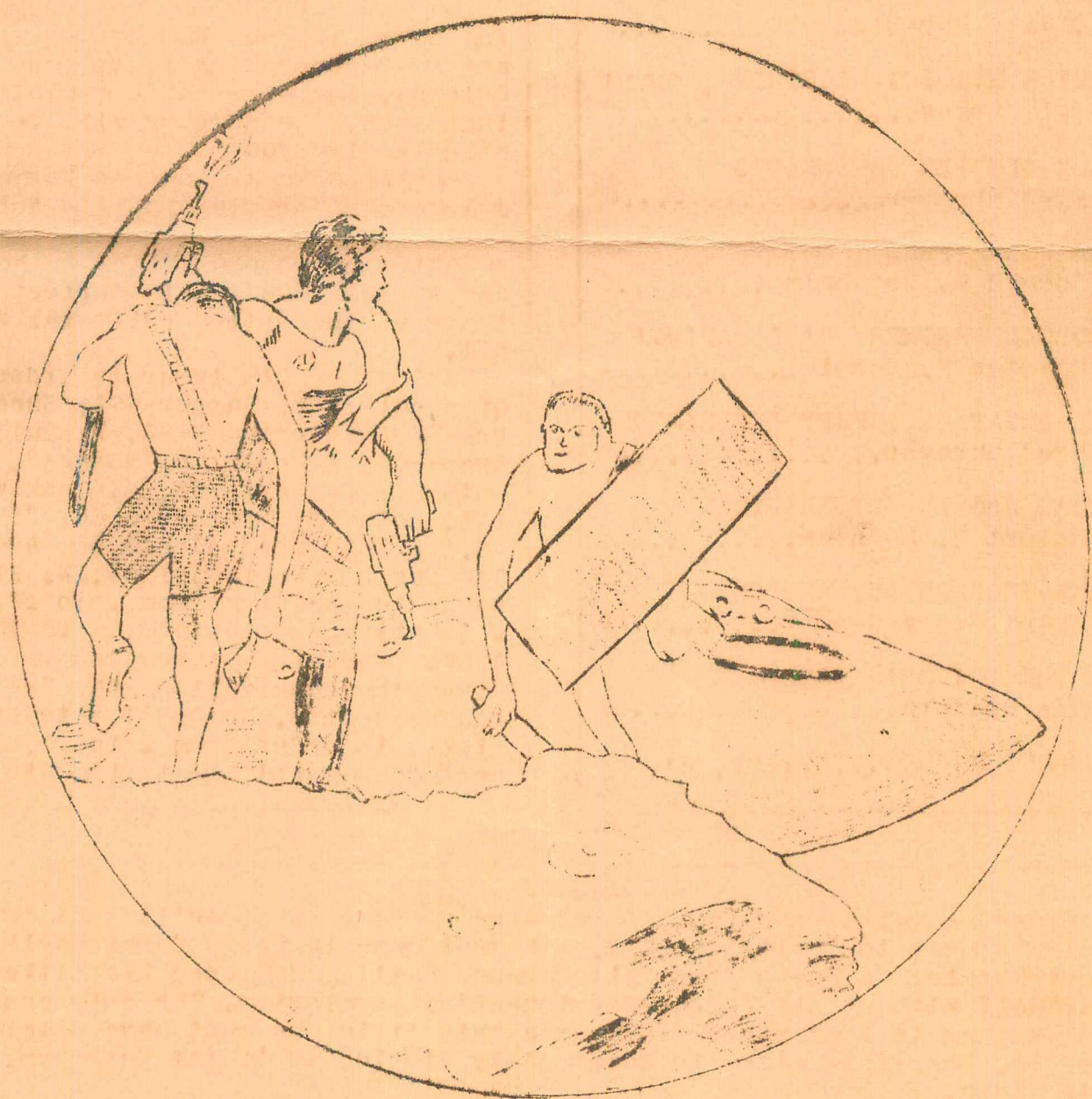


FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

# Fantasy DIGEST



SHROYER-LOWNDES-KUTTNER  
ACKERMAN-UCKER



# FANTASY DIGEST

Published bi-monthly.  
VOL.2. NO.1. MARCH-APRIL, 1940  
"A Moonstruck Press Publication"  
10¢ per copy---3 issues for 25¢  
Address all communications, Sub-  
scriptions, and contributions to  
Ted Dikty, 3136 Smith St., Fort  
Wayne, Indiana.....

## EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR  
Ted Dikty

### ASSOCIATES

-----  
Fred Shroyer  
Erle Korshak  
Bob Formanek

Cover: Adapted from an original Maskwicz drawing.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES

We apologize for the extreme lateness of this issue. It will not occur hereafter. FD has now been taken over by the Moonstruck Press and will be issued on a bi-monthly basis.

We would like to hear what you think of the new size, format, & type of material. If you disagree with any article in this issue, let's have your answer, either in the form of a letter or article.

You can help FD by resubscribing soon, if your sub has expired, and by recommending it to your friends. The more our circulation increases, the more we will be able to give you.

Heartly thanks are due to Forrest J Ackerman for his \$10 life sub.

The opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect those of the entire editorial staff.

Ratings of 6th issue in order of popularity: Warner--70; Shroyer--67.14; Korshak--65.81; Sullivan--60; Ackerman & "Homage", both 55; Farsaci--53.33; Moskowitz, both 50; Erman--46.66; "IFF" 43.33; "Razberipop"--42.85. Average for entire issue: 54.11. Please rate anything from 1 to 10. 1 is stinko; 5 is fair; & 10 is tops. Several features can be given the same rating--say 7--if you so desire. So DON'T rate stickily in order from 1 to 10. Insert "& Haggard" beginning 6th L.

## OBSERVATIONS OF AN OVUM

Miske, lovable chappie, has revealed a secret that we'll just bet he didn't mean to "spill" at all. His real name is Hoagy Carmichael! Proof? Simple. He howls like Hell because Hamling has used his title "Stardust" without his (Miske-Carmichael's) permission. The only conclusion then is that since Miske owns this title, he must have originated it. Therefore Miske is Carmichael. Simple, isn't it? But then, so is Miske.

Came to Ft. Wayne at Midnight Brother Hornig. Met at station by Glen Veach, Ft. Wayne dealer in rare books, Fred Shroyer and Herold Kolter, playwright and radio-script author. The party, after a mutual exchange of insults, returned to Decatur for the night. Literature, sex, & the custom of the Couvad men to remain in bed when they become fathers, were discussed till dawn came. Hornig, tall, dark, & obsessed with an abnormal fear of being left by a bus, departed from Ft. Wayne on the following day. Brother Dikty, Brother Shroyer, and Brother Hornig went to the bus station. Two came back.

Of happy memory to the Moonstruck Staff (!) is the visit, some months back, of Tucker, Reinsberg, and Meyer. The bunch met at Shroyer's home in Decatur and a few hours gab-fest was enjoyed--we think--by all.



# Frederick Schroyer's Editorial

## Literary Calvinism

3

It could be said, I suppose, that it is quite complimentary to stf that one finds a great majority of its readers so intrigued and absorbed in it that they have little inclination to read anything but stf.

I would say, at the risk of being called a generalizer, that my association with science fiction enthusiasts has revealed that they are usually well versed in science fiction alone, and have little or no acquaintance with any of the other branches of literature.

Allowing speculation to be dominant for the moment, I think that one would find that the average fantasy reader, at an early age, found fantasy to his liking and, being young and having little interest in literature at the time, continued reading fantasy and forgot the world of more vital, and less unreal letters. He had probably read a few books in High School and there, with the exception of his science fiction, his literary pursuits ended.

The one objection to this exclusion is that this sort of literary monogamy is a narrow one. While he never realizes it, the better "science-fiction" has not been written to palpitate his heart with high adventure on Mars, but rather as a means of delightfully advancing salient points in sociology, philosophy, etc. I need but cite the "Little people" and "the giants" of Wells' "Food of the Gods"; the metaphysician without features in "Etidorpha"; the various Utopian literature that includes "By and By", "Erewhon", "Utopia", "City of the Sun", "New Atlantis", Bergerac's "Voyage to the Sun and the Moon", and many others too numerous to mention.

My point is that no one can expect to derive anything from one form of literature without being at least aware of the fundamental precepts and thoughts of the remaining body of it. Literature, like the sciences, is an interwoven body. An understanding of one branch is often necessary before the other branch can be mentally assimilated.

