutable", and an essay titled "The Riddle of Inscrutability". When I find time, also, I hope to complete for a s-f magazine my first long story, now one third done, a scientific fantasy called "Worlds of Oblivion".

Let's better finish now before Ted calls it to a halt. (He had bet me to publish this complete in one issue, and not just this part!) Here are some of the items and sets which are part of the gigantic (and yet when you realize I could not keep at any one time, for want of space, complete to sets of the "big three") collection of sf and Fantasy Digest issues and excerpts of all Weird Tales, Munsey mags from 1896 to 1930, Famous Fantastic Mysteries (Now I'd like to edit such a magazine). Also the Red Book, Golden Book, Science & Invention, Wonder Magazine, the Annual, and countless out-of-the-way items, items for the Collector" which you saw listed in the first collector, and book reviews from countless sources, especially from 1840 to 1890 which at present it is my intention to publish.

Among the items of the collection are: "Darkness and Dawn" Trilogy by G. A. England, "The Pallid Giant" by H. P. Lovecraft, "The Black Cat" by Edgar Allan Poe, "The Thrill" by H. P. Lovecraft, "The Messiah of Rousseau" by H. P. Lovecraft, both the book and the very rare original from the author's collection, purchased from Henry Hasse. The real treasure of my collection are the sets of "The Black Cat" and "The Thrill". Those I had for sale recently, of the former were but odd copies, mostly duplicates of my sets and not of each other. May.

Now to the fan mags. Perhaps I should have mentioned these first. I now have (it's about 1/2 complete) sets of Science Fiction Digest, The Time-Traveller, Fantasy Magazine, The Fantasy Fan, Brooklyn Reporter, Fourteen Leaflet, Futurus, Science Fiction Critic, and innumerable others (very few of which I have paid or would pay over face value for). Those sets which are incomplete by one to three issues are The Planet (publication of the Scienceeers), Tesseract (pub. of

the SF&A, Science Fiction, (pub. of Jerome Siegel & Joe Shuster), SF Collector and a few others. It is interesting to note here that the copies of "SF" were originally addressed to Chas. D. Hornig, at that time not yet Editor of Wonder Stories, under Gernsback.

FRANCIS G. LITE.

Some incidents I recall of a while ago: visiting him after he had just picked up in a newly settled bookstore a 1907 issue of "Everybody's" with a stiff story of a well-meaning, but insane scientist, who destroyed New York before he was captured, by means of his disintegrator. (Such hard times this city used to have before the advent of our "World savor" Hamilton!).....When we wished together and still wish we had a mimeo, even a hand one. The chaotic result the little help I tried to give him for "Scenes of Fantasy" turned out to be.

Yes, that's what I was looking for, "Scenes of Fantasy"! Do you fans who are lucky enough to have sets of this mag notice how much more interesting the issues are after your scribe succeeded in chasing away all the bats? That's where I believe Fran's talent lies, but he needs must go to "Outre" with it's bats and vampires and werewolves---the I believe even this mag will gradually evolve away from such stuff.

So far there have been seven "Scenes of Fantasy" issued, and now Fran is thinking of giving it up because of difficulty with hoktographing. Did you notice how attractive the first three were? They were done with a means of hoktoing new to fandom. Paradoxically enough and to our regret now, there are no longer any issues, not even the current "Scenes of Fantasy" available, with the exception of the 1st issue. The entire number of the first were produced with the expectation of even a small circulation---we had not yet forgotten the success of Mad's first issue. But we certainly did not expect such a response (?) that came, and now to add to the difficulty, the hokto, which we depended upon, is now practically useless, and it will be almost impossible to issue the prize MF issues, which have strangely enough received a satisfactory amount of material.

The result, considering the support (and you can include mine here), is truly surprising. "Scenes of Fantasy" has slowly but surely become fandom's best magazine in the line of humor, and not only in my opinion! Could the Oriental gentleman surpass such pieces as "The Report of the 18th S-F Convention on the Moon" and the super-funny "Blonkins in Jackermanopia"? I am not saying he can't, but could his be as colorful, or have as background such a marvelous array of scienti-scenery? Even their inspirer, the great Sterling, will have to go some to catch up on this! Of course, I must not forget to mention, as many of you know, that Fran is quite an artist too, nor that his "Outre" is at present fandom's one and only all-weird fan mag.

