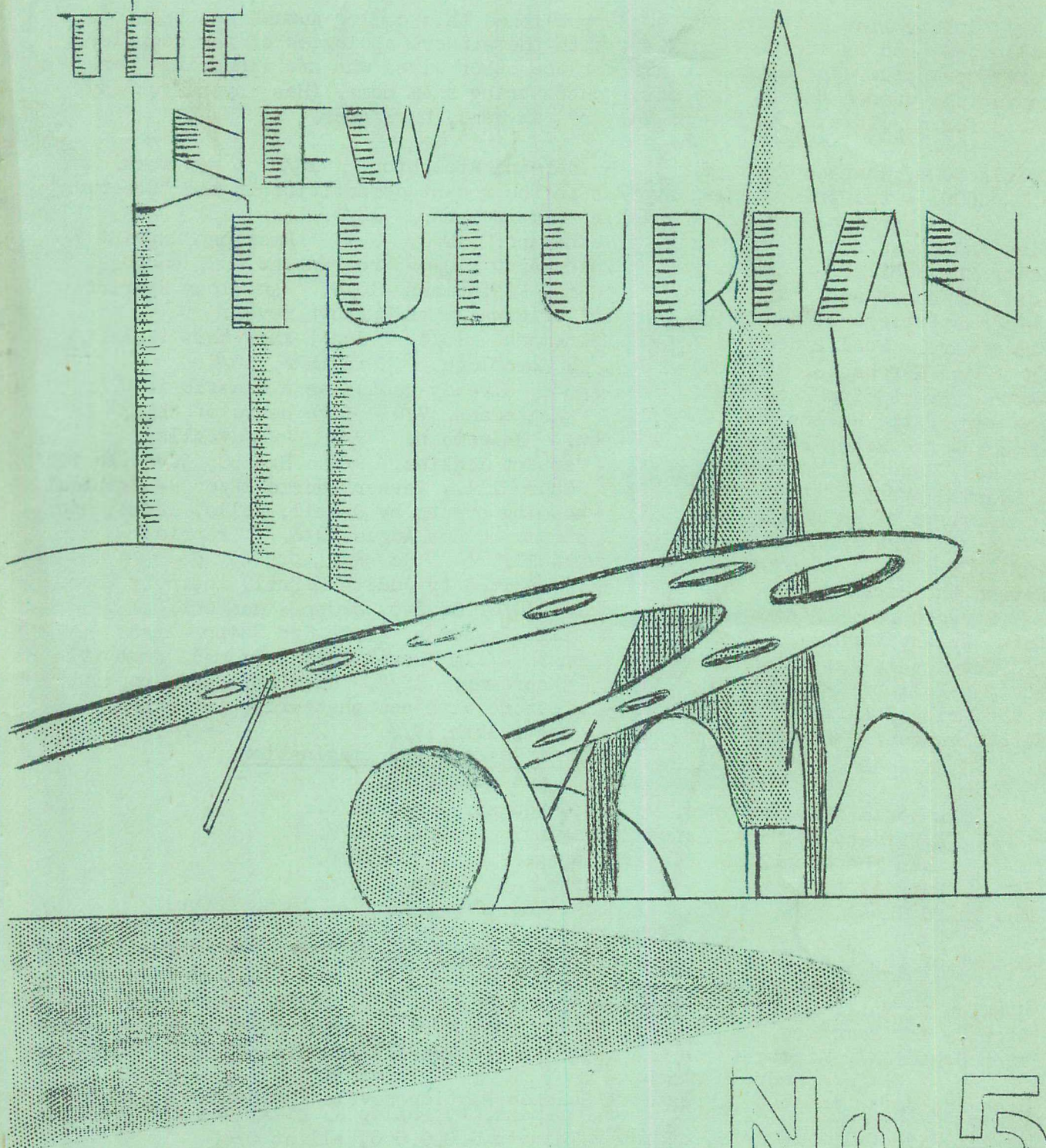


THE NEW FUTURARIAN



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No. 5

SUMMER ISSUE 1955

FOR YOUR BOOKLIST —?

This list of books due to be published this coming Autumn has been collected, and is included in NuFu, with the sincere apologies of the compiler, Betty Rosenblum. The apologies are for the other wives who are wondering where to put the damned things when our spouses bring them home. (Has anyone got any ideas for an elastic-sided house?). No? Oh well, here goes.

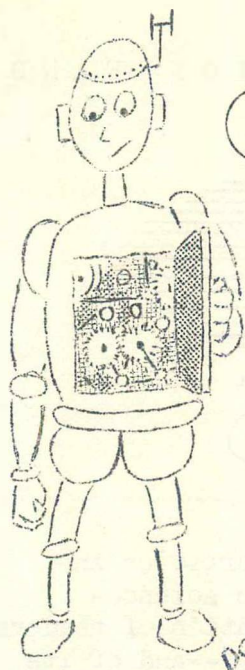
Crisis 2000, Charles Eric Maine. Hodder and Stoughton. 10/6 new work.
 A.D. 2500. - the prizewinning stories in the recent competition in the "Observer"
 Introduced by Nigel Balchin. Heinemann. 12/6.
 Time and Again. Clifford Simak. Heinemann. 10/6 American Reprint ?
 Bring the Jubilee. Ward Moore. Heinemann. 10/6 reprint of U.S. success.
 Lest the Darkness Fall. Sprague de Camp. Heinemann 10/6. American Reprint
 -- 'masterpiece of humorous fantasy' originally an Unknown novel.
 Brain Wave. Poul Anderson. Heinemann 10/6 don't know this title.
 The Space Merchants. F. Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth. Heinemann 10/6
 -- the advertising racket 100 years hence; already quoted as a classic in U.S.
 The War of the Worlds. H. G. Wells. Heinemann. 7/6 I've heard of this.
 Phobos - the Robot Planet. Paul Capon. Heinemann. 9/6 (Juvenile)
 The Red Planet. Charles Chilton. Herbert Jenkins. 9/6 Ex-BBC, juvenile ???
 A Short History of the Future. R. G. Churchill. Werner Laurie 12/6 -- critical
 reviews of extrapolations of forthcoming events by Orwell, Wells, Huxley etc.
 TWO The Kraken Wakes. John Wyndham. due August 2/6. reprint
 PENGUINS 1984 George Orwell. do do
 Beyond the Barriers of Space and Time. edited by Judith Merril, intro by Theo.
 Sturgeon. Sidgwick & Jackson. 10/6. Cr 8vo 320pp due Oct.
 Burn, Witch, Burn. A. Merritt. Neville Spearman. L.Cr 8vo 224pp. 11/6
 Jove, this was out here at 1/- when the film 'Devil Doll' was made from it.
 The Big Ball of Wax. Shepherd Mead. Boardman. 10/6. due Oct. U.S. reprint
 of ribald satire on advertising in future with new shattering invention.
 First Lensman. E.E. Smith. Boardman. Sept. 15th. 9/6.

Ward Lock's Modern Novels of Science and Imagination.
 Advisory Editor - Lance Seiveking.

A World of Difference. Robert Conquest. Sept. 10/6.
 A Private Volcano. Lance Seiveking. Oct. 10/6.
 When The Moon Died. Richard Savage. Nov. 10/6.
 Pursuit Through Time. Jon. Burke. Jan. 10/6.
 The Third Ghost Book. Cynthia Asquith. (Ed). James Barrie. 12/6. 236pp.
 Large Crown 8vo.
 Secret of the Lost Planet. Angus Macvicar. (Juv). Burke. Oct. 7/6. 160pp.
 Crown 8vo.
 Mission to Mars. Patrick Moore. (Juv). Burke. Oct. 7/6. 160pp. Crown 8vo.
 Stories for Tomorrow. ed. William Sloane. Oct Eyre & Spottiswoode. 18s.
 Peter Schlemihl. Adalbert von Chamisse. Rodale Press Fine Edition. 21/-.
 Andre Deutsch,

Rich and Cowan announce three more Science Fiction novels in their new series to be published this Autumn: A Handful of Darkness, by Philip K. Dick; Denis Neve Barr's The Man With Only One Head, and John Taine's G.O.G.666, all at 9/6.

Split Image, by Reed de Rouen, Allan Wingate 9/6 outer space replica of earth.
 Shadows in the Sun, by Chad Oliver, Max Reinhardt, 9/6 sup.civilisation in space.
 Grayson and Grayson announce Galaxy Science Fiction Omnibus; The Years Best Science Fiction Novels, second series; and Costigan's Needle by Jerry Sohl.
 Cassell have an anthology coming Sep 22nd, Looking Forward: edited by Milton Lesser, 15/-
 and Eyre and Spottiswoode one in Oct titles Stories for Tomorrow, edited by W. Sloane.



CONTENTS

Listing

FOR YOUR BOOKLIST

BETTY ROSENBLUM 2

Historical

THE CLAMOROUS DREAMERS

WALTER H. GILLINGS 4

Book Review

THE WAR OF THE WENUSES

A. LANGLEY SEARLES 7

Musical

OPUS 2021, Part II

HARRY WARNER Jr. 9

Bibliophilic

THE MOST FANTASTIC PLOTS

THYRIL LADD 11

Commentary

"SOMETHING OR NOTHING"

"PHOENIX" 14

Reviewing

A SECOND ARGOSY OF S.F.

RON BENNETT 18

Thought for Today

DEFINITELY A MORAL

ERNEST R. JAMES 20

Prophetic

THE FUTURE OF ROAD TRANSPORT

ROY R. JOHNSON 21

Analysis

FOR YOUR FUTURE ENTERTAINMENT

JOHN K H. BRUNNER 23

Book Review

THE OPENING OF THE EYES

SIDNEY L. BIRCHBY 26

Hotch-potch

BROWSING

The Editor and The READERS 28

ARTWORK this issue by Arthur Thomson
This page by Don Allen, and sundry
Headings by George Gibson. Thanks to all.

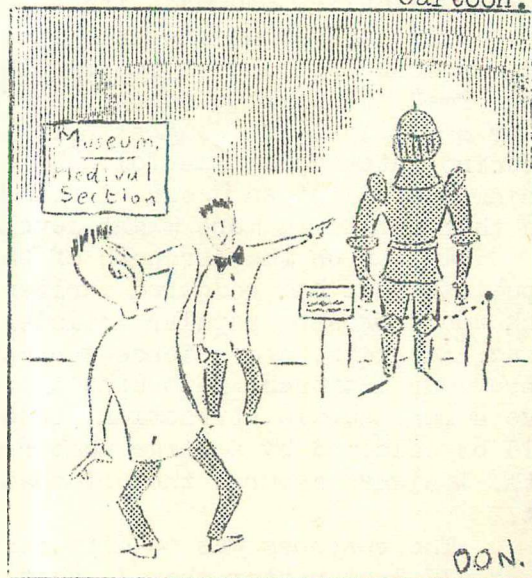
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THE NEW FUTURIAN issue 5

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Dated vaguely SUMMER 1955; is an amateur magazine devoted to fantasy fiction of all types and its attendant "fandom". Edited, compiled, produced and published by John Michael Rosenblum from 7, Grosvenor Park, Chapel-Allerton, Leeds 7, England; and available to all who show interest by contributing, commenting or subscribing at 9d. per copy or 15 cents in America. Exchanges also most welcome. Further contributions respectfully solicited of the same general types as those herein. NO stories except of the fan-satirical type as used to be done by D. R. Smith.

With gratefull acknowledgment to
4-yr-old Diane Judith Rosenblum
who supplied the idea for this
cartoon.



Man, dig this crazy spaceman!

THE CLAMOROUS DREAMERS

by Walter Gillings

DO YOU remember Scoops ? In this fifth in the series of articles in which a well-known editor and critic traces the history of British science-fiction in magazines, and the growth of its fandom, the new generation of readers may learn may learn all about "Britain's Only Science Story Weekly"--and of its tragic demise. . .

5: SCIENCE FICTION WEEKLY

THE YEAR 1933 was a pretty dull one for science-fiction, and for me. AMAZING STORIES, edited by dear old Dr O'Connor Sloane, was featuring such things as A. Hyatt Verrill's "Treasure of the Golden God," Campbell's "Beyond the End of Space," and John Russell Fearn's first story, "The Intelligence Gigantic" (which was rather better than some of his later ones). Wonder, skipping and combining issues before it went small-size, was economising like mad encouraging unknown authors, including our own Festus Pragnell, while still using John Beynon Harris, Clark Ashton Smith, and Laurence Manning. Early in the year, the Clayton Astounding had gone under; but before the year was out the new Street & Smith magazine, edited by Orlin Tremaine, had made its appearance, at least in America.

Here, at about the same time, there was also signs of livier things to come. In October, Odhams' Passing Show, which had previously been a humorous paper transformed itself into a big photogravure production for the family, and started off by serialising Burroughs' "Pirates of Venus." Beautifully illustrated by Fortunino Matania, it was followed by the sequel, "Lost on Venus," the whole thing running over eighteen weeks. I read it, and thoroughly relished it; and it gave me hope that something more might develope-- which it did, later.

It was on the strength of this that, first, I had another go at the firm of publishers I had badgered earlier, suggesting the launching of a new periodical which would present popular articles on unusual topics, including speculative science subjects, and science-fantasy fiction. This was a slight deviation from my previous approach: I thought the combination of fiction and non-fiction might prove a more subtle attraction. I assured them that such a paper, or magazine, would be welcomed by a large number of readers, and make a particular appeal to youth. I always assured them of that, though it was no more than a wish on my part.

The response was no different, however. It was felt by the publishers, who should know better than I, that such a publication would not attract a sufficiently wide public; and they referred me to their part-publications which

made frequent use of articles on science and natural phenomena, etc., etc., In short, it was no go.

My other efforts to cut loose from the newspaper work which, after three years, had become a pretty dreary round, were no more successful, either. In some strange fashion (perhaps as a relief from the grim seriousness of local politics and police courts--or of science-fiction), I had come to fancy myself as a humorous writer, and had made a dead set on getting a funny column into print. But it was a closed shop all round--or I wasn't as funny as I thought.

So, determined to make a success of something which would lead to further production, at the end of '33, I got married; and for some months I was so heedless of all else that I almost overlooked the biggest mistake that British science-fiction ever made--the twopenny weekly, Scoops. I happened on an old copy while I was visiting my in-laws; it belonged to my wife's youngest brother, who was still at school. It had a hideous red-and-black cover and featured "Seven Great Stories of the Future," including three serials. One, telling the adventures of three lads in a rocket-ship, was signed by Professor A.M. Low; it was the only story with a by-line. Another serial, "Monster of the Moon," was also a full-blooded inter-planetary, the illustrations (it seemed to me) showing all the earmarks of having been done by an artist who had studied Wonder Stories.

My interest thoroughly revived, I got the current issue--it had been out three months by then--and rummaged around for the back numbers. It had started in February, introducing itself as "The Story Paper of Tomorrow" and labelled an "Amazing New Wonder Weekly." Why Scoops? The contents were scoops because they were "different", because they look ahead with the vision of Jules Verne and H.G. Wells . . . Scoops . . . has the thrill of adventure and mystery and will transport its readers . . . into the future, with all its expectations of development and discovery.

