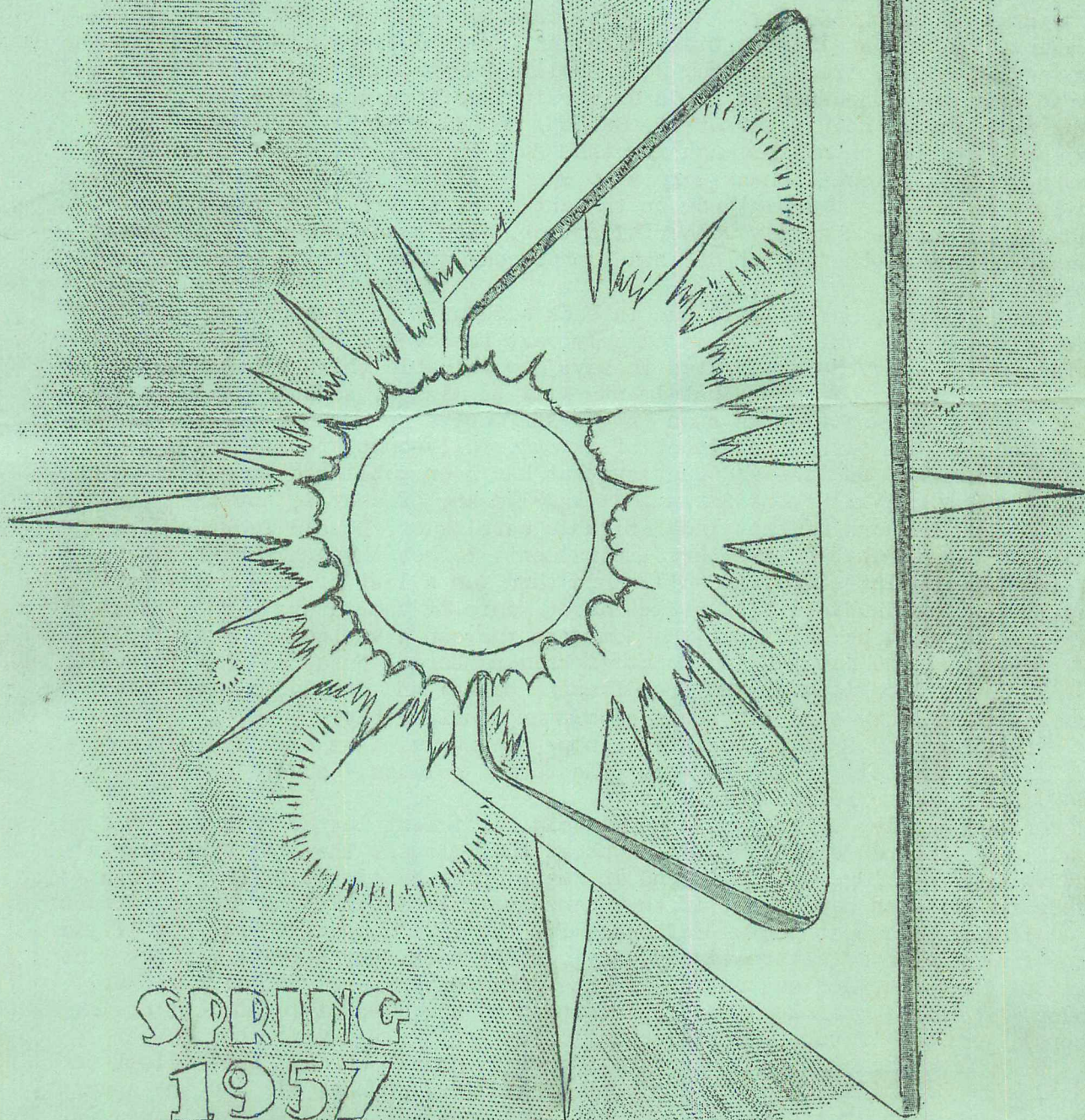
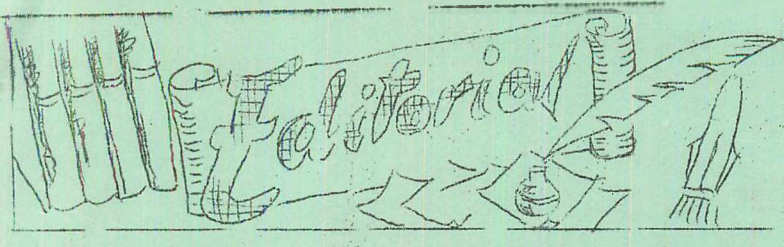


THE
NEW
FUTURIAN

No. 7



SPRING
1957



THE DAY of miracles has not quite ceased. As I sit down to type this page at the end of April, we are running to time according to the rough schedule we had mapped out for this year. Of course the main reason for this is the

steady and yeoman service given so freely and so pleasantly by Ron Bennett both in duplicating and the typing of stencils. Roughly, the pica is his work, whilst the elite I must be blamed for. There is a general improvement in headings this time, partly because of the lack (so far) of last minute rush, and partly because both of us have obtained new letter guides. When it comes to assembly, we shall miss the help of the Leeds fans who used to come along to my office on a Wednesday evening. The two stalwarts, Dick Smith and Leslie Jefferson, are still in the Forces, and we lost a 'regular' guy when Neville Baxter, who came from Sidney in the first case and sojourned at Leeds University; left this country for further pastures new, and is now in Saskatoon, Canada. We all send him our very best wishes, and Neville, thanks so much for the Pogo Papers, one day I shall get around to writing. Special thanks are also due to Arthur Thomson and Terry Jeeves for their most competent assistance on the art side. A more leisurely-planned approach could create a really wonderful format, with such co-operation, but it would mean only half the number of issues produced, so we shall do our best with the present set-up.

Contents now, Walter Gillings is back with us I am overjoyed to say. This is certainly a series which readers eagerly wait to devour. With a couple of exceptions only, everyone who writes in says how valuable this history is. We certainly hope that no further instalments will be missed, so Wally, please get cracking on the next section as soon as you can make a spare hour or two. Also in this issue is the first instalment of a wonderfully-complete list of all paper-backed science fiction and fantasy that has been published in recent years that is at all worthwhile considering. Books, I mean, of course, not the magazines. This is the work of that indefatigable cataloguer, Donald Tuck of Hobart, Tasmania. It will probably take three instalments to get through the alphabet, which will take us into 1958, so we'll hope then for a list of this years titles. Harry Warner finishes his little series about music of the future with this instalment and it must be said that the comments thereon have been remarkable.

But to me the outstanding point of this number of NuFu, is that it starts with D. R. Smith (too long absent from fanzine pages) and concludes with Dale R Smith. This tickles my sardonic sense of humour considerably.

"Phoenix" and Eric Bentcliffe we hope to have with us each issue from now on. I love the tale of the 'Grools' the former relates - should a copy be sent to JWC for his research files?

Unfortunately, my files are completely deficient in the Book Review dept. --- could our kind readers do something about this please. There is Vin~~o~~ Clarke's suggestion that booklovers should send in their opinions of the 5 rarest books they possess (or even have read, if they can give full details). A series of such items would create a most useful reference for the more unusual books. But if you read any fairly old, or alternatively, any current book; why not let me have your synopsis of the plot, and evaluation of the work? Other more general articles will also be welcome, particularly appertaining to the current field, collecting in general, or more 'Future of' extrapolations.

News from the editorial sanctum is much as usual. The kiddies collect the minor ailments of childhood as is the wont of kiddies, we have all had the usual winter colds in turn, business keeps me all too occupied, and life continues

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THE

BRADBURY

"ALICE"

by D.R. SMITH.....

And so you are running still. You were a quite ordinary little girl resting in the shade of the old yew in the very old churchyard, thinking pleasant thoughts of the ancient mouldering bones below and the not-at-all-ancient but quite fresh and juicy flesh of the suicide buried only yesterday on which the worms were even then wetting vermin fangs, when the rat came past. It was not at all an ordinary rat, but was huge and ancient with a huge and ancient evil in its beady little eyes and in the leprous snout which twitched as it smelt at the dripping human heart which it pulled out of the rear pocket of its blue jeans as it scurried past, and because you heard it mutter obscenely "Too fresh, too fresh for the duchess; I must find her one which has lain in the earth for weeks," you just had to follow as it plunged down the steps of the nameless tomb by the pre-Norman apse.

And of course those steps had ended in a slimy slope down which you slid, and plunged in the end into a nauseous pit down which you fell for a timeless eternity into an ever-increasing charnel stench, until at last you splashed on to a fascinatingly squelchy pile of soft fragments which protruded phosphorescent bones in whose spectral light you saw the passage leading on and down, ever down. Far down that passage you could see the hurrying rat and so you hurried after, but never caught up and had blundered into the vast hall of the primeval tomb, where the sheeted mouldered dead squeaked and gibbered and gibbered around as you looked for a way out. "You are big, so big" had moaned a voice, and you had been huge and cramped in the tiny room, struggling for breath against the contracting walls unyielding as those of a grave. And just before you went mad the voice had tittered "you are small, so small" and you had become a microscopic mote of animation on a floor as limitless as the aeons of death.

But there was escape later, escape to the fungoid forest where you had spoken to a loathsome worm as it reclined on a death-cap fungus and discoursed on the usefulness of humanity. "Food" it had said, "all food. They breed and rear their young and grow big and fat and when they are ripe they fall and rot delicious for our feeding. All that walks or crawls or flies is ours in the end, the food of the patient worm. We toil not, we keep no herds, we tend no flocks, we only wait. Nor are we guilty of the sin of killing to eat, we alone are without evil, and so the world is made for us and we are

masters and inheritors of all." And as the worm leaned back proudly a bird had swooped down and carried him home to be fed in pieces still writhing with ineffectual life to its young, and you had laughed and laughed.

"Laughter is good," said the cat in the tree. "That is why I despise mice who do not laugh even at their own ridiculous antics as I bite them to death by the teeniest degrees. Go left and see the ghoul and the zombie quarrel absurdly over their food, or right to the Queen's garden party, either is very very funny."

So you had gone left, and the ghoul and the zombie sharing the corpse were indeed very funny, especially when the ghoul made a very natural mistake and ate the zombie's right leg, though you knew it was very bad manners to laugh as you did. "What a very very rude little girl," the zombie had said, "Let us talk of the delightful things which begin with a 'd', such as dirt and disease, death and damnation, disgust and despair, delirium and tremens." "But tremens does not begin with a 'd,' you had said. "What a very very old-fashioned little girl," sneered the ghoul, which had so annoyed you by its manifest unfairness that you had left them and gone to the grisly grotto where the Queen was holding her party.

And there the first person you had seen was the Duchess, all mouth and teeth and sagging paunch, screaming furiously at the chattering rat as she held aloft a lovely tender sucking pig roasted delicate brown. "A pig, a pig," squalled the harridan, "I asked for a baby and you bring me a pig!" Then she noticed you and at once became smeared over with the most repulsive charm and had taken your arm fondly saying "Now this is a nice surprise indeed, a little girl, a nice tender little girl, I am really very fond of little girls my dear, they are quite, quite delicious I find." But just as you were fainting from the rotting flesh stench of her breath a royal voice behind had said "Really, Duchess" and the Duchess had fainted. It was the Queen of course, such a charming little old lady who had taken you by the arm and walked you away in an odour of fresh lavender, so that you hardly noticed the little nod she had given towards the Duchess and the two things which had leapt to obey. But you were quite a long way off before the Queen's gentle tones were audible above the agony noises of the Duchess.

"Meet my gardener" said the Queen. He was very tall and gaunt and cadaverous, and he was swinging his scythe steadily as he mowed through the tall grass at a great rate, and the grass was not green but white and brown and yellow and black, and the sap which stained the blade and spun off in bright rain at the end of each stroke was the true scarlet of human gore. "Rank, rank," had been the burden of his muttering, "They grow so rank and quick I cannot keep them down." "He is old, so very old," whispered the Queen, "but I have a young assistant for him for him, young and strong and able to use the latest devices of beneficial science. Soon they will all be as dead as you my child."

"But I am not dead," you had said, being above all the truthful
... concluded on page 17 ...

HISTORICAL

THE CLAMOROUS DREAMERS

THE STORY OF BRITISH SCIENCE-FICTION FANDOM.

by Walter Gillings

Another instalment in the series telling of the early stirrings of science-fiction and its following in this country, recalled by one whose name is synonymous with Tales of Wonder and Science-Fantasy Review. Old-time fans and newcomers to the field all find this record interesting; there has been nothing like it before.

6. HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

THE DEMISE of Scoops in June, '34, was no great loss to British science-fiction; least of all to its regular devotees, who always preferred the American product anyway. Remainder copies of Amazing and Wonder Stories were still to be picked up for a few coppers (in spite of the newsagents' protests) in Woolworth's or from street market stalls. And before long the new Street and Smith Astounding was filtering through, bringing no less than 160 pages of revived s-f by such as E.E. Smith, Murray Leinster, Nat Schachner, Jack Williamson and our own John Russell Fearn -- that "favourite, all-too-seldom-seen author" who came in with a bang on the wave of the "thought-variant."

During that year, Wonder continued to carry material by English writers John Beynon Harris, Festus Pragnell, Benson Herbert and John Edwards, and also introduced P.E. Cleator and W.P. Cockcroft, neither of whom appeared again in an American magazine. J.M. Walsh made his only appearance in Amazing with the serial, "Terror Out of Space," under the penname, H. Haverstock Hill. And Bernard Brown, B.Sc., popped up again in the August issue, labeled as a British author -- one who always eluded me, however.

Readers native to these islands were, as a rule, easier to trace. So many letters from their British admirers (and Dr. W.A. Gibson, of Glasgow, who always seemed to have a grouch) were printed in Amazing and Wonder during 1934-35 that an American fan found the space they occupied "distressing" as though it indicated a lack of interest among his compatriots. In its August '35 issue Wonder went so far as to earmark its "Reader Speaks" department a British Edition. By which time Mr. Gernsback had received further evidence of the enthusiasm on this side. Of thirty-six Chapters of his Science Fiction League which had been granted their charters up to the time of its transfer into the hands of new sponsors, when Wonder became Thrilling Wonder, five of them were in Great Britain and Ireland.

I kept a cuttings file of readers' Letters over the years, to use as evidence to persuade British publishers of the intense interest evinced by s-f followers, even in publications originating on the other side of the Atlantic. As a result, I have only gaping holes in my precious copies where once these effusions made such engrossing reading. But one of my own epistles remains -- in the January '35 Amazing, where it appeared after an interval of four months since its writing. There is an earlier one (April '34) from Leslie J. Johnson, announcing the formation of the BIS in Liverpool and a later one (February '35) which appeared to be the first missive ever inflicted upon an editor by Arthur C. Clarke (then A. C. Clarke, of Taunton) taking certain authors to task for being careless with stellar distances.

