

T H E
FUTURIAN

An amateur magazine devoted to fantasy fiction.

S p r i n g
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All views expressed, are those of the contributor.

futura

by james p rathbone . . .

Click.

seventy-four and eighty-one thrum the song and
two takes up the strain and
six six clacks wackily, gone
are the tunes of steam and petroleum, gone
are the rusty cans, the shining automobiles are running
radio-controlled, nor stop their humming motors. we
are the machines the machines that make, that make and
bake
your bread. we are the monster generators life is
electric or atomic, we are your
servants wake up sleep and wake up.

Clack.

forget not the toiling roads the shining
sidewalks, keep us clean, a million men are
testing strains and stresses and we crumble at our bases
keep us well oh keep us well we veins of traffic
we will challenge venus or the outer planets, keep us
well
oh keep us
keep us shining and stupendous . suspended by
platinoid cables
bridge we the gulfs of building to building, leap
we with joy in our strength.

Click.

we are the gardens of futura:
smiling green and gold and red
in little lakes; narcissuslike we turn to admire our
beauty,
from our rose-marble fountains, mist-aureoled, we utter
songs in the quiet ways ---
water music for gods, no more distant than the pond -
rim
(song on crimson song returning, daffodil symphony
to violet suite)
narcissuslike we turn to admire our beauty
turn

clack.

ARGOSY PARADE
by John C. Craig.

It has been said that "Argosy Weekly" publishes better sciencefiction than the science fiction magazines themselves. This is quite true, and what is more, its editors do not appear to conform to a hidebound "formula" policy.

Here is a list of science and fantasy fiction which this magazine has published since April 22nd. 1939. Some of the authors are well-known, others are new.

Beyer - William Grey.

Minions of the Moon	3 parts	s.f.	April 22 - May 6th
Let 'Em Eat Space	Nov el et	s.f.	Nov 4th.
Minions of Mars	5 parts	s.f.	Jan 13 - Feb 10th.

Binder - Eando

Lords of Creation	6 parts	s.f.	Sep 23d - Oct 28th
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Clark - Jay

The Temple Cats	short	fantasy	Oct 28th.
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Ernst - Paul

The Great Green Serpent	novelet	fantasy	June 10th.
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Mann-- Jack

The Ninth Life	4 parts	fantasy	Aug 5th - Aug 26th
Maker of Shadows	5 parts	fantasy	Dec 9th. - Jan 6th

Merritt - Abraham

7 Footprints to Satan	5 parts	fantasy	Jun 24th - Jul 23rd
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North - Eric

The Green Flame	4 parts	s.f.	Feb 24th - Mar 16th
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Reed - David V.

The Golden Boneyard	novelet	s.f.	Nov 4th.
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Sale - Richard

The Lonely World	short	fantasy	Oct 28th.
Till Doomsday	novelet	eerie	Mar 9th.

Williamson - Jack

Star Bright	novelet	fantasy	Nov 25th.
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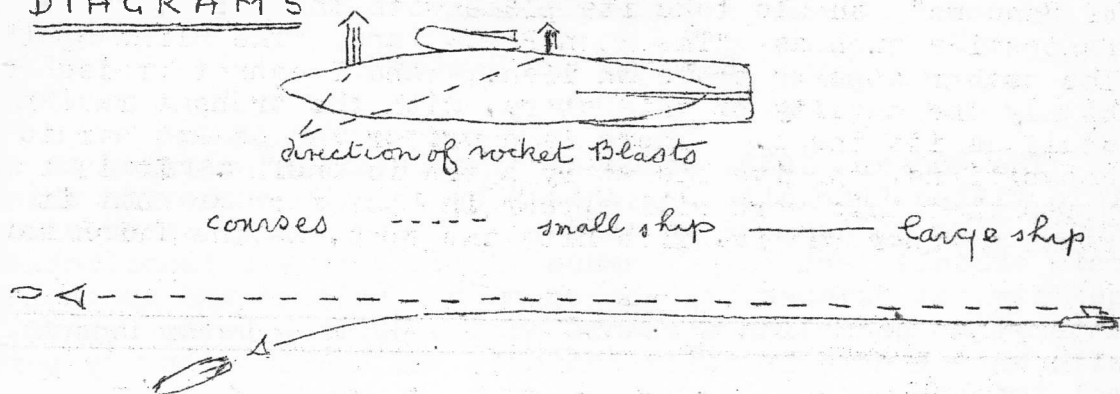
Zagat - Arthur Leo

Tomorrow	short	novel	s.f.	May 27th.
Children of Tomorrow	"	"	s.f.	Jun 17th.
Bright Flag of Tomorrow	"	"	s.f.	Sep 9th.
Thunder Tomorrow	"	"	s.f.	Mar 16th.