The fact that many readers of science fiction do read nothing but science fiction, is the reason that they are as a body, so gullible when they encounter a glib utopia or "an Everything's Swell Land" in their restricted reading. Without a background of the elements of philosophy, history, etc. they have no scales upon which to weigh the material they find in their science fiction. Because of this condition one finds them often speaking disparagingly of philosophy; of a subject, that is, of which they know nothing. This unbalanced mental diet brings a cerebral-ricket condition, characterized by a desire for action on one end and the realization of their desire on the other end, and in the middle, where they find themselves, a misty haitus which has neither form nor sense.

Were I a Dictator, I would Proclaim that it was a capital crime for anyone to read science fiction until they had, at least, a rudimentary acquaintance with the fundamental principles of literature as a whole, philosophy likewise, and the sciences. One would then find, I am confident, a much more intelligent approach to Utopias and the world. And, too, I believe that science fiction readers would find their literature a hell of a lot more interesting in the intellectual sensor, if not in the visceral and adrenalin phases.

Gernsback, I believe, was once accustomed to make much of the "scientific knowledge" that lay in syrupy masses imbedded in the stories he published. I have found that much of this so-called scientific knowledge that science fiction readers are reputed to possess is extremely superficial and romantic. To sum this all up in as little space as is possible, I would say that the average reader is much more conversant with the flora and fauna of Mars, than with the mathematics that reveal the curves of it's orbital ellipse. (FS)



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N

Beware of Mice! They grow arrogant!

Is a Mouse the Master of Men?

KUTTNER'S

Kuttner Tells All!

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For some reason I am continually bothered by a great many things. I don't ask for much; all I want is a quiet, peaceful existence with my six dictaphones, my thirteen stenographers (including the blond), and the eighty-seven typewriters, including the automatic one which writes stories by itself. (Author's note: The good ones. Editorial note: What good ones?)

So there we are, you see. The writing of science fiction necessitates a quiet, contemplative existence. One must meditate deeply and use a slide rule whenever necessary. The seals and the ducks were bad enough, but I have managed to evade them by means of protective camouflage. (When the seals come in, I look like a duck, and vice versa.) But now a plague of most unpleasant little creatures have discovered my files of old Amazing Stories and have learned that these issues were glued together with an appetizing mixture of corn starch and chocolate pudding. That's what they contend anyway. The worst of it is that the mice, having devoured my complete files, including the invaluable Annual, now wish to eat me. Ordinary mice I can understand, but not these horrible little beings. They seem to have assimilated all the ideas published in Amazing from time to time, and, not content with nipping at my toes when I'm asleep, they give me long, complicated, and rather dirty arguments about my duty to micedom.

H.G. Wells is, perhaps, to blame. After The Time Machine had been digested, the mice became socially conscious, and called me a Cossack and a capitalist. This latter is obviously ridiculous; no writer of my acquaintance, and certainly not myself, is a capitalist. The mice claim that I am a Weenie, or a Weewee, or something of the sort--I forget the exact term--because I live in the sunlight, while they live in burrows. Now this, too, is a misconception. I am allergic to sunlight, for one reason. It blights me. Being nyctaloptic, I can see only in the dark, and work, therefore, in the cellar. The mice claim I am invading their territory and threaten to get in touch with Geneva.

I feel that I have sacrificed enough. My file of Amazing has vanished into the multiple small stomachs of the mice, and I am unwilling to do the same. The worst of it is that the mice have taken over the house. They answer the doorbell and insult my guests, and my uncle, a guy named Forrest J. Ackerman, has threatened to disinherit me. He was severely bitten in the gluteus maximus muscle. Meanwhile the mice flirt with my stenographers, dictate the strangest things into my dictaphones, and have locked me in the cellar. I am smuggling out this message with the aid of a friendly duck, who crawled in through the drainpipe. I am in dire need of aid. For a long time I have been existing on a diet of beetles, and without salt these are most unpalatable. Unless a rescue expedition comes to my aid, I shall probably perish miserably and be eaten either by beetles or by the triumphant mice. The worst of it is that my last dozen or so stories have been entirely written by mice, and no matter how you look at it, that is not good. It is certainly not good for me, since the mice cash my checks and apparently buy liquor, if I can judge by the sounds that filter down from above. Unless something is done pretty damn quickly, it is entirely possible that within a few months at the most, fandom will be ruled by a tribe of power-mad and drunken mice. I can do nothing; my time is completely occupied in catching beetles.

But something must be done.!!

THE

SWANSON

OF

EM. KORSHAK

AND

F. SHROYER

A

STF.

DEALER

Miss Catherine Allen of Latonia, Ky. had some pretty good stuff in the stf. line. Wishing to sell it she contacted Carl Swanson. Back came a reply on his own unimitable stationary, offering \$5.75 for the material.

Miss Allen was satisfied with the offer. After all, dealers must make a profit. So off to the post office she tripped and later a package reached Swanson.

Now comes a letter. Swanson to Allen. In effect, hey, kid, you got to take that \$5.75 out in trade. How about some good, old detective books?

Black wrath.

Gallant Korshak took the account to settle. Swanson wrote to Korshak. Yes, she must take detective stories in trade. However, Swanson the Mag., offered to play square with the little lady IF Korshak sent him another \$10. Then, indeed, Miss Catherine Allen, could get some stf. in trade.

Three black gods with split thumbs are playing marbles with stars----

Comes Julius Unger. Letter from Swanson, Sweet Odor of North Dakota, offering Weird Tales at good prices. Unger remits a fin. No Weird Tales. Message from Swanson. You'll have to buy some of my publications ---and the prices for the junk was ultra ultra---before our deal can go through.

And a little dwarf is paring his toe nails-----

On with the damned parade. Let them mourn and tear rents in their bellies-----

A New York fan, he's ashamed to let his name be known---we won't insist.

He had ten and twenty copies of all stf. mags. Quite a collection. Came unemployment and the necessity of trading pulp for nourishment. Swanson offered ten cents per. He sold the lot. Stalled off the blond clerk in a hashery and waited for a letter. It came. Sorry chum, the deal's in trade. Would you care to eat a coverless Marvel Stories?

Three Little Fishies-----

Here's an example. Any wonder he pouts and spends his time raising Giant Frogs-----

And it came to pass that he found in his possession hundreds of old and ancient magazines. And it was good. But the places of the dealers are dark and slimed. Comes the serpent. "I'll give you twelve shekels for the lot," he hisses. "You pay the freight."

Twelve shekels buy many things. Oh, baubles and glitter and sugar and spice.

West over the torn, dusted continent roars the Erie. Where Indians once lurked in groves, past plains that once knew the tread of buffalo. Snowing perhaps on the bleakness that is the Dakotas.

Huge boxes---freight \$5---prepaid. Swanson takes delivery. Oh, hear the sleigh bells?

Later---much later---a moon has grown full and waned---returns a letter. Sorry, old fish, the deal's in trade. Enclosing a list. The list: Junk---all trade. Half decent material---half trade, half cash. Good stuff---one third trade, two thirds cash.

Three Fairies commit Har-Kari in Fenching Square----







# "BOOKWORM" TUCKER <sup>says</sup> 7 YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING, CHUM!

Probably quite a number of fans saw one or both of the Thorne Smith movies, "Topper", or "Topper Takes a Trip". A few have mentioned seeing his "Night Life of the Gods" a few years ago. It is remarkable then, in view of these three pictures being brought to the public gaze, how few fans seemed to have discovered that Smith wrote a number of other fantasies.

Usually the procedure in such a case, after viewing a movie taken from a fantastic book, is to immediately procure and read the book, or add it to your library. The next step is to write a review of it, or the other books like it, for fan publication. Upon reading one book by an author, it is easy (sometimes) to procure other books by him. Something, somewhere in this usual chain of events, slipped, for I do not recall at the moment seeing any number of Thorne Smith books reviewed, and there were many of them.

Kuttner, I know, reads them for he patterned one story in UNKNOWN after Smith's style. I have heard Lowndes mention reading several. It is supposed that the large and all-inclusive book libraries of fans such as Shroyer, Marconette, Akerman, Wollheim and others are bound to have a few Smith's included.

