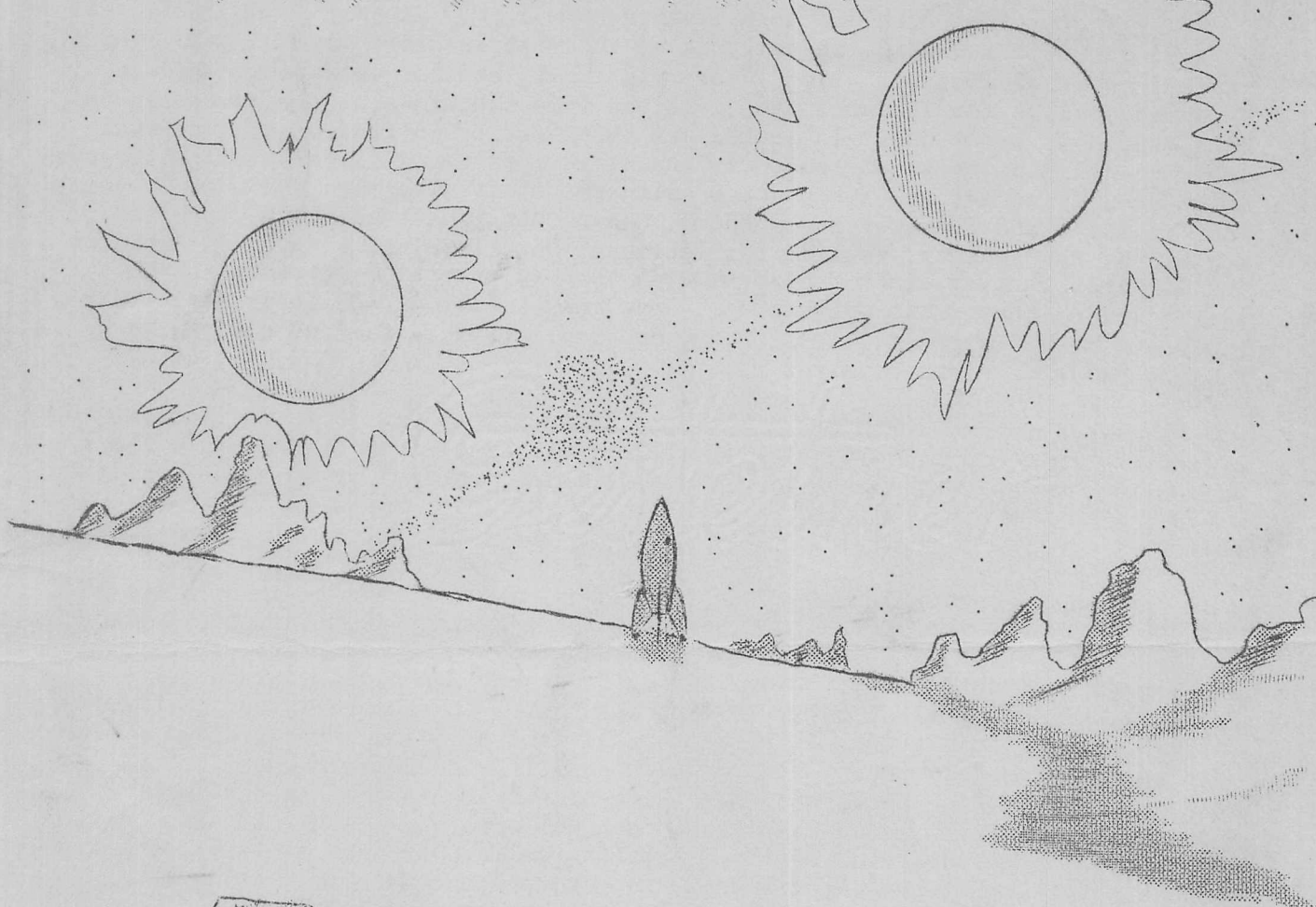


THE NEW



FUTURIAN

SPRING ISSUE. NUMBER FOUR

DOM.

# About Our Contributors

... introducing our cover artist this time ..

ME.

by Me, says

*Don Wilson*

Born May 20th 1937 and lived a normal life until I was 12, then I took an interest in astronomy and s-f. Thru' an astronomical incident which I observed I got into the astronomical world, attended college for lectures etc., visited famous north-east observatories and even helped to erect one. In 1952 I was the guest by invitation of the Royal Astronomical Society to attend their annual reception and dinner. Planet Stories introduced me to s-f and I kept on reading the stuff with more and more interest, then in late 1953 I discovered fandom. Since then I have helped to form the North East S-F Society, publish two fanzines, Satellite and Dizzy, had articles and drawings in many other fanzines, sold three cartoons to prozines and this year I attended my first convention. Have many ambitions and interests; today's interests being astronomy, archeology, drawing, writing, femmes, publishing a fanzine and upteen other things ...

and we also introduce with great pleasure another Don, this time from across the Atlantic - there ought to be some suitable puns about having two Dons, whether University, or quiet-flowing; or the female being 'mobile' or even --- & Blitzen.

meanwhile

*Don Wilson*

says about himself

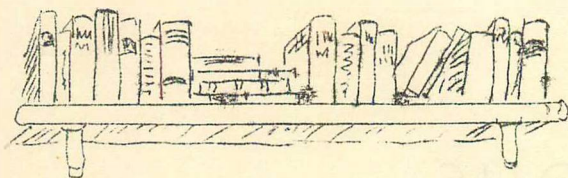
I first contacted fandom in 1946, when I was a sophomore in high school, via Joe Kennedy's Vampire. I had been reading s-f since 1943, and had noticed the fanzine reviews in Startling with some interest, but never got around to sending for one until I wrote for Kennedy's Fantasy Annual in '46 and got a Vampire instead. My first claim to fame was that I was the recipient of the letter from Ray Palmer wherein he damned all fans as blind, stupid worshippers of a cult called "science." Howard Miller and I founded Dream Quest in the middle of 1947, which continued as a quite pretentious and conscientious serious fanzine through seven issues -- the seventh following the sixth (mid 1948) by over a year, and ending the series. Entering college brought my fan activities to a halt in 1948; I had entered FAPA, but dropped out even from it in 1949. I rejoined in 1952 and have continued D.Q. on an occasional basis as a FAPAmag. I'm now working sporadically for an MA in history at UCLA, was married to a lovely redhead named Mary Keogh last April, and plan eventually to teach at university level.

.....  
"I am studying Space very hard" -- Howard Adrian Rosenblum, aged six years.

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SPRING.....1955  
Issue number 4.  
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Vital Statistics -- published by J. Michael Rosenblum from 7, Grosvenor Park, Chapel-Allerton, Leeds 7; England on an approximately quarterly basis, other commitments allowing. Contributions and comments eagerly awaited. This is an amateur publication issued for love and circulated to such as are interested in it. Short of actually contributing or sending critiques etc.; this interest can be shown by the payment of 9d. or 15 cents per copy, but best of all; lets hear from you please.

"I am also interested of Spacing" -- Diane Judith Rosenblum, aged just four.



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"on Looking into" L. Sandfield

## Editorial

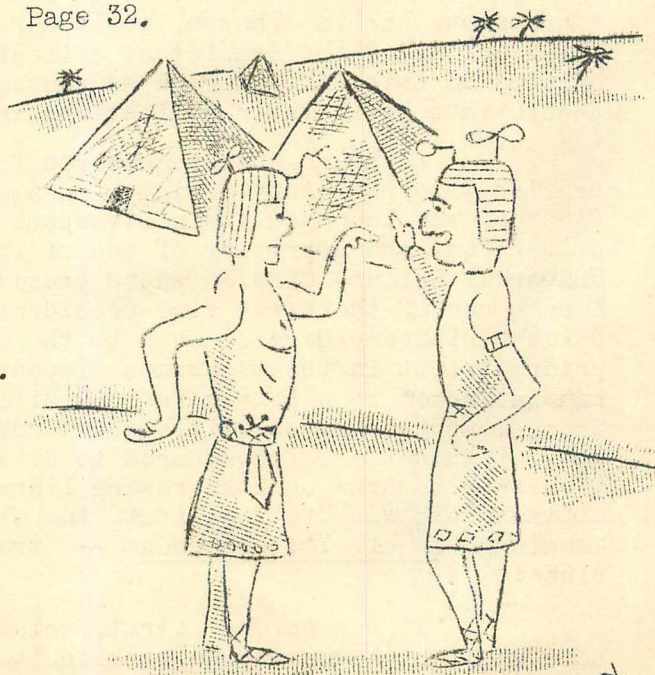
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 J. Michael Rosenblum.

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Literary Contributions welcomed. Next issue not yet made up. Press run this issue is 250 copies. Earlier issues still available.

Australian Representative to whom grateful thanks --- Graham B. Stone, Box 4440, GPO, Sydney, NSW, Australia.

Page 32.



"Well actually they are to be vaults for my collection of Astoundings!"

DON.



# THE CLAMOUROUS

---

## DREAMERS

---

the Story of British Science-Fiction Fandom

by WALTER H. GILLINGS

THIS is the fourth article in a series, written specially for THE NEW FUTURIAN, in which one who has been identified with the field for a quarter of a century is tracing the history of British magazine science-fiction and its organised following. Here he tells of his abortive attempts to start a British Science Literary Association in the days of the economic depression.

I think it was Eric Frank Russell who suggested a simple explanation of the fact that so many of the earliest readers of American science-fiction in this country were Liverpolitans (as he insisted they should be called, rather than Liverpudlians). "It's the first contamination point," he would say. And his compatriot, Leslie Johnson, would agree with him for once ; for he was able to build up one of the completest collections of imported back numbers that ever existed on this side, before he amassed the endless store from which so many ardent completists built their collections in pre-war days -- myself, for one.

Although best remembered for his pioneer secretarial work for the British Interplanetary Society, in association with its first president, Philip Cleator, who launched it in Liverpool in 1933, Les Johnson was first and foremost a s-f fan, and secretary of one of the oldest fan clubs in the country. The Universal Science Circle (whose president was Colin H. Askham, a radio ham who became one of the first vice-presidents of the BIS) took its cue from the Ilford Science Literary Circle, even to the extent of attracting members by inserting printed slips in the magazines dispensed by local dealers, one of which I still ~~have attached~~ to a letter from 46 Mill Lane, Old Swan, which reached me in '32. The somewhat grandiose title was hardly too ambitious for the half-dozen members who, at that time, forgathered to discuss the various sciences which interested them (and to draw on its growing library of nearly 200 magazines); for its ultimate aim was "to facilitate the distribution and use of modern scientific knowledge in all its branches -- truly a worthy and magnificent object for any club !"

It was science first, science-fiction second ; but it was all to the same end, whichever way we tackled it. Meanwhile, Secretary Johnson sent felicitations to the British Science Literary Association, which I would seem to



have inaugurated (without the aid of members or charter) in anticipation of other local organisations making better progress than the Ilford Circle. He also bruited abroad its vague aims in letters to the American magazines, including the new Astounding Stories ; while I, in Wonder Stories, requested "still more enthusiasts to carry on the good work, and spread our message still further afield within the old country." To which an editorial footnote responded: "We see no reason, with the continued splendid work of Mr. Gillings, supported by our popular author, J.M. Walsh, why there should not be a branch of the Association in every hamlet of England."

The "hamlets" where there seemed to be the most promise, apart from Liverpool, were Manchester (where a fan named H.R. Hand was the leading spirit) and Blackpool, where a contact of Johnson's called Jack Fearn was operating. Some of the cuttings I circulated as evidence of the Ilford Circle's leisurely activities brought from this gentleman a brief acknowledgment, formally signed "John Russell Fearn", which congratulated us upon "a very original movement", and gave no hint of the voluminous, avid correspondence we were to exchange in later years.

There were other well-wishers, too, on the other side of the Atlantic, who expressed their fellow feeling in Wonder's letter-columns : among them P. Schuyler Miller, Foreign Director of the Science Correspondence Club, and Pearl Hamilton Elliott, of Long Island, who wrote: "Anything to bring America in closer harmony and goodwill with the rest of the world will be more beneficial than all the churches put together." Yes; those were the days of Isolationism . . .

There were more inquirers from nearer home : from a book-seller at The Hague (who inadvertently knighted me), and from the London suburbs, whence came at least two curious visitors to the Ilford Circle. One of these was a well-remembered Mr. S. Nyman, of Tottenham, who had a habit of descending on my doorstep at Leyton somewhere about midnight, and who tried persistently, but in vain, to stir up interest in his locality. Having gone into recess for the summer in 1931, however, the Ilford Circle failed to reassemble, mainly for lack of enough members interested in more than parlour chit-chat, and partly because we could find no other way of discouraging an elderly lady who had mistaken us for a Spiritualist circle. Thus I was obliged to assume the role of secretary of the Science Literary Association, in preparation for the welding together of the more effective groups I optimistically expected to develop in the provinces.

Besides, I was still full of enthusiasm for my personal campaign which had as its objective the launching of a British s-f magazine; and I was not going to let editors and publishers rest. The result of my article in The Writer, in which I had made much of the Chums development, was precisely nil ; the Editor assured me, in response to my further enquiry, that he had not been overwhelmed by MSS. in emulation of Williamson and Ropp. However, since this seemed to be the most likely opening, I persisted with my proposals, suggesting that the time was particularly opportune since the American magazines were to be denied those British readers who relied upon back issues at remainder prices -- at least, if the newsagents had their way. By the end of '31, so concerned had they become at the "invasion" of U.S. pulps that, according to reports in the trade press, they were going to enlist the support of the Board of Trade in getting them kept out.

But the Editor of Chums was adamant. In reply to my point that few s-f readers could afford to pay 1/6d. for Amazing or Wonder in these hard times,



he conceded that a British magazine would find "some measure of support", but objected that "the great depression in trade at the moment makes it a bad time to start any new ventures of the kind; and the fact that a section of the English public were able to obtain back numbers of American magazines for a few pence does not mean that the same public will pay 1/- for a magazine of a similar character produced in this country."

The Great Depression . . . It was, indeed, depressing. Though not all British publishers were without ideas -- or, rather, the enterprise to emulate American notions. I remember rushing to the defence of Razzle in the letter-columns of World's Press News, which had attacked "this English imitation of . . . Ballyhoo" while it applauded the suggestion that a high duty be placed on American remainders on the ground that they damaged the sales of English magazines and robbed British writers, printers, publishers and paper-makers of their just dues. Nor was I alone in pointing out that there was nothing British publishers could substitute for the s-f magazines which came over among this "Yankee trash", as they called it. At least two other letters appeared in W.P.N. on the same theme, about that time, one of them signed "John Edwards" -- who was about to be added to my list of British writers appearing in Wonder and Amazing and, in due course, in Tales of Wonder.