Thus the Gernsbackian blurb. All the old familiar tag-lines were there, too. "Today Fiction--Tomorrow Fact . . . Amazing Stories of the Wonder World . . . Stories of Imagination and Science." There was no doubt about it; it was science-fiction. At least, some of it was. There were Rebel Robots, Terror Beasts of Space, a Penal Planet, a King-Kongish Striding Terror, a Time Traveller, a Devilman of the Deep, an Immortal Man, and an Iron Woman. Also Skull-Men descending from the Planet Zlinn, an invasion from China by matter-transmitter, a voyage to Venus by ditto, and a Wimpole Weight Reducer for floating over the roof-tops. Later came an invasion by the Metal Men of Zog and a Revolt of the Stone Men.

The illustrations, once the artists (or artist) had got into their stride, were not half-bad. There were also picture features reminiscent of Science and Invention, and liberal sprinklings of factual pieces concerning Modern Marvels and This World of Wonder, with frequent references to rockets and interplanetary travel. By No. 7 it was really going places with "Spacedrome No 1," and by the next issue Phil Cleator was replying to Sir James Jeans on the Question whether space-travel would ever be realised. Shortly after came an article based on Desiderius Papp's "Creation's Doom," which appeared from Jarrold's early in '34.

The Editor (I learned later that he was Haydn Dimmock, Editor of The Scout) was insistent in soliciting frank opinions on Scoops from its readers, and in due course expressed gratification that "our efforts to popularise scientific fiction have met with such an encouraging reception!" After that it boldly called itself Britain's Only Science Story Weekly, though it still carried some pretty tame tales about crack expresses, airplanes and racing cars, and Secret Service serials

with a fantastic twist, just to fill up. And, having given away hundreds of mouth-organs, penknives and other juvenile impedimenta, it offered cash prizes for ideas on what to do with old safety-razor blades, gramophone needles, and empty tooth-paste tubes (the most obvious suggestions, I imagine, being disqualified).

But, by the time I had caught up with it, certain minor refinements had crept into the make-up, and some of the stories began to show a decided maturity compared with the rest; for example, "Cataclysm," which received much praise, and was actually the work of W.P. Cockroft, the writer from Halifax who appeared in Wonder Stories' last issue for that year. His name appeared in Scoops only later, when it published the sequel "City of Mars," which was equally popular. And with No. 13 the cover illustration underwent a drastic change, on the commencement of Conan Doyle's "The Poison Belt," as a serial. Simultaneously, other authors began to get by-lines, by demand of the vocal readership.

Moore Raymond (the film critic), who in his Northern Daily Express days had authored a space-travel serial, appeared with a tale of interplanetary piracy, "Scouts of Space." A small corner devoted to space-travel matters, contributed by Cleator under the heading, "To the Planets," brought the B.I.S. regular mention as well as lending an air of authenticity to the fiction. To complete the transformation, the back page was taken up by readers' letters (especially on astronautics), which gave evidence of an intelligent and informed following, members of which often identified themselves as devotees of American s-f and hailed Scoops as fulfilling a long-felt want.

Among these fellow spirits was a gentleman at Walthamstow who was a member of America's International Scientific Association, which developed out of Ray Palmer's Science Correspondence Club; another was Maurice K. Hanson, of Leicester, of whom we were to hear more before long. He, with others, wanted the paper to organise a Science Circle. One who welcomed Scoops especially in view of the fact that American s-f had become so difficult to obtain expressed his conviction that "the majority of readers are adults, and . . . would prefer more credible stories with perhaps the love interest a little more accentuated." He also wanted a bigger paper--in fact, a magazine.

Among the contributors to later issues were John Russell Fearn, who by then had made a hit with the new Astounding on the strength of his capacity for "thought variants," and the late Maurice G. Hugi, who found in Scoops his first real opportunity. But it was not long to be extended. It became evident that very little of the material of the sort that was needed to maintain a genuine science-fictional appeal was forthcoming; the paper, apparently, couldn't get along without "Bandits of the Startosphere" and such-like, and when the serials ended, so did Scoops. It had lasted just twenty issues.

Why did it fail? Simply because it started off on the wrong foot, in my opinion. Having been launched as a twopenny dreadful, it could never remove the stigma which attached to it, as far as genuine s-f readers--young and old--were concerned; and although it might conceivably have gone on catering for schoolboys and errand boys, it could hardly expect to satisfy them while it tried, at the same time, to suit the taste of converted s-f readers--who were not enough to support such a publication as they would have liked it to be. Had it been started as a monthly, it might have been a different story. It might . . . On the other hand, it might have succeeded as a weekly had it set out knowing exactly what it was doing, what type of material it was going to feature, and where it was going to get it in sufficient quantities. But, being an experiment which had never been tried before, it had to leave a good deal to chance.

At least, the publishers--Pearson's--learned something about science-fiction, and the mentality of its devotees. It had never occurred to them that grown men such as Len Kippin and myself would sneak into a newsagent's and ask for Scoops as though we were buying a halfpenny gobstopper, or with the air of an adult doing his younger brother a good turn. Yet, in a letter to me, the Editor frankly confessed surprise that, "although we started out as a paper for youth, we are finding that a very large number of our readers are men. Stories, therefore, must have a definite adult appeal . . . "

I had conveyed my mixed feelings to him as soon as I discovered the paper, in a letter accompanied by a laudatory effusion on science-fiction, and Scoops in particular, which he promptly returned, "partly because you write of the paper in such glowing terms." But my joy at finding a publisher who was prepared to give s-f a trial was nothing compared to the chagrin I felt that it should be presented in such a manner as to minimise its chances at the start. And its life was more than half over when I wrote, telling the tale of my previous attempts to induce such an effort and--somewhat dubiously--wishing Scoops every success.

Of course, I imagined I might help to rescue it from the fate which, it appeared to me, might easily overtake it; and I sought an interview with the idea of talking myself into an assistant editorship. But the agreed meeting never came off--there was always some reportorial chore to interfere--and over a month passed before I wrote again, only to receive the regretful tidings that Scoops had been given its death warrant. "We had a certain market, but the demand was not sufficient to give us confidence for the future," was the Editor's verdict.

After that, it was useless trying to convince the victims of my earlier persuasions, though I did attempt it. I even tried to persuade the publishers of Scoops to think again and make an effort to save it by broadening its appeal without changing the title. But it was too late. "It has been proved fairly conclusively that, while there are people definitely interested in science-fiction the number is not sufficient at the present time to maintain a weekly paper in circulation." Such was the irrevocable decision.

(To be Continued)

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BOOK REVIEW (MUSEUM SECTION)

GRAVES, Charles Larcom, and LUCAS, Edward Verrall.

Title:- The War of the Wenuses: translated from the Artesian of H. G. Pozzuoli

Published:- Bristol. J.W.Arrowsmith, no date (1898), 140pp. 1/6, paperbacked 1/-.

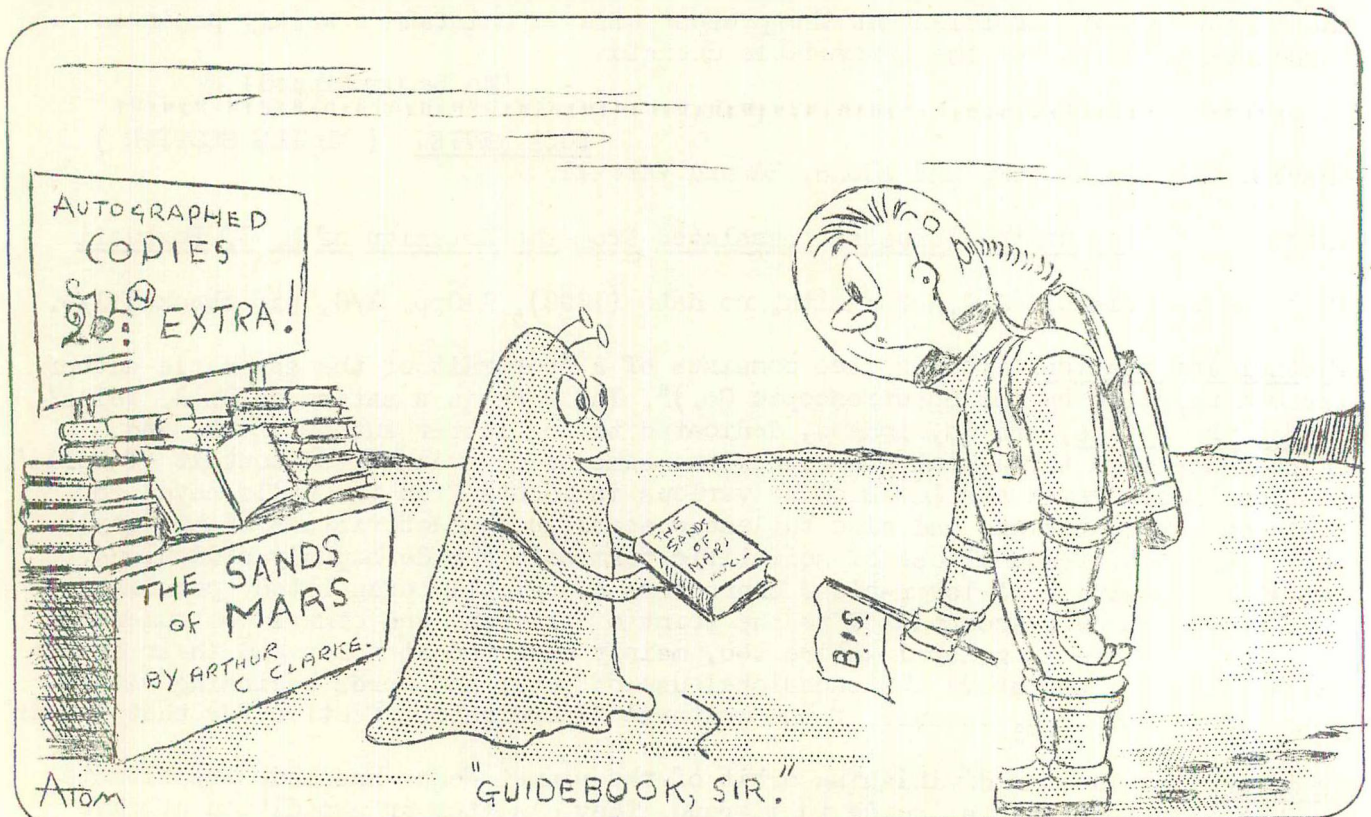
Further information: Frontispiece consists of a "portrait of the invisible author (from a negative by the Spectroscopic Co.)". The work is a satire on H. G. Wells' War of the Worlds, and is, indeed, dedicated to the latter author. Book- and chapter-headings throughout are either the same as or a distorted context of Wells'. Besides this, Graves and Lucas chose various incidents from the Wells novel for satirical presentation, and also burlesque specific characteristics of his style --for instance: frequent use of scientific terminology made bogusly ridiculous; Wells' introduction of lower-class characters numerically exaggerated; peculiarities of speech over-accentuated to the point of travesty and others too numerous to mention. There is general satire too, mainly directed at women and their dress; the authors are not above the occasional use of puns; and words beginning with a v are spelt with a w, because of the writers' "inordinate affection for that letter"

Synopsis: Because the diminishing orbit of the planet Venus has made its climate too hot, the inhabitants decide to migrate. They dispatch an expedition of five

spaceships -"crinolines"- of Wenusian females to Earth. The narrator tells of the opening of the first crinoline, and how the Wenuses annihilated nearly all the men present by flashing their deadly "mash glances" about. Soon constant streams of infatuated men, unable to resist the lyre, hasten from all over London. Women are immune to the weapon, and marshal forces to defeat the Wenuses, commanded by the narrator's wife. They lay siege to the invaders who are occupying a department store in Westbourne Grove. But the Wenuses defeat their opponents by the simple stratagem of allowing them to remain in the hot sun, provisionless, for hours, and then offering them tea; while the women are engaged in this irresistible habit they succumb to the fumes of the Wenuses' "red weed". More crinolines land, and the invaders descend on one emporium after another, trying on the various stylish costumes found in each. But, after a few weeks occupation, the Wenuses sieze a soap factory, and depart for their native planet in soap-bubbles they have blown.

Review: As a novel, The War of the Wenuses does not contain a sufficient amount of coherent and independent material to stand alone, and the authors neither integrate nor compress the satire sufficiently for their volume to be truly memorable as a parody of Wells' earlier novel. Totally irrelevant material is frequently included, the authors occasionally losing the thread of their discourse whilst searching for more and more imitation pearls to string upon it. Further, the inclusion of various slang expressions throughout has the effect of dating the work considerably. Messrs. Graves and Lucas may have intended their brief satire to be amusing, but they seldom succeed in this aim, and the discriminating reader, whatever his potential interest, must label The War of the Wenuses as little short of pathetically ridiculous.

--- A. Langley Searles, originally in his
Fantasy Commentator.



OPUS 2021

Harry Warner, Jr.

The first article in this series about music of the future stressed a school of composition, twelve-tone music, rather than any particular composer. This time, the sermon deals mainly with a composer, and only incidentally with the school of composition which he has influenced.

Unlike most of the twelve-tone composers, Igor Stravinsky is best known for music which isn't typical of his career as a whole. If you think that you comprehend Stravinsky's ideals and methods because you frequently play your records of the Petrouchka, Firebird, and Rites of Spring suites, you're just about equal to a listener who claimed to understand Wagner's position in music through acquaintance with the overture to Rienzi. All three of those ballets were composed more than four decades ago. Stravinsky has travelled a long path since then, and has developed ideals as different from those ballet scores as Parsifal is from Rienzi.

I mentioned Wagner for a particular reason. I can't think of any other parallel to Stravinsky in an important respect; the manner in which both composers deliberately turned their backs on the easy road to fame and fortune which they could have reached by travelling in a groove which they had begun to create just a short distance away from the accepted route. Wagner in Lohengrin and Stravinsky in the Rites of Spring had created something that was a logical development of existing music, but not radical enough to alienate great masses of listeners. Wagner continued to develop his theories, pushing boldly into the wilderness that led to the Ring and the three other great late music dramas. Stravinsky simply turned around, went back, and blazed an entirely different trail from the one on which he had originally set foot. Wagner became more celebrated in the end by his act of renunciation than if he'd continued to grind out Lohengrins. Stravinsky on the other hand has failed in a sense: his later works aren't popular in this country, he's complete anathema in his homeland of Russia, and those early ballets no longer cause the sensation they once achieved.

Now, some of Stravinsky's analysts have gone to a lot of trouble in efforts to follow unbroken lines of development in Stravinsky's style from those early works down to the present. But no amount of explaining and theorising can afford the basic change in Stravinsky's music, which occurred during the 1910's. The public as a whole hasn't realised yet that these more conservative-sounding later works are really more revolutionary than the ballet music which nearly caused riots at its premieres. Stravinsky obviously knew what he was doing. Some fine day he must have taken stock of himself, and realised that he had simply been dressing up and improving upon the methods of Rimsky-Korsakov with seasoning of Liszt and Tchaikovsky. Thereupon, he started to write music whose intent is as revolutionary as Wagner's, no matter how mild some of it may sound. This later Stravinsky simply pitched into the discard the entire romanticism that had engulfed the 19th century and threatened to continue unchecked through the 20th.

