

REMEMBRANCE  
OF  
THINGS PAST

Futuria Fantasia first appeared in the summer of 1939 as a standard size (8 1/2 x 11) mimeographed magazine 12 pages, edited by Ray D. Bradbury. The second and third issues contained 20 pages. All had covers by Hans. A selection from the pages of Futuria Fantasia.

An occasional delving into the writings  
surviving from the elder fandom

A Weltschmerz Publication

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Bill Evans

Box 88

August 1958

USA

FAPA

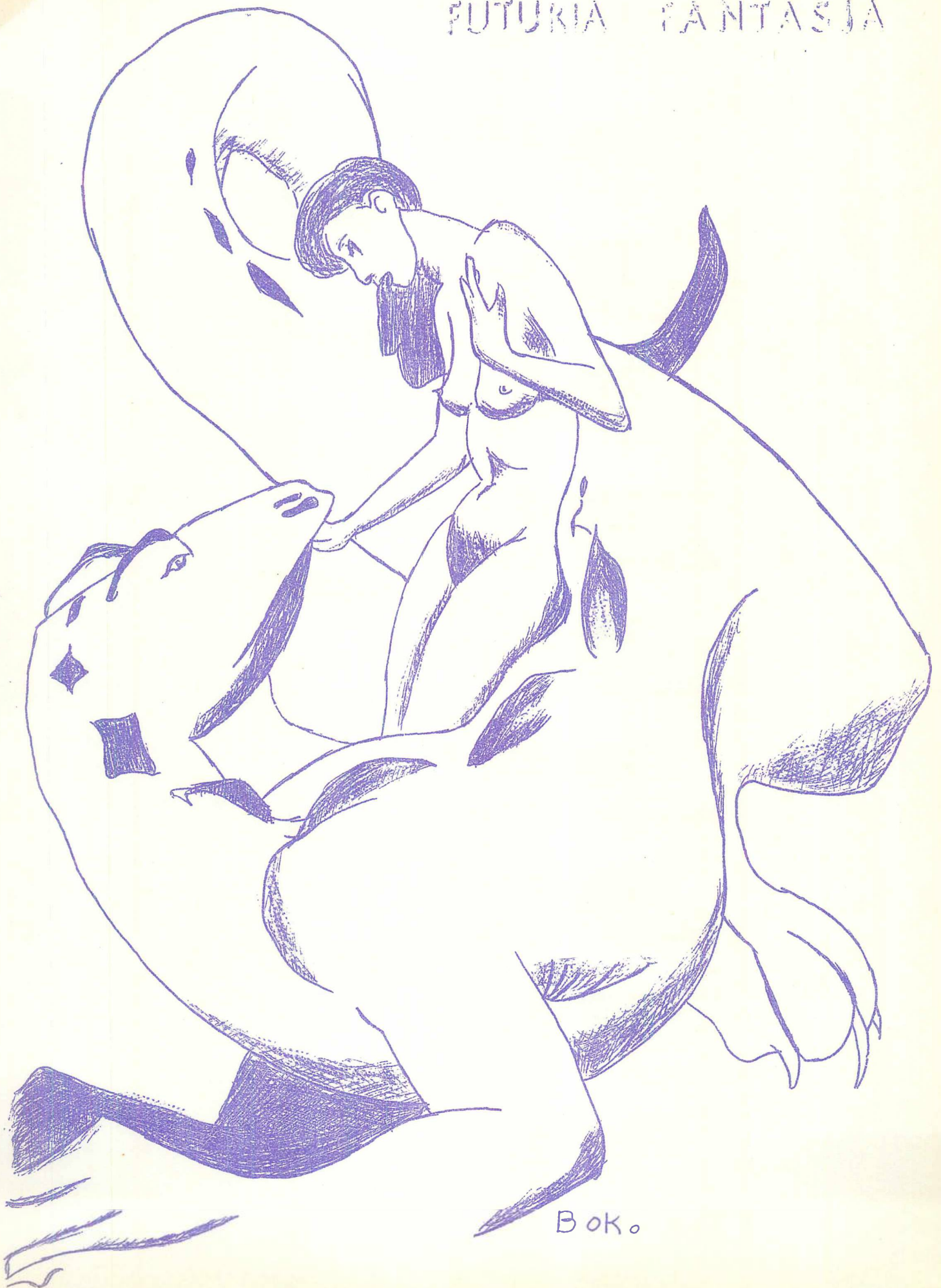
## Introduction-

Futuria Fantasia first appeared in the Summer of 1939 as a standard size (8 1/2 x 11") mimeographed magazine of 12 pages, edited by Ray D. Bradbury. The second and third issues contained 20 pages. All had covers by Hans Bok. The mimeographing was in the LASFL green so prevalent at that time.

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# FUTURIA FANTASJA









GREETINGS! AT LONG LAST— FUTURIA FANTASIA!

The best laid plans of men, it seems, are destined for detours or permanent and disappointing annihilation upon the road to accomplishment. It was this way with Futuria Fantasia, planned for publication last summer. Piles of archaic tomes towered on all sides of the editorial desk. When the door to the office was opened unexpectedly a white gusher of manuscripts and relatives spewed out. More than once Ye Editor was suffocated unto death by the musty volumes that poured in from all over Los Angeles. And then—someone turned off the financial faucet—leaving us all soaped up, but with no water! And so, into an enforced hibernation went FuFa. The manuscripts became intimate acquaintances with all of the spiders in the family vaults—even the writers could be seen lounging around in their caskets waiting for Technocracy and their thirty doubloons every Thursday to come rolling in.

But recently, awakening from the profound inactivity of spring fever, your editor became interested in Technocracy. The more he heard about it, the more he wanted everyone else to hear. So, turning the revolving door on his crypt, he reached over and shook T. B. Yerke out of his stupor and begged him to write an article, The Revolt Of The Scientists, which appears herein. Not content with this he engaged Ron Reynolds, new fan author who first appeared in Tucker's D'JOURNAL, to whip up a story about the Technate and its effect upon the hack writer in the coming decades. And Ackerman is here! Science Fiction's finest fan and friend has turned in an interesting yarn that he wrote at the gentle age of sixteen, some few years past. But best of all—there is nothing humorous in this issue by the editor himself—which should cause huge, grateful sighs of relief from Maine to Miske and back! Bradbury just has a poem, and a serious one at that.

And so—here it is, for ten cents, out every other decade or so—Guturia Fantasia—hyped into Life mainly because of the crying need for more staunch Technocrats, mainly because of the New York Convention (with which it doesn't deal at all in subject matter..but does so whole-heartedly in spirit and thought), and mainly because it's been a helluva long time since a large size mag came from our LASFL way, where the natives are all sitting around and dreaming of the New York Canyon Kiddies and praying, atheistically of course, that in the near future they may wind up in Manhattan behind the pool-ball-perisphere—and I don't mean the one numbered eight. None of the expectant tripsters have ever seen New York before and have already chewed their fingernails down to the shoulder in extatic anticipation.

I hope you like this brain-child, spawned from the womb of a year long inanimation. If you do like it, how about a letter sent to the editorial offices of F.F., at 1841 South Manhattan Place, Los Angeles, California? Appoint yourself as A-1 mourner and critic and pound away at the mag. It will be appreciated. And if you have a die in your pocket that hasn't had a breath of air in a few days just drop that in, too. This is only the first issue of FuFa..if it succeeds there will be more, better, issues coming up. And your co-operation is needed.

GOOD LUCK TO THE NEW YORK SCIENTI-FAN CONVENTION—!!

I'LL MEET YOU IN MANHATTEN—!