One item in W.P.N., during the summer of '32, I didn't notice until later, when I was looking through some back issues I hadn't had time to read properly. Nor did I see the interview which, I believe, the Daily Express ran at the time. Had I done so, there would almost certainly have resulted a meeting which might have changed the course of British science-fiction, though whether for better or worse we can only speculate. But I learned, too late, that Hugo Gernsback himself had been in London, "for the specific purpose of finding writing talent to suit his magazines." Had I known it at the time, there is no doubt that I would have waylaid the Master, pleading with him to take me back with him to the Land of Science-Fiction, or at least to appoint me Editor of a British Edition. And it turned out that I wasn't the only one who remained in blissful ignorance of this lost opportunity to commune with the Presence, in spite of his being (according to W.P.N.) "confident that there is a great amount of unexploited talent in this country for the type of story he requires." At least, I have yet to hear of any writer or fan of our fraternity meeting him on that occasion.

"I am told", he was reported to have said, "that many short story writers and freelance journalists are finding things pretty tough over here just now. Well, I can offer them the right prices for my kind of story . . . " Whether they were getting the right prices or not, Herbert, Walsh and Harris were by then already captured; and the only noticeable result of Gernsback's European jaunt was a fresh flood of Continental translations. He, too, found things pretty tough on his own ground, when he got back; by the middle of '33 the Depression had put paid to the Clayton Astounding, suspended both Amazing and Wonder Quarterly, and compelled Wonder to go bi-monthly for the summer before reducing its size altogether. But it was a long time before Uncle Hugo gave up the struggle which resulted from the advent of the new Astounding.

Still, perhaps it was just as well we never met; he might have mistaken me for a potential rival. I had written him again, a few months before his visit, reporting the lack of response to my appeals on behalf of



the Science Literary Association and announcing my intention to start a magazine of my own through which British readers might keep in touch. It was to be a duplicated effort of twelve pages, with the title Science and Vision, for which I solicited contributions from Wonder's authors -- for which they would receive no more than our grateful thanks. But before I took the plunge I wanted to be assured of my circulation, however small. So, taking a leaf out of Uncle Hugo's book, I invited at least a hundred postcards from British correspondents indicating their willingness to subscribe threepence per month, and requested publication of my proposals in Wonder as soon as possible.

I appended the assurance that "you need fear no competition from the journal, which will act as a subsidiary to such American periodicals as your own, and in the interests of the promotion of science-fiction." But my letter never saw print, and Science and Vision remained no more than an unrealised precursor of Scientifiction, which was duly inspired by my first sight of an American fan magazine at least four years later.

( To be continued ).

.....  
NOTE (for the special attention of Dr. David H. Keller):

Although I intend to deal with our relations at a later stage of this story, perhaps I had better reply here and now to the comments of Dr. Keller, who at the age of 74 may be excused a few lapses of memory. Even I, at 43 (this month; not 45 for some time yet!) find that memory plays strange tricks. He writes, however, as though he had completely forgotten our considerable correspondence over the years, and the three payments I made him for the stories from Amazing which I reprinted in Tales of Wonder. If he will look further among his Boxes, he may find several other records -- if they still exist, as mine do -- which should refresh his memory.

My long reply to the letter of Jun3 14th '35, which reached me by way of the old Science Literary Circle venue, went unanswered by the good Doctor; but a further letter of mine, two years later, informing him of the appearance of Tales of Wonder, brought from him a response to my plea for MSS. which resulted in the reprinting of "Stenographers' Hands" in T.o.W. No. 2. He generously asked for "whatever you think it is worth", when it came to payment; and he was duly paid according to the reprint rates which applied to all contributors -- which were hardly impressive at the time, and now look positively ridiculous. The sum of four guineas (about \$ 21.00) was paid by Money Order on April 25th '38, payable at Stroudsburg, Pa.; I still have the counterfoil, and Dr. Keller's letter of May 6th acknowledging safe receipt.

He also sent me two further batches of MSS., including "The Revolt of the Pedestrians", which I found did not suit my purpose, then, so well as "The Eternal Professors", which eventually appeared in T.o.W. No. 4. On Sept. 17th '38 I sent him a cheque for £3.10s. for this; it was paid in to the Stroudsburg Security Trust Co. on Oct. 9th, and I still have it, cancelled. I also have Dr. Keller's letter acknowledging its receipt, and the copy of my reply. I wrote him again on April 8th '39, advising him that I would be reprinting "The Yeast Men" in the Summer issue (No. 7); and on July 1st I sent him a cheque for four guineas for this. I have this cheque too, duly cancelled, having been paid in on July 24th; but I do not seem to have heard from Dr.

(Continued on Page 10)

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OPUS 2021

~

by Harry Warner Jr

I get a guilty feeling, every time that I put something about music into the Fanpress. "What's that got to do with fantasy?" someone is sure to yell. But it occurred to me that a series of articles dealing with the future of serious music could hardly be ineligible for a fan magazine. After all, Astounding doesn't hesitate to publish articles dealing with the future of calculating machines. (At least the magazine didn't hesitate back in the days when I read it.)

So I propose to deal at intervals with various musical ideas of to-day which may mold the compositions of the future. Most fans like music but have surprisingly conservative tastes- they seem to feel that a liking for Debussy is enough to stamp them as liberal-minded listeners. I hope that these articles will show that there isn't much in really modern music that can't be comprehended readily by anyone capable of listening to the Meistersinger overture. I plan to be brief- though you can't get through some matters in a hundred words- and will shun technical terms wherever their non-technical equivalent requires less than a page of space.

The text for the first sermon, then, is the technique of many modern composers which is variously known as 12-note, 12-tone, tonerow, and duo decaphonic music. It is atonal music, supplying a means of a binding melody or consistency of key or adherence to one of the traditional forms.

Fortunately, it's much easier to understand the principles of tonerow music than to remember all its names. The system of tuning that is used for musical instruments in the western world gives exactly one dozen different tones; they may be played by starting at any point on a piano and playing the note produced by any 12 adjoining keys, up or down the keyboard, both black and white. All the other keys on the piano are simply repetitions of these dozen at distances of one or more octaves, and the octave has no real harmonic sense. Until around the start of this century, all serious compositions and popular music were based on scales drawn up by the use of part of these 12 available tones. Sometimes as few as five of the dozen were used, for the pentatonic scale to which many Scottish folksongs are confined; more usually, seven were chosen in some specific alternation of adjacent and skipped tones, producing the familiar major scale, the various forms of the so-called minor scale, and the less frequently used modes like the Lydian and Dorian. Gradually, composers began to theorize about a scale which would include all of the 12 tones; piano students had long practised such a thing, calling it the chromatic scale, but always in a rhythm that put accents on the tones that created a strong effect of one of the traditional scales. In a true 12-tone scale, all of the notes would be of equal importance, thus eliminating (for reasons too technical to be explained here) the sense of key and the classic system of harmonies. Theory was one thing; the tremendous force of habit caused by the influence of tonality over all existing music was another thing. Scriabin spent most of his life working on a specially invented harmonic system, and at the end of it admitted that he had merely been dealing with the chord of the seventh all the time. Schönberg, only 30 years ago, came to the rescue with an artificial way of exorcising the spirit of the scale and the tonic and all the other familiar things, by inventing the tonerow.

The composer who plans to write in this style sets up a tonerow before he writes a note of each new composition. The tonerow is simply some arbitrary arrangement of the 12 available tones, using all of them, without repeating any of them. The composer uses a new tonerow for each composition (I'll leave it to the



math fiends to figure out whether we'll run out of possible tonerows before we reach the Proxima Centauri), and is bound by no restrictions except to make sure that his tonerow does not suggest orthodox tonalities. This tonerow is not printed as such in the score, nor played as a prelude to the composition, no more than a novel is prefaced by a list of characters. The composer has three other tasks before he can start composing. The first is to create a second tonerow, which is an exact reversal of the original. He then inverts both his toherow and its reversal: that is, he retains the same distances in pitch between the tones, but raises the pitch in the inversions where it fell in the original, and vice versa. These four tonerow s provide the material for his composition, just as surely as the themes are the kernels from which an entire closely knit symphony grew in th 19th century.

Now, even the most casual lover of music knows a classic peice or two which is dominated by a single series of notes. Bach's frequently transcribed organ passacaglia is a series of counterpoints against an eight measure phrase which continues inexorably. A melody continues in decorated, altered, or hinted form all through the simpler examples of theme and variation. Liszt built up his symphonic poems, concertos, and other works sometimes by ingenious disguises of a single series of notes, so altered by tricks of rhythm and harmony that the listener can hardly detect the system without referring toa score. Schönberg's tonerow music simply carries this old priciple to its ultima thule: the theme for the entire composition, Schönberg made it serve for the theme and for all the harmony, counterpoint, accompanying figures, and every other note in the score. In a completely strict 12-tone composition, every note in the score could be explained by the tonerow and its three derivations.

Tonerow music has a number of important advantages that might cause it to become a leading force in the compositions of the future. So many theories of contemporary music are restricted to a few types of music- you can't expect a choir to sing a quarter tone scale, for instance, or a violinist to have much fun with tone-clusters. It would be hard to imagine a sonata for unaccompanied flute written with tonerows, but there aren't many such difficulties. Tonerow compositions can be written for the piano and voice, for string quartet, for piano solo, or any other combination. Moreover, the theory( inits basic form) restricts only the element of pitch, ignoring the other three elements of a musical sound- duration, intensity, and tinbre,- which means that you can write marches or fugues or New Orleans jazz with tonerows. The unity which the device automatically imparts to a composition is a big help, at a time when many important composeres have despairingly reverted to lial use of the most hackneyed rondo and sonata forms through sheer inability to think of some better way to avoid incoherency. Finally, it is simple to introduce patched of tonerow music into compositions not wholly created through this discipline, without creating unpleasant contrasts.

The disadvantages centre round the obvious question: does 12-tone music bear the same relation to orthodox music as crossword puzzles do to literature? The genius and the ingenious are often cnfused. The system eliminates once and for all the sudden inspirations on the back of menus, or the composer who hots upon a striking idea while idly imrovising at the piano. The critics of the system point out that even its most ardent advocates are not very consistent in their use of it; it is as difficult to find compositions which maintain tonerow principles throughout as it is to find a symphony movement whose sonata form corresponds precisely to the txtbook rules. Bartok wrote a passage in tonerow which is sometimes cited to prove that he liked the method, but has also been claimed as satirical proof of another shaky claim to merit for the system: while written in strict 12-tone style, the passage in question gives an unmistakable effect of good, old-fashioned tonality, Bartok, the argument runs, proved in this dramatic way that the tonerow doesn't guarrantee atonality, after all. Of course, it is impossible for even the most trained musician to follow by ear the manner in which the tonerows are being used in the course of a composition; repeated hearimgs would reveal to him the structure of the tonerow in use, but each note cannot be accounted for by the ear without the score. Finally, the one fun-



damental objection to many persons consists in the fact that tonerow music is very definitely dissonant on the ear.

There is only one practical way for most music-lovers to hear 12-tone music. That is by the purchase of records. It takes a really good pianist to play 12-tone music, its presence in the concert hall is usually confined to festivals of modern music, and radio stations shun it. Fortunately, the three major practitioners of the school) Schönberg, Berg and Webern) are fairly well represented in the lp catalogues. More than half of the records bearing their music are bearing the labels of small companies, however, and must be ordered from a large dealer. The best path towards acquaintance with the style starts with Berg, proceeds with Schönberg, and finally makes timid acquaintance with the absolutely indescribable technique of Webern. Remember that none of these composers wrote exclusively in 12-tone style. A glance at the notes on the record sleeve will reveal whether any given composition is based on the technique. The works by these composers that you're most apt to find in record stores, Like Berg's Wozzeck and Schönberg's Verklärte Nacht, aren't. Weirdly enough, the 12-tone work which has won some measure of acceptance in the concert hall isn't currently available on records. That's the Berg violin concerto, which was in the Columbia catalogue at a time when you couldn't buy another note of 12-tone music on domestic records. As a starting point for the listener, I'd suggest Berg's Lulu, available in a Columbia recording; or some of the Schönberg string quartets, all six of which were issued by Columbia.

If you want further information about 12-tone music, there is one English-language book devoted entirely to this subject. This is "Schönberg and His School" by Rene Leibowitz, published by the Philosophical Library. Warning; it is written by a fanatical devotee of 12-tone music and for persons who know something about technical matters. The best listener's analysis of a 12-tone composition that is readily available is Mosco Carner's essay on the Berg concerto, in a Pelican volume, "The Concerero" by Ralph Hill. For the opinions of an experienced composer who has never gone all the way into the tonerow camp, there is a good essay by Virgil Thomson in one of his collections of New York Herald-Tribune writings, "Music Left and Right."

Next time: The Stravinsky Way.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Wouldn't it be nice to have a witty interlineation to insert in spaces like this !!  
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#### THE CLAMOROUS DREAMERS (Continued from Page 7)

Keller again until November '47 when he thanked me for noting his forthcoming anthology in FANTASY REVIEW. We corresponded, spasmodically, for some time after that: and I believe I owe him a letter . . .

I trust this clears matters up. I should add, however, that I was every bit of 18 when I introduced my sweetheart to Dr. Kellers writings, and turned 19 when I wrote up "The Yeast Men," having first read it three years before. Ronald Walter Gillings, now approaching 21, was born without the aid of glass bottles; so, too, was Anthony Christopher, now 21½, though we were sorely tempted in the long interval. As for "The Homunculus," I duly received a review copy from Prime Press, and enjoyed it, but Science-Fantasy Review died before I could record my impressions of it. And I never did get around to reprinting "The Revolt of the Pedestrians."

---W.G.



# THE AUSTRALIAN PAPER-BACKS

by KENNETH F. SLATER

Mention of the name of Vol Molesworth is unavoidable in any survey of post-1946 Australian science fiction publications, and if his name should appear to crop up in this article with some frequency, it is not because of "hero-worship", or in any attempt to attempt to make my peace with him, but purely because he deserves mention at those points where he is mentioned,

With those introductory remarks, for the benefit if folks who might otherwise write me rude letters and for the benefit of those other folk who can now write ditto ditto, I can now move onto the real substance, and go back perhaps a little further than '46.

Like Britain, Australia came under a financial ban on the importation of American magazines in late '39. Such material did not help the war effort. Even the ballast space in shipping could be put to better use than the conveyance of American "pulp" returns, those which used to retail at 3d and 6d a few months after publication date. Still, in Britain we did have ASF and UNKNOWN reprinted to keep us going - the Australian reprints were even more scarce than ours, and less frequent.