If you'll read any programme notes to the later Stravinsky works, or critical articles on them, or biographies of the composer, you'll find certain key adjectives and nouns recurring endlessly-- "lucidity", "discipline", "intellectual qualities", "coolness", and the like. They are good clues to the revolution that has occurred in Stravinsky's music, a revolution which has threatened at times to engulf all modern music. Stravinsky turns his back on almost all the things that are typical of the bulk of 19th century music. In his output of the last 35 years, you won't find the programme music, the tone painting, the storms of passion, the emotional quality, the strong individual characteristics of individual composers. He substitutes for them many of the characteristics of the classical school of music, and some entirely new notions of his own. Some of these can be understood without use of technical terms or musical examples. He frequently uses a very small orchestra and turns out a great deal of chamber music. When he writes for large orchestras, his orchestration is conservative. Much of his music is abstract, with no specified meaning or programme. When it isn't abstract, it usually deals with folklore or mythology or sacred subjects, not with the personal experiences of a hero like Werther or Tristan. Very frequently, he writes in the style of some 18th century composer like Pergolesi or borrows the melodies of another composer like Rossini. Although he doesn't have much dependence on the ancient methods of counterpoint like the strict fugue or canon, he writes contrapuntal music which reveals more on a study of the score than is audible to the unaided ear. After piano music had spent two centuries growing more and more complex, Stravinsky devoted the first movement of his piano sonata to the simplest possible type of writing- one "voice" for each hand like a two part invention of Bach, with occasional parallel thirds in one hand.

If you insist on being like the Russians, and studying scores for their social significance, you can look at the Stravinsky revolution in two ways. You can say that he typifies the soulless trend to the annihilation of the individual and the glorification of the machine-like production of stereotyped humans who don't dare to have sentimental hours, dreams of better things, flights of fancy and romantic adventures. You can follow up this thought by pointing out that the classical age in music gave way to romanticism at just about the time that monarchies were toppling or giving ground in favour of republics, and you can call Stravinsky's music a natural result of the reverse trend that has appeared since the First World War; it's even been dubbed the neo-classic style of music. Or, if you prefer to look at Stravinsky from the other view-point, you can remember that most of the great composers of the romantic school were mentally twisted in one way or another- homosexual like Tchaikovsky; unbearably egoistical, like Wagner; sexually impotent like Brahms; sick from syphilis, like Beethoven and Hugo Wolf; or going mad, like Schumann. You can also remember that the epitome of romanticism was in the Germany that set out on three wars of conquest in less than a century, that Wagner was the favourite composer of Hitler. Under such circumstances, you can consider most of romanticism as a horrible public airing of things that should have been confined to a psychiatrist's offices, and Stravinsky's music as the first positive indication that a neurosis needn't result in an hour-long symphony. I'm not arguing in favour of either viewpoint, please understand me, because I don't favour such efforts to equate music with other human history in such generalised fashion; I'm merely pointing out how it can be done.

Along with this general trend toward an impersonal, cerebral music, Stravinsky developed from time to time specific ideas and methods that caused consternation in the traditionalists' camp. There was the time when he went around insisting that orchestras should play his music with no "expression". He didn't explain why he had written for such an expressive medium as the orchestra if he wanted this result. Naturally, an instrument like the harpsichord or organ can provide automatically the ideal for which he aimed temporarily. It's almost impossible to achieve in an orchestra, whose members play expressively" by instinct. Many of his compositions are bewildering collections of rapidly changing signatures, often adopting a new meter at every bar for long stretches of the music. Stravinsky, or maybe it was his followers, explained that this was done to free music from the tyranny of the regular rhythm imposed by the bar. This impressed a lot of people until some bright souls did some calculating and found that those imposing assortments of mixed meters all came out even in the end, if you counted them according to some regular rhythmic scheme; the effect on the ear was that of a normal rhythm even though the conductor's gyrations impressed the eye. Stravinsky occasionally makes a strange statement that causes him to sound like the world's worst composer. For instance, he says that one passage in "The Rake's Progress" should be performed in that manner, because that manner gives time for necessary stage business.

If you own a record player, it's easy to get acquainted with the late Stravinsky. He's the most completely recorded of the moderns, except for Bartok. Some significant discs are getting hard to find, like Maria Kurenko's nearly complete collection of his songs on a discontinued Allegro record. For reading purposes, Tansman's "Igor Stravinsky, the Man and his Music" is the most thorough book which is easily accessible. It is written by a man who apparently believes Stravinsky to be the greatest thing to happen since Orpheus. Tansman is pretty technical in spots, if you're shaky on theory and harmony.

Stravinsky's influence may be heard most strongly in the works of young American composers. He doesn't appear to have impressed the contemporary Europeans quite as strongly, and a few of them, like Honegger and Messaien, go on writing deeply personal music as if Igor had turned to calculus in 1917. It seems quite possible that the current fad toward a highly charged, brilliant and fast school of conducting is partly due to the Stravinsky philosophy. Toscanini and his followers can make even Brahms sound like Histoire du Soldat in spots.

THE MOST FANTASTIC PLOTS

*Oldtime Collector Thyril L Ladd
searches among his memories*

I have just been pondering the proposition:- what really are the most out-and-out fantastic plots, among the books I own, or have read? I mean that type of plot, which heaps fantastic and bizarre situations, or stage-setting, right on top of another and another of the same sort.

The question of which story I like the most- - found most entertaining--

I put aside, in this consideration, though it just about follows that any tale so very much in fantastic vein, would be, without argument, a favourite. And I excluded from my listing any but tales printed in book form-- and short stories, and novelettes. I had to exclude, therefore, some of my personal favourites, because though fantastic enough in some ways, yet these books were built along a single major fantastic premise, without a sufficiency of sub-plot to allow them admittance to this assortment. For example, then, my much-liked *Gates OF KAMT*, by Orczy, or Vivian's great thriller, *CITY OF WONDER*, can find no place here.

Then I eliminated this and that--- decided so-and-so deserved mention more than thus-and-that, and ended up with twelve titles--- just a dozen. The twelve most fantastically conceived book-length novels--- insofar as I have read. You who read this may not agree with my selection, or may agree in part, or, too, feel the order submitted needs shifting. To this I can but say, this is my personal selection, and my arrangement. We all differ in opinion.

Without further foreword, here are "The Twelve"

(1) *THE NIGHT LAND* (Hodgson):- Despite any criticism as to wordiness, or longevity, that may be made of this great novel, surely nothing more utterly fantastic comes to my mind. Here Strangeness follows Strangeness, and Weirdness is the general order of the story. In fact, once the Great Pyramid is the scene of the action, I daresay never again in the very long book does anything really normal occur ! Hodgson himself considered this his best story, and I think, for one, with good reason. It is possibly because of its terrific assemblage of fantastic ideas, that he gave this tale the crown as his best work. Indeed, how could one man conceive so very much, all in one yarn ? But, he did ! This is NOT my favourite fantasy, but I cannot, in fairness, deny *THE NIGHT LAND* the first place I feel it unquestionably merits.

(2) *OUT OF THE SILENCE* (Erle Cox):- And this is my favourite fantasy tale of all fantasy tales. And it brings together, under one plot a great variety of fantastic and weird matter,-- that of the mighty Globe; of Anthax, the unawakened Sleeper; of the strange halls of Wisdom, and the gorgeous maiden asleep for untold ages beneath the crystal canopy in the last Great HallI have often secured from my friends their words of honour that they would endure in reading this tale, until they came to page 55 of the book, for the beginning entirely lacks punch --- and those of my friends who have so done, have never failed to finish this story--- and usually glued to their seats until the last page has been read! I think that really nothing in all fantastic writing, book or magazine, or what you will, can quite surpass for suspense the hero's original investigation of the Great Globe!

(3) *THE PERFECT WORLD* (Scrymgeour):- Ah ! Very closely upon the heels of *OUT OF THE SILENCE*, I name this book. This book has just about everything one could suggest in fantasy! Now, just consider ---all under one cover.

It is weird! how do the people in the village disappear ? It is Subterranean--- the hero finds himself in the strange inner-earth, purple-lighted land. It is "Lost Race":---we are surprised to learn whence came the people--these strange horned, violet-skinned people of this inner region. It is cataclysmic !--- For Earth is utterly destroyed. It is Interplanetary !---or the wise people of Jupiter, seizing the wandering airship on which are a few human survivors, draw them by magnet to the larger planet. It is Utopian--for Jupiter is a perfect World a surviving Garden of Eden. It dips into the theme of eon-old before-world evil Gods, for deep in the Jupiterian caverns, some seek to revive the awful ancient worship, and bring to action those horrid Gods of pre-time. Plot--Plot--Plot !

The book is surberb as regards plot---and oddly, it is cleverly handled, one is not aware that it is plot-loaded ! Whow can deny this tale its place here ?

(4) THE MOON POOL (Merritt): It is here, because it has multiple plot-fantasy- more, I think, than any other Merritt tale (though I do not, by any means rate this his best work.) The story is pretty familiar to evrybody, and I will not list the various bizarre situations, etc., it contains. But in this type of consideration, I feel it cannot be denied this high place.

(5) THE FACE IN THE ABYSS (Merritt): This is a better tale than THE MOON POOL, I would say, but as to fantastic plot, I feel it contains less---just a little less, indeed, --as bulk goes, of this sort of thing. The book therefore must bow, in this regard, to the MOON POOL.

(6) LAST AND FIRST MEN (Stapledon): This mighty conception of the multiple history of many eons of Man's existence, on Earth and elsewhere, rates a certain place here -- perhaps not so much for its major great theme, as for the extremely varied series of worlds and types of people, and their adventures, that follow as ages roll along. There is a really fantastic variety of mankind portrayed by Stapledon, as he goes along from eon to eon---many little stories, bound together to create one great plot. Long considered one of the great fantasy conceptions of our day, its place here is a fore-gone conclusion.

(7) THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND (Hodgson)--Yes, Hodgson again--in another tremendous assortment of fantastic ideas, though not approaching, even nearly, I would declare, THE NIGHT LAND, in this respect. Certainly, Hodgson was a man of terrific imagination---here again a story, with a great number of fantastic facets. While this may not approach THE NIGHT LAND, in quality either as to plot, or presentation of the plot---for it seems to run along far less smoothly than the author's masterpiece,- it is still a very notable tale.

(8) A QUEEN OF ATLANTIC (Aubrey): Now, here is a really surprising conglomeration of fantastic events ! Atlantis--hidden away in the heart of the weed-choked Sargasso sea ! Atlantis ! with strange monsters, giant vampires, life-forms absolutely unknown in the outer world ! Atlantis !--and the Island of the Flower-People ! Unquestionably a gem of fantastic conception, it takes its position among these books by sheer weight of its quality !

(9) LILITH (MacDonald):- Personally I do not care so very much for this story, but I am obliged, in fairness, to admit the great variety of fantastic situations it contains. From the Mirror that became a Doorway into the Unknown,--to the Dance of the Skeletons in the Ruined Castle---from the Little People, and their fruit, to the White Peopard, that was--what ?---Leopard, or Woman ?---this tale is jammed with a new fantastic idea in every few pages. So, its inclusion must be granted.

(10) DARKNESS AND DAWN (England)-- Selected for this listing, because it carries not only its master-lot of civilisation destroyed, and rebuilt---but also very fantastic varieties---the sub-people, the great cleft that tore America in two ; the people of the Abyss; the Monster in the woods....this trilogy, as it stands in book-form, all under the one cover, deserves its position here.

(11) WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK (Haggard): Being a Haggard-lover, I feared I could honestly include no title of his, until this one came to mind; and here we have, I contend, a tale proper to position in this listing. For it bears a number of angles: the strange island in the Lake, the weird abandoned ancient city in the great cavern, miles deep within the Earth; the Last King of Atlantis, with his magical, strange powers; the mighty wheeling pivot of stone, on which the very balance of the World depends ! The travels, without body, afforded the

heroes of the tale---yes, this book by the old Master, has earned its mention here, I think.

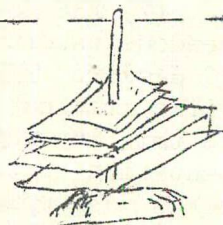
(12) THE WORLD BELOW (Wright)--takes the final place, because it has variety to its plot. First, the strange amphibians, whom the hero finds in the world of the far future; and later, the strange inner-earth citadels of the Giants,--Giants not only in strength, but in mentality---and to whom, he becomes but a laboratory specimen, to be curiously examined. Here, also, we find strange life-forms, which show the high imagination and quality of invention, of this distinguished author. A book that is just about scholarly in its writing style, this tale cannot be denied its place among this select group.

And so I have come to my conclusion. I have reached it with deep regret that I have felt obliged to omit so many wonderful fantasies.... but these, as said before, maintain their one-plot idea, rather than dip into great variety. Such a one is the superb story, THE GIRL IN THE GOLDEN ATOM, by Ray Cummings--but this story has to do with a world of the Minute---it does not vary from that idea; so, too, with Smyth's THE GILDED MAN, which clings entirely to a one-plot idea of a subterranean Kingdom...as also does the LIGHT IN THE SKY, by Clock and Boetzel...all of these, and hordes of others, are great and wonderful tales, but not quite of the nature I was here selecting.

So I have selected these.

Now, then, you who read this, what do you think of the listing ?

"S O M E T H I N G & N O T H I N G"
S A I T H ' P H O E N I X '



"Phoenix...is George Medhurst. Did you see his article in the first issue ? (of NUFU) That was going to be the first of a series. Well, since then George hasn't had anything printed under his own name, but Phoenix appeared in the next issue. The stuff's typically Medhurst."
-----Douglas Webster.

"...no article by Mr Birchby, tho'--unless he admits to the name of 'Phoenix'. I am having a hard job to convince Fran Evans that I am not this bird. I fear that the opening remarks about liking humanity in small doses will only convince the lady that it is me....ho hum "
-----Harry B. Turner.

"I suppose it's only coincidence that the style of Doug. Webster's "My Last 2000 Days" (NUFU 4) is so similar to that of Phoenix ? And all that glorious spoof about how he's been writing under dozens of pen-names. As Chesterton said, the essence of concealment is to conceal nothing. Just how much was spoof, and how much double-spoof ?"
-----Sid Birchby.

"...you'll notice that he (D.R Smith) never actually denies being Phoenix (letter in NUFU 4) In fact, he says what you'd expect the author to say. Modest, unassuming. Like me, in fact. Paul Jennings ? Oh, he writes for the New Yorker Smith dotes on the New Yorker."
-----Anon, in the "Globe".

"...I have never heard of 'Phoenix'. Or of you." ---- Paul Jennings
"Peasants!" ---- Phoenix

-----oOo-----

When I started this column last year, I had a number of ideas on how I wanted to develop it, Editor willing. For instance, it was easy to foresee that a revival fanzine of NUFU's calibre would ride right in on the coming upsurge of Former Fandom, seeing how many of the old BNF's Michael had on call in the files, and as you know, it has done. And it's creamy !