Ray D. Bradbury,  
editor

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\*\*Summer, 1939 [1, 1]



## THE REVOLT OF THE SCIENTISTS By Technocrat Bruce Yerke

The editor of this magazine has asked me to prepare an article about a certain subject that has hitherto been totally lacking from the pages of all the scientific-fictional magazines, and which, with an article in a special LASFL publication, burst a bombshell on the science-fictional field, and at the same moment punched an irreparable hole in the Wollheim-Michel gas bag. "Being recognized as the science-fiction Technocrat, I was asked to do this by Mr. Bradbury, who is himself a new recruit to OUR ranks. Since many of the readers of this magazine have already read the article in the first MIKROS, I feel that I can take a few liberties to go ahead.

When you write an introductory article to a generally new audience on Technocracy, you have to start from the ground up. You cannot assume that the readers know a whit about it. This, eventually, becomes boring to the teacher, for he is so exuberant and anxious to take up other phases of the subject that he soon gets tired of merely telling of the first stepping stone in a vast subject.

This article will cause much interrogation. It would be impossible for me, in this limited space, to give you all of the facts I wish to, but I do suggest that everyone who is interested should go to the nearest TECHNOCRACY INC. section (and there are many in every large city) and receive some of their literature, or write to CONTINENTAL HEADQUARTERS if you live at some flag stop, and get their pamphlets.

If you have ever heard of Technocracy, it was probably through some garbled news item, and thus you, like I myself, no doubt have or had a very wrong opinion of this organization. It is perfectly legal in all respects, being incorporated under the laws of New York State. It is technically an educational organization, and many authorities have to admit that Tech's twenty week study course is the equivalent of a 4 years college experience. The fact that its speakers are allowed to talk in public high schools, and hold meetings in the same place, shows that even the carefully censured school board is, at least, not opposing it.

Technocracy is not an organization that wants to overthrow the American government, but only an org. that will step in when the present Price System collapses. (At this point it MUST be taken note of that PRICE SYSTEM is not a different word for the Marxian definition of CAPITALISM. Price SYSTEM is merely a term designating any system using a circulating medium of exchange for the distribution of goods and services.

If you go to a Technocracy section, they will show you a chart that will convince you that this system will collapse before 1945, probably 1942. This chart shows the economic trends of this nation from its birth to 1939, and also the amount of extraneous energy and human toil required to produce and maintain this economy. When you leave, you'll be convinced, don't worry. I have not the time nor space to do that here. The end of the Price System is inevitable, and when it comes you are not faced with the choice of taking Technocracy or Socialism, Communism, or any other 'ism'. You are faced with a choice of Tech. or chaos, out of which the majority of us will not emerge-- alive.

This nation is so highly inter-dependent, that the failure of one phase of its industrial sequence would mean the ultimate collapse of the whole country. If the electric power of New York were shut off, the city would burn down in approximately SIX HOURS! This, because of the rate fires break out. If the transportation system were shut off, all of the food in the city would be gone in six days, water would be so polluted that disease 10,000 times worse than the Black Plague would break out.

I shall not spend time telling you why we are faced with economic disaster, for thousands of examples can be had at a Technocracy section. We shall, for the purposes of this article simply assume that the collapse is near, within a matter of days.



All of the large business institutes, and Technocracy as well, will know within 100 days of the time of the ultimate end, when all stocks and bonds depreciate to zero and the financial structure of this country is due to fall.

At this time Technocracy will do what is termed in colloquial American slang—"TURN ON THE HEAT!" At the present time Technocracy is not interested in forming a large organization, formed of emotional butterflys. It is constructing a functional group; a nucleus of people who know the subject to a T, and who will be prepared to act in the forming of a skeleton control until things are reorganized. In the last five years Technocracy has not used one bit of emotional fly paper, but has presented its whole plan in plain facts, and in as hard-boiled and unentertaining a manner as could be done without insulting the listeners. Nevertheless Tech. is the fastest growing organization in the nation. (except the relief organization)

Under Technocracy people will be classified in a set of probably 100 industrial sequences, according to their work. Each of these is known as a FUNCTIONAL SEQUENCE. Let us trace the work of one sequence from the bottom to the top.

The nation will be divided into regional divisions, determined by latitude and longitude. In each division there will be the various offices of whatever sequences are operating in that division. (Each sequence of the 100 different ones will not necessarily appear in every division, though.) Some will have only three or four or even as high as fifty. In this division we will find, say, a factory, for the production of steel, and thus there will be a steel sequence in this division. (This is how it will work in all sequences, essentially.)

The lowest classification will be the man doing the simplest job. We'll use as our example one who works a welding torch. All the welding torch workers in that factory will be under a forman. He will be elected out of the torch workers as the one most efficient, working the best, who is most popular, though the latter factor's not so influencing as it is at present.

All the foremen in that area division will elect a divisional head of foremen of torch welding crews. Out of all the head foremen of torch welding and steel dumping crews and the other numerous distinct functions, there will be elected a divisional head. The division heads then elect a national head. The national heads of all the other sequences will form what will be known as the Continental Control, electing an executive director, merely a presiding officer, with not even the powers of the present president. He is answerable to, not answered to.

All the other basic functions will have essentially the same organization, and it is anticipated there will be 90 to 110 of them. At the present time 93 have been worked out. The one thing of note is that there will not be more than FOUR offices between Amando Pinccio of the garbage truck crew and the head of the national sequence of waste disposal.

The thing of most interest to all interested is the method of purchase or what is referred to as the MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE. In the TECH THERE IS NO MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE, THERE IS ONLY A METHOD OF TECHNOLOGICAL ACCOUNTING.

The means whereby you will get a new razor blade or a malted milk are to be known as DISTRIBUTION CERTIFICATES OR ENERGY CERTIFICATES. These certificates, issued to every person on this continent every 30 days, will be good only for one person and no other. Since they will be able to purchase as much, or, I should say, since they will give the individual purchasing power of 20,000 dollars per year, each will have everything he needs. Stop right now and think what this means in the reduction of crime. These certificates cannot be stolen, and since everyone will have all they can possibly use, there will be no need to steal.

With the technological development on this continent at present it is possible to turn out, at peak production, enough for every person to have a terrific abundance, and to do this, with a little mechanization done in the period of a month or so, it is only necessary for every able individual male, twixt ages 35 & 45, to work four hours a day, 4 days a week, for 165 days a year—to keep this production turning over. If any one works more, someone else works less. So draw your own conclusions.



All things under the Technate will be controlled, numbered by a modified DEWEY DECIMAL SYSTEM, as used in libraries now. The energy certificate will have on its face the sex, age, job, place of birth, address, where he works, and the worker's number, all recorded by this system. There are also places for purchases, four, to be exact. When one makes up his mind to buy something, he goes to the store (an example) and buys a pair of shoes. By means of a photoelectric machine (already developed) the salesclerk would punch out numbers and the certificate would come out bearing, neatly perforated: "34.46...11.E.728.../.H/6302../.....Z.97321.../...205...21.05." All this means that the article was a pair of low shoes, made by the leather sequence, that they were men's shoes, [size 11,] width E, last number 7, and style 8. Second series of numbers are the serial numbers of the machine, third is the number of the certificate, and the last the date and time.

At the end of the day the total lever of the machine would be pressed, and all the numbers, styles, etc. would be separated into totals (like nickels and dimes in a coin changing machine). The totals would then be teletyped to the divisional H.Q. of the leather sequence where it would be registered. This affords a continuous inventory of the whole continent. The following day, as many shoes as had been sold in the continent would be manufactured.

Many things, such as housing, transportation, medical care, recreation, education, etc, are furnished by Technocracy. One can easily see what a secure life this affords every citizen, and what a boon it is to scientific research.

I said that I wouldn't mention many things that would solve questions in the readers minds, but if all questions are sent to the editorial offices we will contrive to open a forum.

In closing remember these few things. Technocracy is NOT a political or revolutionary movement. It is 100% American. It cannot work anywhere but on the American continent, because only here have we the necessary technological developments, the necessary trained force of technicians, and the necessary resources to institute an economy of abundance in place of an economy of scarcity. Technocracy is the only salvation when the Price System fails. It is not a political theory, but the new state of civilization. It is the best form of democracy ever conceived. It furnishes security, education, protection, and all that goes with it to the people of the American continent. It is not in its formative state. It could be installed on a seventy-two hour call. The only reason why we don't have it now is because YOU are still duped to believing there is another way out.

