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INFINITE

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TIME TRAVEL IMPOSSIBILITIES

by Charles Beling

There are several classifications or types of time travel, but we are going to bother with only one here. That is travel into the past. Any other types, such as future travel, or travel sidewise in time can be left for a later time.

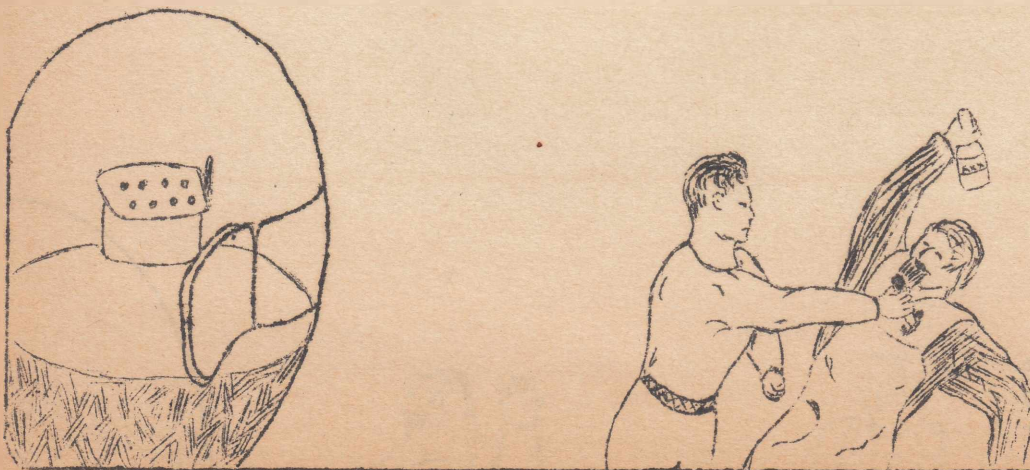
Now think over all of the stories you have ever read that concerned time travel into past ages. You'll probably find that they are divided into two main groups 1) those in which the hero goes back and, by accident or design, bumps off a parent or ancestor, and thus obliterates himself; and 2) the stories in which ye honorable hero settles down to an existence in which he did not bump off his honorable forebears.

We'll take and examine these two separately.

No. 1: Our hero, Forrest J. Tucker, builds himself a time machine which actually works without killing anybody. He goes back into history and promptly heads for the nearest bar; after having a few drinks he begins to feel pugnacious. So he dares the bar-tender to bop him with a bottle of Gin, which the bar-keep does with much pleasure. In the ensuing argument the bar-keep gets deceased by a knife. It turns out that the b-k was our hero's dearly beloved Grand-pa, not yet married. Since Gramp was killed before his marriage our hero naturally never existed. (Shut up, Shroyer!) And if our hero never existed he couldn't build a time machine, and if he couldn't build a time machine he couldn't come back and kill Granpaw, and if he didn't kill Granpaw, G. went ahead and got married and had a son, who had a son who built a time machine and came back and bumped the old duffer. And so on, ad nauseum. You figure it out.

No 2: J. Q. Inventor, Esq. also succeeds in constructing a gadget that transports him in the direction of Adam and Eve and journeys back in time, say fifty years, and settles down to enjoy a new life in the Gay Nineties.

He meets a nice girl and gets hitched and raises a family. Now, here's where the trouble starts: J. Q. Inventor, Esq. is supposed to be living in 1941, with a





wife and kiddies; yet he is actually back in 1891, with another set of wife and kiddies. According to all the laws of God and Man one set of w & k can't exist. If the earlier one does, then by the time 1941 rolls around, J. Q. will be either dead or too old to have the later set; on the other hand, if the ~~later~~ one exists J. Q. was too young in 1891 to have had the earlier set. And he has both, which won't work out.

The thing is; it's impossible ~~for~~ there to be two J. Q. Inventors, while at the same time there are two of him. Or, to put it another way, there's only one J. Q. and he can exist in only one time period, while actually he's in two. Therefore, something's got to give. You might as well forget about this type, unless you want to end up in the nut bin, where I am now.

Another variation of type two was used in AMAZING sometime last year by Palph Milne Farley, I disremember the title (Rescue into the Past ... Lem). It seems that the hero went back into the past and somehow got involved in a fracas with some Indians in Colonial America. He rescues the maiden-in-distress, but doesn't bring her back to the present. The hitch comes there. Due to the time-travel shennannigans, there are two heroes. While the heroine, not having indulged in year-jumping, is only one of her. Both heroes love the girl, and each believes that he is the original hero. If the girl is brought back to the present time there will be two heroines all right, but three heroes will exist, since one must accompany her. This sort of rabbit technique can continue indefinitely.

The best way to solve these "time travel impossibilities" is to wend your way down the street to Joe's Bar and Grill and have yourself a double Scotch, without soda or chaser. Everything will then become perfectly lucid and clear to you. "Hey, Joe! Gimme another!"



WHERE PRIMAL SECRETS FROWN

by Claude Degler

Write on! The literature of the Damned, of Cosmic Horrors and the Twin Madness of Space and Time,
Of Immensities that fade out on a starless Space-Time, and Universes without reason or Rhyme
That yawn into Eternity, without having an End or a place to Begin
Or the futility of predestination, and mockery on the faces of the many Deaths-Heads
that leer out of Might-Have-Been.

Fearsome inscriptions in ancient crypts hint of traffic with Monstrous Beings from
Sigma Octanis,
Of an Elder world haunted by Unspeakable Things. In the hieroglyphs of Lost Atlantis
What Forbidden Secrets would you learn, what Monstrous Doom, could you but read between the lines,
Where Cyclopean Ruins of Ancient Lemuria, rise out of the Carolines.

But in some far-off distant Future now undreamed by us, will they understand our weird
mechanical fliers,
Our frightful Wars and magic Voices across space without wires?

Our continent does not last forever, it too sinks beneath the waves and we drown,
And a hundred thousand years from now the Student wonders, while from the ancient
ruins, our "primal secrets" frown!



NOW FANDOM FORGES FORWARD

by Everett Ruess

The Galactic Roomers

One of the finest things that I noticed at Denver was the definitely mature trend of thinking and opinions expressed there by the assembled fans. They seemed fully to realize that the time had come when they must take up the serious side of Fandom in an adult, aggressive and progressive manner. Not only that masterful speech by the Honor Guest, Lieut. Robert Heinlein, but also the other speeches by the various fans on their various subjects reflected this new maturity. From it, I am sure, will arise a much finer, more progressive, and definitely active Fandom that will really accomplish results of a lasting nature.

That I was permitted to have a little part in this is one of the truly great moments of my life. And I mean that in all seriousness. Although I have been a reader "since the beginning", it has only been since my attendance at the Chicon that I have been at all active in Fandom -- and I believe that I can truthfully admit to quite a bit of activity since that convention.

During the months following the Chicon, as I relived that memorable occasion in my mind, I became more and more convinced that Fandom needed an awakening to its true importance, and I wrote several letters to the Denvention committee asking them to have a paper outlining something of the sort on their program. When they retaliated by asking me to write and deliver such a paper, I was rather startled, for I seemed 'way out of my depth in company with the older and more distinguished fans whom I knew were to be in Denver. I mean "older" in Fandom, for I am, personally, about the oldest active fan in point of years. However, I accepted the challenge, and did my best to prepare a paper full of worth-while and thought-provoking material.

Imagine my surprise, then, when I heard speaker after speaker go into almost the same matter I had prepared, taking different angles and incidents, of course, but all of them stressing this need of Fandom's accepting the challenge of its adulthood, and making preparations to go to work in an adult way for the things they all desired. That I was delighted, over and above my initial surprise, would be to put it mildly. For here was concrete evidence that I was on the right track, and not merely puffed up by my own idea of what should be.

And when, after my own paper had been delivered, and my motion to have a long range Planning Committee had been carried almost unanimously, and the work delegated to the National Fantasy Fan Federation, I was tremendously uplifted in spirit -- feeling that I was connected with a group of truly far-seeing and earnest people. So, it was with a feeling of happiness that I was willing to accept the Chairmanship of that Committee when it was tendered me, even though I knew I was in for a lot of hard work. And the splendid response from the committee members in their first letters but accented and confirmed that willingness to work. For the ideas are coming in for that program are truly inspiring in their nature, and reflect a lot of deep, earnest consideration which cannot help but result in a plan of worth-while ideas and suggestions that will give the newly-awakened Fandom some fine, concrete ideas on which to plan their future activities.

Yes, now Fandom is Forging Forward, and the results will, I am sure, be more than pleasing to the old and steadfast fans, and an inspiration to the new fans who will be flocking to our standards in ever-increasing numbers.

NOW FANDOM FORGES FORWARD

Incidentally, it is my carefully considered opinion that in the new National Fantasy Fan Federation, United Fandom now has a working and workable general organization which can, and undoubtedly will, be a vast stride forward in the proper direction. Especially since the first election has given us a group of officers, headed by our president Louis Russell Chauvenet, who are willing, able and enthusiastic. If you have not yet joined this fine federation, let me urge you to make application for membership at once.

7 JOIN NOW 7

NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION

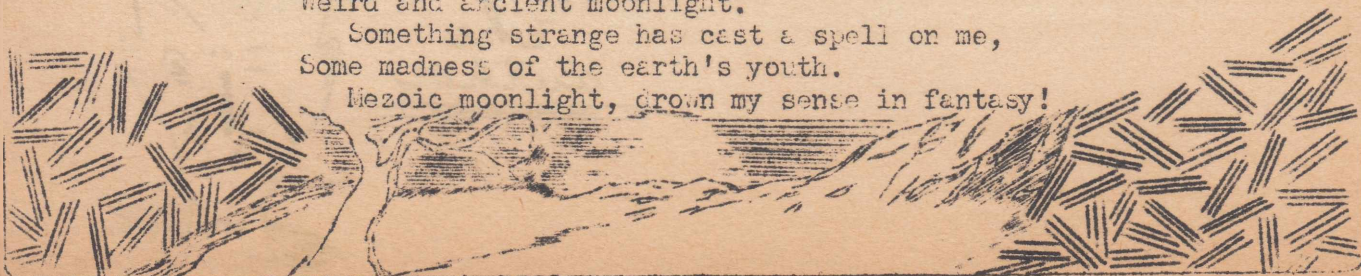
MADNESS^{IN}THE MOONLIGHT

by Helen Bradleigh

Long hours of tedious grind and dull routine
 Damn my footsteps through the day
But no power can steal my ecstasy
 When hated daylight fades away!

A monster pock-marked disk has risen
 Above the desert weird and gray
Something strange in that leprous light
 Makes these human shams seem far away

Weird and ancient moonlight.
 Something strange has cast a spell on me,
Some madness of the earth's youth.
 Mezotic moonlight, crown my sense in fantasy!



WHY YOU ARE NOT

by Bob Tucker

A STEAN

You are not a science fiction fan because it is a lot of bunk.....that is over your head. Who wants to be a fan to a lot of hokey...that one doesn't understand? Anybody with sense would know that you can't flit around in rocket ships to Mars and Venus. Because rocket ships capable of carrying people haven't been built yet. To date the best that has been done is rocket ships capable of carrying fowl and small animals and that pre-war rocket ship in Germany that regularly transported mail over a small distance. That kid stuff! So why write about it?

Cities in the moon, invisible people, a world beneath the ocean. Why even your imagination can't stretch that far! (which is why love, western and detective magazines flourish.)

Practically all the stories are the same anyway. Hero rides into a little cow town, ~~meets~~ beautiful girl and helpless old man who are being rustled and swindled by saloon owner. Girl gets captured by a bunch of queer looking bad men, ~~hero~~ comes galloping to the rescue, shoots rustlers and saloon owner, marries the girl and settles down to run the ranch right respectable-like.

(or this one: at midnight a corpse is discovered spitted on a church steeple. Hero-detective comes racing to the scene in squad car. Detects in brilliant manner and foresees that beautiful girl will be next victim. Saves her just in the nick of time from being spitted on the church steeple, and shoots it out with evil murderer.)

Yes, detective and western and love and adventure fans actually like that stuff! And most of the people who read them are considered level-headed fellows.

Confidentially, I think western and detective magazines should be banned because readers' minds are snapping to the point where they go about committing the "perfect crime", and still believe Indians roam west of the Mississippi.

Guys who write this stuff must be a little off in the head, because they annually report nice incomes on Uncle Sam's tax blanks.

I'm beginning to wonder about you, sister! You don't read it at all. I've been reading it for a long time. Since 1929. You'd sure hate to see me. I've gone pretty far. My hair has fallen out, my left eye has shrivelled to nothing, one long fang protrudes clean through the side of my cheek, my right arm is in the last stages of entropy, I have vampire marks on my throat, and I have had my stomach replaced three times because of rotten whiskey.

Thank god I'm not earthbound!

the
author



"I LIKE _____"

by Gus Slatton

"The old AMAZING STORIES was the real book," quavered the oldster, his ruby button of a nose twinkling like a traffic signal amid the tossing white jungle of his beard. "Take them early stories, now, about giant insects and the first interplane tary expeditions --- why they were, they were. . ." his voice trailed off into a gloating wordless mumble.

"Brazil nuts, Gran'pop," snorted little Egbert Satoorn, third generation fantasy fan. WONDER STORIES, ASTONISHING STORIES and MARVEL STORIES have that old rag backed off the fiction map. I will admit that the modern AMAZING is fairly good but it lacks the fire and blood of my favorite three. They have the real life and color of distant untamed worlds on their every thrill-crammed page."