But as far as this column was concerned, I was going to lay off the nostalgia, and leave the time-binding to others. Not that I couldn't do it if I wished. I can remember Jules Verne as well as anyone. But I didn't think it would be much fun for those of you who didn't join Fandom till after the Boer War, and who, I thought, rightly or wrongly, must be slightly chary of the Good-old-days, or G.O.D. Theorem.

It seemed to me that if I were a neofan I'd soon become awfully tired of being directed into a pre-formed niche in the 8th Dynasty. It isn't half so thrilling to join Fandom now it's middle-aged as it was when the whole thing was new, and avant-garde, and who knew where it might take you ?

So I decided that as far as possible I'd avoid pulling rank on anyone by too much harping on the past. You may recall that Ted Tubb made the same point in his Trufan tale ("The Evil that Fen do"-- Eye 2): "A Trufan is made, not born. None can honestly live on the efforts of their fathers and their grandfathers."

However, the time has come when I have to break my own rule, and hark back quite a long way. It's the only means I can think of to make my point. Hence, too, the long preamble.

Shortly before the Cytricon while I was talking to Sam Youd, he remarked how few neofans came to "The Globe" nowadays. It was becoming nothing more than an Old Fans' Club. Back in the days when Londoners met at "The White Horse", there was always a strong turn-up of the younger set. They could be seen any week over in the corner swapping magazines. Indeed, I remember them from my own infrequent visits.

Unfortunately, said Sam, hardly any of them survived the move to "The Globe". Suddenly, and en-bloc, they disappeared from the scene. What happened ?

This is where we hop into my time-machine. We set the dial for 1937, and we vernier it for a Thursday evening early in December. The mists clear, and we see a London street. A thin, not-too-well-dressed teen-ager is walking along, reading a letter. Hovering unseen over his shoulder, we read it with him:

"....some of the boys meet every Thursday in London for a jaw and a cup of tea--why dontyou come ?----Yours for science-fiction, Eric Williams"

We watch him going down the tea-shop steps to join a group of chattering youths over in a corner. The waitress brings him his order---it's before the day of self-service---and lets him sit as long as he likes. He spends an ecstatic two hours swapping magazines with Carnell, listening to Temple's latest story-plot, and arguing with Clark about Mossolov's "Steel Foundry" music. Total cost lld.

Later that night he writes in his diary:

"After work I went up to Holborn and in a Lyons' teashop joined 6 of the SFA gang in poached eggs on toast and a talk. A nice friendly atmosphere. If nothing else, science-fiction has given me this--the friendship of kindred spirits."

Great days, those, dewy-eyed days ! I know this about them, though, that if those first meetings had been held in a pub, I for one would have had to drop out of Fandom fast. Even the monthly SFA meetings at the Druids' Hall were a constant strain, because it had a bar, and I had to keep my end up, and I couldn't afford it. Not on £2 a week, and me courting.

So where are the neofans today ? Sam suspects that they couldn't stand the

pace either, and that they've formed a breakway club, meeting somewhere in the London suburbs, perhaps, at one of their members homes. If he is right, what a pity! What a loss to Fandom!

London fandom began in a tea-shop, not in a pub, but it seems to have forgotten its origins. The result is---well, how many neofans did you see at the George Hotel, Kettering?

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Another vow I made when this column began was to see whether it was possible to develop a fannish outlook not just on odds and ends within the S-F ambit, but on life in general. Did fanning engender a new attitude to life, I wondered, or was I naturally superior?

The logical step was to take a look at something, so old-hat and squeezed dry of significance that only a really New Outlook could make it interesting. My wife solved the problem by pointing out that the lawn needed cutting. Gardening! Yes, that was the line of attack. I resolved that instead of cutting the grass the old hard way, I'd tackle it the way a fan should.

Just about when I visited Lucerne. There came a wet day, and I killed some time in the Glacier Garden. They have a wonderful side-show there. a sort of Hall of Mirrors, and at one spot a guide stepped out of the wall---I swear he did---smiled mirthlessly and signalled me to step on to a small disc set in the floor.

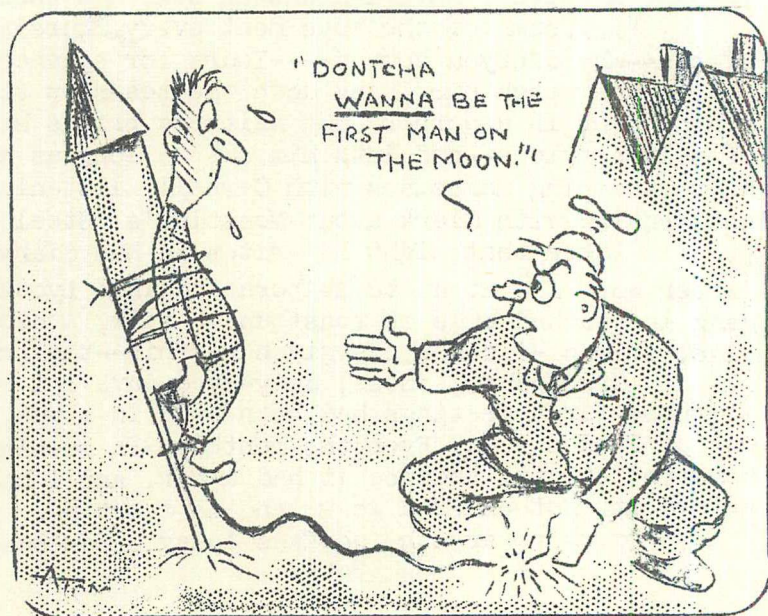
This I did. Mind you, all this time I was mulling over the grass problem. But I wasn't getting anywhere. Then as I stood there, the lights went out, and I rose through the ceiling. When they came on again, I found that I was in a small cubicle consisting of three sides, each made of a single mirror, with the other mirrors forming the ceiling and floor.

What I saw, surrounding me, was me. Hundreds of beautiful me, row after row, stretching away into the distance. I looked up, and there I was, above myself. I looked down. Thousands bowed their heads to me. A universe of Phoenixes! It was exhilarating. As I waved at me, and a forest of arms waved back, I realised what I had discovered---ultimate egoboo. This could be worth millions at "The Globe".

Something else, too. As well as myself, all the alter egos began to think about how to keep the grass down, and in an instant we had the solution. Thousands of hands smote thousands of foreheads. Of course! The logical answer.

Two hours later, I was out of the country with my secret. It's very simple. The problem resolves itself into finding a way to crop one blade of grass, and repeating the process to infinity, or in my case, to the edge of the lawn near the dust-bin.

The initial outlay on mirrors was rather high, but it will be well worth it for the



time saved. The factory have promised me early delivery, and by the time you read this, I shall have erected the mirrors round the lawn, and on top, and cut one blade of grass.

I'm convinced that I've proved my case. Fandom does something for a person.

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I was walking down a street in Longsight, admiring my reflection in the glittering shop-windows serviced by vitronomist Eric Needham, when I saw approaching me an elderly man of a breed I had thought extinct nowadays. There used to be quite a few of his type up and down Britain, especially in small towns on market-days. They seemed to be drawn towards markets, perhaps because of all the hucksters whose souls needed saving. And they used to be seen at race-meetings, too. It was nice to know that even bookies weren't considered beyond redemption. But you don't see many now.

He had an alert face, and an imposing head of grey hair, and he was respectably dressed, except for a jerkin of stiff black cloth which he wore over his jacket. On this were the words, in large white letters : THE WICKED SHALL BE TURNED INTO HELL.

As he passed me, I turned and read on his retreating back : REPENT ! FOR THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT IS AT HAND.

He didn't slacken pace for me or for any of the other passers-by, but walked briskly on with the air of one who knows where he is going. At that hour, he was doubtless going home to tea after a busy day, as I was, but he was stepping along as if nine hosts of angels bare him up. I wished I had half his faith.

On reflection, though, I wonder if he really was as self-assured as he seemed to be ? His choice of slogans suggests that he was not. They imply that he believes that there are some folk who will not be turned into Hell, because they have repented, and he finds it necessary to assert this publicly, and to imply, also in public, that he is one of them.

This doesn't sound like a clear conscience; it sounds like a man who is not sure of salvation, someone suffering from guilt-complex, due maybe to some past action for whose results he feels responsible, and unable to atone. It's as if he's decided that only God can now clear up the matter, so he confesses his guilt to Him and puts the problems in His hands.

But why the exhibitionism, I wondered ? What makes this sort of man paint slogans on himself, and why religious slogans ? Why not just paint political messages on brick walls, or other things on other walls ? Plenty of people do.

I suppose the answer is that he must still doubt whether his attempt to offload his guilt has succeeded, so he adopts religious texts, partly to reassure himself and partly to appeal to God. When he walks around the streets, he isn't exhorting the public, but God. In effect, he is saying "You have promised that You will not punish those who repent. Here are Your very words. I am a penitent, so do not punish me." And so that the Almighty will know who is speaking, he paints his appeal on himself.

What would happen, I wonder, if he were confronted with a conflicting text? Say, "FORGIVE AND YE SHALL BE FORGIVEN" If he were brought to believe that his only hope of forgiveness was for himself to forgive, what then ? How can the offender forgive the offended ?

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TO CURE ZEMMY-HEADEDNESS : Wash the head with plenty of old rum; the back and face with sour wine. Wear flannel next the skin and carry a packet of salt in the left-hand pocket.

Sarah Hewett on Devon folk-lore.

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A SECOND ARGOSY OF SCIENCE FICTION ^{by} Ron Bennett

Over the last year the short story magazine, "Argosy," has continued to entertain readers of science fiction by including in almost every issue a department entitled "Science Fiction Choice." On the whole it's been a good year for the department; the stories have been up to standard of the magazine's reputation and they've been up to the standard set the genre by the first year of Argosy's SF Choice.

As I said last year, however, lightly airing my views in "NEW FUTURIAN," "As a lover of the short story as a literary entity...the setting aside of a story of any particular subject, wide enough though Stf may be in subject matter, can do no other than lower the standard of the magazine as a whole. Once limitation of any kind is placed on subject matter the result must be a cramping of a writer's freedom of scope, and a consequent lowering of quality in style and presentation." No one argued the point and the chances are I'll argue the same way next year. Or are they? For with the latest "Argosy" to hand running a SF story without the distinctive barrier of "Science Fiction Choice" separating it from the other stories in the magazine, I wonder whether the magazine has decided to fold the department and print good stories of any description when ever they come to hand. Of course this would be no new innovation to Argosy. In the days prior to the introduction of the department, two years ago, SF was always certain of a place in the magazine if the stories submitted were good ones. Including both SF and Stf, I referred the reader to the Argosy's reprinting of stories from "The Martian - Chronicles," "Nine Finger Jack," (August/51) and a story by John Wyndham I still consider as excellent, "Chinese Puzzle." (February/53)

Once again the emphasis has been on the lighter side of SF., personalities thankfully having the preference over space-opera. Most of the stories are reprints but are deserving cases.

The first story in the second year, that in the July 1954 issue, was Cleve Cartmill's "Bells on His Toes," which was something of a disappointment, as was his "Number Nine" in an earlier issue. Hank Smiley is accompanied wherever he goes by aery music. The story is entertaining, but no more. The real kicks come from fitting the music played by Hank's private orchestra to situation:

"'--Fraudulent promoters are parasites on the body politic,' Hank said, and out over the air went a smooth rumba arrangement of 'I've Got You Under My Skin' I could also add, and I'm going to, that the same issue ran a Bradbury story. Bradbury? Didn't he once write science fiction?"

We'll pass quickly over the August issue. The story was quite good and amusing. This was John Wyndham's "A New Kind of Pink Elephant," which I've read under several different titles in several different magazines. It has appeared before in this country, in the Science-Fantasy No 5, under the title of "Pawley's Peepholes." Bradbury got into this one too.

The September issue saw the discovery of one W.H. Boore who was described as "a Birmingham writer, already known to some readers from his broadcast talks."

Ray Bradbury's "Hail and Farewell" was also present, but this Boore story baffles me; I just don't know how to describe it. It has entertaining lilt, but the whole point seemed too pat. the psychological differences of SF characters today weren't there. Many of the story developments could have been developed further whilst the characters were too 'flat' and did not have any noticeable differences. Vance and Horus accept their fate too calmly. Still, the tale was a welcome innovation and showed that unknown writers get their chances.

October saw a marked difference in quality, development and polish. The story to grace the department that month was Robert Sheckley's "The Impacted Man," which has seen more conventional appearances on the other side of the Atlantic. This story had a well worked out plot the builder of galaxies who is at fault and subplot of Jack Masrin who cannot get upstairs without being attacked by prehistoric tribesmen.

The issue should suit Ken Potter down to the ground; Steinbeck, Ken.

Bradbury was back again in November, back with one of his best stories for a long time and a complete break from the type of cool summer, warm spring, fresh green grass type of story we've come to associate him with of late. The story was "Shopping For Murder," but paradoxically 'straight' writer. Gerald Kersh held the department for the issue. His "Note on Danger B" argued a new twist on the space-time theme with age depending on speed. A truly gripping story.

Five hundred years into the future Martin Jordan takes us for his "Brave Old World," which appeared in December. Here we don't see the usual theme of a dictator treading on subservient beings, but simply an ordinary antique dealer making his living. The entertainment value comes with the clever twists on the taboos of the day. Neat, neat.

Mr Sheckley made a curtain call to herald in the new calendar year with another story of taboo in the future, and a really excellent and entertaining story from any angle. The story was "Seventh Victim" a really clever and original story about legalised murder with a terrific punch ending. This grade A story which takes top rating for the year along with Arthur Porges' "H-Type Ruun," which appeared in the March Argosy. February had seen Bradbury's South-of-the-Border-saga, "Sun and Shadow," but had missed out the SF choice. Thank goodness the issues on either side of this one when they're stacked on the shelves makes up for the omission.

"H-Type Ruun," reprinted from F & SF takes pride of place in my collection as the most subtly developed SF story I've ever read. I thoroughly enjoyed the Ruun chasing Jim Irwin around, but the point of the story escaped me until the second reading, when I realised what clues to look out for. Why exactly did the Ruun finally reject Jim? Read it, then give it to a friend to read and ask him that question. 3-1 he won't know. A note at the end of this story tells us that it is shortly to be reprinted in "Best SF," a forthcoming anthology edited by Edmund Crispin and published by Faber & Faber. If the other stories in the collection are as good, it'll be the anthology of the year. Come to think of it, why ever didn't this story make Bleiler & Dikty?

April saw a drop in standard, as must be expected after a story of the calibre of Porges', and came into bat wearing the equipment of Jack Vance. The story was "Music of the Spheres," quite an acceptable variation on an old theme. Somehow I can't quite rave about this one, but you might be able to do so.

Sheckley again! A birthday re-appearance for me, in the May issue and a welcome story, "Shape," which deals with why and how the Glom failed to occupy the Earth. This is a Martian Chronicle Expedition story in reverse and much more acceptably realistic because of the change. You know, I'm beginning to enjoy Sheckley!

