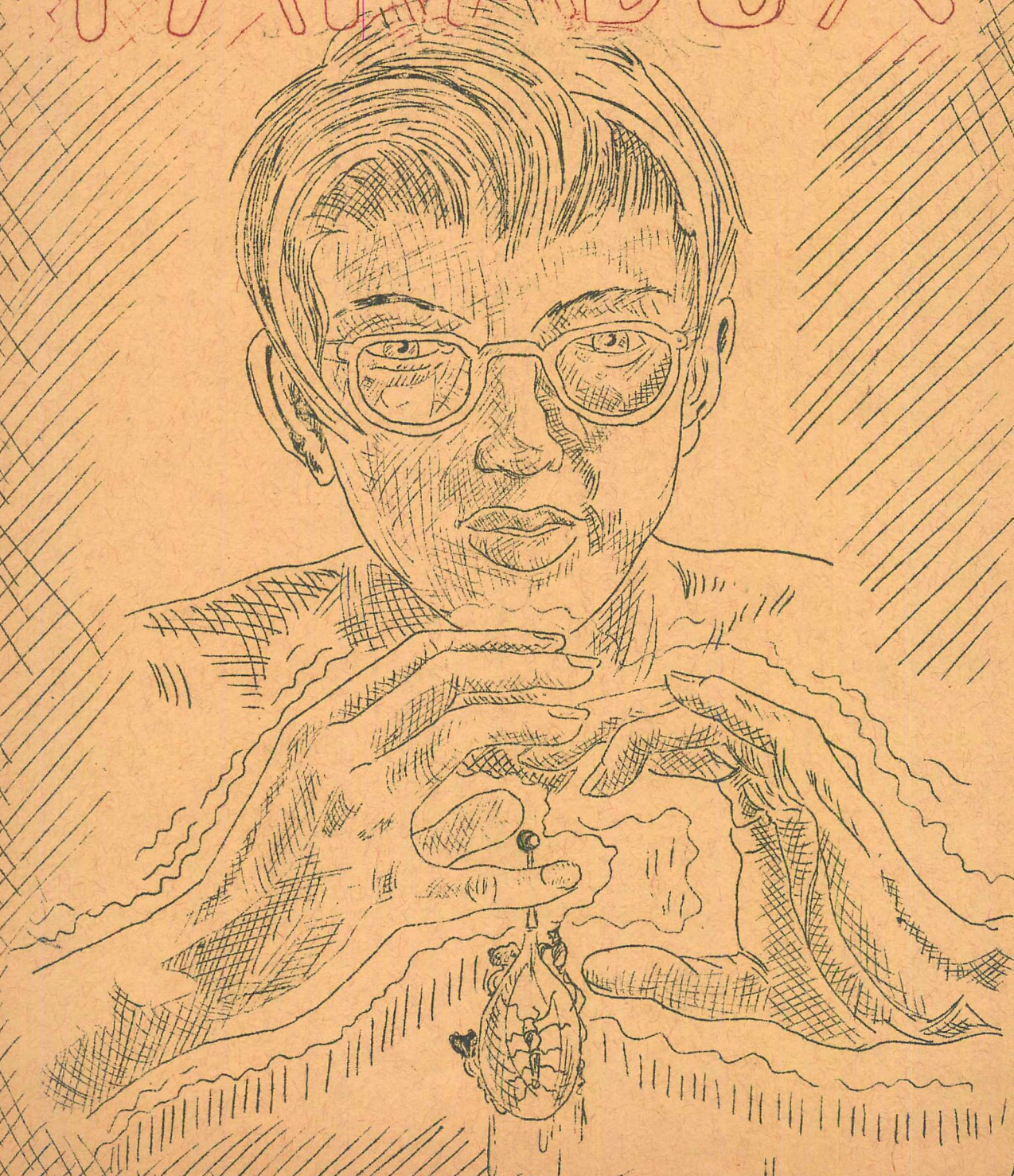


PARADOX



Wencicki '93



FROM THE ELITOR'S TYPEWRITER

he other day, I was summoned from a friend's home, to greet some friends. Who were they, I wondered. Before me stood three cheerful-looking individuals, one of whom I immediately recognized as Larry Shaw (from his photographs).

They introduced themselves as Larry Shaw, Claude-Degler, and "Suddsy" Schwartz. We went to my room and looked over what had been done on the latest Paradox, talked a little of fan affairs.

Claude looked over the first three issues of Paradox, which he had not seen, promised to send me copies of Infinite. He had only two copies with him. Larry perused the two issues of Nova, never having seen them before. Suddsy read some comic books, and was heard to chuckle from time to time.

I learned that the three were the remnants of the ill-fated Schenectady-Con. Suddsy had gone to Schenectady, and he and Larry went to New York, where they met Claude. He had missed them in Schenectady, but arrived in New York before them. From New York, where they met Campbell, Bok, Unger, and others, they trekked to Westfield.

After I had been told of this, and other items of interest, the triumvirate signed my autograph book, while I, in turn, signed theirs.

Claude then began spreading out copies of the Cosmic Circle Monthly on the bed and stapling them together. The Monthly, we learned, is about the largest job taken on by any fan organization yet, some 1500 copies to be printed.

Around nine, we had a little snack, then settled down to talking again, Suddsy continually plugging his Fapazine, "Aaagh!" by repeating its name in the most realistic tones, while Degler and myself asked questions about the nature of Fapazines (which we too expect to be turning out if the rumors are correct).

This went on till 1:30, at which time we went out to find Shaw a bus, on which he could return to Schenectady and his draft board. At 3:45, Larry got his bus, and the rest of us returned home. Suddsy and Claude slept on my bed (was it comfortable, boys?), while I slept on a couch.

Next morn, we had breakfast, talked until Suddsy and Claude had to hit the road to Boston.

All in all, I had just about the grandest time of my life. I had never met any real, live fans before, and

didn't know what to expect. Having met some at long last, I know now that they're the swellest people there are.

ITEMS OF INTEREST:

The late appearance of this issue is due to an attack of appendicitis back in March, when P was to come out. After I recovered sufficiently to work on it, Paradox was long overdue, and very little work had been done on it.