"Huh," laughed sixteen year-old Kimball Kinnison Satoorn from the superiority of four years' reading experience, "you twelve-year olds go for nothing but gore and bruised knuckles, and space ships, down to their last pint of superfrugi fuel, attacked by pirates. Give me the light-hearted, swift action of Ziff-Davis for mine. There's a minimum of bloodshed and a maximum of laughs in their two stiff mags. They slip up on a few stories like "Voyage That Lasted 600 Years", the Hok stories, and just lately now the Burrough's 'John Carter' stories, but most of the time their stories are snappy and funny. Next to those two mags I put BIRD TALES. Boy those new short stories they're using give me the creeps all right! Take good ghost stories to tell the the gang."

"I know," grinned little Egbert, dodging toward the open door, "You tell'em to Eloise she'll get scared and grab you around the neck. I saw her just last night on the front porch."

"Tarzan 'Satoorn, the boys' father ceased exercising on on the tree limb suspended from the ceiling and dropped into a chair beside his bearded old father. He flexed his skinny arms and adjusted his thick horn-rimmed glasses.

"Y'know, Dad," he said. "I think all of you are wrong. The best mags on the market are AS TOUNDING and UNKNOWN, with COMET, COSMIC and STIRRING trailing. Of course there are a few other magazines: LIBERTY, AMERICAN, COLLIER, THE POET and THE BLUE BOOK almost as good in other types of fiction, but those five lead the fantasy field."

"No, now," grumbled Gran'dad, clucking his ersatz nippers angrily, "you know that ain't so. Now, Dr Keller wrote a yarn way back . . ."

Thus, every day, in a million scattered households in Canada, England, U.S.A. and the islands of the sea, to say nothing of Australia, South Africa, Mysore and Byrdland, the battle of pro mag against pro mag is waged. Freedom itself is cut across with the varying allegiances of its members but it is so loyal to the ideal of science fiction (personally I prefer the coined word of Gernsback, scientifiotion) that these differences of opinion mean little.

The Ziff-Davis duo, AMAZING and FANTASTIC, outsell any other fantasy magazine on the market: yet the majority of fans, the outspoken ones at least, seem to

"I LIKE. . ."

dislike the general type of material used. Apparently the stories are well-written, amusing, informative and lively --- but rarely does a story stick with the reader longer than the following day. Entertainment then is the chief purpose of the Ziff-Davis duo.

The Street and Smith fantasy magazines: UNKNOWN and ASTOUNDING, are recognized by the majority of perpetual fans, the long time readers and critics of stf and fantasy, as being the aristocrats of the field. The stories are carefully, almost artistically written for a more mature audience than the majority of pulps --- westerns, detectives, adventure or love --- and they present many a new, thought provoking idea in every issue. The ultimate choice of the true fantasy fan if he be allowed but two magazines, will almost invariably be one or both of these aristocrats.

WONDER STORIES and its companion magazines: STARTLING and CAPTAIN FUTURE are all three entertaining, interesting magazines with a definite juvenile appeal. Witness for this is the Sarge Saturn chatter and the BUGGY MONSTER complex on the covers. Many a worthwhile story has appeared in these magazines, in particular the long novels and the reprints in STARTLING have been outstanding. For the average reader searching for entertainment or reading fantasy for the first time these are good reading.

COMET, the new monthly edited by Orlin Tremaine, has not yet proven itself although it does feature several interesting new types of stories and offtrail plots. Time will settle this question. A magazine worth watching however. The same goes for Albing's two fantastics: COSMIC and STIRRING SCIENCE. These last two feature a grand assortment of new authors, new artists, new ideas and an ex-fan editor --- truly programs for stf fans and stf readers.

features PLANET STORIES is in a class by itself. Some like it; some do not like. It features the big names of fantasy and its stories are in the main the tried and true stories that are the backbone of this type of writing. Most fans, it is probable, would like to see the editor step over the line and try something more offtrail.

Finally we have FUTURE FICTION, SCIENCE FICTION, (and a reprint quarterly by the same name) ASTONISHING, SUPER SCIENCE, MARVEL, UNCANNY STORIES, STRANGE STORIES and last, but not in quality, WEIRD TALES. WEIRD TALES, the old queen of fantasy, has slipped but even yet is leader in her own particular field. All these last named have good stories written by good authors and have a good following of fans who claim them the best in the field.

All these magazines, and the adventure magazines: ARGOSY, BLUE BOOK, ACTION and the others that feature fantasy from time to time, serve their purpose in shunting a few readers into the inner circle of this field of the future --- fantasy fandom. From this inner group that is increasingly dominating the editorial policies of the stf magazines, the future growth or decline of fantasy will come. Their varied ideas, ideals and honest opinions blend together to raise this finest of all literature to the pinnacle where it belongs.

The final polished maturity of fantasy and science fiction has not been reached, only glimpsed. Vaguely the readers know what they want. They read a story; they catch a glimpse of perfection, and they say: "I like that. . . no reason. . . but I like it."

And that, fellow slans, fellow mutants in the world of literature, is where we come in. Our task is to root out the truly fantastic among the muddle of disguised westerns, blood-and-thunder pirates-of-space, and tittering sissies in rubber padded space ships that smother the newsstands of the day.

RUMORS

That 85% of Fandom has at one time or another fallen in love with Pogo.

That Degler and Helen may hitch hike to the HOLLYCON.

That Ted Dikty has not answered his last thirty two letters. Fred Shroyer sent him a mms. in the spring, with a note at the end saying, "Dikty: what in the Hell has happened to you?!!!"

That Tigrina and Helen are cooking up something --- at least getting together. Helen is very secretive and acts mysterious. Since she never lets anyone see her private mail, we are completely in the dark on this. All we know is that she has received letters from Tigrina. (I don't hear a song at all, I hear a Hymn to Satan)

That Joe Fann is constantly falling head over heels in love with Pogo.

That Yngvi is not a louse.

That Helen was in Huntington on the night of October the fourth, and not at Rosemary Jenkin's house!

That someone connected with TWS sure made one helluva mistake. The further coming "Via Jupiter" yarn is credited to Eando Binder, when, of course, that it was written by Gordon A. Giles. Tch, tch! What a blunder! We don't know how Binder feels about it, but we can sure hazard a guess. Is your face red, Sargie Vargie?

That Forry doesn't like Martians. In fact, he doesn't even think there are any Martians. Well, at least there are no Martians on the West Coast, he says, unconvincingly. Oh, what the heck! Well, there could be Martians on the Coast, but certainly there are no Martians in L. A., he says, more hopefully. Beyond a doubt there are ABSOLUTELY NO MARTIANS on North New Hampshire, he beams cheerfully, his fear of the unknown now completely dissipated. Heh-heh-heh. Poor Forry! If only he knew. Please don't tell him; just let him find out.

That Degler is working in Huntington and was there including the night of October the fourth.

That at least two prominent stfans hold membership in a nudist society in Los Angeles county.

That that girl from San Ysidro isn't very good for Mr. . At least not for his pay check. Nor the one in Chula Vista either, brother.

Gee! How do we know so much about Southern California? Are there any fans in Diego or National City? That brunette out on National Avenue --- no, she wouldn't be a fan. Now we turn back up to L.A. Good old Vometropolis! We like shangri-LA.

That Helen Bradleigh is writing a story for Weird Tales.

That that's all of the rumors this time.

PARADOX+++

(and we do mean plus)

by Omega

It has been stated before, by a far worthier individual than myself, that Mort Wheams was a cautious fellow. Now I have no intention of casting doubts upon that distinguished persons veracity, but --- well, I'll let you judge for yourself.

It seems that Mort Wheams had invented a time machine, or, to be more exact an airplane that would go so fast that if he took off from New York and flew around the world he would land two hours before he took off.

Just before he was due to take off, I decided to do a little checking. I found out that there was absolutely no record of his landing two hours before, so I rushed out and informed Mort of the fact. He just laughed.

"What kind of a ninny do you take me for?" he said, "I got it all doped out. I once read a story about a guy who had invented an airplane which flew so fast that if he took off and flew around the world he would land two hours before he took off.

"But he goes and checks up on the airport records and finds that he hadn't landed two hours before, so he doesn't take off. which is why he didn't land two hours before; because he didn't take off in the first place.

"Nope you can't fool me. I'm not going to pull that kind of a stunt!" so he took off.

The wreckage of the plane was washed up somewhere on the coast of China two weeks later. No trace of Mort Wheams was ever found.



THE PROFESSOR SHRINKS

by

Eugene Leonards

Professor Wilton C. Bough was a lazy good-for-nothing. His wife, Elmira, said she was sorry she had married him. Wilton wasn't exactly glad about the whole affair, but he did his best to pretend that he was. It helped to mollify his wife.

It could be worse, he reflected, as he began another of his furtive experiments. Elmira was usually so busy spending his money that he had time to carry on the aimless experiments that had become his one joy in life since he had left the university a few years ago.

With a heavy sigh he began to rummage under some old boxes in one corner of the basement, and soon emerged with a shoe box full of test tubes, bottles of chemicals, and a baffling jumble of coils and batteries. Dumping the contents of the box out on a small table, he began to work with a feverish intensity, uttering --- chem --- prayers against Elmiras early return.

Horrific odors soon began to waft through the basement, but Wilton worked on, oblivious to everything. Haphazardly dumping several chemicals into a large beaker, he hastily mixed them together and plunged two electrodes into the resulting malodorous solution. Turning on the wierd looking piece of electrical apparatus, he discreetly retired to the safety of the furnace and waited for something to happen.

It happened, all right. The front door slammed and Elmiras rasping voice made poor Wilton quake with fear.

"Wiltuuuuuuu! Wilton!!! Where are you, Wilton?"

"Here, my love," he shouted, as he frantically began to scrape his equipment together and dump it in the box.

"Oh, down in the basement, eh? Trying to blow the house up, you worm!"

"Oh no, darling! Just cleaning things up, that's all."

"It had better be all!" she warned, her voice bringing dire forebodings of impending disaster to Wilton's mind.

He hastily replaced the box in it's hiding place and industriously began to sweep the basement floor. As Elmira came down the steps he looked up and managed to muster a feeble facsimile of a smile. ~~"A little"~~

"I hope you enjoyed your shopping trip, my dear," he said.

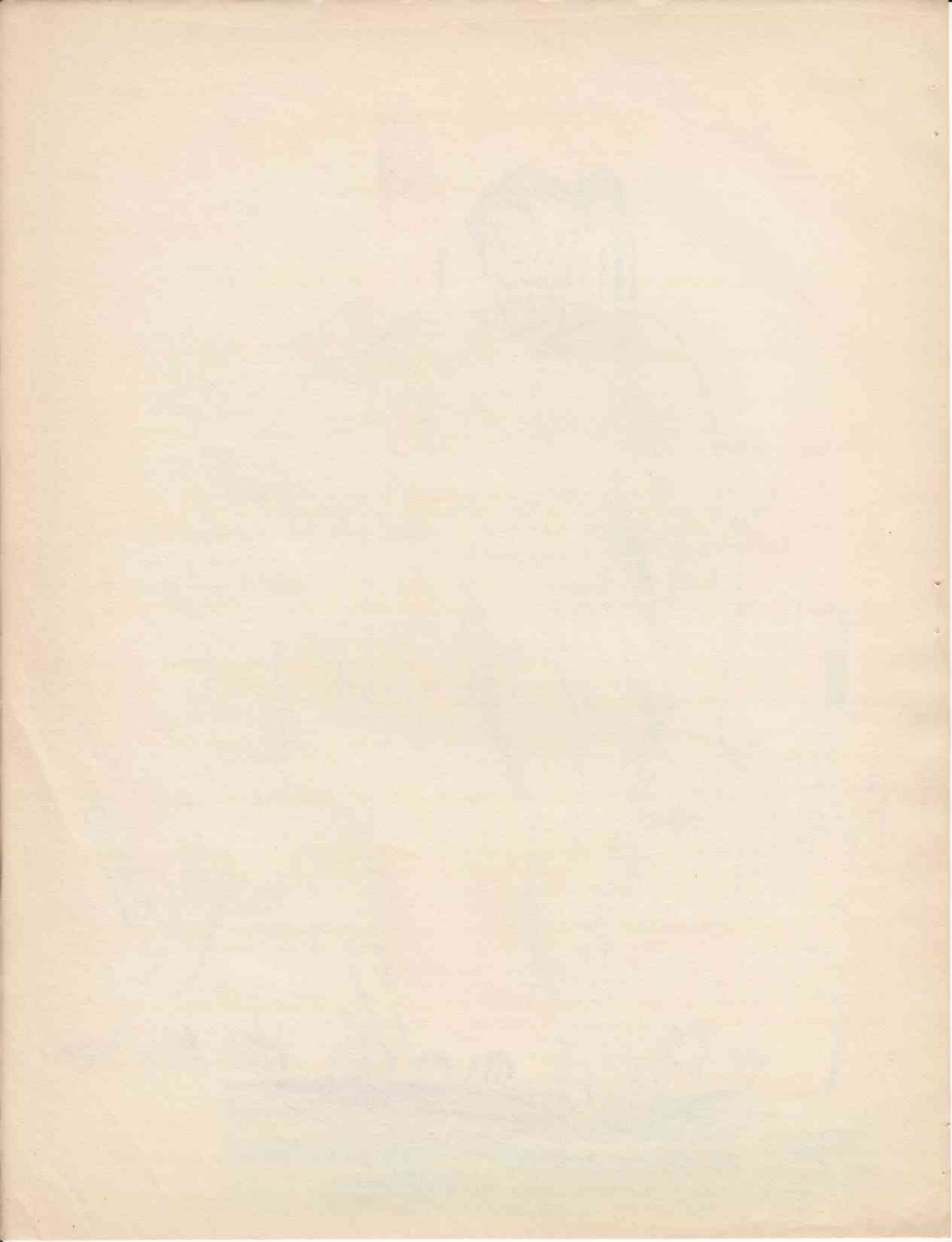
"No," she sighed, "I didn't. Goches ~~was~~ sold out on --- Wilton! Don't try to fool me like that, you stupid imbecile!" As he cringed under her lashing tongue, she began her "inspection tour" of the basement, tearing up everything in her search. Wilton shuddered as he thought of what would happen if she found what she was looking for.