The June issue was something of an enigma in that it ran a Bradbury story called "Lime-Vanilla Ice," a tale which completely ruined an earlier Bradbury story. You know the one, "A Story About Love," about the young boy who loves his teacher. This time we've the same theme and practically the same imagery used throughout, but the central characters are older. The SF story in the same issue was thus labelled only on the contents page, a new innovation, and not at the story heading. This was an excellent short, entitled "The Other Enemy," by Robert Wolf Emmett. The theme is wellknown; interstellar scouts from another galaxy find an earth which has been devastated and razed by self-destruction. The religious ending is perhaps a little too sentimental, but the moral is one must necessarily admit, there.

On the whole this was an extremely entertaining year comprising stories of quality. I rate "H-Type Ruum" and "Seventh Victim" as the best of the vintage and sincerely hope that "Argosy" can continue to print stories of their calibre for many years to come.

Theme Song:

DEFINITELY A MORAL

by E. R. JAMES

Lady, Aged 72, resident in Morecambe, encouraged by seeing all the science-fiction films as they were shown locally, tackled an edition of Nebula.

As a result she wrote to my mother-in-law saying that she had enjoyed it--and she thought it worth mentioning that she had found my story Blaze of Glory... very Instructive...

I wonder if the word was a left-handed compliment. Was it like saying that reading an article by John Newman in New Worlds was a great emotional experience?

And yet--

Well, first of all, it is necessary to define science-fiction. Contrary to most thought, nothing could be simpler. SF is fiction based on science.

Science is the examination of the natural phenomena within and around the human race. What is today's science is tomorrow's applied fact. Tomorrow's fact and how it affects us is science-fiction.

That phrase "how it affects us" is really the be-all and end-all, not only of science-fiction, but of all fiction.

For any story, to be a gripping story, should have two complementary parts. Action--at the very least a development of the plot--and human interest to keep the reader's interest following the action.

Any science-fiction story has to have another part, also complementary to the usual two. It has to have a basis of science.

Science is another word for knowledge. A writer must have put in some study to get his facts right and some thought to interpret those facts into the plot of his story. For his reader to understand, therefore, there must be some explanation or instruction incorporated within the story.

It makes you think, doesn't it ? Especially when SF is called escapist literature. Escapist it may be in treatment--but most SF stories are instructive to some degree. They are often thought-provoking, not infrequently uncomfortably pointed.

That brings me to my last point. When I took a writing course many years ago, I was urged to write stories of pure entertainment. Instruction was not wanted, and, of all the unwritten taboos--sex, religion, etc--the worse crime a could commit was to point a moral.

SF magazines must be distant cousins of books on philosophy. It is the rule, rather than the exception, for SF to point a moral. Or so I think.

Something special, this Science-Fiction, isn't it ?

Like a sugar-coated pill, perhaps.

I like it, like that.

(the future of) by R.R. JOHNSON. (ROAD TRANSPORT)

Some readers will doubtless remember a short story by Robert Heinlein which appeared during the war years, entitled "The Roads Must Roll," a story which contained some revolutionary conjectures regarding surface transport in the not-too-distant future. I came across this yarn again recently, and together with my present interest in motoring, it set me wondering just what the probable state of surface transport would be in the middle future. A further stimulus arrived recently in the shape of an imaginative series of advertisements in the weekly technical press, depicting the "car of 2054" as seen by various notable individuals including Sir Miles Thomas and Professor A.M. Low.

Heinlein foresaw the tremendous traffic congestion which is even now beginning to paralyse movement inside the larger cities and to waste millions of pounds worth of fuel and thousands of lives annually both in towns and on the "open" road. Some countries suffer worse than others and most have made far more effort than we have to provide modern roads for modern cars. This country needs a big network of fast trunk roads, both for economic and humanitarian reasons; it needs roads where the 80 m.p.h. "bread and butter" car can use its performance, and where the owner of an 140 Jaguar does not have to keep most of his 190 horses in check for the greater of the time. The discrepancy between "paper performance" and achievable average speed on English roads is ludicrous: few 80 m.p.h. cars of the Vanguard-Velox-Zephyr variety can average much more than 40 miles in the hour on a 100 mile journey, even when driven enterprisingly; a recent Road Test commended a super sports model for having the roadworthiness to put 50 miles into the hour with safety--what an achievement, for a model which could exceed 116 m.p.h. and accelerate from 0-100 m.p.h. in half a minute !

We need fast roads for fast acrs, and we also need to lay the bogey that speed in itself is dangerous: reckless driving is dangerous, and that can mean doing 40 m.p.h. in places where 20 is called for, but certainly does not mean 70 or even 100 m.p.h. on an autobahn. Admittedly the standard of driving in England is not what it might be, but most drivers are not the homicidal maniacs

the b-fs of the Pedestrians' Association would have us believe.

However, we are more concerned here with the future than with present problems. Let us suppose that, by some miracle, a government of either Left or Right wakes up sufficiently to provide us with a proper system of trunk roads where 100 m.p.h. is indeed possible in safety. What happens next? One significant feature of the last Earl's Court Motor Show was the number of cars which could reach 100 m.p.h., many more being capable of 90+ - I mean fairly "bread-and-butter" cars, not sports models. The modern car is getting faster every day, and the sports and sports-racing models are really phenomenal. Perhaps a few figures would be helpful for the uninitiated. The Velx-Vanguard type of car mentioned above has a top speed of circa 80 m.p.h. and disposes of around 50 brake horse power per ton, laden with two occupants and luggage. ($3\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.) The Frazer Nash referred to - the least potent of that particular marque - will do 114-116 m.p.h. and has a power/weight ratio of 95 b.h.p./ton. That is something right outside the ken of the average motorist, yet it is by no means exceptional today. The new Jaguar XK 140 has corresponding figures of 130-140 m.p.h. and 130b.h.p./ton. The fabulous Mercedes Benz 300SL achieves 165 m.p.h. and almost 200 b.h.p./ton, while the D-type Jaguar has been times at approaching 180 m.p.h. and its power/weight ratio is almost 250 b.h.p./ton! (This last, remember, was not fast enough to beat the 4.9 Ferrari at LeMans, and the Ferrari, like all the others quoted, can be purchased by the private individual and used on ordinary roads.

Where will all this stop? For all that I do not believe speed in itself to be dangerous, within limits, these velocities seem to me to be quite unrealistic. Even an autobahn is not adequate for 180 m.p.h. with other traffic about, and in fact it is difficult to see the possibility of building roads that would be adequate within the next fifty years or so. Yet the cars are already with us, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that within a decade even family cars will be capable of these speeds.

Coming back to the matter of congestion: if material wealth goes on increasing, this will be an even bigger problem. In America there is one automobile to every three people; in this country the ratio is one to eighteen, and we know what even that figure means in terms of London traffic jams and Bank Holiday crawls.

The solution seems to me to lie in two directions. First, the considerable expansion of public services within towns - not to mention the re-planning of many of those towns - and then the forbidding of private vehicles within a certain radius of the town centre. Secondly, a wholesale migration upwards. This has ceased to be a science-fictionist's dream and has become a reasonable possibility - if not necessity. The problems of really high-speed surface travel have been discussed: but, in the air, there is far more space, and helicopter design is advancing rapidly. It could advance far more quickly if sufficient attention were paid to it. It is far more logical to take to the air if one wants to go very quickly, for there one does not come across artificial restrictions to fast cruising, and a 90 m.p.h. helicopter is much quicker, point to point, than even a D-type Jaguar, and eventually there is no reason why helicopters in private hands should not cruise at 200 or 300 m.p.h., which is faster than even Grand Prix car drivers could cope with on any public road!

I see the automobile of 2005 or 2054, then, as a past dream. Urban travel will be by means of efficient public services, and/or moving sidewalks; long distance travel will be taken care of by helicopters, which may also, incidentally be dual personality machines which can be used as cars for distances of, say, ten to twenty miles.

Now, this is unfortunate. It is, however, the inevitable result of the modern quest for speed. The enthusiast car driver, who regards his vehicle as

something more than merely the quickest or most convenient form of transport, will probably be confined in a century's time to Vintage Clubs - though I can't see the same affection being bestowed on a "vintage" 1954 Bloggs Bulbous Blankshire sedan as owners today have towards their Silver Ghosts or Red Label Bentleys.

There's only one bright spot. Perhaps all this will not happen: perhaps we'll all be atomically dead - there are folk in the Pentagon who might manage it.

FOR YOUR FUTURE

by John K. H.
Brunner

ENTERTAINMENT



(This is the last of a series of four articles which have attempted to analyse the literary values of science fiction. The others in the series were: Topsy (NuFu 2); Through the Future's Fence (NuFu 3) and Autopsy (NuFu 4).)

How many times can you remember seeing the largely meaningless statement that science fiction has come of age thrown out without qualifications, like an old maid with views on strong language discarding a bad piece of fish? It's a saying which seems to have cropped up at regular intervals since the week after Gernsback coined the term. It's the kind of thing which makes my hackles rise and induces a loud Grr-rrh!

But since it continues to be made, and since the purpose of my final article is to make an assessment of the future growth of science fiction, we'd better dispose of it sometime.

We can take it two ways. The first is to assume that 'come of age' is purely metaphorical and is synonymous with maturity. Al right then; how 'mature'?

Here we run into some difficulty with derivations. By rights 'mature' means ripe and ready to pluck. Since we all pluck it in varying quantities and, even if we don't eat it, inwardly digest it, we can't quarrel with that. But ripeness implies impending rottenness, which we had better set aside for the moment; and Maturity also carries the association of the attainment of a final, definitive form.

To say that sf is a finished product; that it's reached the end of its long journey and is now perfect; is to adopt the stand taken by the mechanistic physicists at the end of the last century, who believed quite honestly that they had discovered all there was to know about the universe. Then came Einstein....

We must therefore reject all possibility that sf is now static. In fact we can bolster that decision by looking at the new ground which has been broken in the past few years. I don't see any signs that we've covered the lot.

So we can discard those meanings of the statement 'sf has come of age' as inherently meaningless. We'll do much better if we take it in its strictly literal sense and follow up the quasi-legal references - in other words, say that science fiction has achieved a position at which it may trustworthily be left to make its own decisions.

Now here we start to walk on very dangerous ground. It is one of the hallmarks of maturity in any literature when it ceases to depend entirely on public

opinion and it is generally recognised that it can be 'good-in-itself'. And if we apply that criterion to the ways in which sf has recently hauled up certain questions in our society and found them mentionable, we have excellent grounds for agreeing that it is no longer a case of pandering to a public demand for unusually high adventure - several lightyears up - but is now a matter of sf taking the law into its collective authors' hands and examining the very bed-rock of our beliefs, which up to now has been the province of serious literature and of that kind of straight novel which is remaindered after twelve months through lack of popular demand.

I'll give specific references to the kind of thing I mean, classified under Freud's headings of Totem and Taboo - used inaccurately ! Totem stories might be held to comprise those which propound disturbing questions about religion in general and Christianity (the major religion of the Western hemisphere) in particular:

The Man, by Ray Bradbury. An interstellar expedition lands on a planet where Jesus has just been born.

For I am a Jealous People !, by Lester del Ray. Certainly the most striking sf tale yet written on a religious theme. Del Ray takes the Old Testament view of God's relation to His Chosen People and argues that He might well change His mind and select an alien race instead.

Taboo stories comprise those which inspect the moral do's and don't's of our ethical system, and find them, if not exactly wanting, at least fallible. This being a largely materialist age (Billy Graham notwithstanding) they are greater in number and of more immediate interest:

The Lovers, by Philip Jose Farmer. Handles the ticklish problem of inter-racial miscegenation with considerable brilliance, and is one of the few of these stories that does not lose its impact on re-reading. Other works on this theme have included Martian's Fancy - a strictly wink-and-snigger effort- and Richard Wilson's Love, which combines its main theme with a deft satire on the spread of western 'civilisation'

The World Well Lost, by Theodore Sturgeon. Easily the most accomplished and delicate treatment I know of the basically repulsive subject of homosexuality.

No Land of Nod, by Sherwood Springer. Examines a point which all other writers on the Adam-and-Eve in a depopulated world kick have conveniently overlooked - the necessity for incest.

It must, I submit, at once be granted that when a position such as this has been reached, science fiction as a literary genre must have acquired the right to be called good-in-itself, rather than having to depend on the uneasy conscience of the circulation manager.

That established, then, and the idea of its having achieved a definitive form having been discarded, we can turn to the vexed question: what next ?

Anyone who knows anything about sf will at once admit the danger of prophecy ! But it seems clear that science fiction must graduate from the realm of the purely escapist literature which it used to be into something else. I was talking to John Wyndham at the Globe a couple of months ago on this subject and though the argument broke up when it was just getting warm, we'd agreed to differ.

Wyndham's point of view - which he has been living up to in his writing - is that sf must now attempt a rapprochement with the straight novel. In order to adapt public taste, it will be necessary to write about situations which could arise under present circumstances or in the past, and simply put them

into a future setting. He cited as an example of this his story Dumb Martian.

But I cannot agree with this at all. To me, that is a complete negation both of the long-standing tradition of sf which is so largely due to John W. Campbell, and of its potentialities. While I am in complete agreement with the proposition that we've got to go somewhere, it should not be towards the straight novel simply for the sake of catching up on something that has already been done. The new ground waiting to be broken may, granted, lie more in the field of human relationships than of new scientific achievements, but it should never be necessary to deal with a situation which the straight novel can - and does - handle already.

In the introduction to his anthology Best SF, Edmund Crispin makes a much more penetrating assessment of the function of the medium, which strangely parallels John W. Campbell's ideas of many years ago, and of which it is doubtful that Crispin was consciously aware. He points out that sf might well assume the task of presenting major philosophical, scientific, logical and humanist problems in the shape of a sugared pill. Campbell's way of putting it was to say that - far from its old attempts to predict the future - it should examine the possible trends of today and serve as a warning regarding what not to do.

Here an interesting problem presents itself. Primarily, at any rate, sf has hitherto been an escapist literature. What is the fate of such a genre when it turns aside from escapism and concerns itself with matters of present urgency?

The answer, probably, is - good. The reason for saying so may be found in the next question which would naturally follow: how long will sf survive as a distinct medium? It has often been called the literature of the future, but that seems unlikely on the face of it; whether it is taken as a manifestation of a crisis in the unequally-developing social and technical achievements of our civilisation, or simply of a desire for new frontiers, the peculiar forces which brought it into being may disappear at any time.

It is for exactly this reason that it seems to me essential to assume the task of presenting fictional extrapolations of social trends. There are always new problems in that field; when such situations as Wyndham depicts in his novels and short stories are either commonplace or ridiculous, there will still be enormous scope for analysis of current developments.

If, on the other hand, sf attempts to fuse with the main stream it will simply be absorbed. A story set in Luna City will probably not be fantasy in fifty or a hundred years' time; in the normal course of events the straight novel will catch up on sf when technology allows, rather than the reverse.