For this reason perhaps a few items in this issue are a little out-dated. Don't blame it on the author. The fault is all mine.

The back cover, this issue, appears through the courtesy of Cpl. Forrest J. Ackerman. The front cover is done by a non-fan, John Lencicki, a local boy, who has become interested in fandom thro' the medium of my fanzines. My fingers are crossed!

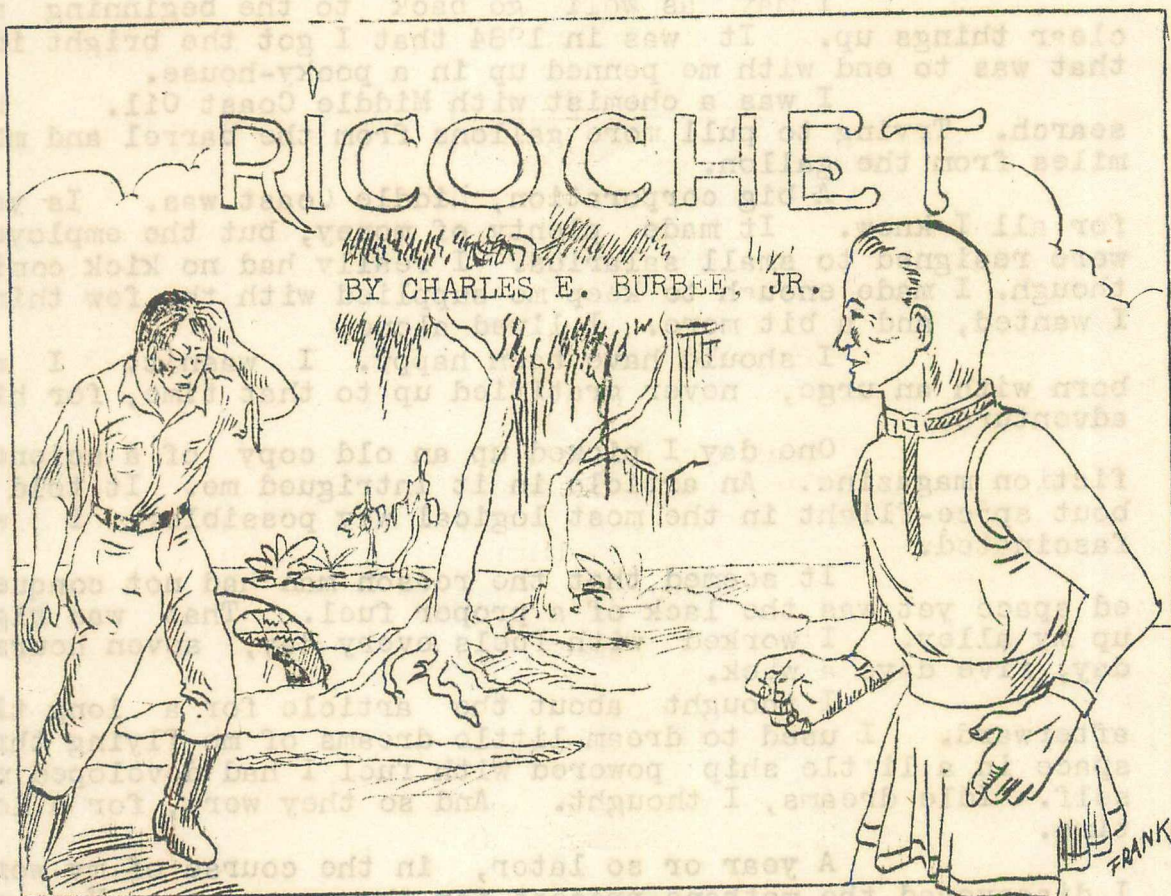
For future issues, I have material scheduled by Larry Shaw, Raym Washington, Jr., Fred Fischer, Curtis Carlyle, Franklin Lee Baldwin, and others. I still need material, though; lots of it, please.

Raym, in a letter, writes:

"....In my column I stated that Jenkins was in the merchant marine--I don't capitalize it any more, as you will see as you read on. It comes about that, when Jenkins got to St. Pete to commence training, he saw some horrible sight that made him beg disenrollment at once, and at the last report was awaiting induction into the Army. Now Jenkins has advised me, whatever I do, don't sign up with the merchant marine! Evidently Jenkins saw something about the m-m that he intensely disliked. Without questioning him further, let us all be resolved not to get in the m-m...there is no telling what horrifying thing we will see. I have faith in Jenkins, for he is my friend. Raym shall never apply for this bodacious branch of service. Verily, if der krieg is still in progress when I turn eighteen, I shall offer my fanself to the Coast Guard..when I feel the Army's hot breath on my neck... "

If everything goes as it should, the next issue of Paradox should be out late in September. Don't forget to send along your comments on this issue. This issue's letter column is a little longer than usual, and, if I get enough letters, next one may find a still longer section.

At this writing, I am still waiting for Lencicki to finish the cover design. As yet, I don't know what it'll look like, but I believe it will be in two colors: red and black. Let me know, please, what you think of it, and of the rest of the issue.



I am writing this in in an insane asylum , as strange an asylum as ever a human found himself in.

They've locked me up here because they don't believe the story I tell them. Used to tell them, rather. I was hopping mad about it at first, which was the wrong slant to take. I see now that the proper thing to do is put the soft pedal on my story. Nobody believes it anyway. If I shut up about the story, which put me here in the first place, they'll let me out in another few months. I understand that's the procedure here.

Ironical, though, that I must remain silent about my great adventure, the greatest adventure a man's ever had. My sensible silence will have its reward, for when I leave this place a whole new world of adventure will be open to me.

Of course it goes without saying that I am perfectly sane. The looney bins are packed with sane people, same as prisons are packed with starry-eyed innocents. This is the real thing--I am sane. Before I could convince anybody of my sanity I'd really be off the beam. I have been legally declared insane. When they let me out of here it'll be because I'm legally cured.