It would seem from my own plaintive appeal that I was not content to let Uncle Hugo -- who had neglected my proposals for a British fan magazine -- get too much of a hold on the s-f following in this country. Although he had announced the birth of the SFL in the April '34 Wonder, my letter to Amazing, sent the following September, advocated the co-ordination of all British fan clubs, of whatever origin or constitution, "in order to further the cause of Scientifiction more swiftly and efficiently than they can do separately." What was in my mind primarily, I suspect, was that "official organ by means of which they could keep in touch." Though I was evidently more insular-minded than I would have admitted, in those days: I still genuinely desired to see a British association of s-f readers, working towards an end peculiar to our own situation, in which s-f magazines were still an unknown quantity.

I did not join the SFL, myself, until it was over a year old, and then only reluctantly. It had been going only a few months, however, when the first proposal to form an English Chapter came from Liverpool -- in the name, naturally, of Les Johnson, whose oft-repeated appeal seemed to fall on deaf ears, for it was never implemented, as far as League records show. The BIS proved a strong counter-attraction, though, especially for Secretary Johnson, who was kept occupied quite sufficiently, in association with Founder Cleator and other pioneer members who shared his interest in science-fiction.

Early in '35, Executive Director Forrest J Ackerman made an abortive attempt to get Patrick Enever's British Science Fiction Association, domiciled at Hayes (which would seem to have been little more effective than the one I wished into being), roped in as the first foreign Chapter of the League. It was to "retain its old identity," while realising its ambition -- or Ackerman's -- to function as "one of the leading s-f groups in the world." In due course Enever reported, alas, that his confreres preferred to join up as individual members of the League without seeking official sanction as a Chapter. Another case of a stubborn, if misguided, patriotism or of the anarchic tendencies which have doomed so many attempts to organise s-f fans? Only Enever can tell.

The first proposed Chapter to materialise was at Leeds, where 7

a forceful young man named Douglas W.F. Mayer, of whom British fandom was to hear a good deal more, seemed to have taken on quite a handful. He announced himself in Wonder as the secretary of "a small English science society" known as the Institute of Scientific Research, which incorporated five other organisations including the International Scientific Correspondence Club, two radio research societies, and the local Physics and Chemistry Society. It was all highly scientific; but there was, evidently, still room for the SFL which duly appointed him Director of Chapter No 17. Beginning in May '35, it proceeded to hold regular meetings to discuss space-flight and similar subjects, and show the film "Metropolis" -- of which, too, British fandom was to see much more.

Hard upon the Leeds proposal came others from Maurice K. Hanson of Leicester, and one Herbert Street of Walworth, who suggested a London Chapter that never materialised. By the June '35 issue, Raymond A. Case of Hull, and G. Moses of Southall, in Middlesex, were proposing Chapters in those areas -- again, without result. The second branch to be organised in this part of the world was at Belfast, where Hugh C. Carswell became Director of Chapter 20. In June, Chapter 22 was launched at Nuneaton by Maurice Hanson and his friends, one of whom, Dennis A. Jacques, promptly distinguished himself by passing the League's Science Fiction Test and acquiring the status of a First Class Member -- evidence of his erudition in a field which had learned to pay respect to those who could air their knowledge of its intricacies. Only one other British member took the trouble (or had the audacity, in the face of American competition) to enter this novel exam and pass with 95% marks -- Philip S. Hetherington, of Carlisle, who later moved to Chorley, Lancs., and remained a keen fan for years afterwards; is still, for aught I know.

In October, Donald G. McRae formed Chapter 34 at Glasgow, and by February of '36 Jack Beaumont was presiding over the destinies of the Barnsley group (Chapter 37). Others might have matured had it not been for the time-gap which occurred between the death of Wonder Stories and its resurrection as Thrilling Wonder, which kept the League going without, apparently, making any great efforts to promote it; nor, indeed, did it have any need to, except as an indulgence to the fans. Activity in Britain, limited as it was, soon found an outlet in the Science Fiction Association, once members of isolated groups had gravitated towards one another. But this contact was to come out of individual, disconnected effort rather than any concerted drive towards a unified objective. Though some branches of the League may well have had unification in mind, there were those which, like their American cousins, could not keep unity even among their own members. But we had, most of us, yet to grow up.

For my own part, I persisted with the idea of a single national organisation for the promotion of science-fiction, especially British science-fiction. But the 1,500-word letter I sent the SFL in June '35, when I condescended to join up with my co-partner Len Kippin (by now removed to Romford, while I had settled at Ilford), never got into print -- and no wonder. We had to admit that our

original doubts of the effectiveness of the League at this distance had been somewhat dispelled and we urged all our compatriots to join -- but only with a view to the eventual formation of a British Science Fiction League, which would function apart from the parent body in America and have its own Executive Directors. "It might even be given a separate department in Wonder Stories ... and perhaps it might eventually publish its own magazine." Ah! There was the rub!

No response, except our member's certificates, lapel buttons, and supply of headed notepaper. So, after six months, I wrote again, proposing to make a start with an Essex Chapter, which might develop into an East London branch. This time came a reply from Assistant Secretary Charles D. Hornig, promising to give the proposal due notice in the League department; but no dice. There were, in fact, two potential Chapter members with whose names Hornig provided me, but my overtures brought no response, as I recall. Of much greater significance were the addresses of British authors with which he also supplied me, at my request. For other matters, pregnant with possibility, were afoot.

Before 1934 had gone out, there was further indication of Passing Show's persuasion towards the neglected field, which had given me cause to direct my agitations towards its publishers in the hope of arousing interest in my ideas for a periodical to feature science-fiction. The excuse was the serialisation, commencing in December and continuing until March '35, of the Balmer-Wyllie novels, "When Worlds Collide" and "After Worlds Collide," which had already been published in America, and which gave artist Matania another chance to do some vivid illustration.

My approaches promptly resulted in an interview with an editorial executive at Odhams', who was quite interested in what, at that stage, was the haziest of proposals for a publication with the suggested title of Tomorrow -- Magazine of the Future. But, for various reasons, they were not able to consider the proposition seriously for another twelve months; so I had plenty of time in which to formulate my ideas more precisely. Meanwhile, Passing Show continued to indulge its flair with the serialising, in June, of "The Thousandth Frog," by Wynant Davis Hubbard, another American product, which was followed from July to September by a home-produced article -- "The Secret People," by John Beynon, who was instantly recognisable as our old friend Harris of Wonder Stories, making his English debut. Both stories were illustrated by Matania.

In February, too, the Daily Express serialised Joseph O'Neill's "Land Under England"; and there were other indications that the filming of "Things To Come" might prove symptomatic of a general trend towards the fantastic. Even I was moved to start writing stories again. My last effort, intended for Scoops, had collapsed when the paper died, and in spite of my patriotic urgings, I was tempted to try my luck in the American market. However, after one rejection (from Hornig, who was full of his New Policy), my journalistic instincts were aroused by a more receptive, if not so lucrative, target towards which I was inspired to direct regular chronicles of affairs "On the Other Side of the Pond."

It seems strange, looking back, that I had not taken the trouble to find out what the Americans were doing in the field of fan magazines, which had been fairly well tilled by then. But it was not until Les Johnson sent me a copy that I clapped eager eyes on the famous Fantasy Magazine, which had developed out of Science Fiction Digest. In spite of the misprints and other crudities (the whole thing was hand-set, page by page), I could not help being impressed, and immediately there burned in me a desire to contribute to it -- to reflect the field as it was developing here, and gain American sympathy for our cause among influential fans and writers.

At first Editor Julius Schwartz -- at that time, the leading author's agent for science-fiction in America -- didn't take very kindly to the idea, and returned my initial offering. But he suddenly changed his mind; and, beginning with the July '35 issue, I started to write about past, present and possible future activities in the British s-f field; and continued to do so until this most ambitious of all fan-mags of those days folded up in January '37. I felt that it must be intended as an enormous compliment when, during our brief correspondence, Editor Hornig commented: "We have read your interesting column in FM right along and are inclined to label you 'the Forrest J Ackerman of England.' "

But I was not the first Englishman to write for FM. The Oct-Nov '34 issue had published an article on "English Reaction" by John Russell Fearn, who was keeping Scientifilm editor Ackerman supplied with data on British developments in this field, and who subsequently replied to his vociferous critics through its pages ("In Defence of My Work": Sept. '35). And it was only a month after sending my first column to Schwartz, who handled Fearn's work in New York, that there arrived from Blackpool a letter suggesting that John and I should join forces in the endeavour -- which he too had been making, alone -- to persuade a British publisher to put out a s-f magazine. He had, in fact, been trying as I had been to persuade Pearson's to have second thoughts about Scoops, and had prepared a long memorandum giving his views on the possibility of its revival.

Expressing himself "bitterly disappointed at England's failure to accept this type of work," he was all for our co-operating, together with Les Johnson, in bringing s-f to the notice of the "all-too-somnolent British public," if we could -- though there was not much "if" about it, with John, at any time. I responded with a four-page letter; and so, in the summer of 1935, I found my second author-ally in the cause in which we were to achieve very little success for the next two years, for all our agitations.

(To be continued)

Michael, there's a couple of lines left. Have you any idea how I can fill them up? What? Plug PLOY? An excellent idea! PLOY, fandom's answer to the morning after the night before is available at 1/- a copy from me -- Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, and it serves you right...

OPUS 2021

Harry Warner jr

This series about composers who may influence the music of the future started with a modern theory of composing, the tonerow. The second in the series dealt with a single composer, Stravinsky, who has been a major force in men's attitude towards music, by his private war against romanticism. Then came another modern composer, Bartok, who wrote advanced-sounding music without departing too radically from the classical methods. Now let's look at Sibelius, a composer who is contemporary, but who writes modern music which doesn't sound particularly modernistic. His accomplishments might hint that there's a possible future for music not too different in sound from that which we already know.

It's hard to explain in non-technical terms the reasons why a composer's works may sound pretty much like those of other composers, but have a lasting effect on the history of music. But the reasons exist. A composer like Gabriel Faure can cause almost as many changes in the way contemporaries and future generations write music as a Debussy, even though a Faure song or piano composition sounds hopelessly conservative and outdated alongside something in the same field as Debussy. An even more striking case is that of Robert Franz. Many of his songs sound like simplified, skeletonized versions of German folk songs. But he helped in his cloak-and-dagger style to kill the old methods of writing lieder, just as surely as the obvious blockbusting tactics of Chopin and Mussorgsky did. (This phenomenon works in the opposite direction. A composer can be modern-sounding and successful without having a real effect on the history of music. Ravel is an excellent example.)

Now, Sibelius is the best living example of the composer who is blamed for being conservative and old-fashioned, even though he is doing certain things with compositions that his advanced contemporaries haven't dared to tackle. The all-out enthusiasts for modern music may grow impatient with Sibelius, because his discords don't snap, crackle and pop; they merely grunt or grind. He is reckless enough to retain the elements of the sonata form in many of his works, and it's hard to think of anything more radical in the face of contemporary musical thought. He doesn't write about music or theorize about it, and hasn't fathered any clans of followers.

It might be that the peculiar place Sibelius occupies in contemporary music has caused the strangest situation in his connection. He hasn't released an important composition for more than a quarter of a century, and it has been exactly 25 years since he produced any music whatsoever. The Seventh Symphony and Tapiola came out 29 years ago; a handful of piano, violin-piano, and choral works followed in 1929. Since then, silence. Sibelius refuses to say whether he has been composing. His period of silence has been nearly as long as the stretch of time when all his significant work was completed. That means that he would have produced, writing at his normal pace during the years of mystery, a half-dozen symphonies, a hundred songs, and a huge pile of other compositions

The only parallel for this in the history of music is Rossini, who retired as a composer at the height of his fame. Anger at the cool reception given William Tell seems to have influenced Rossini. Sibelius may have grown peeved when the younger generation took more interest in other composers, he may feel that he reached the end of the line in the compression and the logic of the last two known major works, or he may simply prefer to withhold his most recent compositions until the seething of the modernist schools subsides.

The odd thing about Sibelius' music is in its anticipation of so many of the modern methods, with no proclamation of the feat. Polytonal passages occur in his later works. They are more effective because they do not last long enough to blunt the ear to the strangeness of their sound; the scherzo-like portion of the Seventh Symphony is a good example. Tapiola is very close to the rules and regulations of the tonerow. It is based on a single theme, although that theme does not consist of the dozen intervals of the chromatic scale. The basic theme does not appear uninterruptedly in all the parts, but its presence throughout the work determines to some extent the character of the subordinate parts. Sibelius has probably never written about Hindemith's *gebrauchsmusik*. But he has gone Hindemith one better. Instead of writing music for which the demand exists, he has written this type of music without letting the process interfere with the unsolicited great works. The result is a strange, sharp division of Sibelius' total out-put into two groups, the serious music and the salon-type music. The former includes most of his works for full orchestra and his songs; the latter consists of an enormous quantity of works for chorus, for piano, and for piano and violin. The salon-type music is exemplified by something like Finlandia or Valse Triste; the great tone poems and the symphonies show what Sibelius can do when he is not thinking of sheet music sales. On rare occasions, the two types meet, as in the middle movement of his Third Symphony, but usually they're kept distinct.

Fortunately, it's possible to find most of Sibelius' major works on records again, after a decade in which the 78rpm Sibelius Society Sets were hard to obtain and the lp's had not paid much attention to him. The seven symphonies form the best possible introduction to his style. You can skip the First Symphony, as a Tschaikovsky-influenced work that might have been written by almost anybody. The personal note is first struck in the Second Symphony, and the development of Sibelius' peculiar form of musical logic and economy is steady right through the Seventh Symphony. I am inclined to prefer the Fourth Symphony which is seldom performed in the US, although some European critics seem to consider it the finest symphony written since Beethoven or Schubert. The first movement is an astonishing demonstration of what can be done with a "motto theme" which consists of only four notes and which frequently degenerates to two-note fragments. The short scherzo music impresses me as being one of the few really frightening compositions in all the history of music, despite its cheerful beginning and quiet continuation. The slow movement has the momentum of a major planet, despite its deliberate pace, and the finale strikes me as exemplifying the tense, deliberate striving for pleasure of modern man far better than anything written since the turn of the century.

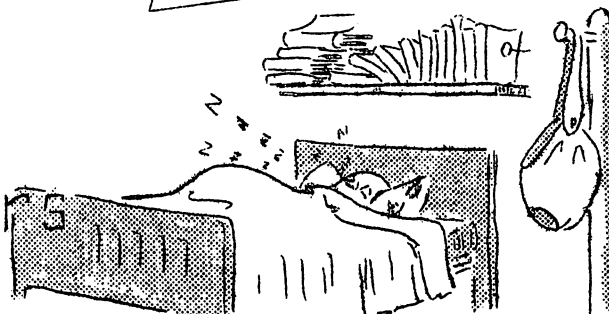
The best printed material on Sibelius that is readily available is "The Music of Sibelius", edited by Gerald Abraham, which contains chapters by various authorities on each type of his creative output, and the biography by Karl Ekman.

Barring a spectacular public demand, this concludes the series of articles.

Between Soft Covers

WITH

ERIC BENTCLIFFE



This is intended to be a column about magazines and paper-backs, the poor relations of the hard-cover family. Poor relations because they are oft sneered at by a press and public who will admire or buy the utmost trash, providing that it is between boards.