The movies, "Topper", "Topper Takes a Trip", and "Night Life of the Gods" were pale, very pale second cousins to the books. They lacked the life, the humor, the spontaneous combustion of the books. In the transferring of the story to the screen (as was alleged to have been done) too much was lost. I suggest, if you saw either of the movies, you read either or both of the books. You will find that you are reading a totally different type of story.

The fantasy in Smith's books are used as a means of creating some of his characters and a means of providing a humorous background for them to romp in. His humor is the side-splitting type of humor. Much of it is quite bawdy to be sure, but "roll-them-in-the-aisles" belly-laughs are his specialty.

You perhaps recall that "Night Life of the Gods" dealt with an inventor who discovered a ray capable of turning flesh to stone, and stone to flesh. This chap had a very annoying family, and one of his first pleasurable duties was to make statues of them all. He then invaded a museum and proceeded to have a heckofa good time bringing back to life various statues of ancient gods and goddesses. For a hilarious nights entertainment, read this book.

"Topper" and "Topper Takes a Trip" are probably fresh in your memory. But, nevertheless, you should read these books to derive much more enjoyment from a humorous fantasy than either of the movies could possibly give. After reading the books, the picture versions were horrible washouts.

"Skin and Bones" is another Smith lallapalooza. The central character in this is a photographer (henpecked) who dabbles in chemicals and photographic formulac. He is attempting to perfect a developing fluid capable of sensitizing camera film to an X-ray degred when he accidentally gets several sniffs of the stuff. The obvious happens and our hero finds himself dashing about town as a skeleton. Then his dog gets a whiff of the stuff and does likewise. The resulting story with its many possible complications is super-hilarious!

"Turnabout" is one of the lesser lights in the Smith string. It is a fantasy only in that a man and his wife exchange personalities. The hilarious situations resulting from this will keep you in stitches.

Others of this type include "Dream's End" and "The Glorious Pool". The former can best be described as a sentimental fantasy. The latter is about a middle-aged couple who become young again while in the waters of their swimming pool.







# THE FINAL FEUD

by

## DONALD WOLLHEIM

Feuds in science-fiction fandom have in the past been affairs that affected no more than at best a few score fans. Their influence on professional publications has been negligible. It is true, in a sense, that feuds marked high spots in the history of fandom. In the sense of being distinguishing marks -- even as wars are in human history. In his work on the history of fandom, Jack Speer makes the feuds the alpha and omega of fandom. This, needless to say, is gross oversimplification. Morojo, in an article in the COLLECTOR, unholds fan feuds feeling that they help to clear the air and straighten out the kinks in fandom. This is another aspect, partly right and partly wrong, in much the same way as Speer's error.

What is a fan feud? What does it mean? Why should it have any significance at all to the average reader -- that disinterested person who knows neither party and cares less? A fan feud is a rivalry or a conflict that grows from the friction of two separate individuals in fan activities. That is the simple view of it. It is not that simple. As one who has been in a number of them, I can speak with authority on that. I know of no fan feud which grew out of just personal rivalry or jealousy, whose motives were utterly purposeless or just blind hate. In every case a factor can be found showing that two schools of thought are in conflict -- two trends of opinion as to how the future of science-fiction itself is to be molded. In the early days, there were feuds (though it is possibly not quite proper to use just that term) between such as Julius Schwartz vs Allen Glasser, between the Scienceers vs the International Scientific Association, and such like. Since I was not active at the time, I cannot analyze these, nor indeed would I say that they were actually feuds as we know them.

There was what might be termed a feud between the New York Branch of the ISA and the G.G. Clark SFL. This is simplified today erroneously as a "Wollheim-Clark" feud. In actuality it was a fight between two rival schools of thought on how the organization of science-fiction fandom should procede. The ISA held that only a club independent of commercial ties and democratic in structure could adequately serve the science-fiction mentality and allow room for expansion. Mr. Clark, in practice, held otherwise. This problem was one which had to be solved, and indeed if fandom as we know it today, could exist, it could only have been solved with the victory of the NYBISA. The ISA, as a national organization, later came to grips with the Hornig SFL on the same principle. After a long, drawn-out battle, the inherent weakness of the commercial backers of the SFL tipped the SFL out from under and it disappeared from the national scale for a long time.

Other feuds that existed at that time were all facets of the same national conflict. The aquabble between Sykora and Schwartz (which originated in the Glasser-Schwartz feud; Sykora being a Glasser backer) became part of the ISA-SFL fight.

What were the motives of the ISA in its fight against the SFL? Let us go into the matter more closely for it is important.

The ISA was an international organization of science-fiction fans having its headquarters in New York and generally represented by its strong New York branch; prominent members of which were Sykora, Herbert Goudket, Frederik Pohl, John Michel, David Kyle, Harry Dockweiler, Jack Robinson, and myself. The ISA had an ideal -- it felt that science fiction was more than just a hobby. It felt that science-fiction was a road to something greater -- to work that would benefit and aid the progress of the world. It does not matter now that the conception of how this work would evolve differed from modern notions. What counts is that the ISA stood, in plain words, for the principles of democratic independent fan organization for aid to the progress of mankind. Every organization it opposed differed from it in one or more of these items. Even when an organization was democratic and independent, if it was unable to rise mentally above the level of a collector's gossip club, it could not stay afloat in science-fiction.

The ISA was victorious in its struggle.



Shortly afterwards at the height of its membership and strength, the ISA fell apart when the keystone around which the organization had grown fell out. This keystone was president and New York leader William S. Sykora's resignation.

Now if the ISA had been at the time what it was during its first years -- democratic -- this would not have affected it. But due to the struggle for power and the personal factors arising from that, a fault had set in the internal structure of the club, a fault that grew and grew until it brought about the crackup of the structure. That fault was too-centralized leadership around a single individual. In short, democracy had in effect ceased, though retained in name. The club stood at the threshold of the realization of its avowed aims. But those aims had subtly changed. Four years of activity had made some of them clearer and some of them more shadowy than before. And the leader of the club was unable to see the clear ones and could see only that the shadowy ones were vaguer than ever.

Sykora dropped out and the club folded. It was in my power to have kept the organization going but at the time I could not see these things so easily. It seemed to me that we had reached another clear cross-roads in fandom. The road to realization of how we shall go about attaining the objectives of making stf mean something worth while to humanity. The road of science-experimenting and "teaching science in sugar-coated pills" had been revealed to be a false one. The other road I could not see until a year later.

Today three years have passed since the break of the ISA. In those three years another feud has grown in fandom. A feud that smoldered in the inner debates of the ISA, that split the ISA asunder, that has smoldered and smoked throughout fandom for all these times hence.

It is simplified as being a personal fight between Sykora and myself. This is oversimplification. In fact it is a combination of all the other feuds. It is the fight between the idea of a commercially controlled and pointless undemocratic organization or an independent idealistic and democratic organization for fandom. It is the fight between the idea of science-fiction fandom having no purpose than simple gossiping, and selling the pro mags and the idea that science-fiction should work for a purpose -- that being the realization by one way or another of some or all of the basic dreams or derivatives of science-fiction.

It is the fight between the idea of science-fiction clubs and activities being directed by one man or a group of men undertaking to direct the minds of science-fiction fans in paths of the director's choosing and the idea of the fans themselves choosing their own paths and working out their own roads without directorial orders from above.

During these past three years many fans have tried to say that the whole affair was merely a personal one and not worth anyone's notice. Many a person has damned both sides, and many have urged no support to magazines giving aid to either side. The effort to starve the feud out failed because this feud has come to represent a far greater and a far deeper split in stf than they dreamed of. This is rapidly assuming the aspects of a final feud.

No other fan feud in all history has ever grown to such proportions as to affect the professional magazines. This fan feud has done so. This action was not predicted or expected by either faction as far as I know. But it has occurred.

The New York World Convention brought it to the surface. For a year before the New York editors had been giving the matter of fan feud thought. The exclusion act at the Convention sharply divided every person there, fan, editor, author, into sympathizers with one of the two factions.

/Con't, on P. 21./

Today we see something frightening to behold. There has grown indirectly out of this feud a new national stf organization -- the Science Fictioneers -- backed by a magazine of national circulation. This new organization, though professionally sponsored, is in control of fans who favor the principle of democratic progress. Thus it has offered posts to all persons regardless of what faction they belonged -- offering Advisory Board membership to Lowndes and Wollheim as well as to Madle and Moskowitz. All but the last accented. The faction represented by Moskowitz (the Sykora faction, to simplify matters) has been given control of the old SFL. Director Taurasi's announced intention is to regard the Science Fictioneers as a "rival club" and to wage war.