I'm not complaining about the treatment. The food is good, though not the food I'd been accustomed to. They treat me kindly. I'm a sort of guest of honor because I'm considered a madman with a new angle. The newest angle yet.

I may as well go back to the beginning and clear things up. It was in 1984 that I got the bright idea that was to end with me penned up in a pooky-house.

I was a chemist with Middle Coast Oil. Research. Trying to pull more gallons from the barrel and more miles from the gallon.

A big corporation, Middle Coast was. Is yet, for all I know. It made plenty of money, but the employees were resigned to small salaries. I really had no kick coming though. I made enough to keep me supplied with the few things I wanted, and a bit more. I lived alone.

I should have been happy. I wasn't. I was born with an urge, never gratified up to that time, for high adventure.

One day I picked up an old copy of a science-fiction magazine. An article in it intrigued me. It told about space-flight in the most logical way possible. I was fascinated.

It seemed that the reason man had not conquered space yet was the lack of a proper fuel. That was right up my alley. I worked with fuels every day, seven hours a day, five days a week.

I thought about the article for a long time afterward. I used to dream little dreams of me flying thro' space in a little ship powered with fuel I had developed myself. Idle dreams, I thought. And so they were, for a long time.

A year or so later, in the course of my work, I discovered the methano-process for the company. You may remember it as being the big thing of the industry that year. The company made millions out of it. I got a \$15 raise which was supposed to make me turn handsprings.

One of the minor by-products of the new process was a highly volatile gas which burned with a terrific sustained energy. It was going to waste because it was produced in such small quantities as to be useless commercially.

I tinkered with the stuff. I found that when it was combined with liquid oxygen in certain proportions the energy released was tremendous. Stupendous power from a small amount. Sufficient, I thought idly, to power a rocket spaceship. Then my eyes widened as the stupendous idea struck me. Here was the fuel for space-flight! Now it was possible to fly, say, to the Moon! I almost shouted aloud in my excitement.

But I kept the thing to myself. If there was any glory in being the first man to fly to the Moon, I was going to be that man. The glimmerings of the great idea smoldered in my brain.

I went home that night and did a lot of paperwork. It worked out fine. Space-flight was possible. A man using Jonesite (I'd named the stuff after my own un-illustrious self) could fly in a ship to the Moon--and, more important, back.

I kept the idea to myself. I wasn't ready for ribbing or foolish questions. Not now. They'd only hamper me in the carrying out of my plans. Plenty of time for publicity later.

I figured it out. A small ship, insulated with fremilin, the stuff they line refrigerators with, a kiloliter of Jonesite and about half as much liquid oxygen, rocket jets spaced at the proper places for acceleration, deceleration and steering--oh, the whole thing was almost too simple.

I got parts made for me by a company in town. They didn't ask prying questions. I think they believed I was building a new type of submarine. I said nothing to make them think differently.

It cost me a pretty sum, but I didn't mind. I'd hitched my wagon to the Moon.

I had money in the bank I'd been saving for something--I didn't know just what--and I decided that this must have been what I had in mind, so out of the bank it came. My salary, most of it, went for the ship, too. The \$15 raise helped a lot.

Getting the Jonesite was easy. I told them to bottle it for me--I had an idea I might do something with it. And what an idea! But I didn't tell them that. In a short time they'd canned enough to carry me clear around the Moon with a goodly margin of safety--so my figures told me.

The oxygen, though, was crackle-paper from the pocket.

Now that my work was finished, I was ready for publicity. I called up the papers. They weren't very enthusiastic, but sent reporters around who arrived equipped with pencil and tongue-in-cheek.

They asked a lot of questions. I answered them all, including some I asked myself when they missed the cues.

I told how the stubby wings were to aid in landing on the return trip, and the windows were so tiny because of the need for strength and economy. I showed them the system of mirrors that gave a full picture of the surroundings to a man sitting in the center of the ship.

They grinned foolishly almost the whole time. They snapped a few pictures and went away.

I was annoyed but not very surprised when I saw the write-up I got in one of the papers. The others ignored me. Cleverly written, the article invited the public to indulge in the age-old pastime of laughing at the village idiot who pranced around the countryside riding a broom, only in this case he was riding a space-ship to the Moon.

A few curiosity-seekers came around, and I showed them the ship politely, hoping that one of them might have a little faith in me. None of them did. Silly grins was all I could rouse in them, though most of them had the courtesy to hide them till they thought I couldn't see.

I took a terrible ribbing at work. The Big Bosses didn't say anything to me. I was still the fair-haired boy because of the methane-process. I could coast along for quite a time on the strength of that. But my fellow employees weren't silent. They even drew up a round-robin requesting me to bring them back a piece of green cheese to prove I'd been to the Moon.

Oh, it was all humorous enough, I must admit, but I wanted more than wise remarks and silly grins. I'd put a lot of time and a lot of money into something in which I had faith. One kind word would have meant so much to me then. But not one half-way tolerant word did I receive. Not one.

I was glad I'd kept my secret so long. I might have been discouraged before the end of my labors. Scorn is a terrible weapon.

The papers paid little attention to me, and the few callers grew fewer.

I announced my take-off day. The Moon was nearly full and I wanted a visible target to shoot at, my astro-physics being what they were.

I got permission from a nearby run-down airport to use their field as the scene of my departure, which I hoped would be historic instead of hysteric. They gave me permission, to the accompaniment of silly grins, largely, I suppose, because they didn't believe I'd ever leave the ground.

They didn't bother me to take out a flying license for similar reasons.

One of the newsreel companies was on the spot, with a couple of cameras and some bored cameramen. They'd only showed up because of the blood that might be shed. Would make a good feature for the evening news tele-casts.

A little crowd of some fifty or sixty had desultorily gathered. I was disappointed. After all, it was Saturday, and nobody had to work, so why weren't there more people out there to watch me?

I'd trundled the ship in on a rented truck that morning and she was ready.

I went ahead with the christening, while only one of the cameras ground--to save film.

I christened the ship Chrisinda, a composite of the names of two girls I had known. I broke a bottle of beer on her molybdenum-steel hide. Couldn't reach her nose because it was pointed skywards and out of reach. And, by the way, I'd had quite a time getting that beer in a bottle, what with everything in cans.