He cast a furtive glance over his shoulder and stood rooted to the spot with horror. He had left the beaker of evil-looking solution ON THE TABLE! Almost frantic with fear, he edged his way to the table and seized the beaker. His eyes roamed the basement in search of a possible hiding place, but none was easily accesible. No place to hide it, and Elmira was already closing the trunk she had opened, ~~and~~ if he didn't get rid of the solution soon things would start to pop.

Under the impulse of his fear, Wilton did a foolish thing; he drank the solution. The room swayed sickeningly, and he uttered a very audible moan. Elmira instantly dropped the lid of the trunk with a bang and stalked toward him. He was sure he was seeing things, for his wife was apparently growing at the rate of a foot a second, not to mention everything else in the basement except himself.

He shook his head violently and the swaying stopped. He knew then, with dreadful certainty, that nothing was growing larger. He was growing smaller!





FAN FEUD

Part 1

Caverns Below the World

by

Helen Bradleigh

First of a series of articles regarding the now famous, friendly (?) fan-feud between Degler and Helen

This is to further carry on and ~~augment~~ my private feud of long standing with Mr Degler, and in the nature of kind of letting the pussy out of the bag on some things that noted (he says) individual probably wouldn't care to have floating around the ether (Oh, I forget; there is no ether!)

Ah! An exposé. If Degler murders me after he reads this, you'll all have the goods on him. We're both writing an article, but haven't read each other's, you see.

I'm not going to tell you anything about myself, since no doubt my friends (?) obvious assault upon my character, personality, and mental capacity will surely not leave much to the imagination.

Well, they say confession's good for the soul. Of course that wouldn't help Degler any - - -

Draw up that comfy chair, dear reader, and get ready for a little treat. For I am going to spare no one --- not even myself!

Those were the good old days, we hear people say. Anyway some of them were. For several years some of us around here have been interested in science and things of that general nature. Also Science fiction, back in the days of Buck Rogers.

, back in the

We didn't have a club then. At least not officially. Degler formed that before the first of the year. It was all in the neighborhood and he came and went, never thinking more about it. Perhaps I should say our clique.

For most of the neighborhood did not share our attitude, and looked on in horror, bewilderment, or righteous indignation!

Be this as it may --- shhh! This dark story in the annals of STF I am going to tell you concerns an actual -- believe it or not -- attempt to reach HELL!

Just why we started to dig the hole was not precisely clear at first. There were three main reasons. 1) Degler had a radio tube device with which he had detected a metallic object of some sort below the ground. 2) He wanted sand to make some ~~coner~~ concrete. We also thought that we might hit water at that spot. 3) I am greatly afraid that we had read overly much of fantastic literature concerning the probable nature of the earth, underground cities, etc.

We had no intention of having anything but a little exercise and fun at first. Then as progress was made we became more enthusiastic. We were young and foolish then.

I say we because, alas, yours truly had completely forgotten her dignity in ancient Troy and was digging avidly, fanatically!

Soon, out of a clear sky, and before the world suspected, a large hole around four by seven feet at the top was heading for the nether regions at incredible speed.

The first four feet was clay, and something I shall never forget! The story is much too long to tell here in detail. I shall have to skip over it and tell only the surface and most interesting details.

After the clay we hit sand, and the going was enormously easier. It then became a mania with us. Spurred on by this sense of achievement, we worked in shifts --- sweating, heaving, and often far into the night. It was cooler in the evening.

Degler and his brother Robert wired electric lighting fixtures out to the scene of activity. I remember distinctly that one night we worked till two a.m., then sneaked into Degler's house for a midnight snack (or was it breakfast?).

By this time we were far below the surface and taking sand out in buckets, which we pulled out by means of a rope. Down and down sank the great shaft (pardon me if this sounds like an exaggeration, but you guys and gals didn't see the hole!).

At first we made steps in the side, but these wouldn't hold in the sand. Then we jumped in and pulled each other in and out. Finally it became necessary to lower a ladder into the hole. Some of you who have tried to dig even a small hole in ordinary clay may not believe this, but after we hit the sand you could almost scoop it out, and work progressed quite remarkably.

The problem of the disposition of the immense quantities of raw material thus hauled up out of its primal state soon became an ogre. But this was solved by having a bucket brigade take the dirt to a more remote location and letting it pile up.

We sold some of the sand to local concrete men and gave some to the neighbor's kids for a sand pile. Boys from all over the neighborhood came to help dig. Just for the fun of it and to be in on the thing, I guess.

We let some of them dig. Others were more bother than help, and one uncouth individual tore down the overhead electric wires so many times that Claude put them underground, much to everybody's mystification (he did it secretly).

Degler had a phonograph to furnish some music. Strange, how much better one can work to music. Fairest of the Fair, The Thunderer, and the song called "Martha", which Degler said was dedicated to my sister Martha (then nine years old, and who helped us dig more than most of the boys), were our favorite pieces. We had others, but we nearly wore those recordings out!

Well, by this time you can guess that the facts, true or false (about our hole, now being called "Degler's Folly") had spread over a pretty wide area of the neighborhood. Neighbors, kids and puppy dogs, of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions began to throng to the "site of the excavations". (we even sold popcorn and lemonade) All asked us why we were digging, and some asked us what we were digging, etc. This sort of thing became so prevalent, and boring, the same unintelligent, sneering stares,

FAN FEUD

that we finally told the questioners that we were "Trying to dig a hole to Hell." Some of the people acted nice, of course, and were honestly puzzled, but, sad to say, the majority adopted a most superior and scornful attitude.

After that statement the rumors soon got around again. More and more distant people whom we had never known came over to see who was "digging a hole to Hell." They got in the way and hindered the work horribly. So many people came to see the "HellHole", as it came to be called, that it finally led us to erect a sign at the top saying "HELL 12 FT," and an arrow pointing down. Then some bright person said that we were in league with the Devil.

Then and thereafter there followed such a campaign of laughing, teasing, heckling. More warnings, threats, etc, than one who was not there to actually see it can possibly imagine. I'm not going to uphold what we did nor condemn it. Maybe we were crazy. I'm just going to relate the facts. So intolerable had become the opposition, that for a psychological self defense we clung to and gloried in the very things we were accused of--- out of sheer anger and defiance.

When people were standing around watching we would heave buckets of dirt out and work ferociously, while yelling things like "On to Pellucidar, on to Hell!" We almost had ourselves believing that we were "going to Hell". We told people that it was getting hotter and hotter near the bottom of the hole.

I'll have to add here that just where the sand met the clay we dug a large tunnel back from the central shaft. Eventually this went back fourteen feet and five or more persons could get in it. This was not quite as dangerous as it may sound, for the hard, unyielding clay made a solid roof above us, whereas the sand would have caved in before we could have dug the tunnel.

The main shaft finally went down to twenty three feet or a little more. Of course when we were in our tunnel the people standing around the shaft could not see us at all. We built large fires, many times for fun, in the bottom of the shaft, while we were back in the tunnel, and let the smoke and flames roll out the top.

(to be continued)

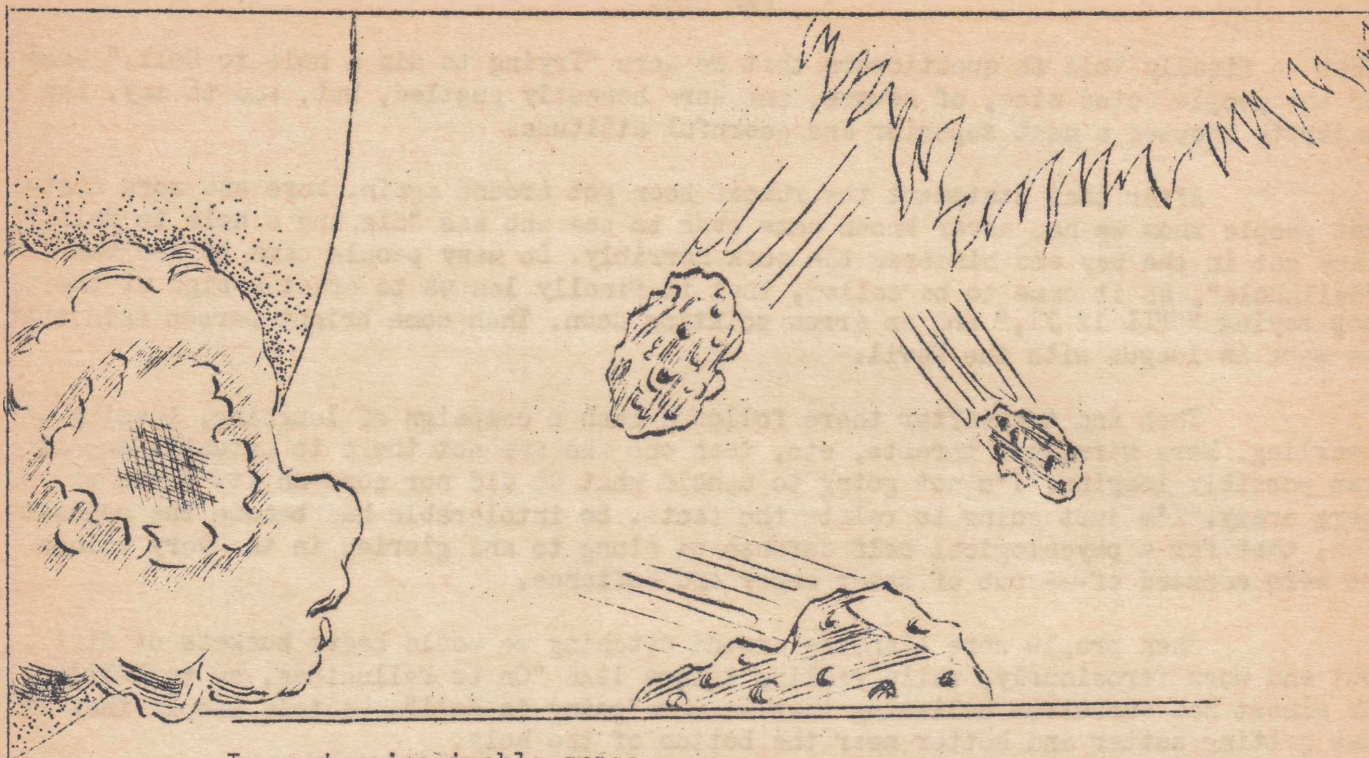
Don't miss part two, "WEIRD RITES BELOW", coming in the next issue!

Follow the next episode of this amazing narrative, as a weird mystery develops far below the earth, as deep and dark as the yawning hole itself!

Learn of the weird rites that took place far below the surface of the ground. Thrill to the muffled beat, beat, beat, of the tom-toms somewhere below, as the leaping flames and dense columns of smoke are seen rising from the mouth of the pit.

You will come to understand why Degler's back yard was given as wide a berth as possible, and why no longer would anyone use the alley in back of the house after dark if this could possibly be avoided. And why on one dark night, in the lurid glow of the flames, a lady was seen to cross herself reverently and hurry on her way.

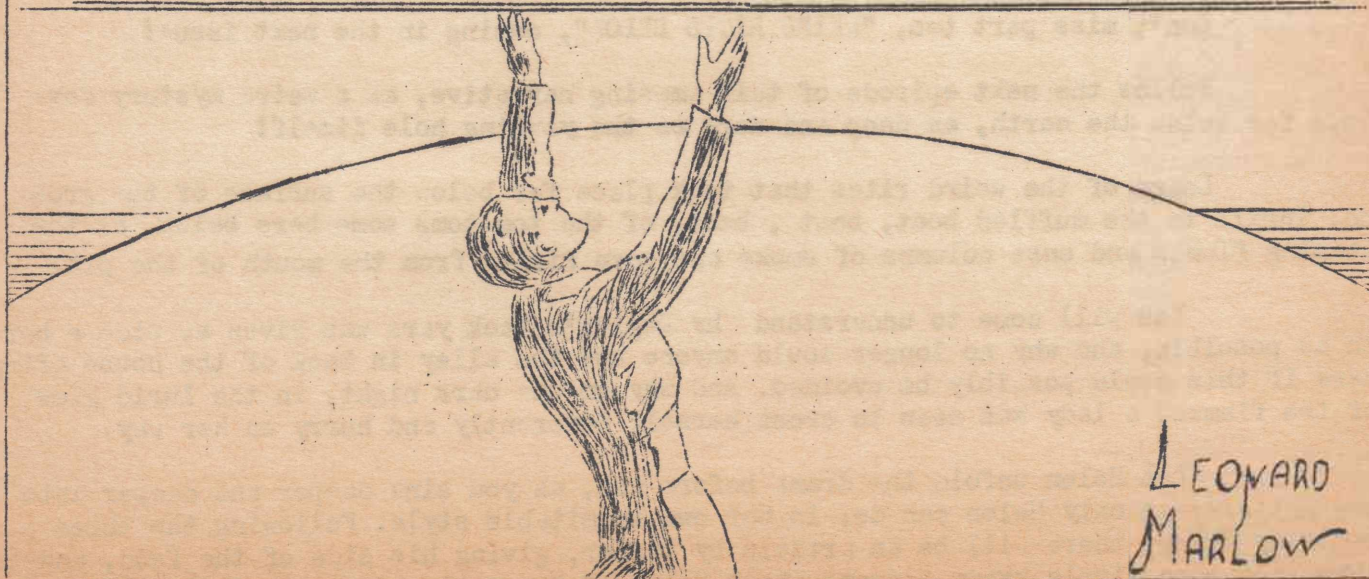
Let Helen unfold the drama before you, as you sink deeper and deeper into the mystery, as only Helen can do, in her own inimitable style. Following the three parts by Helen, there will be an article by Degler, giving his side of the feud, and revealing some little known secrets about Helen of Newcastle --- or is it Troy?



