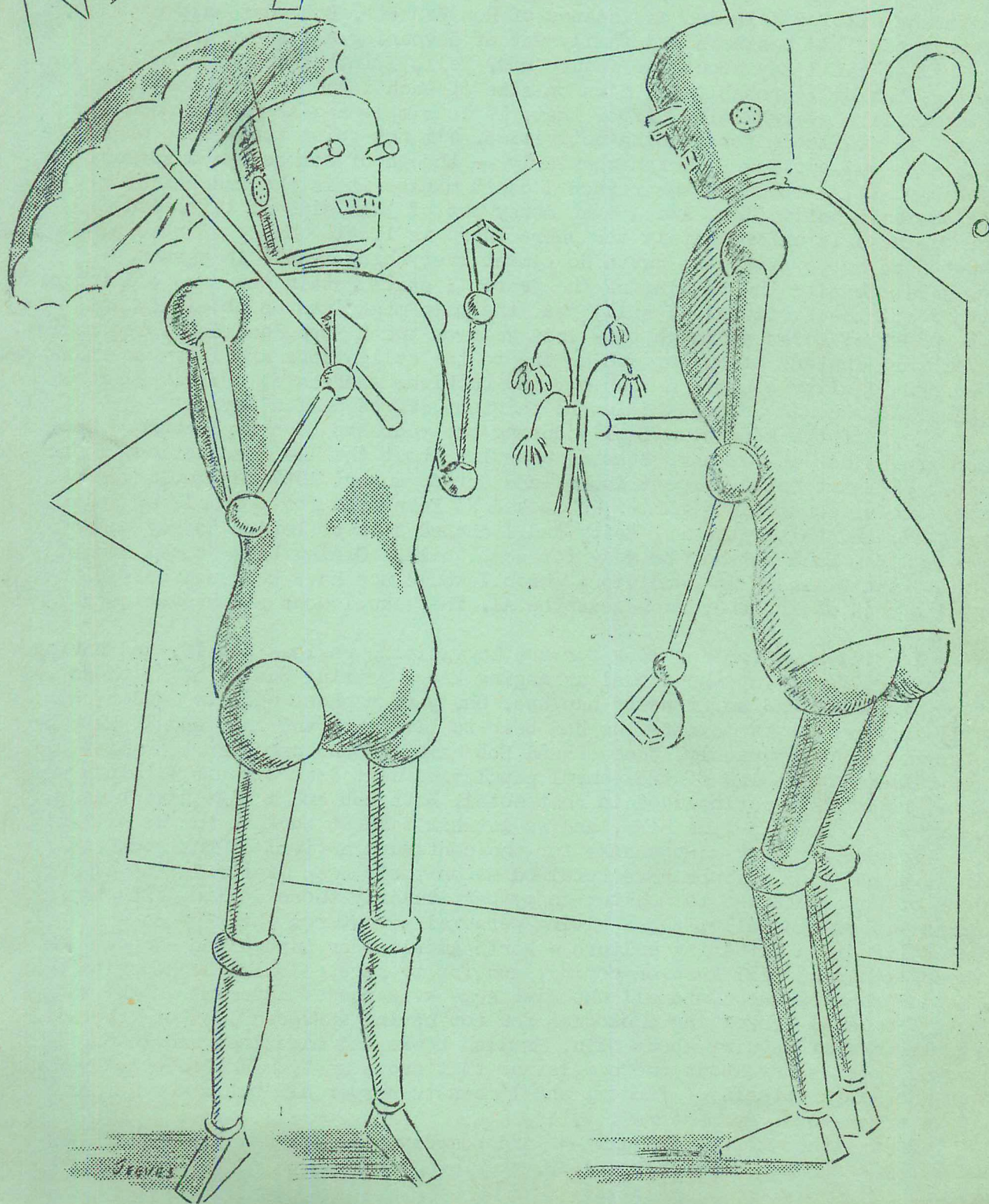


The NEW FUTURIAN





TIME EDITOR'S CONTRIBUTION

So our "quarterly" magazine makes its annual appearance. Sometimes I have a faint suspicion that the fates are not entirely on our side, so far as amateur publishing is concerned. A year ago, I did think that matters had sorted out

sufficiently to go on to a regular publishing schedule, with the willing help and assistance of Ron Bennett. But what happens? Just about every possible business and family way of devouring all spare time.

What can I say about our future now? Well, I intend and hope to keep on publishing, but will probably cut down on size of each issue to make the job of preparing it less overwhelming. After that, it is simply a case of how much time and energy is available for fanning activities. I'm not going to grumble about not being able to put our New Futurian regularly -- though of course the customers may, and probably will -- because the reason I can't manage it is the success of my mundane business activities. And I make money out of that side of life. And my type of business is unfortunately one where there is little chance of passing the important jobs on to staff - I gotta do almost everything myself in person.

But despite the passing of the years, I still retain the same old interest in matters science-fictional. I still read the main magazines as obtained, and quite a number of books although this last year or two I have decended to borrowing from a library instead of buying and adding to the collection. And I try to stick to the decent quality books and miss out the rubbish, whereas at one time I read everything which could be classed in the faintest degree as fantasy.

News of the Rosenblum family during the year has been negligible. The children grow older and we have started worrying about the 11+ examination. There was a most pleasant holiday spent in Holland during August 1957 but nothing of fan interest was connected with it. We looked at Edinburgh for a couple of days in June 1957, and this February, Betty and I dashed down to London to say hello to Joyce and Sam Youd who may be away for some while. Coming back we got snowed up in the Great Blizzard in conditions which I would not have believed possible on any main road in England, much less the A1. The snowploughs themselves were snowed up!

I still hope for and look forward to visiting various people, and having having visitors here. But the actual arranging keeps getting put off till there is more time available and so it never happens. Oh, yes; a phone call to London got us a call-in form Bob Madle after he had been to Liverpool and this should have been most enjoyable. Unfortunately, the weekend Bob came was the one when the Asian flu hit Leeds. About one third of the school population went down with it within a week and my two hopefuls were included in that total. Both Bob and I must have been incubating it during his time here, and we let him take it back to the US with him.

Meanwhile, very many thanks for the continued arrival of numerous fan magazines, whose kind editors have retained me on their swap lists. I find almost every one of some interest to me, but enjoy particularly those dealing with books and sercon matter generally, those giving personal adventures which produce a picture of life in a differing culture - North American or Australian etc. - I do hope these exchanges will keep on coming, and for my part, I shall be happy to send NuFu, as and when produced, to all who give some evidence of interest in the thing.

The usual grovelling apologies for not having answered lots of interesting letters, letters of enquiry about NuFu, British books and magazines and so on. I am, however, most sorry about the odd letter that crops up from a neofan or even a stranger who wants details of fandom, and I mean to answer him but never do. Ah, well; 'tis a sad world my masters

Best wishes to one and all -- and someday, all being well, I'll write! Oh, and Betty sends her regards too

The NEW FUTURIAN

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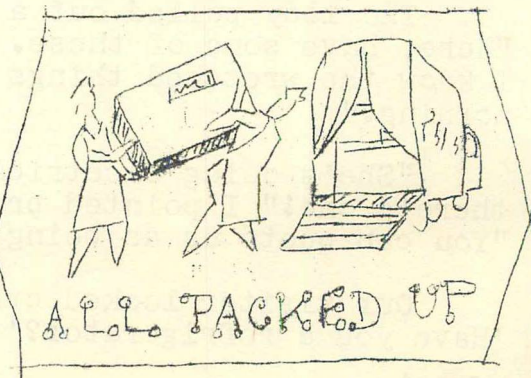
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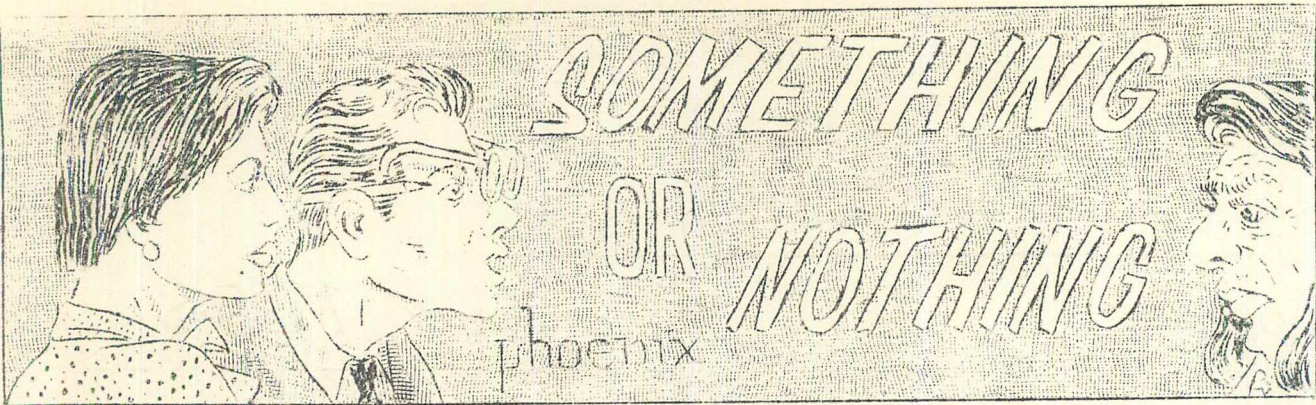
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The NEW FUTURIAN is an amateur publication with a nominal charge of 9d. per issue. This price does not cover the cost of materials used, postage etc. on each single copy; and the reason for setting a price is purely as an indication of the subscriber's interest in the publication. The producers are quite happy to have this interest shown by reciprocal trade of another publication, the submission of articles or reviews - for which our coffers are empty after the time consumed in getting this edition out - and so on. Original responsibility belongs to J. Michael Rosenblum of 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7, England; but most of the hard labour has been done by his honour Ron Bennett. Australians can communicate with G. B. Stone esq., Box 4440, GPO, Sydney, NSW; and North Americans with Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland, USA. Next issue, we hope within months.





Just as I'd put on my new Earl Hines record, there was a knock at the front door.

"You go," said my wife. "You look more respectable."

I opened the door to a harassed lady in a plastic mac.

"I'm doing a survey on electric appliances," she said. "Could I see your wife?"

"Well, quite a coincidence!" I replied. "We've got one on now. Come on in. I can do with a captive audience."

She looked puzzled. "Er... thank you. Yes, I will. I've been going round since nine this morning."

I flung open the living-room door triumphantly. "A social survey!" I shouted. "The lady wants to ask us some questions!"

My wife hastily put her shoes on and got the drift.

"Good evening," she said. "Do sit down. One of my most interesting experiences occurred about three years ago, when I was crossing the street. I was wearing a grey tailor-made costume and white ear-rings. It's an outfit that shows up very well on TV, I know, because I appeared in the Criss-Cross Quiz Show recently... only in the audience of course!... and all my friends said how well it showed up. Of course, I should have to have it pressed... or do you think I could have a new costume out of expenses? Where was I?"

The lady pulled out a ballpoint and handed us a wad of papers. "Here, have some of these. You can be looking through the questions. I know the wretched things by heart. I've been at it since nine this morning."

"She's doing electrical appliances, dear," I explained. "Look, there's one!" I pointed proudly at the electric fire in the hearth. "You can quote us as being electric-fire users."

Our visitor looked cross. "Actually, the first question is, 'Have you a refrigerator?' "

"No, did you want one? Oh..yes... the first question!"

"Suppose you did have one, what colour would you choose, madam?"

"Oh, grey, definitely."

"Grey?"

"Oh, yes. Grey, again, and the white ear-rings. It's so right for those glaring arc-lights."

"NO! I said WHAT COLOUR... well, never mind. We'll pass on. If you did have one, what brand would you choose?"

"Brand? Oh, I'd ask my husband."

"Would..ask..husband. And would you worry unduly about the price of the one you chose?"

"No, but he would, the skinflint."

"Have you ever considered buying one?"

"...Why, you should have heard the fuss he made over taking me to the pictures last week. 'What, two-and-nine!' he said, 'two-and-nine to see that bald-headed Brynner! And I suppose you'll expect a choc-ice when you get there!' Mean! I'll say!"

"WOULD YOU LIKE A REFRIGERATOR!!"

"Oh, yes, thanks very much! A green one, please."

The visitor gritted her teeth. "I've been on my feet since nine o'clock." she muttered to herself.

"Did you know, madam, that some models have an electric motor in them?" she went on.

This looked like a cue for me.

"Oh, yes, well, so has this record-player. You wouldn't think so, though, would you? You wouldn't think it was running all this time, eh? Very smooth-running, mine is. Do you like Earl Hines's stuff?"

She stopped writing, looked about her wildly, and scrabbled through her papers.

"Please!" she pleaded, "We haven't come to that one yet. That's Number 23: 'What would you put in it?' What did you say?"

"Earl Hines's stuff."

"Heinz's stuff" she wrote. "And would you put ice-cream in it?"

"If we had a frig., we wouldn't need to. It would make ice-cream." At this, she looked guilty. "Well, no, it wouldn't, really," she admitted. "At least, not very well. You'd need a deep-freeze for ice-cream."

She hurried past this confession. "Next question, please. Would you put butter and eggs in it?"

"...eh? 'Big Butter-and-egg Man'? Yes, I've got Satchmo playing it..."

"Would you put beer in it?"

"Never has time to get warm in this house."

"Would you use it to cool jellies?"

"Jelly Roll cool? Not so you'd notice it. He really gasses me!"

"...oh, electric ones are much better..."

"...electric light? No, I don't agree. I think it's very harsh."

"Grey is about the only colour..."

"...I'll put on 'Muddy Water Blues' for you..."

"Would you put muddy water...oh, no, that's wrong..."

"...I suppose I could make do with that old thing, if it's only for one appearance..."

"Would you put wine in it?"

"Not on your nelly!"