So, perhaps, Australian s-f was born. One could hardly say the young growth was a thriving infant prodigy. The first item I can trace was THE LIVING DEAD, by J.W. Heming, published by Currawong pub. Co. in mid-'40, and it was followed by SUBTERRANEAN CITY by the same author a few months later. Both were 80 page items, 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ " x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", and were offered to a not unwilling public at 6d each. Later came OTHER WORLDS and KING OF THE UNDERSEAS, both by Mr. Heming; then TIME MARCHES OFF, attributed to Paul de Wreder. Mr. Wreder and Australia's stand by, J.W. Heming, were synonymous.... or so I have it on good authority. This series tapered off in 1943 with FROM EARTH TO MARS. only 64pp and with the price upped to 9d.

About 1941 (the book bears that date) a somewhat fantastic political skit titled FROLICS IN POLITICS, by John McLeod, was published. This could be considered a border-line item, I suppose, in the fantasy class rather than science-fiction. Currawong again, 190pp, at 1/3. Then appeared the rather well-known novel by Dominic Healy, VOYAGE TO VENUS; cardboard covered, some 165 pages selling at 2/9. Currawong, naturally.

With these few scanty items, and a few BRE's, Swan material, Australia appears to have covered the years from 1940 to 1946. One could hardly consider the country to be flowing with the milk of MacDonald and the honey of Heinlein.....

The year 1946 saw Vol Molesworth - who had been making some stout efforts to maintain a supply line of s-f from overseas - working on his production. Published by the Transport Publishing Co., for Radio Record, appeared the Captain Lon Winters series. I can only trace three titles: THE STRATOSPHERE PATROL, SPACEWARD HO, and THE THREE ROCKETEERS. All authored by Molesworth. These were no larger in size than the preceding Currawong items, and had only red and black covers. Price was 6d, and the pages numbered 48 or 50. About the same time Transport introduced their "Scientific Thriller" series, the majority of which were more "thriller" than "scientific", and a fair sample was brought to England when WORLD FANTASY CLASSICS (Sydney Pemberton) published Belli Luigi's THE METAL MONSTER and THE MASTER MIND MENACE. The Australian publisher had a fairer idea of the value, however, as down under the booklet cost but 8d, Australian, whilst in Britain, text widely spaced to fill 123 pages, they sold at 1/6. There have been many, many titled in the series, more numerous than they are memorable: a listing of a few names will suffice to give you the idea. WHISTLE OF



DOOM, X-RAY MENACE, DEATH IS A HABIT, BLACKMARKET BRAINS, HYPNOTIC DEATH. These varied from 35pp up to 50 pp, and were originally priced at 6d each, the later issues being upped to 8d.

The Whitman Press of Sydney entered the field in 1949 with a reprint of Eando Binder's THE THREE ETERNALS, and followed this with WHERE ETERNITY ENDS, Binder; PARASITE PLANET, Stanley G. Weinbaum, ADAM LINK IN THE PAST, Binder; ROAR OF THE ROCKET, Oscar J. Friend; and THE MOLECULE MONSTERS, Friend. The first three cost 6d each, and later titles were on sale at 8d. Pages varied from 32 to 48 in number, and with the appearance of the Malian Press reprints from more modern American magazines, this series appears to have ceased.

In 1950 both the Futurian Press and ASSOCIATED GENERAL PUBLICATIONS entered the field, the latter with the magazine THRILLS INCORPORATED which, as it lasted longer and produced most, I'll deal with second.

Futurian Press was inspired by Vol Molesworth, and was set up with the intention of producing limited editions of collector's items. The first publication was, in my opinion, an unhappy choice. Dated November 1950 it was titled on the cover "A CHECKLIST OF AUSTRALIAN FANTASY", and was compiled by S. L. Larnach. Inside the title reads; "Materials towards a Checklist of Australian Fantasy (to 1937)". This listed some 89 titles with remarks varying from a curt entry of a title and a date, to an eight page entry giving a short resume of the story subject. As at least 38 of the titles listed were published in London (according to information given in the booklet itself) and in no case was such essential information as the number of pages, whether boards or paper, and similar details, given, the publication falls far short of what one would hope. A scathing review of this work, published in my own journal, resulted in the severance of my five-year-old pen-friendship with Molesworth. For the benefit of any reader who may attempt a similar work in future, let me say that a visit to a friendly bookseller or librarian with a request that you may borrow his Whittaker's and similar reference catalogues will enable you to fill in almost all the missing data. I know one bookseller who has both the American and the British catalogues going back as far as the mid-1800's. A record of the last century's publications - although naturally the earlier "Five Year" compilations are not so accurate as the later issues. "Comprehensive" might be a better word than "accurate", at that.

However, to return to FUTURIAN PRESS. The Checklist was followed in March 1951 with "Blinded They Fly", by Molesworth himself, and a far better item it was; a short fiction piece based on Lovecraft's "Elder Gods" mythos. Then in November, 1951, came "Zero Equals Nothing" by Graham B. Stone & Royce Williams, a science-fictional account of events preceeding a take-off, extremely well done. Then, in April 1952 appeared "Let There Be Monsters". another fantasy by Molesworth. Following the publication of this the Futurian Press suspended operations, and has not subsequently resumed. As stated, these were all limited editions, and in order of mention were limited to 100, 200, 140, and 110 copies. It is a pity that they were so limited, and that the price was so high, for a wider circulation at a lower price might have established the Futurian Press as a permanent feature of the s-f field.

THRILLS INCORPORATED was originally issued from Assoc. General Publications, of Sydney, at a price of 9d. The first five issues had fifty pages each, sized 7"x 9 1/4"; Nos. 7 to 10, at 1/-, had a not insignificant increase in page size to 7 5/8"x 10 1/4". and Nos. 11 & 12 were 7 3/4"x 10 3/8", still 1/-. still 50 pp. No. 13 was issued by Transport Publishing Company, of Sydney, reduced in price to 8d, in page number to 34, and in size right down to 5 3/8" x 7 3/4". This price and size was retained until the final issue, No 23, which appeared in June 1952. The first issue was made in April 1950. The standard of contents was averagely low. Many stories were obvious plagiarisms - although "parodies" would be a kinder word to use to describe their relation to the originals - of yarns which had appeared in British or American magazines, and this was pointed out to the publishers in no uncertain fashion on several occasions. I am under the impression that the position improved under the Transport Publishing Company, but one can appreciate that it is sometimes difficult for an editor



the toys, patent foods, candies and gadgets that he saw every night on the TV screen, held up in the hands of his pseudo-Western heroes.

Any fan who followed the calculating tactics of this mammoth advertising campaign might be excused from looking on "Gravy Planet" and similar fantasies as straight fiction. Jungk leaves one to imagine the backstage intrigue that lead to the overthrow of Hoppy's faction by a rival group of advertisers, who in their turn, sponsored Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, but the takeover of Johnnie's allegiance is shown in all its swift, and psychologically devastating completeness.

A month after the first visit, he saw Johnnie again. This time he was eating a different selection of branded foods; the kitchen had become The Space Rocket, and his clothes were those of a Space Cadet. In between meals he chewed Anti-gravitational candies, and at nights he greeted his father with a space-pistol, shouting "Hands pu!". which is, of course, the way they say it in Martian.

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*"BEFORE OBLIVION" in which Eric Hopkins  
turns on his tormentors for the last time*

It is a sad and curious fact that correspondence columns, which are supposed of airing and correcting opinion, almost invariably perpetuate misunderstanding. An outstanding example of this was the correspondence in the 'Daily Telegraph' on the subject of backward readers, a miserable melange of pomposity, misinformation and genuine ignorance. Let us hope, Sir, that your melanges are never miserable; but the letters in No.2 make it clear that we are not going to escape misunderstanding. If I attempt to rebut all the points made against me, this peroration will be both tedious and futile since it will only create more misunderstanding (I see this as a first principle of letter writing), but there are some points I should like to make at the risk of boring you.

1. Both Mr Thompson and I seem to have been kidded, Sir, into supposing that the other was grimly serious. Your duplicity has been doubly successful, since neither of us was writing out of passion. I can't think how Julian Parr would blush at this revelation as he seems to have been fooled by everyone. He is not alone in this, for Mr Thompson's "Having Fun" is, I am bound to say, too rude a document to have been written entirely in fun, and I am easily persuaded that he has taken me and CSY very seriously indeed. Now I do not object to being taken seriously, but surely it is axiomatic that, in civilised discourse, a serious discussion is marked by reasonable argument and not uncouth epithets. Even in philosophical discussion, which is ruthlessly rigorous, care is always taken to observe the conventions and avoid personal insult to your opponents. Therefore I strongly object to Mr Thompson's sentence "What a stupid remark!" in respect of one of my statements. This is quite unreasonable. Not only is his epithet 'stupid' outside the bounds of reasonable discourse, but his proposition is plainly false, and this adds injury to insult. It is not 'stupid' but entirely correct to say that some rubbish is more rubbishy than other rubbish. Rubbish is a categorical, not a quantitative word, and, like other categorical words of quality, admits of grading. Of course rubbish can be graded. Rag and bone merchants do it every day.



of energy supply as a control factor in cell division, and concludes that, while the nature of the store of energy is still problematical, there are reasons for thinking that it must be a chemical. It does not, by the way, appear to be oxygen, which rules out the idea that the energy of our fungus comes from the air of the cave, or from any air entrained in the water.

Suppose then that the energy source is a chemical, and that this humble fungus, living in perpetual darkness, is found to have the ability to draw energy direct from non-organic sources, or even indirectly, through a bacterium. This will then be the first known closed-cycle ecology, completely independent of light and humus, the so-called essentials of organic life, things that even deep-sea fish cannot do without. Their ecology depends ultimately on plankton debris, and plankton needs light.

Suppose again a few years biological work, resulting in breeding-up the elements of this cycle for size and taste, until they are fit for human consumption. All you future spacemen will then have a meat supply, in place of the unending algal mess of Chlorella, which has been the only spaceship crop in sight so far. And jolly good luck.

Your stomach is revolted at the thought of eating bugs? Don't worry. Nephargus should be tasty enough fried with mushrooms. I for one could eat a plateful right now. Its common name is the freshwater shrimp.

-----oOo-----

"Oh, shrimp-boats is a-comin'; there's frying tonight"..... Old Spaceman's Song

-----oOo-----

And, last week again, I happened to meet Alan Barclay, some of whose stories you may have read in "New Worlds". He tells an amusing tale against himself, concerning a visit to Norway this year.

As you may imagine from his stories, he goes to quite a lot of pains to get the details right, and so, before going abroad, he spent eighteen months learning the language from books, from gramophone records, and from a Norwegian friend. He even attended the meetings of a local Scandinavian group, which took courage of no mean order, because when Norwegians whoop it up, the floor really shakes. You realise, he says, what the Anglo-Saxons went through with the Vikings.

Anyway, when he got to Norway, he began to air his Norse. But to his dismay, the only response, wherever he went, was a cold, disgusted look. He thumbed through the manual again. More dirty looks. So he made a few enquiries, and at once, the natives were all smiles. It seems that everyone had concluded that the only man who would be capable of speaking their own language so fluently and so badly would be a German who had been in Norway during the Occupation. Hence the disapproval.

After that, he took care to state very clearly, "I am an Englishman," and there was no more trouble.

He is, as it happens, a Scot.

-----oOo-----

When Robert Jungk, the Swiss author of "Tomorrow is Already Here" (Rupert Hart-Davis, 1954) visited friends in Boston, Mass., he found the family gripped in the velvet glove of TV-watching to an extent that non-Americans may find remarkable. Johnnie, aged 8, ate apart from his parents, who, to get him to eat at all, had been obliged to give him his meals on a folding table in the next room, with the TV churning through Western serials. Each evening, he ran to meet his father, waving a revolver, and shouting "Hands up!", in approved cowboy fashion. He dressed in the sort of clothes that Hoppy recommended, ate only the cereal that Hoppy ate, and saw to it that his mother bought him only



The night of the visit I shall describe was one of November's wettest and darkest, and a greater contrast to the sunshine of Convention-time could hardly be imagined. But all to the good. There was less chance of being recognised on the streets. The foyer had altered little since the day when gay, insouciant, reckless young Phoenix had swaggered through it, except that there are machine-gun embrasures now. I handed my hat and coat to the attendant who, still limping a little from the Battle of Room 123, unlocked a watertight bulkhead and put them away. Inside, I was just able to see, among a number of trilbies, bowlers and pork-pie hats, a dusty, battered old beanie, on which was a label : "To be Called For". From it ran a wire to a small black canister.

The Grosvenor caters for all sorts of functions, which inclines one to say that they deserved all they got last June. This evening there was a Lingua-phone demonstration in one hall, and an Engineers' Hot-Pot Supper in another. It was the latter event which was to provide my front for the evening. Would my disguise hold ? Now was the critical time.

I gazed squarely at the porter, and asked him to show me to the supper-room. Did I imagine a look of recognition in his good eye as he ran a water-divining twig over my pockets ? Was he signalling to the two hard-faced men lounging behind the potted palms ? Hastily I flipped the cursor back and forth on my slide-rule, and cracked a joke about concrete. His face relaxed. "Come this way," he said, "sir." I was in.

He ushered me up the stairs and into the very room which had been rented to the Supermancon, until the manager saw posters being tacked on to the walls and shunted everyone downstairs where no damage could be done, I said no damage could be done. The room was full of fine outdoor engineering types, talking quietly around well-set tables, drinking a little sherry, exchanging notes on the design of rigid-frame structures, all nice and normal. I sat down in my place. How pleasant to be among ordinary people and talk about ordinary things! Fandom was never like this.

Then I stiffened; I looked sideways at my neighbour. He stiffened too. An engineer passed an oilcan. I knew that face. He knew this face. "Hi," he muttered out of the side of his mouth, "Heard from Walt lately ?"

The waiters closed in.

-----oOo-----

Last Saturday, during the Cave Research Group's AGM at Sheffield University, their President, Brigadier Glennie, was telling me about a remarkable piece of research by the Biological Section. Don't go away, space-fans. You're in on this.

It seems they have been recording the various forms of animal and vegetable life found in caves; not so much those that live near the entrances where there is a certain amount of light and soil, but those living in the true subterranean habitat, in the depths.

In a certain South Wales cave, they found a small water-dwelling creature called Nephargus, which depended for its food on an even smaller animal known as Azellus, the common cave-louse. Azellus, in turn, lives on a fungus which grows in shallow pools, anchored to the rock, with its caps floating on the surface.

The question is, what provides energy for the fungus to live ? Is there another link in the chain, possible a bacterium, or does the fungus live direct from the chemicals around it ? If the latter is the case, an article by Dr. M. Swann, Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh University in the "Times" Science Review for Winter, 1954, is relevant. He discusses this whole problem



to recognise a plagiarism - especially when the story was not originally published in his own country.