Take Technocracy, or take—————chaos!

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\*\*Summer, 1939 [1, 1]

This being the first issue of FuFu I feel fortunate in being able to offer a piece of scientifiction by the field's most famous fan.

THE RECORD was written first in 1929, scarcely more than a sketch, on two pages. Ackerman was thirteen. ED EARL REPP, LA author of THE RADIUM POOL, said of it: "I found it delighting and exceptionally interesting for the writing of a boy so young." Ackerman rewrote it into a three page story, later, the present product. It has not been touched since. It is not being retouched now. Allow me to present THE RECORD as a record of how Forrie wrote, spelled and punctuated six years ago at the age of sixteen. Ed.



THE RECORD  
by  
FORREST J ACKERMAN

For twenty years—for twenty long, horror filled, war laden years the Earth had not known peace.

Hovering over the metropolises of the world came long, lean battle projectiles, glinting silver in the sunlight or coming like gauntt mirages of grey out of the midnite sky to blast man's civilization from its cultural foundations. Man against man, ship against ship—a ceaseless and useless orgy of slaughter. Men, at their battle stations in the ships, pressed buttons, releasing radio bombs that blistered space and lifted whole cities up in shattered pieces and flung them down, grim ruins, reminders of man's ignorant hatreds and suspicions.

And gas—thick black clouds of it—billowing over the cities, seeking every possible egress, pushed forward by colossal Wind machines. But even when Victory came for the one side, often Nature, in one of her vengeful moments, would send the black gas flowing back to annihilate its senders.

Rays cut the air! Power bombs exploded incessantly! Evaporays robbed the Earth of its water—shot it up into the atmosphere and made of it a fog that condensed only after many months. And heat rays made deserts out of fertile terrain.

Rays that hypnotized caused even the strong minded to commit suicide or reveal military secrets. Rays that effected the optical nerves swept cities and left the population groping and blind, unable to find food.

It was a war that destroyed almost all of humanity. And why were they fighting? For pleasure and amusement!

In the middle of the twenty-second century, every nation had a standard defense. The weapons of war of each were equal—not in proportion to size, but actually, since man-power no longer counted high. Pacifism had done its best, but the World was armed to the hilt. And now—though illogically—it felt safe—for every nation meant the same as if all had nothing.

Another thing—there was no work to be done. Robots did it. And there seemed nothing left to discover, invent or enjoy. Art was at its perfection, poetry was mathematically correct and unutterably beautiful—worked out by the Esthetic machines. Sculptoring had been given the effect complete, artists hands guided by wonderful pieces of machinery. Huge museums were crammed with art put out synthetically.

And thus it was with the many Arts and their creators who grew stagnant in their perfection. And it was that way with the many sciences also...

Paleontologists had found, and articulated, and catalogued every fossil. The ancestor of the Eohippus, the little four-toed Dawn Horse, was discovered; the direct link between man and ape established in skeletal remains; the seat of life itself definitely proved Holartica. And great bio-chemists, skilled in the science of vital processes, had created synthetic tissues and muscles and flesh, built upon the frames that had been recovered bodies with skillful modeling...even supplied them with blood and given them the spark of LIFE.....so that Paleobotonists re-created the flora of a prehistoric era. Again the ponderous amphibious brontosaurus pushed thru marshes. Fish emerged upon the land, and the first bird archaeopteryx tried his imperfect wings for flight. In the regulated climates of long dead ages, fish, amphibians, reptiles, birds and mammals lived again for the edification of those interested in the very ancient—or who were amused with queer animals.



But that was only paleontologically speaking. There were the heavens to be considered. They had been: the stars and planets weighed and measured, their composition noted, courses plotted with super-accuracy. Every feature had been mapped—every climatic condition recorded. Life had been named and numbered...then photographed. And these were but first considerations. Actually, what wasn't known about the Solar System had not occurred as yet. But that would probably be remedied by a machine to view the future.

There was physics, biology, anthropology, zoology, geology, bacteriology, botony—and 'ologies' and 'oyonies' and 'onomies' such as ran into figures which only machines could calculate.

A book could indeed have been written of the accomplishments of super race. But this is of the WAR itself, and how it came about, and how it all ended.

Stated simply, in 2150 the point of DIMINISHING UTILITY had been reached. To the hungry man, the first course of dinner is wonderfully delicious, the second good, the third satisfying. Thru the ages people have hungered after luxury and leisure—but when he finds his food, a lot of it, MAN find suddenly that it no longer appeals to him. In fact, to much is bound to make him sick and often disagreeable. He looks around for something else. So did the people of the 22nd century. They had all of the pleasurable amusements they wanted, but it was all so intellectual. Everything was culture. They had surfeited with it. And suddenly they wanted to forget it. All play and no work made MAN a discontented citizen. A reaction set in. Man was not completely civilized as yet— THE WAR!

Twenty-one years the war raged. And scarcely a million survived. Bit by bit this million was whittled down by the weapons of destruction to ragged handfuls of things that once had been cultured. Finally only one hundred humans remained alive—and they kept fighting blindly, none of them realizing how close to oblivion they were crowding themselves and the future of humanity—and they went on killing, killing, killing!

It is doubtless but what the entire human race could have vanished, leaving the world to the more competent, though half-ignorant, hands of the beasts, who fought and killed one another for self-preservation and for food—not because of madness—and who did not have books and talk and have culture. The human race would have gone, had it not been for the record.

The fighters of WAR'S END, leaving their machines and countries to congregate for personal combat, were engaging in hand-to-hand attacks in the ruins of what once had been a tall and powerful city in the Twentieth Century, but now lay crumbling, its proud buildings falling to the ground, sticking out iron-rusted skeletons to the sky—and the city was LOS ANGELES!

Hedrik Hunson was fighting with phosphorized fists—hands inclosed in chemically treated gloves that burned as they struck the antagonist, insulated on the interior for the wearer—when suddenly the two of them were caught by a spreader. The other man died instantly, but Hedrik got it in the side and was whirled about sickeningly, and survived.

He was lying painfully on something when he came to, but felt too dizzy and sick to move. At last, when his head had cleared a bit, he rolled over into a sitting position and reached out his arms to grasp—a phonograph!

Big things came in small packages in the days of 2171, and a portable phonograph might well be taken for a weapon on some sort—which was exactly what Hedrik thought! And you can hardly blame him, because no one in that generation had ever seen one of the things.

There was a curious story connected with the dying of music, concerning the days of 2050 when there was a movement to stamp out all syphonies and songs and things even slightly sentimental.

—but back to Hedrik!



Hedrik found the crank that wound the portable, turned it, reasoning that perhaps it gave power—and then—holding it away from him—he waited for rays to spurt out or for something to explode. Nothing happened! Hedrik was disappointed. After an agony of perspiration and puzzlement he finally accidentally placed the needled arm on the disk. The disk, he noticed, was black and filled with little undulations. The disk was like a wheel—so Hedrik thought—it should revolve like one, shouldn't it? He pushed the starter thoughtfully and was more than surprised when the disk started spinning.

From the phonograph came music—music and singing! [sic] The lost Art had returned! The Art banished under compulsion had made a comeback.

Some man was singing on the record—in a queerly interesting and familiar tongue, the ancient English. The singer seemed sad, almost crying. And Hedrik was thrilled as he played it over and over again. The voice rose, fell, lingered. And Hedrik suddenly didn't feel like fighting anymore!

The music floated out over the tumbled ruins, descended to the ears of the other people. AND THE FIGHTING CEASED! They were transformed. They came running to crowd about the machine.

And there in that aged music shop they stood enthralled—music filled their souls. It was exactly what they had needed and wanted for many years. And it had been denied them. Music was the balancing force...the force that would help them struggle ahead rebuilding the world. And next time they would be saner...they knew...the lesson of luxury had been learned and learned well. Never again would they leave all the work to the machines. Now they would work and sing and play.