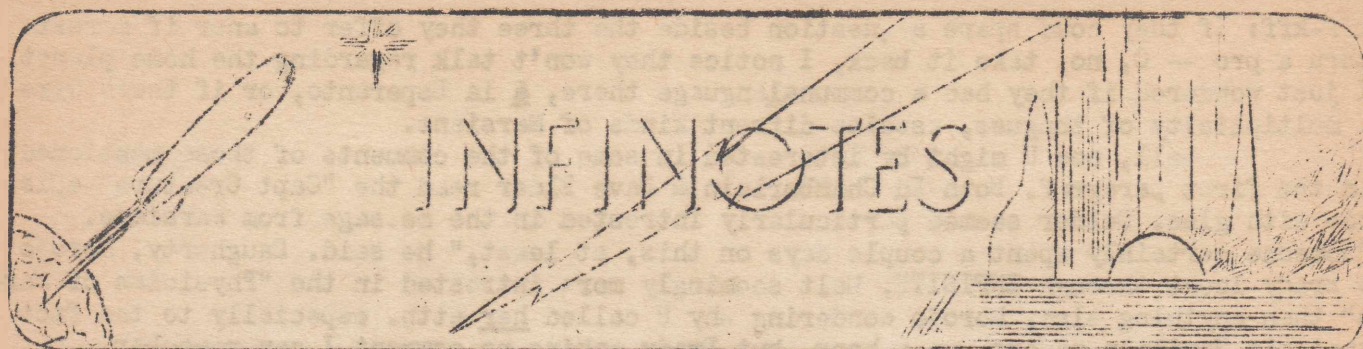
In vast unimaginable space,
 Where countless suns sent forth their life light rays
 Each to his group of whirling satellites,
 There rolled a little miserable ball!
 And on that ball a tiny atom knelt,
 And prayed the great controlling force of all
 To wreck the order of the universe;
 Unchain the suns and cast the spheres adrift;
 Set world careening madly on to world;
 And bid ungoverned chaos come again.
 For what?
 To damp the dot whereon the atom knelt!

_____ W. T. Goodge

The above is a little gem of a poem we came across in the American Freeman, the monthly free thought magazine published by Haldeman-Julius, Girard, Kans. We would like to pass it along to you. It represents a cosmic view of a man praying for rain.



LEONARD
 MARLOW



ALTHOUGH the comments on INF. /1 weren't all that we had hoped for, we did get a few letters, for which we wish to extend our thanks. And you other fans, what's the matter wit ya? Are you just lazy -- like me -- , merely indifferet, or was it so lousy that you didn't want to discourage us -- who said that?

Since there is nothing in particular to dish out, and nobody feels like ranting just at present, we shall proceed without further ado to present some of the afore mentioned missives, missles, or what have you. Since every fan mag has a different method of setting off editorial comments, we shall proceed to outline ours. After ally who are we to be different? We will, until a better method is devised, set such unwanted mouthings off 6 thuslyo.

My, what fakers editors are! Isaid "without further ado". Well, let's try a again. First, some comments from the #1 fan ---

FORREST J. ACKERMAN who says --- As the first no. of INFINITE was the newest thing 236 $\frac{1}{2}$ N. New Hamp. out in fmz the nite 4 fans & myself took an hr trip together on Hollywood, Calif. an intercity car, & the situation o what do you mean, "situation (the stencil would run out just then) ? 6 was unchanged next day when a group assembled to publish, your initial ish got a goodeal of attn. in Shangri-LA.

For my part, tho I did not find INFINITE a particularly inspiring product, I have seen far worse first first issues, & there is evidence of considerable work on the part of mainly 2 persons -- Claude and Leonard -- for which I feel a bit of praise woud not be amiss. The mag reminds me of early Sun Spotses, but you boys don't misspell too badly & your stenciling & mimeoing is of fair quality. Rather like your contents Pg o so do I, he said modestly o (cover ok). The piece I probly enjoyd most was Helen Bradleigh's bit; her sentiments made a hit with me. In your separate communication U askt for a fanography of me for your next ish; but I think rite-ups about well-noen fans have been rather overdone, especially this one, how about a few reports from some of the newer cohorts? o ask for and you shall recieve o Frinstance -- I'd like to see a biogrfy of Miss Bradleigh. Smatterfact -- I'd like to see Miss Bradleigh Howbout a foto, if you can afford it? o could be o The draw of Degler kidnaping Hel Helen (altho xint of Degler) does not do justice to Miss Bradleigh (one hopes!). O, horrors; I just thot what her Esperanto name coud be: Hobo! Helia woud be better, tho ... I think. By th by, I am just wondering if co-editor Marlow is still among the living, or if the next no. will be dedicated to his maimory, after sister Donna lampt that lervely depiction of her, slitley on the hag side. Why, she looks old enough to be your granny, Lenny! Confidentially, chun, how old is your sis, and is she any good-looking? o 15 -- yes(she'll probably moider me because I didn't say she was 18) o If the ansr to both questions is yes o ? o , maybe she'd be worth working on to convert what? About the "Boggie" Man, didn't you maybe mean Boogie ma. or was he sposed to be a Marshan? o Ay de mi! I did! Blush, blush! o I rather like the pic on p22. o thank you! o The Slaphappy Stf Test oferd a number of amusing morsels. Likewise the Asimov-ography. "Down Went McGinty" best of the fiction, by me. Incidentally, any suspicious - looking names or unnoen fans popping up on your subscription list -- look out, it might be the Marsians!! I shoud expect them to take a lively intrrest in INFINITE, their "sconsor on earth", so to speak. As Publicity Mgr of the Pacificon, I spos- I shoud be hearing from one of 'em eventually, about the exhibit. Just for my own private info,

kff-kff: If they could spare a question beside the three they offer to answer if addressed thru a pro -- O, no, take it back, I notice they won't talk regarding the home planet. I just wondered if they had a communal language there, a la Esperanto, or if there were a multiplicity of tongues, as well as different kinds of Marsians.

Well, now U might be interested in some of the comments of those mentioned in the first paragraph. Both Ed Chamberlain & Dave Elder read the "Capt Creature" episode with glee. Elder seemed particularly interested in the message from Marsians.

"Someone certainly spent a couple days on this, at least," he said. Daugherty, Lorojo & Brady lookt through INFINITE, Walt seemingly more interested in the "Physician of Mars" than anything else, Morojo wondering why U called her attn. especially to the fact that the Hamilton report was a hoax, but Brady making no comment I can remember.

6 unless my memory fails me (as brother Hidley would have us believe) Lorojo made a motion that all fan editors who knowingly perpetrated a hoax upon an unsuspecting fandom, even if only in fun, should be punished by being ostracized from fandom. She also suggested that editors might label their reports T for true or F for false, whichever the case might be. Chas D. Hornig gave the mag considerable attn., chuckling over quite a bit of it and pronouncing it "not bad". I do think U're going to have to lower your price a nickel, tho, in these days when finz with as many pages as yours, multi-color ink, top columnists, mimicrayon covers o unpaid for ad for Assorted Services o, etc., ask only a dime.

And we say--We defy you to show us a mag with fifty pages that sells for a dime! (next ish it will be even more. See page 48 for details) Personally, I think that many mags using multicolor ink look messy. We do have color this issue. Plenty of it. Incidentally, Forry, just what is a "top columnist"? I believe that in many cases he's a fan who has gained a rep for panning anything and everything pertaining to science-fiction more vociferously and unmercifully than most others do. Now there might be something to this mimicrayon cover business. Another point on this color business: do you find any of the popular slicks, or even pulps, for that matter, printed in all the colors of the rainbow?

And now a word or two from korpse keeper ---

BOB TUCKER

Box 260

Bloomington, Ill.

as he warbles the following words of wisdom (?) --- Bradleigh talks common sense. I like women too. So does Asimov. but an individual has to maintain some platform to maintain individuality. Bradleigh misspells the word weird on page 33 6 my fault o. Am very much interested in knowing how she misbehaves at times.

Perhaps Marlow reads love stories o no, she reads movie mags --- or did you mean me? o. I dislike love stories as pure love stories. Should I hire a public address system; or; tell her she is tottering on the verge of insanity?

Why hire a public address system, Bob? You really should buy one. (provided I can borrow it every third Friday) As for being on the verge, she's obviously nuts already.

Comes next a few words of praise from our most ardent supporter ---

SILAS Q. WATAFANN

000 Podhunk Lane

Podhunk, Kansas

who gushes feelingly --- Dere Editor. Aye wish to thank you fellers fer sendun me ther latest isher uf yer fine fan mug, @/4-; there got the right dogger at last! --- INFINITEY. Everthin was wanna-full, par as usual, especerly ther Hoss Doctor uf Mars, by thet thur Edmonton feller. Gosh ding it, thet righter is a whizz-bang! Tha suspense an meler-dramer were terrifical!

Well, thank you, Silas! Such unstinted praise makes us feel right smart, yes indeedy! And -- hold everything! Special delivery from ISAAC ASIMOV, as follows --- Thanks for the fan mag. My autobiog was wonderful. Send my congrats to the author.

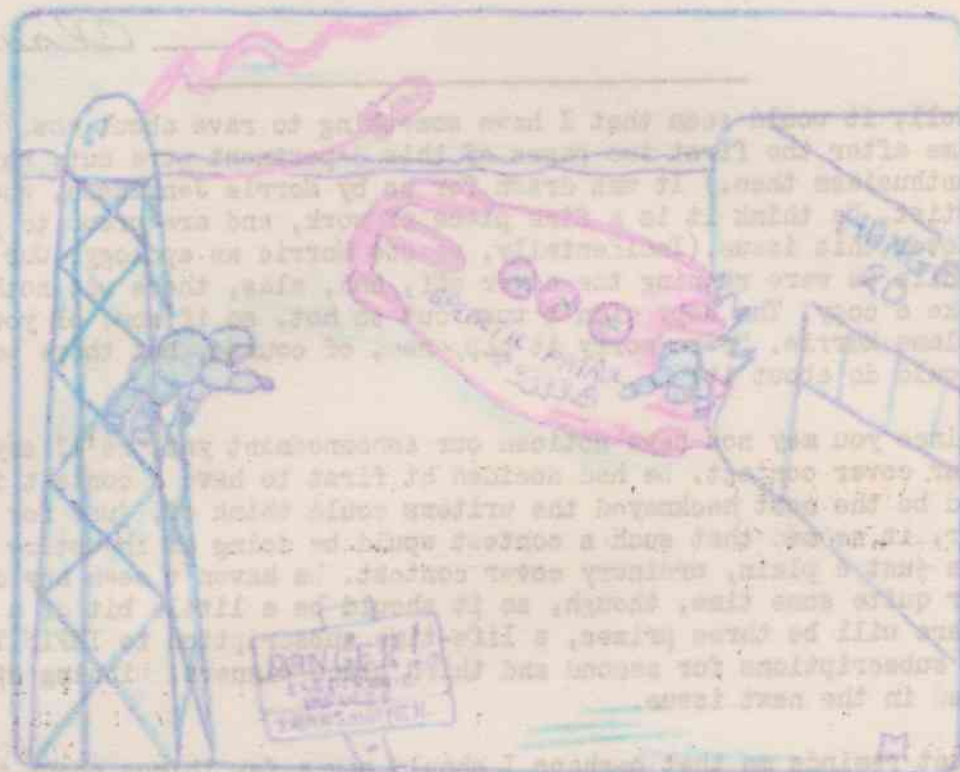
A Co-Ed's Comments



by Claude Degler

Well, friends, here is the second issue of INFINITE. I am writing this in Newcastle and LeM will write something in Indianapolis. He will probably comment on the stories and articles in this issue, so I will refrain from saying much about them here.

We think we have quite a lot of swell material this issue, but we have more



"No, no, Kinnison! How many times must I tell you
that you can't land the ship free?"

coming up for next. Incidentally, no one will want to miss that **BIG THIRD ISSUE!** It will be nearly three times as big as our first issue, and will contain **ONE HUNDRED PAGES!!! NO CHANGE IN PRICE!!!** Also many more illustrations in color. To be sure you will receive your copy send fifteen cents to 5809 Beechwood Ave., Indianapolis, Ind right away. Don't put it off, send your fifteen cents or you will miss positively the biggest thing in fandom in the month of January.

More material by Helen. Miss Bradleigh's article proved very popular with our readers, and we have received a flood of letters asking us for more. We hope to print her autobiography in the next issue. A few fans have asked for Miss Bradleigh's photograph, and Helen has asked us to tell them here to please be patient a wee bit until she is able to have a good one made. She thanks all for their interest and the nice comments. We might (no promises, understand!) print her photo in this mag some sweet day.