A great deal of guff has been written about the science-fiction magazine field at one time or another; it has been acclaimed as the Life Blood of S-F, and deplored as Juvenile Escapism. I think that the truth lies somewhere between the two. Personally, I have obtained a great deal of pleasure from the magazines and pocket books which have come through the Bentcliffe letter-box these past few years and I expect to get a great deal more.

One attitude which I should like to deplore, before passing on to a few reviews, is the often heard - 'Things ain't what they used to be' - an opinion usually expressed by fans who are old enough to know better but don't. "aSF," they say, "isn't as good as it was in the forties". "They aren't publishing stories like that today". Etcetera, Etcetera. Phooey. The S-F published today in the top magazines is infinitely superior to that of ten or twenty years ago... both in literary style and plotting. I don't claim that there isn't just as much rubbish written as there used to be, there's probably more, for the field has expanded and the market is larger. But, if you look at the s-f of today with an eye not obscured by dim memories of the past; you will find that there are some very entertaining stories around.

As far as the magazines are concerned, you'll find the best in ASTOUNDING, NEW WORLDS, IF, INFINITY, F&SF. Five publications which consistently publish good material. As for pocket-books, BALLANTINES are the most consistent, ACE are worth keeping an eye on (although they publish some horrible stuff at times, they also put out some extremely worthwhile titles - such as the yarns by Andre Norton).

However, I'd like to turn away from the already established publishers for this issue and concentrate on the flock of new magazines that have come out recently. Probably the best of these is VENTURE S-F, which is put out by Fantasy House (publishers of F&SF). The intention of this magazine is to publish 'strong stories of action and adventure within the framework of s-f', and for my money it succeeds admirably. The first issue contains a longish novelette (70 pages) entitled VIRGIN PLANET, by Poul Anderson. This, as the title indicates is about a manless world...not a new theme but one well handled by Anderson. It is supported by six shorter length yarns, the best of which is a little gem by Ted Sturgeon THE GIRL HAD GUTS. If you're looking for 'thought variant' science-fiction, you won't find it in this magazine but you will find entertainment, good entertainment. Give this magazine a good letter column and it could fill the gap left by STARTLING.

Second on the list is SATURN SCIENCE FICTION, a magazine I wouldn't recommend to my dog, even if she could read. The only really readable story in this first issue (dated March '57) is a retitled reprint from NEW WORLDS, one of the Barclay JACKO series. The lead story is the ETERNAL ADAM by Jules Verne. This

is acclaimed as the greatest of the 'masters' works and A New Find. Personally, I think it should have been left interred, the plot is feeble and the writing poor (this fault could be blamed on the translator). I'd hazard a guess that the rest of the stories are rejects from PLANET. If you are a completist, you'll want a copy of the first issue of this magazine but I doubt that you'll add other copies to your collection.

The 'oldest' of the new magazines is SATELLITE S-F which has, at the time of writing, put out three issues - and they are three quite good issues to boot. Sam Merwin, was the editor for the first two issues and I think this is a fair guarantee of entertainment; however, the latest issue has Leo Margulies listed as both editor and publisher. (previously he was just 'publisher') so, there may be some changes made. SATELLITE, has an editorial policy which I applaud, it publishes one long novel per issue plus sufficient shorts to pad out the magazine; up to now both the novels and short stories have been consistently readable. The novels so far have been; THE MAN FROM EARTH by Algis Budris, A GLASS OF DARKNESS by Phillip K. Dick, and PLANET FOR PIUNDER by Hal Clement & Sam Merwin. The first and last were s-f, GLASS OF DARKNESS I'd describe as Fantasy. The best novel is the one in which the talents of Hal Clement and Sam Merwin blend together quite excellently. I'd rate this as the best SCIENCE-fiction story of '57, so far.

SCIENCE-FICTION ADVENTURES, is a sister magazine INFINITY, and is also edited by Larry Shaw. The policy is to publish three, longish novelettes per issue, stories of s-f adventures. The first issue lists Edmond Hamilton, Robert Randall & David Gordon, as authors and I read all three stories without any pain. Harlan Ellison, is also present in this first issue with a 'Bonus Short Story'. The titles of the three novelettes pretty well sum up the contents of the magazine, THE STARCOMBERS, GREEN INVADERS, BATTLE FOR THE THOUSAND SUNS. It's good adventure s-f. Incidentally, S-F ADVENTURES, is the only one of the new magazines to have fan-departments but as the trend seems to be more and more (again) to cater for the faan, in current magazines, I don't imagine that this will remain the case for long. One thing I'd like to have have Larry clear up is why his S-F ADVENTURES should commence with Vol. 1. No. 6., when the earlier magazine of this title, edited by Lester del Rey, folded at Vol. 2. No. 3. !!

I haven't covered all of the new s-f magazines as I haven't yet received copies of them all. SUPER S-F, is a magazine published a few weeks back which hasn't arrived so far but which I'm told doesn't hit a very high standard. A late letter from Minneapolis informs me that two more mags have arrived on the newstands; SPACE SCIENCE FICTION (everyone seems to be pinching del Rey's titles), and TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED. These two are apparently put out by the same company but there's no editorial page or publishers blurb in either...only hint as to their originators is that the front and back inside covers carry radio programme ad's.

VITAL STATISTICS:

VENTURE S-F; published bi-monthly by Fantasy House, digest, illustrated, first issue Jan '57, 130 pages. Recommended.

SATURN The Magazine of Science Fiction; published bimonthly by Candar Publishing Co (tie in with ACE, somewhere) digest, illus, 1st issue March '57, 130 pages. Stinks.

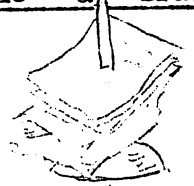
SATELLITE S-F; published bimonthly by Renown Publications Inc, Digest, illus, first issue October '56, 130 pages. Recommended.

S-F ADVENTURES; published bimonthly by Royal Publications, digest, illus, first issue December '56.

We hope to have Eric's column as a regular feature in each issue covering mags & pbs

"Something & Nothing"

by Phoenix



"Well, hurry hurry hurry ! " cried the fat man keenly, "The big Convention's starting now ! "

Trigger words for any fan, those ! I turned a neat U-turn as I passed him and heard what he was saying, and reached out for his arm.

"Yes ? Yes ? You were saying ? " I shouted back, "Convention ?"

Three sailors ploughed past between us. They took no notice. They were looking for more beer. I should explain that I guess they had already found some, but not enough.

"Any minute now !" he called, across and around them, "Wentworth Hall. Read this"

He slid a creased pamphlet under my nose with the brisk air of a nurse slipping a bedpan under a patient. I took it and read the heading, just to show myself I could read, and spelled out with one finger the words 'Saucers and You !'

Ah, I thought, at last they get around to me. Those things from another world are watching me now. As if it isn't bad enough having nosey neighbours, we have peeking Saucer Men too.

I jerked the sheet back at him. "Made a mistake. Don't want it."

He looked struck: "You ought to go, you know. All the big names will be there. You'll be amazed."

"Don't really believe in it."

"Ah, that's what I used to think. But not now. Not since I looked into it. You take my advice and go."

"Look," I said, "I've got a date. If I skip it, I'll catch hell from the girl. Give me one good reason for doing that !"

"Cash prizes for the lucky ticket-holders."

SWOOSH ! I sat back in the seat, panting, with Stub No. 193 clenched hard in one hand, and an empty wallet in the other. Can't afford to miss any tricks, can we ?

The lights went down, and the curtain went up. Three other fans I'd spotted further forward drew in their breath loudly and wriggled in their seats. Bobby-sox types. Hadn't published anything since Dianetics became news.

The fat man got up and made an opening speech about how I was going to hear from my etheric guardians. He sneered at me. In fact, it sounded as if I were going to hear from his solicitors. Both he and the following speaker made it painfully clear that they and the Saucer Men thought I was a slob. As far as they were concerned, I was no better than a delinquent who'd been beating up old girls. And that went for the rest of us. Mankind, he reckoned, was a slob.

Of course, I took little notice. I was busy looking under the seats for stray ticket stubs. I didn't find any, but I got two left shoes and half a bag of potato crisps. I threw the shoes at the fat man, and crunched the crisps loudly, to annoy the speaker.

They described him as a professional scientist who had been converted after seeing a string of saucers pass over his very house. He'd joined a Society the next day, and seen nothing since. But he'd had messages. Mankind was a slob.

This all seemed pretty dull: "Saucers, saucers !" I grumbled, "Saucers and me ! Well, what about saucers and me ? What about Stub No. 193, I should like to know !"

The meeting finished shortly after, with still no mention of those cash prizes. The pay-off came as I found the exit barred by the fat man with a collecting plate. Only, naturally, it was a saucer. He leered and rattled it at me; "Saucers !" he announced mechanically. I looked hard at him, and then carefully placed Stub No. 193

on the pile of silver.

"And you !" I said.

---oo@oo---

Thank you for all the kind words, dear readers. Thanks to those who were interested enough in one or other of the past "S and N"'s to write and say so, and to those who were curious either about the identity of "Phoenix" or about the origin of the column's title.

There's one thing I should say. Someone, it seems, has been reading "As I Was Going Down Sackville Street" which is the first line of a bawdy Irish song (second line : 'Two pretty ladies I chanced to meet ') which Oliver St. John Gogarty used as a title for his memoirs. This book has on the first page a quote from Bishop Berkeley reading : "We Irish are apt to think something and nothing are near neighbours". Furthermore, there are passages about Phoenix Park, which I understand is in Dublin.

Well, empires have been built on less ! You'd be surprised who I am alleged to be, from Dean Grennell to Walt Willis. Needs I say that although fanwise I wish I were, these two gentlemen will be relieved to hear that I am not. Will they please now call off that banshee.

I appreciate Bill Harry's opinion that Phoenix is out of place in fanzines (Specifically, one column and one fanzine: Buy TYPO No. 1. and find out) A man that speaks his own mind !

Yet even if I agreed with him (which he can hardly expect me to do) who are we among so many ?

---oo@oo---

Some things are better left unknown. Some things batten on the mind and lead straight to the nut-house. Once, for instance, I saw outside a city warehouse the grim sign: "Beware of the Teagle-hole". What in the name of Lovecraft, I wondered, is a teagle, and what danger lurks outside its lair ? I wondered about this for a week, and then I began to have nightmares about it. I kept seeing a squat, clawed creature with very long arms scuttling in and out of a teagle-hole. It was really after motorists who parked on the NO WAITING signs, and the way I dreamed it, my only way of escaping these arms was to carry another sign saying "PHOENIX CAN PARK IF HE WANTS TO" and then wave it like mad when the teagle came by.

All this goes to show the crummy sort of mind I have after years of reading fantasy and furthermore why I should have known better than play around with DO-IT-YOURSELF PSIONICS KITS.

The gadget was said to be useful for locating valuable deposits of metal, this week's issue of the 'Radio Times' and Grools.

Yes, Grools. The instructions clearly said that I could build this machine myself without the aid of Grools, but that if I kept on with the hobby, I should gradually find myself accumulating a complete set !

WOW ! That was something to aim at, eh ? Believe me, I wasted no time putting together those little pieces of cardboard that came on the back of the box. Psionics machines, as we all know from the articles in ASF, don't have to have real valves and such-like. Pictures of valves work just as well. That's psionics !

So pretty soon I had the thing finished and ready to go. And what is more, I had a whole sackful of useful and nourishing loose cereals.

Well, sir, I switched on and set the dial to find me Doubloons, being what I have often wanted, and anyway twice as big as Singloons. Then I gripped the handle and concentrated really hard, After a while I opened the lid to see if they'd started coming along.

As it happened, they hadn't, but at the same moment there was an eerie knock on the door. I was getting through !

I opened the door hurriedly. "A Groot ?" I cried.

"No, Fred Boodle from next door. Our telly's got funny lines all over it. Whatcha

doing ? the 64,000 Show's on, and I can't see Sabrina."

"No wonder. She's not in that show. Goodnight."

I slammed the door and tried again. This time, for peace sake, and because I borrow his lawn-mower, I took out the battery and put in a cardboard one. It worked just as well. Like Bob Bloch said, psionics is all in the mind.

Nothing much happened for a while after that. But I kept at it. Little bits of things started coming through, like cornflakes, but I was after big stuff. There was, as it happened, a dud component in the circuit. This was the circuit itself, and well after midnight I threw that out and replaced it with a cardboard one.

It was some sensation when all those doubloons finally came rolling out of the slot. In less than an hour I collected enough to last my lifetime. Psionics had paid off.

Soon I had a boxful. Then a sackful. Then so many that I thought, heck, I can afford to be generous, I'll take some round to Fred Boodle to sweeten him up again. And I did. I got him out of bed and poured a handful into his pajama pocket. You should have seen his face.

No, as far as that angle goes, I've nothing against psionics machines. I've got more Doubloons than I know what to do with. You want some cardboard Doubloons? What stones me is where all those Grools got to. None of them ever accumulated. I don't have even one.

It's as I said at first. Some things are better left unknown. I've been thinking things out, and maybe it's better to be without. My opinion is that there was a misprint in those directions. Instead of me accumulating Grools, I suspect they are apt to accumulate me. Some Grools may be Teagles, in fact. That would account for the cornflakes.

—○○○○—

More 'Phoenix' next issue, we hope; but let's hope that no-one else tries these wonderful experiments - I wonder if a report has gone to John W. Campbell!

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THE BRADBURY "ALICE" (Continued from page 5.

little girl. "Extraordinary," murmured the Queen, "but that can be arranged."

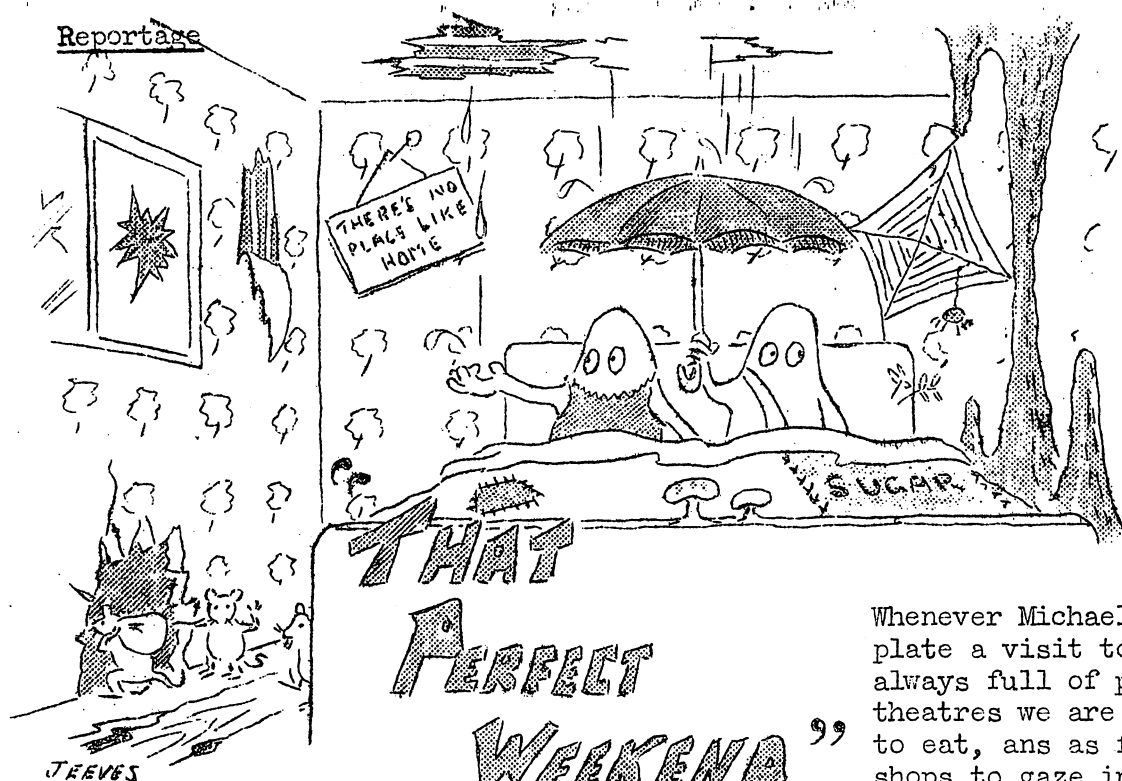
But you tore yourself free and began to run. And so you are still running and running and futilely running, because you know that, however far and fast you run, at the journey's end the Queen will meet you, and smile so graciously, and nod to two of the things who serve her.