We see therefore that it is not a question of which course will lead to most chance of continuance. We must hope that the growing social consciousness of the personal immediacy of problems of world-wide scope which has been revealed in stories such as those which I cited as evidence of the new-found adulthood of sf will set the pattern for the future developments. If the Wyndham school have their way, sf may enjoy a brief and doubtless merited surge of public approval; but sure as eggs are eggs it will be brief - perhaps some of the readers of this article will live to see it happen. And I, for one, would weep at the funeral.

Well, that's it. And now, please! Have I said nothing which annoyed people? Haven't I managed to make any points with which people violently disagree? Better yet, has anyone been inspired to argue this matter over with a view to bringing some fresh contenders into the arena?

I'm very anxious to find out if these notions of mine, which I've rather tentatively stuck out - in company with my neck - either meet general approval or are the hair-brained babblings of an idiot.

Let NuFu know, won't you?

When, in September 1950, Olaf Stapledon died, he left behind a sheaf of pencilled notes which have now been collated by his wife and friends and published with a preface by one of his closest friends, E.V. Rieu. It is fitting that Methuen's, to whom we owe virtually all his works, and who first introduced to us the austere philosophy of "Last and First Men", should now present in this final, posthumous book the ultimate working-out of Stapledon's passionate yet chilling conception of the nature of the universe and of its Creator.

Stapledon himself, we are told, regarded his writings as much more than mere exercises in imagination, or as attempts to catch the public's taste for fantasy by sugaring over the essentially bitter-sweet flavour of his beliefs. To him they were myths of a life-long quest for "a sure path through the problem of good and evil to the throne of God", and each successive book marked a stage in his approach to a solution: a solution which now, sketchily and faltering, but none the less certainly for that, he achieves almost at the moment of death, an irony that accords well with the Grecian mood of the ending to "Last and First Men". How wryly he would have smiled at this!

We find, therefore, as we should expect, that many of the elements, situations and characters are already familiar to us. They are the continuing fragments of the one myth. The "Dark-bright Being" to which the narrator's spirit inclines is surely the Star-maker Himself, and the many worlds and creatures that he scans from the starlit hilltops are the stuff of that cosmic stage-set already known from other works. And this is as it should be, for clearly the compelling visions of the cosmos first described in "Star-maker" had more to reveal in the silence of meditation than he recorded for us in the first ecstasy of insight.

It would be wrong, however, to imply that the victorious peace-of-mind now shouted forth was achieved through any form of quietism on his part. E.V. Rieu, lunching with Stapledon a year before his death, found a man transformed by a sense of achievement quite alien to him, a man confident that the goal of all his thinking was at last reached. "I have come to terms with reality," he announced, "Comprehension has been added to acceptance."

Such spiritual ends are seldom reached without a great deal of anguish if we are to judge by the lives of those saints and divines who have followed the same path. Was his elation justified, or was it so much talk? His claim is prodigious. Any fool can come to terms with reality, and most sane men do, sooner or later; but only with reality as they see it. To claim to comprehend reality, the true substance behind the shadow, and then to accept it without the spirit breaking like a rotten stick, is something else entirely. Such a claimant is more often a madman or a rogue than a divine.

Whatever he was, Stapledon was not insane, nor was he ever accused of insincerity. The most cursory acquaintance with his writings reveals an integrity of belief far beyond the ordinary, and indeed often to the detriment of his narrative. Reading such a passage as the one in "Last and First Men" wherein the first atomic explosion is demonstrated by blowing up Lundy Island (this was long before the days of Bikini Atoll) we are never in doubt as to the author's views on atomic weapons. Nowadays, when atom bombs and worse are realities, and everyone is horrified, we see that his reaction is still significant. Ours is one of horrified fear: his of horrified compassion...and therein lies the difference that runs through all that he wrote and felt and that abruptly marks him off from the merely visionary. One cannot doubt that he was of the true temper to wrestle with the universe, and not announce the outcome until it was assured,

and until it was one that made sense not to himself alone but to others. The sustained note of impassioned apostrophe to the Star-maker which resounds throughout the book is a moving tribute to the magnitude of the victory won.

What was this victory ? What was it that made Rieu perceive in him a serenity which hitherto been signally lacking in one who had always been "the most disturbing of friends" ?

The book itself does not give a complete answer. Despite the fact that it represents almost word-for-word his notes as he left them, it remains in essence a working diary, concerned with the last stages of a quest that began with first his published book, "A Modern Theory of Ethics". In between we have had a series of progress reports in which his conclusions, not yet fully-developed, were thrown into the form of fiction. Only by considering the whole body of his works together with the nature of the man himself, can this final book be judged and his own stature fully gauged.

He was an ecstatic; a non-materialist. He believed in a Creator, but not in a Christian one, thus differing from C.S Lewis, another of the religious apologists of our day who has written in terms of fantasy. "God is Love", affirms Lewis: and, guided by God, his hero Ransom finds that even the ugliest Martian monster has its human side." ...but Love is not God," retorts Stapledon. Evil also is of the Creator, and must be reconciled with any conception we have of Him. "Fight the good fight !" cries Lewis, as Ransom pursues a Satanic foe through the caves of Venus. "I agree," says Stapledon, "but also, Thy will be done, even if it's an ill-will."

Both authors are obsessed with the problem of evil: how to account for its existence in a created Universe, and how to respond to the challenge it presents to believers in a Creator. In Lewis's view which is that of the Christian church, there are two sorts of evil to which Humanity is exposed; firstly, the true evil, of which Satan is the source, and secondly, the apparent evil, which is really the will of God and is for our ultimate good. Indeed, since Satan exists only by God's sufferance, all evil is derived from God, with the distinction that mankind is enjoined to fight that which is Satanic, in the knowledge that one day, good will triumph over evil.

This Stapledon denies. He sees Man's duty to be the creation of a heaven-on-earth in the material sense, and on the spiritual plane the attainment of as full an insight as possible into the universe at large. These aims, once realised will of themselves involve an ever-deepening recognition of the Creator's methods and nature, and this declares he is the ultimate aim and the reason for humanity's existence. Men will one day reach the stars, he says, and even join hands with other intelligent races in exploring the Universe; yet even if this happens, even if there are no interplanetary wars, still we and all other forms of life will face a Universe almost wholly hostile and what we should call evil. All life, on all planets, will be but a speck faced with overwhelmingly more abundant non-life, and to reject or resent this fact will only be to belittle the Creator who has made it so. Stapledon's Creator dispenses both good and evil, not with the Christian Creator's end in view, but because both are a necessary part of Reality. They will always be so. He sees no possible end to the co-existence of Good and Evil.

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Quotecards Dept. subtitled .. Nothing New

Your Editor was recently dealing with a batch of oddments of all sorts of things which came into my hands in the course of business. Amongst them were some safety razor blades of a make I had never heard of -- Knockout Blades - the Atomic Edge. Lo and behold each packet contains a neat little quote card such as 'Grab the girl and embrace your opportunity', 'Even the cat makes the most of the last lap' 'Romance is the Reality', and so on.

BROWSING

including
"ARGUMENTIVE" ETC.

Your extremely harassed editor has been pondering on how to Keep Up With Things -- to deal with fannish correspondence, show appreciation of fanzines received, prepare and produce a letter column and editorial chatter for this august and erudite publication, comment when topics of interest pop up and so on.

Then, like a flash of inspiration came the idea that we could go a long way towards these goals by following the example set by one or two other fanzine producers, notably Joan Carr in 'Femizine', and have one long rambling grab-bag of material; produced in sections bewteen editions whenever time allowed and mood permitted; and wherein one discourseth on all manner of things fannish, quoting letters and mentioning fanzines when appropriate. Further cogitation brought up the idea that, when the few faithful Leeds fans gathered at my office on each Wednesday evening for a couple of hours, as has become our wont; your editor would sit down at a typewriter and proceed

So we dusted off the old title used for a column of mine in the long-defunct Science Fantasy Fan put out by Eric Williams (what has happened to him?) and later used as the name of my FAPA magazine; and got it all bright and shining and ready to use. What has happened so far, of course, is that our mutual friend Ron Bennett has turned up happily with stencils for 'Ploy' and dragooded the comp-any not engaged in perusing assorted pro and fan publications into assisting his Lordship in running off his magazine. That means I have to watch them like a hawk so that the Gestetner and office furniture have a chance of survival -- I had only to leave them for ten minutes, and they had one stencil on backwards so Ghu knows what might occur were I not their guardian angel !!!

And with those few words I declare this column open ...

The very first letter of comment on the last NuFu came from JAMES A. TODD;
8 Noster Hill, Leeds 11. and said thusly ..

NuFu arrived yesterday -- my first day up and about after a somewhat dragging illness. Gace me a reel boost up from the depths of the invalid blues, so thankee kindly, sir.

Of Course, I really should leave this letter for a few days until you have recovered from the after effects of getting goodness knows how many copies out, but enthusiasm is glowing hot and I have time on my hands...

This issue seems to be better than ever. Walter Gillings is still going strong and, what's more to the point, is still interesting. He gives a good, clear picture of fandom in England in prehistoric times.

The letter-section always takes my fancy and this one is no exception. BAIDNESS BE MY FRIEND. by Erle Van Loden: Now there's a title for a real thriller and his groundwork for a plot is not so bad either:-

Take this young investigator who is opposing the mutants, otherwise known as the Baldies, and alter the opening sequence so that it goes this way---

Only by absolute skin-gleaming baldness can his head become really

sensitive enough to share in their telepathic powers. (The operation is the factor that makes for mutation.)

This then is the start---Our hero, tall, blond and fearless, takes a lasting farewell of his sweetheart, gazes longingly at her beautiful red hair and then marches off manfully to the S.C.I.D. labs.

He emerges as a hairless obscenity, with a large, eggshaped cranium that glistens darkly, the repulsive blue of bones shimmering through the tightly stretched skin. He is also minus ears; fully developed telepathy needs no exterior aural apparatus and the mutants have long ago done away with these useless items.

So, our earless, hairless, but not careless hero joins the mutants. No beauty by earth standards perhaps, but to the Baldies---he is just their biscuit.

The Baldies have taken over Mars, where they are leisurely buiding up their invasion fleet, ready for the time when they will attack Earth.

Our earless hero, who shall henceforth answer to the name of Egghead, arrives just as the Balderians are beginning their national festival - which is a period of relaxation and holiday for the workers, who are always the females of the species. (Great idea, that.)

Egghead, who is completely uninformed as to the habits of the Baldies, for the simple reason that he is the first spy ever to penetrate their barriers, finds that the main event of the festival is a Beauty Contest for the national male.

He enters himself as a contestant and wins in a canter. The lab people back at home have done a terrific job of work on him.

Life for a Beauty Contest winner among the Baldies is a bowl of roses. Egghead has never had it so good before.

Women stroke his bald dome and telepath sweet somethings into his tender grey cells, while fellow males acclaim him as a hero and send fan broadcasts hourly.

This, for Egghead, is definitely living. Why should he worry about smelly old Earth and its income-tax problems? And the doll with the red hair? He is glad to have kissed her goodbye. Hair of any colour bores him to tears.

So our hero settles down to life with the Baldies and for six months he is wined, dined and feted in proverbial style.

Then the day of reckoning arrives...

One night he is seized and carried away by four of the worker females.

When he is stretched out on a flat white table and one of the women stands over him with a glittering knife upraised, Egghead knows that his time has come.

He is to be the victim of strange and awful sacrificial rites.

Then the knife descends and he knows no more.

Which is probably just as well.

When he awakes he is aboard a ship heading for Earth. At the controls are two Baldies who let him in on the big secret.

The sacrificial block was in fact an operating table. Now he is camouflaged as an Earthling. When he lands he is to mingle with the people and act up as a spy for the Balderians. That was what he was selected for when he won the Beauty Contest. It is all very simple if only he can understand it.

Egghead runs his fingers through his hair and tugs at the lobes of his ears in wonderment. This seems to be where he came in

Ends.

So much for that. This is the circular story performing a turn in the widdershins direction, so be careful. If at the present moment you are muttering oaths under your breath; you might find those oaths turned to something worse by the mere mention of the dreaded word 'widdershins'. Time I faded out

James A Todd 29.

Next person to be heard from was ...

SAM YOUNG, writing from Field House, Hensall, near Goole.

*** **

The New Futurian was sent on to me here in Yorkshire's sunny climes, and I thought it best to let you have a few brief words of thanks now; otherwise the probability is that I will never get around to it at all. We should like to have got over to Leeds to see you, but are tied by various things -- Joyce by the children and me by being (as usual) part way through a novel.

I much enjoyed N.F., particularly, as might be expected the contributions of Eric, Douglas and the Mancunian Phoenix (what, no termites?). I wouldn't dream of trying to stir the Hopkinsonian deeps any further, nor of prolonging a controversy on which you have set your sturdy foot. Most sternly does Eric rebuke me for arguing ad hominem, and I can only bow beneath the rebuke. I am quite sure that when Eric himself, on a previous page, talks of me as 'a man of powerful complexes' with 'a power of rationalisation which I envy' this is directed specifically ad rem. It is clearly my fault if, despite Eric's remarkable tribute to my intelligence, I fail in this case to distinguish between res and homo. The thing I envy Eric is having a Camel (or Camell) to advise him in reading science fiction. Go on Michael, blame your secretary! ((O.K. Consider her blamed))

As for Douglas, you cannot imagine what a relief it is to be allowed to step out from under John Christopher at last, though I do think the man might have come to the aid of his own pen-name instead of leaving it to old (and neglected) friends to do so. It is a pity that his modesty forbade him to reveal his more serious activities, particularly those two impressive volumes under the Kinsey pen-name. This last achievement will be recognized as even more remarkable than it seems on the surface, by those aware that he supplied, from his vast personal experience, 25.72% of the case data. Both sexes. (As opposed to a mere 17.104% derived in the course of his duties as Auntie Dorothy in a certain illustrious women's magazine.)

Joyce, requiring something to read, demands N.F., so I must yield it. Carry on with the good work ---

Sam

On receipt of the aforementioned epistle I got my wife to drop a P.C. to the Youds at Hensall, and we brought them over by car for a most enjoyable half day - to us at least. The two of us never ceased talking to the two of them, whilst the kiddies took to each other most agreeably too. Ah, happy days ... For "Camel" in the last issue and above, please read Carnell. It makes rather more sense for one thing, as I am informed that Camels do not read overmuch sf.

One of our most regular - and eagerly awaited - commentators is the Prop. of the Mercatorial Caravan, Member OMPA and Corporate Trufan, the right honorable ARCHIE MERCER who writes in the shadow of the Malleable Iron Works ...

So you don't think I have a nice name, eh? Well to tell the truth, nor do I. I think it's a perfectly horrible name, the first half ugly and the second half undisguisedly bourgeois. About the only reason I keep it is that I'm used to it, anything else'd sound wrong. You're lucky - Michael's positively angelic, whilst the blossoming-roses angle gives it a nice clean green rustic appearance! However, so what. Names are what they give us, not what we make 'em. Besides opinions differ somewhat. One of the ugliest words I know of is "pulchritude".

Anyway, the Nu Few's been sorely missed. So were you, at Kettering. Such Yorkshirefen as did find their way down there reported that you'd been undergoing Difficulties again, and you yourself confirm it in the Personal Page. Please accept my sympathies.