INFINOTES
"A Co-Ed's Comments"

For the "Book of the Damned" article and the others we had scheduled that did not appear, we can only tell you that there were certain circumstances which have delayed them untill next issue or a future issue soon. We hope you will bear with us on this and other matters.

There is an argument as to the advisability of a science department in INFINITE. I will write such a department and answer your questions if you like, or choose my own subjects on which to write articles similar to those in AST. Or would you favor readers science discussions and debates and opinions? Let us know your verdict.

If you like our magazine, write and tell us about it. If you don't, let us know why you didn't. We try to make this your mag.

Claude Pegler

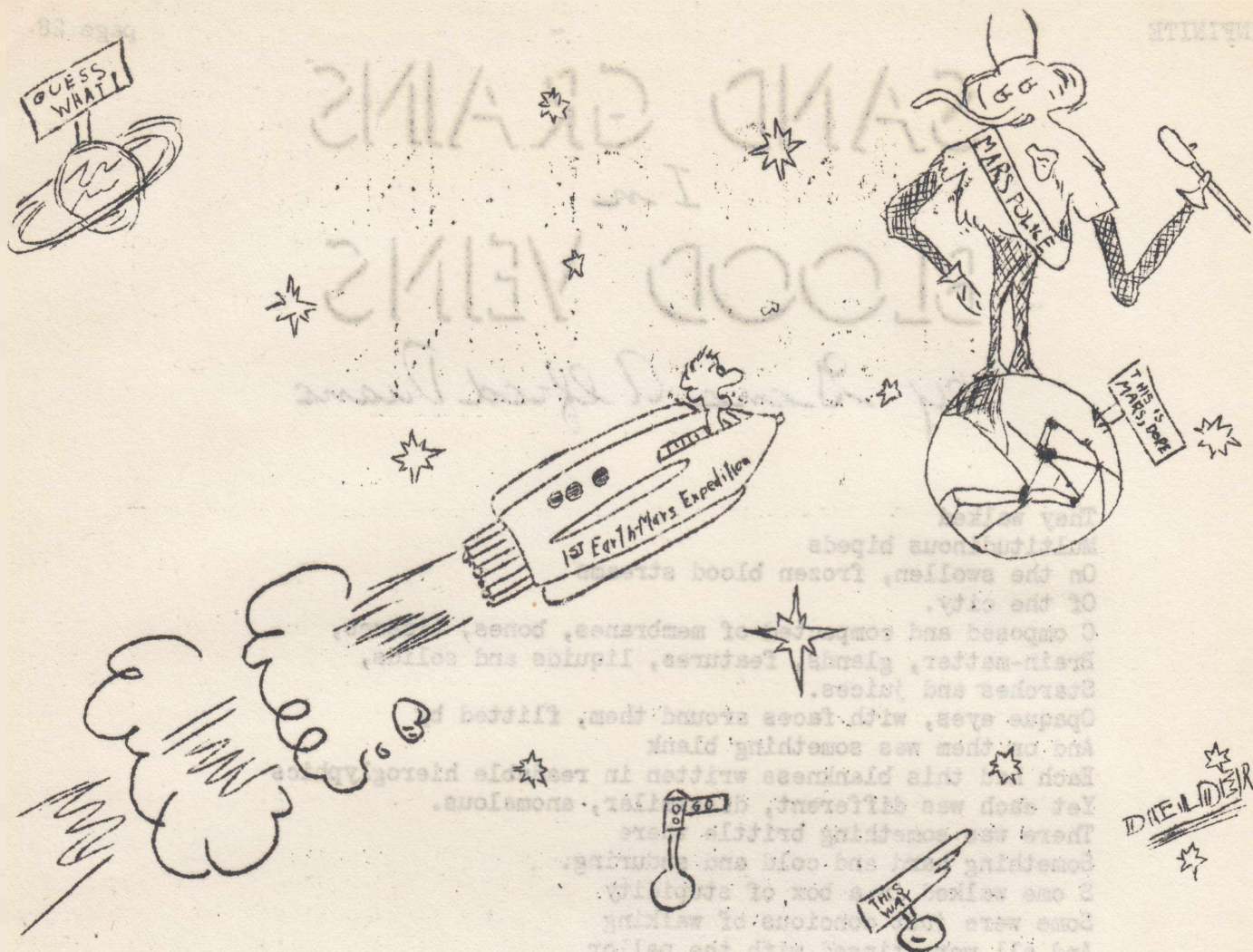
Well, it would seem that I have something to rave about now. Namely, our cover. (It came after the first two pages of this department were cut, which explains my lack of enthusiasm then.) It was drawn for us by Morrie Jenkinson, who is really one swell artist. We think it is a fine piece of work, and are proud to present it to you on our cover this issue. (Incidentally, we owe Morrie an apology. Our hecto jelly fell apart while we were running the cover off, and, alas, there was nothing for us to do but make a copy. The copy didn't turn out so hot, so if some of you have apoor one, don't blame Morrie. We're sorry it happened, of course, but there was really not a thing we could do about it)

Since you may not have noticed our announcement yet, we'll say a few words here about our cover contest. We had decided at first to have a contest in which the stories would be the most hackneyed the writers could think of, just for a little variety. However, it seemed that such a contest would be doing an injustice to the cover, so it will be just a plain, ordinary cover contest. We haven't seen any contests of this type for quite some time, though, so it should be a little bit of a novelty just as it is. There will be three prizes, a life-time subscription to INFINITE for first, and one year subscriptions for second and third place winners. Winning stories will all be printed in the next issue.

That reminds me that perhaps I should say a few things about that forthcoming gaint third issue that Claude evidently overlooked. I would like to point out first that the magazine will not be $8\frac{1}{2}$ by 11 any more. It will, instead, be $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$. This new size will be much handier, and will also permit us to use all of the stencil. This does not mean that the third issue will have the same amount of material, as some of you will probably think. Don't confuse our new size with that used by several mags which have $8\frac{1}{2}$ by 11 sheets folded in half. Our third issue will contain the equivalent of more than sixteen additional $8\frac{1}{2}$ by 11 pages!

Second is the fact that while this issue will, in a sense, be a special issue, the one hundred page size will be permanent, or, at least, we will continue it as long as we are able to. We will be giving you more for your money than any other fan mag we know of, but to continue to do so we must have your support!! This means more subscriptions and ads, which we must have to help pay the expenses. It means that we are counting on you to show this magazine to your friends, to arouse interest in it. For, much as we would like to, we can't send sample copies to all fans. We want to give you a mag that you will enjoy, but you'll have to do your part too.

You may have noticed that there is a preponderance of articles and a rather large amount of humor this time. We're sorry the issue isn't better balanced, but you can't just reach out and grab the kind of material you are in need of right out



"You will please signal when making a left turn!"

of thin air.

That's one reason why we're not going to make very many definite forecasts as to the material coming in the following issues. We are trying to build up a backlog of good material, and when we do so we can then make announcements and be sure that we can print the scheduled material.

For the same reason, we will not try to set a definite publication date for some time. This issue was scheduled for the first week of October, in accordance with a previously arranged schedule. This didn't work out, however. It would have meant that the first two issues would actually have been only a month apart, which wouldn't have given us enough time to round up a sufficient amount of good material. Accordingly, we shoved everything up a month. It's really better, because we can start the year in January. All we can say now is that the next issue will be out sometime in January as close to the first of the month as possible.

We'd like to make another request for material. Any type, as we said before, would particularly like to get stuff and fantasy of a more serious nature, though.

All comments on this issue will be appreciated.

--- LeM

SAND GRAINS

In

BLOOD VEINS

by Gene Alfred Duane

They walked
Multitudinous bipeds
On the swollen, frozen blood streams
Of the city.
Composed and compacted of membranes, bones, tissues,
Brain-matter, glands, features, liquids and solids,
Starches and juices.
Opaque eyes, with faces around them, flitted by
And on them was something blank
Each had this blankness written in readable hieroglyphics
Yet each was different, dissimilar, anomalous.
There was something brittle there
Something hard and cold and enduring.
Some walked in a box of stupidity
Some were just conscious of walking
And all were tinged with the pallor
And tense with the fret of time and city.
Some had faces cracked and craggy
Others were thick with the cream of ease
Yet in some indefinable, intangible way
All were strained, tight, and unstable,
And their eyes were glazed with the habit
Of unawareness and oblivion
So necessary to sanity.

And there were women, and girls
And the insinuating rustle of shiny women-things
And the silken slide of silken sin beneath silken garments.
And the rich, lavish, opulent flesh under great waves
Of intense seductive perfumes, flesh
Of all integuments and bloods, molds and casts.
They passed with the hours, bunches and clusters of them.
Once, one alone, apart, with a dark untamed ignorance in her,
And the hours dripped into the ventricles of the past
Losing individuality and significance an one stagnant lake
And with the hours passed the people
As though all were drawn into that hypnotic cesspool
Where past and future are one.
Identical with liquids and solids and gasses
Hashed, interwoven, interpenetrated,
One.

DEGLER'S TRAVELOG

Jackson and Battle Creek, Mich.

About noon on September fourth I was on my way. Ah yes! Out on the open road, thumbs up. But it wasn't so funny the way it turned out, as I soon found.

The first ride I got was in the back of an open truck. Six miles. After walking about a mile I rode into Muncie with some workmen. So far so good. Yes, I was on my way to the big Michigan meeting of the Galactic roamers and the Detroit Science Fictioneers, to which a cordial invitation to all nearby fans who could attend had been extended.

I don't know just how far it is, but the distance is well over 150 miles. Between Muncie and Hartford City there is a detour of eighteen miles. It is hard to get rides on detours. I got a ride to Marion in a big truck, so I missed part of the detour. After several short rides to Huntington it got dark, and eventually I got a ride to Fort Wayne in a chicken truck. Arrived in Fort Wayne about midnight.

In Fort Wayne I walked to Ted Dikty's house, about three miles. He works at night, so I sat on his porch and waited till four A.M., when he came home. Meantime it had become very chilly and rained a bit. After talking to Ted till daylight came, and learning that he could not come this time, I caught a car that took me out near the highway and got under way again.

The rest is a long story. After numerous rides through Auburn, Angola, and on up, I arrived in Coldwater, Michigan. On the whole trip I rode with twenty or thirty persons. That's the trouble with hitch-hiking. You'll get lots of little short rides, to all the little towns on the way, then have to walk most of the way clear through the ~~burg~~, to get out on the highway on the other side, to even get a ride. Or sometimes they'll take you way out in the middle of the country. By the time you've walked through most of the towns on the map on your way it counts up to a pretty long distance.

Coldwater is right! When I was there the place was certainly living up to its name. As I left the city a drizzling rain began to fall. It was positively cold there, and the rain was certainly cold. I was sleepy and tired and wanted to get there. I didn't know how long it would last so I kept on hitch-hiking in the rain.

You would think that someone would pick a fella up before he got soaked, but no! That didn't stop them. They went right on past and it rained harder. I got wet as hell and was dripping puddles when it finally stopped. I got a ride with some farmers, on a wagon that did two miles per.

At about three in the afternoon I arrived in the fair city of Jackson, via the Victory Highway. I had just naturally dried off by then. I rented a room, and then went about seeing who was in town. I walked around for about an hour and placed several phone calls. After finding no one, but getting in touch with Dr. Becker, I laid down for three hours sleep. The meeting was to take place at Dr. Beckers place, at seven thirty P.M.

DECLER'S TRAVELOG

I learned that Dr. E.E. Smith, at whose residence the meeting had been planned to be held, had been called to Baltimore on important business. The meeting was a great success anyway, but would have been much more so had Doc been present.

Dr. Becker and his charming wife were our gracious host and hostess. Eighteen were present, after all had arrived. There were fans from all over Michigan. I was the only one from Indiana, as far as I know. Fans were introduced to each other, and there was some autograph hunting. There followed a period of getting acquainted, general discussions, and all out fangabbing.

John Millard hooked up an electric pickup to play thru the radio and we had a swell time playing fan records. These included a message to the Galactic Roamers from Walt Daugherty, who is "Stowaway #1".

Finally the meeting was called to order, and the minutes of the last meeting were read. The business before the body got under way. It was decided that, since this meeting was such a success, but several persons, including Doc, could not be present, to hold soon another and much larger "get acquainted" meeting and send out letters of invitation to fans all over Michigan, Indiana, and nearby states. Since many persons could not come because the meeting was on Friday, the date decided upon was Sunday, November 16, 1941.

Refreshments were served, and a grand evening was had by all. I was very, very glad that I had made it to Jackson. I met a lot of swell and interesting people and had a wonderful time.

The next day I went to Battle Creek, home of Kellogg's Cereals, E. Everett Evans, and NOVA, Michigans new fanmag.

After a long and interesting talk and exchange of ideas with Everett, Abby Lou came after us and we went over to the Ashley's. Al and Abby and Jack Weidenbeck make up the editorial staff of NOVA, the first issue of which is due to be out soon.

We talked about all manner of things and on all conceivable subjects, but most valuable of all was an exchange of ideas concerning our two mags. Al and Jack are really going into this thing in a varynsincere and businesslike manner, and I know that they will put a lot of work into it. Good luck, NOVA!

I had supper and spent the evening at the Ashley's. Abby Lou, whose Esperanto name is Rujablu, is not only an enthusiastic fan, but a good cook as well. That was a most excellent supper!