He has been reading (or rather, I should say interested in) SF since about 1933 and had a letter in "Brass Tacks" for October, 1934.

LEON RICHARDSON.

This person is still as interested as ever in science fiction & he still has the complete sets of Amazing, Wonder, Miracle, Astounding, etc., also Strange Tales, which I forgot to mention last time. But alas and alack, he is now in the market to sell all these magazines, including Weird, some of which date back as far as 1923, in order to obtain money to continue his course in engineering at a Fort Wayne college. I wish him luck on his venture. Some day at a better vantage he hopes to rebuy such complete sets as he now has for sale. In regard to this, if any of you are interested, you can obtain further information by writing to no. 48 Lewis Street, Rochester, New York.

One of the recent occasions together saw him and Elmer trying to place Eric Frank Russell's story in the first UNKNOWN with one in and a THIRD they could not recall the title of which was, as you now know, "The Earth Owners", by Edmond Hamilton. Another occasion is when we three, Leon's brother this time, who is a talented oil painter and graduate of an art school, went to the Loew's and saw "Lost Horizon", that great stf movie I might have missed otherwise.

EDWARD A. SEUFERT.

Did I say Bernard is a real stf fan? Well, I underestimated him the time, having as recourse only the letter headed "Collects Fan Magazines", which he had in Brass Tacks, and his fan mag, "The Astero-
id" meant to be published for the First National Stf Convention. It was through his letter, incidentally, that I first met him.

He is of very friendly disposition and a real friend once he gets to know you. You would not believe it at first if he told you his age as well as he lived up to his codes. His interest in the fan field has waned to almost nil; he thinks the tops of UNKNOWN; but at present, believe it or not, he is writing some fan articles and a story for my coming publication. I was quite surprised to find a couple months ago that he had begun a second issue of "The Astero-
id" about August, 1938, entirely without my knowledge, front and back cover and some interior pages.

However, he still has his favorite fan mags which are, outside of "The Kodak City", Fantascience Digest and Spaceways. His first and only published fan article called "Whither Science Fiction?" appeared in The Fantasy Herald last year. Yet he has been a fan from the days of "The Brooklyn Reporter" and before, having started with Amazing in 1927.

He was a member of the ILSF and subscriber to "Tesseract"; a favorite of his in those days was "The Fourteen Leaflet" which was in his own words, "the apple of his eye"; "Brooklyn Reporter", publication of the first chapter of the SFL and innumerable others.

Other facts: Anti-Micholist, which to us is synonymous to anti-communist or wolf-in-sheep's-clothing. Strangely, the only out of town fans we have seen personally have been Wilson, Michel and the great Don, who tried to prove that unbeknowns to your scribe he is the country's most perfect example of a Micholist.
ELMER E. WEINMANN.

Inevitably we wind up with the bringer of glad tidings. That's the postman, "E. E."! He has been, perhaps longer than any other individual, the world's biggest and most ambitious collector of stf. But the quantity of books and magazines and excerpts ~~and~~ ~~and~~ has now grown to such proportions that he finds it necessary to sell a large portion of his collection.

He is 26, blond, tall and husky. Is one of the first members of the SFL, no. 278. He has read stf since the first issue of AMAZING and has read all issues of all stf mags though he did not begin collecting until 1929. Favorite authors are Merritt, Smith (E.E.), and England.

Several times we have gone on trips to other cities in quest of old and rare mags and have come back each time with the car packed.

A note to OFW; Who do you think delivered the postal with the info on "1000 Degrees Below Zero" that you so kindly sent?

This ends up another "Who's Who in Rochester". LBF.

THE END

"A VISIT WITH DOC SMITH"

by
Erle Korshak

Can you picture Mark Reinsberg and myself, two Chicago fans, trying to hitchhike to a city 200 miles from Chicago? Well, that is exactly what happened one day, several weeks ago. After a 10 1/2 hour trip, braving the dangers of the open road, we found ourselves at our destination... Jackson, Michigan. After a short search, we were rewarded by the sight of Dr. Smith's residence. Upon ringing the doorbell, we were informed that Dr. Smith had retired for the night. After telling Mrs. Smith that we were science-fiction fans from Chicago, we were ushered right in. And then the moment of moments. Down the stairs he came....the one and only.....E. E. Smith!!!