DR Smith

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BACK ISSUES OF "THE NEW FUTURIAN"

... there are no copies of 'NuFu' number 1 or number 6 left and only a couple of spares of number 5. But other issues are available to those who would like them. Fanzine editors with whom I am swapping can have them for the asking, others can have them counted as part of a subscription, or for the usual 9d. per copy. If anyone is interested in a duplicated booklist of the books I possessed about six years ago, with -- my, how time flies, it was nearly eleven years ago -- classification, often a note of type, and markings if recommended or otherwise -- some 25 pages in all; these can be sent on for 3d. postage, or part of a swap.



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Whenever Michael and I contemplate a visit to London, we are always full of plans for which theatres we are going to, where to eat, and as for me, which shops to gaze into. The only slight blot on the horizon is

the fact that we don't know where to stay. We have stayed in all three of Joe Lyon's gaudy, gilded, noisy warrens; and have not enjoyed our visits very much. We have also had experience of smaller places where the prices were very slightly lower than the ones already mentioned, but the service (?) was too condescending for our taste, and the request for a cup of tea at nine pm sent the staff into a panic.

So when details of plans for the London Convention arrived, together with a description of the King's Court Hotel, we thought, 'Just the job'. It sounded just what we've always looked for -- moderate price, comfort, various lounges, willing staff, good cooking (although all we ever want in an hotel is breakfast). I wrote to the manager, booked a room on the first floor (supposedly one of their best), packed our bags, dumped our two darling offspring on to their Grandma with great glee, and off we set for a carefree, happy weekend in the Metropolis.

CAME - THE DAWN. We arrived at the King's Court Hotel, and I entered the lobby first. I was amazed to find a very shabby, dingy place, badly in need of thorough cleaning, not to mention decoration. There was a strong aroma which made my tummy feel very peculiar indeed, but which I couldn't at first identify. After a while I realised what it was. Cats. Many of them, and cats which were not too particular about their personal habits. Then we were shown to our room. Quite large, very high, with twin beds on which lay bedspreads which looked as if they had only just been unscrewed from the ball and picked off the floor. A decrepid wardrobe with one hanger. A dressing table covered with burn marks, a gas fire, and a wash basin. It was this last item that caused me to remark to Michael that just possibly the brochure which we had received was not quite accurate? The wash basin had once been white, but was now dirty grey. It had a very large lump missing from the front edge. That had probably been bitten out in fury by a previous guest who had tried to get hot water by the usual method of turning on the hot tap, but finding that the hot tap gave only cold water. Michael did find out later that hot water did eventually come through the tap marked cold. Quite a novel arrangement.

By this time I was seeing, but Michael who is always very forbearing, and anxious to look for the bright side, tried to calm me down, and we went off to

look at the West End, and book for theatres and have an early dinner before astounding our friends by our sudden appearance at the Globe. By the way, I forgot to mention that we had been supplied with a very small hand towel each, and no soap, for the three nights that we were to stay.

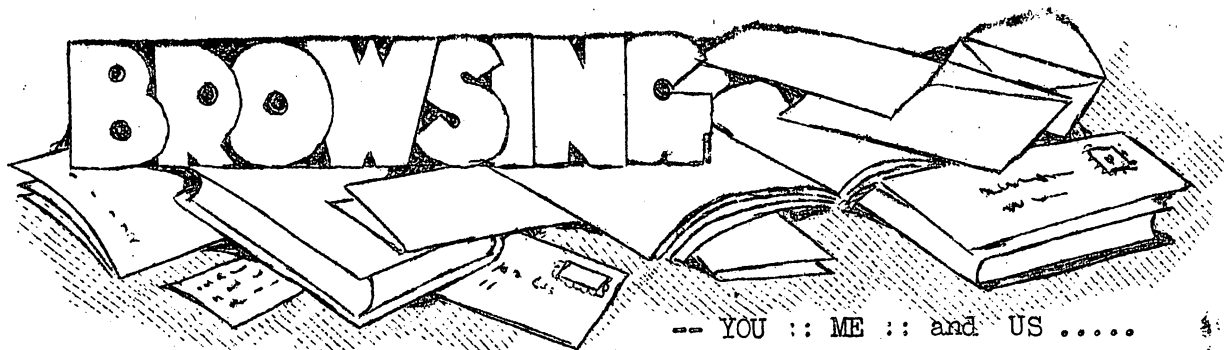
After the first night at the place, where, incidentally and by now, quite surprisingly, we found the beds very comfortable, we arose early so as to have breakfast and get to the Ideal Home Exhibition in time for the opening. According to a list of meal times, the dining room should have been open for breakfast at 7.45 am. It wasn't. At 8.0 am Michael went to the receptionist to find out when we would be able to have a meal. At 8.15 am we were finally admitted by a slovenly waitress, who proceeded to serve us at leisure. The choice of food at this hotel with the French cuisine was corn flakes or porridge and bacon and eggs. I'm very awkward with food for breakfast. I don't like cereals, nor do either of us take bacon. I also find it difficult to digest eggs first thing in the morning, but I do like a little fresh fruit of some kind. It needs no preparation or serving, but there was no such thing in the place. Michael had very indifferent porridge and ordered a boiled egg. When that came it had hardly been cooked at all, albumen poured out of the shell in a most sickening way, and poor Michael just had to leave it. The girl took it away, but didn't offer to have another egg cooked more thoroughly. There was toast, marmalade, generous quantities of tea and coffee, and plenty of margarine, with 10% butter.

The following morning was a replica of the first, except that Michael ordered scrambled egg, which was not too bad. The third night we were there, our last, we arrived at the hotel at midnight, to find that our towels had been removed and not replaced. This time, Michael went down to the receptionists desk and really gave them a few home truths, and the receptionist was most apologetic. However it took twenty minutes and a visit from the housekeeper and another visit from the cheeky chambermaid to get any towels, and apparently neither of these women thought that our complaint was at all justified. That night the place was packed mostly with American Servicemen. We were pleased to note that there didn't seem to be any colour bar, but there was also no bar to any kind of behaviour through the night. The noise was awful, of shouting, fighting, furniture being moved over our heads, thuds up and down the corridor, and sundry unidentifiable squeaks, squeals and sounds. I must say that I slept through most of the night, because it takes an awful lot to wake me up or prevent me from sleeping, but Michael suffered all night and hardly had any sleep at all. From that point of view, the King's Court Hotel is an excellent venue for a Convention. No-one will stop anyone from doing just as they like. But I do advise anyone who contemplates attending the Convention, and who is not in the very best of health to start with, to arrange for a nice long rest and a holiday afterwards. It was without regrets that we left that hotel far behind us, and we will not return.

Can anyone recommend a clean, quiet, moderately-priced Hotel in London, not too far from the centres of entertainment.

*** *** *** *** *** *** *** ***

FOOTNOTE from JMR -- the foregoing is a straight and honest account of our impressions of the Hotel chosen for the London Convention later this year. I must point out however, that we are not the easiest persons to satisfy and other people may say quite legitimately that sleaziness is a fair exchange for a tolerant attitude. But since then I have had a tape of impressions and explanations from some of the Liverpool group who have also sampled this hospitality, and moreover had a long talk with the hotel manager. Apparently the hotel in "winter dress" does not cater for the same clientele as in its proper season, is run with skeleton staff and is due for redecoration and refurbishing at Easter. So perhaps we caught it at its absolute lowest level. We hope so. But I think Betty will be amongst those not present in September and I am not too happy about attending myself unless I can stay elsewhere.



-- YOU :: ME :: and US

YES; let's get back to the old title for this department of your letters, my comments and anything else that may seem of interest which comes along. Last issue my friend, Ron, went and put Readers Letters as a heading; but I've beaten him this time by persuading that wonderful benefactor of fandom known as ATOM to put the correct heading on to a stencil. And now in the middle of February, as a full score of letters of comment on New Futurian No. 6 have come in; I'm having a go at getting this department started ...

The very first letter to arrive in Grosvenor Park was from ERNEST JAMES the writer-postman of Skipton, Yorks. He must have read the issue in the mails ... he was so quick off the mark. Quoting from it

"I missed Walter Gilling's series. I was flattered that you should think my piece fit to put in the beginning. It does seem to read rather well, and it does present something which I hoped would interest your readers.... Like Hornblower I have no ear for music and the Opus item might have been written in a foreign language---but I could not help be impressed with it. New York Con. report was interesting, but again it seemed over my head to some extent, because the names did not seem to tag on to pictures in my mind--- I am a sad sort of fan, I fear. Trying to be a pro-writer spoils me, I suppose. The business of living, being married, trying to collect cash to pay the bills etc. and not being a genius can make life crowded if not a bit difficult sometimes. Things get left over.

The Fan history was fascinating..... the photos are so good I have no words for them Other items were interesting, but I dislike the tone of pessimism and the pulling to bits of things that the writers use in all innocence to bolster up their stories. But that is a mere quibble Merely but sincerely wishing you and you helpers and family and friends and all fan a Happy and Prosperous New Year, with the hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting up with you at the Londcon. if I can get".....

It wasn't very long after that a letter arrived from H. KEN BULMER at "Tresco" Wellmeadow Road, Catford; I've often wondered about the significance - if any - of the house name "Tresco" is actually one of the Scilly Isles, now made into a sub-tropical garden and a bird sanctuary; the inhabitants of each Scilly Isle have a nickname and I believe that applying to a Trescan is 'Bulldog' How does all this connect with Ken? Similarly I used to wonder about the name of the Webster ancestral home in Aberdeen. This is "Idlewild" and the only other use of that name I know of is the New York airport ... but back to our letter ..

Whether or not you relish being likened to a bad penny, you most certainly are going to receive that accolade - or rather, Fido is. When your gratefully received Christmas card mentioned the forthcoming bursting from the cocoon of a new NuFu, I was ver' pleased. Now that the flaming thing is here, I am overjoyed. For a number of reasons. Before I go into a 200 page detailed analysis you will want an explanation of the P.O. nestling coyly to the upper left hand

edge of this letter. Reason is: you may have seen the latest Nebula where Walter (Willis) mentions the Nirvana Guild in his column Fanorama - the brief idea of NG is to get fanzines into the hands of people who have a genuine interest in the fanfield but who, for various reasons, (mainly time) don't feel like going to the individual editors and carrying on the continual chasing around that is necessary to acquire even a rudimentary coverage of the field. The good stuff published will be sent to them and the crud concealed from their sensitive eyes if they join the Guild, lay out a deposit, and we send them the zines we think are suitable. Walter and I have talked a lot about this and we think that we can help fandom along. You remember your pioneering efforts with FIDO? sending round to the letter columns of the prozines? Well, that does enter into it, of course; but mainly we want to help along fandom and the people who are interested but whose time is restricted (like yours and mine)and now for a rapid exposé of Nufu First of all, shame on there being no Clamorous Dreamers. Of course Sid makes up for that well and truly. Astron - didn't you find that after you'd played it once you knew exactly where all the various problems were going to appear and thus the uncertainty was lost? ((No, Ken; we did not - at least not the way we played Astron; someone always came in with a Cosmic Upheaval and spoilt all the deep-laid plans. Actually the game is dull with only two players - but try it with 6 and the actions between one's consecutive moves has been so varied that it is impossible to anticipate)) All that ERJames proves is that peoples' tastes are different. He and Syd and Rayer all studied at the same writing school, I believe. I particularly liked Bob Pavlat's conrep, it was done in a nice restrained, believable style. How come you got hold of Bob to do a conrep for Fido, anyway? ((through Ron, of course)) You are to be congratulated. Sid's dissertation on 1937 makes me feel a very youngfanindeed. I was still, though avidly reading sf, more interested in the sea and inflying and hadn't the time to bother about fandom. Looking back, now, I often wonder what would have happened if you had contacted me at that time. Certainly, my first writing would have been sf, instead of anything but, and I might have broken the field then, instead of allowing a war and the resultant lassitude to delay that for 15 years. ahwell. the photos were terrific. I was aware that the first meeting down here was held at Catford - the name has other memories too. I recall going to Eric William's house, with Arthur Williams, and poring over his books and mags whilst his mother watched to see that we didn't make off with any. And the day he turned up to see me in the air raid shelter of the Prudential Buildings - you remember that address? And then ACC and Snaghurst and Ericop turning up and playing table tennis... and Ron Holmes thumbing his way round England. And looking at the piece of Shrapnel in Snaghurst's "Things to Come", was it? when his mother showed us round ((yes, yes; your ancient editor doth remember - and it was George Medhurst's copy of "Things to Come" that caught the piece of air raid shrapnel that was thrown accross his room)) And seeing Ted Carnell's complete collection of AST when Don Doughty and I were shown round. And Dennis Tucker coming to town. And leaving stuff for ACC in the barracks in the East End and watching his head sticking up out of the marching Air Force erks. Phew - where was I? Ah, yes, HPL. Leave us by all means have at the old master or otherwise, as the case may be. I have no wish to take sides, but HPL did have a habit of overstating the obvious which must have irked after a bit and when the horror was brought in you were sort of numbed. Still, his concepts were good of horror and 'things beyond the veil' even if his writing couldn't carry them. That's not necessarily my opinion, by the way... DRSmith, in returning briefly from the grave, says that people's emotions should take 2nd place to the technical stuff in sf- a sound argument for some sf; but if it is allowed to become accepted it means that sf will never become literature, because

people and their emotions are literature and not scientific stuff, however clever... This business about the 10 most fantastic plots; aren't there 30 something plots only and about 4 of these are not currently allowed in literature? Helicopters are not much good to relieve the parking problem but the Hiller Flying Carpet or other ducted fans ((yes, that's what the man says)) seem to be the answer. With one of these you really do have the private aeroplane garageable in the backyard, land-uponable the office roof and running cheaply on a motor-bicycle engine. They estimate they'll be coming off the production line like refrigerators pretty soon - then we'll be having that traffic control in three dimensions we're so fond of casually mentioning in sf. Oh - cover - young Bill Harry does a nice Turnerish illo, and I don't think that Harry would do the stuff he did for Fido again - he has moved on along a fresh pathway, (~~HET~~ that is) and you don't want to go back and do the same old stuff over and over again. But just encourage this Bill Harry, he has a nice touch ..."