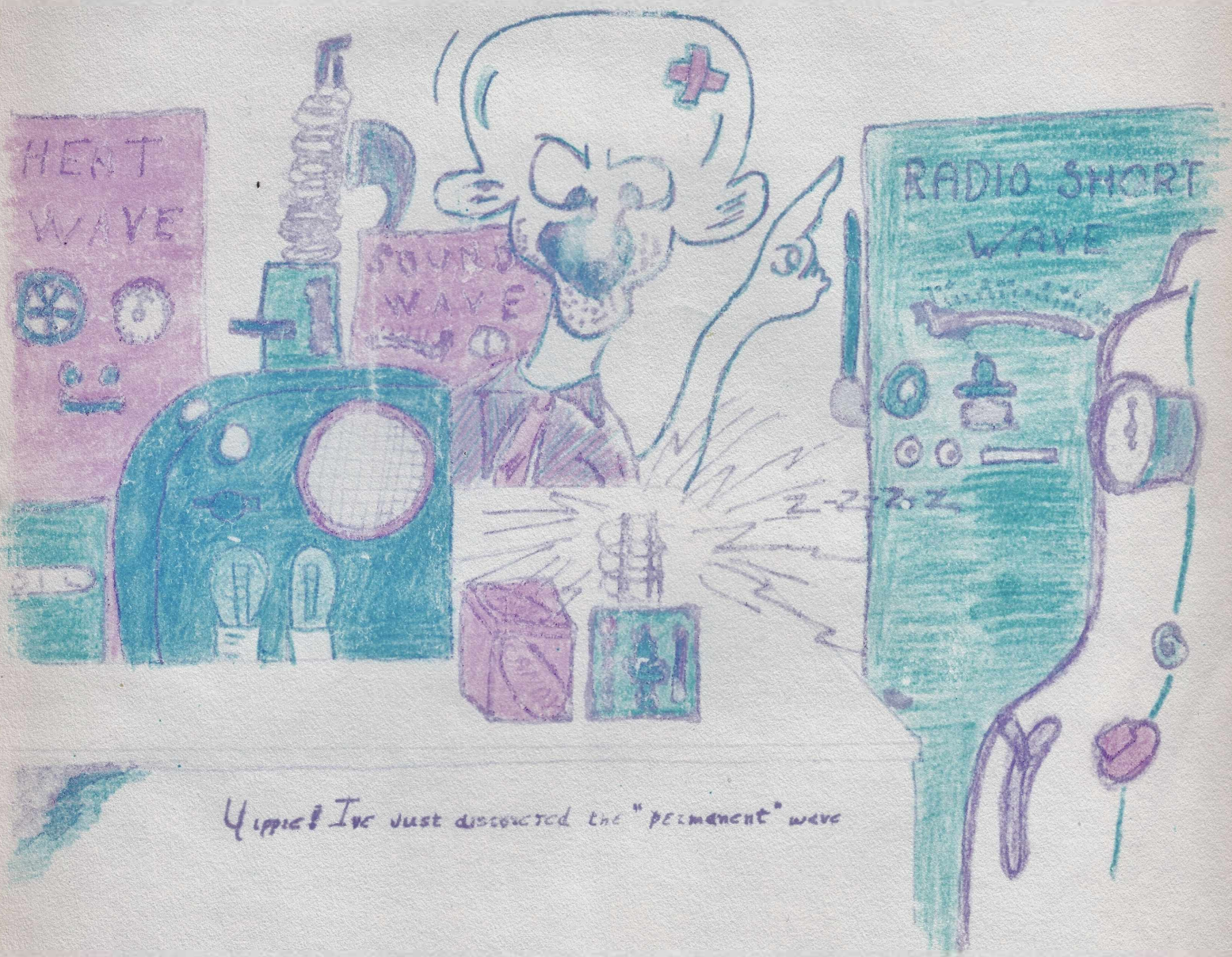
I had better luck on my trip home, and it did not take me nearly so long.

One thing that impressed me about the Michigan fans was their enthusiasm, their live-wire spirit of doing things in a grand way, and their friendliness to outsiders. I am certainly going to the Michiconference if it is humanly possible!

This should be big. As many as fifty people are expected. For information write E. E. Evans, 191 Capital Ave, S.W., Battle Creek, Michigan. If you are a fan living in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, or anyplace else, for that matter, you are invited and urged to attend if you can possibly do so. You will be missing a very rare and great opportunity if you do not. It will not be far short of a convention in itself. Erle Korshak is expected, and there is to be an auction of some material. Will we see you there?

Claude Decler

PROFESSOR NUTT



Yippie! I've just discovered the "permanent" wave

JUST BETWEEN OUR SHELVES

by

Frederick Schuyler

Like the traditional prescription to palpitating brides: "Something old; something new", I have two books before me at this time which can best be expressed by the above admonition. And yet the one, paradoxically, combines a late printing date, comparatively, with a nostalgic, ancient form of science-fiction which might be called *Amazingstoria*, of the era B.S. --- Before Sloan. I refer to "Adventures to Come", edited by J. Berg Esfnwein, M.A. Litt. D.; and published by an obscure printing house doing business --- or, God knows; perhaps the tense is wrong and should be "did business" --- under the shingle of Mc Loughlin Bros. Inc. It's a thick book, jacketed in a red remeniscent of a diseased optic nerve, and illustrated with the corventional 1 line drawings, of which I best remember the one depicting the traditional Man From the Moon with space-suit, glass helmet, et al and in the manner as of before. There are nine stories in the book, beginning with an interplanetary yarn, "A Man in the Moon comes down", and terminating tardily with "It's Going to be True." The stories range from the moon to Mars; genres represented include trips to the oceans floor and trips to the stratosphere. Scientific criminals vie with scienti-fic policemen; television and death rays hum in every tale, and when you've finished with it you expect to look out the window and see one of Henry Ford's new cars rattle past, the one's he calls a Model A. And there's talk that Gernsback is going to put out an *Amazing Stories Annual*. The book was published in 1937; the stories belong to 1926.

And then in 1928, under the imprint of Bobbs-Merrill appeared a book by one of the finest writers of fantasy per se that I know of, namely Robert Nathan. Titled, "The Bishop's Wife", it recounts the tale of a Bishop, a Babbitish b-----, with a lovely wife and daughter. The contortions of the marriage bed, to the Bishop, are evil and should be conducted in a hygenic manner, with eyes closed and a sense of shame benumbing all other emotions. And things are thusly until an angel comes to live with the Bishop --- and with the Bishop's wife! From the angel, whose name is Micky --- and positively bears no relation to Hodgkin's pooch! --- the wife learns that love can be beautiful and that passion and the abandon that go with it are both "good" and infinitely desirable. And that, stripped, is the story of the "Bishop's Wife." If I were you I would get this book and read it. It is a sly book; a witty, poetic book; and well worth the effort to find.

In connection with the above, I would like to recommend several other of Mr. Nathan's books to those readers who don't insist upon a space ship an a eunuch hero in their stories. "The Road of Ages" tells of the last, long trek of the Jews returning to their homeland; tells of it in a beautiful and twilighted way. "The Enchan- ted Voyage" is a story of a henpecked little man who builds a boat in his back yard where he goes and day-dreams of travelling when domesticity drives him almost to dis- traction. And then one starlight night the boat sails into the sky! And last, quite the most beautiful story I have ever read, a par

"A Portrait of Jennie" --- and I am sorry that I over use the word "beautiful" so atrociously; but I find it the only word that has the righ "sound" --- the right vibration on the tounge --- when speaking of Mr. Nathan's books. This aforementioned book could loosely be classified as a time-travel- ing story; but there all attempts at placing it in an exact phylum must stop. It is the story of a young artist. One evening when the snow is falling softly, blurring the park about him, he meets a young girl. In the next few months she grows up; ages years. Their lives touch, separate, but always touch again. And the story, woven with wisps

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

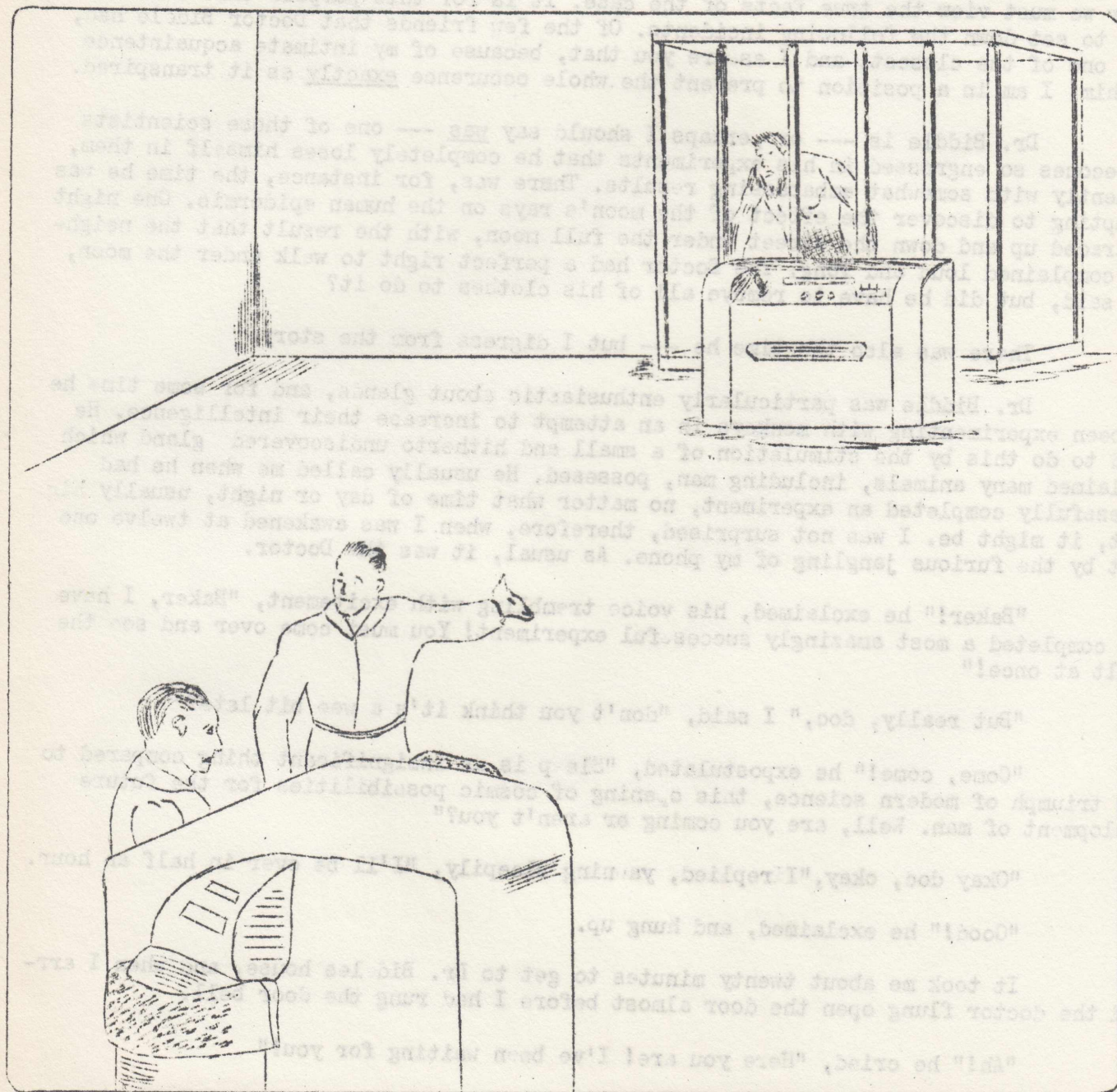
of moon-wool, twines into a tapestry of dreams and dawns; a tender epic that places realism and romanticism into intimate juxtaposition and, amazingly, demonstrates that they are not antithetical, but, on the contrary, synthesize far below Hegel's Infinite; meet and are one, in fact, right in man's world and in his own life. And that I think is the genius of Nathan: this ability to show that beauty and romance are part of man; that they exist in taxi-cabs and all-night lunch counters, and in furnished rooms. And as for the "Portrait of Jennie", I defy you to forget the ending of the book, when the voice of Jennie comes across the storm and the artist fights toward her, and, clasp-
ing her-----.

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THE CELEBRATED EXPERIMENT OF DOCTOR OF BIDDLE



by Ian Moore

The Celebrated Experiment of Doctor Biddle

by IAN MOORE

There have been many experiments conducted in the interests of science, but none is so renowned as the celebrated experiment of Doctor Biddle. Many rumors have been circulated since the unfortunate conclusion of this great and noble undertaking; some true, but the majority deplorable falsifications. In all fairness to the good Doctor we must view the true facts of the case. It is for this purpose that I have decided to set down the following incidents. Of the few friends that Doctor Biddle had, I was one of the closest, and I assure you that, because of my intimate acquaintance with him, I am in a position to present the whole occurrence exactly as it transpired.

Dr. Biddle is --- or perhaps I should say was --- one of those scientists who becomes so engrossed in his experiments that he completely loses himself in them, frequently with somewhat embarrassing results. There was, for instance, the time he was attempting to discover the effect of the moon's rays on the human epidermis. One night he paraded up and down the street under the full moon, with the result that the neighbors complained loud and long. The Doctor had a perfect right to walk under the moon, they said, but did he have to remove all of his clothes to do it?

There was also the time he --- but I digress from the story.