We spent that Saturday night talking until 4:00 in the morning. What did we talk about? Why, about Merritt and his hidden philosophy in the "Ship of Ishtar".... about Burroughs and his style of writing.. About Jack Williamson and his never endingly interesting stories..... about Weinbaum and Seabury Quinn, and C. L. Moore and...of Smith. We discussed Doc's (Doc is his name to you) stories from the Skylarks on through. We discussed their science and Doc always seemed to be right. And then came the real treat of the evening. We had gone to see Doc to get his promise to attend the 1940 World Science Fiction Convention that is to be held in Chicago. Said Doc Smith: "I definately will be there." Think of it...Doc Smith will be at the convention..... And that grand evening was topped off by Doc presenting us with a bunch of old, rare fan mags that he found laying on his desk.

About Doc Smith....He is a kindly man. Something over 50.....Has graying hair, and mild blue eyes....Above all he is very natural..... His favorite position being with his feet popped up on a desk.

We hit the hay at 4:00 that night and awoke early. Quickly dressing, we rushed down to a real breakfast---the kind you get only at home. When it comes to favorite chefs, I nominate Mrs. Smith to a top position. We began the day by reading Doc's newest story, "Grey Lensman". Both Mark and I are fast readers, so it took us only 8 hours to read the 110,000 words (10,000 were cut out in the story when accepted for Astounding. We read this additional 10,000 words.) Needless to say, "Grey Lensman" is beyond a doubt, Doc's greatest story.....A story that is one of the top ten sf stories of all time. This story continues where "Galactic Patrol" left off. It continues the adventures of Kimball Kimeson, the Grey Lensman, as he tracks down Boskone. No, Helmut is not Boskone. Boskone is a greater thing than Helmut. But 'nuf said. In "Grey Lensman" there are some swell space battles and, above all, there is real characterization. Our hero is human and makes mistakes---plenty of them. The reason that Doc Smith did not like---and shelved Seaton was because he was, as Doc says 'Seaton was a super, super boy scout'. After reading that swell yarn, we were the happiest fellows in the world. Doc told us that he was starting on a new story and was thinking seriously of shelving Kimeson....When we discussed his short story, "Robot Nemesis", Doc said "I will never write a short story again". And here is the reason why....Doc told us that "R.N." was horribly slashed. He showed us places where whole paragraphs were slashed away. Can we blame this great writer??? No, is the only answer when a real piece of writing is handled in the fashion on that Thrilling Wonder Stories handled "Robot Nemesis".....

More never-to-be-forgotten hours were spent that day at Doc's rifle range in the basement. Doc is a professional marksman and consoc-

uently quite a shot. Mark and I, two fair shots, were really shown up by Doc's teen aged daughter, Clarrisa McFougal Smith. (That is where Doc got the nurses name in "Galactic Patrol".) Clarrisa, Honey is her nickname, really went to town with a rifle....Boy, but were our faces red!

In Doc's basement is a swell dark room and a wonderful enlarger.... Doc made these himself. Not only is Doc a photographer but he is also the proud possessor of a swell workshop in the basement where he makes all the necessary household repairs....He is indeed a jack of all trades.

And that evening we spent in Doc's study. This time we again discussed science fiction. A discussion was held until early in the morning...The topic--Weinbaum's women. Doc and I held that Weinbaum could not handle his women. Reinsberg believed that he could. Said Doc: "Weinbaum was too young to really understand his women"...Said the opposition: "Now I don't think so".....And so it lasted until Korshak said: "Let's compromise. He couldn't handle women very well"...

The next morning was Monday. We arose bright and early to begin our return trip to Chicago. After taking our pictures in the back yard Doc drove us to the edge of the city where we were ready to start our return trip. Let me close in saying... "Thank you, Mr. Smith, for a swell time. We and all the other fans will be seeing you at the 1940 Chicago Convention."

THE END

ILLINI FANTASY FICTIONEERS FORMED

by Erle Korshak

EDITOR'S NOTE: About a week; or rather several weeks, before Fantasy Digest went to press, Erle Korshak, well known Chicago fan, while on his way to New York where he will reside temporarily, stopped off to see your editor in Fort Wayne. He brought news of his recent trip to Bloomington, Ill., where the official elections of the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers were held.