"...the telly, yes. Or were you thinking of a series?"...

"...cooking fats..."

"Waller I don't dig too much. Except maybe 'My Very Good Friend the Milkman...'"

"...we only use a pint, so it wouldn't be worth it..."

"...been on my feet since nine this morning..."

"...now if I wore a white costume and grey ear-rings..."

Ten minutes later, my wife looked at me: "Wasn't that the front door slamming?" she asked.

"Hmmm! Yes! Must have been. She's gone."

"Well! What manners! They do put some odd folk on these surveys, don't they?"

---oo0oo---

Answers to Correspondents.

J.B.(Bedford) You have no remedy against the boy's father for the damage to your plate-glass windows.

Mary seeks directions for the pretty folding of serviettes. There are numberless ways and written directions are not often clear. She should get the assistance of a friend.

Amateur. Yes, 'The Bishop and the Caterpillar' would be suitable for recitation at your party.

W.A.T.(Liverpool) Your vision must be defective if you cannot read the title of this journal on the outside cover. You should consult an oculist(sic) without delay.

N.B: The above are genuine extracts from a weekly paper dated 1893. Anyone who knows the words of 'The Bishop and the Caterpillar' might let me know. It ought to go down big at the next Con.

---oo0oo---

A few weeks ago, having nothing better to do one evening, I switched the radio on to the short wave and tuned into the Voice of America DeeJay show. For the benefit of those who aren't familiar with this broadcast, it is put out twice nightly and seven times weekly by the V.O.A. station on a lot of different wavelengths. Each show lasts two hours, and features jazz of all sorts for at least half the time.

Presently, the disc-jockey gave his name. Willis Conover, Washington. The name seemed familiar. I mentioned this to a Joe at work, but all he said was, yes, he'd heard of Washington, too. Was it something fannish, then? I decided to hire myself a private eye, and wrote to Bennett, telling him that the name Willis Conover seemed to remind me of an Elder Fan long since departed into the Glades of Gafia, and did it mean anything to him. I warned him that possibly all that I was thinking of was the 'Willis' part, but that, if Walt will pardon me, my memory seemed to be of a more remote period than Sixth Fandom. Was there a Willis Conover junior? --- I asked him.

To my delight, there was. Ron dug out a whole page of data on him, mostly from Moskowitz's 'Immortal Storm.' It seems that he flourished between 1935 and 1939.... 'a go-getter who flared like a nova in Fandom with unprecedented brilliance for a short time, and then faded from sight, scarcely ever to be heard from again.'

The high point of his career was when he took over Schwartz's FANTASY MAGAZINE which gave him 'the prestige of leadership in the fan field.' He also did some committee-work for the 1939 World's Fair Convention, along with Bob Madle.

A little while later, Ron lent me a photo of Conover, from Michael's archives.

At the time of writing, Willis Conover, DeeJay, is still twirling the discs. Whether he is the same person as Conover the Fan, is something Bob Madle might know, if anyone cares to ask him at the Worldcon. It might make a footnote in the next edition of 'The Immortal Storm.'

---ooOoo---

By the time you folks read this, the World Con will no doubt be over. Another tottering ruin added to the sights of London for future tourists to gaze upon! I myself have never looked forward to a Con with so much pleasure. If I'm disappointed, it'll largely be my own fault, I guess. After a somewhat blank period in my fanac, I feel in need of a lot of that fine fannish atmosphere to revive me. Famous last words? Maybe. But let's take a chance. Let's have a ball!

-- "Phoenix" --

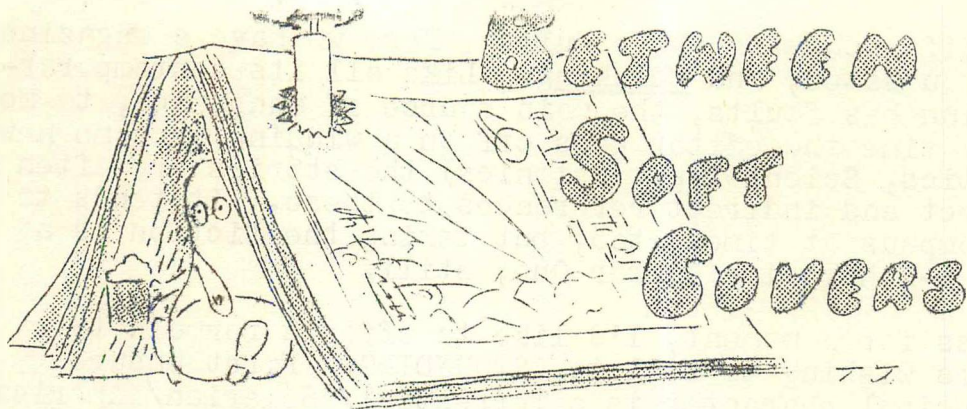
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By now, the Fifteenth SF World Convention, held in London, is but a memory and a line in the reference books. A gathering of this size always produces its problems, like the beating off of reporters, money-hungry hotel managers and those who complain of noise at unreasonable hours, but I'm sure that a ball was, indeed, had! I enjoyed myself, I know that "Phoenix" did, and I hope you did, too.

Certainly worthy of a footnote somewhere is the solution of the Conover mystery. Bob Madle, the worthy TAFF delegate, is a member of the Washington Club, but I don't believe that he was asked about Conover.

During my month's stay in London prior to the Worldcon, I attended a most-enjoyable party thrown by John Brunner. Here I met an ex-colleague of Vince Clarke, Vic Delman, who tours American camps here with a small band. Like other colleagues of Vince, who seems to enthuse everyone around him, Vic has read some s-f and knows about fandom. What is more to the point, I learned that evening that he has met Conover, who was recently in Europe. Vic tells me that Conover the Disc Jockey and Conover the Fan are indeed but two sides of the same personality. Whether he is still a reader of s-f, though, is certainly something that Bob Madle can indeed discover for us.

-- Ron Bennett.



Eric Bentcliffe

I've not had the opportunity for a great deal of contemplation of late, it having been a little too cold to expose my navel, but a short while ago I did get to thinking about the difference between ASTOUNDING and GALAXY.

It seems to be the general opinion, and it is certainly mine, that GALAXY is not all it should be, and when compared with ASF (which pays similar word rates) comes off rather badly. The difference between the personalities of the editors has been stated to be the principal reason for the differences in the magazines, and this could well be correct. Gold, it is said, likes sociology; Campbell, facts. But let's take a closer look at the type of material found in both of these magazines.

First, GALAXY. I've read this from the first issue, and have a complete file, so I feel reasonably competent to draw conclusions and make rash assertions. I've read at least part of every issue, and put each issue down with a feeling of disappointment.... not disappointment because the mag doesn't have more pages, but disappointment because what judging from the author line-up should provide excellent reading, doesn't do so.

"GALAXY Science Fiction contains the finest plot ingredients ...carefully selected from thought-ripened ideas...employing only the most convincing characters and conflicts, human or otherwise ...and blended by master craftsmen into intellectually and emotionally nutritious stories." That is a quote from the current GALAXY blurb. I'll go along with the author on the truth of the first two sentences, but from there on in he's on his own. GALAXY does have some good, even brilliant, story ideas - there is a real beauty in the November issue, in which an accident-prone is the principal member of a Galactic Survey Team - but then proceeds (either by ineptitude, or editorial command) to make them as dull, and unbelievable stories as possible. I'd hazard a guess that one of the principal reasons for this prat-fall is the fact that the backgrounds in GALAXY yarns are almost always unbelievable. I'll carry this thought a little further in a moment, but first let's take a look at ASTOUNDING.

but, oh, the difference in the results. Here we have a magazine which leaves you sated, and thinking. Like all its contemporaries the magazine has faults, the main source of annoyance, to me being that any time the editor goes off on a winding on some new science(Dianetics, Scientology, Psionics) the stories are often marred by direct and indirect references to these. It tends to be a little pompous at times, too, but taking the fiction as a whole this is S-F Magazine Number One, still.

To digress for a moment, I'd like to offer a formula to budding authors wishing to sell to ASTOUNDING. First ensure that your principal character is a Terrestrial/ Solarian/ American; put him up against a believable, but inept, bunch of non-human aliens; place in pot and stir gradually to the boil, at which point the Terrestrial/ Solarian/ American must rise to the top of the mixture, (triumphant) whilst the aliens(defeated) stick in the goo at the bottom of the pan. Eric Frank Russell has been using it to great effect for the past few years, so it can be recommended. End of digression.

Returning to the rough locale where my train of thought left the rails, I'll try and draw a conclusion from the mass of verbiage I've so far, no doubt, confused you, dear reader, with.

The main difference between the satisfying stories in ASTOUNDING, and the unsatisfying yarns in GALAXY is, to hike back a couple of paragraphs, the background thereof. The background to the ASTOUNDING story is extrapolated logically from historical trends, but never carried beyond the bounds of plausibility; it's always believable. The GALAXY yarn is generally possessed of an equally well worked out background, but it is almost always carried beyond the plausible stage. Take the Corporation Worlds(worlds run by Insurance Combines, Cartels of one kind or another) as an example; the idea is good but then developed to the point where it becomes ridiculous, in GALAXY. And H.L. Gold seems to be particularly vulnerable to this type of yarn.

There is, of course, one big fault of reasoning in the assumption I've just made, this being that as we don't know what will happen in the future the GALAXY viewpoint may be just as valid as the ASTOUNDING. However, I am making my assumption from the viewpoint that s-f is meant to be entertainment, and therefore understandable, believable, et al TO US.

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Before closing down the column for this issue I'd like to comment briefly on the passing of AUTHENTIC S.F. And this section of the column should, I feel have a black border round it. Since Ted Tubb took over editorship this became and interesting and improving magazine, the most promising in the British field. It wasn't the best at the time of its decease, but I think that it would have been given a few more months with Tubb at the helm. Its contemporaries seem to be in a rut, to say the least. NEW WORLDS is the best of them, but if you've been reading the American zines

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the clamorous dreamers

In the latest addition to his fascinating account of events over twenty years ago, the former editor of Tales of Wonder recalls the happenings of 1935-6 and the projects which first brought the talents of British s-f writers to bear on the development of this once neglected field.

7 THINGS THAT WOULDN'T COME

FOR MONTHS after I had aroused the tentative interest of Odhams Press in the prospects for a British science-fiction magazine, at the opening of the year 1935, I combed my files of American magazines searching for suitable stories to serve as specimens of the sort of material I visualised would be featured in Tomorrow--Magazine of the Future, along with articles on space-travel, the insect menace, the end of the world, etcetera, etcetera.

It was then that there began to dawn on me the discomfoting realisation that, with the exception of our own handful of British writers (with whom I was not yet in touch) and a few -- a very few -- American authors, there would not be very many likely contributors to such a publication, judging by the material which had been produced to date. The actual number of stories I could honestly assess as suitable for presentation in a large-circulation British magazine, to be read and appreciated by conservative adults of both sexes, was woefully small.

The Astounding type of story I resolutely avoided; it would be a very long time, I decided, before the great British public would be able to stomach such conceptions, even when they were accompanied by a style of writing more acceptable to English readers -- which was seldom. In fact, examining in retrospect the tales I had enjoyed over the past eight years, I began to see how low was the standard of writing exhibited by the majority of authors, at a time when the American science-fiction was making headway in quantity rather than quality. Even the work of Dr. Keller, whose essentially human approach made his original ideas more appealing than an endless vista of intergalactic speculations, seemed lamentably crude in expression.

Out of all my searching it emerged that the current s-f writers who could really write, by the standards I felt an English editor would impose, could be numbered on the fingers of both hands, and that all too frequently the treatment of their ideas was far from suitable for a British readership. I began to see, then, what it was that turned British editors, if not their principals, away from American science-fiction. It was the idea that mattered; not the stories. And, in Astounding, this was becoming almost the sole criterion; witness the overwhelming success of my new-found ally, John Russell Fearn, who, I fancied, would hardly succeed in making his startling conceptions assimilable by native readers. On the other hand, John Beynon Harris was a careful writer whose boldest propositions became reasonable through skilful treatment and intelligent prose.

I deduced all this from my self-imposed editorial viewpoint and my enthusiasm was tempered with far more cautious consideration than had been the case previously. None the less, I produced what I thought was a convincing case for a publication which would be of intense interest to the ordinary reader as well as to the s-f fan. "The wonderful things that are happening day by day, that have happened in the past, or that may happen in the future, with particular emphasis on the latter, should be reflected in the magazine, both in articles and fiction. The theme throughout should be the wonderful world in which we live, and how much more wonderful it will be in time to come." So went my memorandum of proposals, which was full of notes on the development of American s-f and was accompanied by a miniature dummy, decorated with snippets of fantastic illustration to give it the authentic flavour.

If this crude dummy had been transformed into the suggested magazine, its eighty photogravured pages (price sixpence) would have included, if not the actual stories, at least some similar to Dr. Keller's "Revolt of the Pedestrians" (Amazing, Feb. '28), Edmond Hamilton's "Man Who Saw The Future" (Amazing, Oct. '30), John Beynon Harris' "The Moon Devils" (Wonder, April '34), and A. M. McNeill's "The Noise Killer" (Amazing, May '30). There might have been a serial somewhat on the lines of Owen Johnson's "The Coming of the Amazons"; an article on "More Things to Come" by H.G. Wells (if he had agreed to write it), and another by P.E. Cleator on interplanetary travel. Shorter articles would have covered such subjects as human longevity, synthetic food, the Age of the Robot, and "Dreams of Today that will be Fact Tomorrow."

I visualised a Future Film Supplement made from stills from the London Films production of "Things to Come" and "The Tunnel," and a prize letter contest inviting readers' ideas on possible developments of the future. I even proposed that Stapledon's "Last and First Men," suitably abridged, should be serialised as "The Story of the Next Two Thousand Million Years," but I doubt if the modern philosopher would have stood for such treatment. In which case, I had Papp's "Creation's Doom" all lined up...