Frugal, I was, a trait I'd learned through necessity the past year while laying out so much for Chrisinda; I broke off the neck of the bottle and drank what didn't spill.

This made the customers laugh. There were a lot of silly grins there that morning.

I made a little speech. I said things about the Moon and how men had wondered what it was like since there were men on the earth. They looked at the Moon, which was riding low in the morning sky, and back to me, and there were more silly grins.

I said the next time they saw me I'd be brushing the star-dust out of my hair. They laughed a good deal at that. After all, they'd come out to laugh at me and I was making good.

I cautioned everyone to stand clear. Not that they needed cautioning. They stood clear. Way clear. Afraid Chrisinda would blow up.

I crawled inside. A hush fell on that little handful of people. No silly grins now. Some of them might even have been afraid for me. Well, I'll never know.

I screwed the door shut. I took my last look at the crowd and the newsreel men. Both cameras were going now.

I primed her up and flicked the spark.

If the crowd yelled, I didn't hear. The pounding, deafening roar of the rockets was taking my ears to capacity. The sudden drag at my body left me gasping for air.

In my mirrors I could see the ground scuttling away from under me. I could only guess at the speed. I didn't have a speedometer for reasons of economy. Besides, I saw no reason for one.

I was supremely confident. Shooting at the Moon was a zinc-plated cinch. Like throwing an egg at an elephant. I touched the side-rocket buttons and aimed a good deal ahead of the Moon like I was gunning for ducks. Chrisinda answered willingly, and I settled down to waiting.

After awhile I munched on a sandwich from the small supply of food I'd brought. From time to time I'd correct my course and look at the earth. It was speeding away like it'd been scared by a comet. It was taking on the shape of a huge ball, with the edges shrouded in mist.

I felt a curious sense of relief, as though I'd left nothing behind me that I valued.

I wasn't particularly excited. Things were working out according to schedule and that isn't exciting.

After some hours, I dozed off. The first rocket to the Moon was well on its way.

I slept a good part of the time. There wasn't much else to do. The Moon passed in front of me a couple of times, tracking her orbit. The ship stuck valiantly to her course and needed little attention. The insulation was functioning well. The Ronson air purifier was in good order. I had a good ship.

With the Moon showing up at the half-way mark, I cut the rockets and coasted, cutting in the front jets later on. Hit-or-miss piloting, but it did the trick.

I dozed some more to pass the long hours away.

I skimmed over the Moon about four thousand feet up and traveling about five miles a second. Bright, blinding areas; deep, sharply etched black sectors, giant craters, jagged mountains--that's all there is to the Moon. A hermit would be lonely there.

My cameras ran off several rolls and then it was time to turn back.

I didn't want to go back right away. Somehow, I felt no desire to return to Earth. Besides, it would be nice, I thought, to land. To set foot on the Moon. To be the first man ever to do so.

I cursed myself for not having brought along

an insulated suit so I could venture out on the surface of the Moon. Economy again. Anyhow, I hadn't figured on landing. I'd only meant to fly around, non-stop. Chrisinda's wings were useless for landing on an airless satellite.

There was nothing I could do about it. I wanted so badly to pick up a boulder or get a canful of dirt--anything--to take back to skeptical Earth and wipe those silly grins away.

I cut lower, looking at that bleak terrain spinning by under me. I cut too low. A jagged mountain peak disputed my right of way and won. A quick, jarring crash, and the ship leaped off like a kid sprinting out of school at the sound of the bell, and driving acceleration slapped me down and out.

I came to, I don't know how much later. Days, maybe. The ship was still tearing ahead all out. I tried to cut her off. Couldn't do it. Tried steering jets. No response.

I couldn't see the Moon anywhere, but off to the left the Earth, no bigger than a tennis ball, was getting farther away by the second.

I took stock of the situation. I had several bruises from the shock of sudden acceleration, but no broken bones. Chrisinda hadn't been damaged. She didn't leak--if she had, I'd never have awakened. It was evident nothing had been disturbed except the controls. I swore that the next time I built a space-ship--and I got a grim smile at myself for saying "next" time I'd put in a set of duplicate controls and wouldn't run all the cables and rods down a central shaft. This way, if one control was out of commission, they were all out of order. There I was. Chrisinda out of control--taking her head like a runaway horse. I was headed for some lonely vigil into blackness, reduced to the status of a comet; and when the fuel gave out I wouldn't even have a fiery tail to distinguish me. Hurtling headlong into oblivion and eternal night.

Days passed. My food ran out. I hadn't prepared for a long trip. My water supply lasted longer, but it ran out, too.

More days. I was assailed by a biting hunger and a maddening thirst. My lips blackened, cracked and bled.

Suddenly, one day, the rod broke free, as tho' an obstruction, finally dislodged, had fallen away.

Immediately I punched the off-button. It worked. The pounding roar coughed out and sudden silence blared in my ears. I have never known such silence. I felt a sudden surge of loneliness. There had been a reassuring tone in the rhythm of the rockets, even though the sound had marked the expenditure of the energy that had been sending me headlong into oblivion.

I strained my bleary eyes through the murk for the something I'd seen some hours before and had scarcely noticed at the time. A planet, it seemed. Venus, it later turned out to be.

I have no clear memory of shooting for Venus.

(Turn to page 12)

General Manpower

BY PHIL BRANSON

General Manpower, by John S. Martin. Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York, 1938. 307 pp.

The story of General Manpower revolves around one, J. Orestes Jones, a man who, as a youth was puny and weak until he worked out his body building technique, became a vaudeville strong-man and later made a fortune from his "Man or Mouse physical culture courses."

Jones, as a man of forty has built up one of the largest corporations in the world: General Manpower, Inc. The men of GM are veritable supermen, trained to do any type of work, from strike-breaking to logging, and are also the world's best trained soldiers; Spartans of the first order. GM hires men out at reasonably low wages to various powers as skilled mercenaries and as laborers to business concerns, and the corporation thrives and expands by virtue of excellent management and scientific prowess. GM has erected a city at Ventura, California, for its men and for experimental work, but public scandal brought about by incorrect information on GM's "test-tube babies" forces the corporation to move.