About a week after our trip to see Doc Smith, Mark Reinsberg and I made ready for the Chi fans convention with the other Illinois fans in Bloomington. At the last minute, however, a number of delegates who were supposed to attend found themselves unable to do so...And so Mark Reinsberg and I finally hit the road, with wiggling thumbs for Bloomington. Leaving Chicago at ten-thirty that morning, we planned to do the 130 miles by 3:00 o'clock. At one o'clock we were 70 miles from Bloomington when it happened....The cruellest trick fate ever played on two innocent science fiction fans.

Along came a truck---loaded with heavy lumber. We flagged him; he stopped. The driver was a nice chap (oh yeah!) and picked us up. He was going only ten miles, he said. Sure, we could come with him! Well, to make a long story short, he took us ten miles---but not toward Bloomington. Instead, he drove ten miles off the main road and then issued his ultimatum. We were to help him unload his cargo or walk back. So we worked!!! For four hours in the burning sun we worked, unloading his entire cargo, a mere matter of 5 1/2 tons!!!!!!(Who says science fiction fans are sissies???)

Eight-thirty saw us in Bloomington. Bob Tucker and Sully Roberts had just about called out the bureau of missing persons. They took us

into the house more dead than alive and gave us a good dinner to pursue us back to health. The four of us sat up until four that morning, drinking beer and wine chasers and discussing the forthcoming Chicago Convention. Reinsberg and I carried the votes by proxy for the other Chicago fans. An organization was formed which was called the "Illini Fantasy Fictioneers". This organization will sponsor the Chicago in 1940 Convention. The outcome of the elections were as follows:

Bob Tucker.....Director
 Richard I. Meyen...Corresponding Secretary & Treasurer
 Erle Korshak.....Executive Advisor
 Sully Roberds.....Publicity Director
 Mark Reinsberg.....Chairman of the Convention Committee

Altho we hit the hay at 4 that morning we did not sleep until six as Sully and I, dissatisfied with the blanket distribution, made a series of raids on Tucker and Reinsberg. The outcome of it was Tucker on his hands and knees begging for mercy. (Stop looking at me like that Bob.)...

Next day we drove out to Bob's mother-in-law's farm for a real country chicken dinner. Bob drove us in his new car. He had just learned to drive about two weeks before and his driving sure showed it. Boy, but was I glad to put my feet on good, solid earth again. (Good thing that Bob is in Bloomington and I in N. Y. or I would be playing a harp when this sees print.)

At the farm we wrote the constitution of the I. F. F. When this job was finished, we took some pictures. Funniest (?) stf picture ever taken: The four of us with our heads sticking out of the farm's out-house and a look of awe on our faces. Let's hope Bob does not print it in a future issue of Le Zombie. The out-house was dubbed "Futurian House" (Appropriate???) Anyway we had a swell time and are now ready for the work of getting this convention going. See you in Chicago in 1940! (EK)

(METAL RAIDER---Cont. from P. 13) the detron gun. Slow tears formed, rolled down his withered cheeks, but the ancient spectre dwelling behind his gaunt visage had fled....."The Robot Pirate is dead," he said then, squaring his shoulders. "God rest his soul in space!" (JHH)

(HOMAGE TO S. WEINBAUM--cont. from p. 10) trader is a woman---too melodramatic and commonplace an episode to suit me---and jussy when they are getting into a hot argument, a "dough-pot" sweeps into her hut, & begins to eat it away. There is nothing to do but get out, and she determined to take the almost suicidal course across the Mountains of Eternity. Ham, in vain, attempts to persuade Pat to do otherwise, and failing, follows her. On the way his xixtchil disappears---she has thrown it to the molds, she says, since technically it was British property---her fatherland---and he an American. Disgusted, he leaves her to shift for herself, and starts out on his own hook. Bit after various and sundry other adventures the two are re-united; she tells him that it was not actually his xixtchil that she stole, but that she merely wanted to get revenge on him for being so "distant". He gets back his prospective wealth, and they live happily ever after---or at least in future yarns of Weinbaum's.

Little can be said about this story. The Jack Ketch trees; the "friendly" trees; the dough pots, & all the other strange parasites of the hostile planet are ~~done~~ finely done. Except for one early episode, the yarn is commonplace...commonplace, that is, for Weinbaum. A masterpiece for any other author. (HW)

* THE STRANGE CASE OF RAZBERIPOP *

by N. Ricutner, Jr.