The cover is good. It's supposed to represent, I take it, a space - traveller with an unusually flexible left arm stretched out on the moon or somewhere dreaming about two fried eggs. Makes my mouth water, they're that realistic. No - come to think of it - they aren't fried, they're poached.

Enough of that. To the contents. The Dreamy Clamorers is of general interest as usual. As a matter of fact, it's far more interesting broken up like it is than it would be in one large lump. Strange to think of Fearn ever having been a fan! ((but he is one to this day, surely; else he would not be so ready to help in fannish affairs and so pleasantly approachable)). I'd never heard of John Edwards before, but now he's been dragged in, I'm getting ideas on the subject already.

Then Harry Warner's musical article. Now this sort of thing definitely is interesting. Pity I can't follow him all the way, being unable to read music or to enjoy any music which doesn't appeal to me emotionally. But I am always interested in trying to discover WHY it doesn't appeal to me emotionally. Anything that doesn't have a strongly defined rhythm isn't likely to. But nevertheless, anything written about it that isn't way above my head will always interest me.

The New Few is, of course, the ideal medium for such articles as Ken's Aussie PB thing, and Ken's Aussie PB thing's the ideal article for the New Fu. May there be much more of that sort of thing.

Phoenix at the Grosvenor disappoints. No, I don't mean it wasn't as well-written as his usual stuff - it was. But the revelation that he still was wont to mix as a fan among fen disappointed. Because from speculating on his identity I had gradually moved to the conclusion that He'd probably be some old fannish type from way back when, that I'd never heard of anyway. Now, he insists on being an Enigma again. Apart from which, I enjoyed his column immensely, as always.

The Hopkins pin-dancing circus has gone right out of my depth, now I'm afraid, it's still amusing to watch them, but I couldn't pretend to keep abreast of the main streams of thought. (I suppose it is thought?)

E.R.James and Inward Time makes far better sense than did Bester's original article. Pity he couldn't have got his views into the same magazine that the original appeared in. Also - in the mean time, you'll probably have noticed that TRIODE's started chasing the theme too. This three-fold dilution of the argument's a pity, though I don't see what can be done about it now it's started.

The lettercol - bang goes the NuFu's so-carefully-built-up reputation. P. 37, Joan Carr's letter, on the last line thereof - there it is, in black and white - that Awful Name - Chuck (whisper it!) Harris. The Name has been mentioned in the Nu Fu. At long long last. Now - ANYTHING can happen. It's a good lettercol nevertheless. Most of the rest of the zine's reviewing of one sort or another, most of it interesting. All in all, I'd sooner see you quarterly than halfyearly, there's enough material to warrant it. Keep up the good work.

Mercatorially as ever

Archie

A few lines from MAL ASHWORTH, explaining matters ...

*** *****

Many thanks for the last NEW FUTURIAN; I think it's about time that you had some money for future issues - unless I mean to come and sing outside your window for them. And I don't want to be classed as a Serenade Constructive Fan (or frighten away all your neighbours) so I have taken the easy way out and am sending you more money.

I'm awful sorry we've been such delinquent members just lately. When I

look back at it it seems an awful long time since we came over and visited but as the weeks have been passing there just hasn't seemed to be the time to do anything. I'm sorry about that because those Wednesday evening chats used to be one of my favourite pleasures in life. There have been sundry reasons for our not getting over, mainly connected with Tom ((White)) househunting (they have now ordered a new one - as yet not built), me getting mixed up with a member of another sex (the female one to be more specific) and us both wrestling with stencils for the next BEM. However we hope to get BEM 5 out in the next week or two (as soon as I get my convention report written almost; Gee what courting can do to fanning!) and as soon as we do I shall prod Tom (with a pitchfork or something equally efficient) and insist that we come over. Sheila wants to come to a meeting too. I hope they're still going as strong as ever and that the other delinquent (the weird chap from Aberford) has now returned to the fold. PS On day I will comment on TNF too: I hate the thought of you eating your heart out about it !!!! *mal*

Point A. Sheila, Betty, Tom and yourself or any selection thereof, are most welcome either at my office on Wednesdays or by arrangement at my home at weekends. Point B. All too much agreement on how the weeks slip by and nothing seems to get done. As one gets older the days, weeks and years seem to telescope towards ever-decreasing length and one gets entangled within commitments of all types. Point C. The lad from Aberford, hight George Gibson, hath reappeared again - you will even find a modicum of his work within this issue, on the titles. The long absence has been due to recurrent ill-health involving loss of all his teeth making poor George almost speechless; domestic circumstances involving both a young baby (this is even worse as a time-taker-up, Mal, than courting) and the acquisition of a television set, and if we dare just mention it; a slight touch of gafia. We understand that arrangement for the continued production of ORBIT are likely to be made amongst sundry Leeds fen in the near future.

Then along came 3½ closely-typed pages from John Brunner, Highlands, Woodcote, Reading, from which the following has been **** * extracted.

I look forward with interest to the next in Warner's series on the music of today and tomorrow. I am not well up on straight music (appropriate tho' ugly term, but much superior to classical as an epithet for un-jazz), but I have an idea that Warner could have made a point in his discussion of atonal music that it is the first time any school of composers has sat down to invent a method of creating which has not got roots in the folk music of any country. I remember in this connection that someone said that Bartok's trouble was not that he was modern, only that he was Hungarian. I shall be interested too, to find out if Warner goes along with me in hoping that Chinese and other Eastern folk musics do not get completely submerged in the flood of Western music - from grand opera to bop - which has followed American supremacy in the Pacific. If that primitive style, dependent on single notes and not yet at the harmonic stage, is allowed to react by itself with the more advanced theory and practise of Western orchestral and light music, there might well be a reaction as stimulating and exciting as there was in New Orleans when the rhythmic invention and the polyphonic singing of the African slave met the disciplined ideas and harmonic determination of Western influences.

Has anyone yet created a musical notation which is not dependent on the implicit diatonicity of the stave?

.....E. R. James is wasting a story idea in his article. I once began a sad little opus dealing with the difficulty of protecting patents in an age of interstellar but sublight travel. I gave it up when I began to do some research into the patent system and found out how difficult it is today.

Ariadne and the Bull: now here's an interesting point. I looked through the first few yards of it and thought only: um, another off-trail fantasy. Then I hit the bit about the Minotaur singing Negro spirituals, and I suddenly realised I had read it after all. Yes, and quite an entertaining book, but unless I found it on a second-hand shelf at 6d. I wouldn't buy it.

I picked up a great oddity the other day - Lady from Venus, by Garnett Radcliffe. If he'd kept his jargon down, he might have made a very good job of this story of a party of explorers from Venus who land in Britain and attempt to hire yaks for travelling and trade beads for eggs. But he botched it, alas, by talking wildly of light-year distances between Venus and here, the Speed Dimension, and what-have-you? (A kitchen sink?) As social satire on the habits of the genus Explotrator, it isn't bad, and I fancy I caught a sly dig or two at Margaret Murray.

I'm afraid I must take a completely divergent position from Wilson on the subject of Lovecraft. Where he sees this man an accomplished writer exercising his ability to discover horror in the simplest events, I can only find (and don't think I haven't tried to locate the paragon) a hack-writer slightly more drunk on Poe than even M. R. James ever was, disguising his innate incompetence with a rash of high-sounding but senseless verbosity.

Lovecraft stands alone as the most successful nincompoop of modern literature. He attempts to recreate, in an age which no longer has any regard for such things, the atmosphere of wan candlelight (ghastly tapers) which, in Victorian times, passed for horror. Poe, from whom he derived ninety-nine per cent of his ideas and style (the remainder, his own, being slightly worse than the rest), was something of an originator. In the rational, mechanistic world of the last century (you only need to look up their ideas on science to have that remark confirmed) he had to drag in what a previous generation had considered the necessary appurtenances of evil. The day of the conscious blasphemer is over; the Hell-Fire Club and the careful personified service of evil which motivated the intellectuals of an earlier day had gone before Lovecraft entered the field. In their place, thanks to the world-wide dissemination of news and the on-the-spot atmosphere created by radio and other advances of technology, it became quite apparent that evil per se can be found wherever you want to look for it. Even Lovecraft's distorted imagination could not have found words adequate to describe Belsen or Buchenwald, or the prisoner-of-war camps of Korea.

His excursions to the 'high plateau of Leng' or to the 'submerged world off the Massachusetts coast' were wasted - and I think he knew it. But for some reason, probably because he possessed a gift for pouring out nonsense disguised as resounding purple prose, he went right ahead. His imitators are legion, alas; even the redoubtable Derleth continues to write so-called 'horror' stories which are nothing more than elaborate descriptions of men going mad in the manner of Poe - with ten bad words for every good one.

Lovecraft never wrote a line which possessed either the evocative subtlety of H. G. Wells's "The Red Room" (H.G., with his usual gift for being half a century ahead of the crowd, here realised that the essential factor of a horror story is not the devil incarnate with hoof and horns, but the mere fact of fear itself) - or the driving imagery of Poe at his best. His assets were merely a lively though routine imagination and a Roget thesaurus; and the sole fact which

one can lay to his credit in support of the myriad claims to his genius is the fact that he able to conceal his paucity of true imagination under his cloak of words

Enough: that really calls for an article and I haven't the time to spare!

Y'know, to judge from Bennett's attitude displayed in his review of the Conklin collection, he and I should get along well on the subject of Lovecraft. I've got - not the book, but - most of the anthology in my collection, and he singles out the ones I myself would have called on to praise. He goes along with me in preferring subtlety to out-and-out description.

Out of your letter column I can only single out Sandy Sandfield's remark about autumn. He calls it a lovely word and superior to the Old English (not American, boy, not American - it was in common use when the Pilgrim Fathers departed these shores; why else should it have survived in the States?) 'fall'. Would he care so much for his pet if it were spelt ortum? I doubt it; autumn is a nice-looking word, I agree, but 'fall' is evocative, poetic, euphonious, and singularly appropriate from a botanical point of view into the bargain. It would look nice as forl, fawl and faul, too!

Sincerely,

You know, there is raw material enough in the foregoing to last out an evenings discussion but my feeling is that if I once start to enlarge on John's topics, I shall never know where to stop. So I will leave it to you, the readers ... and pass on to SID BIRCHBY and his 'comment on NuFu 4.

*** *****

An excellent cover by Don Allen and a mighty neat layout inside. This is the slickest NuFu of them all.

Clamorous Dreamers. Wally Gillings mentions a character named Nyman who was wont to descend on him about midnight, back in the 30's. Ah yes, I too have known S. Nyman. He descended on me too. One Saturday afternoon when I was a neofan, this geezer knocks at the door and breezes in. I'm brooding lovingly over my collection "Ahhh!!" he says, eyes lighting up, "I've been looking for that issue...and that ...and thatanthatant that !! See, I have my little holdalll with me. I'll take them now, eh?

And he made a dive for the door. I only just managed to trip him up in time to save the 'Amazing Quarterlies' from going where the wild goose went, and then he was gone. The next Saturday he called again, but I hid under the settee and sent my grandma to answer the door.

Opus 2021. I don't like 12-tone music. But at least, now I know why I don't like it. Harry Warner has written a capable and concise article there and I liked it in spite of. I am looking forward to reading what he has to say about Stravinsky. Probably I shan't like that, but I shall still enjoy the article. As Maxim Gorky said when he was writing about Mrs Tolstoy. "There has been a great deal of taking sides (about her) but I can claim to be quite impartial. I never did like her.

Australian Paperbacks. Very competent and bibliophilic, K. Slater.

Something and Nothing. I like the little picture at the heading.

Before Oblivion. Eric Hopkins is planning gafia? We shall miss Triode.

Inward Time. E. R. James should have taken a little more space to develop his theme. He'd have had a first class article. As it was, it began very sedately and suddenly started to gallop as the finishing line came in sight. But I liked his theme. He is quite right up to a point. The world does contain both 'old' and 'young' cultures, such as Britain and the USA. Or such as Greece and Rome 2000 years ago, or Greece and Crete, earlier still.

But there is such a thing as rejuvenation of cultures. An old culture, like an old fan, can take on a new lease of life. Look at Turkey today: it is, as far as I can tell, quite different in its general outlook to the old Empire of the Sultans. More virile, more optimistic. In some ways, more Western than the West. And that has come about by reason of an almost complete rejection of the traditional Turkish culture.

Or if you don't care for the analogy with Turkey, take our own country. We have a considerable past, but how closely does the man-in-the-street identify himself with it...with the Swanscombe Woman, for example, or even with the Saxons? Very little, I should say. The past is there, but the average 20th century Briton doesn't let it get him down too much, not in the sense of ancestor worship, the way the Chinese did, until modern times.

E. R. James mistakes the cause of British phlegm. It isn't caused by our having a long cultural history. It was much the same even in the earliest times of which records survive. I have no space to write an essay about this, but my private opinion is that it's caused by generations of enduring British summers. Book Review by Joan Carr. Anyone who reads "Ariadne and the Bull" and likes it should try Pendlebury's "Guide to the Palace of Minos at Knossos" and then try to estimate whether the reality of Minoan civilisation wasn't more fantastic than the fiction. Pendlebury was the curator of the Palace in direct line from Sir Arthur Evans. He died fighting during the German invasion of Crete in the late war, so don't imagine that the guide book is one of the usual type. Did you know that even in 2000 B. C. the Queen of Crete enjoyed better plumbing than Queen Elizabeth I.? They've even found the remains of the seat...

What a clerihew I could cook up.

In fact, I shall terminate this letter forthwith and go and mutter to myself. Best wishes,

But surely, Sid, it is quite well known that the Mediterranean civilisations had reached a higher point in most of the items that make up the life of a civilised man than Europe had after the tragic interlude of the Dark Ages, until circa 1750-1800. But the main thing I remember about the Palace of Knossos, is that the columns taper the wrong way .. they are of larger circumference at the capital, than at the base -- and no-one has the slightest idea why there should be this exception to the invariable rule. But then, when I was learning about ancient Egyptian architecture, the lectures were filled with insoluble problems about how it was done, and why. You know they had rustless steel, and aluminium at various times

Which seems a singularly appropriate place to mention a letter on the notepaper of messrs "IAN PYRITES & COMPY, Iron and Brass Founders, Barksby." but having more to do with STANLEY RICHARD DALTON than the weather vanes and tomb columns listed.

Eureka! Ever since I got the latest issue of Nu Fu I have been puzzling over the cover picture. Now at last I've got it. The character taking advantage of the binary can only be Space Captain Slen Cater on holiday from catering to slen and taking part in Operation Tan Fast. Fantastically,

Ouch !! :: and another cryptic message with a return address of JIM HARMON

Thanks for FUTURIAN. Looks interesting but I really havn't had time to read it. There's something in the air here. I feel something unpleasant is going to happen. I fear the low-bred types are plotting against me. But I may be wrong.

Yours Truly, Czar Nicholas

PS* The Czarina and all the Czardines send their love.

Nick.