Dr. Biddle was particularly enthusiastic about glands, and for some time he had been experimenting with monkeys in an attempt to increase their intelligence. He hoped to do this by the stimulation of a small and hitherto undiscovered gland which he claimed many animals, including man, possessed. He usually called me when he had successfully completed an experiment, no matter what time of day or night, usually night, it might be. I was not surprised, therefore, when I was awakened at twelve one night by the furious jangling of my phone. As usual, it was the Doctor.

"Baker!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with excitement, "Baker, I have just completed a most amazingly successful experiment! You must come over and see the result at once!"

"But really, doc," I said, "don't you think it's a wee bit late?"

"Come, come!" he expostulated, "Sleep is an insignificant thing compared to this triumph of modern science, this opening of cosmic possibilities for the future development of man. Well, are you coming or aren't you?"

"Okay doc, okay," I replied, yawning sleepily, "I'll be over in half an hour."

"Good!" he exclaimed, and hung up.

It took me about twenty minutes to get to Dr. Biddle's house, and when I arrived the doctor flung open the door almost before I had rung the door bell.

"Ah!" he cried, "Here you are! I've been waiting for you!"

As I followed him into the lab I wondered what this latest development was. The doctor was spouting millions of technical terms and gesticulating wildly, but it was all just so much Greek to me. When we reached the lab he turned on the lights and waved a hand toward a large cage in the center of the room. I nearly collapsed, for standing in the cage was a reasonably exact facsimile of a good-sized cave man!

THE CELEBRATED EXPERIMENT OF DOCTOR BIDDLE

"Where," I finally gasped, "where on earth did you get that?"

"That," he said proudly, "was a gorilla twelve hours ago. My treatment not only increased its latent intelligence but also changed it physically."

I accepted his explanation. I had to; how else could he have obtained a sub-human?

After I had recovered somewhat from the surprise, I went over and began to poke at the beast with my cane.

"Ugly brute, isn't he?" I remarked.

"For heaven's sake!" cried the doctor, "Keep away from that cage! He has enormous strength, and no one can tell what he might not do when enraged!"

His warning came too late, however, for the creature, already raging, ripped the steel cage apart as if it were made of bell wire. He glared at me for a few seconds, then rushed through the open door of the lab and disappeared. Soon the doc and I heard a loud crash. When we reached the living room we found that the door had been ripped from its hinges and was now lying flat on the floor. Doc was raging and tearing his hair, so I discretely followed the gorilla.

The next morning one of the papers ran the following story:

MISSING LINK RAIDS STORE

At about one o'clock last night people living in the neighborhood of 10th and Central called the police and complained that a huge gorilla was destroying property and endangering lives. A squad car was sent to the scene, and the officers found the creature standing before a broken store window calmly eating the oranges which had rolled out onto the walk. The creature attacked the officers, who shot and killed it in self defense.

Subsequent examination revealed the creature to be sub-human. Many prominent scientists have come to the city for a further examination, and several theories have been advanced to explain its existence and presence here in the city.

After reading the article I went over to Doctor Biddle's house and tried to persuade him to stop his experiments. "What!" he exclaimed, "Stop when success is near? Never! Baker, do you know what I'm going to do?" I confessed that I didn't. "I'm going to make the supreme test," he said, "I shall perform the experiment on myself. If it changed the gorilla to a sub-human, it should make a superman of me. Think of it, a superman!"

All my efforts to dissuade him were in vain.

"No," he said firmly, "You are wasting your time. As soon as a small group

of selected scientists arrives, I shall begin the experiments. You shall be the only one, besides this group, to witness my metamorphosis."

An hour later the scientists had all arrived, and we went into the lab. After about an hour of technical information, which the doctor rolled off endlessly, the actual experiment was ready to begin. I was worried, and told the doctor so.

"What are you worried about?" he scoffed, "Nothing can possibly happen."

First he removed his clothing and lay down on a metal slab, over which was suspended an intricate mass of apparatus. Next he took a large hypodermic and injected a greenish fluid into his arm. He signalled to one of the scientists, who threw the switch that activated the apparatus. For about five minutes a queer purple light played over the doctor, then it stopped and he arose from the slab.

"Behold!" he cried, "I am changing already! I can feel it!" Soon I shall be a superman!" He was changing, but not the way he had expected; his experiment had backfired and he was sliding back down the ladder of evolution, instead of ascending it! We quickly informed him of what was happening, and for a while he tried frantically to stop the process. Soon, however, his intelligence was of such a low order that he no longer knew what to do. Since we could do nothing to help him, we had to sit and watch as the change continued. When the process finally stopped, something resembling a chimpanzee was gamboling about the lab. We would have tried to reverse the process, but the doctor had kept no notes, and had told none of the scientists any of the important details. We finally gave up in despair and sadly called the proper authorities, who came and took him --- or it --- away.

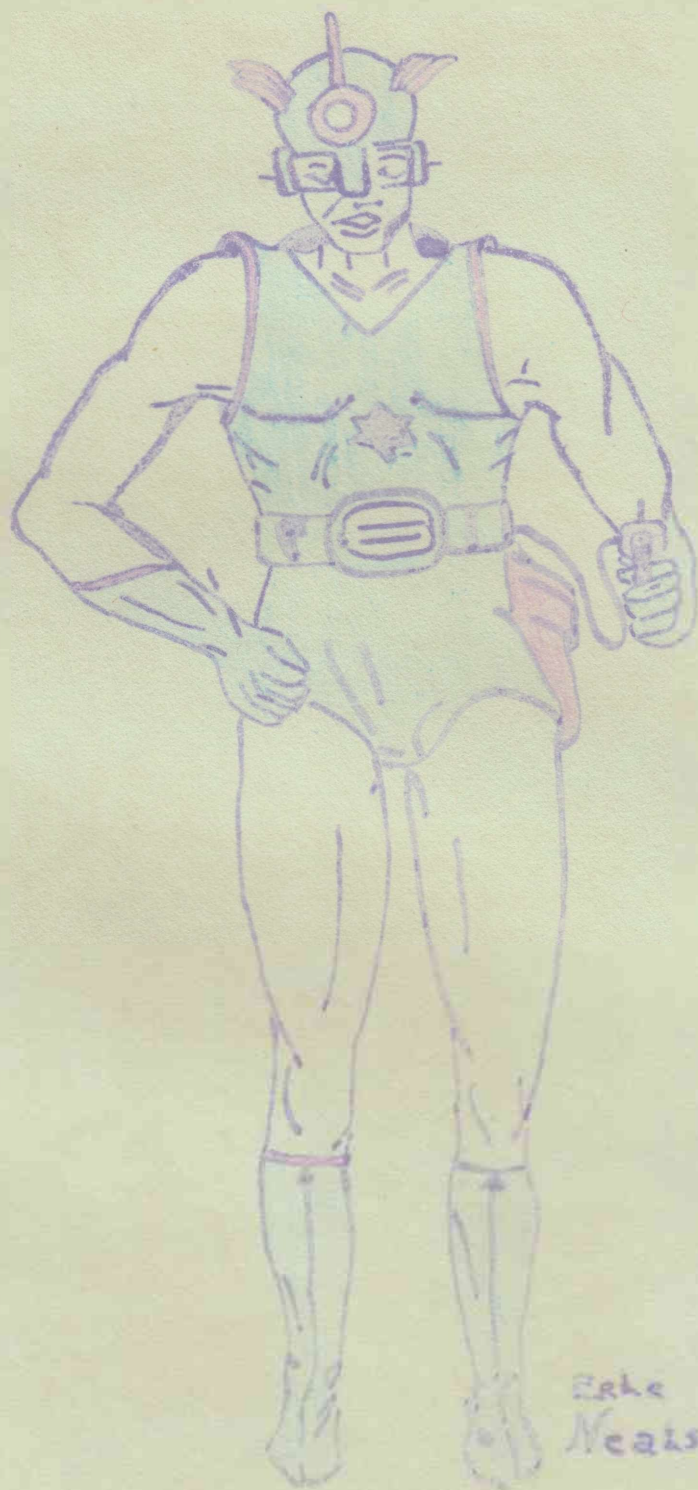
That really ends the story, but I would like to refute one popular report before I stop. This malicious rumor, which has no basis in truth, has it that Dr. Biddle is being kept in the monkey house at the Cincinnati Zoo, which is obviously an absurd statement. The doctor is not being kept in the monkey house at the Cincinnati Zoo. He is being kept in the monkey house in the Brooklyn Zoo.

GIRL FAN: What was that awful noise I heard over at your house last night?

BOY FAN: That was my father dragging my copy of LEIRD TALES across the floor.

GIRL FAN: I never knew that dragging a copy of LEIRD TALES across the floor could make so much noise.

BOY FAN: I was reading it!



Eike
Nealson

A Paper Presented at the
Convention, '41
by E. EVERETT EVANS

Mr. Chairman; Fellow Fantasy and Science Fiction Fans;
LET'S LOOK AHEAD!

I practically talked myself into this paper, because I wrote so many letters to the Denver boys insisting and begging that something of the sort be put on the program here. But I assure you, honestly, that I never dreamed that I would be selected for the job. I am far too new in the Active Fan list to feel either that I deserve such an honor or that I have jets enough to present it. But having been handed the assignment, I shall do my utmost to give you some points for serious thinking and consideration.

First, I am NOT going to try to tell you what to do. That would be presumptuous of me. Second, while most of the points here ~~are expressed~~ are my own, a few are those of fans to whom I wrote about the paper, and their ideas are given full credit as I reach them.

Really, the title of this should be FANS, LET'S GO AHEAD! For I sincerely believe that Fandom is now definitely out of the stage of swaddling clothes, and that it is time that it should assert its adulthood in an adult way, with a carefully planned program, and that it should work co-operatively toward the achievement of that goal. By that I mean that the time has come to cease futilely wasting our time on ineffectual individual squawks about what we want done, or what we want discontinued, and get down to facts founded on such a long range, definite program toward which we can all work, as to a common end. And that means further that it is time for us to get really organized to fight for what we want.

There are a lot of fine local fan clubs; some state wide and Sectional Federations are being planned and worked up, and there is already one national federation, the National Fantasy Fan Federation, sponsored by Widner, that seems working toward what we want. Personally --- and I am only mentioning my own viewpoint here --- I think it is a swell idea, and I'm a member, and all for it. Further local and federated groups will constantly be organized, especially if we can have a co-ordinated program on which we can all co-operate, and which will give some meaning to our club's existence.

Let me stat again at this time that I am NOT trying to tell you what sort of fan clubs or federations should be organized; or what those clubs should put forward as their main order of business; or that they should belong to any special federation or group. I believe completely that the fans of any city or section should band together just exactly as they, themselves, desire, of for whatever purposes they desire. ~~But just so they ARE banded together.~~ For in that way only can they work to the best advantage, and gain effectively the ends they desire. But I also think and believe just as strongly that they will work together more sincerely and with better results if there has been a definite, long-range program carefully prepared by leading fans from each part of the country, on which we can all cheerfully and whole-heartedly co-operate.

So let us first define what we want, and what we are here discussing. It

CONVENTION SPEECH

seems the proposition can be simply stated thusly: Fandom MUST go ahead, or it must retrogress. And the latter is unthinkable to all true fans who have the best interest of Fantasy and Science Fiction at heart. None of us wish to stagnate. The fact that we have assembled here from all over the country shows that we are truly fans of the first water. Therefore, since we desire to go ahead, we must think out clearly what we want; What We Are Going To Do, and How Best We Can Do It!

At the very outset I want to warn you that you must be prepared to GIVE far more than you can ever expect to GET --- that you must be highly resolved to give much of time, of thought, and of energy in whatever program we work out. We must be ready and willing to devote long hours at our typewriters, getting out letters, articles, and more letters. We must be prepared to talk and proselyte for Science and Fantasy Fiction to everyone we meet, day in and day out, working towards the end of getting new converts to our cause of active fandom; working for a constantly increasing stream of new readers for the pro mags.

And in this instance, I believe we older fans should be particularly avid in assisting the new young readers --- the potentially vast new army of teen-agers who are beginning to read Science and Fantasy Fiction, to get a better idea of what it is all about; of the deep and lasting benefits that can come to them from this splendid type of fiction; show them that it is far more than mere "blood and thunder", set against a background of the distant stars.

In short, we must try to interest everyone with whom we come in contact, in this best-of-all literary form of reading; and imbue them with our deep and abiding enthusiasm for it. For there is a real distinction, as you know, between readers and fans. Readers are only that --- fans are a higher, more fag-looking group. And it is up to us to get more readers, and then help turn them into eager, active fans. And one of the best ways to do that is to help the pro mags become better, so that readers will be more easily persuaded to take the first steps, and then on to fandom.

We must set as our first goal, then, the raising of the circulation of the pro mags. Lest this seem a rather strange thought to be advanced here, let me ask you to bear with me a moment, patiently and thoughtfully. Only as the pro mags have increased revenues can they afford to give us the more costly things we want. They are in the business of making money, even though the editors or officials may, of themselves, be as earnest fans as we are. True, not everything we will want will cost money but there is also a good psychological idea behind this that you will readily comprehend. It is not altogether the pro editors that we must convince. They are, almost without exception, ready and willing to give us the finer things we want. And some of them are way ahead of us in this thinking and planning. But behind these editors is a business office and a board of financeers that must be sold on new changes of policy, especially the ones that cost money. It is these that we must convince of our sincerity; and, more of our sphere of influence. When their editors can go to them and say, "Here is a desire of thousand of organized fans, who have been largely responsible for our lately-increased circulation," they will be more inclined to listen, and to grant.