A contingent of GM "Volunteers" hired by a Mexican revolutionist, Francisco Gomez, successfully establishes him as the boss of Mexico, and under pressure from Jones (and having seen what a mere 1,000 of GM's thousands can do to a Mexican army) the Mexican leader agrees to allow GM to take over the narrow peninsula which comprises Lower California. (What Gomez--inwardly fuming at his own impotency--does not know, is that GM troops have discovered gold there, and accordingly the corporation's coffers swell to the bulging point.) Lower California is set up as the "State of Man", and Valhalla, "City of Warriors", is erected as its capital.

The State of Man now possesses a flag of its own: a red superman-figure on a white background. A formidable navy is developed along with a small but powerful air fleet, and heavy coastal defenses are installed. Thousands of Americans, attracted by the glowing prospects offered by GM flock to join up with the corporation, and the manpower increases so fast that GM is forced to continue building new housing sections, etc., in order to accommodate the ever increasing number of recruits. Thus the State of Man grows and flourishes.

International intrigue, diplomatic parleying, and accessories soon enter into the picture. Visiting officials from foreign powers are in evidence everywhere, and the orders for mercenaries continue to flow in.

GM becomes involved in a war--a big one, a mutiny crops up, much blood is descriptively shed, and But I refuse to tell any more of the plot; what has gone be-

fore is a mere sketchy background of the book, and if possible you should locate a copy and read it. The book is highly enjoyable, and is something that might easily have happened, or might yet happen, even though the ideas are quite in keeping with science-fiction tradition. The novel was written prior to the present world fracas, and the author chooses to ignore the facts pointing to an imminent battle between the totalitarian powers and the democratic nations or else envisions a different state of affairs. However, the book is not intended to be prophetic. I recommend the novel highly, to any and all.

(continued from page 10)

I do remember punching in the front jets, and a long time afterward cutting into the upper reaches of the atmosphere at a blistering pace that had the ship hot in one second flat. I shot along, broiling in my oven-like ship, cutting speed for perhaps hours and hours.

I remember, as though in a dream, at last glimpsing and steering for a great city as I burst below an impenetrable layer of clouds. I remember, too, the blundering sloppy landing that struck sparks from my joints, and how I staggered dazedly from the remains of the ship muttering something about it's a good landing if you can walk away from it. And then blackness.

I remember flashes of faces as tho' I dreamed yet, and though I knew I was on an alien planet, the faces seemed human. I saw gleaming walls and spotlessly garbed figures that moved to and fro, speaking softly, tending me and others.

And while I lay under the soothing, healing influence of their medical rays, impulses kept beating into my brain, beating, beating. At first they were unintelligible, and then, after a long time, they seemed to be speaking to me. When I had recovered from the effects of my late adventure I found that I knew the Venusian tongue. Or rather, the language of the nation in which I found myself. The impulses had been teaching me. My rescuers had heard me mumbling English, and realizing I was a foreigner, had set up a standard teaching machine beside me, and it had wrought the miracle.

They mistook me for a Venusian from some far country, and spoke to me thus.

My heart swelling with pride and glory and nameless exultation, I told them of my interplanetary flight. They were interested. They brought others to hear my fantastic tale. These questioned me endlessly. At last they seemed to come to some decision and moved me to another place.

This place. They didn't believe me! I was merely a Venusian who had gone mad after some fool flying experiment had failed.

This is a Venusian insane asylum. Can you believe me when I say it is as strange an asylum as ever a human found himself in?

THE END

Raymond BLINGS

By Raymond Washington, Jr.

Our method of composing a column is somewhat unorthodox, to say the least. Having assembled writing materials at some time between ten and eleven P. M., Eastern War Time, we decide that now is as good a time as any to begin. We realize that if we begin writing, and write steadily for a long time, we will eventually run out of paper, and, therefore, will have a good excuse for terminating our drive.

To return to our method, it is somewhat eccentric. Upon deciding to write our column, we put on our dirty blue houserobe, sit down to dip our pen in bodacious blue ink (the adjective there is poor but the alliteration is boo'ful) and begin to write, after having gathered around us the following material: four fanzines, two "news-sheets", a sadly depleted box of Ritz crackers, a volume of short stories by Poe, the current lyric magazine "Song Hits", ((we think--we couldn't quite decipher these two forms)) a letter from John M. Cunningham, two one-cent stamps, and--uh--another volume of Poe's poetry. Who but a true genius could produce pages of readable literature out of such a heterogenous collection of paraphernalia?

This column is being perpetrated in pen, this Slan having been typewriterless for a matter of months, thereby shoving the fourth Scientifun still farther into the misty future. We feel like Poe, laboring far into the night--setting down for posterity the wonderful imaginative thoughts that flash through our nimble* mind.

It is a generally recognized fact that Poe's weird stories are among the very best in the fantasy field. What is more, not only we devotees of the fantastic realize this, for the Outside World also acknowledges it.

Edgar Allen Poe's "Silence--A Fable" is, without doubt, the most perfect short story we have ever read. We hope that you have not read this wonderful tale before, for if you haven't, we can promise you a rare treat indeed. The descriptive powers revealed in this imaginative prose, the perfectly-created atmosphere, the weird beauty of it leaves us profoundly affected and we are honestly pouring forth our sentiments, not merely being trite.

We have composed a doggerel entitled The Fans which is such an obvious steal from Poe's "The Bells" (being written in the same meter, with four stanzas) that almost any fan could detect it; it is to be read in a humorous fashion, especially the jingle about the Fortean, but there is at least one place where we grow serious. If any of you fan editors are willing to sacrifice perhaps two pages of your fanzine to this verse, PLUS the job of counting every stroke and figuring the spacing according to our instruction, the doggerel will be sent to you for publication.

* "You.....have a nimble mind."

--from a personal letter by John Hawkins.