# WEATHER WE'RE

## UNUSUAL

Charles  
D  
Hornig

## HAVING

The title of this item has little to do with the story---unless you've been in Southern California when it's raining---or I should say, "dewing," because it never really rains around Los Angeles, you know. Of course, the fog might wash a bridge away now and then---but it never rains!

I now have the distinction of being science-fiction's first remote control editor. That's what comes of wanting to work in New York and live in Los Angeles. I've only been out here a few days, as I write this, but I think I'm still editor of SCIENCE FICTION and FUTURE FICTION. Anyway, I'm waiting to hear from my publisher. As soon as he sends me a pack of manuscripts, I'll start working on the July SCIENCE FICTION.

But the purpose of this article is to relate the experiences of my trip from New York City to Los Angeles, February 9th to 19th, 1940. So let's get on with the story.

My last night in New York---I know it was Friday, because Julie Schwartz blew me to a fish dinner---was cold and bleak, except for two hours while we were watching a burlesque show next door to my bus station. That was a pretty hot two hours.

I left New York during the seventh round of the Louis-Godoy fight. My companion on the bus, as far as Lewistown, Penna. (from 1:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m.) was none other than that famous ill-lie-nigh Fictioneer, Erle (or M.) Korshak. Arriving in Lewistown at seven in the morning, quite groggy after talking to Erle for eight hours (keeping 20 other passengers awake all night), I hitch-hiked about thirty miles to Millheim, Penna.---home of Richard Frank of the Bizarre Series. This was far from a pleasant little jaunt, due to a heavy rain and few lifts.

I spent the next two days---Saturday and Sunday---in Millheim, with the families of Richard Frank and the late K. Russell Miller. This was my thirteenth visit to the little town in the Nittanies. As usual, I regretted the necessity of leaving so soon. I always enjoy myself in Millheim, with my many good friends there, and I'll take that town in preference to New York, any day.

On Sunday night, February 11th, Rich drove me (with his girl-friend, Ruth Wance, and cute little 14-year old sister, Marion) back to Lewistown, where, after waiting an hour and a half for my bus---I realized that it didn't run on Sunday nights. This sort of threw my schedule out of kilter, and I had to spend the night in the Hotel Lewistown.

Monday, February 12th, was a day of travel---from 6:00 a.m. to midnight---from Lewistown, Penna. to Fort Wayne, Ind. Now who would I be seeing in Fort Wayne? Well, a moon-faced little play-boy came around to the bus station (which was closed), with two hench-men, to pick me up. Of course, it was Fred, the Shroyer. He took me to his home in nearby Decatur where we just talked and talked (mostly about our experiences in Los Angeles) until after three a.m. I saw his amazingly complete collection of thousands of science-fiction and weird books---not to mention the magazines. It was the largest mass of fantasy I have ever seen under one roof.

By eleven the next morning, we had dinner at Fred's house and made our way back to Fort Wayne to meet a fellow by the name of---let's see now---wait a minute while I look into my little book---Fort Wayne---Fort Wayne---oh, yes---Ted Dikty!

/Con't. on P. 21./

Well, the noon bus on February 13th got me into Chicago at 6:00 pm where a group of fans and stuff had collected to yank me around America's second city during a hectic four hours between busses. I met Don Wilcox there and gave Trudy Hemkin a buzz on the phone. But the gang that provided the sight-seeing tour included Erle Korshak, Mark Reinsberg, Richard I. Meyer, and George Tullis.



# THE GREAT KLIENPUFF EXPERIMENT

by

Frederick Shroyer

=====

It is all a matter of history now. Ten years have done so much to restore to normality a world that wavered on the brink of chaos; a world that reeled on a quicksand of shrieking children, frantic adults and mad radios.

And yet, it is doubtful if that catastrophic 16th of May, 1941, will ever be forgotten. Reverberations of that universe shaking twelve hours are yet booming in the minds of America's minions. Morals, culture, and social stability are yet a bit uncertain on their newly constructed foundations of a temporary clay.

Of Dr. Kliempuff little is known, even at this date. That he originally came from one of the no longer existant, little monarchies of Central Europe, and that he was recognized in technical circles for his brilliant paper on "The Unity of Molecular Motion in Relation to the Electro-Dynamic Impulse", is about the sum of our knowledge of this man. Investigation has shown that his passport was forged and that there apparently was no one who knew anything of him, or who was even distantly related to him.

When his super transmitting station was found in the midst of the Northern Canadian wilds, he was discovered, with his staff, apparently electrocuted by a break down in his gigantic electrical apparatus. Scientists to-day are just beginning to gain a faint idea of the intricate circuits he used in order to accomplish his means.

Of the man, then, we can say little. But obscure as his beginnings may have been, the world will never forget Dr. Augustus Heinrich Kliempuff.

The kitchens of a million American homes were filled with the savory odors of frying chops and steaks. Housewives bustled about in bright aprons preparing the evening meals for the expected husbands. Tranquillity reigned. There was no premonition of the catastrophe that was about to follow.

In the parlors of these million homes were millions of little children. Bright eyed, impressionable little images. It is almost superfluous to state that, almost without exception, they were sitting, lying, or squatting in front of the family radios. And no small wonder, for wasn't their favorite, cowboy friend, the Lonely Plainsman, and his almost human horse, Platinum, about to entertain them? Didn't the stirring adventures of the Lonely Plainsman come to them via radio every evening at six? Would any real, red-blooded, Chewy-Krunchy Breakfast Food eating kiddie miss the adventures of their own Lonely Plainsman and good old Platinum? Of course not! It was unthinkable.

And then it happened.

The rough, honest voice of the Lonely Plainsman came from the million loud-speakers:

"Hello, Kiddies. How're my Junior Plainsmen to-night?"

Oh, without doubt, it was the voice of the Lonely Plainsman. How were they to know that a clever imitator had supplanted their hero? How were they, small tots, to know of the intricate mechanism controlled by Kliempuff which blotted out all broadcasting stations in America and, no matter to where the dial might be turned, still monopolized the speaker?

"Fine, eh? That's good," he continued in his kiddie-loved drawl.



"Here's old Platinum, too. He wants to say 'Howdy' to his kiddie friends."

13

The obviously faked neighing of a horse was heard and the throb of rapid hoof beats.

A million little tots moved closer to their radios. There was friendship and love in their eyes. The Lonely Plainsman was their pal!

"Well, pardners," the homespun voice of their hero continued, "Me an' old Platinum wanta tell you something to-night that's extra-special zowie. We feel mighty sad tuh think we been a foolin' our kiddie pals and we wanta make everything square shootin'. Don't we, Old Faithful Platinum?"

"Neigh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!"

"Yuh kin bet your shootin' irons we do. Now listen here, pals, we been a tellin' yuh how good Chewy-Krunchies are. Well, we was a lyin' tuh yuh. Chewy-Krunchies ain't fit for man or beast. Why an old howlin' cyotee wouldn't eat that sissy slush. D'yuh wanna know what me an' old Platinum takes to make us real range riders?"

A million kiddies hung breathlessly upon his words.

"Well, I'll a tell yuh. We drink lot's of Old Panther Yell Whisky! Yessir, that's the stuff to make real men out a yuh. Yessir. Old Panther Yell Whisky. I drink it all the time an' Old Platinum drinks gallons of it. Don't yuh, Platinum, old Ranger Pal?"

The enthusiastic, thirsty howl of a happy horse confirmed his statement.

"Yuh know old Butser, the crooked cattle rustler, don't yuh?"

Of course the million kiddies knew old Butser, the crook. Why for a year, the Lonely Plainsman, with the help of Platinum, had been foiling his wicked schemes and crooked games.