May I offer my heartiest congratulations to Ken and to Walter for the really wonderful conception of the Nirvana Guild. This could easily be the best thing for fandom since it pulled itself together after the war. As a means of introducing newcomers it cannot be easily surpassed, but I should like to see it used for old and tired fans like myself, as and when they are 'resting' to borrow the theatrical parlance, to be able to send a sub. along to the central point and say "please don't let me miss anything interesting in the field". As a fanzine publisher too, I welcome it providing we can have some sort of idea how many copies Nirvana is going to need.

As to its results - Ken sent these three addresses and later another four. NuFu duly went off, and I have had several interesting letters back (would that I had the time to correspond with these neofen - that is the next point to think of) For example here is David Gaskin of 49 Tanfield Road, Croydon, Surrey ...

"Nu Fu, by the way, is the first fanzine I've ever read through, though I've a collection of promags that runs into countless (or nearly so) hundreds, amassed during my seven years or so of SF reading. Getting into fandom is something I've always intended to do but never had time to .. I have decided that I like Nu Fu, and want to see more of it in the future. Whom knows? I may even send an article sometime! ..."

And again there is Frank Martin, who writes from Ward 2, St George's Hospital, Stafford ..

"Many thanks for the copies of 'NuFu' you were kind enough to send me. As it is the very first fanzine I have ever handled, I was rather sceptical about it. For some reason (presumably without reason) I had the impression that fanzines were somehow rather juvenile. Oh what an error to so gladly discard! To be frank with you, I was somewhat flabbergasted at the high literary quality of most of your contributions. But, taking in the names, and putting two and two together, mostly by inference, I could understand that this must be so of necessity; seeing that a large proportion of your correspondents must have graced the S.F. literary scene for large numbers of years. From this you may gather that I have not been an S.F. fan for overlong. Too true, about three years or so. As I should judge myself to be a few years your elder (in age only) you can see what I have been missing all these years. Nevertheless, I found the talk and tattle of old time mags and fans very interesting indeed. I also enjoyed Mr Brunners excellent articles.."

See what I mean. More power to the Nirvana Guild, and may it contact many more probable fans at present in the wilderness.

I cannot resist just having a line from C. ASHMORE BAKER; undoubtedly our oldest reader, probably the most senior of all who have ever had any contact with fandom. It would be fascinating to know a lot more about Mr Baker ... I have had the pleasure of reading through his unpublished science fiction stories written for his own amusement about 50-60 years ago; and I assure you all that I found them better (allowing for the period flavour in H.G.Wells) than 90% of the stuff in today's promags. I also know that he was a pioneer electrical engineer, but in his later active years developed a strong interest in the occult. It would be accurate, I suppose, to call him a member of the truly 'first' fandom - that of 1900 to 1910 - which turned out to be a false dawn ...

"Many thanks for the copy of The Futurian No 6, for which I enclose stamps .. I am afraid that I must resign my futurianity as at 90+ I can no longer read without a handglass and this reduces my reading considerably. However I wish you and fandom every success and good fantasy "

This is handwritten in better script than most of us use. Let's hope that some of us at least, are taking an intelligent interest in the world at 90+. Now on to somebody who, whilst by no means as old in years, is numbered amongst the senior fans of the world .. HARRY WARNER, Jr of Hagerstown, Maryland. ...

"It is good to see you once again on a publishing binge, particularly when the product is as good as ever, and maintains the sense of continuity in fandom that comes from nowhere excepting Leeds. ((What about Los Angeles? Talking about continuity, I shocked Ron Bennett last week by showing him the Hudson Bay Company's report of its 264th Annual General Meeting; just imagine the Worldcon Society at that stage ! But back to Harry's letter)) Do you realize that you are the only person still publishing a general fanzine who was active when I came into the field all the way back in 1938? It's true that Bob Tucker occasionally emits a publication for the FAPA, and Speers FAPA publications are almost identical in spirit and appearance with those he put out around the start of World War Two; but you're the sole survivor of the general fanzine field. It's comforting to know that I haven't entered a fannish world in which no trace of the old order survives.

It's also nice to see that so many British fans are continuing to hold that old tradition of superior brains and more effective use of brains, in comparison with American fandom. The comments on those musical articles you're reprinting for me are typical. When the articles first appeared in Horizons, they evoked almost no response, except for remarks of a few persons that I like this composer better than I do that composer. In England, apparently everyone who reads them can think of something significant to say about them. ((May your editor interpose again? I wouldn't venture to disagree completely, but it should be pointed out that Horizons went to a restricted clientele in FAPA largely composed of later US fandom, who, whilst highly literate, seem to be madkeen on jazz in the present fan generation, and who haven't yet the general musical experience to appreciate other types of music. And yet; two of the most thoughtful commenters on Harry's articles have been John Brunner and Lawrence Sandfield; both of them jazz musicians))

There is a lot in this issue that tempts me to comment at great length. I'll spare you that, but it would be interesting, for instance, to try and determine what caused the 1956 convention to inspire so many reports; I think that I've read three times as many accounts of the happenings there as for the normal convention, and they're still coming. I don't think that Con Turner is sufficiently optimistic on the future of transistors and other small-scale components for radios (they've just announced a thingamajig that stands to the transistor in size as the transistor does to the American tube or British valve). You can now purchase in

this country such transistor-operated items as a clock that runs for five years on a single small battery without rewinding, a public address system whose electrical system weighs only a couple of ounces but can fill a large auditorium, and a light-powered radio that will run forever under normal room illumination and even continues for 250 hours after being plunged into total darkness. On the great Lovecraft argument, I'm afraid that I stand neither with Brunner nor with the fellows who have leapt to the defense of HPL: I think that Lovecraft was an interesting writer, but most of his imitators are the gentlemen who should be condemned. The Lovecraft stories are not exactly monuments of English literature, but they're refreshingly different from what had gone before, and they take on an added clinical interest when you learn what caused them to be written in that way -- the author's abhorrence of such things as sea creatures, cold and the like, his difficulties with women, & his difficulty of conforming with normal ways of living. When completely different persons like Clark Ashton Smith and August Derleth write stories in such studious imitation of Lovecraft, it's quite easy to sense that there's no personal conviction behind their tidal waves of adjectives. As far as the highway congestion problem goes, I can't see how the situation can be improved by invention of new vehicles (unless someone comes up with an anti-gravity device that permits us simply to float around without enveloping vehicles, propelled by a simple jet stream fixed on our backs, as in the old Paul-Amazing Stories days). The trend in this country seems to be towards city-suburbs--when expansion of a city becomes necessary, a "development" containing from 10,000 to 50,000 residents and a big central cluster of shops is likely to grow up a couple of miles from the edge of the old city. Los Angeles, I understand, consists principally of a couple of dozen of medium sized towns separated from each other by suburban areas. It doesn't solve the highway problem, but when it occurs in conjunction with bypassed major roads, it takes the nightmarish quality out of transportation .."

Yes, Harry; but in these islands the problem is that as soon as one moves out of one urban area in the highly-developed districts, one is slap-bang in the midst of another town with the facilities developed historically for that size town. We haven't tracts of near-virgin country, and hence there are the huge 'conurbations' of the West Riding of Yorkshire, East Lancashire, the midlands 'Black' country, greater and greater London and so on. There is a story that before trams (street-cars) were largely superceded, it was possible to go from Leeds to Blackpool on the West Coast - a distance of nearly 90 miles - by using municipal tram services only.

And now we turn to one of our regular commentators who has given NuFu stalwart support from it's first inception. SIDNEY L. BIRCHBY, of Levenshulme, Manchester.

"Well, this is indeed a forgotten pleasure, writing a letter to NUFU! ... Although there's enough meat in any NuFu to sustain life for many months. Take this music discussion, both in Harry Warner's articles and in the letter columns. I did enjoy Lawrence Sandfield's letter about the impact of Western music on the Orient, although I don't agree with him completely, and am hoping to write privately to him. The Conreport of Bob Pavlat, well done though it was, didn't have anything we havn't read many times before in many many fanzines. Something should be done about Conreports. I know just how it is immediately after a Convention, every one feels they must, just must, put it all down on paper, fix that glittering butterfly Time, securely down on paper, you know? And it never quite thrills others the same way, even if they were there, because the essence of any experience is that you can't communicate it. So we get the same old stuff about Joe who was swigging gin in Fred's room while Bert was telling saucy one about Alf, and even if you happen to be Joe Bert Fred Alf the lot it's so much cold bread and water. What's to be done? Conventions ought to be commemorated somehow. But I'm not gone on Conreports

any more. Maybe we should turn to calypsos?

Con Turner in "Radio of Tomorrow" is already rendered out of date by transistor research. It's not a fact that 'efficient transistors can only handle a power output of milliwatts'. Telefunken have now produced at least one power transistor that delivers 3.5 watts for a 6 volt supply. I mean produced on the market. If Con is interested, the code reference is OD.604 and I believe S.T.C. are now releasing small experimental quantities of a similar thing in this country.

The stumbling block has been that the properties of a transistor depend on the crystal impurities and that until a method of growing crystals with controlled impurities could be devised, there wasn't much batch uniformity. But as far as germanium transistors go, there's been a great deal of progress. Unhappily, there hasn't yet been so much with the silicon ones, and that in spite of clear evidence that the future lies with silicon, not germanium. For one thing, it isn't so temperature-sensitive. For further information, friends, stay tuned to the hearing aid."

Further lack of agreement with Con Turner was expressed by Messrs Shorrock and Dave Newman of Liverpool, in a tape sent to your editor. But in defence of Con, I ought to point out that his article was written before the 18 month deferment of the last Nufu, and the speed of scientific research - or rather the publishing of results - is now so fast that one year's truths have often gone by the board before they have trickled through to the general public. I, for one, was not aware that transistors had come on so much.

Also becoming a regular in the pages of our magazine is JOE GIBSON who writes one of the letters which might be almost an article, and raises a very moot point ...

"Twice, I've searched carefully through the 6th NUFU, page after page, and I'm disappointed. Not one word of it appears, not even in the letter column --- and it's actually good enough for a rousing fan article! But I feel more flabbergasted than rousing. Here, instead, we have D. R. Smith agreeing with Brunner that space-travel science fiction will soon become ordinary fiction, its distinction having vanished after we've actually conquered space.

A really good rebuttal to this argument would take work. I'm not going to work. I'm simply astounded that Campbellian orthodoxy has taken such hold that, apparently, some persons have the illusion it's the only way science fiction can be written: that spacecraft must land and take off upon straddling tailfins, apparently, because there is just no better way to do it.

When the Moon base is established, presumably that will make all moonflight stories mere adventure stories. And presumably the Lunar Observatory will contribute no new knowledge of the Galaxy capable of sending science fiction off into new ecstasies of galactic derring-do. And when Martian plant-life comes under Earth's microscopes, perhaps it's inconceivable that new concepts of living organisms will blossom out in science fiction tales of Not-Quite-Earthtype planets. And Yngvi knows what actual surface conditions on Venus couldn't possibly have any effect on science-fictional suppositions.

After all, Hubbard's said all there is to say about interstellar flight at Near-Lightspeed velocities; oh yes, all those poor crewmen will be terribly upset about leaving their familiar cultures and friends behind in Time as well as Space. And Asimov's said all there possibly is to say about robotics. And all this sort of thing has become rather stale, you know, because there simply isn't anything drastically new that's left to be said about it.

But the most unfortunate thing about this, I believe, is the occasional hints I've noticed in occasional remarks by science fiction editors which imply

a queer kind of worship for science-fiction-as-it-is. The 'established' postulates in science fiction have become dogma; any story which challenges them must obviously have something with it! Ever since Heilein's LOGIC OF EMPIRE, it's been an inescapable conclusion that we'll have a colonial empire when we settle the planets. Nothing else is at all believable.

Now, don't tell me no one else has noticed this! "

Wow: that's a beauty we could discuss all night, but I am going to leave it to see if anyone does take Joe up on it; and pass right on to JOHN BRUNNER who has so much of interest to say that there is comparatively little of his long letter which does not positively scream for publication ...

" Was very pleased to get NuFu in the other day. It was a very good issue - despite its bringing up a fight which I had almost forgotten, over Lovecraft. I finished my part of it in Ron Smith's Inside, with a short summary of my opinions which brought down the wrath of no less a person than Fritz Leiber on my head...!

I did not surrender, mark you; it is - alas - no indication of intrinsic value to be an accomplished craftsman, and you will doubtless remember that my theme was mainly to the effect that HPL was not the writer his adherents claim. Of course anyone who was able to instil such admiration in his followers must have something - for them. A parallel case, I suppose, might be that of Henry Miller, whom some people consider to be the greatest living writer; I don't. Again I have to admit that I haven't read much of his stuff - The Colossus of Maroussi and Volume I of the Rosy Crucifixion is all - but there is someone who admires him tremendously and whom I in my turn admire as having got away with what Miller apparently tried to do. Bernard Wolfe is the guy I mean. I expect you, and most of the readers of NuFu, know Limbo '90 - an incredible casserole of steaming ideas, with something of the quality of the steamroller image involved in his cult of limblessness. I thought it was a failure.

But (and this is an opinion shared by Miller himself, who - so I was told yesterday - went on record as saying that here Wolfe had achieved what he, Miller, had always striven for) he notched up a phenomenal achievement in the book he wrote with Mezz Mezzrow, the clarinetist: Really the Blues. Aside from being enormously entertaining, that has the status of a major social document, especially on the subject of racial prejudice in the US; it gives that impression of a life lived fully and vividly, mingled with exactly enough introspection, analysis, comment and personal reaction, which one always feels (or I do) to be boiling up in Miller's own work without ever being properly cooked.

Miller, probably, is too much of a literary exhibitionist (I forget who first defined the concept - I ran across it the other day in one of Stekel's pioneer collections of psychological case-histories) to succeed entirely in his aims.

There are, I'm afraid, probably a number of barriers which are erected between an author and certain sections of his potential public either by personal taste (on the part of the writer), by his background or his period. I'm now working for a publisher who does a series of classics, and I've had to proof-read a number of books recently that I hadn't looked at since I was a kid, and others I'd never read. Robinson Crusoe, for example, which I'm sure I hadn't opened for around ten years. Well, it's a monumental book, but I find now that I can't read it without continuous analysis and explanation to to myself: particularly, his fundamentalist theology - the kind which Voltaire went for hammer and tongs in Candide, and which didn't really survive the Lisbon earthquake - gets in the way all the time. On the other hand, astonishingly, I discovered Black Beauty - to many people, I suppose, among the archetypal sentimental tales and to be thought of in company with Little Women - to be a very good book in spite of its obtrusive social consciousness - or perhaps even because of it.