The two Beyer novels run in sequel. The main theme is that of a sleeper awakening after thousands of years and finding himself in a strange world, which is a mixture of advanced science and barbarism. The chief character is helped (and hindered) by a puckish disembodied personality called Omega, who can take any shape at will. There is more than a touch of

humour in these well written and fresh novels, and similarly in "Let 'Em Eat Space" the theme of which is an interplanetary search for means to save the world from disaster. The Binder novel is one of the best from this author. "Here again a sleeper awakes, to find himself in a world without metal, ruled by an autocracy, at whose head is a haughty princess; (did anyone mention Margaret of Urbs, and the hero who deserts his first love to join the "enemy"?). The high spot is the discovery of the Maginot and Siegfried lines with weapons intact! Maybe - maybe. A description of amateur attempts to make iron is very thrilling and convincing. The short stories: "Temple Cats", "Lonely World" and the novelet, "Till Doomsday", whilst good of their kind, are not particularly outstanding. "Till Doomsday" has for its theme the legend of the Flying Dutchman. Those who, like Paul Ernst will enjoy "The Great Green Serpent", which I personally found very interesting apart from its bizarre characters, including a bird headed woman. Two SF novelets "The Golden Boneyard" and "Star Bright" are well worth reading, the former, by a newcomer, having a very original theme dealing with some inhabitants of a distant planet, made of ivory, who shatter to pieces at an atmospheric disturbance, but who are protected by jingling golden rings. The author has a sense of humour. The author of "Star Bright" frankly acknowledges his basic idea as the same as "The Man Who Could Work Miracles". However, the ending has an unusual "twist". This is a very different Jack Williamson from "The Legion of Time" and I personally would like to see more of this type of story from his pen. It would be rather uncomfortable to take a drink of water and then burst into green flames; yet this is what happens in Eric North's "The Green Flame. And it isn't done with mirrors but by a very nasty gentleman called the Toad who decides to put the world on the spot: by turning all its waters into Green Fire. Very nasty indeed, but a rattling good yarn from the Australian author, who gave us some time ago "Three Against the Stars". The character deliniation is excellent. Now, Zagat wrote quite a masterpiece with his "Seven Out of Time", I wish I could say the same of his four short novels dealing with the Children of Tomorrow. I find the premises on which he bases his story (i.e. the overrunning of America by the yellow-black "Asafries") rather unconvincingly defeatist. Yet the adventures of the "Bunch" of wild children lead by Dikar and their efforts to defeat the invader are well narated and quite exciting. "Seven Footprints to Satan" is included in this review for the benefit of those who have not read this reprint. Anything by this author is worth reading. Finally we come to the most outstanding novel for a long time. "Maker

DIAGRAMS



(c) The top ship would be made into an electro magnet, and the bottom ship would contain an electric bar magnet of equal length. Now, as you probably know, when two electro magnets are placed against each other, if the plus poles are against the (-) poles, they attract each other. But when the (-) poles are against the (-) poles they repel each other.

So when the two ships have to be separated, the poles on the lower rocket would be reversed, and the two ships would be forced away from each other until the distance between them made manuvering safe. WEPL. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

EVERY FANS LIBRARY

A list of cheaper fantasy books easily available through any good bookseller, at the present moment. Title, author, publisher, price & classification are given, in that order. Abbreviations: S - science fiction; F - fantasy; NR - new remainder. Other lists welcome, let's have yours.

Looking Backward	E. Bellamy	Reeve	ton 1/-	S
There was a Door	T. Mundy	Hodder & Stoughton	2/-	F
Crystal City under the Sea	A. Laurie	Sampson Low	1/6	F
Lost Horizon	J. Hilton	Macmillan	2/6	F
The Purple Cloud	L. P. Shiel	Gollanz	2/6	S
Harilek	Ganpat	Blackwood	1/-	F
Contagion to this World	Fedor Kaul	Bless	NR	S
Even a Worm	J. S. Bradford	Barker	NR	S
The Crook of Gold	J. Stephens	Macmillan	2/-	F
The Dark Frontier	Eric Ambler	H & S	2/-	S
The One Sane Man	F. Beeding	H & S	2/-	S
The Absolute at Large	K. Capek	Macmillan	2/6	F

COUNTERFEIT.

by

Raymond van Houten

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The Summer, 1939, issue of "The Futurian" carried an article titled "Pathetic Fallacies" by John F. Burke, to which I would like to compose an answer. I was doubly interested in said article, not only because of its anti - scientific quality, but because its author made a valiant and unconcealed attempt to establish a record as the British Peter Duncan, & with whom I come in daily contact, and number among my personal friends.

Mr. Burke's views on science fiction have been expressed here in America, and I have had the honour to raise my shield in defense of science-fictions theoretical world-significance in each that came to my attention; so I am no novice at this sort of thing. I have learned not to censure my opponents for their defeatist interpretation of science-fiction, for they do not want to believe what they say, but I have found it rather more profitable to take them by the hand, and, beginning from the beginning, prove to them that science-fiction is merely the expression of the progressive "instinct" of the human race and that it has a very important place in science, if it could be made into the respectable and dignified literature that it should be. Therefore, for the umpteenth time, I will repeat the process.