It would be work...hard work...for some time to come. But they had found music again, and that would anchor them to sanity.

And thus was mankind saved thru a record— SONNY BOY!

Summer, 1939 [1, 1]

#### THOUGHT AND SPACE

by RAY D. BRADBURY

Space—thy boundries are Time and Time alone.  
No Earth-born rocket, seedling skyward sown,  
Will ever reach your cold, infinite end,  
This power is not Man's to build or send.  
Great deities laugh down, venting their mirth,  
At struggling bipeds on a cloud-wrapped Earth,  
Chained solid on a war-swept, waning globe,  
For FATE, who witnesses, to pry and probe.  
BUT LIST! One weapon have I stronger yet!  
Prepare Infinity! And Gods regret!  
Thought, quick as light, shall pierce the veil,  
To reach the lost beginnings Holy Grail.  
Across the sullen void on soundless trail,  
Where new spawned suns and chilling planets wail,  
One thought shall travel midst the gods' playthings,  
Past cindered globes where choking flame still sings.  
No wall of force yet have ye firmly wrought,  
That chains the supreme strength of purest thought.  
Unleashed, without a body's slacking hold,  
Thought leaves the ancient Earth behind to mold.  
And when the galaxies have heeded DEATH,  
And welcomed lastly SPACE's poisoned breath,  
Still shall thought travel as an arrow flown.  
SPACE—thy boundries are TIME—AND TIME ALONE!

Summer, 1939 [1, 1]



## I'M THROUGH!

by Foo E Onya

The editor of this magazine, under the impression that I am still one of that queer tribe known as science-fiction fans, has asked me to write an article. I am no longer a science-fiction fan. I'M THROUGH! However, I have decided to do the article and explain with my chin leading just why I am through. Here goes.

As to science-fiction: the trouble with me, I think, is that I have outgrown the stuff mentally — and that's not a boast, seeing the type of minds modern science-fiction is dished up for. I'll admit there are a few exceptions, but on the whole s.f. fans are as arrogant, self-satisfied, conspicuously blind, and critically moronic a group as the good Lord has allowed to people the Earth. I don't blush that I was once a s.f. fan, starting back in '26 — I merely thank my personal gods that somewhere along the route I woke up and began to see s.f. as it really is. The superiority complex found in the group known as science-fiction fans is probably unequalled anywhere. Their certitude in their superiority, as readers of s.f., over all other fiction, is representative of an absolutely incredibly stupid complacency. Facing the business squarely, we can see why s.f. lays CLAIM to such superiority: for no other obvious reason than that such fiction is the bastard child of science and the romantic temperament. But NOT, good Lord, because it is INSTRUCTIVE! This has too long been preached, until s.f. readers actually believe it! The amazine naivette of these readers who think their literature is superior merely because they think it teaches — this simple moves me to despair. The fact is, any literature whose function it is to teach, ceases to be literature as such; it becomes didactic literature, which is the color of another horse. When literature becomes obsessed by ideas as such, it is no longer literature. Just how the delusion could have arisen that writing, because invested with scientific symbols, automatically became possessed of new and more precious values, is beyond me to explain. Ideas are out of place in literature unless they are subordinate to the spirit of the story — but s.f. readers have never perceived this. "Give us SCIENCE!" they shriek, running with clenched fists uprisen to the stars. "We want SCIENCE! Give us the Great God!" Well, they are given science, and what does it turn out to be? For the most part the off-scourings of the lunatic fringe. [and this is pre-Shaver-who] Talk about scientists being inspired by s.f. stories — WHEW! Why, not one s.f. writer in fifty has the remotest idea of what he is talking about — he just picks up some elementary idea and kicks hell out of it. I'll wager that no scientist is going to produce very spectacularly on the basis of any ideas provided by s.f. It's possible, but wholly improbable. Scientists don't tick that way.

Another amusing fallacy: this well-known business of Wells and Verne doing some predicting. It's one of the biggest laffs of all. They made a flock of predictions, a few of which were realized, and some only in ways most vaguely related to the original conception. How many ideas did they have that never have been realized and never will? Give them credit for being good and often logical guessers, perhaps — but don't claim that as a merit for their WRITING! And how many other good guessers must there have been who never got around to setting down their predictions in print?

There is but one affectation about Well's "scientific" stories which he published before he discovered his capability at characterization, and this is the affectation of imagination. There is no genuine imagination in beating out cleverness of the s.f. type; the point of view, the inventive quality necessary for their construction, is the same as with the widely circulated tales of Nick Carter. Science-fiction stories are not struck forth with a creative hand, they are manufactured products put together piede-meal — none of them being written in any but the calmest and most conscious mood. They are lacking in that important element of all really GREAT works of the imagination: inspiration. And what is inspiration? It is essentially the soaring of one's soul without the knowledge of the mind. In the gleaming moment the mind becomes the slave of the



spirit. Read Well's EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY and see why and what he thinks of his early writings of s.f. He admits that they were only a means to an end, a preparation for his more serious writing that was to come later — Plato's REPUBLIC and More's UTOPIA also serving largely to hasten Well's Utopian proclivities. When he really began to take his predictions seriously, he began to turn out the important stuff which now bores the average s.f. enthusiast silly — or should I say sillier!

As for Verne, his stuff has never been literature except for boys. It is innocuous adventure-stuff that will not prevent morals. It is not too badly written, and the language is so simple that Verne is readily to be read in the original French, in fact some of his stuff serves as textbooks in French classes in American schools.

But in the main, what I am speaking about now is s.f. as it is constituted today. All of this modern s.f. is worthless except in perhaps one minor respect, and I'm not even sure of that. It CAN open the minds of boys and girls reaching puberty, giving them a more catholic attitude toward startling new ideas. However, it is so very often fatal at the same time, in that these boys and girls become obsessed with it — it meshes them until, as I said, they become incredibly blind to all else, so certain are they of the superiority of their hobby over all other fiction. There are exceptions, but my experience has proven that the exceptions are by far a minority.

Also, I will admit that s.f. can on occasion provide escapist flights of imagination — in fact, it can be admirable for this; but this type of s.f. has become exceedingly rare because this crazy superstructure of SCIENCE, and even more so ADVENTURE, has become such a fetish that sound writing concerning people is rarely to be found. In pulp science-fiction, never.

And the frightful smugness fostered by the modern s.f. magazines is simply appalling. It seems that not only the readers, but the editors and writers as well, cannot or will not see anything beyond their own perverted models. Just as an example which I remember very well, look how BRAVE NEW WORLD, the admirable and really important novel by Huxley, was received a few years ago. It was Clark Ashton Smith, I believe, who mentioned it as embodying some of Huxley's "habitual pornography" — simply stunning P. Schyler Miller; whom, I might mention, I consider as one of the most intellectual authors and fans. And, reviewing the book, C. A. Brandt also decried its preoccupation with sex, but said complacently that it might, at least, bring to the attention of people that there was such a thing as the science-fictionists and their so-called literature. Of all the damned nonsense! BRAVE NEW WORLD was, as a matter of fact, a satire on sex, and of FAR MORE IMPORTANCE than to "bring to the attention of people that there is such a thing as sci-fiction." Huxley conceived a future world in which Ford's mechanistic contributions had become so emphatic as to deprive the people of all but an animal interest in sex; he projects a more normal man into such a civilization for no other reason than to characterize present-day tendencies with searing satire. But Brandt — he evidently would demolish this to set up in its stead a "Space-wrecked on Mars" atrocity.

To get back to the subject, it is my honest opinion that no person of very conspicuous intelligence can subsist very considerably on s.f. after he begins to mature intellectually. There is simply not enough to it to provide intellectual or spiritual nourishment. He may string along with it for a few years out of habit or some mental quirk — but stuff aimed at juvenile minds cannot very long sustain a person of mature years, unless that person is himself a mental adolescent. The way the fans flocked to the S. F. League, indulged in "tests" to prove their "superiority" over other readers, the silly letters in the mags, the petty internal strife, [slans], and many other things, have served to widen the gulf between me and s. f.