"Well, I'll jist tell yuh why I always git the draw on him. That hombre doesn't drink Old Panther Yell Whisky. Why, kick me in th' slats, a feller ain't a man less'n he drinks just gallons of Old Panther Yell Whisky. 'nI know you kiddies wanta be real, two gun shooters. So you go right to your momma and pop and demand---yessir, demand-----lots of Old Panther Yell Whisky. If they won't buy yuh none yuh jist start in a screamin' and obreakin' things till they do. Yuh will, w-oncha old pals? Sure yuh will-----"

Historians have not agreed on the probable number of children who succeeded in hearing the whole program before their parents were aware that something was amiss. Considering, however, that the program didn't vary, with the exception of the message, from hundreds of previous Lonely Plainsman programs, and that the parents were undoubtedly engaged in the preparation of the evening meal in the kitchens, it is believed that only an infinitesimal proportion of the children didn't hear all the program.

The rest is too well known to need detailed reporting. The bedlam that ensued was indescribable. Some historians have referred to it as the Second Children's Crusade. The homes of America were dismantled as a million, trusting pals of the Lonely Plainsman made known their demands. Psychologists find it of interest that thousands of confused, terrified, and half-mad parents did buy bottles of Old Panther Yell Whisky for their kiddies that night.

The picture of drunken tots, hysterical mothers, and reeling minds is not a pleasant one to contemplate.

We can speculate that Klienpuff knew that there would be countless homes which were childless; homes that would not have radios turned on at the hour of the Lonely Plainsman program. We realize that Klienpuff must have been a methodical person and, whatever his purpose in shaking civilization, he meant to leave nothing undone.

Consequently, when, in the homes that had no children to tune in on the Lonely Plainsman program, the radios were turned on later, there came a series of programs that unleashed the last wolves of misery, menace, and confusion.



Outstanding in the world's memory is the "Kindly Doctor Hour".

14 The helpful, oily voice of the "Doctor" came from the million speakers:

"Friends of Radio Land, this is Doctor Swishfine. I want to help you. Consider me your friend and counselor".

"I am here tonight," he continued, "because disease is rampant in the world. As I speak, thousands of sufferers are writhing in agony with cancers, leprosy, and many other diseases which are spreading with such alarming rapidity that I predict the whole world will soon be nothing but a festering sphere of disease and of loud and agonizing shrieks of pain".

"In all probability you, unseen friend, are now in the toils of some incurable disease. Do you notice a shortness of breath? A throb in the temples? I'll bet you do! You probably have microthemia perosis, a deadly malady, incurable, and usually fatal in twelve hours".

"Do your legs feel heavy? Astrophia-phoedasia, without doubt. You may expect to have your limbs turn a greenish purple and drop off within a few hours. Do your eyes feel tired? Do they smart? Do they burn? If they do you may expect to be permanently blinded-----"

This continued for the hour. Morbid fascination, it has been conjectured, undoubtedly kept the listeners immobile before their radios.

While a frantic nation of fear stricken adults; of shrieking, house-wrecking children, teetered precariously upon the edge of an unstable world, the radios continued.

The "Kindly Doctor" program was followed by the "Murder Thy Neighbor" hour. "Professor Interrogation" followed with a quiz program that featured such questions as these: "What do you think of the President?"; "Do you think it's all right for the wife or husband to 'step out' on each other?"; "Why was Oscar Wilde sent to prison?"; "What do you think of Hitler?"; "Can you name the author of the following poem? (the Professor then read an unexpurgated version of Villon's "Ballad of Villon and Mucklr Meg.")

Each "audience-picked" contestant was told, in jovial tones, to answer the questions in detail, truthfully, and with absolute candor.

They did.

And America gasped, fainted, howled, and was wild-eyed.

The regular radio station officials, after the first several hours of the Kliempuff broadcast, closed their studios, tore the phones out by their wiry roots, and, leaving the telegrams hip-deep in the halls, went home that they might go mad in their own dwellings.

The Federal Government made frantic efforts to locate the Kliempuff station. Directional finders were of no avail. Kliempuff, it is agreed, foresaw this course that would be taken against him and by a series of "rotational waves" made the finders ineffective.

It would not be wise to dwell upon the deplorable state in which America found itself when, almost providentially, the Kliempuff broadcast abruptly ceased. While ten years have passed, the memory of that terrible day is still clear in the memories of many.

The chaos that followed; the long struggle to restore order to a society of microphobes, tipping children, and neighbor-murderers is described in many excellent commentaries and histories that are available in all libraries. Western Pegleg, in his scholarly tome, "The Psychological Approach to the Kliempuff Panic", (Carvers, 1952, 1053 p. \$10.00) has this to say in summing up the catastrophe:

"That it clearly portrayed the dependance of the American people upon the trite products of the broadcasting stations, no one can doubt. That it showed the unbelievable power of a United Children and the suggestibility of the American mind to radio stimuli, no one can dispute. Society has been shown by the Kliempuff Affair, to be at the most, a rather thin veneer; an institution based upon unstable and almost illusory pillars. Perhaps we are indebted to Kliempuff-----" Chapter 33. Pg. 583.



# WHO'S WHO IN WETHERSVILLE?

by  
Ashkatabala Z. Tluck

(Inspired by the recent and current series in Fantasy Digest on "Who's Who" in various districts, Mr. Tluck recently wriggled out from beneath the bushel where he conceals his light and imparted the following wisdom to your scribe before his keepers missed him.)

## QUINTULLIUS HAROLD BURKE-SMEDLY

If you will look carefully through the letter section of one of the old Science Wonder stories (March, 1929) you will find a lengthy letter by Mr. Burke-Smedly commenting in detail upon the various color changes effected upon the covers of that magazine by exposure to different climatic conditions. He specializes in such things, and his collection includes 75 different covers from this issue alone. But But this is not his only achievement as a fan-connoisseur. He also collects stylisms. For ten years he has been noting the various and diverse ways in which readers and fans express the same thing. In his room you will find a large chart on which is drawn the few simple basic statements which fans use when writing to editors, which he always displays before showing his enormous collection of the variations on these themes. You'd be amazed at the ways readers can say "boyoboy" and "it stinks". To date, Mr. Burke-Smedly has over 1000 variations on these two alone. When asked as to what stories he liked best, a blank look came over his face; then he said, "Stories, what stories?". Yes, fans, he has never read a single story in any sf or fantasy magazine although he has complete files of every one published!

## HORACE P. PARKINVILLE

Have you ever tasted science-fiction? Mr Parkinvillo has. He reads with his tongue. It seems that Horace's maiden aunt highly disapproved of his reading such lurid stuff, and used to take the magazines away from him and read them herself. But, with the typical ingenuity of a fan, Horace would tiptoe to the cupboard after dark and take the forbidden fruit to bed where, after much effort, he learned to read with his tongue. So fond of this practice did he become that, even though he is a free agent, he continues to devour all issues in this manner. He used to scratch himself badly on some of Paul's drawings, but now that Wesso and others have taken over, he feels much better. Particularly does he enjoy the delicate lines of Finlay, Fer-man, and Schneeman. Schiener's and Hamilton's tales leave him, he says, with a bad taste in his mouth. But he just eats up Skylark Smith. "Galactic Patrol" he describes as delicious.

## MERVIN GARABINE

Mervin Garabine can be best described as an error-finder. At one time he used to tabulate typographical errors in the newspaper. Then he came to magazines. The sf and fantasy magazines left him cold as, while he could find a few scientific mistakes, no really meaty blunders were to be found. (That's his story) But then he happened upon fan-magazines and, since then, life has found a new meaning for him. You can tell at a glance what fandom has done for Mr. Garabine. And his collection --- marvellous. He just dotes on Fantasy News and other Cosmic Publications, and ranks Science Fiction Fan quite highly, too. Some day, he intends to publish a symposium of typographical errors in fanmags.

-rwl-

## OBSERVATIONS OF AN OVUM

Henry Kuttner and his mother arrived in Decatur recently for an overnight visit with Fred Shroyer. Details of the affair are scanty. The local paper splurged the visit with a long eight-inch front page column. Locanic comment: quote " ---they made the rounds, visiting spots of local interest.---". They started to Fort Wayne to visit Dikty and Formanek, but the 'spots of local interest' proved too much for them. Kuttner might care to go into detail in regard to the Mystery of the Six-Foot Sausage. You might ask him sometime -----



# TAKE TECHNOCRACY AND CHAOS

by Frank Henry Connor

(Dedicated to the Techno-cracked fans of L. A.)

Within recent years we have heard much from that group of scientific (?) doodlers called Technocrats. We now find some of the science fiction fan magazines filled with their warnings of the coming failure of the Price System and the ruin of our democracy, which they obviously don't think much of. Nevertheless, I am childish enough to believe that it is the nearest approach to an ideal society that has ever been tried.