- First let me say that science - fiction does not include every story that is published in a science-fiction magazine. A really comprehensive definition of 'science-fiction' is one of the hardest pieces of writing to integrate that I can think of, but it can be said that no story is science-fiction that takes an anti-scientific attitude, and attempts to show science in the light of a destroying Juggernaut which will someday destroy the world and dehumanize humanity.

The immense progress of science in the past two decades has led many people, some of high position and prestige, to make statements to the effect that science is "running away from the world", with the obvious innuendo that science is due any moment, to run away with the world. Their suggestion is that science should slow down, wait for the world to catch up to it; in other words, to stop progress for the "benefit" of humanity. It never enters their heads to accomplish their aim in the more logical and certainly the better manner ---- by speeding up humanity to catch up to science! Science education especially in the public schools of the United States, and I presume the same situation is met with in England, is a farce. The science they teach is the science of fifty years ago.

Dates on textbooks rarely are later than 1920, and a book of 1930 date is a very recent one indeed! Astounding, when you remember that Pluto wasn't even discovered at the time those books were written! This, then, is the reason for the great disparity between the advance of science and the understanding of the people, not science's unwarranted leaps into the evil unknown.

A means of education is needed badly, not only to acquaint the layman with science's most recent advances, but to point out to the world where to expect future advances. Science-fiction does, to a certain extent, fill this need, but not to the extent that it should. Science-fiction is itself years behind science, instead of in its rightful place ahead of it. The reasons for this are plain; science fiction is merely a section of the pulp fiction field, and every indication, save one, points to it staying there. Indeed, it can be viewed in a blacker light, and shown that science-fiction is going backwards. There has been objection after objection in the readers' columns of all the magazines to the "large" amount of science contained in the stories! With an attitude like that, how can a person see the true worth of science fiction.

There is no denying that fans read science fiction to escape. There is no denying that science fiction creates a wish world for its readers. What can be emphatically and totally denied is that these two words tell the whole story, and that science fiction is good for nothing else but these things.

Let me say to Mr. Burke that I, as a science fiction fan, do not claim to be a "shade" more intelligent than the average man, as he puts it, but a damn lot more intelligent! Other fans I know are more intelligent than the average man I think it is self evident. The average man has little or no interest beyond making his living, and shooting a few games of pool, (English translation - frequenting billiard halls, Ed.) but the science fiction fan catches some of that inquisitive fervour that characterizes all great men of science, and he begins to look further than his nose. One of the best definitions of race intelligence I have ever heard is this; "A race's intelligence varies directly with its ability to predict the future".

What is science-fiction but an attempt to predict the future?

And so, Mr. John "Fatalist" Burke, I must accuse you of scientific sabotage, placing you in the same class of absurdities as the Fortean Society and "Unknown Fantasy Fiction". you are not really a science fiction fan at all!

My gauntlet is in the ring and I await the charges.

(Editors note - Mr. van Houtens arguments have had to be somewhat cut down, due to limitations of space.)

WHO'S WHO IN A MERICAN FANDOM

In order to further the cause of international amity, blah, blah,blah;and also because we want to, we present some potted biographies of American fans for the interest of our readers.

Raymond van Houten Age 20
Paterson, N.J.

Raymond Van Houten

Height 5' 10", weight 135lbs worked as electrician,wrapper carpenter,reporter.Play chess hate bridge.

Read stf since 1930.Like Astounding. Editor "Tesseract". Pro-scientist,Mgr-Sec.SFAA 37 - 38, Associate New Fandom 38-

Bob Tucker Age 26
Bloomington, Ill.

Bob Tucker

6 ft. lin., black-brown hair, blue eyes, weight 140, skinny, married, read stf since 1929 - active fan since 1930. Publish or have published; Planetoid, D'Journal,Nova,Le Zornie, S-F Variety, Yearbook ---- all fan magazines

Louis Kuslan Age 18
West Haven, Conn.

Louis Kuslan

5' 11" tall with brown hair & eyes. Been interested in stf. for four years.Active fan for 3. Weigh about 180 being big-boned.Have met most prominent American fans,authors,editors and artists.

Gertrude Kuslan Age 17
West Haven, Conn.

Gertrude Kuslan

Am 5'6" tall,weigh about 125lb have brown eyes & curly brown hair. Like Sprague de Camp,Unknown, Paul, Ice cream & fantaasy. Hate hack writing,Amazing painful feet and Kummer Jr. Am crazy about Gilbert & Sullivan

Julius Unger Age 27
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Julius Unger

5ft. 6ins. 135lbs. blond hair gray eyes, wear glasses, college education. Interests are scientificfiction, wife, child, and home.