That's something, you know. We haven't really got much in the way of children's classics which are both enjoyable and comprehensible to the generation of kids who have grown up post-war. Another work I've just waded through is *What Katy Did*, and that drove home most forcibly what marks the distinction eighty - even fifty - years ago and today. Katy, you may possibly remember, had to be purified by suffering; her noble-minded cousin set her the example. People die - not quite all over the place, but frequently - in all these books called 'children's classics'.

Well - I don't know. Since I was old enough to take notice, I haven't lost a relative or friend, aside from a brother of my mother's in the RAF during the war, and I didn't know him. That's a consequence of the biggest social change, I insist, of the last hundred years. For probably three millenia human beings had been the dirtiest, most thoroughly diseased species of animal on earth! A commentary on Chaucer I was reading a few weeks back mentioned this; the cook, you remember, had a mormal - an ulcer - on his shin. Small wonder. Because, so the author pointed out, nothing in England was sterile. The nobility of the Sun King's court urinated on the back stairs for want of anywhere better; one of the diarists of the same period describes a noble lady relieving herself in church. After the fire of 110 years ago which destroyed the house of commons, great attention was paid to the ventilation of the new building, and it was with surprise that people discovered a main sewer, the stench of which was foul enough to put out the tiches of the party that explored it, discharging its vapours through a hole as big as a man's body under the chamber.

They used to speak almost with pride of the boue, that mud of Paris which clung like nothing before or since. It was compounded of earth, human and horse dung, and carrion. When the elaborate hair dressings of the fine ladies - kept on for up to three weeks in order to save trouble - were 'opened', it was not uncommon for mice to run out, and all kinds of vermin bred enthusiastically there, for the hair was oiled and bulked out with bran, and then dusted with flour to whiten it. Practically a loaf of bread.

Pepys - whose diary I'm currently reading - mentions that he didn't want to take to wearing a wig, but he had to, because every time the maid combed out his head she found it so foul. Dr Johnson was scrofulous; the entire Hanoverian royal family was apparently riddled with syphilis owing to the traditionally loose morals of all branches of it.. Of course, you find exceptions; Boswell, who despite all his sycophantic faults thought it only reasonable to have his hair dressed 'daily or pretty often', and required clean linen daily, was one of them.

But take a look into Henry Mayhew - 'London Labour and the London Poor', or one of the versions prepared by Peter Quennell two or three years ago. Prior to that, we have to rely mostly on the records of the upper crust for our knowledge of these conditions; the poor, presumably, were born and just possibly survived in filth, lived in squalor, and died in hunger and racking sickness.

I doubt, as I said before, whether any species of animal on earth could have compared for weakness, illness or dirt with the human species during most of the development of urban Western civilisation. Contrast that with the phenomenally fast spread of the higher living standard which has taken place over the last half-century, and you have an excellent excuse for living now!

It's beginning - very slowly - to liberate us from the obsessive preoccupation with suffering which has marred most previous civilisations. And that statement, I predict, will bring in several rude answers!

True, in exactly the same way that the eighteenth-century gallant was finely dressed in the best cloth available, fashionably cut and trimmed with lace, but stained and probably harbouring lice, the teddy-boy you see decked out in his seventeen-guinea suit at the street corner has a line of black under his finger-nails and - probably - a halfcrown of dirt on his heels where the back of his shoes rub. Nonetheless, he's not liable to be scrofulous; acne is about the extent of the

trouble. He'll live, the odds are, longer than his father; he won't be crippled by rheumatism, or not so young; the chances are smaller that his kids will be rickety, or die as infants. And he'll spend longer in the world; he'll see social changes taking place, and may even get used to not being able to let his prejudices fossilise.

I suggest - and this might stimulate an argument - that the real reason why religion is nowhere in the world the force that it used to be (modern missionaries are more likely to have been educated at the University of Pekin!) is because in earlier periods, a man could be born and die without having seen a single major change in his surroundings. Forty or fifty years could pass; none of the things we today regard as social alterations would occur. No one would invent a new kind of transport, a new fertiliser, a new breed of wheat, a cure for a disease - nothing to affect everyone, or better everyone's conditions.

It's natural then, to accept this monotonous world as merely the prelude to a better one. But when it becomes obvious that you can apply your efforts not to making a comfortable spot for yourself in a dubious hereafter, or for your children's children here, but for yourself, the fundamental human weakness for self-interest will inevitably incline you to doing just that.

This is a broad simplification; you can't dispose of a major movement that way, in ten-twenty lines! But I believe that that is one factor involved, and perhaps the one which directly affected most people's motives, and is still operating. "

Let's come up for breath now. Broadly I would not quarrel with any of the ideas so copiously expressed. In fact, the statements about the sanitary revolution could be mine - I have often stated that the sewage engineer has probably saved more lives than the medical profession. From that I get most disquieted when I follow-up with the thought about the situation of the world when these conditions apply to the primitive nations of today? How and where will their surplus populations be coped with? We shall need the stars, or at least the planets to put them on. Reverting to historical times, it might be possible that the 'upper crust' lived a worse and more primitive life than the 'solid' part of the population - aristocracies of Western Europe at least, have always seemed to me to have been composed of adolescents and perhaps it is the pre-eminence of the middle classes which has helped to bring about the present culture. Or is it the other way round?

Next letter in the pile is from that tried and true stalwart of fandom today ARCHIE MERCER (Cert Hon Mem RFW&SDS, Assn Editor OMPA, Schnerdlitic Hole-Boring Advison, & Trufan Extraordinary) Wonder what all that means ?

"NU FU the sixth is overdue for answering, I've been piling up recently. I must have had it all of a week now, a thing almost unheard of - let alone unprecedented. Let's see then. Overall, Phoenix is missed, though I agree we've had him recently - his is the sort of column that one can go on and on and on reading right through the fanzine if it goes that far, and still come out fresh at the end. Also, what's happened to Gilling's noisy visions? I thought they were still in the half-way-uncompleted stage. Though Sid the Birch's sidelights on early fandom is if possible - if possible, it darn well IS possible - even more fascinating. Because he tends to relate it more to today's fandom, so that I can understand it.

Conrep in NU FU yet! Nice one, too. EVERYBODY must be writing one - but I love 'em, let 'em all come. By now, I almost feel I HAD been there.

As for the photos, they too hold interest. I wouldn't have recognised Arthur C. Clarke - the photo looks more like Burgess than anyone else I can think of. Wouldn't have recognised you either, come to that. But Carnell's himself to the life - must have been like that in the dradle, I should think.

The rest of the magazine has a definite fault - the WHOLE of it for that matter - in that it just doesn't prompt me to go off into reams and reams of epistolatory comment. Nevertheless it was both readable and enjoyable throughout, which though

a feeble enough thing to say happens to be true. AND it saves me the trouble of writing a longer letter at this time of night. "

Whoops time is going on and space is getting tight; but there are a few more excerpts from epistles I do so want to get in .. ARTHUR HILLMAN of Newport comments ...

"May I press for a little less of the nostalgic and backward glances at the golden age of s-f (which only makes me sad to recall) and some more news and book reviews of current facets of the subject. What I should like to see is for a competent expert to list the 10 (say) top magazine stories of the last 4 years, with titles and dates of the issues concerned. I have only nibbled at the magazines of the last decade and feel that there are probably some tremendous epics to be discovered if only someone could give details, but I don't intend to buy the whole field (@ 2/6 a time) to track them down. I sincerely think a service of this kind would help people who can ill afford to pay for bad material but regret not having the opportunity to sift the chaff from the wheat. If several persons gave particulars it could help towards a comprehensive list. For example, I list the following as outstanding stories, and well worth the price of the mag:
"The Lovers" P.J. Farmer, Startling Stories, Aug. 1952; "The Ark of Mars" L. Brackett Planet Stories, Sept. 1953; "The Exile of the Skies" Richard Vaughan, Fantasy Story Magazine, Summer 1950 -- I think if others chipped in with selections it would be of great help ... "

So, fellows, come along; there will be room in the next Nufu (due Septemberish) for YOUR choice - VING CLARKE has a good idea too ...

..."In all the issue there is approximately 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ pages of book reviews. Tush., and here's Ed Cox saying that today's fandom seems to be more preoccupied with itself than in reading books - and, one presumes, about books. More on the 'Most Fantastic Plot' lines would be definitely a Good Thing. How about getting readers to send in reviews of the 5 books that they consider rarest in their collections? And, incidentally, whatever the quality...I don't go along with D.R. Smith's opinion that 'obscure' books should be relegated to absolute limbo if they are bad. Whatever their quality, someone is going to hear about them and go searching for them (vide Bill Temple's letter). In fact, some books, as is apparent, are sought after only because of their rarity; I remember my extreme disappointment on tracking down Chamber's KING IN YELLOW and MAKER OF MOONS to find them quite lacking in story quality. LAST MEN IN LONDON is only a so-so story...and that's probably the reason why it's never been reprinted ..."

Sorry, but I would put even LAST MEN IN LONDON above many of the quite-famous s-f novels; but then I have always gone overboard for Olaf Stapledon. Now, let's extract a point from the letter of JOHN D. ROLES ...

"I should like to take up a point of Laurence Sandfield's, if I may. He says 'The qualities of Oriental folk song differ markedly from the negro's in that intonation has a quality of constant and monotonous inaccuracy that offends western ears.' Now if he has said exactly what he means, then he doesn't know what he is talking about. I rather think he has expressed himself ineptly, because it makes no sense to me. For instance on the European scale, both Negro and Oriental folk song is 'inaccurate' as he calls it. And then if it be more 'inaccurate' does this necessarily mean that the Oriental song is inferior to that of the Negro? Why? Neither has harmony, a comparatively modern innovation. The Negro has evolved a complicated 'syncopated' rhythm; the Oriental took the path of melody, and evolved some pretty interesting and highly involved tune systems, including use of more

notes to the scale than are used in the West. The Arabs use a seventeen note octave, the Hindu octave is variable, but twenty-two intervals are realised, and the Chinese have sixty in theory! Surely with more notes per octave to play around with, more subtle and beautiful melodies are possible, than with the fewer notes we have on our scale (twelve). But it is interesting to compare the results of this on the uncultured Western ear. Arabic music is definitely the most difficult to encompass with its 17-note octave! The Chinese folk song, if very odd to listen to, doesn't jar at all. Whilst the Hindu folk song, after a short acquaintance proves the most mellifluous and satisfying of the lot. And fout on 'inaccuracies' ...

I'm a little out of my musical depth here, but I dare say the man's right. Next snippet is from a letter signed 'Peter Graaf' (Dust, and the Curious Boy - thriller - advt.) but emanating from the home address of SAMUEL YOUD - John Christopher ...

"By far the most interesting thing in New Futurian to me was that lovely page of pictures. When I think what a broken-down boozed-up varicose-veined hag-ridden collection they all are now (present company naturally excepted) I realise that, in Leeds too, sunt lacrimae rerum. And did Eric Russell ever look callow?-- clearly as we now see. (What can he possibly be hiding with that envelope?). Let us have more and more such pictures, providing I am not featured in them.

I am, of course, featured in Herr Birchby's little bit of nostalgia. I would point out, incidentally, that although 'Letter from a chap named Youd' is immediately followed by 'Science-fiction bores me more than ever', there is, in fact, over three weeks separation between those two events. As to my thinking he was a charlie, that sounds like a mix-up with a letter to Eric Hopkins (now married, did you know?) who was then called Charles. Of course, having since met Sidney, I stand amazed at my own intuition."

Re Eric Russell, the 'envelope' was some hurriedly manufactured pseudo-masonic regalia. And talking about old times, I just love the statement in a fairly recent letter from DAN McPHAIL, one of the old-timers now re-gracing the American scene..

"I have just looked back in my old letter file and find a letter from you dated Dec. 29th, 1936 in which you send thanks for the wire of 'best wishes' I had sent you and Mayer for the first Leeds Conference ..."

The implications that someone may have carefully filed my letters of two decades ago is to me absolutely staggering. I shouldn't have thought anyone had the room - much less the inclination, to keep such things.

I have just checked up and find this is the eleventh page of "Browsing" so it would seem that matters should now be wound up. There are several more letters in the pile beside me, and I apologise to their originators that they have been left so late that the room is all taken up. Nevertheless they were enjoyed, and in that connection I would like to thank especially, JOHN BERRY; DON (D.R.) SMITH; TERRY JEEVES (with his usual careful annotation of each item in the issue) GEORGE RICHARDS; DON ALLEN - back from Ireland, where he was able to visit Willis and Co. several times; and so many more. In fact it rather looks as though the New Futurian could become a letter-zine like the wonderful "Voice of the Imagi-Nation" with the wonderful bunch of commentators that crop up once there are two or three interesting items to chew over. And to think that I once hoped to review fanzines received in this same column! So will those very nice kind people who put me on their mailing list (and those philanthropists who kept their publications coming my way during the 'suspension' of NuFu) please accept my most grateful thanks, and my assurance that all fanzines received have been greatly enjoyed, despite my lack of mention. Most especial thanks to Ron Smith for INSIDE and J.V. Taurasi for F.T.

Some Collections of Short Stories by

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Titles: "The Rev. Captain Kettle"
"Red Herrings"
"Atoms of Empire"
"Man's Understanding"

C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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These four volumes of short stories contain fifteen stories that are science fiction, near s-f, or related fantasy.

Reviewed by W. Robert Gibson.

C. J. C. Hyne was a voluminous and widely read author who is now being quietly forgotten. He is but recalled for one character - few older readers of adventure fiction would fail to recognize the name of Captain Kettle (who appears in only one of the tales here mentioned). He has written more than one full-length fantasy - "Empire of the World"; "The Lost Continent" and "Atoms" among others; and he has produced many short stories in this field.

None of them are outstanding science fiction. Almost all of them were written as being contemporary adventures in odd corners of the globe - or at most, a year or two in the then future. They exhibit ingenuity rather than depth, and readers who want sociological studies are advised to stay with Jack London. Yet they are not without interest.

"Ice Age Woman" in "The Rev. Captain Kettle" is the only one in which the redoubtable captain appears. In his unending struggle to maintain his family, Kettle worked his way to the northern fringe of Europe, and was there employed by the fiancée of a missing ornithologist to locate the latter on Novaya Zemel'ya (Nova Zembla?). This he does, finding him espoused to the matriarch of a tribe of furry people. He, the ornithologist, regards this as temporary - he will leave as soon as he has gathered all the data on the pink-footed goose (or whatever the bird was). He takes Kettle for a fellow bird-seeker, and is jealous. The matriarch has other plans. Kettle finds the people use unfamiliar metal, and mine part of their food. The lady tells him she will keep her man, even if he is so bald of face and person, and has made arrangements. When Kettle gets back to the mainland he finds that she probably has.

"Red Herrings" contains three stories, if you include "The McTodd Plug", probably the last word in blockships used in first-war fiction. "The Man Who Once Made Diamonds" did not need to make any more. He made himself so precious to the Diamond Syndicate by arranging that the formula would appear in the event of his death or disappearance that he could spend the rest of his life in any luxury he chose on the income blackmailed from them. "Og-Star" is more ambitious. The teller took a drug that gave him a view of the past. He saw history in reverse and took part in a human sacrifice ceremony among pre-dawn people.