To branch off at a fearful tangent, Poe also had a marvellous sense of humor, although it is to be fully appreciated mostly by the intelligentsia. Read "Literary Life of Thingham Bob, Esq.," "How to Write a Blackwood Article", and "A Predicament" (these last two should be read consecutively, and in the order mentioned) for exquisite satire. The pleasure you will derive from these writings will undoubtedly pay you for the time and effort it costs you to look them up.

-***-

The following lyric will be made up as the writer progresses, with no revision whatever. The music is the chorus of the popular "This is the Army, Mister Jones", and the words will have something to do with fandom. This is what a seasoned, weatherworn fan is saying to the bright-eyed newcomer who is determined to (1) publish his own new fanmag, "Science Fiction Forever," (2) write to every fan, and (3) to start his own international fan-club:

This!--This is Fankind, Mister Jones,
 You'll pound your fingers to the bones;
 You may be human, by every test,
 But you'll soon be enslaved with the rest.
 Now you are in it, Mister Green,
 Please try to keep your record clean
 Now Lowndes and Michel may write "Pastel",
 But if you try it too, you'll catch hell!
 Do what the NFFF-ers hint!
 They'll either ostracize you, or they'll take
 your every cent!
 Remember, my friend, you are a fan!
 All things you now should understand!
 When crowds stare at you in monstrous size,
 Keep that old Cosmic Look in your eyes!

-***-

Since writing that last we have, O Joy, had our typewriter repaired by a travelling repair-man from a nearby town. The gent, in parting, swindled us out of \$1.50 for two "good" black ribbons which he originally offered us at \$1.00 per shot, but we jewed him down, as the popular saying goes. Before he came, we had sufficient funds for Scientifun, but no typewriter. His services quickly depleted (though not quite to rock bottom) the little sum we had salted away in the bank. We now have a typewriter, but no \$cientifunds.

Idle Thoughts While Seated At The Tripewriter
 Watching A Girl In A Green Dress Sway-Hipping Along: at this writing, the fair-haired boy of fandom, Harry Jenkins, Jr. has joined Joe Gilbert in the Merchant Marine, while Warner lives in mortal dread of being drafted into our invincible Wehrmacht. By the time this column appears, Warner's hash will undoubtedly be settled.

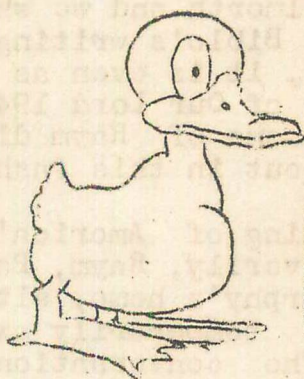
Idle Thoughts While Watching Two Girls, One In A Yellow Dress And One In A Blue Dress Going Into A House Across The Street: We refer you, gentle reader, to the 9th issue of Shangri L'Affaires (February, 1943). Bronson has done a commendable job in improving this sheet. Now if only he wouldn't blush so--but, regarding the specific issue, we re-

for you to "Some Late Newsnotes by Alejo." The satire on the Book we find utterly refreshing, very amusing--we like this sort of stuff--but pray, was it not Gus Willmorth and we who originally perpetrated the idea of using the Bible's writing-style as a form of amusement for fandom? Yes, it is even as I have spoken. Now so it happened in the year of Our Lord 1940 or thereabouts, a personage going by the name of Raym did compose a most marvellous poem, that came about in this fashion:

Time was, before the beginning of America's entry into Armageddon, a Sunday night when, verily, Raym, Pat Murphy and David Miller were gathered at Murphy's home, sitting around and doodling, having long since temporarily exhausted all scientific subjects. The conversation, which had never sunk to a level of dullness, centered around the idea of a poem. Raym, then being of naive happiness, snatched pencil and paper and began to compose. Then, after much labour, there was produced the first verse of that epic of space, Solaroids. The first verse, as I tell thee, had been produced: all but the last line, which friend Miller supplied.

Later, Raym, being then of industrious nature, completed the poem, and a short time later became appalled to learn that the being known as David Miller was claiming credit for the poem among the fans. Verily, the true author flew into such a rage that the very earth trembled, and the heavens were rent asunder, and the pitiful blasphemer of the eccentric genius, the grandson of ten thousand plagiarists hid his head low under his covers as a mighty voice from the sky bellowed fiercely, between flashes of jagged lightning, "Say, now, thou David! Thou hast in truth committed the Unpardonable Sin! Did thou not knowest that thy insignificant contribution was one mere line, and that after thou contributed that, three or four more verses were added? This being so, and thou now knowing to the full the extent of thy truly disgusting deed, what hast thou to say for thyself?" Then the sky was convulsed in such an awful rain of fire that David said to himself, "Surely my end is come, and I have no right to expect the smallest iota of mercy." But Miller miscalculated, for the mercy and generosity of Raym can be conceived by no living creature, and Raym was ready to forgive once more when the whining, crawling Miller slithered blindly into his presence to chew the carpet, lick the floor and croak brokenly for another chance.

Now that the deluge of fanzines has become a trickle, we pick up the last few fanzines we've received. First, we were pleasantly surprised with the January, 1943 (Ann-ish) Le Zombie. Tucker's made a change for the better in changing mimeographing companies. The new one does a much better job. It is, in fact, the best single issue of LeZ we've ever seen, and absolutely the best bargain in the fanzine realm for a nickel. You must excuse our descending to the depths of discussing vulgar finance. Perhaps some naive new fan will see this and send Tucker a nickel for a copy at Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois....the chain-letter idea is



PARA-DUCKS

From Phil Bronson, 1710 Arizona Avenue, Santa Monica, Calif.

The best thing about the latest PARADOX is the neat format. The good mimeography, the nice layouts, and little illustrations are all definite assets. As you stated in the editorial, none of the material is top-flight; and some of it, unfortunately, is below average.

Doubtless by the 4th issue you will have attained a happy medium.

John Gergen's front cover drawing was, in the immortal words of S. Davenport Russell "feeble". It's next to impossible to detect the lines of a futuristic city in the background, and said lines are all out of kilter anyway. The perspective is horrible. I rather liked the back cover, tho. The amusing chap in the zoot suit keeps preying on my mind for some obscure reason.