Sully Roberds Age 21
Normal, Ill.

S. Willard Roberds

Blond - green eyes - 170 lbs - rather chunky - 5' 9" tall - published SF Esquire, SF Abattoir. Active fan for about 18 months

Next issue we hope to bring you some more interesting folk.

F A N S T A L K I N G -

by Dave McIlwain.

There was Hughie - red haired dogmatic Hughie - and George, and the wee diminutive Victor - all top line fans, as you know. We were at Hughie's place, holding a kind of unofficial club meeting, and we talked and talked, as fans do. And, as is usually the case, the conversation gradually came around to the subject of --- collections.

It's an almost incredible fact, but many years ago I had a complete set of all the Amazings containing "The Moon Pool". Yes, I had "The Moon Pool" - every single part. But unfortunately - (these things will happen) I loaned it to somebody who never returned it.

I mentioned the fact to the company.

"By Jove" cried Hughie, in surprise. "How strange! I too had a complete set of the "Moon Pool", but a friend borrowed it and never returned it. Can you imagine such treachery?"

We said we couldn't imagine such treachery, and looked duly shocked, for Hughie is a lad to be patronised. He runs the "Fan Facets" - an influential fanmag, and it doesn't do to disagree with him - for your name's sake.

Then, amazingly enough, it transpired that George once had a complete set of the "Moon Pool", and he also loaned it to somebody else who lost it. We turned expectantly to Victor and the good soul did not disappoint us. Yes - he had had the "Moon Pool" too - two sets, in fact, had given away one set, loaned the other, and --- that was that.

The spirit of camaraderie between us deepened. We were all victims of misfortune together. All of us had lost our "Moon Pools" at various times. We discussed the subject at length - and decided that one of the worst calamities that could befall a man was for him to lose his "Moon Pool". There's something about losing one's "Moon Pool" that is disheartening, particularly as a fellow without his "Moon Pool" is regarded as a kind of parish among fans.

Yes, the sad truth was that once we all had "Moon Pools" - each of us his own "Moon Pool" - and now we were without our "Moon Pools" due to the greed and selfishness of borrowing friends.

After a while Victor said. "I know a shop where you can buy all the old Gernsback Wonders as far back as 1930 -- for 2d. each."

"No!" we gasped.

"Yes - in perfect condition. Stacks and stacks of them. And "Astoundings", and "Amazings"! Oodles of them!"

"Where - tell us where!" we demanded, breathless with the

fervour of one who sees the Kingdom of Heaven at hand.

He hesitated and shuffled his feet. "Well - er. You see, I promised I wouldn't tell anyone where the place is --- and - I - I can't go back on my word, can I?"

"No" we agreed, disheartened, "you can't go back on your word."

"Come to think of it" murmured George at length, "I, also know of a little out-of-the-way shop where they have complete sets of all the sciencefiction magazines for sale. But don't tell anyone I told you. And they sell them for three half-pence each, too!"

"Unbelievable! Where is this place?" we asked.

He too shuffled most awkwardly. "I told the proprietor I wouldn't tell" he explained. "He sells them only to personally known fans - like me. He wouldn't sell them to you chaps but my! you should see his stock!"

Then, almost before he had finished Hughie was telling us about a little "dive" he knew, where one could buy any amount of s-f magazines, and books, of any period whatsoever .. and at the dirt cheap rate of one penny each. But unfortunately he couldn't tell us where - because, like the other two, he had promised never to divulge its location. It was a pity, but what more could he do? He was a man of honour after all.

And there remained but myself. Did I know of a shop? I was not to be outdone. "I know of the ideal place" I said soberly. "There are thousands upon thousands of rare science fiction books and magazines. Thousands - mind you! Such a wonderful stock as you never did see! And --- believe it or not -- THEY PAY YOU TO TAKE THEM AWAY! You don't have to buy them. You just help yourself, and the assistant in charge gives you a shilling for each cartload you remove!"

"Wonderful!" they cried. "And where"

I anticipated their question, and cut in:- "I'm afraid I'm under a vow of silence, you chaps. I promised never to tell a soul. You see how I'm placed, of course..."

Yes, like good sportsmen, they saw how I was placed. We deceive ourselves, do we fans, and we also help to deceive one another.

But it's great fun.