Report by Byron T. Jeeves, esq., of 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12.
***** ** *****

SUBJECT :- New Futurian

Cover, excellent, but I'm afraid the interior illos were not as good.
Duplicating, layout and margins, not tops, but good all the same
Gillings seems to be getting into his stride, and I enjoyed this
article far more than the last.

Opus 2001, I'd hate to argue, and anyway, why ?

Slater, Not up my alley, as my pockey money can't even cover Stateside
and British stuff which I should like to acquire.

Phoenix, This I liked.

Before Oblivion, spoilt by too many references to material presented
in earlier issues, a long time back, and consequently for-
gotten (by me anyway).

Inward Time, I suppose so.

Review I'll stick to Doc Smith, he's more my level.

Afraid More Lovecraftian, but more interesting than most. Once again,
I must admit, that I have never been able to enjoy any of
Lovecraft's stories. Too dim.

Autopsy....when ?

2000 Days Again I like.

Review The kind of review I like, you know whether or not you're likely
to want to buy it after reading this.

Letters These I enjoyed.

And now for one general criticism, Mike. A matter of personal prejudice,
but I feel that NF is a trifle too s. and c. A more even scattering of the light
fantastic (a la Eric Needham) would work wonders. And that is that, *Terry*

On the last point I beg to differ, with reservations. Personally I thought what
Doug. Webster in the last issue produced the funniest article I have seen for a
very long time, but it was quiet, tongue-in-cheek humour carefully producing a
picture of a hypothetical person as incongruous as is possible with Dougs own
personality. But this is the old argument between those who want all fan publi-
cations to fit to the pattern of a particular era, and those who think a 'zine
is entitled to its own atmosphere. The New Futurian is interested in fantasy
fiction and other facets of like producing the future. It is also interested in
fandom; but not as a be-all and end-all of its existence, as exemplified by one
or two apparently adolescent Canadians who shy from anything remotely cultural
like a frightened donkey.

A pleasant surprise was a letter from none other than ROBERT BLOCH, Wisconsin.

I am both pleased and grateful to receive The New Futurian. Of special interest
to me was the Gillings article (if you ever see Walt, please remember me to him)
Warner's fine exposition on atonality, the James item on inward time, the
Lovecraft bit by Don Wilson, and the Brunner commentary on Bradbury, van Vogt
and Sturgeon.

Then, of course, I came to the article by this impostor, Douglas Webster.
His claims are, to be quite blunt about it, preposterous. He is not Arthur C.
Clarke nor any of the other pseudonyms. I happen to be in a position to know
about this because I have met Arthur C. Clarke, not once but twice. And Arthur
himself told me in strictest confidence that he himself is doing most of the
writing in the British Isles, to say nothing of the United States. It would per-
haps interest Brunner if he realised that "Ray Bradbury" and "A.E. vanVogt" and

"Theodore Sturgeon" are all pseudonyms of Clarke: as are "Alfred Bester" and Ernest Hemingway" and "Billy Graham". Clarke impressed me as a singularly modest chap, and seemed quite humble when I mentioned to him some of the work I myself had done under the non de plume of "James Joyce". We got along together swimmingly - particularly after he had put on his skin-diver's outfit.

In a few weeks I will journey again to Bellefontaine, site of the Midwestcon, where I met Arthur in years past. It is hallowed ground. Even Joe Gibson bows his head in reverence when he appears.

I note, finally, two lino quotes from Howard and Diane Rosenblum. Can it be that you are corrupting innocent youth? My own daughter, rapidly approaching twelve, has been kept in strictest ignorance regarding her father's activities. Rather than blight her life with the knowledge of my labors in the field of science - fiction, I have chosen to mislead her as to my profession. As a result she goes about her merry ways, proudly proclaiming to one and all that her father is the Public Hangman. Go thou and do likewise.

What can one say to that? Only as a mere token excuse that if any child in Britain today can be kept away from 'space' books and toys, T.V. and radio serials -- well I don't believe it is possible. And I refuse to have anything to do with Capital Punishment. I only turn suitable widows and orphans out into the snow ..

Especial thanks are due to GRAHAM B. STONE who uses three airletters to convey information and comments ***** ** ***** the first part almost an article ... Herewith:

ADDENDA TO "AUSTRALIAN PAPERBACKS"

I think I can add enough to Capt. Slater's listing to cover all the war-time titles; dating usually a problem, as few of these -- to this day -- have anything resembling a date. But between memory and contemporary fanmags, here goes.

The Currawong titles: By J. W. Heming ("Paul de Wreder" was based on a nickname and a pun on (proof)reader.) --

THE LIVING DEAD, mentioned in 27/1/42 Science and Fantasy Fan Reporter, out perhaps before new year.

SUBTERRANEAN CITY, Feb 42. TIME MARCHES OFF, Apr? 42. OTHER WORLDS, later 42. IN AZTEC HANDS, 42. KING OF THE UNDERSEAS, 43? FROM EARTH TO MARS, 43. --- borderline THE APE, 42? A Western preceding IN AZTEC HANDS, 41. Sequel to TIME MARCHES OFF, title forgotten, mundane theme.

By Vol Molesworth ---

APE OF GOD, 43 MONSTER AT LARGE, 43. He also wrote a number of thrillers, some with vaguely SF interest thrown in.

McLeod's FROLICS IN POLITICS is purely satire on local politics, no SF or fantasy element except imaginery country.

Author? SCORCHED EARTH, 43? Hypothetical postwar Europe, but hardly SF VOYAGE TO VENUS, also 43.

Radio Record titles: (I think they published this one)

WOLFBLOOD, Molesworth, lycanthropy, 44

The STRATOSPHERE PATROL Series dates from '43? '44?

CROCODILE CITY, by Arthur Russell, juvenile, lostcity, 44?

Currawong by Alan Connell -- PRISONERS OF SERPENT LAND: LORDS OF SERPENT LAND: WARRIORS OF SERPENT LAND -- 44-5? a long novel cut up. In the Burroughs manner.

Publishers? Leon Blatt -- FORMULA FOR POWER, 42. Arthur Russell -- DR HADES, 42

The Scientific Thriller series started some time in 1948, ended about 52. Many later ones are merely thrillers, no SF.

Futurian Press operated up to last year, but its later productions were mainly slim volumes by local would-be and actual poets.

The Malian Press series is still going, no date or number although for the last year or so they have been labelled inconspicuously on the cover American Science Fiction Magazine. Monthly schedule seems to operate regularly. They have also now started a Selected Science Fiction Magazine, with a proper cover title and numbered (1 only so far) but no other indication of periodical status.

Thrills Incorporated. Slater suggests that these were stories thinly written from already published ones. Not so: the plagiarism was complete, the original stories being simply copied, and in some cases even the same title used. Simak's The Loot of Time (TWS 38) reappears as SOS in Time, for example; Bradbury's Marionettes Inc. as Synthetic Alibi. There seems to be no change in the text except for slight cuts, perhaps editorial to fit it in. In Remson's Vast Beyond Concept, retitled Crash Landing on the Magnetic Void I suspect there has been some rewriting and an extra episode added, but have not been able to check my memory of the 19 year old Marvel ? short.

Future Science Fiction and Popular Science Fiction. I learnt today that these will not continue. Six issues of each have appeared -- I took over Molesworth's position as editorial advisor and leader writer from issues 3. No dates, irregular, last two Easter 55. Most material was imported, mainly from Ackerman - some of it appeared here for the first time tho, and had yet to be printed in USA. We used a few stories by locals and would gladly have run more. Continued poor sales led the publishers to suspend. Competition from British mags has become severe since they started.

Australian edition of Fantasy and Science Fiction. Two undated issues so far, late 54 and about March 55. 128pp. digest size, well-reproduced covers, stories from various issues. Ironically the same pubbers as did the horrible abortive Orbit last year, these are well done.

New series --- Jonathan Burke's THE ECHOING WORLDS is the first of a new series put out at 2/- by Atlas Pubs. of Melbourne but printed in Sydney. This is promising - well printed, 114 pages digest size, much better to look at than has been usual here. Next title announced is WORLD AT BAY -- no author mentioned. No date (June 55).

And Now ...

(still Graham Stone)

In reply to John Brunner, who suggests that I should take fans as people -- that's what I am complaining about, really. As people they fail to reach minimum standard. Granted all the better elements, I still contend that the general run of those today who make a noise about being "fans" should be kept carefully at arm's length. If they have read enough SF - or anything else - to understand and enjoy it, they show little evidence of the fact. Consequently, their effusions hold relatively little interest for the more advanced reader. But we should not hold inexperience against them? Perhaps not, but inexperience can become most tiring when not offset by any originality of thought, talent, willingness to improve or constancy of purpose. A veneer of manners is a help too. So is the ability to construct sentences, spell and punctuate as well as compulsory education is supposed to teach. These things I find wanting, far too universally amongst "fans". Present company excepted, of course, to a fair extent. ..which may seem to concede Brunner's point, that some people who seem to fall into the general category of "fans" are far better than I have suggested is the

norm, and are agreeable enough personally. I do not dispute this point, but it does not seem to alter what I have said of the class criticised

...I still want information on most of the British magazines I have previously listed. I have now indexed Worlds of the Universe; Future (Swan) No.11; Amazing/Strange Adventures; Futuristic Science Stories Nos. 3,5,7,11,12,13,15; Amazing No.3 and thence. But, otherwise I still want details of the others. In fact there are more issues than I mentioned, which I have not been able to sight here. Here is a full list of those I want to index to complete the project: will you see if you can help?

Scoops - 11 to 19; Authentic 3 to 5, 9, 10, 13; Tales of Tomorrow - 1,2,3,6,7. Wonders of the Spaceways: 1,5,6,9,10; Futuristic Science Stories - 1,2,4,6,8,9,10,14; Worlds of Fantasy - 1,3,4,5,6,8,9,12,13; Strange Adventures - 2; Into the Fourth Dimension; Youth Madness; The Moon Conquerors; Amazing - "Wanted, 7 Fearless Engineers" issue; Nos. 1, 2 of T&P issues; Fantastic Adventures - 1 (Ziff-Davis) 1,6,15 (T&P); Future S.F. - Nos. 3,4; Planet - 1,4; Science Fiction Quarterly - 1,2, Swan No.15; Super Science - the Thorpe and Porter issues.

Can any other ardent spirit help the enthusiastic cataloguer? Box 4440, GPO, Sydney.

I did say at the beginning of this section of the magazine - if you can remember so far back, that there would be the chance of mentioning fanzines received with very great interest and grateful thanks. But like other well-laid plans it hasn't come off so far. There are still about a dozen letters I wanted to quote from, especially a sort of American birds-eye view of the contemporary political layout in both the States and Britain as visualised by Paul J. Searles in a long and particularly interesting letter. Paul or 'Ping' as he is more usually known; has a very good bystanders viewpoint of both countries as a long service (1910 - believe it or not) professional US Navy man who takes an intelligent interest in both countries and receives the best newspapers from each.

But back to the fanzines. I have just glanced through the pile assembled here and there are precisely forty-two. Now how can I even quote, much less do justice to that lot in about the one page left to me? So, with apologies to all the other editors I will just mention one or two of especial interest to me.

Quite a surprise was Science Fantasy News of Vinç Clarke's. About three years since the last number wasn't it? Leeds SFA member Ron Bennett has sent out number 3 of Ploy and number four may follow quite soon. Very useful is Bob Tucker's Neo-Fans Guide, and I have enjoyed the current issues of British fanzines Triode; Satellite; Femizine; Camber; Andromeda; and the Kettering Hyphen with its so-true cover. Thanks to Denys Cowan for the Kettering Combozine too; and a special word for the regular receipt of the Aussie newszine Etherline.

There has been the usual collection of catastrophes during the past three months, affecting both my business and family life. We are beginning to think that we are dogged by bad luck; but the sort of second-hand bad luck which while not my immediate family's; yet causes us great concern and generally extra chores. My wife lost a first cousin of hers very suddenly (thrombosis, without warning) which involved her and her parents in certain matters besides their personal grief; and also what was supposed to be a spare-times business venture became almost full-time for her (and me at times) because of an operation to the principal participant. We did have a holiday too - in early June, specially arranged to miss the glorious weather of this summer. We went to Cornwall for the first time and enjoyed it in spite of the continuous drizzle we found there. Apologies to Arthur Busby - wartime Birmingham fan, now settled at Camborne, whose letter of invitation was the first I opened on returning home. Ah well, another time.

HAPPY MORTAL :: You are the privileged and estatic recipient of this fifth issue of The NEW FUTURIAN because of one or more of the following remarkable circumstances

You have sent a subscription (blessings upon your head)
which has now no more issues to run

You have sent a literary contribution (once more blessings upon you)

You might send a subscription/contribution,

You are nice enough to send me your fan publication.

You are a prominent fan personality whom I think deserves this honour

You are the Keeper of Printed Books (courtesy Vince, Clarke)

Just for the Hell of it !!!

You have sent a subscription which has now run out, plueeze renew.

MORE CHATTER continuing from the previous page.

We know of a nice fairish-sized guest-house situate in Ilkley (about 15 miles from Leeds) on the edge of the moors, which makes something of a speciality of small weekend conferences. It has a decent-sized lounge, a games room, pianos, meals laid on, and a great atmosphere of freedom; and moreover is very reasonable. Is anyone interested in an informal get-together there sometime this autumn? Wives and families could come too. Please let me know if you are interested at all and I will try to arrange it. I don't know the present cost but last year was in the region of a guinea for Saturday tea to Sunday lunch inclusive of these meals. Unliscenced of course, but there are pubs in the town. Food is either vegetarian or non-vegetarian as requested. If we get a free weekend, we have the entire run of the place.

To save you the trouble, don't bother to tell me about uneven inking on any of the pages of this issue. I tried a new ink and it don't spread too well, unless the heat of this summer is a cause. But never before have I had the dark and pale streaks downwards which have occurred this time unless I watched about every tenth copy after re-inking. Sorry and all that.

Thanks again to the Leeds boys who I hope will be in this evening to help collate and staple this issue. Attendances slid off during the holiday season but last week saw the return of Ron Bennett from the Twerpcon, with tales of hitch-hiking down to the docks and back from them, Neville Baxter from Holland, Leslie and Dick, our two younger members from a week at Scarborough, George Gibson from Gafia, and James Todd who has been a faithful visitor of late.

Are there any fairly-completist book collectors left? With the last few years spate of published material I very much doubt it. Bert Lewis of Preston, who had a wonderful collection, had to prune it severely some years back, and now, I learn, he has disposed of the remainder. George Medhurst sold his truly magnificent accumulation some two years ago. And now I'm wondering about myself. Sheer space and the impossibility of keeping things orderly and reasonably clean are the reasons; and one find day I shall have to go through the mass of books on my shelves and decide just which are really worth keeping. The trouble with science-fiction as a hobby is the number of facets thereof, which are of interest to me. One wants to read the reasonably good stuff, some of us who started years ago liked to collect anything appertaining to the field, one also likes to meet fellow fans - singly or in small groups or at conventions, one gets the yearning to put out a fan magazine, and to read and discuss other fan publications it is all too much.

But here we are at the end of the page so
salutations to one and all, and GOOD READING