The Schmarje-Handler story was pretty pathetic. So Winston was going to commit the perfect murder, eh? So he cuts the cable with a cable-cutter! Then he gets Reardon to go out on a pier marked DANGER for some illogical reason. It would have been too simple to just push the guy into the water, I suppose, and then, of course, there wouldn't have been any story in the first place! What this little tale had to do with fantasy is beyond my feeble comprehension.

"Raymblings" would be more interesting if Ray would devote more space to his own words, not pages of stuff reprinted from a FAPA magazine. And, incidentally, if it takes him months to force himself to read a story that stinks why doesn't he exert a bit of will power and convince himself that it isn't going to do him any good to read such a story if he isn't enjoying it.

"Para-Ducks" is a nice readers' section. Would like to see it a bit longer--I always enjoy reading letters in fanzines.

From John L. Gergen, 221 Melbourne Ave. SE, Minneapolis, Minn

Paradox arrived quite some time ago, and the duplication and everything again pleased me quite a lot. The "Ed's Typer" department is quite well-written. I'm just beginning to realize that this editorial banter is really an important part of a fanzine. I hope you'll be able to keep on with this, as I think you will, for all the issues to come. Instead of always doing the covers in "bright, red ink", why not try two color stuff? Use some kind of red background, and do the main theme in black?

Bronson's article I'd already read before and it wasn't bad at all. For just thumb-Runnings over, I think the descriptions could have been improved not by having the characters themselves merely written about, but their actions demonstrated somehow. This would be harder to do, of course, but would be more interesting, I think.

Your cartoon on page 8 was quite humorous. Several MFS members swore it was the best fan cartoon they'd ever seen when they looked over my copy, and I'm inclined to agree with them. I wouldn't generally approve of cartoons, tho, unless stuck somewhere in your editor's page, or in some column of sorts.

.....I suppose it (("What a Fan-Club Can Accomplish")) was mostly a plug for the MFS pubs, but I hope fans won't judge me too harshly that way. I didn't mention anything at all about our recording activities, writing for other fanzines, contacting other fans, and helping with the other fan-national stuff. There was a lot of stuff I didn't mention, in fact, and which I should have.

Frankly, I wouldn't print stuff like "Coincidence" if I were you. After all, it's just ordinary fiction; there's nothing at all outstanding about it in any way.

Washington's column was a trifle boring. I think it's a poor policy for a columnist to take up almost all the room in his installment to quote something someone else said. I don't particularly agree with anything MacQueen says, for all that matter. Fans talk too much about themselves, and have almost got themselves believing that they're super-people. (Hey, Liebscher--look at Tucker!) I'd say fans aren't any too much more hyper than other people, as a whole. We have our dunderheads, such as me, and those fellows who have the ability to think and express themselves as they ought, such as Speer, Warner, and Milt Rothman.

And I think your letter section was quite all right. Perhaps it's not a wise policy to include those very short comments, such as that of Ackerman, but that was interesting enough, since it was well told. If you could get a lot of constructive criticism (like that which Cunningham, said--he didn't elaborate, but he had the idea), I think you'd have a much more interesting commentary.

You may be sure we're all waiting for the #4 issue: If you clean up some of the flippety stuff, and get more down-to-earth material, I'm pretty sure you'd have something.

From Francis T. Laney , 720 Tenth St., Clarkston, Wash.

For a "time travel" magazine, "Paradox" (nice title, that) is well off the beam. You have the makings of a good general fanzine here; but, how about your "time travel idea"? I realize the difficulty of getting specialized material, but it is not impossible by any means.

Now to "Paradox" itself. I'm glad to see one fan editor who has enough guts not to be sucked into this lithography angle--it's getting so a fanzine is expected to have lithographed covers as a matter of course, and damn few fan pics are even worth mimcoing, let alone lithographing. Cover 5 (average). I really don't get this at all--it looks like a roll of darning cotton, or else an amoeba with an extra large nucleus. ((and here I've been thinking it was a time-machine!)) Well reproduced, however, and no worse than most fan pics. Editorial 7 (You cost yourself exactly one point when you switched from "we" to "I" in the last paragraph on page 3). Personally, I think fan-eds should use "I" rather than the more conventional "we", anyway. Bronson 6---well written, but after all, just a filler. Cartoon on page 7--o, I think this stinks! Cartoon on page 8, well, I don't like fan cartoons but I got a kick out of this one so I'll give it an 8. Gergen 7, a good ballyhoo of the MFS and good inspirational stuff for other clubs to look over and do something about. Co-incidence. Two ratings on this one: as a story, 7.5 (much better than average amateur writing). As material for a time travel or even a stf. fanzine, 0.00 (it just isn't in your groove). This isn't a bad little murder sketch or short-short a-la Colliers at all, but it isn't exactly fantasy, weird, or science-fiction--is it? Washington's column rates an 8.5, but mainly on the strength of the long quotation from Eastman. After having read "The Ark of Fire", I fail to see what there was about it that made anybody so excited. I thought this one of the poorest items ever to hit FFM--just a straight adventure story. Letter column--sorry, I never rate these. Back cover. I don't get it--4.5. ((Back cover was supposed to represent Old Scratch in a zoot-suit.))

Taken generally, "Paradox" is well above average, well reproduced, and much less typographical errors than most fanzines. I agree with Gergen that there is too much white space, and I detest fan cartoons as a rule--but you've still got a good 'zine, and I hope you keep at it.

From Larry Shaw, 1301 State st., Schenectady, New York

A very nice issue, altho I think the material was not quite as good as that of the second one. Gergen's cover was just fair. The editorial, however, was right in there pitching and came out one of the top things in the entire ish. "Have You Met These Fans?" is a nice type of article. Phil writes interestingly, too. His casual reference to Tucker as the #1 Fan bothers me, tho. How come, please? Just becasc Forry's in the army is no reason why he should

not still hold the top rung. And even tho I made a crack in my last column for "Scientifun" (I don't think it's seen print yet) about it being nearly time for another fan poll, I now believe that such polls should be set aside for the duration, as being unfair to all. After all, can a fan help it if his activity is curtailed by warmageddon? Anyway, this was the kind of article you should have more of.