The End.

by

I. Cunfra - Leeds

Australian fannews via Bert Castellari; Keith Moxon of Brisbane is going to publish half-yearly, a thirty or forty page fanmag to feature only fiction; novelettes of up to 6000 wds length, and only those of high standard. Cost is one shilling meanwhile in Sydney, Molesworth has dropped his mag LUNA and any plans he had for the FUTURIAN LIBRARY & says he will publish free pamphlets under the title TELEFAN... then there's Bert's own FUTURIAN REVIEW and possibly another mag produced by Bill Veney and Bert - looks as if we had better start enquiring about possibilities of emigration to the Antipodes. (Australia to you low common public) The United States now has a series of cheap reprints all on their own, says Harry Warner Jr.. Price 25 cents each, neat format, & washable covers. So far only two fantasies are included - "Lost Horizon", J.Hilton; and Thorne Smith's "Topper" During the last month, ye Ed. has been pleased to act as host to Ron Holmes of Liverpool, the power behind SFR; and Roland Forster of Hexham, Northumberland. Besides this couple, James Rathbone formerly of Edinburgh and editor of MACABRE is at present in Leeds, and frequent consultations with him have been held. Both he and Ron Holmes have had a hand in producing this ish of your favourite mag (Sez which?) We can hardly omit mention of ye ED's odyssey at the metropolis, where he saw practically all London Fandom. Ted Carnell, Wally Gillings, Sid Birchly, Ken Chapman, Sid Bounds, Hal Chibbett and Harry Kay were inspected at a gathering in the salubrious surroundings of The Red Bull, Grays Inn Road - near to the notorious but now deceased FLAT. At later dates Will Temple, R. George Medhurst and John Craig were bearded at their respective lairs as well. Much interesting information accrued as a result of this saga; as to the thoughts, appearance & habits of the London fan-fauna Another spate of new fanmags is reported from the States. Two, more or less devoted to humourous interpretations of fantasy, are "SNIDE", published by Damon Knight, and "PLUTO" - the official organ of the Science, Literature and "obbies Club of Decker, Indiana. "POLARIS" (Paul Freehafer) has primarily, a weird slant and is produced in a lovely green ink. Los Angeles jumps into the fray with "The Rocket" (Walt Daugherty) - a hush - hush sort of affair; and SHANGRI-LA (note the last two letters) which is scheduled to take the place of the much-lamented "Imagination". "SWEETNESS and LIGHT", the ultra sophisticated 'panmag', previously

NO. I, THE TIME MACHINE

Mr. J. Futureman accompanied by his wife and two children, Tom and Mabel, entered the multicoloured concrete portals. As they crossed the threshold, their bodies broke an invisible beam. A hidden loud speaker in the nearby wall began to recite - "Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen - an impressive pause followed - to the Aldgate World's Fair" Pause, then recomencing, "The ground on which you now stand, was once the site of the Tower of London, situated on the banks of the Thoms, a river long since filled in. This entire district was once known as London, but is now called Aldgate as you are well aware.

"This occurred when the London County Council; an obsolete governing unit; insisted on running 'trams' through Aldgate, which was taken as an insult by the citizens of Aldgate; who thereupon rose in fury, to sweep these hideous monsters from their noble thoroughfares. Immediately the Riot Act was read, defending forces boarded the 'trams', and were rushed at the headlong speed of 2 miles an hour, to the scene of carnage.

"The battle was lost for the revolutionaries, when a brilliant strategist thought of the plan which turned the whole tide of history. Soon swift planes were flying low over London, carrying all the gold from the banks of Aldgate. It was dropped on to the heads of the populace below, who (those who were not struck by it) were so overcome, by the sight of so much money that they lay down in the streets and moaned. The victorius citizens of Aldgate marched through London, and took over control, raying down the atrocities of 'trams' as they went.

"Thus, Ladies and Gentlemen," the voice concluded, "you have a short outline of the later history of our fair city. Now, go and enjoy yourselves; you will find a 'tram' in the Museum --- Building 7, Room 9.

Wending his way between tall metallic towers and glass minarets, a glaring poster caught Futureman's eye. "SCHACHO-NIAN TIME MACHINE" "See the future from an armchair" "Adults 7 dollars. Children 4 dollars."

Mrs Futureman. "I say, John, couldn't we have a trip on this? I'd like to see the world of the future."

Mabel. "oh do daddy, perhaps we'll see ourselves when we're grown up."

J. Futureman. "Very well, I suppose we came here to enjoy ourselves. Let - me - see ... two sevens and two fours Eighteen dollars.

Mabel. "No !! Twenty Two - silly."

Seated in the Time machine, which was equipped as a modern flying rocket; the four waited for the start. Burrrrrr rrrrump. They wer off !!!

Announcer. We are now about the year 2000, we will stop a while and look at the city below. You will notice that large building in the centre of the Main Square. That is the Headquarters of the Aldgate S.F.A. We now travel futher forward in time.

Tom. Mumry! may I go and see how it works ???

Mrs J.F. No, Dear

Announcer. Ladies and Gentlemen, we have stopped at the year 2050. You will notice that the city below ~~is~~ thronged with people, they are ~~all~~ attacking the offices of the Aldgate S. F. A. Their president claims to have discovered a new Planet, within the orbit of Venus, and that its shape is cubic. We will turn on the radio and hear a programme in the year 2050.