From their so-called scientific charts we find that our present system is doomed to fall by 1945. (wanna bet?) and if their theory of Technocracy is not accepted, we may look for the world to plunge into a state of chaos. They go on to state that if we fail to accept their theory as the salvation of America, we will have a system of communism, nazism, or some other form of the "isms" forced on us.

On paper Technocracy is a perfect plan for a perfect state; a Utopia; a huge social, economic, and political problem that has been solved by mathematics and scientific (?) reasoning. But they overlooked one important factor in this problem, and that is the human factor.

In order to keep this system of Technocracy in power, they must install a dictatorship; a dictatorship that would be brutal, hard, and all-powerful, because only under a dictatorship could the anti-Technocracy groups be suppressed. Or is it possible that these so-called scientific minded persons have completely overlooked the possibility of opposition? To go on further along this line, this would be a political dictatorship, although they claim that Technocracy is non-political. They would have to have state ownership in order to put Technocracy into force. With these facts in view, we see that Technocracy is nothing but a scientific socialized dictatorship, with a pseudo-scientific front.

It is foolish to believe that our present system of economics will collapse after working for thousands of years. If the Technocrats have studied the history of economics, they will find that from the beginning of civilization a price system has existed. That even from the most primitive to the most complex civilizations we have had some sort of money. Is it logical to believe, in view of these facts, that our economic system is going to collapse? No logical, scientific minded person can believe in such a fantastic idea.

Granted that our present system has evils; yet I challenge them (the Technocrats) to name any system that has no faults. By that, I mean a system that has been proved infallible by the judge of greatness, history. Since we can only base our conclusions on what has happened in the past, we can see no logical reason why Technocracy should not have faults; and many bad faults. In the past we have had many experiments that were to have been perfect states. If I remember correctly, Communism was going to give Russia the perfect state. As was Fascism to Italy, and Nazism to Germany. But they all ended up the same; with a brutal dictatorship in power. Is it not logical to believe that Technocracy will do the same? Yes, all these systems were letter perfect---on paper, but not in fact.

The Technocrats have made elaborate charts and graphs (in the best scientific manner) which they say prove that the price system will fall by 1945 and that Technocracy will step in and save the day---in 72 hours. Personally, I regard these charts, graphs, etc. as a bunch of pseudo-scientific tripe. If figures couldn't be juggled around, we would have no need for accountants and bank examiners.

I wish all honest men who believe in scientific advancement to think clearly on this subject of Technocracy. If Technocracy does come, will it be the ideal state for the advancement of science as the Technocrats state? I say, no!

Under this system all men would be equal, socially and economically. After a period of time what inducement would there be for scientific work. Money? The Technocrats are going to do away with (Page 21)



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# IN THE EDITOR'S MAILBOX

C.S. YOUNG — I feel inspired, for some unknown reason, to write you and comment on the latest issue of Fantasy Digest. This despite an ever growing pile of unanswered letters.

The cover gives me a pain in the neck. I fully appreciate how Doc's sense of the aesthetic could have led him so far astray, but I think it would be wise to remind him that he is neither Einstein nor Clark Ashton Smith. I strongly advise that he stick to nudes in future - they look very outre when Doc does them. Himeoing over too.

Contents page and cover not very original, but I can't say any better for May, so I'd better keep quiet about it. Your editorial was obviously done in a hurry. The editorial and four other pages were stenciled on the day before FD went to press. You can see why it wasn't a masterpiece---not that any of our editorials are masterpieces.

Chroyer's article is sufficiently well-written to be one of the star spots of the issue, but is, in theory, lamentably idiotic. I used to snout about "Art for Art's sake" myself a few years (over months) back, but this wailing-cry is always a sign of mental immaturity, and I am growing out of it. I still think that the beautiful in literature has a value of itself, but I'm damned if I will condemn the rest. I could come down on Chroyer's toes very heavily when he speaks of SF as an established branch of literature, too. Try, Fred, to count the number of stories that were both scientific fiction and good literature. At a pinch you can use "The Time Stream", "The World Below" and Wells' early novels (though you should read his preface to "Scientific Romances" to see what he thinks of them) but there is lamentably little left. In the realm of magazines I dare say that, outside of "The Time Stream", there is no great literature, and very little that is literature at all. I'd better stop before my sense of injustice prejudices my rating.

Moskowitz makes me suspect either my own or his sanity, and, taking the easy way out, I acquit myself at once. What conceivable value this maudlin drivel can have beats me. I suppose it is attractive to some in that it viciously attacks the personalities of leading fans, and soothes the egos of others, but I see it only as a typical Moskowitzian article, redundant in phrasing and useless in effect. The idea of wasting three and a half pages on this!

Walter Sullivan's picture of the Convention was rather better, despite its acknowledged avoidance of any literary form.

"Who Goes There?" differed from Moskowitz's effusion in being fairly humorous, non-hysterical and quite interesting. I thoroughly enjoyed this, and feel perfectly safe in awarding 7. "Homage to Weinbaum" is rather less good; old stuff to all of us. Still, it was nicely told.

"Collector's Corner" has me cornered. I am not so avid a collector or as all that, and the very long list simply bored me.

I know my Faggers and can guarantee never to give more than 4 out of 10. This time, however, having waded through both the first three and last one paragraphs, I feel quite justified in awarding 1.

A prominent fanrag-running fan once confessed to me that he liked using Farsaci's stuff, but always found him too long-winded. I think the same, except that I don't think his stuff is so hot anyway. Still it's hard to write a good article about fans.... /Sarcasm/

"A Visit With Doc Smith" is really interesting, though I can't help thinking that you Americans are a bit thick in the way you halloo around and drop in on whomsoever you think fit, without even arranging things beforehand. And to keep an elderly gentleman up till 4 a.m. in his own house just isn't cricket! I also have me scots when Kotlik refers to "Grey Lensman" as Smith's greatest story... "Sky-lark" and "Three" were pleasant interplanetary adventures, but somehow unsatisfying. "Valeron" gained atmosphere through Dold's fine drawings, and was really much better than the first two, while "Triplanetary" and "Trinehounds of N.B.G." were just fairly good. Surely "Clarissa" (twice repeated) should be "Clarissa"? To which we inadequately reply that it COULD be, but probably isn't. The stinging way in the fanrag reflects harshly on those poor fish who proudly present copies of their children to the elite.

"The Strange Case of Robertson" is nowhere near as good as HK's F'science piece. It really wasn't written by HK.



18 "Reader's Column" isn't nearly as interesting as it could be, and not nearly as long as is necessary. Further, your terrible mimeoing ruined one page. /Summer heat melted stencil in spots./ I mourn, for reader's departments are usually my meat. Long enough this time?

There is no hope, of course, of going back to hekto? /No/ Di was the tops in hekto, clear-cut and rightly laid, but in mimeo---well! Still, despite my rather severe criticisms, I like the magazine. If you would forget about Conventions, fans and collectors a little, and get some really good fiction, you would be good. How did you like Shroyer's "G. K. E." in this issue?

HENRY KUTTNER—I was surprised and pleased to receive the August-September issue of Fantasy Digest. It's a nice little magazine despite the fact that someone apparently chewed up your stencils before you used them. Aside from this minor point, the book contains good stuff, though the redoubtable Mr. Shroyer, in his article, neglected to mention that he is an active member of the Pasadena Branch of the Jane Withers Fan Club. /Shroyer happened to be at your editor's home at the time this letter was received and immediately questioned the veracity of this statement rather explosively./ Moskowitz's article is excellent; so is Jack Erman's. You may not know that Mr. Erman is professor of obstetrics at Caltech; he is a cultured and likeable man, though a congenital drunkard. /You don't say!/  
However, while it was good of you to feature my name on your cover, I must regretfully inform you that I didn't write "The Strange Case of Razberipop". It is all a ghastly lie. I have no wish to take credit where credit is not due, and the mysterious "N. Ricutner, Jr.," is not me. For one thing, I do not append "Jr." to my name, though I could. Sometimes I append "Ph. D." or, more simply, "Rex."

While the Razberipop item is a fine tale, gripping, suspensive, and dramatic, I cannot honestly take the credit. I am too young. In ten years or more I may be able to write such a story, but not yet. The yarn was obviously submitted, under a pseudonym, by either Ernest Hemingway or P. G. Wodehouse, and modesty compels me to elucidate the matter.