The most important thing, however, is that I have discovered that there's too much else of importance, REAL importance, that has been said and written in this world (and is being and will be), for me to desire to give much attention to such a petty thing as s.f. any more. I shall read on the fringe of it, but increasingly less frequently, I'm afraid.

I might have summed this entire thing up by saying, "I'm satiated" but that wouldn't be the entire truth. The entire truth would be: "I am satiated and much wiser." In conclusion let me point out that this is only one man's opinion. I have intentionally been harsh in my estimates, maybe some points are in need of qualification or elucidation, but by and large I stand back of what I have written here. AMEN.

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Fall, 1939 [1, 2]

the truth about goldfish --- KUTTNER

For some time I have been wondering what the world is coming to. More than once I have got up in the middle of the nite, padded toward the bureau, and, peering into the mirror, exclaimed, "Stinky, what is the world coming to?" The response I have thus obtained I am not at liberty to reveal; but I am coming to believe that either I have a most mysterious mirror or something is wrong somewhere. I am intrigued by my mirror.

It came into my possession under extraordinary and eerie circumstances, being borne into my bedroom one Midsummer's Eve by a procession of cats dressed oddly in bright-colored sunsuits and carrying parasols. I was asleep at the time, but awoke just as the last tail whisked out the door, and immediately I sprang out of bed and cut my left big toe rather badly on the edge of the mirror. I remember that as I first looked into the fathomless, glassy depths, a curious thot came into my mind. "What," I said to myself, "is the world coming to? And what is science-fiction coming to?"

It is quite evident that a logical and critical analysis of science-fictional trends is a desideratum today. The whole trouble, I feel, can be laid to velleity. (I have wanted to use that word for years. Unfortunately I have now forgotten exactly what it means, but one can safely attribute trouble to it. Where was I?)

Today science-fiction is split by schisms and impaled in the trylon of bad thots. The fans, I mean, not the writers. The writers have been split and impaled for years, but nothing can be done about that. In a way, it's a good thing. Look at Jules Verne, Victor Hugo, and, for that matter, the late unfortunate Tobias J. Koot.

I put flowers on his grave only yesterday. He lies at rest, tho his ghastly fate pursued him even to the grave. And I attribute Mr. Koot's fate to nothing less than the schisms of fandom. For Koot was a hard working young man, serious, earnest, with promise of becoming a first-class writer. He took life very solemnly -- almost grimly. "My job," he told me once, "is to give people what they want."

"I want a drink," I said to him. "Give me one."

But Koot couldn't be turned from his rash course. He began to write science-fiction. That was where the trouble started. "Is it science?" he pondered. "Or is it fiction?" Already the cleavage -- the split -- had begun.

It was a matter of logical progression toward ultimate division. Koot got in the habit of typing the science into his stories with his left hand, and the fiction with his right. He began to twitch and worry. He got up nites. He was



troubled, uneasy. "I have one thing left to cling to," he muttered desperately, "Fandom! I can point to that and say: 'It is real. It exists. It is dependable.'"

When fandom had its schism, Koot immediately developed a split personality. It was rather horrible. His left side - the scientific side - grew cold and hard and keen. He grew a Van Dyke on the left side of his face and his left hand was stained with acids and chemicals. But the right side of his face became dissipated and disreputable, with a leer in the eye and a scornful, sneering curve to the lip. He grew a tiny mustache on the right side, waxed it, and twirled it continually. It was rather horrid, but worse was yet to come.

One day the inevitable happened. Tobias J. Koot split in half, with a faint ripping sound and a despairing wail. He was, of course, buried in two coffins and in two graves, the wretched man's fate pursuing him even beyond death.

Well, you can understand how I feel, what with the mirror, the cats in sunsuits and the weasel. Or haven't I mentioned the weasel? I mean the brown one of course, and he is, perhaps, worst of all. It isn't what he says so much as his sneering, ironic tone. The other weasels, who live in the spare bedroom with the colt, were happy enuf till HE arrived, but now THEY are arranging a schism. As you will readily see, something must be done about it before science-fiction collapses and the standard falls trailing into the dust.

I suggest that we mobilize, and, to avoid dissension, give everybody the rank of general. Then, first of all, we can march to my house and get rid of that weasel.

The Brown Won, of course. The others are welcome to stay as long as they like. I feel that they are weak rather than wicked, and need only a good excuse, or should I say example, in order to brace themselves up.

Contributions to the fund for the mobilization of science-fiction and the extermination of brown weasels may be sent to me in care of this magazine. Do not delay. Each moment you wait brings us closer to doom, and, besides, I need a new piano.

H.K.

Fall, 1939 [1, 2]

## IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT KUTTNER?

OR

the man with the Weird Tale  
by

Guy Amory

The extremely interesting specimen to your right is not a head from a formaldehyde jar, though at times we have seen it, or him, pickled. It is Henry Kuttner, the laziest man who ever punched a typewriter and got paid for it. Like several other L.A. natives he is too busy living to do much worrying—and besides—what does it get him? (a check from Weird Tales) Henry has just sold them a 20,000 word yarn about Elak of Atlantis. At present he has finished a story headed for Startling, fifty thousand words or more, and been working with C. L. Moore on a new chiller.

Hank's first story for Astounding was a disappointment, but he fully made up for that by turning in a seckeroo to Unknown called The Misguided Halo, written after the fashion of his most highly cherished author THORNE SMITH. What the fans don't know is that this little tale had a different ending than the one used by Campbell. Kuttner's finis to the halo was hysterically funny, but John W. thought otherwise and tagged a new finish on it — spoiling it as far as this author is concerned.





Kuttner is 24 years old. He's been writing most of his life -- learned how to type at the age of eight and hasn't left it alone since. Was born with a type-bar in his mouth. Lives in a quiet catacomb called Beverly Hills, the first cemetery I've ever seen with street lamps. At present, though I have broached the subject on numerous occasions, Hank steadfastly refuses to write for slick magazines. His best excuse being his laziness.

Hank is quiet-speaking, sincere. But he has a sense of humor, the kind that you amidriff abruptly. He is the perfect deadpan jokester. His digs many times being too subtle for your correspondent to catch until several moments have passed, Kuttner is always ready to rush in mildly and put the immature fans to route. It is only when you see the ghastly pictures that he takes out at his charnal cave that you realize his true sense of comedy. He and Hodgkins and Shroyer, the fiends, get together in outre garb, in horrifying pose, and bring forth films that would shake the mind of even such a horror as Robert Bloch.

Kuttner likes the way C. L. Moore writes (and who doesn't). He wishes he could write like her -- but claims that when he tries imitating it comes out so much trash. If you've read any of his stories you realize that Hank is a master of the bingety-boom type of fiction -- but with feeling! He puts more incident in ten pages of Elak than any other author in Weird, and makes you feel it. He paints his picture with masterfully abrupt dabs, while Moore lays on her horror with the touch of a mosaic master, building up. Kuttner knocks you down and keeps you bouncing. Moore swirls you in cobwebs and totes you away into infinity. Combining their efforts in '37 for Quest of the Starstone [Weird Tales] they turned out something to remember... with Hank's flair for lightning pace and Moore's for description they went to town.

That's about all we can say about Hank. He doesn't like New York because it's too dirty, noisy and big [this was prewar, of course]. He dotes on Thorne Smith. Rite now he's trying to crash Argosy with a story -- and in the future you can expect some big things from this quiet author.

Oh, yes, and is it true what they say about Kuttner?

No, he doesn't use dope to get the effect in his stories. He has a massive painting of Art Barnes on his desk and when he prepares to write he squints once and once only at that painting to get gruesome atmosphere. Then he starts typing!