.Radio.. Squeek. Squeek. We interrupt our programme for an S.O.S. message. Will Edgar Hanson, President of the S.F.A. return at once to the Aldgate Head quarters, where his fellow members will kick him to death.

Tom. Mumry! May I ----- Buzzzzzz Squeek Buzzzzzz

His voice is lost as the machine starts again

Mrs J.F. No, Dear

Announcer. We are now in the year 2100. The city is covered with spaceships on the hunt for the outlawed Edgar Hanson, who has claimed that the Moon is really Green Cheese; and that he intends to start a company to quarry it and run the Kraft company out of business. "The Amalgamated Cheesers" are now ~~pr~~atrolling a district of 200 miles, but the outlaw eludes them. Here is the radio again ..

.Radio.. We now present that famous comedian, lightheaded Arthur

L.H.A. Hello, Smeller, who was that lady I saw you with, the other day ?

S. That's no lady that's my wife.

Tom. Mumry, may I ----- Zeese Zeese Bum Bum Bum

The machine starts off again .

Mrs J.F. No, Dear.

Announcer We are now in the year 2150. The city below is deserted, all the populace is searching for Edgar Hanson, who has announced that his first consignment of Moon Cheese will arrive shortly.

Tom. Mumry, may I --- (the announcer cuts him off)

Announcer. I will now turn on the radio.

Mrs J.F. Ask your father.
 .Radio.. You will now hear professor Ian Low speaking on the common ear worm of Chouana Land (radio goes dead)
 Tom. Daddy, may I - (again announcer cuts him off)
 Announcer We have reached the limit that this machine will travel. You will notice that the populace below now tasted their first portion of Moon Cheese. Edgar Hansom is seated in the S.F.A. building, surrounded by beautiful maidens. The crowd roars, and to the awe of the astounded crowd he recites "All Is Dust" backwards. He has had plenty of time to concentrate on it during his outlawry. I will turn on the radio.
 Tom. Daddy, may I -----
 .Radio.. The Central Square is full of Moon Cheese, and to the left and right masses of people can be seen steadily eating their way towards the centre.
 Crack Whizzzz (it goes dead again)
 Mr J.F. Shut up and be still.
 Announcer We have reached the limit and will begin our return in time.
 Tom. Daddy, may I -----
 Mr J.F. No, you may not. Ask your mother.
 Announcer We will reach the World's Fair in exactly 7 seconds
 Tom. Murry, may I --- Shsssss (the sliding dor opened)
 Mrs J.F. What is it, dear ??

BUT TOM WAS NO LONGER THERE.

- o -

B O O K R E V I E W - - - - -
 - - - - - b y B e r t L e w i s

The three books reviewed in this issue, are as varied as is possible in the realm of modern "book" fantasy.

The first gives us a glimpse of what might be in the here-after, a state which "literists" have tried to probe for a long time. The title is rather obvious, "After This", by Ryland Kent (Hodder & Stoughton, 8/3). If you were a bishop or a scientist, an agnostic or a gangster, what would you expect to find, on the other side of the curtain? You are cruising along through the Indian Ocean and as it happens to be Sunday afternoon, you're placidly discussing the here-after with the rest of the passengers, two of whom are smuggling a load of bombs to warring Japan. Then the ship catches fire What happens after this is intriguing. Follow the destinies of the bishop, who finds himself on a lower spiritual plane than his theologically-ignorant wife; or of the scientist who believed that death brings oblivion

and woke up - to find that life was just beginning. Another cleric finds himself in Heaven in the arms of a blonde, but "there is no hell for heroes".

The strangeness of the next must not allow you to be misled by it. "So fast he ran" by Donald Armour (Chapman & Hall 9/-) is certainly not conducive of selling power, to fantasy readers, nevertheless it certainly is fantasy. To explain the title, so fast "he" ran, that he raced backwards out of the present. We meet him rushing through London in a car, after making a big jewel robbery, with his girl. Their car breaks down on the edge of Maiden Castle, the British Roman fortification just above Dorchester. They believe that the police are hard on their trail. The hero loses his courage and bolts, so fast he ran that he falls insensible in the castle moat. When he comes to, he is naked in the dawn in the Britain of King Arthur.

Read this; and follow our unheroic hero into the world of the past, emerging in a romance of glowing passion and high adventure with age old reflection to crown it.

Again we got a divergence of theme, this time into the future - "The Last Man" by Alfred Noyes (John Murray 7/6).

What would happen if there really was an invincible death-ray, which the Powers of the world, each fearing another getting in first, all used simultaneously? A fantastic idea no doubt, but in Mr. Noyes' skilled hands it becomes real. Of course, there must be a few survivors and it can be imagined what surprises would be in store for them; sudden death leaves no opportunity of "Covering tracks" so to speak. Everyone is suddenly petrified in whatever he or she may be doing, and that may be different to what the world thinks.

The story is very thought-provoking; and is sure to make its readers think very seriously. Thats all folks !!!