All I can say about the bottom of page 7 is that you might better have left it blank. The cartoon on 8 isn't bad; but I still think you'd do better not to have ads. Gergen's article left me with the question in my mind: "What can a fan club accomplish?" All he talked about was the accomplishments of the various members acting separately. Not bad, tho.

"Coincidence"--I have nothing against the publishing of non-fantasy material in a fanzine, if it's good. This wasn't good. "Raymblings" has possibilities, but the first edition of it is more Eastman's than Washington's. Hey Raym, how about some more originality, eh? You can do it!

Gergen is slightly screwy. (Oh, yes, I'm talking about Para-ducks, which is super, now.) His idea of art in the format of a fanzine is swell, but so is yours. Also, yours is much easier to handle successfully. And I think you have been more successful in your type than he has in his. I like your type of heads (especially the ones in #2), and I think they're quite appropriate in a fanzine. The bacover was a fine example of the Speer definition of fantasy art: complete incongruity. And nicely done, chum.

(RAYMBLINGS--Cont. from page 15)
swell, as is Hart's poem, which I would like to see illustrated by some enterprising fan artist--Kline ((?)) perhaps.

The fifth ann-ish of VoM we love, and we know U do. That robot lady on the cover has a strange sort of appeal.

Henry Ackermann's Imagi-Music is certainly a welcome addition to diminishing fan publishing...this is a magazine of real merit. Ackermann deserves high praise. But we do wonder why Ackermann isn't in the shadow of the military scythe.

Meanwhile, all bow to Gergen for continuing to put out the MFS Bulletin.

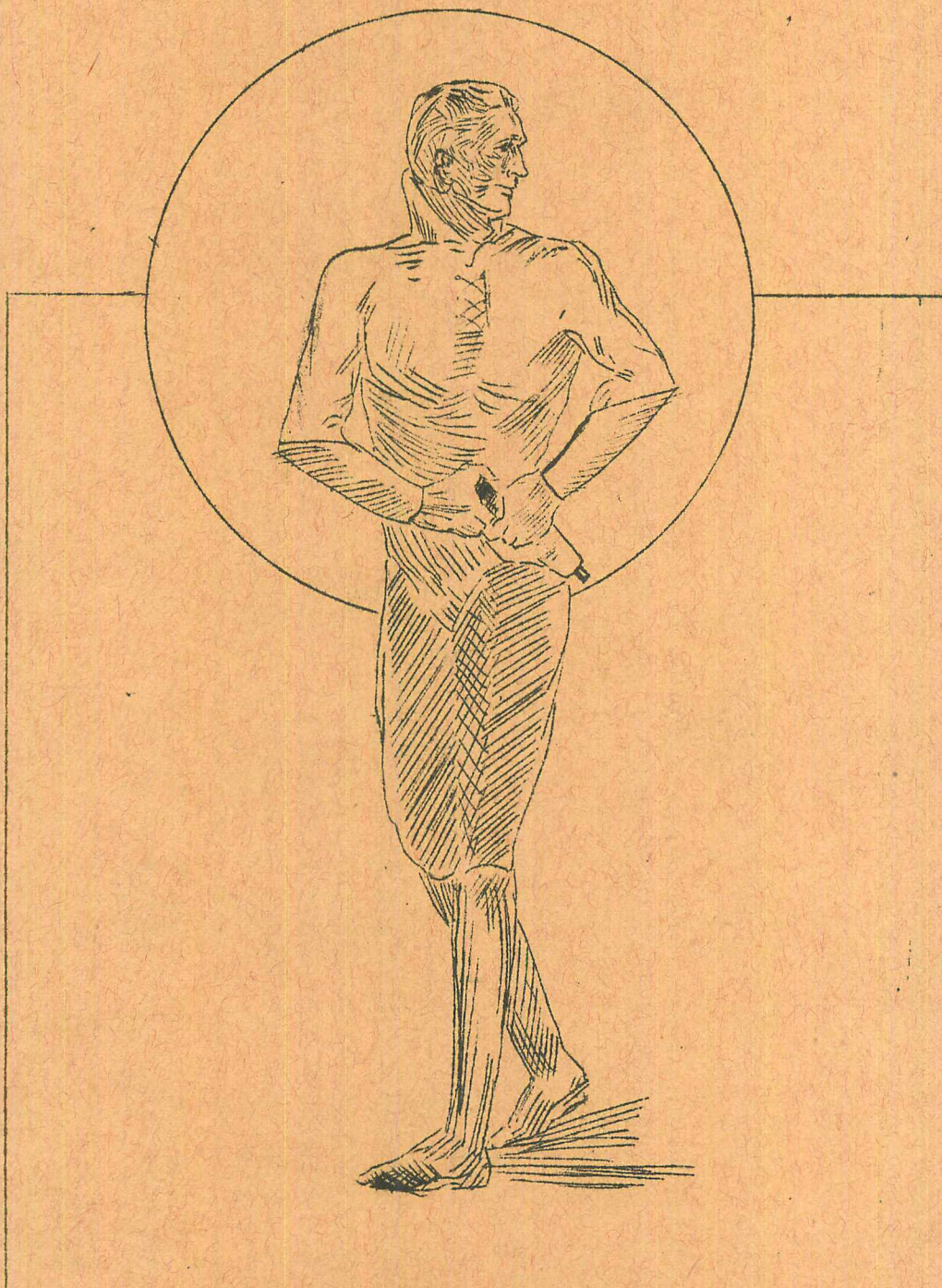
The reading public of fans have now all read a magnificent saga. We will not bore you by repeating the name of this classic. Those who are anybody will not ask. Now that you have read this epic story, you love it too. Sometime in 1980 we will let you fan-folk into our own secret Ark. Bring your collection and extra wenches....some of the fans are shy. We shall all have a jolly old time!

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If the word "expired" appears at the left, we suggest that you send along another 25¢.

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John Moolley 36