The mysterious affair started in the "boanery".

***** Razberipop was an oriental, & on his first day at Oso "Hi".... "These are milk nickels," an acquaintance explained. "If you get a stick with 'free' on it, you get another for nothing."

"So?" said Razberi (as we shall call him for short) in his (marsh) mellow voice. "I bought one. I hope I get a winner!" he remarked.

And he did.

Receiving a second milk nickel for the lucky stick, he thot, "I hope this keeps up! I like these." Strangely, the ice cream bar was also a winner. In fact, he kept going back & back; had gotten eight straight free ones before his phenomenal success was interrupted by the bell. "Beginner's Luck"? But there weren't that many free ones packed!

Now any student of Oso knows that the halls are particularly crowded at lunch-time--if not all other periods--only at lunch time the students are slower in moving to classes. Razberi was in a hurry to get to his locker, for he was conscientious, & did not wish to be late to class. Consequently, it was not unusual for him to remark, "I wish these guys'd shake a leg." No, that wasn't unusual; but--when about 400 students stopt in their tracks & stood wiggling first their right & then their left....!

At his locker, he found the tricky lock would not respond to the combination he had been given. (He had not been initiated into the process of opening the lock by three hard bangs & a smash to the underside.) "Nertz!" he growled. "They oughta have locks that upon themselves," whereupon it twirled to 24 right, 19 left, 38 right, & swung open. Also, he got the nuts--er--nertz.....

Of course, the strange behavior of this Razberipop is now common knowledge; or, rather, not his strange behavior, but the unaccountable manner in which persons around him acted. For instance, the episode in a history class where, as if in obedience to a silent command, the teacher went & jumped in a nearby lake. Recall the day when Razberi's gym teacher took ten laps, as tho someone had said, "I wish he'd run them himself!" Many are the amazed students, too, who took tests in rooms with Razberi, for it was the common procedure for the exam to be called off almost at the start--just like so many always hoped: "I wish this was all over!"

Never will witnesses forget the astounding fight Raz had with a "tough-guy" when the opponent appeared in turn to become a dog-faced baboon, a long-legged donkey, a rat, a square-headed nut, & a little runt, as the mirroring Razberi's thots about him.

Then it all ended.

Tho baffling to the graduating class, & quite unexpected by all, it was perhaps with a sigh of relief that Razberi was found on the stage Commencement Nite. "I wish I was graduated," he had thot.

But one interesting note now remains to completethis riotous tale of the remarkable Razberi. It was in a math. class, before he had left school, that he fell victim to his own unusual power. A detailed, & to Razberi boring, theorem was being illustrated & discussed. Suddenly, his hand flew to his neck, & he moaned & groaned, the while rubbing it. He yowled & screamed & tossed & struggled; for he had mumbled to himself,

"This gives me a pain in the neck" . . . !

(Author's Note: I AM POSITIVELY NOT BRADBURY.)

By Forrest J Ackerman

Amazing Movie Review: The Man They Could Not Hang, new Columbia Karloff film, is neither a horror story nor a hoax on the susceptible imagination. Too often a tale with such a title can turn out to be nothing more than a conventional movie about a crook who is clever to be caught, or too powerful to be punished. "The Man They Could Not Hang", however, is a surprising exception, & a welcome one, being a picture one easily could imagine as having been adapted from a story in a sf mag. It deals with a scientist--reputable, quite sane--who would advance surgery 1000 yrs in a single experiment by making it possible to operate on a patient while dead & revivify him!

Karloff's co-worker volunteers to be put to death scientifically, for best chance to be brought back by the invention. During the crucial trial an assistant betrays him to the police. Karloff is interrupted & arrested & the subject of the experiment stays dead. An unimaginative jury & the world condemn him for murder in the first degree & he is sentenced to die. Before sentence is passed upon him he makes a 2 min. speech in the stirring tradition of the innocent victim, damning the microcephalic society that kills him, vowing vengeance upon the judge, the jury, the prosecutor & all involved. "When U all lie dying," he says, "remember me--who offered U life, & U gave me death--the one man who might have saved U!"