Occasionally, now, I get out that dummy and thumb through it, pondering, like Weinbaum, the things that might have been, and

contenting myself that they alone are perfection. When it had been in his hands a month, the big executive who was considering my idea decided that it had "very definite possibilities," but it was "quite impossible to undertake anything in this direction for some considerable time." Other papers would come first when their new plant was ready, and there was still the question of production costs to be gone into. It was, indeed, Tomorrow -- Magazine of the Future. So I asked for my dummy back.

When I told him all about it earlier, Fearn, always the man of action, wanted to bruit the news abroad and adjure the fans to bombard Odhams with letters, to convince them of the demand. But I saw no wisdom in such a procedure -- it might even, I thought, convince them otherwise; and before long we had other things to get excited about.

It was in the middle of '35, before I had sent my finalised proposals to Odhams, that I observed that the firm of George Newnes Ltd. were apparently intent on developing the specialised fiction field, much along the lines of the American pulp mags. Air Stories, which they had started earlier, was to be followed in October by War Stories, a shilling monthly. With visions of detective and Western magazines to come, I promptly put in my claim for s-f and its "constantly clamouring" British enthusiasts. So began a correspondence with a very patient editor named T. Stanhope Sprigg that lasted well over a year, during which several British writers sought to assist, as I did, in bringing to fruition a project that did not finally materialise until another eighteen months had passed -- punctuated by the first three issues of Tales of Wonder.

Oh, what a fluttering in the dovescotes when it transpired, as a result of my approaches, that Newnes were actually considering publishing a science-fiction magazine! Having been vouchsafed this information, I was full of ready suggestions, and as well as submitting stories and articles of my own which I felt might be suitable, was instrumental in putting material by more experienced writers in the way of consideration. It was not very long before Editor Sprigg, who was already responsible for Air and War Stories, had a pile of manuscripts by John Russell Fearn on his desk, and the Blackpool Wonder was busily engaged in producing more for his scrutiny. The development also precipitated our first meeting, at the Strand Palace, when John came down to add the weight of his arguments to those I had already advanced in favour of Newnes' taking the plunge into s-f; and our correspondence reflected our mutual anticipations of interesting things in store, including a British fan journal on the lines of Schwartz's Fantasy.

Within weeks, however, it became evident that the preparation of the projected Newnes magazine was going to take many more months than we had imagined, in spite of the amount of material that was offered by writers on both sides of the Atlantic. Indeed, it would appear that my own recent experience among my files on behalf of Tomorrow was only a pointer to a situation which had now become more realistic. In my own talks with Editor Sprigg I could not help stressing my view as to the need for restraint in introducing the more ambitious s-f conceptions to an English audience, but whether

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these opinions exerted any influence I would still not care to guess. I suspect that I had no need to advise caution; I was probably being insufferably presumptuous. Editor Sprigg, I soon recognised, was an extremely shrewd, capable man whose experience of the publishing world left me a mere novitiate. Still, with all the confidence of my seven years' intensive study of science-fiction, I put my case insistently; while he listened intently, saying very little, as I recall, at our two or three interviews.

Being so much in earnest, and weary of my newspaper chores, I did not hesitate to suggest that I might be of greater assistance permanently employed at the patient editor's elbow rather than trying to write stories to his liking in my very limited spare time; but the proposal was deemed premature. Later on, I was entrusted with the task of making considered reports on some of the material submitted, but no more. . . My own offerings, I might add, proved no more successful than the rest -- perhaps less.

Meanwhile, around the grapevine which had by now become well-rooted among Britain's scattered fandom, all sorts of rumours were circulating concerning the expected development. Having promised to respect the firm's natural wish to prevent potential competitors from getting wild of their preparations, I could only drop the vaguest hints in my Fantasy column, in spite of Schwartz's urgings. But, as more potential contributors became involved -- though they were never more than a few -- it became difficult to stop the spread of conflicting reports of the firm's intentions, from one month to the next, in the voluminous correspondence that passed between those who were ever alert to such possibilities.

One who at that time was metamorphosing from the status of fan to author(though he would strenuously deny he was ever a fan in the strictest sense of the term: to him, all such were busybodies, mischief-makers and rumour mongers, whom editors could well afford to ignore), was a friend of Les Johnson's named Eric Frank Russell, a commercial traveller domiciled in the environs of Liverpool, and an iconoclast who had already distinguished himself in the ranks of the BIS. It was at the end of '35 that I received from him the first of a series of racy communications which continued over the next six years and still make highly amusing reading. He was already trying, then, to break into the American market, with the help of agent Schwartz, and, as he confided, was intent on "making a name as great as those superb masters of s-f, Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm."

Subsequent letters made it clear that he was fully aware of his own shortcomings: "I must insist on spoiling perfectly good yarns by permitting my sensauma to make me insert objectionable phrases, which, in the opinion of editors, will entice readers to hit me in the boot with their backsides." And: "Too many of my heroes have bull necks and sweaty chests, and the resulting story reads as though Wonder Stories had amalgamated with Black Mask."

It wasn't a bad idea at that, as it turned out for the author of "The Saga of Pelican West," first of a long line of stories

which endeared him to American as well as British readers for his vigorous, punchy style and original treatments. I lost no time in putting Editor Sprigg in touch with him; though Russell had doubts about a British magazine maturing, as he had doubts about everything -- which duly qualified him as Britain's representative of the disbelieving Fortean, in due course, and provoked endless arguments with such of his correspondents as Arthur C. Clarke, whom he was already engaged in taunting. But it was a most refreshing attitude for one so enamoured of science-fiction, even if he did swear by Raymond Chandler.

By March of 1936, Fearn, Russell, Beynon Harris, J.M. Walsh, Festus Pragnell, Benson Herbert and H.O. Dickinson (another Liverpudlian writer, newly-launched by Wonder) were all involved in the attempt to meet the requirements of the projected Newnes publication -- which had not, until then, been precisely defined. Indications as to when it might materialise were similarly elusive; but there was enough activity in other directions to keep the s-f fraternity well occupied. While the Daily Mail serialised Dennis Wheatley's "They Found Atlantis," that astounding book "World D" emerged; the papers had fun reviewing Cleator's "Rockets Through Space," and you could see Richard Dix in "The Tunnel."

As Fearn and I discussed our plans for a British fan-mag, to be known as Future Fiction, Maurice K. Hanson at Nuneaton launched Novae Terrae. The news came through from the other side of the Pond that Standard Magazines had bought up Gernsback's Wonder. And, last but not least, to the immense delight of Russell the Jester, an interplanetary cartoon strip started running in Mickey Mouse Weekly. . .

(To be continued)

BETWEEN SOFT COVERS, by Eric Bentcliffe (concluded):-

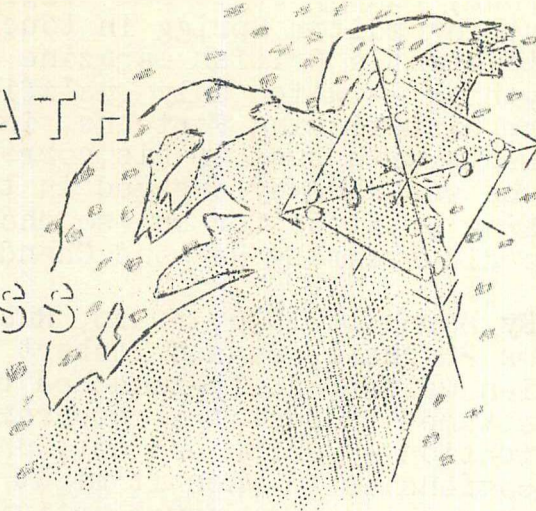
for a few years you'll find little originality herein.... the stories published are roughly comparable in style (but not in ideas) with ASTOUNDING of the late thirties and early forties. SCIENCE FANTASY seems to get the stories which Carnell doesn't think are quite good enough for NEW WORLDS. NEBULA seems to publish the rejects from the other British magazines... and for the word rates paid doesn't get too bad a deal. At the moment Ted Carnell seems to be attempting to attract the more 'intelligent' member of the public who doesn't like his covers garish or embellished with illustrations of dubious worth. Whilst not agreeing with this policy I feel that if it achieves its object of putting up the circulation of NEW WORLDS, and thus enabling better stories to be bought, it is a worth while aim.

To digress for a moment, once more, what's the betting that Peter Hamilton won't announce in a near future issue of NEBULA that his magazine will continue to feature illustrations!

Yes, alas, poor yorick-authentic. You could have been good.

THE AUGUST DEATH OF WHITE GRASS

Jack Williams



I've recently read two novels which are variations on the breakdown-in-civilisation theme greatly employed of late in such contemporary masterpieces as THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS and THE KRAKEN WAKES. The first of these two novels was the much discussed THE DEATH OF GRASS by John Christopher, which has been reprinted in the American SATURDAY EVENING POST under the title NO BLADE OF GRASS to draw a wealth of conservative criticism from disgruntled readers(of the same type who objected to the telecast of George Orwell's 1984 two years ago) and which has bought for filming by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. No sooner had I laid aside this thoughtful picture of a supposed future situation which threatens our society than I came across the three-year-old novel by John Boland, WHITE AUGUST. I couldn't help but compare them...

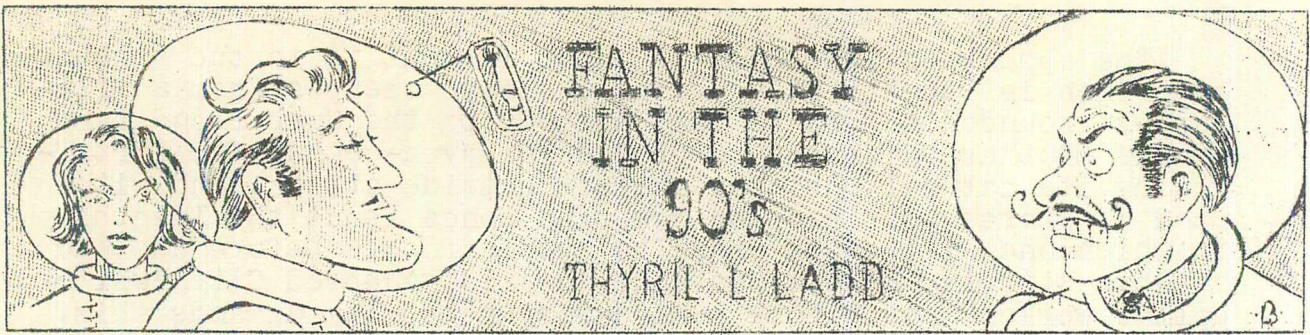
THE DEATH OF GRASS pictures life in England after the spread of the Chung-Li virus(sounds just like Asian flu, does it not?) has killed off the world's supply of grain. The cores of civilisation break down rapidly until barbarism reigns, a progression of events which also occurs in WHITE AUGUST in which novel the British Isles are attacked by a subtle and mysterious enemy(though the U.S.S.R. are hinted at)using for a weapon the steady and continuous fall of snow. Not only does this snow choke off communications and life itself, but the added gimmick that it is radio-active helps speed the degeneration.

Boland is unable - it is his first novel - to handle his theme through major portions of his book. It is often too big for him. How the experienced Christopher shows up to advantage in comparison! Christopher has obviously studied his presentation, and similarities in treatment with the two Wyndham novels, especially THE KRAKEN WAKES(for the breakdown in Government), are apparent.

The appeal of THE DEATH OF GRASS is that it is the account of a "man in the street." John Custance escapes from a military-surrounded London to make his way to the Cumberland farm of his brother which should provide a haven-community, fortified by its natural position against outside attack. And with food so scarce, Christopher makes no bones about the lengths to which one will go in order to obtain food. Before the end of this stirring novel, Custance, a mild mannered City "white collar worker" has become a murderer; necessity demands this. His journey to the Northern farm is dramatic and gruesome. Perhaps it is the cynical in me which makes me feel that the presentation of such events is realistic.

Where THE DEATH OF GRASS succeeds, WHITE AUGUST fails. The Boland novel is stilted from the start and realism is, to say the least, strained. The presentation is from the highest level. The Prime Minister and William Barnaby Garrett, a leading atomic research scientist are the heroes and their joint efforts save the British Isles from complete annihilation, in the time honoured tradition of the cliff-hanger serial. The idea behind the novel is a good, if not wholly original one, yet Boland ruins much of the capacity for impact by losing touch with his reader by this over-dramatic presentation. A pity. And yet again, such high-level treatment is necessary for the conclusion where the reader can keep track of the attempts to find and destroy the source of the high frequency waves which cause the snow. By the time this stage is reached, unfortunately, it is too late. The reader feels that the only hope at all under such devastating circumstances is for the government and the 'important' people in the land. How different with THE DEATH OF GRASS where each man has to fall back on his own resources and the reader has at least the comfort of hero-identification to leave him with the thought that he, too, might survive under such circumstances.

Indeed, in THE DEATH OF GRASS, the first institution to collapse is the Government, with the Prime Minister leaving the country in a state of panic(both interpretations apply)and issuing the Air Force to bomb the major cities. Far more realistic than the sugary,artificial decision of Boland's leader that his duty lies with the doomed people of his nation. Boland rather falls between two stools, for in this 'realistic' novel there is much pseudo-scientific mumbo-jumbo, leaving the reader to feel like a child at school. Furthermore, he is told that the Prime Minister is, with his gift of oratory,"the envy of every actor and politician speaking the same tongue." After two broadcast speeches have done anything but bear out this statement, the reader begins to think that the author has been misinformed, a dangerous state of affairs, and the scene where the Prime Minister threatens to "bust" an admiral does nothing to allay suspicions that the author is writing through a large-sized hat perched on his typewriter keys, which are probably clogged up with snow, anyway.