Take a bow, Mr. Kuttner

(Just bend over a little more, Hank! A.K. Barnes)

WHUMP!

Ouch! (Kuttner)

The End (of Kuttner)

Fall, 1939 [1, 2]

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AW G'WAN! -- Henry Hasse

THERE! If "Foo E. Onya", in the last issue, could use a pseudonym so can I. I read his article, I'M THROUGH, with varying degrees of interest. If an answer were really necessary, it could be found more appropriately in the two words of my title above, than in any words that might follow. And that brings up my first point in my rebuttal --

Why is it that people, including the lowly science-fiction fan, (to paraphrase Mr. Onya) always feel it necessary to hide behind a pseudonym when they have something to say which they think will displease someone? I've seen this happen so many times! And, coincidentally, why SHOULD Mr. Onya take such pains to be unpleasant in print? Why should he feel it necessary to make one final, grand broadcast to the effect that



he will no longer read paltry science-fiction? Does he think that any real lover of sci-fic gives a damn whether there is one less reader, especially a reader who crawls behind such a silly pseudonym as "Onya"? I've seen other broadcasts such as Mr. Onya's, and they always puzzled me. It surely can be nothing else but the egotistical urge.

But I'm convinced that Onya isn't half so bitter really against sci-fiction as he tries to pretend. He's not really through. Because anyone really bitter against and through with sci-fic would simply stop reading it, not start deriding it! And I doubt if any person, once a fan, has ever completely broken away from sci-fic. THEY ALWAYS COME BACK.

And right here I'd like to say that a good deal of my doubt as to Onya's sincerity is because I'm fairly certain of the fellow's real identity. The general tone of his article, and several clues he divulged, convince me I'm right. And if I AM right, I can assure you, Brad, and any other readers who may have been picqued at Onya's tone, that he shouldn't be taken seriously, and the less attention paid to his rantings, the better. I'm sure Onya would feel flattered if he thought that someone took his article so seriously as to answer it. Yet here I am answering it, and damned if I know why, except that I think I took some of Mr. Onya's phrasing personally, almost. I don't think he should have gone to the extent of calling names and using words such as "moronic", "arrogant", etc.

Aside from this his piece seemed to me a conglomeration of contradictions, inconsistencies, praises here, dreisions there, pats on the back, exaggerations, sneers and scorn, and, oh yes, a book review. Yes, I liked and appreciated and mostly agreed with Onya's comments on BRAVE NEW WORLD. It's a book which I'm sure many of the moronic sci-fic fans appreciated as well as Mr. Onya. But here's where Mr. Onya's and my tastes differ slightly, for I also liked PLANET OF THE KNOB HEADS in the Dec. [1939] issue of SCIENCE FICTION, whereas Mr. Onya probably wouldn't deign to read it because it's in one of the pulp mags that he so deprecates; thereby Mr. Onya would be missing a really entertaining and meaningful piece of writing, but that's all right, since Mr. Onya's own words said: "There is so much else of importance that has been written—".

You know, somehow I cannot bring myself to be as virtulic against Mr. Onya as he was against sf at moments. He tried hard to work up a case against sf, poor fellow, and became (to me at least) amusing instead of convincing. Do you know what I saw? I saw a person who is temporarily satiated, as he said, with sf—but more than that, a person who is merely trying to persuade himself, more than other people, that sf is as bad as he painted it! Naturally every fan has his likes and dislikes of the various stories, authors, and magazines. Some have more dislikes than likes. I think even I do. But it must be admitted that every once in a while, usually unexpectedly, there pops up a story which is a delectable gem and a masterpiece, either of ingenuity or writing or both. Then one is exultant, and one continues reading sf, even some trite and bad sf, knowing that regularly he will encounter one of the gems which he wouldn't have missed reading for the world! Meanwhile we have with us Clark Ashton Smith, C. L. Moore, Stanton Coblenz (delightful sometimes, not always), A. Merritt, and an occasional few others, whose work I doubt if even Mr. Onya could gligly pronounce as ordinary pulp. And we did have Lovecraft, Weinbaum, Howard, and others of whom the same thing can be said.

Naturally, too, a lot of criticism can be directed against sf and sf readers. A lot of criticism can be directed against everything, and usually is, by certain people who take an unholy delight in it. I myself have sometimes snorted in wrath at the gross egotism and, yes, stupidity and childishness of certain fans. I would have taken great delight in kicking their blooming teeth down their bloody well bally throats. But did I do this? Did I succumb to this desire? No, I did not. I never got close enough. A more important reason is that I had the patience to realize this type of fan is a minority (not a majority, Mr. Onya, by any means!). But what I did not do was write bitter articles about it.



Here is only one of Mr. Onya's inconsistencies: he makes such statements as "fans are arrogant, blind, critically moronic," etc.--- and "editors and writers as well cannot see anything beyond their own perverted models." In virtually the next breath he admires P. Schuyler Miller's intellectuality. Yet P. Schuyler Miller continues to write sfm, reads it, and is one of the active fans.

Furthermore, I disagree outright and violently with Onya's statement, "When literature becomes possessed of ideas as such, it is no longer literature." And I'd like to challenge Onya to a further debate on this, if he dares. Also his statement about Wells' early stories. It so happens (what a coincidence!) that I also read Wells' EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY---and yes, while Wells did admit his early sfm stories were a preparation for his later and more serious writing, he did not disclaim them as not being literature of their own type. The trouble with Mr. Onya, I'm afraid, is that he has (deliberately?) lost sight of the fact that there is literature and literature. Instead, he wants everything to conform precisely to his own rather peculiar conception of literature. I'll make a statement ~~at~~ right here that will undoubtedly shock Mr. Onya: I'll go so far as to say that pulp fiction, even the pulpiest of pulp fiction, is really and truly LITERATURE, insofar as it has its own special niche, its own certain purpose for being. There, I've said it! I'll admit, Mr. Onya, that it took a little courage to say it. But I ask all who read this, isn't it true when you come to think of it?

I have not dealt with Onya's article nearly to the extent that I might, but I don't think it's really necessary, mainly because, as I said, I have a very strong idea who Foo E. Onya is. I wish I could hazard my suspicion right here, but I'm so sure I'm right, and both the editor and Onya seem so determined to keep it secret, that I cannot be otherwise than silent. I will merely conclude by reiterating my doubt that you, "Foo E. Onya," are really disclaiming sfm. At least I hope you will continue both reading and writing it. But I swear, of I ever hear of you doing so, I shall feel sorely tempted to broadcast what a hypocrite you were with that article!

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Winter, 1940 [1, 3]

#### THE INTRUDER --- emil petaja

It was in San Francisco, on the walk above the sand and surf that pounded like the heart of the earth. There was wind, the sky and sea blended in a grey mist.

I was sitting on a stone bench watching a faint hint of distant smoke, wondering what ship it was and from what far port.

Mine was a pleasant wind-loneliness. So when he came, wrapped in his great overcoat and muffler, hat pulled down, and sat on my bench I was about to rise and leave him. There were other benches, and I was not in the mood for idle gossip about Hitler and taxes.

"Don't go. Please." His plea was authentic.

"I must get back to my shop," I said.

"Surely you can spare a moment," I could not even to begin to place the accent in his voice. Low as a whisper, tense. His deep-set eyes held me..his face was pale and had a serenity born of suffering. A placid face, not given to emotional betrayals, yet mystical. I sat down again. Here was someone bewilderingly strange. Someone I would not soon forget. He moved a hand toward me, as tho to hold me from going, and I saw with mild curiosity that he wore heavy gloves, like mittens.

"I am not well. I...I must not be out in the damp air," I said. "But today I just had to go out and walk. I had to."

"I can understand." I warmed to the wave of aloneness that lay in his words. "I too have been ill. I know you, Otis Marlin. I have visited your shop off Market Street. You are not rich, but the feel of the covers of a fine book between your hands suffices. Am I right?"



I nodded. "But how..."

"You have tried writing, but have had no success. Alone in the world, your loneliness has much a family man, harassed, might envy."