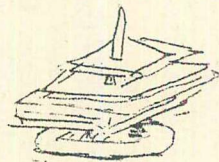
In late 1952 the Malian Press introduced the paperback which is now Australia's prime publication. Now definitely titled and recognised as the "American Science Fiction Series", the editor who selects the stories for reprinting has quite definitely an appreciation of what is good s-f. The first title issued, if my records are correct, was RED DEATH OF MARS, by Robert Moore Williams, and that was followed by CONQUEST OF THE STARS, Murray Leinster, and Heinlein's THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON. The three latest to reach me are C.L. Moore's THERE SHALL BE DARKNESS (from Astounding, '42 Feb.); MEN AGAINST THE STARS, by Vance, and DARK INTERLUDE by Reynolds and Brown; and Murray Leinster's THE LONELY PLANET (with Walter Kubiak's Go to the Ant). Priced at 9d, with 34 pages (average) and printed in something smaller than 5 point type (the smallest noted on my rule) these titles offer the Australian some of the best stories at a very reasonable price. If Mike the Editor doesn't mind me adding a squib in here, I can supply these to anyone who wants them, in UK or US.

Then, more recently, appeared FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION, and POPULAR SCIENCE FICTION - two issues of each so far, priced at 1/3 a copy. 68 pages including the covers, and the first issue of POPULAR contained ASSIGNMENT ON PAIK by Murray Leinster (TWS '49 Feb), with two shorter, more recent items. The cover I recognise, but can't quite place, it is from an old TWS, I am certain. However, the second issue of Future is easy - the cover comes from Startling Stories '52 November. However, the stories are THE FACELESS MEN, by Arthur Leo Zagat (TWS '48 April), THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE, William Morrison, and FORBIDDEN VOYAGE by Rene La Fayette. No obvious connection... The second issue of POPULAR saw the introduction of a fan column, edited by Vol Molesworth, who gave a very fair summary of the position of Australian fandom - at least, from this long range I think so, although I gather local opinions differed. It is too early to say whether these magazines are finished; certainly issue seems somewhat overdue but that depends on local conditions, and the publishers, the Blue Diamond Pub. Co., may wisely be withholding publication until all previous issues are sold out.

Very lately, I have word of a new magazine. Copies of this have not yet reached me, and so I will let my informant, Ian J. Crozier, tell you about it. I quote; 'Sighted ORBIT, and you've never seen such a botch of a job in your life. You know the US ORBIT? Well, it's a copy of that, but printed on second grade lavatory paper in pulp size, 64 pages STUCK together.....'

And then, more recently - in fact, in August, I hear word that there will be an Australian reprint of the Mag of F&SF, which brings us right up to date.

*"SOMETHING AND NOTHING"*  
*reported by "Phoenix"*



Friends, have you ever wondered what happens at an hotel after a Convention? Have you ever thought, as you gaily draw a bead on the receptionist, how the management feels the next day, or next week, after the tide's gone out? What's the place like after it has gone through today's most shattering experience, that of being a Con-site?

Come with your fireproof reporter through those swingdoors, now back on their hinges; wander with me through the bars whose pitted counters once swam with the beer of Elder Fans, or through Convention Halls still faintly reeking of "Things to Come" .... in short, take a trip to the Grosvenor Hotel, site of the Supermancon, some six months on.



The other quibble with Mr Thompson concerns the use of 'calibre'. He suggests that his phrase could read "stories of a more interesting and imaginative degree of excellence/importance." He seems to have missed the point, for just as we cannot say that a 'calibre' is 'more interesting and imaginative', we cannot say that a 'degree' is, and for the same reason. 'Calibre' and 'degree' are terms of dimension, and dimensions cannot be 'more interesting and imaginative'. The term 'stature' has the same logical status: now let us say "Jane Austen writes stories of a more interesting and imaginative stature than Maria Edgeworth". Surely this is not correct? yet it is precisely analogous to Mr. Thompson's formulation. I suggest that we could say: "Austen's stories are more interesting and imaginative than Edgeworth's to a degree etc"., where the adjectives are not applied to 'degree'. I agree with Mr Thompson that we can understand what he means, but the onus remains upon him to say what he means.

2. Bill Temple (I'm delighted!). Yes, I hit wildly in all directions; and No, "Silver Locusts" is not a novel. All the same, where do you place (i) "Lord, I was Afraid", (ii) "For Whom the Bell Tolls", (iii) "The Fellowship of the Ring", (iv) "Ulysses" and (v) "Magister Ludi" ?

You say that "shrewd, opportunist, merciless, calculating, amoral and unsympathetic" are not human qualities. Whose qualities are they, then? I think you mean that they are not 'warmly human' or 'sympathetic' qualities. True, but nevertheless they are qualities we find in, and have derived from, human beings, and we must face the fact that in times of great disaster such qualities may be at a premium for survival. So Tucker's hero, unsavoury character that he is, survives, and how he does it is a matter of interest whether he dies in the end or not.

3. My old pal Sambo. Since Sam is one of the most intelligent people I know, I measure the success of my 'article' by his intervention. And that is no idle compliment to him, I think, for I have to struggle continually with the cream of the country's philosophers and psychologists, to say nothing of cosmologists (a particularly brilliant crew). The puzzle is that he can take me so seriously when, as he says, he knows very well that I know that "Silver Locusts" is not a 'novel', and - although he doesn't say this - he knows very well that I greatly enjoyed "Gravy Planet" (one of his 'better than Bradbury' books) because he lent it to me. So I am mildly surprised that he did not see through my frivolity. I have been very naughty.

I have nothing to say of Sam's literary criticism except that I find it most agreeable. The comparison of Bradbury with Chekhov is admirable, for Bradbury is a writer of situation rather than character or narrative. In this he is very much like Hemingway, and most unlike Wells.

On two different points I should like to meet Sam, and these concern his supposition that he knows why I prefer Bradbury to Wyndham, and why I do not sample my s.f. books at random. Sam has always been a man of powerful complexes: the fact that he has periodically replaced one complex by another makes this observation not less true but more obvious. And since he has a power of rationalisation which I envy, it is all the more difficult to persuade him that a belief is, or may be, false. The tenacity of his conceived beliefs comes out clearly in his letter. Note for instance his contempt for modern philosophy. It would be interesting to know just how much philosophy, ancient or modern, Sam has studied, and what he conceives the aims of philosophy to be. Perhaps Sam would oblige. In the meantime, look at his beliefs about me:



- a) I have no firm literary standards.
- b) My besetting sin is a preoccupation with 'significance'.
- c) I choose the years 'best novels' to give myself culture.
- d) I do not read for entertainment.

A nice collection of prejudices! which Sam acquired some years ago. I'll content myself with some disjointed comments.

a) My literary standards may be different to Sam's, but this peculiar fact does not make them unsteady (nor would I criticize Sam's because his are different. Neither of us is content with comic strips).

b) If I understand what Sam means by 'significance', then I don't find it in Bradbury. Indeed, it was Sam who pointed out to me that 'Silver Locusts' is probably founded upon a mythos of guilt and nostalgia which refers back to the American destruction of Red Indian Stone Age culture. (Hence the relative gaiety and optimism of English fantasy, e.g. Wyndham?) This is a shrewd comment I think, but one which I could not have made since I read Bradbury for entertainment. But this is a silly remark of mine (and this is where Sam is superficial too) because 'entertainment' is an empty concept which we fill in according to the demands which we make upon the world. We get our entertainment whether we demand a vicarious titillation of our sexual instincts or a subtle and complicated interplay of thought and feelings. For instance, some people are entertained by 'Red Star', others by Plato's 'Republic'. There is some sort of difference between the two, but this is not to be marked by saying that one is entertaining and the other is not. I should have thought part of the taste of literary criticism was to see in what ways both are entertaining, and why the same person is not likely to find both entertaining. In short, literary criticism might discover the significance of each form of literature for its readers. I doubt very much if there is anyone who voluntarily reads anything that has no significance for him. Let's be portentous and say there is no entertainment in literature which has no significance for the reader. I mean by 'having significance', 'having some sort of meaning' for the reader. I know that when Sam accuses me of reading 'for significance' rather than 'for entertainment', he does not simply intend to say that the novel has some sort of meaning for me. What, then, does he wish to say? He wishes to say that I do not know how to read a novel, because, for Sam, 'significance' is just another pejorative word.

c) It seems that I give myself 'the holiday taste of gaining a cultured outlook', because I sample the year's S.F. novels 'not at random'. This would make me look very stupid if it were not false. In general, it is obvious that hardly anyone or no-one chooses his novels at random; we all succumb to various influences upon our reading habits - advertising, the recommendations of friends, personal interests and sentiments - and what we read probably becomes less and less random in choice as we grow older. In particular, I cannot read all the S.F. novels that are published each year so - like other normal people - I read those which, I am told, are worth reading. Camell tells me, the newspapers tell me, Sam tells me, and I succumb to these sirens. Of course, I could draw up a truly random list of the year's novels and carefully choose five or six, using a table of random numbers. This is what 'choosing at random' means. But in this way I might very well have missed, for instance, 'Gravy Planet'. I did not miss it because Sam recommended it and I think that he usually knows what he is talking about. This is what I mean by 'not choosing at random'. And if these considerations give my game away - as Sam avers - I have the satisfaction of



knowing that everyone is playing the same game. Perhaps Sam would say (but of course he would not) that we are all foolish in the way we choose our reading matter. Or perhaps he would ask himself whether he chose at random to read the Minor Works of Jane Austen. Why did he buy the gramophone records he has bought? Why did he marry the girl he did marry? the answer seems easy enough: he could not buy all records, he could not marry all girls. So he chose - but not at random.

It is difficult to make my final point without appearing to be -as Sam would say - portentous. I am no Cassandra, neither do I see myself as an aged eagle stretching my wings. What follows is not advice but comment.

I think that in reading and commenting upon what someone has written in Futurian we should try to understand what he has written and not speculate upon the motive which has led him to say what he has said. Speculation upon a writer's psychology is possibly impertinent and almost certainly fallacious. I have been guilty of this sin in the past and never recall it without embarrassment. Of course, conversation among friends about a mutual friend's psychology is fascinating and often harmless, but if a contributor's arguments in a journal must be met by someone then let that someone meet the arguments and not the contributor's psychology. Both Julian Parr and Sam try the psychology gambit on me. But how can they know why I believe what I do believe, if they disregard the reasons I give and take a straight dive into my psychopathology? Who is qualified to do this to whom? Neither Sam nor Julian Parr is qualified to psycho-analyse me and in making the attempt they have only involved themselves in false premisses and irrelevant arguments. Phrases such as ".... which gives me the idea that he....." "I think I know why Eric believes it." "Eric gives the game away when he talks....." are simply forms of the old logical fallacy, argumentum ad hominem, and they make no contribution to the discussion. Without exception, Parr's and Sam's beliefs about me are false, and this is just what we should expect. I haven't the faintest idea why you publish Futurian, and if I had I shouldn't use my belief as an argument against your publishing it (unless it were factual belief, such as swindling the public) So- it seems to me - we should avoid the dangerous temptation to construct the psychological motives of a commenting writer, and am only at destroying his arguments by better arguments. I think it would be best to leave the psychotherapy to those who work in the psychiatric wards of our hospitals.

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## INWARD TIME and the AMERICANS



by E. R. JAMES



A fundamental fact, observed by people wiser than I, is that as we age we have the impression that time appears to speed up. Days seem to shorten, weeks race by instead of seeming longish periods, and the years gather momentum --- in just the same way as an accelerating rocket, driven by past explosions as much as present thrust, moves through the other dimension of space.

This effect is known as inner time. It is, if you consider it from a



theoretical viewpoint, an extension of relativity. For the very young, who have only experienced days, time must be measured by days. Later it will be measured in months. Then, as the years roll by, we consider our doings relative to a continually lengthening period.

Now this may seem commonplace, but; recently an extension of this effect was suggested to me by a guest editorial in Science-Fantasy, and would like to offer it to you for what it is worth.

In the editorial, Alfred Bester, USA author of The Demolished Man, stated that, in his opinion, the difference between American stories and British stories reflected the difference between the two cultures. USA stories, although adult in approach, are juvenile in energy; British stories, reflecting the older culture, are slower paced, usually showing their development through character instead of rapid physical action.

He suggests, in other words, that British stories, like their writers have greater feeling of the pressure of history. And, from this, we may further deduce that an older culture, like the older individual, has a different feeling of inward time.

This extension of the theory seems to me to open very interesting possibilities if carried to still greater stages.

By extrapolation, let us consider two cultures, both Earthly in origin meeting over interstellar distances.

One which has been in existence much longer than the other so that it is enriched (or weighted down) by millenia of history, might find a young community so vigorous and rapid-paced as to be frightening.

Mankind, spreading through the Galaxy--as we of Science-Fiction turns of mind hope and believe it will---will certainly find itself moving apart in the dimension of inward time just as it does in space. The vigour of new cultures, unhampered by much feeling of the past-- and so urged on by a greater pressure of inward time--- must inevitably rush them away from the old.

And yet, the old stock, I like to think, ought still to have something to offer the new. As we age individually, our sense of awareness grows. Confidence-----whether mistaken or not----is nurtured by past successes, even perhaps by a knowledge of past failures. The older race, whether separated by water or the void between stars, may make discoveries overlooked in the hustle of the younger. But this is by way of an aside from the argument I am trying to present.

Coming back to my original thoughts, I noted that Mr Bester suggested that the USA and Great Britain are growing apart. On this theoretical basis of inward time, however, it would seem that this may not be so.

No analogy is perfect, but consider the individual case of two boys, one aged 5 years and the other 15. The difference in their size is not so remarkable, perhaps, as the difference in their minds. Both are immature, but what a gulf of inward time separates them. One is three times as old as the other. No teacher would expect the younger to sit still for so long a period as the more settled older boy.



35 Years later, however, one of the same boys will be 40 and the other 50. Only ten years still separate them but, while one was three times the age of the other, now that same one is only  $1\frac{1}{4}$  times as old. In terms of age, and consequently in terms of inward time, they have grown more alike instead of more different.

Life is like that. And I, for one, hope that this theory may indeed turn out to be true of our two different, but insome ways complementary, countries in particular, even of the world as a whole. Let us look forward to uniting on this shrinking globe, so that, as mankind does conquer the breathtaking distances of space, those of our descendants who remain behind, may be united to meet the challenge of vigorous new outposts of men to whom the days seem longer because the experience of their culture is so much shorter.

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BOOK REVIEW.

Author: Eleanor Farjeon.

Type : Fantasy (Humorous)

Title: ARIADNE AND THE BULL.

Published by: Michael Joseph Ltd.,  
26 Bloomsbury Street,  
London W.C.1.

Date: 1945.

Reviewed by: Joan W. Carr.