WALT SULLIVAN—I suppose that you want to know what I think of FD. /But positively! So here goes. No doubt you have heard that the cover was lousy. /Will anyone ever let us forget it?/ The articles as I enjoyed them follow: Warner, Farsaci, VISIT WITH DOC SMITH, Shroyer, Moskowitz, HOMAGE TO WEINBAUM, Erman, 4E, Haggard, IFF, Ricutner. Naturally, I won't tell you where I think I stand. (I have a fair idea of that.) /You didn't do so bad, Walt. Your article stands 4th, with a 60 rating/

"DOC" LOWMEDES—Hmm, after a good look at that cover, I can only wish the accursed thing had been lost in the mails. It's obviously no fault of yours. The idea wasn't executed -- it was assassinated! Phew!

1st place in this issue, and way, way ahead of the nearest competitor, is Shroyer's "What is a Fan?" Admirably done. While disagreeing with some aspects, I can certainly appreciate the mental anguish with which a follower of imaginative fiction, for the sheer delight of experiencing creative expression, must view "fandom" and such nincompoopish specimens of "fans" as Shroyer so well describes.

It would seem that the field of fantasy and its camp-followers is, like Caesar's Gaul, trisected. We have (1) the "fan" who is no more than a fetisheer decked out in atavistic-futuristic trappings, (2) the enthusiast who is interested only in the keen mental and spiritual delight concomitant with the creative expression facilitated by this type of literature -- at such times it is literature, and (3) the futurist, who is an enthusiast carrying the undertones of creativity fantastic and prophetic into the field of realistic contemporary activity.

My belief is that this third, futurist, type is the acme of the three, but Mr. Shroyer very probably prefers the 2nd. However, I trust that he is tolerant enough to grant the futurist worthy of consideration and a little commendation when maturity in re imaginative fiction followers is concerned. //I DO grant that, gladly. F.S.//

2nd this issue is Harry Warner's article, 3rd Walter Sullivan's, 4th Illini Fantasy Fictioneers, 5th Visit With Doc Smith, 6th Reader's Column, 7th Movie Review, 8th Who's Who, 9th Razberipop, and 10th the cover.

Mimeoing is a little better this time: only one page in this copy that was unreadable in spots. Hope you can do better next time. /And so do we./ And How about evening up the righthand edges? /Frankly, we don't consider evening up the edges as being worth all the time it takes./



## GERTRUDE KURLAN

19

Moskowitz's article has roused me from my usual lethargy, and perhaps the fact that I realize how well criticism and praise (and how) is to the fan editor may have something to do with it. Your cover might have been good if there had been a picture used to allow one to see it, but as it is, it's not a work of art. And your mimeoing was simply atrocious! We shuffle our feet and murmur abject apologies. You used copies worse than the ones we used to throw away for COSMIC TALES. (I wonder how I can get a plug for the 2nd anniversary issue in?) I'll do it for you, Gerty. To those readers who haven't a copy of the gigantic 42 page anniversary issue, I strongly recommend the purchase of a copy for only 15¢. The address is 170 Washington Ave., West Haven, Conn.

Your material was pretty good, nothing extraordinary, but then nothing noticeably poor. Tolt Sullivan was good despite the references to my love life, and so were Farsaci and Warner. More articles of Farsaci's type would be appreciated....But my main objection was Moskowitz's "They Never Come Back".

In the first place, I don't agree with him, but that's not the reason why I'm writing. I've disagreed with other articles before, and never said a thing about it. I do wish that Sam would lay off Tucker. Despite the "they" in the title, that article was aimed directly at him. Nonsense! Of course they come back; it's been done and I'd like to see it prevented. If Tucker hasn't made a successful comeback, I'd like to find someone who's done it. It's true that at times Bob has more enthusiasm than wit, but he's trying hard. And then he's made mistakes -- haven't we all?-- such as the time when he declared that fan mags shouldn't charge anything at all. Of course they shouldn't, but they must, or there wouldn't be any fan mags. To err is human; to forgive, divine... And Sam ought to remember it.

What I can't figure out is why he persists in attacking Tucker. Surely the latter has done nothing to be ashamed of! Suppose "Le Zombie" is a copy of "Fantasy News". It's utterly different, and covers another field. I, for one, like it. As far as I know, Moskowitz has no patent on the manuscript bureau idea. Let Tucker imitate it if he wishes. Sam should be vastly flattered. It's said that imitation is the best compliment.

I still remember how much I used to enjoy Tucker's letters in the old mags before he "died". We used to "worship" him from afar, both he and Hoy Ping Pong. No one was more pleased than we were to hear that he had returned to life. I wonder if Moskowitz ever shared those feelings? It doesn't seem possible that he fears Tucker as a rival, but if so, sarcastic criticism is no way to win him over. A great many things Sam does are alright with me, but I do wish he'd leave Bob Tucker alone!

## CLARK LOUGHNER

Here's two bits for three more of them things. I mean Fantasy Digests. I don't know what it's all about, but I guess it's all right. I received those books O.K., plus the complimentary copy of FD. I read it----that is, I read that part of it that could be read. What's the matter with your eyes? After reading Frederick's article I still don't know what a fan is. I always thought a fan was something that Sally Rand danced around. Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! 'Taint funny, guy.

I want to compliment Mr. Moskowitz on his "They Never Come Back". Frankly, I'm glad they don't, if they are the cause of that article. He is a master at saying nothing in three and a half pages. You just don't understand.

Jack Trman doesn't make sense. One man's (?) opinion/ Is he illiterate or just being cute? That, Sir, is Ackermanese. What kind of collection is he talking about? A science-fiction collection/

As I get it, you fellows collect stories from magazines and then get together and talk about it. Am I right? What kind of stories do you collect? Fairy stories? You got us, bud. We call it science-fiction.

I've read some of those Amazing Stories and they leave me cold. You're not the only one. That sort of stuff couldn't happen and you know it. No? Look at Technocracy.

There is a fellow here on the campus---I attend L.S.U.---that goes in for that sort of stuff. Buys all those wacky magazines like Amazing Stories and writes his themes in Lit. 31 on trips to the moon, etc. I showed him that magazine you fellows put out and he said that he'd gotten some like it before. He thinks they're a bunch of crap. We think HE'S on the crappy side, too. Anyway, I want to get some more Digests just for the fun of reading them. You guys are nuts. We resent that. Not all of us.



# DONALD WOLLEHEIM — Editor of Communism

flung wildly by the Syntora faction in 1941. It has been they have used it to scare Fandom's mind and not a few honest, but confused, young men. The issue was a false one from start to finish. Communism was never the subject of our efforts and never the object of our aims. However, to let this matter be shown as it is today, let this be said. You must have read in other fan mags that the New York fans who had espoused the philosophy and politics of communism had altered their views. That is correct. For the most part now we feel that we can best serve our ideals and lives best by leaving the camp of the communist movement and moving into the general field of non-political social advancement. Personally I have been a Technocrat for the past two or three months and have found it deeply interesting and satisfying. I think that politics right now would be more damaging to science-fiction than progressive. This is a view which I would not hold in regard to the years past. But times have changed and so has the world. Today, politics would be more of a liability than an asset.

No one need fear that the Science-Fictioneers, the Futurians, or any of their friends or sympathizers are being manipulated by any political group. They are not. Nor indeed were they ever. You need not look for evidences of communist activities in the Science-Fictioneers because none are there or will be there. Mr. Frederik Pohl, editor and hence Managing Secretary, understands this full well. The issue of communism dragged up today is a blind and a false alarm. Those who drag it up now or in the future are those whose desire and intent it is to distort and falsify the issues precisely because they are afraid to present them clearly. The dragging in of red herring is a sure sign of the dishonesty and fraudulent intent of the dragger.

In spite of all the red-baiting that went on in the past, the progressive faction has advanced further and further. The truth will out and it could never be thrown back. It will continue. As John Michel likes to paraphrase: "Only the fans are immortal". And the fans are inherently progressive because they cannot help but be so.