"Atoms of Empire" also contains three tales. "The Fire" tells of the destruction of London. A severe cold spell froze the water-mains and burst them. The Thames was frozen. And the fire that broke out destroyed the city and led to the breakdown of the Empire. (Hyne, like Edgar Wallace, waved the flags Kipling is blamed for.) "The Mummy of Thomson-Pratt" is an attempt to recover history under hypnosis. But the mummy in life, like Thomson-Pratt (the subject) in the present, was a playboy, wine-bibber and gossip; and all the researchers got was court scandal. "The Lizard" was one of those that arrived from prehistoric days, sealed in the rocks, and it gave its exhumers a nightmare chase in a cave near Kettlewell, ((Bob Gibson says Kettlewell is in Cornwall, but we can't have that. Kettlewell is in the Pennine Country in upper Wharfedale, Yorkshire - Editor)) --- it was not related to any known reptile, ancient or modern, by the way.

"Man's Understanding" contains no less than eight stories that are s-f, or near it. "Caterpillars" tells of one of those insect plagues that increase with

geometirc progression, despite a falling off of food supply towards the last. "The Island That Was Seldom There" is Hy-Brasil, St Brandon's Isle in the flesh, the illusion-guarded home of Atlanteans, who are ruled by their bearded women and whose cats are a really superior type. The man who reached there was loved by one of the women - who released him together with one of her cats. He thinks it is still in communication with her. "The Aero-Service Restaurant Enquiry" is definitely in the future. Narrative by a man who went around the world, checking on why the flying company's highly-advertised restaurants were losing money. Uh-huh-- graft. "The Gentleman on the Mat" was a policeman, the victim of a genial crooked dentist, his daughter, and, by chance, of the inventor of a sleep-ray device. "The Eeel" is a nightmare inhabitant of the mudflats of an English coastal city. It captures a horse and later a man - and kept him alive in some manner under the quicksands. His voice was heard thereafter bewailing his fate and requesting cigarettes.

"My Mermaid and the Giants" is told by a man whose life was saved by a mermaid. She wished to marry him but her relatives refused to consent so she freed him. The Giants? Mythological anthropomorphs inhabiting part of the impregnable tangle of island the merfolk occupy. "Dragons" are reptiles that might have been based on the Komodo lizards if the latter were known then. But they outdid the electric eel in current-generating. The hero and the lady escaped them by an ingenious short-circuiting of their batteries. "Tribute for the Emperor Solomon" is the story of a gas-secreting seaweed that multiplied exceedingly. It was making the coasts unlivable and poisoning the world's air. Two people found the answer to it, but by the time they got in touch with the world it had made its bargain with Solomon, who also had the answer. He took payment in kind.

Several more of Hume's books contain s-f and fantasy, but this scribe hath seen them not not yet.

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Try Your Local Library,

"Low Notes on a High Level",

a frolic by J. B. Priestley

Published by William Heinemann, London, 1954, 10/6, ppl60. And you might find a 'remaindered' copy at about half price if you go looking for one.

A frolic is an apt description of this light-hearted but quite thoughtful novel, which tilts in a happy spirit at the ways of officialdom, the BBC, and the musical world. It has a science-fictional device in a radio invention with which official broadcasts are interrupted, a socio-satirical tinge with the creation of a British 'Freedom Radio', and a fantasy element with a new musical instrument. At times it even gets down to the slapstick level. But for an amusing tonic, a lessening of tension, a poke at the powers that be, obtain this book and enjoy it (I am sure that you will).

Plot details are briefly; our hero is employed by the English Broadcasting Company as a musical maid-of-all-work; conductor, arranger, programme planner etc. The EBC Orchestra is given the chance of a world-premiere performance of a new symphony by the greatest living Norroland composer, providing they include an interlude by an ultra-basso instrument invented by an English friend of the composer and of which the said friend has the only example. Said friend won't play (pun!) being a constitutional rebel in trouble with the fiscal authorities. He also has a black market tie-up, and with these and our hero, he attacks authority and red-tapism. Romantic interest intervenes throughout but is not too obtrusive, and in fact helps to lead into some of the funnier situations.

Priestley, when not being pontifical, is one of the best British writers of the day. While not being considered at all as a fantasy writer he has authored "The Doomsday Men", a novel of the mildly thriller type with a save-the-world plot; "Jenny Villiers" - the tale of a theatrical ghost, "Johnson over Jordan", a play dealing with the afterlife, and several 'Time' plays based on Dunne's "Experiment with Time"

Title - "Sam Small Flies Again" by ERIC KNIGHT
Subtitling, The Amazing Adventures of the Flying Yorkshireman
Published by Cassell & Co., London, 1943 pp 255.

Reviewed by F. C. Brown.

The book includes ten short stories dealing with fantastic situations in the life of Sam Small.

Sam Small was for ever getting into trouble, one way or another. His wife, Mully, thought him a scallywag and too fond of his glass, but she forgave him his sins and did her best to believe his explanations. Her credulity was stretched to the utmost though; on many an occasion. There was, for instance, the time when he bumped into a lamp-post, and, when the whirling of planets and stars had subsided, found he was suffering from a split personality, with his twin and better self sitting on the pavement facing him. It took quite a bit of arrangement to decide which of them was to go home to Mully that night. And it took a lot of trouble before the two Sams were able to become one again. Then there was the time when Sam's dog Flurry began to talk. It was bad enough trying to explain matters to his mates, but when Flurry also turned into a young girl, Sam's reputation was scattered to the wide open spaces. Perhaps the most troublesome adventure of all began when he discovered he could fly. Swooping around the house at night was great fun, but when he went to America for a holiday, he found he couldn't resist showing the Yankees just what a Britisher could do. After almost causing international complications by flying over New York and landing on the Times building (the car crack-ups and street accidents ran into double and treble figures while people watched him with horror-stricken eyes) he had to fly the whole of the way back to Yorkshire to avoid the American police. He put himself right though, by kidnapping Hess and bringing him back to England, and by warning the King and Mr Churchill of the date of the invasion of Britain. As the King said later, "What would Britain do without the common men and women of Yorkshire?".

A gem of a book this! It deserves a front-line place on every collectors bookshelf.

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Title - "The Star Called Wormwood" by BISHOP MARCHARD

Published by Victor Gollantz, London, 1941 pp 277.

Synopsis of Plot - Human beings taken out of normal time sequence. Used to show consequences of contemporary trends, and attempts to evaluate the evolution of humanity.

Reviewed by Arthur W. Busby

At first one is a little disappointed in this book as it appears to be pacifist propaganda thinly disguised under the ever available cloak of fantasy. The opening is tame enough but after struggling through 150 odd pages, one's virtue is rewarded and the latter part of the book amply rewards one's patience. The tale opens in 1839 when a farm boy suffers a serious accident to his head. An unskilled surgeon patches him up and in so doing disturbs his brain and unconsciously imparts to the boy a sense of eternity. He finds himself transferred to the Elysian Fields where he meets Blake and other long-dead poets. He is eventually redirected to Earth this time to 2039 in company with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. They find themselves right in the middle of a war between Bretagne and Mitler. Mitler is a direct descendant of many other -itlers starting from one, Hitler. This war between the two races is about the umpteenth. The story dwells for a while on the adventures of the two from the past chiefly designed to give the author's views on some of the defects of civilisation and then comes the surprise

mentioned above. Coleridge who is in touch with the Celestials learns of a stupendous forthcoming event and we are transferred to the venue. God, at last despairing of Man and his misdoings, calls a "Director's Meeting" and the principal item on the agenda is to consider the desirability of liquidating the subsidiary company, "Man & Son". Those seekers after pornography who had bothered to read 'Ulysses' will remember the middle passage presented in dramatic form which caused most of the trouble with Mrs Grundy (always excepting the masterly closing chapter). This story is now presented in the same style quite effectively. There is some punning that would gladden Forrest Ackerman. Also some parodies, for example:

"The profit boy to the war has gone
In the U.S.A. you'll find him
His radio set is switched full on
And his workfolk left behind him.
And o'er the air in distant realms
These sounds do most him please,
The moan of shells in immemorial elms
The mutter of innumerable fees"

I leave the reader to see how it all works out. At one stage in the proceedings God decides to abdicate, but this hardly solves the matter.

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Title - "The Last Man"

by

MARY SHELLEY

Published; Paris, A & W Galignani, date; 1826, pp 685.

This edition is in three volumes, First published in London in the same year, 1826.

Reviewed by Peter W. Clarke

This novel must be classed as one of the unjustly forgotten, and I suppose most of the people who are well acquainted with "Frankenstein" have not even heard of, much less read, "The Last Man". It is one of several tries at the fantasy idiom by this authoress, also notable being "The Mortal Immortal".

The scene of the novel is laid between the years 2092 and 2100, and Mrs Shelley exhibits poverty of imagination when she describes the politics and social life of that era. The only scientific progress made since 1826 is the invention of a passenger balloon service. The political system is of the 1820 vintage, which is strangely reminiscent of how American writers move their present capitalist system into the far future. Two of the main characters are Raymond, based on Lord Byron, and Adrian, which is Shelley, and the entire work is about three times the length of "Frankenstein".

From out of the East comes an irresistable plague, killing off everybody except the narrator - the only person to recover. Constantinople is struck in 2092, and next year the pestilence reaches Greece, Italy and Fance, arriving in London in 2094. By 2096 very few people remain and these decide to migrate to Paris, where they split into two groups and begin to fight and squabble over religious beliefs. However when summer arrives the plague finishes them all off. The sole survivor wanders over Italy chalking his name on the walls of dead towns and shouting thru' the doors of empty houses. London is weed-covered and cows graze in the streets. The book is quite convincingly written, although it naturally suffers by the archaic expressions and idiom used - though this may be an advantage to those who like this sort of thing - but its main fault lies in its extreme length.

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Lots and lots more reviews would be appreciated, so long as they are not of the books whicg have already been mentioned in all sorts of places.

D103 "The Big Jump" L.Brackett, "Solar Lottery" P.K.Dick.
 D110 "No World of their Own" P.Anderson, "The 1000 Year Plan" I.Asimov.
 D113 "One in 300" J.T.McIntosh, "The Transposed Man" D.V.Swain.
 D118 "Dome Around America" J.Williamson, "The Paradox Men" C.L.Harness.
 D121 "The Stars are Ours" A.Norton, "3 Faces of Time" S.Merwin.
 D125 "The Man Who Upset the Universe" I.Asimov,
 D139 "Alien from Arcturus" G.R.Dickson, "Atom Curtain" N.B.Williams
 D146 "Contraband Rocket" L.Correy, "The Forgotten Planet" M.Leinster.
 D150 "Agent of the Unknown" M.St.Clair, "The World Goes Mad" P.K.Dick.
 D155 "Journey to the Centre of the Earth" J.Verne.
 D162 "The Man Who Lived For Ever" R.D.Miller/A.Hunger, "The Mars Monopoly" J.Sohl.
 D164 "The Crossroads of Time" A.Norton, "Mankind on the Run" G.R.Dickson.
 D169 "Star Bridge" J.Williamson/J.E.Gunn.
 D173 "Man Who Mastered Time" R.Cummings, "Overlords from Space" J.E.Killeam.
 D176 "The Green Queen" M.St.Clair, "Three Thousand Years" T.C.McClary.
 D187 "The Pawns of Null-A" A.E.Van Vogt.
 D193 "The Man Who Japed" P.K.Dick, "The Space-Born" E.C.Tubb.
 D199 "Planet of No Return" P.Anderson, "Star Guard" A.Norton.

ACE (SINGLE) BOOKS: Pub-Ace Books Inc., N.Y.: Edr D.A.Wollheim; \$1 @ 25¢:

S66 "Return to Tomorrow" L.R.Hubbard; \$1.33 "Adventures on Other Planets" (A) DAW
 S90 "The Chaos Fighters" R.M.Williams; \$1.83 "The End of the World" (A) D.Wollheim

AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION SERIES: Pub-Malian Press, Sydney. Monthly paper-covered reprint publications, nm; first 3 @ 8d; then @ 9d; S7; each issue features a novelette and may be filled up with short stories.

(June 1952) "red Death of Mars", "Conquest of the Stars", "The Man Who Sold the Moon", "The Soldato Ant", "The Thing from another World", "Death of the Moon", "The Unknown", (Jan'53 8th) "Clash by Night", "The Monster", "Refuge for Tonight", "Adventure in Time", "Fires of Forever", "Moonwalk", "Moon-Blind", "The Dead World", "Dead Knowledge", "Elimination", "Danger Moon", "Veiled Knowledge", (Jan'54 20th) "The Invaders", "The Other Side", "Men Against the Stars", "The Lonely Planet", "There Shall Be Darkness", "Never Trust A Martian", "The Ark of Mars" (next two both August) "Double Identity", "Way of the Gods", "Remember Tomorrow", "Derelict of Space", "The Moving Finger", "Meteor of Death", (Jan'55 33rd) "Nine Worlds West", "Sword of Tomorrow", "Common Time", "Of Such as These", "The Guthrie Method", "As You Were", "The Irrationals", "Gift from the Gods", "Stopwatch on the World".
 (Whole set is 41 issues)

Atlas Publishers, Melbourne. See SCIENCE FICTION LIBRARY

AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION: Pub-Hamilton & Co., London. Tech. Edr-H.J.Campbell @ 1/6.

Title changes (1st fewnm) "Authentic Science Fiction Series" -#1, #2nm, "Science Fiction Fortnightly" -#3 to #8, "Science Fiction Monthly" -#9 to #12, as title #13+; only covered to #28 as became more of a prozine then:

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| 1. "Mushroom Men from Mars" L.Stanton, | 2. "Reconnoitre Krellig II" J.J.Deegan, |
| 3. "Gold Men of Aureus" R.Sheldon, | 4. "Old Growler" J.J.Deegan, |
| 5. "Seven to the Moon" L.Stanton, | 6. "Phantom Moon" R.Sheldon, |
| 7. "Energy Alive" R.Sheldon, | 8. "World in a Test Tube" H.J.Campbell, |
| 9. "Old Growler & Orbis" J.J.Deegan, | 10. "Man, Woman & Android" G.Hay, |
| 11. "The Last Mutation" H.J.Campbell, | 12. "Ten Years to Oblivion" C.MacCartney, |
| 13. "Beam of Terror" R.Sheldon, | 14. "Planet of Power" J.J.Deegan, |
| 15. "Report from Mandazo" L.Stanton, | 16. "The Moon is Heaven" H.J.Campbell, |
| 17. "The Coming of the Darakua" F.G.Rayer, | 18. "Chaos in Miniature" H.J.Campbell, |

19. "Spacewarp" R.Sheldon.
21. "Alien Impact" E.C.Tubb.
23. "The Singing Spheres" J.J.Deegan,
25. "The Plastic Peril" R.Sheldon.
27. "Star of Death" R.Sheldon.