A great deal of excellent fantasy was written in the Nineties--more than fifty years ago. These "Good Old Days" were blessed with authors who possessed plenty of imagination, and some of the tales that were then published are treasure-chests of pleasure.

Of course, most of these stories are hard to locate, in these latter days. Every so often one runs across another of them -- usually a title of which he has not previously heard. This writer, for one, greets such discoveries with satisfaction, and sits down to read one of the old-timers with the expectation of genuine entertainment -- and is rarely disappointed.

While the style of such Fantasies is often quite dated, and especially the love-passages too sugar-sweet, there is generally a uniform excellence of style and composition. It may be that these stories were composed with more leisure, with less pressure to make "dead-lines" for publication, with more concern as to proper grammar, and logical sequence.

The writer of the Nineties was not too much concerned with the accuracy of his Science. He was placidly able to place at his hero's use a marvellous invention, without too much concern in advising his reader as to just how it operated. To we who read these books now, it is rather pleasant -- since we know this writing could not have the advantage of our latter-day accuracy -- to sit back, simply assume with the author the marvellous invention DID work -- and enjoy the narrative.

They often called these tales, in the Nineties, by the term "Romance," using this word in its then designation of adventure, rather than our modern conception of a Romance as only a love-story. There was plenty of action in the stories of that day, and crisis often trod on the heels of crisis. But the stories are, for the most part, very entertaining, often fascinating -- and sometimes just about genius.

There are so very, very many of these, that an article of the necessary brevity of this one, can deal but with a limited number of titles. I have little doubt but that another could go on with a list of as many or more of quality and interest equal to these I herein mention. But the titles I do select to describe in this piece, will, I think, give some idea of the scope and variety of plot used.

A favourite theme in the Nineties was that of the "Lost Race"-- incidentally a favourite theme with your commentator. This was handled in many ways, of course, with great variance of events.

Let us consider some of these Fantasies of this far-past day.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN, possibly a classic of the regeneration type of tale, is now, perhaps, familiar to the reader, since its recent revivals. I will, therefore, pass it by with but mention. Another reincarnation story is found in Frank Stockton's excellent tale, THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER(1899), the account of a man who experienced continuance of life through many civilisations. This excellent tale is lavishly illustrated, in the first edition copies, at least, by many full-page drawings by Reginald Birch -- drawings of great delicacy and beauty(Birch was the man who became famous for his illustrations of the popular juvenile, LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY, and, if I am not mistaken, he is still alive, though at extreme age).

In the "Lost Race" classification, I know of some particularly thrilling and attractive tales. Possibly one of the most excellent is Frank Aubrey's THE DEVIL-TREE OF EL DORADO(1897). Here, on an isolated South American plateau, a group of adventurers come upon a lost kingdom. The usual lovely Princess is among those present, and the unfriendly priests. But the principal, and very malignant character of the tale, is the Tree itself -- a man-eating tree, vicious, sentient, hungry; and to this tree living human sacrifices are made by the school of priests.

Another, especially vigorous and crowded with tense moments, is the story AT THE QUEEN'S MERCY(1897), by Mrs. Mabel Blodgett. Here we have not only the Lost Race theme, but some very excellent passages and events of genuine weird nature. As far as I am able to discover, this is the only adult tale that Mrs. Blodgett ever wrote in her long literary career, for she was a writer of children's books. She did a superb job in this one adult performance.

For those who delight in flashing swords, and plenty of bodies strewn here and yon, I suggest the story THE TREASURE OF THE ICE, by Eugene Shado Bisbee(1898). But do not assume that this is a carelessly thrown together melodrama, because of my statement. This novel is written with great skill, and the author has promulgated the spirit of suspense to such a degree, that the deadly peril in which the characters find themselves, is, at times, unbearable. The tale has to do with the discovery, by a band of castaways, of a country at the South Polar region, kept warm by volcanic action. Here, ages ago, a small fleet of Grecian vessels was wrecked; and the survivors created a nation, and cities, similar to those of ancient Greece. The language, the customs, the worship, have been maintained through the ages in accord with the Grecian practices of centuries ago. This tale never lets down, and the reader is still a-tingle with excitement as he comes to the last pages of the book.

Thomas Janvier's THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE, now practically a classic, is a Lost Race tale written in this period. Possibly this

tale of the discovery of a still-flourishing Aztec city hidden in the wilds, is too familiar to warrant description. From a literary standpoint, of course, it is one of the great Lost Race tales of all times.

In 1897, William Le Queux, a writer of marked variety, produced the story, THE EYE OF ISTAR. Rather slow in its beginning, this tale whips up into an excellent conclusion, with the discovery of the mountain-locked kingdom, where a living Goddess Istar still rules arrogantly a race who dwell and think as did their forefathers ages ago.

Possibly as erudite a production as the Nineties gave in the "Lost Race" field, was THE LOST CANYON OF THE TOLTECS(1893), by Charles Sumner Seeley. And the Toltec race has not been used as much as the Aztec for fictional purposes of this nature.

One story uses the means of discovery of a papyrus, to relate its events. Travellers storm-bound, are forced to spend the night in an ancient castle, where their aged and mysterious host entertains them, by reading a papyrus, which he found upon a mummy(of unknown race; NOT Egyptian), of astounding stature. Thus the tale is unfolded, and it is a story of great power and quality. This title, THE PRINCE OF GRAVAS, came out in 1898.

Some other themes used in the Nineties are found in these books:

A great nation was discovered by a Polar exploration party, inside the Earth's crust, in the rare novel, THE GODDESS OF ATVAT-ABAR(1892), by William R. Bradshaw. Some of the inventions, all clever, found in this tale, are truly novel and interesting. And an entire, and not illogical, fauna and flora, is invented for the reader's delectation. This book is marvellously illustrated by a staff of several artists, and contains unquestionably some of the most fantastic and startling pictures to be found anywhere in fantasy.

In his tale 6,000 TONS OF GOLD(1894), H. R. Chamberlain tells of the discovery of a huge deposit of gold, and the chaotic result when this vast sum is dumped on the world's markets. An international crisis is precipitated.

Perhaps nothing ever written in world disaster fiction really approaches in scope and power --- AND in scientific accuracy and excellence -- the great novel by Camille Flammarion, OMEGA: THE END OF THE WORLD. His chapters on Heavenly phenomena give clear and simply worded pictures of celestial possibilities. He harks back through the ages, to tell the disasters foretold, and the public dismay, as comets appeared. He then gives a vivid and terrible picture of life on this Earth -- not through celestial collision, or cosmic disaster, but solely because of the utter failure of water upon this planet. He tells how Man strove to avert the inevitable Doom, by creating glass-enclosed cities, and by boring deep into the Earth's bowels in hope of tapping hidden reservoirs

of water.....and finally brings the startling picture of the last two humans alive on the Earth, a youth and a maid, each wandering lonesomely through the silent corridors of the great enclosed city each one inhabits. Then, in the end of the tale, Flammarion switches sharply to the supernatural, with a fine and surprise conclusion. As one reads this book, one is filled with the suspicion that some of our latter-day writers of this theme first read OMEGA. My copy was translated into English in 1894, and is blessed with eighty superb illustrations. Flammarion also wrote the very excellent URANIA, and a number of other similar books, as well.

H. Rider Haggard produced some of his Fantasy tales during the nineties, but I shall omit describing these, as they are comparatively well known.

Brander Matthews's book, TALES OF FANTASY AND FACT was published in 1896 and contains some stories of fantasy type. Sir Walter Besant's tale of a dual personality THE IVORY GATE, appeared in 1892. Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield wrote her book, LATITUDE 19 DEGREES in 1898. Here we have a tale describing voodoo in Haiti, during the reign of the black King Christophe. Indeed, he appears in the tale, which has other angles of adventure, including escape from pirates, and other matters.

THROUGH THE EARTH(1898), by Clement Fezandie was published in the Nineties and is as far as I know, the forerunner of the "Earth-Tube" type of tale. In this story a great tube is cut through the earth and an elevator installed. One trip is made by a young man (and a fly!), and one trip only, as the tube collapses just after passage of the car, because of internal heat and pressure.

So, here are a few samples of the fare which was cooked up for the Fantasy reader in the Nineties. There are, of course, as I said, many more --- for instance, some of H.G.Wells' most famous and excellent fantastic tales appeared during this period, such as THE INVISIBLE MAN(1897), THE WAR OF THE WORLDS(1898) and THE SLEEPER WAKES(1899), but these are classics of Fantasy and need no description to any real group of Fantasy collectors.

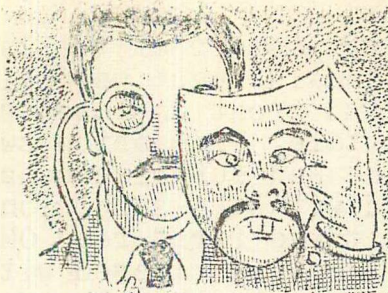
One may say, in conclusion, I think, that the contribution of this decade to our hobby was one of great importance and satisfaction, not only for the entertainment these tales give the reader, but also because our later writers in some instances, certainly, found inspiration(if not entire plots!) for some of the books of more modern times. We salute these Master-Writers of Yesterday!

-- Thyril L. Ladd.

THE AUGUST DEATH OF WHITE GRASS(concluded):-

This overall result is, as I say, regretful, for the novel has flashes, like the scene where Garrett meets the hungry rats, to commend it, and one can but hope that the promise Boland shows in such episodes will be borne out in future works. After all, John Christopher, who shows up so well in his easily-read THE DEATH OF GRASS, started with some fairly stilted writing, too.

-- Jack Williams. 21



Im just wilde
about Oscar." X
John Berry.

Because of my Goon stories and the way I represent myself as being somewhat naive in most of my tales (a totally erroneous impression I might add) people have developed the theory that Berry is slow-witted and at least one critic has denounced me as being semi-illiterate. It is perhaps not very well-known that there is a serious aspect to my personality.... I sometimes lie for hours in the throes of bliss listening to the great classical works, such as Beethoven's "Erotica" symphony.

I also avidly read great literary works, such as "War and Peace," "The Pickwick Papers," Boccaccio's "Decameron" and "The Harp Stateside."

One day, some years ago, as I read an anthology of ghost stories, one particular one, "The Canterville Ghost," by Oscar Wilde, struck me as being most humorous. I read more Wilde Stories, "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Picture of Dorian Gray," etc, and became so obsessed with them that I became determined to discover the real Wilde, and I purchased a biography of Oscar Wilde.

It is a fascinating story.

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Of course, when writing about Oscar Wilde, one is bound, sooner or later, to mention his perversions. To avoid any reference is to portray a wrong picture, so I'll just limit myself by saying it is a great pity that Oscar Wilde is remembered in many people's minds mostly because of the three trials at the end of the last century, and his subsequent conviction and sentence of two years imprisonment.

To my mind, however, completely excluding all reference to his unnatural vices (I want to stress this exclusion) I would hazard the suggestion that Oscar Wilde would have made a great faaan. The many aspects of his personality, his character, his wit, his nimble and pliable mind are astounding in their virtuosity.

Let me tell you a little about him.....

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He was born in Dublin on the 16th October 1854 and christened Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills, and was a pupil at the famous Royal Portora School, near Enniskillen, County Fermanagh (now in Northern Ireland). He later spent three years at Trinity College,

Dublin, showing a great aptitude for the classics. In 1874, he went to Oxford University, where he held parties for young women (with chaperons) and wrote and talked poetry, about which he later said, "Days of lyrical ardour and of studious sonnet writing, days when one loved the exquisite intricacy and musical repetitions of the ballad... days when one solemnly sought to discover the proper temper in which a triolet should be written, delightful days, in which, I am glad to say, there was far more rhyme than reason." When he left Oxford, he won the coveted Newdigate Prize for his poem, "Ravenna."

He moved to London after leaving Oxford in 1877, where he was noted for his unconventional dress, for example, a velvet coat edged with braid, knee breeches, black silk stockings, loose shirt with wide collars, large pale green tie. He occasionally wore ostentatious button-holes, such as the Sunflower. He became friendly with titled people, great actors and actresses, and was especially well known for his witticisms. It seemed that, like Willis and White, he arranged situations to suit his supposedly impromptu rejoinders, as when he purposely arrived late at a party, and was remonstrated by his hostess. Oscar pointed to the clock. "And how, Madame, can that clock know what the great golden sun is doing?"

Typical Wilde quips at this time were, "Nothing succeeds like excess," "Give me the luxuries and I can dispense with the necessities."

In 1880, he wrote a play, "Vera," which, in a typically fannish way, he published at his own expense.

Oscar, as a sort of nineteenth century TAFF exponent, went to America, in 1882. His answer to the customs when he landed in the U.S.A... "I have nothing to declare except my genius"... is now world famous, although some knowledgeable schools maintain that this was said by Willis in '52.

I'd like to go into detail about Oscar's trip to America.....

It was designed as a lecture tour. Wilde's fame had already spread to America, where they regarded him as a breed of cultured comedian. His first lectures disappointed the audiences (except for the intellectuals) and fantastic stories about him appeared in the newspapers. In fact, it is on record that Oscar once asked a journalist how much he had been paid for a nonsensical article about him, and was told six dollars. "The rate for lying is not very high in America," Wilde observed.

The tour was a financial success and Oscar became an object of considerable interest. People followed him around and reporters hounded him for interviews. Whilst in Washington he stayed at the Arlington Hotel. He toured the parks and commented that, "Washington has too many bronze Generals."

One of Oscar's greatest diplomatic triumphs was in Boston. A large number of Harvard students marched down the aisle at the lecture hall, dressed in knee breeches and carrying sunflowers and lilies. Oscar heard about this plan beforehand, and appeared in ordinary evening dress. This turned the joke against the students, and Oscar wittily added fuel to the fire. "As a college man, I greet you," he announced, adding, "I seem to see certain signs of an artistic movement in the hall," which made the audience laugh. His epigram, "Caricature is the tribute mediocrity pays to genius" was well received, and he brought the house down when he added, "I am impelled for the first time to breath a fervent prayer of 'Save me from my disciples.' "

The joke was repeated by Yale with the same results.