This book is produced under the war economy standards with 90,000 words crammed into 208 small-sized pages. The publishers say so in a note- and I for one will take their word for it. It is basically the story of the Athenian hero Theseus and the Minotaur, retold in modern idiom and with a number of alterations. Theseus journeys from Athens to Crete as one of the seven men and seven maids who are sacrificed each year to the Minotaur. Secretly he is determined to conquer the beast as a Hero should. Arriving in Crete he is wine and dined by King Minos and his daughters Phaedra and Ariadne. (White Lady, Dry Martini, Passion Fruit. The footman is Bacchus, God of Wine, who is more than interested in Phaedra- a very modern young miss) The party leads to a midnight bathe and Ariadne gives Theseus a sword and a ball of golden thread so that he will not get lost in the Maze that holds the minotaur. He enters the maze there and then followed by the other thirteen sacrifices and, at a distance, by Hippolyta queen of the Amazons who also wants to slay the dreadful monster. The Minotaur however, is a harmless monster who likes to warble Negro spirituals and doesn't like fighting. Theseus finally provokes him to do battle (with the other Athenians betting on the Minotaur), but at this stage Hippolyta joins the circus. A fight developes between Hippolyta and Theseus over who should slay the monster, and just as the Amazon is being counted out, King Minos is heard approaching. In panic, the king's butler reveals a secret way out of the maze that leads to the sea-shore and everyone departs. Everyone that is except for the Minotaur who had



been forgotten, and Daedalus the inventor of the Maze and his son Icarus who had been working all the while in the Bull-house on some mysterious project. The king arrives in time to see them fly away in a huge bird-like contraption. The Athenians, together with the daughters of King Minos and the Amazons, set sail for Athens but they are wrecked on the island of Naxos. (petty squabbling among the Gods) There the revellries are resumed with the help of Bacchus and Cupid. Then the Minotaur appears again having parachuted from Daedalus' flying machine. Daedalus follows but Icarus doesn't make it- he forgets to fasten the buckles. The survivors of the shipwreck are in need of a sacrifice to Jupiter and they decide that the Minotaur's appearance is most appropriate. King Minos however also appears, in pursuit of his daughters, and the book ends in a trial scene that is superior to anything produced by Thorne Smith. The Minotaur is set free and all ends well. It is hard to give a complete resume of this book because there are so many things happening. The whole story makes delightful reading and the modern phraseology and the anachronisms make it all the more delicious. ("Turkish or Egyptian?" asked the tactful footman. He offered her a choice of cigarettes). Strongly recommended to those who love fantasy- especially the Thorne Smith type.

# AFRAID

by Don Wilson

"Who shall declare the dark theme to be a positive handicap?" wrote H.P. Lovecraft. The radiant cup of the Ptolemies, continues this master of the weird and horrible, was carved of onyx.

And since mankind's beginning, the dark theme has been a part of his literature and legend. Rationalism and sophistication be as they may, somewhere in the back of every human being's mind there lurks a little of primitive terror and awe of the strange and unknown. And in the very fundamental quality of this fear lies the closeness of appeal to the sensitive individual in a sympathetically written weird tale. Who among us cannot shiver a little around a campfire as the old northwoodsman tells the legend of the Wendigo? Which of us can lie awake alone in the desert at night and listen with completely calm nerves to the coyote's howl?

In the most primitive of societies arise awful legends and tales. The bushmen of Australia and the jungle natives of Africa and Asia have strange tribal demons, Old Men and evil spirits, wizards of the air and taboos of the forest. The Anglo-Saxons wrote of Grendel, the monster of the swamp who devoured brave warriors as they slept; and today's Tibetans tell of the Abominable Snow-Man, whom travellers sometimes meet when they are lost in the Himalayas.

The wide variance of types of monsters and Nemesis that men throughout the world have conjured up over the years are all fundamentally the same. The types differ; but, says Charles Lamb, "the archtypes are in us, and eternal. They date beyond body, or, without body, they would have been the same....."



The wise writer of horror stories will make use of this human trait of fear in the presence of the strange, the half-understood. Things happen--- that seem to happen--- that no sane man could believe. Legends and events tie into a superstitious framework of half-knowledge, half-fear---a perfect background for a tale intended to frighten.

Lovecraft himself made abundant use of the technique of tying horror to reality and to legend, creating a web of myth and awe that was sometimes cosmic in scope. The simplest events became monstrous in his adept hands. His characters moved, dreading and frightened, through a world which had no more than a surface existence while lurking beneath was the real world, one of horror and madness.

The basic tenet of Lovecraft's story-cycle (he wrote something like fifty stories, all tied into the same background) was that before mankind came to be, this earth was the abode of other entities which are basically inimical to everything we hold to be normal and good. Some time in the dim eons of the past these entities were expelled; but they live on somewhere outside, ready to take possession again when the stars are right and when their cults of human followers grow powerful enough to aid them.

And the pattern of his greater stories is the same. A chain of events, each one normal in itself, leads someone through tangled hints of horrors to a monstrous climatic revelation. This revelation ties into the basic myth-pattern in which deities, horrible cults, cities of incredible age, monstrous rites performed around circles of stone on hilltops, and weird old books filled with unguessable secrets abound. All are fitted together into a structure complex enough to be an actual mythology of an actual people.

The Necronomicon, written by the mad Arab, Abdul Alhazred, in the eighth century, is an unhallowed tome filled with the secrets of all the evil wizardry of the ages. Leng is a high, stony plateau in central Asia, never seen but from afar and dreaded by natives and travellers, inhabited by a race which lives in little huts, dances round feeble fires at night to the tinkling of bells, and which somehow is not quite human. Y'Ha-nthlei is a submerged world off the Massachusetts coast, in which live a race of amphibians somehow responsible for a terrible plague in 1846. Sacrifices are made to Nyarlathept, the mad faceless god, who howls forever in primal darkness to the accompaniment of two amorphous idiot flute players. Caravans shun Irem, the city of the thousand pillars, hidden in the sands of Arabia far from civilization. All space and time are haunted by beings of terror, and the earth, with man's civilization, is a tiny island, virtually undefended.

Lovecraft's stories have the advantage of being beautifully written and perfectly developed, step by step toward the final soul-shattering climax. They are perfect for reading alone in an ancient, creaking house far from town on a rainy, thunder-blasted night. They are filled with things that man dreads most, rendered all the more terrifying because they happen close to home in familiar terror and to familiar people.

And the fact that these stories are so fundamental in the way they evoke terror brings us back to man's fears of the unknown, the dark and the strange.



In the age of science, of stone and steel and machinery, it is easy to be complacent and to ignore the appeal of tales and legends that have come down with man since time immemorial. But sometimes we get away from the safety of crowds and clustered buildings, away from the hustle and bustle of the modern.

When we are alone, far from the track of man, when things we cannot see howl in the distance and then a little closer, when strange beasts slink by on padded feet, when the wind sighs through the branches.....we shudder and start.

We roll over, of course, and reassure ourselves that this really is a safe world, and we don't really believe any of that nonsense.

Still, for a moment we all can feel very small and afraid.....

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THIRD IN THE SERIES - WE COME TO ...

# AUTOPSY

FROM THE SCALPEL OF  
JOHN K. H. BRUNNER

This, the third article in the series on the literary values of science-fiction, is a kind of distant cousin of Topsy, who was the first. (Even the names are alike). I wasn't quite sure at first which authors to select from what must be several hundred of contributors, past, present, and occasional, to the prozines to put under my microscope and dissect.

But inevitably, it figured out at the three I mentioned at the end of my last article. Bradbury, because he has received widespread critical acclaim; Van Vogt, because he is generally regarded as the aficionado's own writer of sf; and Sturgeon, because I think he can write both the others into a cocked space-helmet.

The purpose of this thesis is to try and relate each of those three to their literary background and show in what way they have contributed to literature as a whole. Bradbury first.

Many people have summed up Raymond Douglas, one way or another. He has been described in this magazine as having brought to the sf field the whole armoury of the modern short story writer; or, more succinctly, as being a poet who is too lazy to make it rhyme. I don't think the last is such a bad analysis, really, though too sketchy. Let's qualify it.

One can't appraise Bradbury until one understands his personal philosophy. It's given most clearly on the second or third page of The Martian Chronicles- 'Space has again made children of us all'. And indeed there is a child-like quality in his writing- a sense of wonder, as if he were overwhelmed by the



vastness and blackness of space, seeking always something familiar in the emptiness. Sometimes he doesn't find it. There is a horrible dread implicit in stories like No Particular or Morning, which makes one feel that Bradbury has no business to be writing science fiction at all. And indeed he hasn't. A Poe-inherited pessimism pervades his best work; the lightness and sense of humour shown in stories like The Earth Men is convulsed suddenly with the bald statement: The captain exhaled. "In an insane asylum....."

He has no particular respect for the human race- they cannot understand beauty; they smash the tall towers in And the Moon be Still as Bright; they sell hot dogs on the bone-white Martian sea-bed or run frightened from something which can only desire to please them, in Here there be Tygers. The city waits- out there somewhere in space, for twenty thousands years- against the second coming of men, and this time destroys them all. Here is not merely a sense of wonder, but a deep genuine fear of the unknown.

His is a grim future. His is a grim world. The children who to him are a mystery take on aspects of terror-they betray the world to the aliens in Zero Hour, they bring wild animals out of the animated murals to devour their parents children are strange and illogical creatures. but here again a sense of wonder and mystery turns sour and curdles into terroe.

Yet for all this fear, Bradbury achieves sometimes a kind of mystic poeticism. A bell of hope rings in The Million-Year Picnic- that somewhere a crumb of sanity- his kind of sanity- still may be found; again in that weird and wonderful Poe-derived story of the second house of Usher - negating a little the melancholy despair of The Pedestrian. A second Johnny Appleseed walks over the plains of Mars - and overnight the trees fill the air with oxygen. A ship's captain catches a vandal and knocks out his teeth... Here is a philosophy of the bludgeon: right is right and I am right.

The finest things he has ever written are the shortest. Rocket Summer brings that sense of wonder to the fore; and his picture of the Mexican peasant in the middle of an atomic war, watching without understanding the fleeing thousands who cry of the end of the world; and who turns and asks blankly of the unanswering sky, "What world?" - that has the authentic stamp and ring of beauty and truth, almost, one might have said, of nobility; certainly of good sound sense.

When the final appraisal is made, I believe that the honour accorded to Bradbury will be that he first of the major writers brought to the field a true literary style. His familiar open-mouthed, breathless narrative was forged from the wonder of the big black spaces and the millions of stars in the heavens. It is not a style one can take for long; but it is of itself a good thing that a style was formed, and formed so early, which did not conform to the efficient machine-made pattern of the pure craftsmanship of the science fiction field.

Any assessment of van Vogt, on the other hand, must positively lean over backwards in the opposite direction. Bradbury is an emotional writer; van Vogt is cerebral. He too is not over-optimistic about the human race; but it is not something basically insufficient in them which he visualises as



dangerous, but a lack of knowledge of the universe, an inability to cope with their techniques. His saviour is the nexialist, who fuses all fields of learning into a tool one man can handle. And indeed this one-man theme is apparent in all his work. It is one Gilbert Gosseyn-plus the ability to live three times - who stands off the full might of a galactic empire which is very successful in its own way, thank you, for the sake of right thinking. It is one Robert Hedrock-plus immortality- who guides the Empire of Isher down its tortuous narrow course between the authoritarians and the liberals. It is one man- plus the knowledge of his nervous system- who defeats the hordes of the Ganae, who masters the Rulls, and when man is pictured as being defeated, it is by himself- a worthy opponent- and not by the vastness of space or the alienness of his environment. Even in Centaurus II it is the men's lack of knowledge which leads to destruction.

Van Vogt is an intellectual, and as such he writes with his mind. He could not produce the shivering emotional beauty of the cities of Mars- he would see only the arid plain and the shallow icecaps; but then no more could Bradbury have invented the excitingly detailed and logically developed monsters who oppose the spaceship Beagle on her long exploratory voyage of the night that has no end.

We have knowledge of his technique. van Vogt is a product of a correspondence course; he started in the true confessions market, where there is only one plot instead of the three which are available in most fields, and it is probably as a result of this need to invent new devices to render the old plot palatable that he became such a disciple of the cerebral method of writing. As I said earlier, he is regarded as the science fiction fan's own special writer, and there is a good reason for that. The most fertile ground which sf has found is in the mind of the romantic technician, a man accustomed to logical, disciplined thinking. A man who will find an answer if one exists, and not give up in despair. For him, van Vogt works out his stories as meticulously as a master engaged in a game of chess - and indeed the chess image pervades stories like The World of A and The Universe Maker. He is not frightened by what is immense. He reduces it to its component parts, and so his concepts are gigantic- the multigeneration-ship of Centaurus II, the star-wide empire of the A stories.

Moreover, he as an intellectual studies the intellect. He works with tools developed by those whose business it is to know why we act - his field is semantics and sociology as much as it is the more physical branches of technology.

If Bradbury may be called the first stylist of science fiction, van Vogt must be called the premier craftsman. He sets his goal, and logically works towards it; but Bradbury launches himself on an uncharted sea, thrilling with his own fear, not conquering it. The crew of the Beagle calculate their risks before they take them.

Having said so much about those two, it becomes difficult to place Sturgeon exactly on the line whose poles the first two form. He is very clearly not a technician of the van Vogt scholl; nor is he a member of the breathless Bradbury faction. He is, plainly, closer to the latter than the former; but in him the emotion is better under control. It is because he does not let his emotion which vital to the production of any work of art- run away with him, that I judge him to be a superior writer to Bradbury.



I mentioned above that Bradbury is difficult to take in large doses, and indeed he seems to have realised this. His so-called novels are nothing of the kind. The Martian Chronicles is a sequence of episodes without more than a vague background in common, and Fahrenheit 451 is a grossly overblown novella. Strangely, Sturgeon recently gave us a chance to compare him with Bradbury directly; just as the latter expanded The Fireman into Fahrenheit 451, so Sturgeon revised Baby is Three and made from it More than Human; and this direct parallel illustrates most clearly the essential superiority of his approach. For Bradbury's story like so many of his, is a portrait of a lost world, with a seed of hope at the end; and a long word picture grows dull. The Fireman was the greatest length that the story could stand, and that with difficulty. Baby is Three, however, was a story, and as such was expanded in the best available way- by showing the events that led up to the formation of people who act it out, and their final achievements.

Sturgeon must have been born with the great gift of the natural storyteller- a development of the folk-art which he is so interested in. We are told that in his early days, the stories which he sold to Unknown were composed on the typewriter and dispatched as they stood; and later he would come across one in a magazine and say to himself, "Did I really write that?"

And yet they were good stories- complete satisfying narratives.

Sturgeon does not picture his characters as beaten by a world, nor as peasants content to maintain a way of life which they have always known. He does not on the other hand create supermen, humans plus some wild factor- the 'supermen' of More than Human are very human indeed, with all the human failings of jealousy and greed, acting as individuals even as you and I; and yet their whole is more than the sum of their parts.