"That's true," I admitted, wondering if he could be a seer, a fake mystic bent on arousing in me an interest in spiritism favorable to his pocket-book. His next words were a little amused, but he didn't smile.

"No, I'm not a psychic - in the ordinary sense. I've visited your shop. I was there only yesterday," he said. And I remembered him. In returning from my lunch I had met him coming out of my humble place of business. One glimpse into those brooding eyes was not a thing to soon forget, and I recalled pausing to watch his stiff-legged progress down the street and around the corner.

There was now a pause, while I watched leaves scuttling along the oiled walk in the growling wind. Then a sound like a sigh came from my companion. It seemed to me that the wind and the sea spoke loudly of a sudden, as the approaching some dire climax. The sea wind chilled me as it had not before. I wanted to leave.

"Dare I tell you? DARE I?" His white face turned upward. It was as though he questioned some spirit in the winds.

I was silent; curious, yet fearful of what it might be he might not be allowed to tell me. The winds were portentously still.

"Were you ever told, as a child, that you must not attempt to count the stars in the sky at night - that if you did you might lose your mind?"

"Why, yes. I believe I've heard that old superstition. Very reasonable, I believe; based on the assumption that the task would be too great for one brain. I..."

"I suppose it never occurred to you," he interrupted, "that this superstition might hold even more truth than that, truth as malignant as it is vast. Perhaps the cosmos hold secret beyond comprehension of man; and what is your assurance that these secrets are beneficent and kind? Is nature rather not terrible, than kind? In the stars are patterns -- designs which if read, might lure the intrepid miserable one who reads them out of earth and beyond...beyond, to immeasurable evil... Do you understand what I am saying?" His voice quivered metallically, was vibrant with emotion.

I tried to smile, but managed only a sickly grin. "I understand you, sir, but I am not in the habit of accepting nebulous theories such as that without any shred of evidence."

"There is, sad to say, only too much evidence. But do you believe that men have lost their minds from incessant study of the stars?"

"Perhaps some have, I don't know," I returned. "But in the South of this state in one of the country's leading observatories, I have a friend who is famous as an astronomer. He is as sane as you or I. If not saner." I tacked the last sentence on with significant emphasis.

The fellow was muttering something into his muffler, and I fancied I caught the words "danger.." and "fools..." We were silent again. Low dark clouds fled over the roaring sea and the gloom intensified.

Presently, in his clipped speech, the stranger said, "Do you believe that life exists on other planets, other stars? Have you ever wondered what kind of life might inhabit the other stars in this solar system, and those beyond it?" His eyes were near mine as he spoke, and they bewitched me. There was something in them, something intangible and awful. I sensed that he was questioning me idly, as an outlander might be questioned about things with which the asker is familiar, as I might ask a New Yorker, "What do you think of the Golden Gate Bridge?"



"I wouldn't attempt to guess, to describe, for instance, a Martian man," I said. "Yet I read with interest various guesses by writers of fiction." I was striving to maintain a mood of lightness and ease, but inwardly I felt a bitter cold, as one on the rim of a nightmare. I suddenly realized, with childish fear, that night was falling.

"Writers of fiction? And what if they were to guess too well? What then? Is it safe for them to have full rein over their imaginations? Like the stargazers...." I said nothing, but smiled.

"Perhaps, man, there have been those whose minds were acute beyond most earthly minds - those who have guessed too closely to truth. Perhaps those who are Beyond are not yet ready to make themselves known to Earthlings? And maybe THEY are annoyed with the puny publicity they receive from imaginative writers....Ask yourself, what is imagination? Are earth-minds capable of conceiving that which is not and has never been; or is this imagination merely a deeper insight into worlds you know not of, worlds glimpsed dimly in the throes of dream? And whence come these dreams? Tell me, have you ever awakened from a dream with the sinister feeling that all was not well inside your mind?—that while you, the real you, were away in Limbo - someone - something was probing in your mind, invading it and reading it. Might not THEY leave behind them in departure shadowy trailings of their own minds?"

Now I was indeed speechless. For a strange nothing had started my neck-hairs to prickling. Authors who might have guessed too well....Two, no three, writers whose stories had hinted at inconceivable yet inevitable dooms; writers I had known; had recently died, by accident...

"What of old legends? Of the serpent who shall one day devour the sun. That legend dates back to Mu and Atlantis. Who, man, was and is Satan? Christ? And Jehovah? benevolent and all-saving, were but a monstrous jest fostered by THEY to keep man blindly content, and keep him divided among himself so that he strove not to unravel the stars?"

"Man, in my foolish youth I studied by candleflame secrets that would scorch your very soul. Of women who with their own bare hands have strangled the children they bore so that the world might not know....Disease and sickness at which physicians throw up their hands in helpless bafflement. When strong men tear at their limbs and heads in agony - seeking to drive forth alien forces that have netted themselves into their bodies. I need scarcely recount them all, each with its own abominable significance. It is THEM. Who are eternal and nameless, who send their scouts down to test earth-men. Don't you realize that they have watched man creep out of primal slimes, take limbs and shamble, and finally walk? And that they are waiting, biding their time...." I shivered with a fear beyond name. I tried to laugh and could not. Then, bold with stark horror, I shouted quite loudly: "How do you know this? Are you one of THEM?" He shook his head violently. "No, no!" I made as to go, feeling an aching horror within me.

"Stay only a moment more, man. I will have pity on you and will not tell you all. I will not describe them. And I will not assay that which, when upon first seeing you here by the sea, I first intended." I listened. Not daring to look at him; as in the grip of demonic dream. My fingers clutched at the edges of the bench so tightly that I have been unable to write with them until now. He concluded thus: "So you see that I am everywhere a worldless alien. Sometimes this secret is too great for one mind to contain, and I must talk. I must feel the presence of someone human near me, else I shall attempt to commit suicide and again fail. It is without end - my horror. Have pity on me, man of earth, as I have had pity on you."

It was then that I gripped him by the shoulders and looked with pleading desperation into his staring eyes. "Why have you told me? What—" My voice broke. My hands fell to my sides. I shuddered.



He understood. Shrieked one word: "PITY!" into my insensible ear, and was gone.

That was 3 nites ago and each nite since has been hell. I cannot remember how long it was after the STRANGER left that I found myself able to move, to rise, hobble home, suddenly ancient with knowledge. And I cannot -- WILL NOT -- reveal to you all that I heard.

I thot myself insane, but after an examination, a physician pronounced me that I had been strained mentally. I am competent. But I wonder if he is wrong.

I view the silken stars tonight with loathing. HE sought to master their inscrutable secret meaning, and succeeded. He imagined, he dreamed; and he fed his sleep with potions, so that he might learn where his mind might be during sleep, and himself probe into the mind that wandered from space into his resting body-shell. I am no scientist, no bio-chemist, so I learned little of his methods. Only that he did succeed in removing his mind from Earth, and soaring to some remote world over and beyond this universe -- where THEY dwell. And THEY knew him to be a mind of Earth, he told me. He but hinted of the evil he beheld, so potent with dread that it shattered his mind. And THEY cured him, and sent him back to earth..."They are waiting!" he shrieked, in his grating skeleton of a voice. "They are contemptuous of man, and his feeble colonies. But they fear that some day, like an overgrown idiot child, he may do them harm. But before this time -- when Man has progressed into a ripeness -- THEY will descend! Then they will come in hordes to exploit the world as THEY did before!"

Of his return, and his assuming the role of a man, the Alien spoke evasively. It was to be assured that this talk of his was not some repulsive caprice; to know that all of it was true, that I gripped him and beheld him. To my everlasting horror, I must know. Little in itself, what I saw, but sufficient to cause me to sink down on the stone bench in a convulsive huddle of fear. Never again in life can I tear this clutching terror from my soul. Only this: That when I looked into his staring eyes in the dimness of murky twilight, and before he understood and quickly avanted, I glimpsed with astoundment and repugnance that between the muffling of his coat and black scarf the INTRUDER wore a meticulously painted metal mask -- to hide what I must not see.....