Wilde didn't think much of the great natural marvels of the American continent. Of the Niagra Falls, he said, "Simply a vast unnecessary amount of water going the wrong way and then falling over unnecessary rocks."

His lecture tour continued successfully...Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco(his greatest success), Salt Lake City, Denver.....

In Denver he announced his new theory about printing, complaining it was so dull -- "there is nothing exquisite about it. In my next publication... the letters will be of rarer design, the commas will be sunflowers and the semi-colons pomegranates." (Ron Smith please note).

He declared that Western miners in the Rocky Mountains were "the only well-dressed men I saw." In a saloon he saw a notice over the piano, "PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT THE PIANIST, HE IS DOING HIS BEST." Oscar observed, "This is the only rational method of art criticism I have ever come across."

When he returned to England, he was asked to give his impression of American women... "pretty and charming - like oases of pretty unreasonableness in a vast desert of common sense"... of American men..."I can stand brute force, but brute reason is quite unbearable."

Of course, so much has been written about Oscar Wilde...in Hesketh Pearson's "The Life of Oscar Wilde," for instance, he takes up almost four pages of Selected Authorities. Anyone interested, and I promise a study of Oscar Wilde and his work is interesting, can obtain a wide range of authoritative volumes from his local library. But to show the essential wit of Wilde, his superb mastery of the English language, I would like to give a short list of what I consider to be the cleverest and most fannish of his quotes:-

"The only difference between the saint and the sinner is that every saint has a past, and every sinner a future."

"The basis of true matrimony is a mutual misunderstanding."

"A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."

"Science can never grapple with the irrational. That is why there is no future before it in this world."

"Young men want to be faithful, and are not. Old men want to be faithless, and cannot."

"Don't be led astray into the paths of virtue."

"Each time one loves is the only time that one has ever loved."

"Difference in object does not alter singleness of passion. It merely intensifies it."

"I can resist everything except temptation."

Oscar was not addicted to punning. However, at a wedding, he saw Lord Morris, who had a pronounced Irish accent, looking for a shoe to throw after the happy couple. "Why not throw your own brogue after them?" Oscar suggested (Quick, somebody, a glass of water for Willis).

Oscar had more than his fair share of criticism for his works. For example, the critics said the following about Dorian Gray:-

"Esoteric prurience....stupid and vulgar....malodorous putrefaction....garish vulgarity....will taint every young mind that comes into contact with it."

Let's hope a certain fanzine reviewer doesn't read this.

To show the brilliance of Wilde's repartee, even under the most trying circumstances, I must give an (unfortunately) short excerpt from one of the trials. This cross examination of Wilde by Edward Carson is considered a superb forensic example:-

(Carson is questioning Wilde about Dorian Gray...)

Carson. "But let us go over it phrase by phrase. 'I quite admit I adored you madly.' What do you say to that? Have you ever adored a young man madly?"

Wilde. "No, not madly. I prefer love that is a higher form."

Carson. "Never mind that. Let us keep down to the level we are at now."

Wilde. "I have never given adoration to anybody except myself."

Carson. "I suppose you think that is a very smart thing?"

Wilde. "Not at all."

Carson. "Then you never had that feeling?"

Wilde. "No. The whole idea was borrowed from Shakespeare, I regret to say. Yea, from Shakespeare's sonnets."

Carson. "I believe you have written an article to show that Shakespeare's sonnets were suggestive of unnatural vice?"

Wilde. "On the contrary, I have written an article to show they have not. I objected to such a perversion being put upon Shakespeare."

Carson(continuing to quote from Dorian Gray). "I adored you extravagantly - "

Wilde. "Do you mean financially?"

Carson. "Oh, yes, financially. Do you think we are talking about finance?"

Wilde. "I do not think you know what you are talking about."

Carson. "Don't you? Well, I hope I shall make myself very plain before long....."

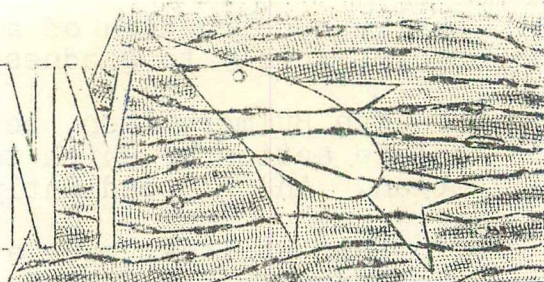
While I may have been somewhat flippant in mentioning Wilde as having Mannish potentialities, I must stress that a serious study of Wilde, from every aspect of his personality, the actor, the critic, the artist, the wit, the talker, the dramatist, is completely fascinating.

I'd like to conclude with the last paragraph of "De Profundis," written by Wilde during the latter period of imprisonment in Reading Gaol:-

"All trials are trials for one's life, just as all sentences are sentences of death, and three times have I been tried. The first time I left the box to be arrested, the second time to be led back to the house of detention, the third time to pass into prison for two years. Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer, but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt, she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole."

KENNETH BULMER'S GREEN DESTINY

REVIEWED BY ARCHIE MERCER.



There seems to be a sort of convention in British publishing circles that to qualify as science-fiction, a story of any considerable length MUST make mention of space-flight.

Now this rule, however reasonable it might seem at first glance, can be reasonably compared to a hypothetical rule that fiction laid in contemporary times MUST, whatever else it does, at all costs mention railway-trains somewhere in its course.

Now there are plenty of stories about that do mention railway-trains, true. Plenty, if needed, where railway-trains play an essential part in the action, let alone where their existence is mentioned incidentally. But for every story that involves railway-trains, whether that involvement be deep or shallow, I should estimate that there is at the very least an equivalent story that makes no mention of them at all - a story, which, if read by a Martian, would provide absolutely no clue that such things existed. There's no need to go overseas, either, to parts of the world where railways are as yet unlaidd. Take a typical thriller-hero; he lives in central London, surrounded by main line termini and with an underground line beneath every main street. The world as he knows it - not to mention as WE know it - could not possibly exist without the thick webwork of the railways. So what does he do? He emerges from his base, boards a powerful car and roars out to some remote spot in the country where the main action takes place. Maybe the railways will be involved before the finish -- he is held up at a level-crossing during a hot chase, for instance. But the chances are that they won't be even so much as mentioned from the beginning of the story to the end.

Thus too, could a story be set perfectly legitimately in the future, in a future where space-flight was just as everyday an essential part of existence as railways are now, and yet never once have cause to refer to it. But not according to the accepted rules in these parts, apparently. Even worse is the case of a postulated future that could logically -- in most cases OUGHT logically to -- exclude space-flight altogether. World-catastrophe stories are an obvious example. The parallel here is the story set in Darkest Africa, in Tibet, in the Polar regions or on a small island in the South Seas or the Hebrides. In such places there are - or can reasonably be expected to be - no railways whatsoever. Of course, if necessary, they can be introduced without too much trouble. The hero might be running away from It All because his wife had eloped with an engine-driver, but unable to purge it from his mind. In the same way, one of the few pockets of civilisation left after the Deluge might, in some cases, be legitimately engaged

on the construction of a spaceship. But not in EVERY such story, surely to goodness?

Ken Bulmer, then, sets out to write a story almost the entire action of which takes place under the surface of the ocean. And he obediently brings in space-flight.

He's at least made a job of it, though - no irrelevant sideline for him. If Space has to be introduced into the ocean depths, he's tied them together logically and, on the whole, extremely effectively. To start with, his hero is an officer in the Space Force who is kidnapped by the illegal slave labour battalions of one of the submarine farming corporations. This is perfectly legitimate - the victim is just as likely to be a spaceman as a butcher, baker or candlestick-maker. Then the Space Force is naturally interested in a missing officer, so they start a probe. Still perfectly legitimate. Furthermore, in the background the Space Force and the Under Ocean Patrol are at loggerheads at executive level over who can get the most money from the U.N. budget. Which, when you come to think of it, is not merely legitimate - it's darned well inevitable. A far cry, this, from the party of space-minded scientists who Just Happened To Escape The Deluge and calmly carried on with their construction on a mountain-top somewhere. Personally, I think Ken would have been wise to leave the entanglement right there, on the high-probability level. For after that magnificent web of mutual space-ocean involvement, the fourth angle - extraterrestrial aliens living in secret on the ocean floor - comes as a distinct anti-climax.

The submarine continuum as Ken sees it has been worked out in considerable detail, and the mechanics of the plot are so arranged as to bring to the foreground as much of the detail as possible. At the beginning, the hero's space-experience is used to point the contrast between the two environments - which, he finds, have a lot less in common than might be casually supposed. Then he gets shunted around, or contrives to shunt himself around, thus giving the reader a panoramic view of the fish-farming activities on the world's continental shelves without which humanity would starve. As is probably inevitable within the confines of what passes today for a "book-length novel" of such scope, a lot of the most fascinating angles are passed over with a bare mention. Such a one is the "horse, foot and artillery" of the corporations' undersea armies, with trained fish taking the place of the horse of history as cavalry mounts and heavy haulers. And the resolution follows logically from the premises, being (apart from the continued involvement of the aliens whose entire presence in the story is a dubious asset) also largely inevitable. Or so it appears to me.

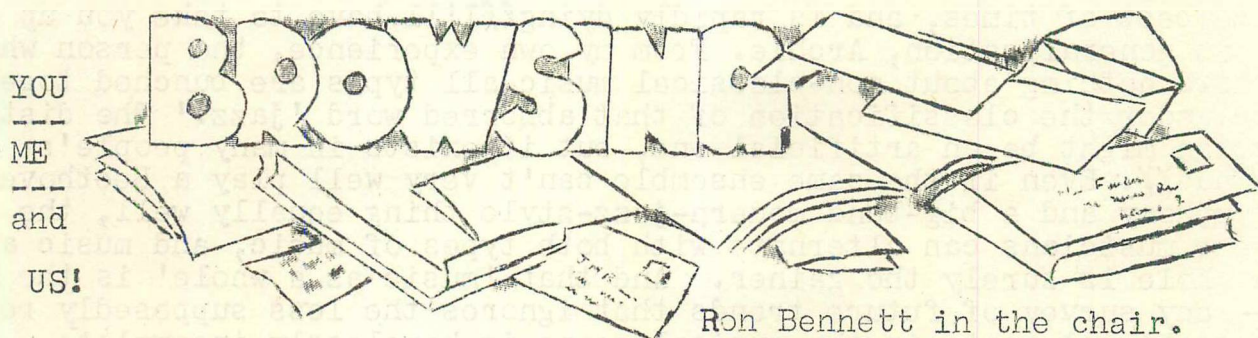
Of course, the story has its weaknesses, the main one being, if you'll pardon the paradox, the STORY. The things that happen to the hero are very much the sort of things that

might be expected to happen to such a one - and in the years to come, may well DO. Fictional characters, however firmly delineated their backgrounds, have far more scope for movement than a factual person would have in like circumstances, and it is up to fiction to take advantage of this. Most of the time, I seemed to be a jump or six ahead of events. Whilst I couldn't maybe say what was going to happen NEXT, it was pretty obvious that certain things would happen sooner or later, immediately their possibility became apparent. Then the characters themselves - they had their individuality, and were on a considerably higher plane than those of Mr. West's story. Nevertheless, Ken Bulmer has produced more interesting characters than this before now - albeit in worse settings.

The net result, then, is an interesting three-part essay into a certain field of future possibilities, with fictional overtones that could be improved on considerably. One thing --- there's an ocean of possibility lying untapped in this particular reservoir, so there's still plenty of room left for Ken to pull a really first-class story off his continental shelf.

But - just for a change - no spacemen this time, huh?

-- Archie Mercer.



Roughly speaking, Michael and I thought that, with the contributors having provided such excellent fare for this issue, we should present their material in the best possible light. So... as a foil to intensify their excellence, Bennett was tied down before a typewriter. Bear with me if this letter column shows such blatant signs of lacking the richness only Michael can add to it. Don't shoot the stencil cutter -- he's typing his best!

First, extracts from a letter by BILL TEMPLE, Wembley....

"I hesitate to challenge such a retentive memory as Wally Gillings's, but surely the first Astoundings to "filter through" were published by Clayton, not Street & Smith? ... Sorry Harry Warner Jr.'s musical articles have ended. I found them entertaining and instructive, particularly the last one about Sibelius. Rather late in life I've come to appreciate the unique Sibelius

symphonies, especially the intricate, elusive 7th.... I've done a fair amount of proof-reading myself, but while doing so I'm looking out for typos and never take in the sense of what I'm reading. John Brunner manages to do both at the same time. Having a split personality is obviously useful. Wish he'd proof-read the review of The Star Called Wormwood by "Bishop Marchard." Should be "Morchard Bishop" and that's not his real name either. It happens to be the name of a Devonian village not so far from Exeter, where the author lives. Bishop is a well-known novelist, literary critic, and producer of belles-lettres. I corresponded with him for some time about Wormwood, which I think is a brilliant commentary on our "civilisation," most especially the play interlude. Nigel Balchin attempted something of the kind with his Lord, I Was Afraid, but it lacked the wit, subtlety, and ingenuity of Bishop's effort..."

Next comes a letter from ARCHIE MERCER, which I gaze at and wish I had a typewriter with elite facing. Space might be a limitless void in prozine stories, but fanzines could certainly use more of it...