For masterly depiction of something which is beyond our ordinary ken, More than Human stands unchallenged in the field of modern science fiction.

And again: he has beauty and an ability to convey it. His pessimism regarding the human race is solved not by surrender nor by the acquisition of new and unheard of techniques, but by the nobility of men- unnoticed, perhaps not very conspicuous at the best of times; but in There is No Defence it is human kindness and bravery that defeats the ancient, all-powerful enemy. Sturgeon has a quality which Bradbury and van Vogt lack- and one can only call it faith in human nature.

I have mentioned that his people are human, and in this alone he surpasses anyone else in his field. His eye is precise and his attitude compassionate- who will ever forget the careful and yet enormously sincere depiction of Starr Anthim in Thunder and Roses? -and his portraits share neither the child-like terror of Bradbury nor the omnipotent, incredible superiority of van Vogt. His gift of words makes him able to turn just such a phrase as will exactly strike home on that instinctive chord in a man's mind which would react to the real situation if it occurred. His feeling for beauty is not one of blind awe, but of appreciation and enjoyment; he catches the fleeting moment but does not die in it, so that his stories are truly stories, and move rather than standing in one spot and staring.



And - mark of the master - he does not pall. He weaves a web of words even in so complex and strange a story as To Here and the Easel which lightens and and flashes with an ever-fresh felicity of phrase. Take this:

(Waiter, bring me a band playing Rampart Street. I have fallen from Grace, who is a hippogriff).

It has wit, but it has more. It sums up in a single glance the whole of a man's frightened, tortured mind. It shares with James Joyce the power to make madness comprehensible. Perhaps Sturgeon is a little crazy himself - I don't know. But for a man to be so full of the world there must certainly be something unusual in him.

If Bradbury brought the armoury of the modern short story writer to sf, Sturgeon brought that of the noelist, because he is never static. His range of themes is wide, as Bradbury's is: Bradbury treated the basis of our religious faith in The Man, and his wide-eyed awe and disgust in humanity made it a compelling story; but Sturgeon could make from even such a - to us - fundamentally unlovely subject as homosexuality a masterpiece of wisdom and compassion.

And as to their place in literature, their individual contribution? It is too early to say. This much, though, is certain. They will live when others have passed on, for each is in his way a kind of genius.

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The most-asked about personality from earlier eons of fan activity has easily turned out to be that most affable Aberdonian, Mr Webster; and your editor, in accordance with the expressed wishes of so many of you, has duly nagged at him for a brief recapitulation of his activities of the past few years. We asked for it -- so we've got it, lets make the most of it. Proudly Presenting ....



## "MY LAST 2000 DAYS"



by DOUGLAS WEBSTER

I have recently sampled a former delight: I enjoyed for some days the hospitality of Mr and Mrs Michael Rosenblum in Leeds. While I was there, my friend Mr Rosenblum asked me to write some account of my life in the last few years, harrassing as it has been, and we may be sure, ennobling. And while I am reluctant to emerge in the middle years from a decent obscurity, still it were churlish to refuse such a mild request. I am by nature taciturn. I am not one of your sociable men, happy in the midst of their fellows, coming alive only in the quick give and take of the smoking room. I hold that a man's personal life is no concern of - and doubtless of little interest to - those standing innocently by, minding their own business. Be that as it may, in the fate of one can be seen the fate of all, and there may be something of value to those who follow after, the student and historian, in this story of the dissolution of a common or typical fan and the emergence of that which supercedes. This has happened to me: it might equally have been you. Reflect on it.

The years that followed the war were of course spent by all of us in getting back into the old groove. In my own case this meant a sojourn at the university in London. I wished to devote myself to the better understanding of science fiction, and to this end I studied English Literature and astrophysics. So passed a few happy years.



Emerging again from the artificial world of science to the sordid realities of commerce, I noted that 35 science-fiction magazines now flourished where three had wilted before. At once I opened a bookshop selling science-fiction, fantasy and allied literature in Cecil Court, W.C. I acted as editor of three of the magazines myself, and in my spare time, as agent of British authors for markets on both sides of the Atlantic. The business prospered. Patiently had I built up contacts through the lean years before the day of the water-pistol, when our fraternity clung together frail as a spider's web, criss-crossed by the vapour trails of fanmags and letters ten pages long. Now I found these contacts as valuable as the long hours of childhood and youth spent in the attic gloom or the sunny garden hammock, with Wonder Stories and Amazing Quarterly, Scoops and Astounding.

During this period, the apprenticeship to my true prosperity, I had never missed a Thursday evening at the White Horse, and more recently the Globe, where temperamentvoll London fans drink beer around. May I here exhort all out-of-town fans to attend a few of these meetings, even at some expense to themselves? They are an education in themselves, the poor man's university, the indoor Hyde Park Corner. Mr Birchby tells me that in the last ten or fifteen years fans have not changed: that our fanmags of the '30s and '40s were as witty as the fanzines today although we had never heard of a fanzine, that we too could write articles on detective stories or pungent, incisive descriptions of each other. I cannot believe it. But should anyone be moved to find out for himself, the evidence awaits him at the Globe.

Within the last few years, I have searched for fresh ways in which to place my tested experience in the science-fiction field at the disposal of the community as a whole. Please do not praise my idealism. Prudence as well as selfless motives directed my ambitions. My wife, helpmate in all my endeavours, has never been the most parsimonious of women. Our little house in Dulwich, for many years now the weekend meeting-place of a cycle of fan circles, was an expensive luxury at first and far from easy to pay off: and each cycle was a helix in the spiral of our liquor bill. The four children had to be fed, clothed and, I regret to say, educated. Our cat developed sophisticated tastes in food. Our holidays to the States had to be financed. I decided that in the intervals of my other activities I should devote myself to creative writing.

I think I may say that this has not been the least successful of my endeavours. Such has been the fecundity of my invention; such the fluidity of my pen; such the embarrassment of my MSS (all of them - luckily - placed easily enough even in magazines which I do not edit myself), that I very soon found it wise to adopt a number of pseudonyms. For more technical papers, such as those on lunar landscape, the bottom of the sea or American topography, I have assumed the nom de guerre of Arthur C. Clarke. For pot-boilers I use indiscriminately J. F. Burke, John Christopher, Astron del Martia and a number of other disguises, some transparent I have no doubt, while certain others I do not feel it prudent to reveal at the moment. Suffice to assure my readers that when writing for the movies, radio or TV, I rarely use my own name. A modicum of public responsibility must at all times inform our behaviour. Should the man in the street once suspect that the broadcasts of An Invasion from Mars and 1984 emanate both from the same typewriter, he might well, and with justice, feel uneasy. A science-fiction writer must never seek to demonstrate the public's intelligence by any means other than through the medium of sales.



I have now shown that a youth spent among the science-fiction magazines and the fraternity of fans leads to a maturity of richness, no little variety, and certain material benefits. Luckily the interests of my readers, no less than my own reserve, make it unnecessary for me to dilate on my successes in local politics in "serious" literature, in horticulture, in planning our first spaceship on the drawing board, and in the new field of cultural cybernetics; or on that feat that I shall always regard as my crowning glory: of editing an anthology of science-fiction stories, each of them in fact written by myself, and later reviewing the book in one of my own magazines. I shall not reveal the title of this work as that might smack of unprofessional conduct; let me only add that the hardest task involved (that of thinking of new pen-names for each different story) was found to present no difficulty at all to the ingenuity and experience of the veteran fan.

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So now we know. But it may just be possible that Douglas has his tongue in his cheek

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BOOK REVIEW

reviewed especially for ~~Person~~

by R. M.

THE NEW FUTURIAN

BENNETT.

EDITED by Groff Conklin

~~Exe~~  
~~Triode~~

Himself.

Title: SCIENCE FICTION TERROR TALES

Pub. Pocket Books inc., March 1955, pp 262.  
also Gnome Press(hard covers) January 1955,

~~Orbit~~  
~~Cerber~~  
~~Alpha~~  
~~Abstract~~  
~~Barp~~

Right by the typewriter at the moment is a 25¢ Pocket Book which Milcross have let me have for a half-crown. I have not the slightest hesitation in recommending this as the outstanding science fiction anthology which I have read in the past year. This is the first anthology of the unknown in science fiction, a book to read at night when the unreasonable fear of the alien can make you shudder, cringe, and turn about..to see what? This is a terrifying collection of dissected nightmares. You'll love it.

It is difficult to pick out the best in the collection, for Conklin has wisely chosen stories which do not fall below good in even the most severe rating. The fifteen stories which comprise the collection are taken from as wide a range of styles, magazines and dates as science fiction can offer. Way back from 1936 and the early TWS comes Paul Ernst's tale of the dwellers in the depths of the earth, "The Microscopic Giants," a lovely old twist on an even older theme, whilst bang up to date is Chad Oliver's maddening "They Let Me Live in a House". Of the thirteen tales which were written somewhere on the line between these two, it's hard to say which should have the preference. If I began at the beginning of the book, which is often....oh, you've heard that before? Well, it is true....If I began there people and even fen would accuse me of being prejudiced; the first story is by Ray Bradbury. In which case I'll skip Ray for a moment and go through the other thirteen stories taking their authors in an alph.....

I think Sheckley has improved out of all recognition since he entered the Stfield not so long ago. Here is a 'Phillips Barbee' story called the "Leech" a frightening account of the attempts, both civil and military, to destroy the indestructible. Whilst the story might well have been cut short before the leech returns to the spore stage and is about to blot out the sun, this is a well-handled change-about tale which gives us both sides of a study in wondering incomprehensibility and a blind search for life and death.



Margaret St. Clair is represented with one of her few stories worth anthologising, like Barbee's reprinted from Galaxy and like Barbee's dealing with an alien invader from the empty space which hovers around us. "Prott" tells of a futile attempt at martyrdom.

Sturgeon would have to be around somewhere. This is an extremely authentic account, "Memorial" taken from the April 1946 Astounding. One of those roundabout stories which ends the way it starts, but what comes in between places a subtle change on the meaning at the end. A lovely story for your grandchildren.

Peter Phillip's "Lost Memory" is a great favourite of mine. Here the horror is by no means dependent on the unknown. As Conklin points out, "the more one grasps the reality, the more one is terrified." I love the tender dialogue in this story;

"Eeee ahaimeeeeeing baked aliive in an uvennn ah deeer-jeeesussunnuuth err ! "

Skipping over Oliver's piece this time round, brings me to Alan Nourse's aSF story "Nightmare Brother," like Oliver's a tale of madness, loneliness and man's breaking strain. I don't know why but I usually associate a story of this type dealing with space loneliness with the British school.

Matheson is represented with characteristic horror. What better praise. One of the best(better ?) two in the collection, this vignette, "Through Channels" is unnerving. Lead up to it gradually.

"Pipeline to Pluto" by Murray Leinster is also typical and is reprinted from aSF. Good, of course, but not my own cup of blood. I much prefer Heinlein's "They", a story much reprinted, and dealing with those hidden aliens around us. They're sure to be here; do you know any ? Perhaps even thee or me is one such alien (what do you mean, with an accent like that.....?) and perhaps we don't even know it. Should that worry us though ? Anyway, whether it should or not, this complicated theme is to be found in Philip Dick's "The Impostors." The chances are you know it already from Galaxy.

My two favourite authors feature next on the list. First comes Fredric Brown with tough characterisation typically woven around a central and well-handled theme. "Arena" from aSF tells about a duel against the unknown in completely alien surroundings to both creatures involved in the struggle. I must say that for a terror tale, however, I would have been pleased even more with the story had Brown's loser actually been the victor. But then, I always had a sadistic streak, which might be why I enjoyed Bradbury's "Punishment Without Crime" or could it be that, even though I've read nothing top-rate from him over the past three or four months, Ray still remains my favourite S.F. author. This story, from Other Worlds, is a sequel to "Marionettes Inc" Just the sort of ripe Bradbury logic you'll either love or hate. No inbetweens.

I can't quite make up my mind about the author "The Other Inauguration" Anthony Boucher remains something of an enigma; one story is good, another poor and hackneyed. One point is that his style is very flexible. There is no story, not even "Nine Finger Jack", which you can say is typical of Boucher, though whether this is a good or a bad point is debatable. If you read "The Numbers Man" in Ellery Queen's, you'll know what to expect. Time-travel and not numbers is clinically dissected here.

Last in this survey is Isaac Asimov who is represented with the terrifying short of the half-man who is half-beast(?) from "Fantasy and Science Fiction", "Flies." Pardon me while I shudder.

Fifteen great and enjoyable stories, all in one book. Conklin himself says "Too often when people think of science fiction terror stories they think of mad scientists and bug-eyed monsters which make you laugh instead of tremble. But the stories in this book are truly in the tradition of the bloodtingling short story."





JOE GIBSON :: Jersey City,  
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# Argumentative?

~ the Readers write ~

Saturday night was hell. Riding the subway (an Underground, you know) beneath the Hudson River, I stepped from the train to a station platform and mounted the steel-ribbed concrete stairway into the mist-dampened blackness of downtown Manhattan. Thus, as I swung off Christopher Street into the narrow twisting alleys of the Village, my most peculiar evening began.

I went visiting Dave Mason's (a really peculiar chap) in a dank cellar where Dan Curran, Art Saha, and other Fanachist Types were gathered. Bob Hoskins was there, proving he could take care of himself (as I'd guessed he could) after I introduced him to the New York Circle the previous week; he sold me a bottle of dark beer on the spot.

Copies of the Russian 'zine, Science for Youth, were tastefully displayed. The latest one has some sort of contest for s-f stories--we haven't a complete translation of it yet, so no one's given it much thought--and there's an article on a Soviet trip to the moon. You can imagine what we'd like to do with that contest, tho.

Then a couple of girls wandered in, which was most unusual. And a couple Chicagoans dropped by. And some preliminary remarks about New York getting the world con in '56 were uttered. But finally we all went touring some of the saloons Greenwich Village is littered with. In the midst of this safari, one of the girls picked up a nice-looking young college chap, fellow named Clem. Couple of hours later, I got a few moments' conversation with him--and found him a dead-in-the-wood, collector-hound s-f pffan! But he didn't know about fandom.

I'd just woke up yesterday noon and wandered outside for a bit of sun when I noticed something had been thrust in my mailbox. Imagine finding a revived Fido with a purplish scrawl "Remember me?" at the margin! Remember you!! God, did you honestly think I could forget Mike? The bundles of magazines I fervently shipped off, as a fervent young high-school fan is forever fervent. The Fidos folded flat in their pea-green wrappers. The night's lodging a gruff Yank soldier enjoyed at your old address--on a goose-feather mattress and mighod, man, sheets!--and the news next morning that a buzz-bomb had blundered into the countryside somewhere. Then after it all, and when old warriors had finally come home, I found someone had sent me a gold-star "honorary membership" in the old BFS....how that fervent young high-school fan would've prized it if only he'd been home (and still young, still fervent) when it came!....