Just a few illustrations. We want better stories, which means in the ultimate, that we want writers paid more so that they can afford to take more time and care in the preparation of their stories. Many of the present writers who sometimes turn out "hack" stories, are really capable of better stuff, as they have often proven. But they are writing for a living, and they must have checks coming in every so often to pay for that living, and they must sometimes turn out stuff just good enough to get by, rather than giving it the more careful attention that would produce a great story (for which they would get practically the same amount). And with all true fans, it is quality that hits the spot.

DENVENTION SPEECH

Then, too, we all know of countless occasions where a really great story idea has been put into a short story or short novelette, that could have been written into a great book-length novel if the writer could have afforded to take the time more carefully to prepare such an undertaking, and carry it out. I hope Gottesman won't object if I mention his "Dead Center" as an illustration of this point, for everyone with whom I have discussed that story felt that he wasted a really fine idea in a short story, that was fine of itself, but could have been so much better in a longer story, if he had had more time to work on it. And you will all remember countless other such stories.

We want more and better illustrations. We have many competent and inspired artists in Science and Fantasy Fiction who are willing and anxious to paint or draw those pictures. But artists, too, must be paid; and drawings of pictures cost money. That is another reason why we must help the editors get that money, before we can ask them to spend it.

See this neck? It will probably never take any beauty prizes, but it has served me well, so far. Well, watch it -- it's going to be stuck way, way out, right now. I'm going to start bearing down on my ideas of some of the things fandom has been yelling about for years, and that I firmly believe we can get fixed up to suit us better, IF we work hard enough, together. If I tread on anyone's toes, well, I'm sorry. They should have worn safety shoes. But a paper such as this can be of no real good unless it brings out into the open the things we want, and eyes them critically so that you will start really thinking about them as something more than peeves. So let's go.

Now I like beautiful pictures of beautiful females. Personally. I have quite a large collection, both draped and otherwise. And I think the so-called "Mac Girl" is a nicely shaped wench. And I will go further and admit that Anatomy is a science. But, for gossakes, must we have B. T. G's on the covers of our Science Fiction magazines? And rave about them in the editorial blurbs? By setting up a nerve-block I can manage to stand B.E.M's. But I think the others should be reserved for "Lovelorn Stories" and such-like ilk.

Speaking further of covers. Some of the mags use a water-color base ink that smears our hands as we read, and smudges up the covers of the mags we wish to save for our collections. We want oil-base inks used, instead. But that costs money, and so we must get that money for the publishers, then insist on better inks.

In the same vein, we want better paper; we want trimmed edges; we want this, and we want that. They cost money. Help the editors get that money, and we can demand they spend it for the fulfilment of our desires. We want more of the bi-monthly and quarterly mags to go monthly. I think I am safe in saying that the editors want the same thing. Help them to get the circulation and we will get it. For I am sure that you all know that it is the advertisements that keep a magazine alive, not the subscription money itself. And the number and class of ads depend on the circulation. The more copies sold each issue, the better the grade of ads they can get, and the higher the advertising rates they can charge and get. Therefore I again stress that we must work like the devil to get them more readers.

Come on neck, you can stretch out further! One of the chief things that united fandom can perhaps do something about, is the mutilation of the stories written by our great authors, when the editors start handling their blue pencils. We remember what was done to Doc Smith's first short Science Fiction story --- written finally after repeated requests by the editor, himself. Such a terrible job of so-called "editing" was done on it that Doc almost swore off writing any more short stories --- and what a loss that would have been to fandom. Some of you may remember that classic article Smith wrote and which was published in one of the fanzines, about that very case. I have his permission to speak about this. Besides that, I have had the inestimable p

DENVENTION SPEECH

icle Smith wrote and which was published in one of the fanzines. I have his permission to speak about this. Besides, I have had the inestimable privilege of watching Smith at work on one of his stories. He really sweats over them, getting each word just exactly in place, carefully choosing from a 50,000 word vocabulary just exactly the word with the right shade of meaning; having every sequence logically worked out, putting in not one single word or phrase that does not have to be there to tell just what he wants to say. And then some editor has the nerve to butcher it. I quote from that article by Smith, "I believe that Science Fiction needs better editors more than it needs better writers. And old Doc Smith's diagnosis of the most prevalent editorial condition is that they know too darn much that isn't true. Most authors can write better than most editors can, and someone should tell 'em these things." (End quote.) Dr. Smith acknowledges, truthfully enough, that there are some occasions where some editing is necessary, to make a story fit into the page space allotted to it. But if that editing is to be more than a mere trifling matter, such revision should be made by the author, himself.

I recently had a fine letter from Charles R. Tanner. In it, among other things, he says, and again I quote, "You speak of looking forward to my new Tumithak story. Alas, the editor has cut and trimmed and twisted my Tumithak story until --- well, the least said the better. You'll see what I mean when you read it. The first five thousand words were originally thirteen thousand!" I'm not just blasting off when I say that's the most astonishing thing I ever heard of. If the editor does not like the story as submitted, yet wants to print it, let him have the author re-write it. If he wanted a shorter story, let the author shorten it, so that it is well done and logically, without destroying the plot, the motivation, and consequently the story itself.

And then, ye Gods have mercy on us! --- in the last issue of a certain magazine, a Letters contributor was speaking of the difference between certain illustrations and the stories they were supposed to illustrate as told by the author; and the Editor, in his reply, made this amazing statement, I quote, "Yes, we have trouble with our artists and their temperamental quirks! They insist on changing the scene to suit themselves --- and sometimes your editor forgets to change the story!" Holy Klono's brazen bowels! O Holy Editor's brazen gall!

Of course, I am speaking now of those top-notch authors who really know their trade. If an editor accepted one of my stories (none of them have as yet), I would expect some revision, for although I am one of the oldest fans in point of age, I am a novice writer. But for an editor to thus dare "edit" Smith, Tanner, and our other top-flight authors! Well, you say it! I firmly believe that a united fandom can largely put a stop to such nefarious practices.

(Feel of neck.) Well, it's still there --- a bit bloody, but still unbowed. Now to get down to some of the ideas of other fans. Julius Unger, in response to my last letter, suggested several points on which a united fandom could do immense good. (1) a Fanzine agency, where one could buy copies of all the latest fan mags; (2) a standing convention committee composed of carefully selected fans chosen from each section of the country (and I would add, as a suggestion, chosen by the fans of that section, themselves), who could assist the local committees in planning the programs of each yearly convention, thus relieving some of those boys of some of their hard work, and at the same time perhaps better correlating the programs from year to year; (3) a better FAPA; (4) more co-operation from the fans for the fans, in insuring promptness in issuing fan mags; and in forwarding mail and recordings to the next party; (5) a determination to suppress all fan-feuds, whether in club meetings or fanzines; and (6) a Supply Agency (somewhat along the lines of Ackerman's new Assorted Services, except that this should be non-profitmaking) to buy bulk merchandise such as paper, stencils, inks, etc., for Fanzine editors and re-sell them to the individuals at cost plus handling.

A letter received some time ago from Art Widner, although speaking mostly of his N.F.F.F., suggested several other points that united fandom could profit by assisting, such as correlating FAPA with the subscription mags; helping Spear with his Fancyclopedia; Rothman with his Statistical History of the Future, as based on published stories; a fan mag index; Widner's own Psychological Research. While on these points, I, myself, think it would be a wonderful idea if there could be compiled an index of Author's and Artist's home addresses, as it is hard as the dickens to get a letter to them when you have to send it through a pro mags office. (I know, I have tried it several times.)

D.B. Thompson also speaks of intensely liking this idea of a long-range program; and speaks of the good that NFFF could do along these lines, if it turns out the way it is being planned; he wants all fan feuds eliminated (as don't we all?) especially in the "Letters Columns" of the pro mags, and in the fanzines; he likes the fanzine agency idea; helping Rothman's plan of a Statistical History of the Future; and then he suggests another splendid plan for a united fandom to work on. That is a careful record of the names of all prospective fans, and a regular campaign to interest them in fan activities, and of helping him get adjusted. Thompson is also much in favor of a central program-planning committee to assist the local committee in working out the annual national convention program, while leaving the latter a lot of latitude in putting up what they want.

So I repeat that we must prepare ourselves for a lot more work and effort than we will receive in immediate benefits. But that work will show results in the long run, you may be sure. And it will grow of its own momentum as time goes on, becoming easier and easier, and then we can raise our own aims higher and higher. And I can see no other way, at present, in which to start this program we all want so much.

Now, just what should be our first immediate objective? I have given it a lot of thought --- and I cannot answer in detail. But I do believe that first, and most important, there should be a committee appointed here and now, that will work during the coming year on such a long-range program, and who will present their report at the 1942 convention. Then, while they are doing that, the rest of us should concentrate on getting our localities better organized, getting these thousands of new readers, and making those readers into active, hardworking fans, so that when we have our program toward which to work, we will have the organized machinery all ready and waiting and able to put it across. I mean more members for the present clubs, new fan clubs in those sections where there are none at present; state-wide federations of clubs, something like the one we are working at in Michigan; the forming and strengthening of the NFFF, or such other national federation as you fans may decide that you can support. With this machinery organized, we can go ahead on our program, confident of ultimate success.

For of this I am certain --- the possibilities are immense IF we work together; they are as surely going to cause disintegration of our splendid spirit and enthusiasm if we do not do something more than merely meet to fangab --- pleasant although that pastime surely is. So that this proposition may the more readily be opened up for discussion and approval, or otherwise, I therefore make the following motion:

"Be it resolved by the assembled fans of Science and Fantasy Fiction, that they desire a long-range program of definite ideas formulated for the future guidance of the member fans and clubs, and to that end it is hereby moved that the Chairman of this meeting be empowered to appoint a committee of five members, who shall, during the coming year, prepare such a program of long-range plans, and present them to the 1942 convention for adoption, change or rejection, as the fans then and there assembled shall so vote."



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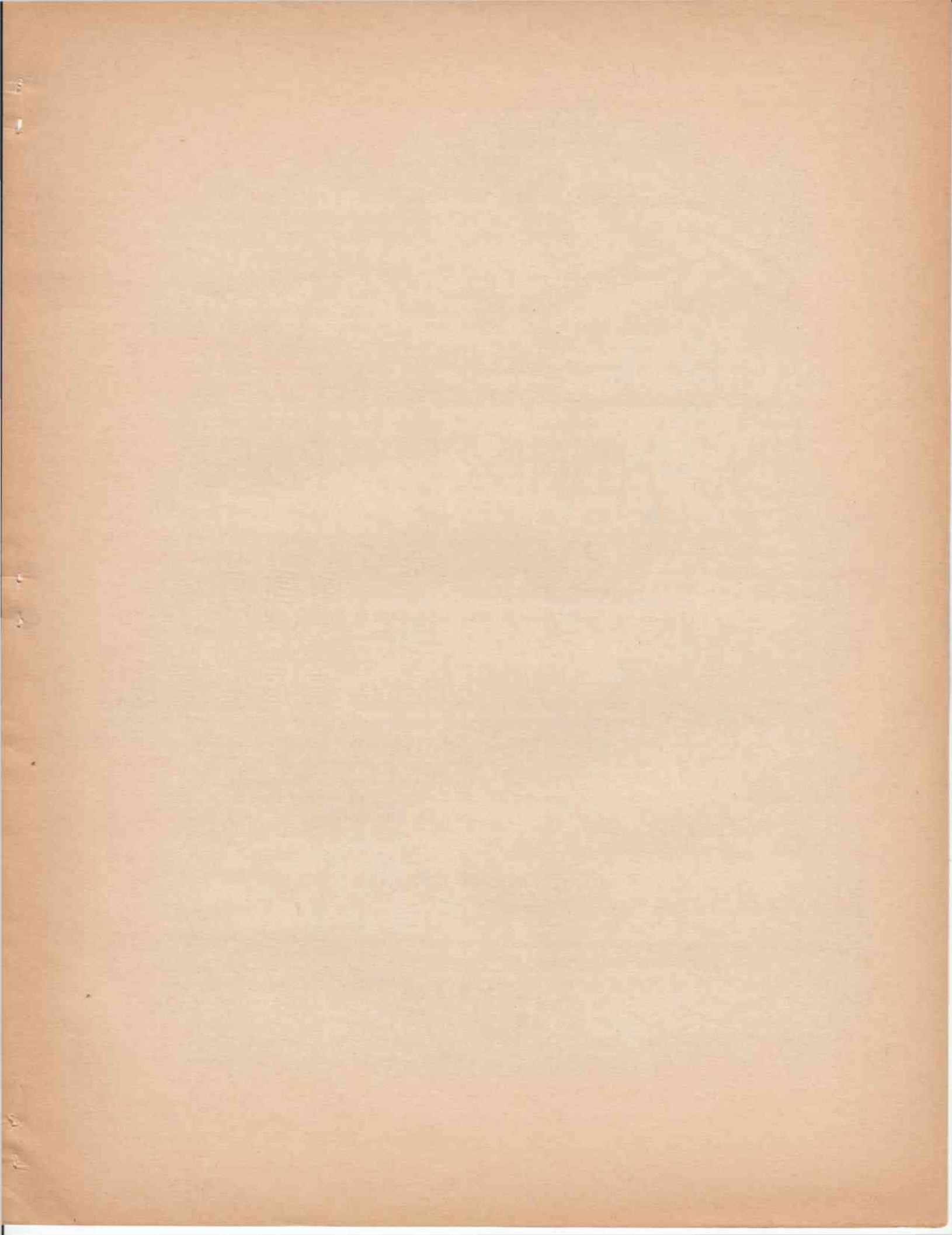
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