A R G U E M E N T A T I V E ?

Our first letter comes from London where
remarks amid reams of perorations -----

Farley's poem was very nice, very tasty, very sweet, as far as Wells wrote it .. I like this 'Parade' business. One gets to know more about a fan, from one of these than spending quids on getting him opened up and talkative in the "local". ...extraordinary that Forster's ambition is exactly the same as mine Harry Kay's thoughts on Broadmindedness concur with my strenthening opinion that knowledge is not nearly such a good thing for mankind as sf fans fanatically believe. The more you know, the more you have to worry about. I begin to pergeive the truth in the 'Garden of Eden' fable. We lost

Paradise when the snake of evil prompted Eve to pinch an apple from the Tree of Knowledge (sounds like a tract!). As I said to Ego many times (to his disgust); "I'd rather be a happy cabbage than an unhappy genius" - not that I'm either. But it all goes to show something or other ... Re the Buchanan obituary, he wrote some enjoyable stuff, but his mind was certainly not of the s-f sort. Nothing progressive in it. Analytical to a certain degree, yes. But his chain of reasoning ran something like this: Progress is ~~discontent~~ with circumstances. Discontent with circumstances shows lack of good humour, tolerance, stamina, or the ability to be philosophic and put up with things like a Man, with never a grumble escaping tight-set lips. Heil Kipling! Therefore, let us be conservative, keep things as they are (particularly the British Empire!) and admire one another's manly characters. Never mind the poor, the frustrated, the sick in mind and body. They must study us men and keep stiff upper lips, sah! Smith's article was amusing. So is his careful pedantic style. So is the combination of this impressive style and the straw like Beverley - Nicholish subject. "Who could be other than true to his race when blessed with the fine bold name of John" says Smith, meaning Campbell and forgetting the Fearn he once vilified. (Shush, I thought that sentence was meant flatteringly for me. Don't forget my first name is 'John'.)

And now our erudite Aberdonian, Douglas W L Webster

A few brief notes - as brief as possible - on the latest "Futurian". I rather liked the Clarke Article (that pun with the capital letter was absolutely unintentional - honest!). and though the usual stuff is well put. 8. "Query" is unfortunately not new, everybody has thought the same thing before

Fan Parade. Well, well - I like the series; and I like the way you put THE END after each item, whatever its nature. (Do I?). Of "A Few Thoughts on Broadmindedness" I might mention the surprising fact that, according to Kay, I am broadminded. Say 7 - not bad. Book Review - personally I'm not much interested; I don't suppose for one moment I shall ever see any of the books. But then it's not for me. (Dismal Jimmy, eh?)

Smith. Curse Smith. I was meaning to write something on just these lines, when my abominable laziness evaporated; I would have gone further, too, and of course, the article would have been far superior in value. 9 for DRS - quite good For Roberts - it may be my lack of subtlety, or it may be my lack of a sense of humour, but 5. Wasn't this the fellow - who had that rather good piece in an earlier issue about non-stuff writers who break into the field. Doesn't cut this time.

"Fan Gossip" is as lively and interesting as ever. Tell me - the cut which used to adorn it, but has now been releg-

ated to the contents page, (Well, somebody keeps their eyes open; hurray!) keeps reminding me of Dold's work in the '34 period. I wonder where it originated (Stock block, I'm afraid) an engaging piece of work. Many, many more fans than you mention must be Pacifists - its in the blood

Arthur C. Clarke

A quip or two from a Mr.

Smith's article I don't suppose we should take too seriously. I hardly consider "Weinbaum" a pleasant name ... not more so than "Eshback", anyway. And "Sprague" sounds like an early morning gargle!! However, it was a pleasant whimsy. I also enjoyed reading the letters, and indeed, the only complaint I have to make is the spelling. But, I guess others will have made some pointed remarks on that subject. (You're right, they have!)

From Preston's Bert Lewis comes the following argument: .. "Science of Names" was the only (to me) blot on the otherwise excellent mag. I think this is in very bad taste and is sure to offend many people. After all, no one can help having a name that may sound odd to someone else. When one considers his strong aversion to the American names, it sounds like a lack of insight, as the Americans are so cosmopolitan that one simply can't stick to fixed ruling in name sounds. Take our own "Festus Pragnell"; I've heard some very uncomplimentary remarks passed about his name, yet I understand that he's quite a nice fellow to know. On the other hand, we have a William Joyce, a very nice name, but how many fans would like to claim friendship with him? (And what about Burke: 1. the orator; 2. the murderer; 3. the "Peerage" man and 4. Sally's editor) No! Mr. Smith, I'm afraid your article won't be very popular in some circles !!