Gillings didn't help much with his mullings about collector's items, either. I suspect he's become one, himself.

But 9 years, Mike, and here you havn't changed a damned inch! Still the same old typs, still the same Leedsian style making me yearn for an evenings' pint with some congenial group at a local workingman's pub--that was the



England I knew, I'm afraid. No London, no Piccadilly, no Goodright Ireves....

..it's great to hear from Balmer, Youd and the rest -- there are others left, aren't there? They've certainly earned the right to wax as nostalgic as they damned well please, and the back of a hand to anyone who says naught. But we can never explain the fanworld we knew to these very mature youngfans we've got about, these days. This fandom has some strange notion that it's earned the public's acceptance and is very much concerned with the prospect of science fiction "coming of age." We were a close-knit bunch of persecuted misfits, lone giants amidst this primitive culture, wondering when the world would ever come of age. And everyone except Bob Tucker was trying to say something sensible (so now it's said Bob was the only real mature fan amongst us--though I've heard he is reviving LeZ) while today thses youngsters know themselves to be so intelligent that they must strive to say something nonsensical! ...

And the most promising event to occur recently, I think, was the slump in s-f. Seems it's making thses youngsters think they've been persecuted or something. Why man, it's getting so you can't sit around thse fanclubs without hearing fan-noises again! Tsk. Over here, we even have youngsters like Rog Phillips muttering dire implications about it....

WILLIAM ROBERT (BOB) GIBSON, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

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How do you stand on the now slightly over-worked "flying Saucer" question? Keyhoe or Menzel? My guess has been that Menzel, aided by a number of gagsters with leg-pulls, is trying too hard to explain away too many things in too many ways to be quite convincing; while Keyhoe tries to seem to be leaning over backwards in an effort to seem impartial. And, of the "saucers" themselves, that if they are not terrestrial they are probably extra-solar.

However that may be, I have seen one.

On October 17th I was in the rear seat, right hand side of a car going north-east from Calgary on the way to Drumheller. The day was bright and clear with a few distant cumuli low down in the west. About 9 am. The car swung from east to north. I happened to be looking to the left and saw something come into view through the left rear window of the car, from behind the frame as the car turned.

A featureless, clear, sharply defined circle, slightly bluish white in colour; about an eighth the visual diameter of the moon and much brighter than Venus as seen by daylight. (This past week has let me track Venus past dawn and confirmed the memory of its brightness I had then.) Low in the west - between 15 and 20 degrees above the horizon, clearly visible against the clouds in the west, and far enough away to show no perceptible prallax against clouds or horizon. I detected no motion except a slight rise during the time it was visible. It was not a planet - Venus, the only possible contender, was well up in the sky in the south-east, invisible near the sun, and would never get that far from it even if it could shine through a dense cloud. And wouldn't show large enough. It was not a reflection - it did not vibrate with the cars motion, and there was nothing bright it could reflect from. I checked. It was not a drifting spider web, floating seed or flying insect. The car was doing better than 40mph.

If it was a mirage, it was one that did not distort the clouds beyond it or the horizon just below.

All this in perhaps half a minute. Then, as I finally began to think of witnesses I saw it was fading. Not shrinking, just dimming. Imperceptibly at first, but with rapidly increasing speed. I watched it vanish completely. The disc kept its size and definition as long as I could distinguish it.



I think the only mundane explanation, known to me, that was not disposed of at first glance was the possibility of a balloon. And no balloon that I can conceive of would have been so bright. I saw plenty of barrage balloons, and none of them, aluminized or not, would have shone brighter than the clouds beyond. This was brilliant - a source of light rather than a reflection, for it was broad; and the bright reflections I have seen on planes showed as hard points and were yellowish, not blue-white.

Again, if it was a balloon - why did it fade? There were no clouds into whose shadows it could have drifted. The only ones were, as I said, far away to the west. And it had chosen that moment to burst, a balloons remains would not have stayed as a well-defined circle through a gradual disappearance.

ERLE VAN LODEN :: Northumberland, England.

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What can I write about NUFU...? That's easy! In the celebrated words of Ron, "I like it, Eth!"

What can I write for NUFU...? Ah, that's more difficult. There are so many things to choose from, that the multiplicity of choice befogs one. Various possibilities attract for a little while, but then a new one comes along, smiling enchantingly, and so we are whirled away to explore new avenues.

Of these, however, Book Reviews have held my attention for longest. Surely, these are a piece of cake ...? All one has to do is dip one's pen in venom, demonstrate that the chap who wrote the book hadn't wit or intelligence enough to write a book in the first place, and then you leave him to skulk away in his tatters. More than that, by so doing you've also proved, ipso facto, how witty, brainy, intelligent, perceptive and discerning you are yourself, and so the book reviewing lark really is an ego-booster!

Good so far ... but which books to review?

The best ones have all been done, in fanzine after fanzine, to say nothing of promags, so I am left with only the obscure.

For a while, I dallied with the idea of reviewing Blumrosen's translation of the Martian "Treatise on the B.E.E.M." if only to bring it to the notice of a still wider public. I gave it careful thought indeed, but, in the end, decided against it. Excellent though the translation is, it is only a translation, and, for the true beauty of the protogenetic prose to be appreciated, it must be read in the original. Much of great value will be derived by so doing, not least of which will be a true evaluation of what the Martians really think of us. By the way, did I hear someone ask, "What is the B.E.E.M. ...?"

Well, naturally, to the Martian it is the Bug-Eyed Earth Monster .....

Two celebrated works of fiction next held my attention, and I should like to write at length about these :-

THE DOME BUSTERS ... This, of course, is an exciting story of the revolt of the Martian colonists, and the war which ensues between them and the forces of Terra. Living in their huge domes as they do, they are naturally known as Doms, and a force of space-ship bombers is sent to crush them by busting the Domes.

BAIDNESS BE MY FRIEND ... The mutants, otherwise known as the Baldies, have decided to use their telepathic powers to take Terra from the Norms, although few people are aware of the great conspiracy. The Scientific Criminal Investigation Department have their suspicions, however, and so a young S.C.I.D. man is detailed to make enquiries. After an operation to his brain, he, too,



is made into a telepath, and, to disguise himself as a mutant, he has to have all his hair shaved off. His baldness is all that stands between him and discovery, and his adventures go to make this an unusually thrilling story.

There we are then, two stories which haven't been reviewed by anyone yet, so surely I could do a review of at least one of them and so have something to write for NUFU.

Alas, it didn't work out that way ....! No, I still have nothing to write as I find that neither of those two stories have yet been written, neither "BALDNESS BE MY FRIEND" nor "THE DOME BUSTERS" ....! But it does give me another idea.

If anyone reading this is not sure what to write for NUFU, wants to contribute but cannot make up his mind what form that contribution should take, well, why not write one of them?

If only you would, I'd be glad to review it ....!

JULIAN PARR :: Düsseldorf-Oberkassel, Germany

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As you see, I've deserted the sceptre'd isle again to take up a job with the British Consulate-General here. A step forward for me in one respect, but it has taken me further away from fandom again, just as my feet were touching bottom .... I must congratulate Harry Turner and yourself on the cover of the last issue, which is smoo-ooth, chic and slick, gracefully linking the younger and older generations of fandom, with their adolescent and mature interests ... ((I have a vague idea that sarcasm might be intended here - JMR))

For various reasons the most interesting item was Roy Rowland Johnson's rather condescending but obviously quite sincere despatch from the Wilderness. Is the title his own, or yours? ((this seems a good place to mention that not only was the title chosen by myself, but I 'lifted' the article from Roy's personal letter to me as I thought it was well-worth showing to fandom. Roy hasn't objected but he says he would have liked a chance to polish up his phraseology etc. JMR)) I must confess that I look back on those early days of enthusiastic adventure in fandom with nostalgic regret, and am often forced to realise that that which Roy proudly terms the "real world" is truly a wilderness. He appreciates and generously lists fandom's positive attributes: the hothouse for self-realisation and self-expression, the encouragement for the enquiring and fearless youthful mind, the purge of insidious mores and dogmas from the "real world," the interplay of ideas which jolted you out of the rut, the community in which you encountered strange thoughts, dangerous visions, uncomfortable predictions, independent judgements - a turmoil of thought, emotion, enjoyment and life unrestrained, in which you had to find your feet and then yourself... In effect he admits this, and shrugs it aside for the sake of "the real world in which I had to live."

Whatever the shortcomings of fandom -- and I believe that these were in fact the shortcomings of the fans as individuals, as adolescent persons, rather than of fandom as a community - I am still not convinced that he has got the better of the bargain; - I am not convinced that his real world is the better in any sense - certainly not as a community. He tells us nothing of his real world, but my own experience is that most of the "real" things: family, profession, social standing, security, comfort - are of little absolute value, despite all attempts to make a virtue of necessity. So, surrounded myself by the paraphernalia of real life, I often long for the carefree days of youth, for the immaculate ambitions of the utopist, for the eagerness to accept the strange, the novel, the disturbing, the unorthodox: not only in thought, in theory, but also in action and in play.



If this is escapism: then I too am a refugee from the "real world!" Certainly the reformer and the revolutionary can look askance at my retreat -- but no others. Is Roy Rowland a reformer or revolutionary? It would be most unfair of me to jump to conclusions. I'd like to know.

I see you have an article "The Australian Paper-Backs" laid on for the next issue - I've just come across the first German science-fiction magazine: Utopia. It is issued in two versions: Utopia Small: a juvenile series of adventures of Jim Parkins; and Utopia Large: a series of translations of English s-f. I've met the translator, and we've discussed the next step: a letter column in order that a fandom may develop here in Germany. He has also told me something of the mail received by the publishers - and it included criticism by what I can only describe as German Trufans, calling for the classical s-f (Wells, Stapledon) and the best of modern s-f (Farewell to the Master, No Woman Born, etc.) instead of the primitive stuff the publishers are using as the thin edge of the wedge. So there are prospects of Germany fulfilling the promise of those early films, and the tradition of Oberth - and a German fandom arising.

SIDNEY L. BIRCHBY :: Manchester, Outer Civilisation.

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..Talking of Doug Webster, he arrived here with evident pleasure at having visited you, and we did our best, in the teeth of a hurricane, to show him something of Manchester. Once again, as in years past, we stayed up till the small hours discussing everything under the sun. By 1 a.m. we were on Toynbee's "Study of Writing". By 2 a.m., Karl Popper's "The Open Society and its Enemies". About 3 a.m., out came the old snapshot albums: --- "and this is George Medhurst in 1941, and this is young Carnell --"

OMIGOSH !!

This is one hour later, Michael. Just as I wrote the above, there was a rumbling noise in the chimney, and down came half a brick, plus clouds of soot. Everything was covered: a pile of old copies of "Fido" I was referring to; this letter, my wife, me. It's taken one solid hour with a vacuum cleaner to tidy up.

I'm sorry, Mr Carnell, sir. I'll never make remarks about you again, your worship. I should have known, after that article in the last "i", that Ghu looks after his own.

As I was saying, about 3 a.m. we examined with reverence the exalted likeness of Saint Carnell, and by 4 a.m. Douglas mentioned casually that he had borrowed from you a copy of J. Campbell's "The Mightiest Machine" (Astounding 1935, I seem to remember)

"It's a story," he said appreciatively, "I've always wanted to read again."

Which, coming in the small hours, when inhibitions are down, suggests that he isn't quite lost to fandom.

I put in a good deal of work describing some of the more amusing incidents of recent fandom and quoted a remark of Harry Turner's that present day fandom might be quite congenial to his taste. He was inclined to agree.

Of course, Douglas will often agree with one for the sake of peace and quiet, so it may not mean much. But on the face of it, we may be a step nearer to the return of "Fantast" than we think ?.

Yours carbonaceously, ...

JOAN W. CARR :: Maida Camp, Middle East Land Forces.

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I enjoyed the Clamorous Dreamers immensely because I know nothing of early fandom and I'm always willing to learn. Talking of early fandom though -- surely the reason for there being fewer collectors now is that there are too



many promags? Vinç puts several ideas forward, but I think he is juggling with his tenses. Had I been in fandom at the time when most people were forming collections then I would be one with them, and I wouldn't dream of parting with my collection now. But I couldn't keep it up to date because it would cost too much. People who weren't in fandom when the collecting was going on (ie people such as myself who have only been reading sf for six or more years and in fandom for about two), we can't even afford to start collections nowadays, let alone buy back issues and the like.

'Fraid I have no first-hand knowledge on bull-fighting, but the subject was discussed pretty thoroughly in the fanzine Hodge Podge only a short while ago. It started with an article called "The Philosophy of La Lidia" by Rex Ward in HP6 and then got into the letter-cols of No 7 and 8. I believe Ward was recounting first-hand knowledge. In case "Phoenix" should be interested, the people who had the most to say included Al Leverentz, Redd Boggs, Jim Harmon, Marion Bradley, Chuck Harris and Walt Willis.

JOHN BRUNNER :: R.A.F., Bletchly.

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I'm very much pleased with the way your 'zine's shaping - Walt summed up my views pretty well with his review of it (issue 2) in the last Neb. You're turning out a still interesting secon fanzine when most other people have diverged to the lunatic fringe of fandom. I must admit belonging to that same fringe myself. I like it here. Graham Stone, tho', I must take issue With. He tends to forget that tho the fans of today may seem immature and juvenile, it isn't more than on the surface.

The way I look at it is this. The fen of today have rediscovered an irresponsible attitude to life which is no longer common. I say irresponsible, but that is in no sense danigratory. It is unlike the maddening irresponsibility of the person whose interests extend to the local pub and north to the Preston football ground. I call myself a fan - but I'm not so much, (and my connections in fandom are small and demonstrate this,) as a member of the London Circle. I'm glad to be able to call the Tubbs and the Buckmasters and the rest my own personal friends. In a way I suppose, that means that I don't know fandom. But I know enough to recognise that the relaxed and almost crazy way they like to exist is a pretty good fertiliser for personalities which might otherwise have done a quick bow and then mouldered. They aren't bums, Graham. Hell, there are bums in fandom - of course! But whether those people write secon analyses of the literary trends in sf or The 19th Eye from the Left is beside the point. Take 'em as people - and they're a fine lot.

D. R. SMITH :: Nuneaton, Warwicks.

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Pooey to Dale R. Smith from me. I'd established the name D.R. Smith solidly among fan-writers five years before he appeared on the scene. I admit it's most humiliating for him to be blamed for my misdeeds, but such is life .. Temple is at least 50% out in his estimate of Hanson's correspondents, unless I am not considered .. The "Phoenix" column puzzles me. It is very much the sort of thing I like, yet I cannot say that I like it so much. Clever patter, a vague odour of the delicious Paul Jennings, but it all seems so empty .. That last could not be applied to Brunner. Almost too full in fact, but it pleased me .. Clarke dissertation on collecting struck a friendly note, recalling my own passages through the stages. I was never one for collecting items for their rarity alone; what I wanted to do was to have things by me that I liked to read. Hence and therefore I no longer collect old magazines.