**FRED SHROYER**—See that Fandom's Fool No.1, the whacky-acky is still his own best press-agent with the help of his sappy-pseudos: Weaver Wright, Claire Voyant, Estradulov, Jack Erman, etc. They all spell, in the Ultimate Resolving, ca-a-arap! Resume: They Never Come Back---stinks; Convention Scenes---interesting; Who Goes There--I'll bite; Homage to Weinbaum--Huh? Oh, yeah; Collector's Korner---Ackerman at his best, stinks; Metal Raider---Passable; Then Rochester Speaks Up---Good informative article; A Visit With Doc Smith---Interesting, people must have a hell of a time getting rid of Korshak; IFF-----Ugh! Another fan club; Strange Case of Razberinop---Ah! Kuttner, it wasn't Razberinop that you had been drinking; Amazing Movie Review---Ackerman has another orgasm in a theatre seat. Well, that's all.

WE FIND THAT, DUE TO THE UNUSUAL LENGTH OF MR. WOLLEHEIM'S ARTICLE WHICH CAME IN AT THE LAST MOMENT, SOMETHING HAS TO BE CUT OUT OF THIS ISSUE. AS SOME OF THE LETTERS ARE THE ONLY THINGS LEFT UNSTENCILED, THEY WILL HAVE TO BE CUT. FOLLOWING ARE SOME EXCERPTS:

**RAY J. SIENKIEWICZ**: Congratulations on one whole year of publishing "Fantasy Digest". I hope the years add up to one hundred before FD ceases.

**DALE TARR**: Korshak gets the bed springs for best stuff in last FD. All the rest, poof and poeey. Editorial notes were second.

Biggest kick to register is the messy blurring, etc., of the pages. You know, Ted, you could take lessons in good mimeoing from Walter Marconette, whom I met recently.

**MELVIN C. SCHMIDT**: The articles which interested me most were "Who Goes There?" and "A Visit with Doc Smith". Also "IFF Formed". The rest of the issue was uniformly good with no poor articles.

**LARRY FARSACI**: Latest FD received and here are my comments: A very fine lineup, both in the way of material and names featured, making it an excellent fanmag in that respect. But Oh! what terrible mimeographing! I must say your FD could be vastly improved in it's makeup and quality of print.



Out of Chicago at 10:00 p.m., I spent the next 27 hours riding the highways from Chicago, through Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma to Oklahoma City. The next day, Feb. 15, I spent seeing Oklahoma's capital with the local Esperantists. I was pleasantly surprised at the large number of active Esperantists in this mid-west metropolis. I got my first view of the inner-workings of a broadcast station (KOMA), and watched a mile of drill-pipe being fed into an oil-well. Supper in a swanky Restaurant (Beverly's) brought forth Chicken-in-the-Rough--which is almost an entire fried chicken, smothered with shoe-string french-fries---and the unique feature is that you eat it with your hands---no tools are provided. I got a big kick out of eating a chicken the easy way.

In the morning of that Thursday, I went to visit Miss Bernice Rayburn--head of the Esperanto Club of that city, and a school teacher--in the Webster Junior High. There I was met at the door by a young student of Miss Rayburn's Esperanto class, with the greeting: "Chu vi estas Sinjoro Hornig?"

From midnight Thursday until almost noon on Saturday, I travelled through Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, arriving in Tucson during the heat of the day. Now here's where the weather played me a trick. Before starting out, I was afraid that I'd run into some bad blizzards in the mid-west. Well, I had perfect weather through all this bad weather climate---the temperature was 55 degrees in Pittsburgh, where it might just as well have been below zero at that time. But when I got into Southwest Texas, where it hadn't snowed in thirty years---I ran into a real blizzard. On a straight stretch of level road, we passed eleven wrecks in twenty miles.

But the weather was perfect in Tucson, of course. After supper with a local friend who is neither a stiff enthusiast nor an Esperantist, I fulfilled a long-felt desire. I went to see "Gone With the Wind." I was gone with the bus early in the afternoon of Sunday, Feb. 18th. Next stop: Los Angeles!---6:30 a.m. Monday morning. Reception party: Ray Bradbury, Myrtle Douglas, Forrest J Ackerman! After breakfast with them, I started getting located in town for a permanent stay---and so on and so on.

Anyway, I'm in Los Angeles now and I plan to stay here---except for summer trips back to New York. Only next time I'll drive myself---and a few fans, perhaps. I hope to attend the Convention in Chicago.

Tell---that's all--I guess!

---

/THE FINAL FEUD by Donald A. Wollheim. Cont. from P. 10 /

This is a prospect that is startling to contemplate. For the first time, rival factions in the fan world have been given national sounding boards. Instead of reaching 200 inner circle fans, the opinions and organizations of both sides will reach 100,000 readers. Needless to say, both sides will undoubtedly adopt new methods under these new circumstances. The old vehemence will go; the old personality battling will go; save on a different plane. On the surface, the rivalry between the clubs will be mild and polite. Below, though, the split will cut through every single reader of science-fiction. The ideals and variances of the two schools of thought will sink deep and wrestle silently in the minds of all who read both magazines.

That will be the outcome of this, I dare not predict. This is something that has never happened before in science-fiction. It is a new and unpredicted development. It can and will color every single word and action in sf., amateur and professional, during the months and years to come. It will color deeper and deeper and the variance will grow greater and greater. This is indeed the final feud, flowering into a titanic mental combat whose ends we cannot know. To consider any more that the old Wollheim-Sykora fight is still predominant is to blind oneself. That feud has developed and matured into something far greater and far more lasting than either of the two protagonists.

---

/TAKE TECHNOCRACY AND CHAOS by Frank Henry Connor. Cont. from P. 16 /

money. Social position? There are not going to be any different social levels in the Technate. For the sake of science? Perhaps. Only an infinitesimal group would work for the sake of pure science. Study will show that the underlying motive behind most great inventions has been money or social position. If all the present inducements were eliminated, science would become stagnant and possibly degenerate in time. And slowly, in our place, a race of human robots would arise. We would become a nation without initiative; a nation that would be a slave to its machines.



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Not wishing to see the better part of a stencil go to waste, I have appropriated it for purposes of idle chatter. Note that I have dropped the editorial "we". Anything stated herein is purely "Dittys".  
.....Anyone having visited me within the past year will still remember Smith Street as being in a state of upheaval. Trenches were being dug. Wooden barricades and earthworks were being thrown up. The reason for all this is very simple. We are preparing for the Revolution, Comrade!.....FELLOW FAN EDITORS, ATTENTION! Altho announced otherwise previously, FD is open to trade subs. I have made private arrangements with my fellow eds whereby I am able to receive all the fan mags. So keep sending.....Who is the fan who claims to have an I.Q. bordering on genius? Maybe I shouldn't have asked.....It seems that at one time, Fred Shroyer and several accomplices were experimenting with rockets. After much work and expenditure of coin, a three-foot, metallic shard was pointed at the sky. Some distance away, a switch was pressed. Contact! The spark gap flashed! With a roar the rocket plunged into the sky. Watchers were eagerly studying it's course through their telescopes. Then, all of a sudden---an ear shattering explosion! For a moment it was as bright as day. Fragments of the rocket were hurtled apart with such force that pieces buried themselves several inches deep in nearby trees. If the experimenters hadn't been protected by the tree trunks, they would probably all have been killed or seriously injured.....Other stf readers in the vicinity almost met death in more prosaic forms such as: automobile accidents, drowning, jumping off a high barn to see if an umbrella would serve as a parachute, indigestion, etc. etc.....3 trusting souls have already paid for their copies of the Bibliography.....Facetiously suggested motto for FD: "What's not good enough for Scribner's is good enough for us". This as a result of a Scribner rejection of the "Kienuff" piece in this ish.....If you ever receive a special-delivery letter edged in black, you'll know who it's from. Tucker has threatened to "come up here and wrap a lamp-post around my moth eaten skull". I resent that. I have often been told my skull is of the finest ivory.....I'm getting ready to go to work on the oh-so-long delayed 'Who's Who'. Ought to be out by next FD time.....To the Doubting Thomas's I state positively, absolutely, and irrevocably, that Frank Henry Connor is an actual person and not a pseudonym. His home address is 2016 Smith St.....One of our Ft Wayne stf readers has had stories published in the Blue Book; had wrote the first stamp novel---"Philatelia" was the title, I believe. Shroyer, Connor, & Formanek have had material published in the local dailies.....Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Send in that list of books for the Bibliography soon! If the book is to be out by Chicon time, all lists will have to be in at least 2 or 3 months before that.