O+O

Winter, 1940 [1, 3]

### THE BEST WAYS TO GET AROUND

I don't mean socially; I mean off the Earth and between the planets. There are a few really good ways, as invented by perspiring authors in science-fiction magazines. And if I miss any, which is extremely doubtful, remember that I'm writing from memory, that I haven't read all the scientifiction magazines from 1926 and on, and that I am not going to go researching through the tremendous stacks of old scientifiction magazines that I now have in my possession.

Now, what DO I mean by THE BEST WAYS TO GET AROUND? Briefly, by the word BEST, I mean so pseudo-logical that you could almost leave off the "pseudo". See? (No)

For instance, Jack Williamson's geodosic machinery, wherein he warps space around, appeals to me as being pure fairy tale stuff. He just gives a lot of verbal hocus-pocus, and runs off reams of literary fertilizer until we throw up our hands in disgust and say; "O.K., O.K., Jack, to hell with that, let's get on with the 'story'. We'll grant you that you can get around." --- And we're willing to grant E.E. Smith the same privilege. He DOES get around --- anybody disagree? The question is: how? Oh, by using "X", and the inertialess drive. The same with brother Byrroughs. What do we care if dear old John Carter "yearns" himself to Mars? He gets there, and we are happy, or were happy.



So, we exclude all those from THE BEST WAYS TO GET AROUND. They are very nice and convenient to get people places; but, when we run across one of the "BEST WAYS" we often wonder if it REALLY COULDN'T be possible, provided ----- Of course, that word "provided, is the catch -- the ~~the~~ reason why we really aren't going around that way.

Again --- So, way back there, Edmond Hamilton, and a hundred others, have used the idea of light-pressure in an attempt to get away from rockets. But he didn't tell us how, scientifically. In direct contrast to vague statements made regarding the use of light-pressure as propulsion, I remember the MOON CONQUERORS, by R.H. Romans, in a 1931 (I think) (You're right, 4SJ) (You're wrong; 1930, WHE) Wonder Quarterly. You've seen radiometers. The things with black and white vanes placed in a vacuum. The theory is that the opposite shades cause unbalanced light pressure, so that the vanes go around and around. (Wrong; residual gas. WHE) Romans invented a pseudo-scientifically logical way to use light-pressure, once he got his ship in space. His scientist invented a compound of absolute black. (Which is also obtainable in a darkroom) A small square of darkroom-- er, I mean, absolute black painted on the posterior of the ship, and regulated at will, gave the same ship quite respectable speeds. Certainly it won't work outside of a story -- but, I'm talking scientifically. Romans used his imagination, and we all had fun.

In the same story, Romans used a swell device to get the ship off the earth. He used a mile-long tube, composed of circular magnets. It was a magnetic gun. Each magnet pulled the ship towards it, and then, as the ship passed it, the magnet's poles were reversed, and made to repel the ship. With each magnet at maximum charge, either pulling or pushing the ship, according to whether it was in front or behind the latter, the same erupted from the tube with the necessary 7 mps velocity of escape, and so was off on the way to themoon. What's wrong with the idea? I dunno.

John W. Campbell (Jr.) used to have brainstorms: in fact, he invented two of the BEST WAYS TO GET AROUND. On, in the first of the ARCOT, MOREY, AND WADE stories, 'PIRACY PREFERRED, was that of molecular motion. All the little molecules in a bar of metal go madly around in every possible direction. If you could invent, as Campbell did in the story, and electro-magnetic vibration, that would force all the molecules to go in the same direction, then the bar of metal would go in that direction, since it would be them. So Mr. Campbell hooked the thing up to his ship, and off he went to Venus, or some other planet. Well it would work, wouldn't it, provided (ah yes!) you could make all the molecules go into one directional flow.

And the other brainstorm was when Aarn Munro, in the MIGHTIEST MACHINE, decided that momentum and velocity were wave formations, and therefore, one should be able to tune into them. Not a bad WAY TO GET AROUND---- in a science fiction story.

Back in 1930, or some such year, Charles R. Tanner wrote THE FLIGHT OF THE MERCURY, in the old WONDER STORIES. In that story he told you just how to go ahead and make an ETHERPROPELLOR, provided there is such a thing as ether, and Osmium B. The theory is: you use water screws, air propellers, and so why not an ether propeller? Put a cork in motionless water. Start a wave motion in the water with your hand. If the length of the wave is greater than the diameter of the cork, the cork just bobs up and down and stays where it is. If the length of the waves is shorter than the diameter of the cork, the waves of around it, and the cork still stays right where it is. If the length of the wave is exactly the diameter of the cork, the cork rides right off, in the trough of the waves, at the same speed as that of the wave formation. Now invent an electro-magnetic vibration - by using the metal Osmium B - exactly the length of a copper atom. Make your ship of copper, putting the ether propeller, that which causes vibration in the ether, at the end of the ship, and presto! all the copper atoms move along in the trough of the ether waves, at the same speed as the ether waves, which is the speed of light. And M. Tanner is off for Mars, in a super-plausibly scientific way.

HELL SHIP, in last year's ASTOUNDING, Arthur J. Burks put forth an idea which had been discussed by engineers before he had ever used it. They just didn't know how to do it. Mr. Burks did -- didn't he write the story. At least, the idea gave him more earthly benefit than it gave the engineers. Maybe he thinks he invented it - I don't know, nor does it matter; he used it, the idea of gravatic lines of force forming a spider web throughout the solar system. With the proper machinery,



which is ascribed with good attention to detail, you could crawl up those lines of force like a spider. This idea is so plausible that it might be placed in the same category as rocket propulsion, which is fact.

THE MOTH, in this year's ASTOUNDING, contains another of those ideas of interplanetary locomotion which I call one of THE BEST WAYS TO GET AROUND. Don't worry, I'm not pointing to myself with pride. I just wrote the story, Charles R. Tanner conceived the idea. He tossed it off paranthetically one night, and promptly forgot about it. The idea --- If all objects are in motion, according to the Lorentz-Fitzgerald contraction theory, lose length in the direction, why couldn't an artificially produced contraction cause instantaneous motion, proportional to length-loss? Not a thing in the world against it, my friends, all you have to do is to find a way to cause the artificial contraction of the ship in question. Of course, in my story, I invented a force-field ---- very handy when you're in a tight spot! ---- which caused the electrons to flatten out. This force acted on the ship and everything within. Therefore, any speed up to a little below that of light could be obtained, and that bogeyman so often ignored in scientifiction, acceleration, was disposed of at the start, since there was nothing that had a tendency to stay behind. There is the real inertialess drive, which E. E. Smith talked of, but never used.

(Paranthetically: When Charles R. Tanner saw the story containing his idea in print, he became enthused, and promptly invented and named all machines used in the process, discovered a new and ultimate particle called the "graviton", that which makes the proton 1846 times heavier than the electron, and practically drew plans for the force ficle which caused the contraction. When he finished we knew exactly how to obtain speeds far exceeding those of both Smith and Campbell. Our inventions were plausible, and the's work, provided-----)

I've just about reached the end of the list, though there are one or two others that might be mentioned right here at the tail end of the article. Jules Verne, I suppose, has to be credited with the first ship fired from a canon, in ONCE AROUND THE MOON. Wells takes the bow for gravity plates, which Willy Ley so neatly disposed of, only he called it "cavorite" in THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, and Ray Cummings used it effectively in AROUND THE UNIVERSE (and a hundred others). In a story in the old WONDER Donald Wollheim put his rocket ship on a huge wheel, rotated the wheel and flung it off into space. Fair, except that the acceleration would be killing.

AND THAT'S ABSOLUTLY ALL THE BEST WAYS TO GET AROUND. Unless there are some of those which I haven't heard of. If you know of some, I would like to be enlightened.

-----ROSS ROCKLYN

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