"In OPUS 2021, Harry Warner started out trying to survey possible future trends in music - and ends up surveying the recent past instead. Yes, I know that the future depends directly ON the recent past - but that doesn't make the past futuristic, even if the trends are new. I'm unable to read music, and most of the technicalities are beyond me. Nevertheless, I still find much of interest in these articles. Harry, though, by concentrating virtually exclusively on 'respectable' music, is way off beat if he's trying to forecast the future of music, anyway. The distinction between 'respectable' music and popular music was never more than an artificial convention at the best of times, and is rapidly dying. (I'll have to take you up on this generalisation, Archie. From my own experience, the person who knows nothing about non-classical music all types are bunched together under the classification of that abhorred word 'jazz.' The distinction might be an artificial one, but it exists in many people's minds). Even if the same ensemble can't very well play a Beethoven symphony and a big-band modern-jazz-style thing equally well, the same musicians can alternate with both types of music, and music as a whole is surely the gainer. And that 'music as a whole' is the key -- any survey of future trends that ignores the less supposedly respectable elements in the musical scene is hopelessly incomplete..."

"...John Brunner's is certainly the star letter... I'm certainly in favour of all the social progress represented by the term 'welfare state' and equivalents elsewhere, but it does occur to me that not all social progress, so-called, IS progress. Not so long ago, I saw a reproduction of a Hogarth painting in one of the popular magazines. The painting was depicting the evils of drink in as forthright a fashion as it's possible to imagine, and the text was all full of comparisons between the horror of those times and the comparatively pleasant time one has today. Now in the forefront of this picture was a ballad(I think) seller, whose one delight in life was gin. For gin he'd forego everything else - he hardly had a rag to his back, and for lack of eating he was about the most literal thing in 'human skeletons' imaginable. Horrible, I agree. But - HE LOOKED HAPPY. What'd happen to him nowadays? Gin, on any similar scale, would be

far, far out of his reach. He might take to drugs. Or, unable to find his natural outlet, he might end up in a mental home. Or both it's true. But I strongly suspect that as a drunkard or a druggard with his freedom he'd still be happy - in the mental home far from it. Of course, the reformers hope that nowadays such a type would have the opportunity to develop into a reasonable citizen. So, incidentally, do I - but I can't help wondering - WOULD HE? Maybe some people - and no insignificant number, either - just HAVE to have some such outlet to live happily. Certainly the number of mental patients is increasing alarmingly, and that(I think) is an important cause of this. He wasn't the only item in the picture - there were plenty more besotted types shown. HAPPILY besotted. We've taken away the disease, the filth, the outward horrors. And, at the same time, we've taken away the main avenue of relief from the INWARD horrors. And hygiene of itself is no cure for the inward horrors - it may well be the reverse.... A mere((?)) note on John Roles's letter - this theoretical Chinese sixty-note scale sounds ridiculous. I may be wrong, but how could any human, Chinese or otherwise, POSSIBLY recognise sixty separate levels between one doh and the next? Seventeen and twenty-two are bad enough - but SIXTY - I ask you. Another angle involved there is that the more notes required on your instrument to span the octave, the more restricted in overall scope is its range. Anyway, twelve seems to do nicely(thirteen counting both dohs). I understand that where a piano(or other fixed-note instrument)plays a certain note to represent flat of the one above or sharp of the one below, a good violinist, and maybe a good brass-player too, will make the two sounds slightly different. Yet the trained, or untrained ear will accept the compromise piano (etc) note as perfectly adequate for both. Why, then, try to be more finicky than the human ear? That, after all, is the whole basis of music - the human ear..."

SIDNEY L. BIRCHBY, that stalwart from Manchester, modifies a suggestion made in the last issue:

"Vine's suggestion that we should write about the five rarest books we possess or have read is a good one. I don't quite know how to qualify 'rareness,' though. Some of mine, though rare, may be quite easily obtainable. They were just not well advertised when new, and were hard to get in that sense. Perhaps you should ask for the five happiest discoveries, or something like that((Good idea, Sid. For example, I once read Barry Pain's THE GIRAFFE PROBLEM in a school anthology and was so delighted that I hunted the original and like stories. Imagine my delight when I later came across the complete collection, THE PROBLEM CLUB, artificial but highly entertaining, outside a Leeds second hand bookshop for the princely sum of sixpence!))... Death Ray Smith's "The Bradbury Alice" was a well-chilled piece of grue, which I liked greatly. As a matter of fact, I had had a letter from Ron, written on the back of one of the trial sheets of this, so that I read the middle chunk without knowing what it was all about, a week before NuFu arrived. I was curious to know what on earth you two were up to now! ... Going on to the other D.R.S's article about the evr-with-us problem of making space for our collections, I am giving serious thought to the idea of lining the roof-space with old magazines, thus insulating the house against heat-losses. The main trouble is that the normal lining

material, fibre glass, is non-inflammable, whereas SF magazines are the reverse. Not to mention some of the covers. And may I register formally that here's one vote for more articles by Harry Warner, Jr. I don't claim that this is the 'spectacular public demand' that he says will be needed to persuade him to go on, but I trust it will help. I've found his articles most interesting and I've learnt a lot from them. Eric Bentcliffe's coverage of the Paperback field was succinct and valuable. It's useful to have a guide through what always appears to me as a trackless jungle. The companion article by Don Tuck made a fitting bibliography...."

And then came along a letter from VERNON MCCAIN, Washington, USA, which held news for both Michael and myself:

"This letter's primary purpose is to inform you that I no longer have anything to trade for NUFU so you'd better take me off your trading list. I'm more or less withdrawn from fandom except for FAPA, in which I'm still quite active. I'm sure that Michael would be pleased to exchange your FAPazine, BIRDSMITH, for NuFu. You may consider the enclosed fanzine a trade for this issue if you wish. However, it is enclosed for an entirely different reason. This is the final issue of a fanzine, WASTEBASKET, a firm favourite of mine. I published several years ago. This issue appeared in early 1954. I'm sending it to you as I note the printing of D.R. Smith's Alice piece as your lead item. I don't blame you... it's excellent and well worth the lead spot; but nowhere in the issue do you identify it as a reprint and I wondered if you knew it was. So I'm sending you this issue of WASTEBASKET so you can see what was its first (I think) publication..."

There's a little more on this subject in Vernon's letter, which I've cut. Please don't think he's being terse on the matter. It seems to me he's pointing out an evident neglect in a very nice manner. But the matter of the original publication of THE BRADBURY ALICE was also brought to our attention in Ted White's STELLAR Number 12, from which I quote: "I had mentioned running THE BRADBURY ALICE this to Ron Parker, who pointed out that it had appeared in a recent NEW FUTURIAN. I checked with Bob Pavlat, who has a file (I don't receive the zine), and sure enough, there it was. But also, I noticed that no mention had been made of the fact that the story was a reprint -- that it first appeared in 1951 or 52 in Vernon McCain's WASTEBASKET, which appeared, that issue, only in FAPA. I can hardly hold it against anyone for reprinting material in his fanzine, but I do think it is a basic violation of fan ethics not to credit a reprint, or to admit that it is one. To reprint a story which some other fan worked to get, and then blatantly pass it off as one which you have solicited and received, or perhaps, simply had submitted to you, is nothing more or less than lying and cheating. It is pretending another's accomplishments for oneself. I will admit being not a little p-o'd at NuFu for beating me to the story. STELLAR 12 printed the story too -- tho I had stencilled and run it off before I knew this -- but I would concede the point were it not for the fact that NuFu claims it as its own. There are undoubtedly fans who, but for reading this, would think that I was reprinting the story not from WASTEBASKET, but from NuFu, and was palming it off on an older zine to justify the reprint. Actually, I think the story is worthy of considerable reprinting, but as a rule I

do not reprint from any source only or less than two years old. This is not the first time a British fanzine has swiped material from US zines -- usually FAPA or SAPS zines -- with either no credit or a miniscule one. It's about time someone learned a few facts of honesty over there... and here as well." Which you must admit is interesting. Let's look at a few facts.....a) McCain ran THE BRADBURY ALICE as by D.R. Smith. b) Don Smith sent Michael the story for NuFu. As he didn't mention WASTEBASKET Michael and I wonder whether he ever saw a copy, the magazine being primarily circulated through FAPA. I have that WASTEBASKET here and no mention is made of the fact that D.R. Smith is Don R. Smith. Why should there be? c) NEW FUTURIAN printed the story, in all innocence as an original, as by D.R. Smith. In the same issue NuFu printed an article by Dale R. Smith, and Michael mentioned in his editorial that the magazine started with Don Smith and ended with Dale Smith. If Ted White checked he'd surely have seen that there were two D.R. Smiths, yet d) STELLAR printed the story as by Dale R. Smith. Now, if Ted White credited this story wrongly, from whom did he get reprint permission....? Personally, I resent an authoritative sideswipe at NuFu by one who is not conversant with all the facts, especially in view of the implication that NEW FUTURIAN obtained the story dishonestly. Michael has asked for an apology, which has not yet been forthcoming.... and Mr. White, don't let your temper run away with you -- just name ONE British fanzine which has reprinted without credit. Facts, not generalisations! But back to comments on NEW FUTURIAN 7. Here are extracts from a letter from a very old friend, HARRY WARNER JR., who has, a short time ago, moved to 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md., USA. Harry says:

"I've been so thoroughly brainwashed in the FAPA that I enjoy your letter section more than the formal articles. I particularly liked what John Brunner had to say about the way civilised people conducted themselves a couple of centuries ago. But he caused me to wonder if the future won't look back on 20th century man as being just as idiotic in exposing himself to all kinds of unnecessary threats to his well-being. I don't mean the obvious things like war. I'm thinking principally of the bad habits that have been converted by custom or capitalism into rites. Smoking and drinking to excess are among them, of course. There's no possible doubt that both lead to all manner of direct or indirect bodily ills, just as surely as improper water supplies did in the days of Elizabeth I. And the ever-increasing fetish of sun worshipping is another means of slow suicide. Noel Coward has turned the matter into a sort of joke, with his "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," but I think the fact remains that mankind is the only example of fauna that dares to go out in the direct summer sunshine. Go into a forest on a hot day, and you'll find nothing stirring but the leaves of the trees and the animals that are small enough to run about under the shade of the brush. Then there is the manner in which man has been forced to get along under an increase of ten degrees or so in the average temperature, simply because he insists on living in big cities. So much could be done to keep city temperatures down to those of the surrounding countryside. Certainly

it ought to be possible to invent a dark concrete that would absorb instead of reflecting the sunshine that hits the sidewalks, and to plant trees here and there and to break up the solid masses of buildings so that the air could circulate from block to block. I'm convinced that man could extend the average lifespan by a considerable measure, if he simply took the measures necessary to avoid the strain imposed on the human body by the need to function at temperatures that don't normally exist in a temperate climate and by jettisoning the notion that there's something good and proper about scorching the human body by overexposure to the sun."

JOHN CHAMPION of Oregon, wrote a long letter of comment before moving over to college in California. Ignoring the possibility of connection, here is an extract from said letter:-

"I imagine that John Brunner's question of why there doesn't seem to be any 'children's classics' as LITTLE WOMEN written any more can be answered by pointing to the television and movie screens. In the late 19th century the printed word (in book form) was just about the only way to reach children (or any audience, for that matter, although there was the stage for adults), while today we have movies, radio, TV, comic books..... Maybe there aren't any more children's classics written because nobody takes time to read them!

The description of sanitary conditions not so long ago almost turned my stomach(because of the subject, of course). And I don't think any author, to my knowledge, has done a time-travel story that delves deeply into this subject. Why, a really good time-travel tale could be written by someone with a knowledge of the subject, dealing with a modern-day man's reactions to these (un)sanitary surroundings. Who wants to be the first?(Or the first to do a good job, anyway)"

Prolific letter-hack ANDY YOUNG writes from Cambridge, Mass:

"Hey hey! Here's that mysterious Phoenix character again, and a fine job too. He'll be sunk if anyone ever discovers his identity; I doubt that anyone that he's likely to be(if you follow that)has as big a name by himself as this Frankenstein's monster of a pseudonym has. It'll be like the conversion of BNF Joan Carr into somebody I never heard of named Fanderson or something like that was. Ghod, but I'm running to long and involved sentences. It must be the lateness of the hour. Anyway, Phoenix is quite delightful; one suspects him of being one of the wheels of IF//John Champion wrote in that he thought Phoenix' style a little strained, as though an American was trying to write like a Briton. Hmm//...The Boston subway system is notoriously involved and shrouded in mystery(remember "A Subway Named Mobius"?)and one of our most horrifying discoveries about it is that on Case N, just below the Park Street Station, is chalked the grisly message "spare finger inside"//Does "Nine Finger Jack" know about it?// This inscription has been there for at least two years... By God, we'd give our right arms...well, a spare finger maybe... to have material by Phoenix. How does one go about getting stuff

- from him? I suppose one must somehow figure out his identity; it seems inconceivable that any faned now getting material from him would give away the address of such a master craftsman -- it'd be like giving away the location of one's personal gold mine((I could suggest canvassing fandom asking each individual for a Phoenix column. The trouble then would be deciding from the batch you collected which, if any, would be by the genuine article. No doubt he'll be seeing this, and....who knows?))"