After the execution his corpse is claimed by a trusted follower, who first fixes the broken neck & then brings Karloff back to life. But no side-show freak will he be. "Lazarus the 2nd--50¢ to look, \$1 to touch!"; no, he is not interested, now, in forcing the scoffing world to acknowledge his ability by seeing him, the living proof; they killed the friendly Karloff; he lives again but for retribution, which he accomplishes in a highly dramatic, mysterious, suspenseful, spectacular & scientific manner.

"We gave them wings, & they rain bombs & poison gas upon us; we gave them a voice that could be heard around the world, & they preached hatred of all nations other than their own. Even the medicine that was to alleviate suffering, a minority controls to enslave mankind. This invention they shall not misuse!" he declares. "The secret of eternity dies with me!"

Picture has gadgets, story, dialog, direction, significance....a very good scientific film.

THE END

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more. As for Korshak's piece: as straight reporting, it was probably the best write-up the Convention has gotten or will get. It suffered a little for lack of color, but outside of that deadness, was excellent. HPP's satire most readable. Wonder whom it was intended for? Mackley seemed a little dry, and Bradbury very good. Maxson turned out another fine biography, and Wright intensely interesting. I liked Ingel's poem although the "rise" and "arise" in the sixth line hurt. Keep the reader's section... Oh, yes---also enjoyed Reinsberg and Hart.

MARK REINSBERG of Ad Astra fame writes: The latest Fd has a good line up, which would have been considerably enhanced by better mimeoing results, but outside of that, it rates high for your first experience with the mimeograph. I can appreciate the difficulties you overcame, inasmuch as the first AA was just as much a novelty.

ERLE KORSHAK speaks up: Bob Madle's article was interesting, giving as it did, the little known facts of the Philly fans. Warner's "Weinbaum" articles continue to be interesting and he is really giving a complete review. Maxson, Mackley and Ingels were enjoyable. Bradbury is a scream. "Technocrazy" and "Grab Bag" are a little dry. Tucker is below his usual standard. As a whole, however, FD is improving.

Der Fuchrer of the Newark Swamps, SAM MOSKOWITZ, writes: "The Grab Bag had a few humorous quips. You wouldn't think, to read Dale Hart's stuff, that he is actually an old scurpuss who only cracks a smile once in a blue moon... Chicago Fan News is interesting... The most amazing thing about "Who's Who in Philadelphia" is that you ever got lazy Bob to type out that much material. Maybe he has a ghost writer. Korshak's account was spoiled by poor mimeoing, and it probably was the one thing in the issue every one was interested in. I hope Maxson continues his series; they make very diverting reading. Warner's got a tough job to keep his subject interesting, but he ~~manages~~ manages. "Who's Who in Bloomington" was punk! Not an original piece pun in the entire piece, or a humorous line for that matter. "Characterization" good. Ackerman she keep that department going for you. Bradbury piece is OK & "Remembrance" I especially liked, but if he is going to do poetic prose, he should have cut out rhyme, which obliged him to withhold metre; which he did not.

PAUL FREEHAFFER pens: Reinsberg's "Fanews" is as interesting as ever. It's too bad someone in New York can't turn out a column on doings there half as good as Reinsberg's column.... I was very glad to see Korshak's account of the Convention. As one who wasn't able to go, I wouldn't kick if all the fan mags for the next six months have accounts of it, and the more I hear about it, the better I'll like it. From which you can gather that more on the subject will please me.... FJA's WW's article was both interesting and useful. Nevertheless, he could make his list a little bit more plain and understandable. I am very much used to Ackermanese, but the last paragraph slowed me up plenty. Much as I hate to accuse him of it, I'm afraid "Tarcon Ceth" is Bradbury---could it be? (Could be!).... If TWS was the only one left to carry on the tradition of stff, I'm afraid I'd have to agree with Ingels. But it's not, thank ghu!

The Man Who Was Two Men, otherwise JACK (FONEPOLE) SPEER declares! Chicago Fan News good. Surprising how many items they can find to write about, when re but one publishing bunch, Ziff-Davis. Madle's article could have been better, but was enjoyable anyway. Korshak's convention account much enjoyed. Korshak could improve his style, especially by lengthening his sentences.... "Maxson" very good. Warner fair. Pong fine. I kinda half way get the joke at the end--Atom means Adam. Was there more to it than that? (Nope!).... Mackley had some unaccountable ideas. Akrmn's items enjoyed but I'm wearing of that "Don't b a hog, U dog" line. Technocrazy fair; I'll lay a dime it's not yerko.