I've promised myself that I'd write this and sling it at Mike, ever since he sent me number 1. of the NuFu. There have been two reasons for this:

1. Mike hasn't asked for it. (or has he?)
2. Lots of people seem to be looking into things, so why shouldn't I increase the resultant muddle ?

Opening up the first ish, we find "The Glamourous Dreamers" by WG. Ditto, next ish, find one letter altered and everything spoiled. Damn, it, walt, our dreams are glamorous. The autobiography is interesting, however, Then there's Sam Youd's answer to Mr Thompson. The only reason that I read Sam's STF at all is that it often appears in magazines that I read, and I am determined to get my money's worth, even in suffering. I notice he says that Mr Thompson "rightly" objects to "lubla". why "rightly"? If a gentleman (or writer) of Dickens time, writing prophetic fiction, had spoken of his 20th century characters drinking "cocktails" would, I wonder, some one "rightly" have objected to the word ? There is no objection to such things as "lubla" in any kind of futuristic stf., and both Sam and Thompson should know it. Keeping to this subject, we pass on to Eric Hopkins, who to my sorrow, I haven't seen for some years. This article smacks of tragedy to me. He states that "science fiction is rubbish" and appears to believe it.

Now I knew Eric as a man of penetrating intellect. For him to make an unqualified statement like this is no less than shocking. Especially as he thinks he believes it. Furthermore, I find his statement that the plot of "Triffids" is "otiose" a puzzling one. My dictionary gives me: OTIOSE at ease; idle unemployed. No comment. ((Now don't start things off again. Editor))

Skipping the GLASS GIANT OF PALOMAR Derek Pickles tells us about selling stf and gives us some ego detflating figures.

Phoenixes "Something and Nothing" just about described itself very aptly I thought. The paragraph in which he quoted the New Statesman was extremely amusing, especialy "absence from mome."

Thanks Archie Mercer, for your "Gathering of Experts." A real laugh, this. Making an excursion in insanity for a moment, just draw yourself a mental picture of a grave and grey bearded board of experts trying to decide which group of experts will choose the group of experts to select the group of experts to create the Earth....

I hate book reviews....

John Brunners TOPSY just growed, all right ... I'd hate the job of summarising the sprawling mass, interesting though it was. He succeeds admirably in refuting the statement "science fiction is rubbish..." made by we know who.

We've got a bin full of science fiction in the back garden....

Autumn, 1954... How the blazes the Yanks could drop this lovely word for the prosaic and dreary "fall" has always been beyond me. "The Glamorous Dreamers" comes up a few years. Somehow, I can't comment on this series. I lived a life peculiarly parallel to it pre-war... May I make a personal claim here ?

I claim categorically that I have spent more years reading stf than any fan of my generation anywhere. Having learned to read at the ripe age of five years and three months, I continued to read a stf serial that at that time was appearing in the "Modern Boy" and which my father had already been reading to me. I've never stopped since.



Vince Clarke's "Collectors Item" provoked nostalgia, all the way back to 1933, when I bought my first Astounding from Woolworths... it's the only one I have refused all temptations to sell.

Well, the pattern has settled down. Futurian is grave and gay in turn, serious at times and somehow more adult than it used to be. There is nostalgia here now, the days of our youth are past yet somehow the bright glory is not altogether dimmed.

John Brunner, in spite of an unpromising speech made at the Convention in London before the Coronation, the one before the Coronacon, I mean turn out to have a keen analytical mind and something to say.

ARGUMENTATIVE is a very good idea. There should be plenty of fun here. Must record my agreement with Bill Temple's succinct contribution. The letter from David H. Keller was an unexpected pleasure indeed. It shows among other things that egoboo is not the sole property of WAW or Arthur Clarke. Although agreeing in the main with GB Stone (fooled you) I take exception to his definition of Dianeticists as "characters!" Having derived some benefit from this new science I must say that it would be better if he looked into matters before shouting about them.

On the whole, Sam Youd's letter is the only one that raised a smile from me. Also, I hate to admit that in the main I agreed with what he said.

And an old friend, Arthur Hillman. With, unfortunately, nothing in particular to say. which, as past experience tells me, is a pity.

Roy Johnson aroused my ire. If he has no interest in fandom any longer, why bother to use a thousand or so words just to say so ? Let him henceforth hold his peace.

So there we have it. "Fido" is back with us, and a damn good job too. My own interest in fandom outside the London Circle was rapidly waning, and I and I couldn't understand why. Now I know. Nufu is the sort of organ that, unconsciously, I have needed. Something, in fact, that belongs to my generation, a thing we can still delight in creating. There is very little more to say. I have noticed, however, one thing.

Fantasy, as distinct from science fiction, is seldom spoken of. Why not ?

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... Reaching the end now, we must make room for ....

the editor's

P.E.R.S.O.N.A.L ... P.A.G.E

December, January, February, March, April and now May. Yes the parade of the months since the last edition of the New Futurian is twice as long as it really ought to have been. It's partially the fault of this rotten capitalist system of having to work for a living - not like in the best utopias - but seriously, both my home life and workaday business have been affected since just before Christmas by a series of annoying but comparatively minor illnesses. The wife had 'flu; I had 'flu and tonsillitis, the office clerk had 'flu and anaemia; our other "staff" had 'flu; my partner had 'flu (tell it not in Gath -- there was a 'flu epidemic); my boy had measles; my girl followed him a fortnight later just as we had caught up on the sleep (there was also a measles epidemic) The wife and I had milder 'flu this time. But what has actually distressed us the most - the boy has had several bad attacks of asthma to which he seems to be developing a weakness. We are now keeping our fingers crossed for the rest of the year.

So an issue of NuFu had to be missed and I hope the disappointment has not been too great to bear. This issue would be even later were it not for the following assistance gratefully acknowledged. Pages 3 to 7 were stencilled by Neville Baxter - it was not his fault that I managed artistically to tear the first stencil on the staples of my dummy copy. My everloving wife did the Warner and Slater articles, and Mrs Braithwaite in the office bravely tackled pages 16 to 23 whenever I got called away from them. The rest I managed all on my own. Several Leeds SFA members have turned up to help with the duplicating on Wednesday evenings and I hope for their assistance in assembling the issue. If you have never actually tried it, it would surprise you how great and how exhausting a job it is to collate and staple 250 odd copies of a 40 page mag. In fact I still cannot realise how the "i" staff managed their colossal Xmas edition which solaced two full days of my illness. All my hats are raised to them.

Grateful thanks also to Don Allen for his cover and cartoon. The field is open for the next edition, any volunteers? With Eric Hopkins rejoinder to Ernest Thompsons reply to Eric Hopkins criticism of Ernest Thompsons article, I really think that this topic should now be closed. My editorial gratitude to all participants for an enlivening discussion. I have heard that somebody wants to reprint this controversy on its own in an overseas publication which goes to show something or other. Incidentally Mr Thompson told me last week that he is to address the Leeds Libraries Staff Association of science fiction in the near future. Look: we've been creating an expert.

From a personal viewpoint I was sorry that this years Convention had to be held at Easter, as I can never get away at that time of the year. But I learn from Ron Bennett who was there in force, that the Cytricon was a rip-roaring success and the virtues of "Blog" have been worthily upheld. It would seem that a pattern of organisation now has developed with a minimum of actual pre-chosen framework and then let the lads (and lasses) loose. I think this is grand provided somebody spares a thought for the newcomers and shyer persons; and there is something available to fall back on, if the fun slackens.

Last minute thoughts and comments (if any) will be appended to the final page after a listing of the fanzines which have passed through the portals of 7 Grosvenor Park during the last few months. Salutations to all my readers ...



FAN MAGAZINES RECEIVED

with grateful thanks which I regret have not been expressed directly in most cases. Will the respective originators please accept mention here in lieu thereof.

"i" number 4 -- Joy Goodwin, 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, S.E.6 and others. makeshift issue after the defection of Stu Mackenzie. Most enjoyed item-Eyeway Code.

"SKYHOOK" No.23, Winter 1954/5 - Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minnesota. FAPA & 20¢. The magazine we are alleged to be the British prototype of which is a pleasant compliment to us. First issue I remember seeing but just my cup of tea. Enjoyable argument and discussion with a modicum of reviews. Very good.

"SIDEREAL" No 2 - Cheltenham S-F Circle vide Eric Jones, 44 Barbridge Rd, Hesters Way, Cheltenham. Some fiction (my bete noir) and interesting articles. Good.

"PSYCHOTIC" No.17 - Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. First litho issue. As usual, a pleasantly light-hearted but erudite edition. First-rate.

"PSYCHOTIC" No.18 - details above, This time mainly concerned with SF Con Report.

"SCHNERDLITES" No.2 - Nigel Lindsay, 311 Babbacombe Rd, Torquay, Devon. An OMPA magazine; a happy personal type of effort with no deep thoughts but enjoyable.

"Inside and Science Fiction Advertiser"- issues 7 and 8 - Ron Smith, 111 South Howard, Tampa 6, Florida. The finest fanzine in production sez I. A pleasure.

"Satellite" No. 5 - Don Allen, 3 Arkle Street, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham. A true fans fanzine representing the younger end of Anglofandom very adequately. Well edited and well produced and with a photo cover withal. Highly commended indeed.

"GESTALT" - North-East Science Fiction Society, Alan Burns, 6 Goldspink Lane, Newcastle upon Tyne 2. So the other lads in the NESFS are showing what they can do. Rather an atmosphere of first issue, but nice, boys, nice.

"ALPHA" no. 8 (have I also got no. 9 somewhere?) I always thoroughly enjoy this 'zine which seems to convey a feeling of compatible pals having a not-too-formal meeting. From Dave Vendelmans, 130 Strydhof Ave, Berchen, Antwerp, Belgium.

"SPACESHIP" No.27 - Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St, Brooklyn 13, N.Y. This is the rather attenuated survival of a first-class fanzine as a personal mag run thru FAPA and interested outsiders. This always strikes me as a most sensible way of dealing with fanning when one becomes short of time enough to make fanning the only hobby-activity of life. Contents are Fapa comments and probable extra-terrans.

"FEMIZINE" Nos 5 and 6. - Frances Evans, School House, Teignmouth St, Colleyhurst, Manchester 9; the actual production is by Joan Carr. The girls are glorious and this magazine would be a credit to anyone. I always get a sense of a pleasant house-party when perusing this 'zine, and I like Joans informal meanderings. ((What makes typewriters slip like this with stencils when they never do with ordinary paper - this issue of NuFu seems to have had a thorough jinx on it))

"FIE"- Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia. Material with humor and satire. Aimed at the inner circle transatlantic fan with a strong sardonic tinge. Nice.

"OOPSLA" - Gregg Calkins, 2817 Eleventh St, Santa Monica, California. a fanzine about fandom without being esoteric. Pleasantly balanced with adult humour.

"FEON" no.34 - Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Connecticut. Mr Riddle is one of the people in US fandom since I seemed to know everybody, whom I should very much like to meet. His magazine is good too.

"LE ZOMBIE"- Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois. Now this is where I came in almost. Legendary and truly wonderful, makes me feel 21 again. 38 pages packed with memories and laughs. The tucker humour is practically unique

"ANDROMEDA" - Pete Campbell, 60 Calgarth Road, Windermere. - Issues come along steadily from Pete dealing with any aspect of fandom to hand. A valuable service to fandom in Britain, a newsletter rather than a would-be-stately magazine. Incidentally, Pete, sorry I hadn't chance to look you up early in April when we dashed up to Keswick for a couple of days. Possibly later in the year.



Page, the latest; s'welp me -- with a great sigh of relief ...

Continuing FANZINES RECEIVED from overleaf.

Several issues up to No. 45 of the neat little Australian news magazine "ETHERLINE" edited by Ian J. Crozier, 4 Myrtle Grove, Preston, Victoria, Aust. Both news and reviews are enjoyed and appreciated. One day I'll drop in perhaps. Another steady comer is "FANTASY TIMES" the newspaper of fandom from James V. Taurasi, P.O. Box 2331, Paterson 23, New Jersey. Somehow this always seems to bring with an aroma of the wide-eyed days of 1938-40 fandom, together with a feeling of being in the know concerning the pro publishing field in U.S.A. "GRUE" - Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. The finest fanzine of today bar none though one has to be in the swim to appreciate it properly. Whereas "Inside" can be shown to anyone appreciating popular literature at all. I grovel at Dags feet with envy and stupor at the work put in. "REVIEWS" - Vernon L. McCain, Box 876, Kellogg, Idaho. Consists, would you credit it, of reviews and letters. A specialist type of zine welcome in fandom. "FUTURIAN SOCIETY NEWS" - box 4440 G.P.O. Sydney, Australia ? tells us about the happenings of the Futurian Society of Sydney. And thanks indeed for the correct crediting of the first use of the term "futurian" to myself. I remember receiving a letter from D. A. Wolheim saying that the invention of the term came just when his group of New Yorkers was wanting a name, and a letter from Fred Pohl saying they thought of the name simultaneously with me. I wonder. Am an beginning to sound like grandpa Gillings? "ABSTRACT" - Peter J. Vorzimer, 104 Toyon Hall, Goleta, California. Very nice neat, apparently little magazine well-packed with fannish meat. Enjoyed. London Science Fiction Organisation, CIRCULAR No. 1. giving details of the library lists and so on. I only want to borrow the copies of NIRVANA listed. "OPERATION FANTAST" - K. F. Slater, 22 Broad St, Syston, Leics. Can we hope Ken's publications will be more regular now he has got settled. Here's to the renewed success of Operation Fantast.

The columns are now open for the listing of the magazines received by the time the next NuFu is stencilled. So, let's be having 'em, puleeze !!!

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#### MORE EDITORIAL CHATTER.

The more eagle-eyed of our readers will have noticed that we have now acquired an Australian representative in Graham Stone, to whom many thanks for his prompt and efficient actions. A later volunteer was Don Tuck -- the Aussies are lovely people! We could still do with someone at the other side of the Atlantic, and as yet no-one has volunteered to cope with contemporary book news. Meanwhile 'ordinary' contributions are also more than welcome -- I would like to get the next issue at least planned out in the near future. Can't give much idea as to when it will be out, but I promise solemnly to do my best.

You are receiving this copy of The New Futurian, because .....

You have paid good money for it (bless you)	You might review it
You have sent a literary contribution	We are swapping fanzines ✓
I think you ought to have a copy ✓	This is a sample copy
I am hoping for a contribution - a letter - from you. ✓	You have a nice name.