D.R.SMITH(Don, the original 'D.R.')writes from Nuneaton, Warwickshire:

"The letter section staggers me in revealing that the fans are still indulging in deep thinking of the same depth and clarity that they were twenty years ago, still(Joe Gibson) reading all sorts of things into other people's remarks which were never there, still(John Brunner)coming across snippets of information of a non-stf character and hastening to impart them to the less well-read, still arguing about Lovecraft. I hesitate on the verge of plunging in with them, but decide that discretion is the better part. I must put forward to Joe Gibson the proposition that, on the basis of his apparent argument, any present day story involving airplanes, submarines, radio, television, motor cars and so on must be science fiction since such was the case in the days when Jules Verne popularised the type. Or should we say rather that a story becomes fantasy only when it depicts something which, to the best of our belief, could not happen to anyone? That, of course, involves the question of the extraordinary range of things people will believe, so we have to suppose some hypothetical man-in-the street, who only believes what the newspaper of his choice tells him to believe. And I must also express wonder at the incredible lack of a death-roll in the Brunner family, which I trust may long continue. It should not, however, be used as a basis for arguing - or stating, rather, since facts need not be an argument - that the expectancy of life is the highest ever today. I do not disagree with his conclusions, though in contrast I could point out that I have lost all four of my male cousins, each dying in his twenties each from a separate and distinct illness, all allegedly readily curable by modern medical methods(Too bold that, one died after an operation to remove a brian tumour, which is a fifty-fifty chance at the best). But indubitably we wash more often than we did at one time - and in praising the sewage engineer, don't forget that water has to be laid on before the sewers can flow, and it took us a long time to catch up with the Romans in this respect.

But the devil with all that. I was happy to see Bob Gibson reviewing the work of one of my favourite authors, Cunliffe Hyne, and mentioning my favourite fictional character, McTodd. The other book reviews were interesting. Would you like one on the Mardrus and Mathers "The Thousand Nights and One Night" - quite the rudest book I've had the pleasure of perusing. I bought it in Hastings this year. The pocket book listing is obviously very valuable to anyone still robust enough to collect

science fiction. I gave up long ago."

GRAHAM STONE writes from Sydney, Australia:

"What rubbish we find Bulmer talking at the bottom of page 21. This piece of nonsense has been parroted by every detractor of SF until it has become standard dogma, but it is distressing to hear it repeated by someone who ought to know better. "People and their emotions are literature," Says he. This is a very common misconception, firmly entrenched in modern writing, and the reason for its many defects. The fact is that anything at all which people are capable of taking an interest in may therefore figure in literature. Clear? It is true that we find ourselves and our dealings with one another very interesting indeed, and since narrative conventions put people in almost all fiction we can rarely get away from them. But that doesn't mean that people perse must or should always claim the reader's sole attention. This is what we get in a great deal of modern "ordinary" fiction, concentration on what people said and did to each other and thought about it, to the extent that it's quite out of touch with reality. Science fiction does at least direct attention back to the external world. Of course it still does present it mostly in terms of people's observations, but after all that's how we know it....

Brunner's right about obsessive preoccupation with suffering. Modern non-science fiction is enjoying a revival of it, too. They have to find something to make things interesting. Shock is the answer of current novelists, once we get above the mush and drivel stage into the more thoughtfully written mush and drivel; a change in emphasis to muck and evil, something to make the reader sit up and take notice. Copulation? Certainly. Adultery? By all means. Rape? Incest? Homosexuality? Definitely! The end is in sight for this particular line, for there is no longer much shock value in these tried and true themes... Meanwhile, writers have found that now people tend to wash occasionally they get a perverse kick(or is it wistful?)out of contemplating the great unwashed. So we get dirt in all its manifestations. Shock! And with reasonably good health becoming more and more usual, we're getting treated to more and more bedside stuff. The ridiculous popularity of more and more dreary and revolting war stories is another aspect. In the words of the immortal Bruce Yerke, Quick! Where is the Men's Room?

Back in No.3, C.S.Youd, as I insist on thinking of him, wonders what became of Frank K.Kelly. I can answer that one, having before me a contribution of his titled "Synthetic Sin" in the "Accent on Living" department on the Atlantic Monthly. Excerpted without recording the date at the time, so that it has the notation "May? 1951". Kelly says that all his SF was written before he was 21; then he got interested in Wimmin and started writing boy-meets-girl stories instead... later he tried writing for the confession magazines, hence the title... He is still in journalism, has written a novel about the game, "An Edge of Light," 1949."

Which winds up this issue's letter column. Many thanks to all who wrote about the last issue. Please keep the letters coming. Michael likes to be kept in touch. -- Ron Bennett.

A Pocket Book Listing D. H. Tuck

— second section

CENTURY (ADVENTURE) BOOKS: pub-Century Pubs., Chicago; 25¢; 1st S7, rest S1.

104. "The Green Man" H.M. Sherman. 116. "Time Trap" R. Phillips.

124. "Worlds Within" R. Phillips.

Century Pubs., Chicago. See CENTURY (ADVENTURE) BOOKS, MERIT BOOKS.

CHERRY TREE NOVELS (Fantasy Books) pub-Kemsley Newspapers Ltd., London S2 at 1/6

400. "John Carstairs: Space Detective" F.B. Long.

401. "The Kid from Mars" O.J. Friend. 402. "The Sunken World" S.A. Coblentz.

403. "Flight into Space" (A) D.A. Wolheim. 404. "The Last Space Ship" M. Leinster.

405. "Gabriel over the White House" T.F. Tweed. 406. "Ralph 124C41+" Gernsback.

407. "Sinister Barrier" E.F. Russell. 408. "The Thing from Another World" (C)

J.W. Campbell. 409. "Typewriter in the Sky" L.R. Hubbard.

410. "Vanguard to Neptune" J.M. Walsh. "Solution T-25" T. Du Bois.

CORGI BOOKS pub-Transworld Pub. London; S1 @ 2/-; usually if reprints, facsimiles of corresponding US edition, others appear under T. series.

819. "Donovan's Brain" C. Siodmak. 886. "The Silver Locusts" (C) R. Bradbury

915. "The Unforeseen" D. Macardle. 1077. "Space on my Hands" (C) F. Brown.

1241. "Golden Apples of the Sun" (C) R. Bradbury. 1282. "The Illustrated Man"

(C) R. Bradbury. 1443. "Forbidden Planet" W.J. Stuart.

T27. "The Witching Night" C.S. Cody. T43. "The Sands of Mars" A.C. Clarke.

T58. "City at World's End" E. Hamilton.

CREST BOOKS: pub-Fawcett Pubs, Greenwich; S2 @ 25¢.

"The Rule of the Pagbeasts" J.T. McIntosh.

Giant sl48 "My First Ten Thousand Years" G.S. Viereck/P. Eldridge.

Crestwood Publishing Co., N.Y. See PRIZE SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS.

DELL BOOKS: pub-Dell Pub. Co. Inc., N.Y.; all S1.

10¢ - 36. "Universe" R.A. Heinlein.

25¢ - 92. "Suspense" (A) A. Hitchcock. 143. "Bar the Doors" (A) A. Hitchcock.

201. "First Men in the Moon" H.G. Wells. 206. "Hold Your Breath" (A) Hitchcock.

264. "Fear and Trembling" (A) Hitchcock. 269. "The Invisible Man" H.G. Wells.

305. "Invasion from Mars" (A) O. Welles. 320. "Cave Girl" E.R. Burroughs.

339. "She" H.R. Haggard. 367. "Suspense" (A) A. Hitchcock.

433. "King Solomon's Mines" H.R. Haggard. 502. "The Unexpected" (A) A. Hitchcock.

591. "Rocket to the Morgue" A. Boucher. 600. "Rogue Queen" L.S. De Camp.

627. "When Worlds Collide" E. Balmer/P. Wylie. 680. "First He Died" C.D. Simak.

696. "Slan" A.E. Van Vogt. 760. "Outpost Mars" C. Judd.

781. "Beyond Infinity" (C) R.S. Carr. 800. "The Turn of the Screw" H. James.

First Edition (25¢) 32. "Year of Consent" K.F. Crossen.

42. "The Body Snatchers" J. Finney.

35¢. (some labelled "First Edition") D9. 6 Great Novels of Science Fiction"

(A) G. Conklin. D150. "Who Goes There" (C) J.W. Campbell.

B103. "S-F: the Year's Greatest...." (A) J. Merrill.

Doubleday Book Co., N.Y. See PERMA-BOOKS

Export Publishing Enterprises Ltd., Toronto. See NEWS STAND LIBRARY
POCKET EDITIONS
Fawcett Pubs. Inc., N.Y. See GOLD MEDAL BOOKS, CREST BOOKS

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS Pub-World Editions, N.Y. for first 7, then
Galaxy Pub. Corp., N.Y. First 3 25¢; then 35¢. "S8.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1 "Sinister Barrier" E.F. Russell, | 2 "The Legion of Space" J. Williamson, |
| 3 "Prelude to Space" A.C. Clarke, | 4 "The Amphibians" S.F. Wright, |
| 5 "The World Below" S.F. Wright, | 6 "The Alien" R.F. Jones, |
| 7 "Empire" C.D. Simak, | 8 "Odd John" O. Stapledon, |
| 9 "Four Sided Triangle" W.F. Temple, | 10 "Rat Race" J. Franklin, |
| 11 "City in the Sea" W. Tucker, | 12 "The House of Many Worlds" S. Merwin, |
| 13 "Seeds of Life" J. Taine, | 14 "Pebble in the Sky" I. Asimov, |
| 15 "Three Go Back" J.L. Mitchell, | 16 "The Warriors of Day" J. Blish, |
| 17 "Well of the Worlds" L. Padgett, | 18 "City at World's End" E. Hamilton, |
| 19 "Jack of Eagles" J. Blish, | 20 "The Black Galaxy" M. Leinster, |
| 21 "The Humanoids" J. Williamson, | 22 "Killer to Come" S. Merwin, |
| 23 "Murder in Space" D.V. Reed, | 24 "Lest Darkness Fall" L.S. de Camp, |
| 25 "The Last Space Ship" M. Leinster, | 26 "Chessboard Planet" L. Padgett, |
| 27 "Tarnished Utopia" M. Jameson. | |

GNOME PRESS Paper-covereds for U.S. Army, etc.; some generally available S7:
"Cosmic Engineers" C.D. Simak, "I, Robot" (C) I. Asimov, "Pattern for Conquest"
G.O. Smith, "The 31st of February" (C) N.S. Bond.

GOLD MEDAL BOOKS Pub-Fawcett Pubs. Inc., N.Y.; S2 @ 25¢.

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| 105 "The Nude in Mink" S. Rohmer, | 107 "The Flying Saucers Are Real" (nonfic) |
| D. Keyhoe, | 136 "Brides of the Devil" Jacqueline Yorke, |
| 199 "Sumuru" S. Rohmer, | 273 "Unholy Flame" Olga Rosmanith, |
| 283 "The Fire Goddess" S. Rohmer, | 408 "Return of Sumuru" S. Rohmer, |
| 417 "I Am Legend" R. Matheson, | 491 "Assignment to Disaster" E.S. Arons, |
| 498 "One of Our H Bombs Is Missing" F.H. Brennan, | 555 "Sinister Madonna" S. Rohmer, |
| S577 "The Shrinking Man" (35¢) R. Matheson. | |

Goulden, Mark; Ltd., London. See PINNACLE BOOKS

Hamilton & Co. (stafford) Ltd., London. See AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION, PANTHER BOOKS.

HANDI-BOOK MYSTERY Pub-Quinn Pub. Co., N.Y. S2 @ 20¢. Only one of note:

- 62 "The Murder of the U.S.A." W.F. Jenkins.

HILLMAN POCKET BOOKS Pub-Hillman Periodicals Inc., N.Y. S1 @ 25¢.

- 41 "The Dying Earth" (C) J. Vance.

HUTCHINSON'S "POCKET" LIBRARY Pub-Hutchinson & Co. Ltd., London; S2 @ 1/6.

- 123 "The Ghost Book" (A) C. Asquith.

'Arrow' Books: 335H "They Found Atlantis" D. Wheatley, 378H "Star of Ill-Omen"
D. Wheatley, 402H "Flying Saucers from Outer Space" D.E. Keyhoe.

Kemsley Newspapers Ltd., London. See CHERRY TREE NOVELS.

LION (SCIENCE-FANTASY & ORIGINAL) NOVELS: Pub-Lion Books Inc., N.Y. S1 @ 25¢.

- 14 "The Lottery" (C) Shirley Jackson, 118 "The Haploids" J. Sohl,

148 "Doomsday" W.Scott, 179 "ConjureWife" F.Leiber, 205 "Human"(A)J.Merrill,
214 "Fully Dressed and in his Right Mind" M.Fessier, 230 "False Night" A.Budrys,
235 "The Deluge" L.Da Cinci.

S2 @ 35¢: LL-3 "The Sky Block" S.Frazee, LL-7 "The Green Millenium"
F.Leiber, LL-10 "Escape to Nowhere" D.Karp, LL-25 "A Galaxy of Ghouls" (A)
J.Merrill, LL-31 "Nineteen Stories (C) G.Greene, LL-90 "Around the World in
Eighty Days" J.Verne.

Malian Press, Sydney. See AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION SERIES, SELECTED SCIENCE FICTION
MAGAZINE

MENTOR BOOKS Pub-New American Library @ 35¢. (Non-fiction)

M27 "Biography of the Earth" G.Gamow, M39 "Life on Other Worlds" H.Spencer-Jones
M52 "New Handbook of the Heavens" H.J.Bernard et al, M65 "The World of Coperni-
cus" A.Armitage, M97 "1,2,3...Infinity" G.Gamow.

MERIT BOOKS Pub-Century Pubs., Chicago. S7 @ 25¢.

B-10 "Operation Interstellar" G.O.Smith, B-13 "World of If" R.Phillips.

New American Library, new York. See MENTOR BOOKS, SIGNET BOOKS.

NEWS STAND LIBRARY POCKET EDITION Pub-Export Publishing Enterprises Ltd., Toronto.
S2 @ 25¢.

KN 18A "Let Out the Beast" L.Fischer, MDS 142 "Worlds Within" R.Phillips.

NOVA SCIENCE FICTION (S-F) NOVELS Pub-Nova Pubs., London. Originally to start
as a numbered series in '53, only one - S6 @ 1/6 appeared; later in '54 they
appeared nn S3 @ 2/-.