20. "Earth Our New Eden" F.G.Rayer.
22. "Mice or Machines" H.J.Campbell.
24. "Aftermath" B.Berry.
26. "Martians in a Frozen World" R.Conroy
28. "We Cast No Shadow" F.G.Rayer.

AVON POCKET-SIZE BOOKS: Pub-Avon Pub.Co., New York; \$1 @ 25¢.

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| 26. "Seven Footprints to Satan" A. Merritt. | 29. "The Face in the Abyss" Merritt. |
| 34. "The Ship of Ishtar" A. Merritt. | 41. "The Metal Monster" A. Merritt. |
| 43. "Burn, Witch, Burn" A. Merritt. | 90. "Avon Ghost Reader" (A) D.A. Wollheim(?) |
| 108. "A Taste for Honey" H.F.Heard. | 110. "Terror at Night" (A) H. Williams. |
| 117. "Creep, Shadow, Creep" A. Merritt. | 136. "The Lurking Fear" (C) H.P. Lovecraft. |
| 165. "The Stone of Chastity" M. Sharp. | 171. "Amorous Philandre" J.G. de Bibiens. |
| 184. "The Girl with Hungry Eyes" (A) D.A. Wollheim. | 195. "Out of the Silent Planet" C.S. Lewis. |
| 204. "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" H. Walpole. | 206. "The Palace of Pleasure" J.R. de la Moliere. |
| 214. "The Fox Woman" (C) A. Merritt. | 216. "Gladiator" P. Wylie. |
| 235. "Seven Footprints to Satan" Merritt. | 277. "Perelandra" C.S. Lewis. |
| 281. "Into Plutonian Depths" S.A. Coblentz | 235. "An Earthman on Venus" R.M. Farley. |
| 315. "The Metal Monster" A. Merritt. | 323. "The Furies in her Body" G. Endore. |
| 339. "The Terror of the Leopard Men" J. Kennerly. | 354. "The Werewolf of Paris" G. Endore. |
| 270. "The Moon Pool" A. Merritt. | 388. "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan" (35¢) A. Huxley. |
| 392. "Burn, Witch, Burn" A. Merritt. | 396. "His First Million Women" G. Weston. |
| 413. "Dwellers in the Mirage" A. Merritt. | 512. "Great Ghost Stories" (A) |
| 548. "Away and Beyond" (C) A.E. van Vogt. | 630. "20 Great Ghost Stories" (A) |

Fantasy Novels: 1. "Princess of the Atom" R. Cummings. 2. "The Green Girl" J. Williamson.

35¢: AT435 "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan" A. Huxley. T80. "No Time Like the Future" (C) N.S. Bond. T127. "Out of the Silent Planet" C.S. Lewis. T135. "The Moon Pool" A. Merritt. T146. "21st Century Sub" F. Herbert.

Avon Murder Mystery Monthly Series (nn, nd around 1942) all by A. Merritt. "Burn, Witch, Burn", "Creep, Shadow, Creep", "Dwellers in the Mirage", "Face in the Abyss", "The Metal Monster", "The Moon Pool", "Seven Footprints to Satan", "The Ship of Ishtar".

BALLANTINE BOOKS: Pub-Ballantine Books, N.Y. Originally started as simultaneous ed. of both hard covers & soft cover (PB) from late 1953 though recently only the PB form has been produced of some items (some hard covers were released by other publishers): \$2 @ 35¢.

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| 16. "Star Science Fiction Stories" (A) F. Pohl. | 21. "The Space Marchants" F. Pohl/ C.M. Kornbluth. |
| 25. "The Undying Fire" F. Pratt. | 28. "The Secret Masters" G. Kersh. |
| 30. "Ahead of Time" (C) H. Kuttner. | 33. "Childhood's End" A.C. Clarke. |
| 38. "Bring the Jubilee" W. Moore. | 41. "Fahrenheit 451" R. Bradbury. |
| 46. "More than Human" T. Sturgeon. | 50. "Out of the Deepes" J. Wyndham. |
| 52. "Expedition to Earth" (C) A.C. Clarke. | 55. "Star Science Fiction Stories No 2" (A) F. Pohl. |
| 56. "Dark Dominion" D. Duncan. | 58. "Riders to the Stars" C. Siodmak. |
| 61. "Search the Sky" F. Pohl/ C.M. Kornbluth. | 71. "Hero's Walk" S. Crane. |
| 73. "Untouched by Human Hands" (C) R. Sheckley. | 80. "Brain Wave" P. Anderson. |
| 86. "The Explorers" C.M. Kornbluth. (C) | 89. "Star Short Novels" (A) F. Pohl. |
| 91. "Shadows in the Sun" C. Oliver. | 93. "The Mad Reader". |
| 94. "Messiah" G. Vidal. | 96. "Star Science Fiction Stories No. 3" (A) F. Pohl. |
| 97. "Earthlight" A.C. Clarke. | 99. "Of All Possible Worlds" (C) W. Tenn. |

102. "Beyond Eden" D. Duncan.
 106. "Mad Strikes Back"
 109. "Far and Away" (C) A. Boucher.
 119. "Caviar" (C) T. Sturgeon.
 124. "Inside Mad".
 130. "Alternating Currents" (C) F. Pohl.
 F-193. "The October Country" (C. 50¢) R. Bradbury.
 151. "Nerves" L. Del Rey.
 167. "To Live Forever" J. Vance.
 178. "Utterly Mad"
 182. "Gooseflesh and Laughter" (C) J. Wyndham.
 104. "Re-Birth" J. Wyndham.
 107. "Gladiator-at-Law" F. Pohl/C. M. Kornbluth.
 113. "Another Kind" (C) C. Oliver.
 122. "No Boundaries" (C) H. Kuttner/C. L. Moore.
 126. "Citizen in Space" (C) R. Sheckley.
 135. "Reach for Tomorrow" (C) A. C. Clarke.
 147. "The Bright Phoenix" H. Mead.
 159. "The Human Angle" (C) W. Tenn.
 174. "The Big Ball of Wax" S. Mead.
 179. "E Pluribus Unicorn" (C) T. Sturgeon.
 Omitted 68. "Prelude to Space" A. C. Clarke.

Bantam Books, N.Y. See BANTAM BOOKS, PENNANT BOOKS.

BANTAM BOOKS: Pub-Bantam Books, N.Y. @ 25¢; \$1.

37. "Drawn and Quartered" (C) C. Addams.
 421. "No Place to Hide" D. Brerley.
 751. "Shot in the Dark" (A) J. Merrill.
 835. "What Mad Universe" F. Brown.
 915. "The Unforeseen" D. Macardle.
 1077. "Space on my Hands" (C) F. Brown.
 90. "The Uninvited" D. Macardle.
 502. "The Unexpected" (A) A. Hitchcock.
 819. "Donovan's Brain" C. Siodmak.
 886. "The Martian Chronicles" (C) R. Bradbury.
 991. "The Illustrated Man" (C) R. Bradbury.
 1079. "Is Another World Watching?" (non-fic) H. F. Heard.

Now S. 2.

1251. "Line to Tomorrow" (C) L. Padgett.
 1261. "The Martian Chronicles" (C) Bradbury
 1282. "The Illustrated Man" (C) R. Bradbury
 F. Brown. 1294. "Third from the Sun" (C) R. Matheson.
 in Time and Space" (A) Healy/McComas
 1328. "Frontiers in Space" (A) Bleiler/Dikty.
 1352. "Science Fiction Thinking Machines" (A) G. Conklin.
 1400. "Time:X" (C) W. Tucker.
 1253. "What Mad Universe" F. Brown.
 1278. "Costigan's Needle" J. Sohl.
 1285. "The Lights in the Sky Are Stars"
 1310. "More Adventures
 1317. "The Syndic" C. M. Kornbluth.
 1343. "The Man from Tomorrow" W. Tucker.
 1362. "Deep Space" (C) E. F. Ruse
 1423. "Star Shine" (C) F. Brown. sell.

Bantam Giants \$1 @ 35¢.

- A944 "Timeless Stories for Today and Tomorrow" (A) R. Bradbury
 A1071. "Brave New World" A. Huxley.
 Now S2. A1241. "Golden Apples of the Sun" (C) R. Bradbury.
 A1262. "Utopia 14" K. Vonnegut.
 A1374. "The Case for the UFO" (non-fic) M. K. Jessup.
 A1470. "Timeliner" C. E. Maine.
 A1519. "The Circus of Dr. Lao..." (A) Bradbury.
 All06. "Fancies & Goodnights" (C) J. Collier.
 A1292. "War With the Newts" K. Capek.
 A1443. "Forbidden Planet" W. J. Stuart.
 A1492. "Not This August" C. M. Kornbluth.
 A1546. "Martians, Go Home" F. Brown.

BERKELEY BOOKS, New York. All \$1.

- 25¢: 344 "Mission to the Stars" A. E. Van Vogt.
 35¢: G3. "Possible Worlds of Science Fiction" (A) G. Conklin. G31 "Science Fiction Omnibus" (A) G. Conklin. G41. "The Astounding Science Fiction Anthology" (A) J. W. Campbell.

BOARDMAN BOOKS: Pub-T. B. Boardman & Co. Ltd., London; S2 @ 1/6.

140. "No Place Like Earth" (A) E. J. Carnell.
 154. "What Mad Universe" F. Brown.
 163. "The Best from New Worlds Science Fiction" (A) E. J. Carnell.
 149. "The Big Eye" M. Ehrlich.
 159. "The Wrong Side of the Moon" F. & S. Ashton.

CARDINAL BOOKS: Pub-Pocket Books inc., New York.; \$1 @ 35¢.

- C17 "Tales from the Arabian Nights" (C) C40. "The Disappearance" P. Wylie.
 C45 "Great Tales and Poems" (A) C135 "The Exploration of Space" (non-fic) A. C. Clarke.
 C156 "Great Tales of Fantasy & Imagination" (A) P. Van D. Stern
 C207 "The Science Book of Space Travel" (non-fic) H. L. Goodwin.

THE OUTSIDE WALL

by Dale R. Smith

Paper is a very versatile thing; we have some in every room or our home - even the bath. Paper is essential; our increasingly automatic age could not exist without it. Paper can also be a thing of beauty and a joy for years and years - when used for science fiction magazines.

Every true science fiction fan collects magazines. This is an indisputable fact! There are completist collectors and there are those that collect selected titles or issues. Such matters of degree do not alter the basic fact that science fiction enthusiasts are addicted to acquiring and keeping piles of their favorite magazines.

Collecting in this field is a highly satisfying avocation, the pleasures of which you are already fully aware. But what lies in the future? are you collecting in 1957 with no thought for 1967 and beyond? There is one major problem to be met and the solution may not come too easily.

Space. Space! Where are you going to find the SPACE? Those magazines you are collecting are steadily consuming space in all four dimensions.

First, let's consider the status of a would-be completist (that's me) at the end of 1956. A recent survey of my shelving space showed that I have 12 linear feet of ASTOUNDINGS and the same of AMAZINGS. (This linear method of designating shelf space ignores depth and height but those factors are becoming less and less important since most magazines are now the same size.) There are also 3 feet of AUTHENTICS and 2 feet of NEW WORLDS. The grand total I find to be almost 100 feet. This does include 9 feet of WEIRDS, which is far from complete, and even a couple of feet of DOC SAVAGES. This 100 feet does not include associational items such as the early SCIENCE & INVENTION, B. I. S. Journal, fanzines, pocket books and hard cover titles.

Yes, I hear the laughter - politely subdued from those with little intelligence, and riotously boisterous from those wearing zap guns. You may feel secure in the fact that you collect only THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION and GALAXY. True, GALAXY only occupies $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet on the shelf. By 1967 that $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet will have increased to $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and by 1997 it will be 19 feet.

These figures, considering the time involved, do not seem too impressive. However, the important point is, with hardly any exceptions, that once you begin collecting magazines the habit grows and grows until, if you live long enough, you run the extreme risk of becoming a completist collector. And for this you need a strong house and an understanding wife.

This year of 1957 will produce approximately 160 science fiction magazines that will consume about 5 feet of shelf space. This volume can not be considered average for our statistical projections because we are clearly in a boom period once again. Considering booms and slumps we might safely select a figure of 100 to represent the average number of issues produced each year - a figure that will involve the use of a little over 3 feet of shelf space.

Now we have a basis from which to operate. It can readily be calculated that a fairly complete collection today, which occupies about 100 feet of shelf space, will have doubled in size by the year 1989. Since I have every intention of maintaining and continuing my science fiction collection to that date, and beyond, these space requirements seem quite vital. This house will accomodate the additional shelves needed as long as the little woman remains sympathetic toward the problem. That disposes rather neatly of my personal collection requirements, but how about you?

If you are just beginning to be fascinated by growing piles of brightly covered science fiction magazines may I suggest that you start right and stick to outside walls for the bookcases; the floor won't sag that way. If you are now 25 years old you will require about 100 feet of shelf space by the time you reach the age of 50. Look around you! Reserve those outside walls now!

Dear Reader,

You are receiving this copy of that August Publication THE NEW FUTURIAN due to one or more of the following circumstances, a coy little tick indicating which particular case applies to you

- ✓ 1. You are a subscriber, and have ~~NO~~ more issues to come to you. *Sub. expired*
2. We are (hope to be) exchanging fan publications.
3. You have sent a literary contribution and we are therefore your debtors.
4. You are a reviewer of some kind, and we hope you will do a kind review.
5. Though we don't know you as yet, we hope you will be interested in NuFu.
6. You are a. our foreign representative
 b. Keeper of the Printed Books, British Museum.
 c. Leeds City Librarian.
 d. a prominent science-fiction personality whom we respect.

SCOOP

We are extremely happy and pleased to be able to report the wonderful success of "THE DEATH OF GRASS" by John Christopher, so much better known to us as Christopher Samuel Youd.

Since its good reviews as a novel in this country, the book has been serialised in the Saturday Evening Post, which we understand to be a journal of some standing in the United States. This week it was adapted into a

B. B. C. sound-radio play with terrifying effectiveness. And just a couple of days ago, your editor believes he was the first person in fandom to be told that the book has been bought for filming by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for an astronomical fee.

We think we can speak for all in fandom, in offering sincere and hearty congratulations to Sam. He has worked hard for years, improving his material and style and we are overjoyed that recognition is reaching him. May we hope, however, that his name continues to appear in The New Futurian in some capacity for many years to come.

Besides the names of John Cristopher and Samuel Youd, you might like to look out for William Godwin and Peter Graaf though these are non-science-fiction

This seems a good place to mention that I, Mike Rosenblum, possess a taperecorder capable of the two speeds of $3\frac{3}{4}$ & $7\frac{1}{2}$, and should be happy to receive tapes from anyone, any country, who cares to communicate in this manner. Ron Bennett and Mal Ashworth (who now lives in Leeds) Rik Dalton and now and again other Leeds fans, can also hear tapes on my machine; so that tapes can be sent to them or to me for them. Full lists of tape-recorder owners are published regularly in "Triode", the fan magazine put out by Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves.

Thursday, May 2nd, 1957 -- this winds up The New Futurian No. 7.