"Argumentative" is always a good corner, one likes to hear of the other fellow views. The bright spot in this was the "short & sweet" comment by Miss Feather, its the best bit of commonsense I've seen, and would do well for many "critics" if they are not too thick-skinned to take it

John F. Burke writes from Liverpool
... Roland's life story is quite interesting, although I already knew most of it. For some reason my fancy was quite tickled by "The End" standing up solemnly at the foot of the page, indicating to my warped mind that Roland is no longer with us. This is a purely personal sort of pleasure, & since no one has yet psycho-analysed me thoroughly is unexplainable even to myself, so ignore it.

Bert Lewis is interesting, and Smith comes across with an unusual and provocative article. There is some obvious tongue

-in-cheek stuff, but the subject has often attracted my own attention, but I like this little episode. Can't say either "John W. Campbell" or "Don A Stuart" strike me as being very pleasing, but would point to the pleasant ring of "Laurence Manning". "Frederic Arnold Kurmer" always looks pretty imposing to me, but


The letters are good but almost unreadable in my copy ... Personally, I am evolving a theory to justify the existence of a critic purely as a critic, without possessing any other attributes or abilities. Surely reasoned criticism demands as much study, thought and training as any other branch of art, literature, etc., but not necessarily the ability to do things oneself - just the opposite, in fact, since anyone who attempts to criticise work of a similar character to that which he can himself accomplish, is obviously going to be biassed in some way. Hence the perfect critic is one who can't do anything at all. Pardon me while I go in a corner and work this out.

And here we have what *C. Turner* of Manchester, entirely new to fandom, thinks of the first fanmag he has seen.

If you will allow one who has had so short an acquaintance with your magazine to criticise, I think the only fault with it, is that it is too flippant. (Send him Gargoyle, Dave) The "Spaceship" article is excellent, and "Query" too is very good. The flippancy is in the letters from readers. They seem to have written them with a "better not say too much in case someone I know reads it and thinks I am a fool" attitude. The poem by Ralph Milne Farley was, or is, excellent, and I suggest you print one in every issue. Why not ask your readers to submit their own, on some subject chosen by you, the best one to be printed

Cryptic Comments from *John C Craig* of Caterham

The layout of the contents inside is very good. Farley's poem - well, well. How to build a spaceship. A competent little article, this; the spaceship itself a trifle phallic in design? "Query" - which - yeah! which? Fan Parade, I agree with the last statement. H Kay's article? You've got something there, pal, but don't ask me what. John Buchan, I add my own grateful thanks for very many glorious hours of reading, & one of the finest boys' books ever written - "Prester John" which The Science of Names. Mr Smith, Mr Smith, pull your socks up and take a couple of aspirins. Science Fiction Plot. Goodness Geracious. Fan Gossip and Argumentative, very interesting. On reading through the above, I realise that in ~~waggish~~ comment Caroline Ferber can teach me nothing.



Editorial Effusion ... as per usual .

4 Grange Terrace,
Chapelton,
Leeds 7.

Well, dear friends and brethren scientificational, we are still here! For the nonce I remain at the parental abode, having managed to survive the ordeal of the Appellate Tribunal in London. 'Twas a weird and wonderful proceeding, but your beloved editor (sic) emerged moderately successful. However, 'nuff said, the plain fact is - fandom is still blessed /cursed with my prescence.

Ceasing this untimely levity; I must pass on to comment that the continued existence of "THE FUTURIAN" is still at stake. If it is at all possible to carry on, despite the new handicaps of rationed paper and the new postage rates - this magazine will continue to appear in some form of another.

May I here insert a few words to kind-hearted American Fans? It is absolutely impossible to buy American magazines in Britain & poor starving fandom over here (mentally I mean of course) is dependent entirely on your goodwill. Therefore if you find it possible to send pro magazines over here, you are sure to find a grateful recipient. Many people would be pleased to arrange exchanges of British stuff in book form etc. A line saying you are willing to send mags - stating which & how often - to me, will be passed on to someone who would be grateful. Incidentally, I myself have been most lucky in this matter.

Statistics are queer things. Here are the ratings for the last issue of "F". Argumentative? comes first with 88%. Then there is Editors Letter at 83%; Science of Names & In Memoriam, tie at 80%; Ego's Spaceship rates 78%; Fan Parade 76%; Fan Gossip 75%; and Bert's Review comes in with 70%. So far we have been pretty close but now there is a drop to 52% for The End of the World; 51% for On Broadmindedness and last of all, Science Fiction Plot at 45%. Wasn't forget the two votes for "format" giving this the average of 95%, thereby topping everything else.

Still for now, so

Good Reading,

J. Michael Rosenblum

BRITISH FAN MAG DIRECTORY

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Macabre

Jimmie Rathbone, now in RAMC, hopes to bring out a second issue at least. He can be contacted via myself, as he is at present in Leeds.

Gargoyle

The latest (and funniest) addition to Britains gaggle of fanmags. Octavo size and pleasingly hectored with bright yellow cover Welcome indeed to offset blackout blues.
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