1 "Stowaway to Mars" J.Beynon; 1 "The City in the Sea" W.Tucker; 2 "The Weapon
Shops of Isher" A.E.Van Vogt; 3 "The Dreaming Jewels" T.Sturgeon; 4 "Jack of
Eagles" J.Blish.

PAN BOOKS Pub-Pan Books Ltd., London; S2 @ 2/-.

22 "Tales of the Supernatural" (A) 100 "The Lost World" A.C.Doyle,
109 "The Doomsday Men" J.B.Priestley, 152 "Told in the Dark" (A) H.Van Thal,
163 "King Slomon's Mines" H.R.Haggard, 207 "Father Malachy's Miracle" B.Marshall,
213 "Out of the Silent Planet" C.S.Lewis, 251 "The Time Machine & The Man Who Could
Work Miracles" H.G.Wells, 253 "Voyage to Venus" C.S.Lewis, 266 "Ghost Stories
of an Antiquary" (C) M.R.James, 270 "The Return" W.de la Mare, 297 "Spaceways"
C.E.Maine, 301 "Prelude to Space" A.C.Clarke, 315 "A Book of Strange Stories"
(A) H.Van Thal, 321 "That Hideous Strength" C.S.Lewis, 327 "The Man Who Sold
the Moon" R.A.Heinlein, 358 "Flight into Space" (non-fic) J.N.Leonard, 359 "More
Ghost Stories of an Antiquary" (C) M.R.James, 369 "Childhood's End" A.C.Clarke,
377 "The Green Hills of Earth" (C) R.A.Heinlein, 392 "Moonraker" I.Fleming.

PANTHER BOOKS Pub-Hamilton & Co.(stafford) Ltd., London S2 @ 1/6 (except where
marked); numbereing did not start originally but apparently was considered -
some not noted as Panthers; many appeared in identical Hard-cover editions @ 5/-.

"Two Days of Terror" R.Sheldon, "Cybernetic Controller" A.V.Clarke/H.K.Bulmer
"Space Treason" Clarke/Bulmer, "And the Stars Remain" B.Berry, "Atom-War on
Mars" E.C.Tubb, "Mission from Mars" R.Conroy, "Beyond the Visible" (2/-) H.J.
Campbell, "Return to Earth" B.Berry, 16 "The Menacing Sleep" R.Sheldon,
17 "Underworld of Zello" J.J.Deegan, 28 "Dread Visitor" B.Berry,

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| 29 "Encounter in Space" H.K.Bulmer, | 32 "Amateurs in Alchemy" J.J.Deegan, |
| 37 "Space Salvage" H.K.Bulmer, | 38 "The Mutants Rebel" E.C.Tubb, |
| 39 "Andro the Life-giver" J.J.Deegan, | 40 "From What Far Star" B.Berry, |
| 44 "The World Below" S.F.Wright, | 47 "Atoms in Action" R.Sheldon, |
| 48 "The Stars Are Ours" H.K.Bulmer, | 57 "The Venom Seekers" B.Berry |
| 58 "The Great Ones" J.J.Deegan, | 59 "House of Entropy" R.Sheldon, |
| 60 "Galactic Intrigue" H.K.Bulmer, | 67 "Another Space - Another Time" H.J. |
| Campbell, 68 "Resurgent Dust" R.Garner, | 69 "Empire of Chaos" H.K.Bulmer, |
| 70 "Dimension of Terror" S.J.Bounds, | 77 "The Red Planet" H.J.Campbell, |
| 78 "The Immortals" R.Garner, | 85 "Corridors of Time" J.J.Deegan, |
| 86 "Brain Ultimate" H.J.Campbell, | 92 "Sprague de Camp's New Anthology of |
| Science Fiction" (C) H.J.Campbell, | 95 "Dark Andromeda" A.J.Merak, |
| 96 "Beyond the Fourth Door" J.J.Deegan, | 101 "Tomorrow's Universe" (A; 2/-) Campbell |
| 103 "The Echoing Worlds" J.Burke, | 104 "The Indestructible" R.Garner, |
| 109 "The Metal Eater" R.Sheldon, | 110 "World at Bay" E.C.Tubb, |
| nn "The Dwellers" S.F.Wright, | 117 "Exiles in Time" J.J.Deegan, |
| 118 "Twilight of Reason" J.Burke, | 160 "Once Upon a Space" H.J.Campbell. |
- In 1955 some of these were reprinted in the Australian "Science Fiction Library" which see.

Pearsons Ltd., London. See TIT-BITS SCIENCE FICTION LIBRARY

PENGUIN BOOKS Pub-Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, England; S2, various prices.

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| 20 "Erewhon" S.Butler, | 186 "Twilight of the Gods" D.Garnett, |
| 268 "Jurgén" J.B.Cabell, | 393 "Selected Tales of A. Blackwood" (C) |
| 507 "The Island of Captain Sparrow" S.F.Wright, | 542 "The Brass Bottle" F.Anstey, |
| 570 "The War of the Worlds" H.G.Wells, | 571 "The Island of Dr Moreaux" H.G.Wells, |
| 573 "The Time Machine" H.G.Wells, | 582 "Nordenholts Million" J.J.Connington, |
| 616 "The Picture of Dorian Grey" O.Wilde, | 617 "Penguin Island" A.France, |
| 833 "Animal Farm" G.Orwell, | 884 "Many Dimensions" C.Williams, |
| 885 "Men and Gods" R.Warner, | 901 "A Voyage to Purilia" E.Rice, |
| 972 "1984" G.Orwell, | 993 "Day of the Triffids" J.Wyndham, |
| 1010 "Seven Men" M.Beerbohm, | 1031 "Collected Short Stories (C) E.M.Forster, |
| 1049 "After Many a Summer" A.Huxley, | 1052 "Brave New World" A.Huxley. |

Others: A70 "The Expanding Universe" (non-fic) A.Eddington, A 193 "The Size of the Universe" (non-fic) F.Hargreaves, PSA3 "The Last & First Men" O.Stapledon, PS 16 "My Friend Mr. Leaky" J.B.S.Haldane, PS 35 "Alice in Wonderland" L.Carroll, PS 52 "The Incredible Adventures of Professor Branestawn" N.Hunter, PS 59 "Fairy Tales from the Isle of Man" Dora Broome.


PENGUIN BOOKS (US) Pub-Penguin Books Inc., N.Y. S2 @ 25¢.

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| 64 "Tales of Piracy, Crimes and Ghosts" (C) D.Defoe, | 537 "Out of This World" |
| (A) J.Fast, | 550 "To Walk the Night" W.Sloane, |
| 615 "Lady Into Fox & A Man at the Zoo" D.Garnett, | 601 "Jurgén" J.B.Cabell, |
| R.Nathan, | 637 "Portrait of Jennie" |
| S 37 "Thinder on the Left" C.Morley. | |
| P 4 "The Birth and Death of the Sun" (non-fic) G.Gamow. | |

PENNANT BOOKS Pub-Bantam Books Inc., N.Y. S2 @ 25¢.

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| P15 "Takeoff" C.M.Kornbluth, | P44 "Adventures in Time & Space" (A) R.J.Healy/ |
| J.F.McComas, | P56 "Selections from Beyond Human Ken" (A) J.Merrill, |
| P75 "The Altered Ego" J.Sohl. | |

--- and all being well; this listing should be concluded in the next issue.



THE UNKNOWN

The story concerns a number of deaths, apparently from radioactive burns, but without any known source. Local feeling is of some monstrous being that should be killed, but as it is pointed out by the professor, there 'just is no monster to kill,' in so far as it is in no known form that can be killed by normal means.

Each time it seeks for greater supplies and it is assumed that its next object of attack will be a local nuclear power station.

CREDITS:- Royston - Dean Jagger Elliot - Edward Chapman
 McGill - Leo McKern Peter Elliot - William Lucas
 Cartwright - John Harvey Bannerman - Peter Hammond
 Hammer Films - British "X" Certificate - Producer: Anthony Hinds.
 Director - Leslie Norman Screenplay - Jimmy Sangster.

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PROJECT MOONBASE

The story of this fifty-one minute second feature is very slight and concerns the placing of the first manned Earth Satellite. A piece of political intrigue is introduced by the attempt of Communist agents to take over the project but this is foiled by the crew and the agent is made to assist in the adventure which follows. The satellite is driven off its course, and the crew find that it is drifting towards the Moon itself. By dint of using the rockets the satellite is set down in one of the craters, but in such a position that they are cut off from radar communication with the base ship which is just over the limb of the moon.

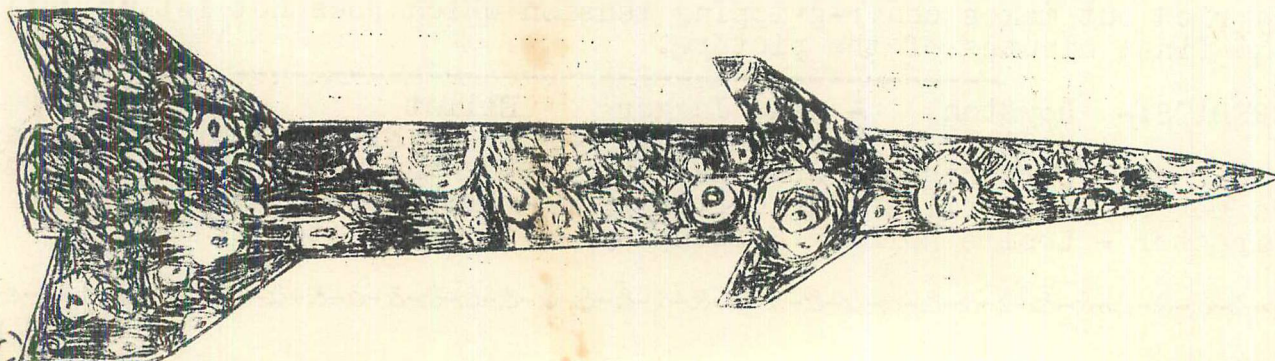
One of the crew takes the foreign agent and compels him to assist in manhandling equipment to the top of one of the moon ridges to give direct contact with the base which is then able to send urgently needed stores for the means of keeping alive in the space-ship. This is then created as the first Moon Base.

A little romance is even allowed to creep into the film as two of its members, the captain, a woman, and her lieutenant, are married by the commander of the base ship, by television.

CREDITS:-

Colonel Briteis	-	Donna Martell
General Green	-	Hayden Rorke
Moore	-	Ross Ford
Wernher	-	Larry Johns
Madame President	-	Ernestine Barrier
Chaplain	-	John Straub

Exclusive Films - American - "U" Certificate. Producer- Jack Seaman. Director - Richard Talmadge. Screenplay - Robert Heinlein.
((Bliney! - RMB))



LAST MOMENT EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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So Ron and I planned for an issue of 36 pages this time, and here I am on the 43rd!

There is one especial thing that I want to

mention. On page 32 Ron refers to a fracas arising from the publication last issue of Don Smith's THE BRADBURY ALICE which seems to have led to a series of misunderstandings. Neither Ron nor I had the slightest idea that this neat little vignette had seen previous publication -- and Don, did you know? Then Ted White jumped to the conclusion that Donald Raymond Smith was the same person as Dale R. Smith of Minneapolis, and he thought that we as Anglofens, were trying to pull a fast one on an unsuspecting American fan. Now Don is the ORIGINAL D.R. Smith, and as he said in a previous issue of NuFu, he refuses to change his fannish nomenclature of initials only, so as not to get mixed up with the later arrival -- tho' still an oldtimer in fandom - of his American namesake. Ted White has now realised all this, and has made a handsome apology, and so far as we are concerned, the hatchet is completely buried. We all love each other, and all allegations are withdrawn.

Wonder how many Smiths there are in fandom. NuFu goes to two in America, Dale R. and Ron; one in Scotland, Fred L.; one in Australia, Vincent; and of course THE D.R. Smith. Then there are writers -- every will think of Edward E. and George O.; and there are also Clark Ashton and Garrett and the hilarious Thorne. I also have an A.D. Howden Smith book called "Beyond the Sunset, and Lady Eleanor Smith's "Lovers Meeting" which slides into Dunnean time travel; also "The Machine Stops" by Wayland Smith, though I am sure that this is a pseudonym. Any more you can think of?

I really must apologise to the contributors represented in this issue, for holding their material for so long before publishing. I certainly hope that this will not occur again. At least not to the same extent. Mere readers who gripe, I am not so worried about -- after all this is stated to be an amateur magazine and is by no means my first responsibility. But it is rather thick on the very fine gentlemen who take the time and trouble to develop articles for us all to read, and then I don't go and publish them for eons and eons. Do please continue to send material -- we need it. After all, I simply MUST go on putting out NuFu until Wally Gillings gets to the present era.

Talking of oldtimers -- did other people get the thrill that I did when whilst half-watching the news on BBC television a few weeks ago, we saw the Duke of Edinburgh speaking at a meeting on interplanetary travel at the Festival Hall, and then the announcer referred to the next speaker -- and we saw Arthur C. Clarke. Who would have thought in the early days of the B.U.S. that our Ego Clarke would follow royalty as a speaker.

I should like to commend to your attention the announcement overleaf about the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Although I myself am not an over-enthusiastic Conventioneer (I like people, I enjoy meeting fans -- yet put in into a crowd of more than about twenty people and I get bored stiff; apart from the unfortunate fact that conventions always seem to be planned for times when I can't get away) I feel that TAFF is a really worthwhile venture and I also feel that all three of this year's British candidates are well-worthy of the honour. I wish all three could go. Incidentally, I was overjoyed that the American representative last year in London was one of the steady, non-flashy, oldtime fans in Bob Madle. Bob has been doing good solid work for more years than he and I care to remember, and I was so very pleased that he could call on me. We had a great time discovering when we had swapped letters, and I even found I had the complete set of his prewar fanzine.

It has also been very nice just having a page of chatter, but like all good things - it comes to an end

J. Michael Rosenblum 43

