

RENAISSANCE

VOL. I NO. 4

10¢

I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE
ATE SUMPTIN FIRST, LIKE
POISON F'RINSTINCE!



RENAISSANCE COMBINED WITH- VOL. I NO. 4 SF COMETEER 18

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RENAISSANCE combined with SF COMETEER; published irregular; 10 cents for one issue; three for a quarter. Sounds like some one selling apples. All letters concerning magazine should be sent to Joseph Semenovich, 40-14 10 Street, Long Island City 1, New York. All subscribers, send money to Warren Freiberg, 5018 W. 18th street, Cicero 50, Illinois. We are sorry to say that our sub list is running low. Also am very sorry to say that we are not receiving enough material. We need both subscribers and contributors to put out an issue. We also like to have a letter--section, but of late, we haven't received a damn letter. And Mr. Krueger, if you read this, how about the you know what that you said you'd send me when I met you at the Bufflocon. Fillinger, are you listening? And my dear friend Ganley--hmm,----I'd like an article from you too. Schreiber, I'd greatly appreciate an article from you concerning ETRO, and if Hoskins reads this, damn, I'd even accept an article from him--even though a greyhound help write it. Oh hell, I better end this. It's getting as corny as corn, damn it!

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VOL. I NO. 2

"Our empire, my liege, is crumbling before us. The glory that was our father's and our father's father is here no more. We are decaying into nothingness, and only a miracle can save us from destruction." the orator paused for a moment and glanced about the throne room. There were ambassadors from every part of the galaxy in it and all listened with open ears. To himself, the speaker smiled bitterly as he met the eyes of his host----the Emperor of the 9th Galaxy: ruler of all civilized systemes.

"Since the beginning of time," he continued, "things have been the same. The ancient Grecian, Persian and Roman civilizations all fell after a few hundred years. There are also many others I can mention that fell into the same identical pattern: Egypt, Babylon, Assyria and India. At the end of their Golden Age which lasted a hundred or more years, they began to decline in culture and technology. The same will happen to us! Our Golden Age has existed for more than a hundred years. We are doomed to collapse like all other great eras."

"Ah," replied the emperor casually, "did you not say that a miracle can save us? I respect your brain oh great orator from the planet of Centurii III, but I am suprised at your logic. Aye, I too have studied the past. I too study the present. I study these not only to be a scholar, but a thinker as well. When I read the past and gaze at the present, I do only so for one reason. The reason is so that I may know what to expect in the future. It will be true that we shall crumble into the dust, this empire of ours. I agree with you, oh great man with the tounge. But sir, this will happen only if we let it happen. Since we know the past and present, let us make amends so that we will be unlike the past civilizations and fall after a poultry hundred years of a Golden Age. Let us make gains. Let us tell our scientists to make more technical accomplishments. Let us tell our social advisers to raise the standard of living. Let

us strengthen our armies from the barbarians of the outer fringes of the Galaxy. Let us do so now, at the present, and not wait for the future. And let us never stop making gains in technical sciences and social sciences. If we do so, we shall fall in the same pattern as did all the other civilizations before us."

The first speaker gazed coldly into the eyes of the emperor.

---He is trying to foil with destiny--

"What ever you shall do, nothing will help." he said dramatically, "What is written is written, what is said, is said."

The emperor leaned foward from his throne.

"You speak nonsense, man! Nothing is written of what shall happen. There is no such thing as Destiny! Read more, oh scholar of the past. Read and see why the ancient civilizations fell after their Golden Age. They fell for the reasons I have already mentioned: People became lazy; scientists no longer invented; social classes fueded with one another--rich against poor. Barbarian hordes were admitted into the empire. There was no longer a peoples army but a host of mercenaries paid by the state. The government was carrupt. The empire split into two or more divisions. The armies clected the emporor. Assisination of rulers were frequent. Law was lax, and oh, all the other things that causes decay-ing of empires. Look well, sir, at the past. Learn why they were caused. I know why they were caused and I will not let them happen to our empire. I shall gain power. I will conquer the barbarians of the outer fringes. I will war with every Galaxy in the universe. I will do this so there will be no thret of being

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invaded. Aye, my son will do as I plan, and so will his son and so on. Our empire is not safe as long as there are other beings in the universe. Nothing is safe. Our government must be attentive and not lax; they must be realists. There must not be such a thing as destiny. If people believe it, anything that happens they shall say is destiny and they cannot change it. All this is false. Destiny! Bah, the word sickens me. Such a thing is a fanatic's food. There are people who like to believe in something. Preach them a religion, and thus, they believe in the religion. Preach them destiny, and thus, it becomes a religion to them. In my reign I shall cease all these doings of fanatics. They ruin the empire. Look back, oh scholar. One of the main reasons in the decaying of empires was that another religion sprung up. I shall only tolerate one religion in the empire, and that is realism. Those cults that ruin the empire must be stamped out. Not in this generation, but in others to follow. I do not want to anger the people against me. I will teach the children the religion of REALISM; to live with the times; to think with the times. I do not want a person to live in the past. He causes others to live in the past with him. To gaze at the future is good----but let no one live in the future. Aye, let them

dream of what things will be and what will not be, but let them do something about it. All wish for a better world, that is what dreams are for. So let them make a better world. Let them make their dreams come to be a reality, and not just a dream.

"The empire shall not fall. It will live till eternity. It will exist for all time! It will be a good empire, a just one, a paradise! The Utopia that people dream of.

"This will not happen now, nor will it happen in a million years. But let us not be lazy. Let us start to concentrate our efforts to try to make the future better for all." The emperor inhaled deeply. His eyes fell upon the orator in contempt.

"You cannot change the future, sire. What is, is. The pattern is that we shall fall. How mighty a leige you may be, you cannot change such a thing as destiny. We will crumble. Our civilization has come to a halt. Our Golden Age is the past, the Dark Age is our future. The latter shall not be forever. Out of the Dark Ages will spring a Renaissance as it always has. Another great empire--greater than ours shall hatch from it. What is written is written nor can you change it."

The emperor fell back into his chair and laughed.

"Before us, gentlemen, we have a believer of destiny. It is this type of man that ruins empires, though usually scholars they are. What is written is written they all shout. You cannot change the future. Fools!" he rose up in anger and glared down at the orator. "Idiot! I should have your head! And I will, by my father, if you do not change

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Destiny = Destruction

Destruction = Decay

Decay = Decline

4D = No EMPIRE

(concluded)

your attitude quickly. On your planet you are a powerful man and I do not want enemies. I want the empire to live on and not crumble down like dust!"

The man smiled,

"You cannot change destiny. This empire will fall as all others have fallen before it. The Golden Age has gone. The Dark Ages near!"

"By my father," the emperor roared, "I will have your head! You have powerful friends, but we cannot afford to have people like you in the empire." he stared down the end of the hall. "Gaurds," he shouted, "remove this man from my presence immediately."

The orator remained silent. He smiled to himself. A smile of triumph. Then the gaurds came and took him away. Three minutes later he was killed.

Immediately after discovering that their envoy had been murdered, Centurii III declared war against the empire. Twenty four hours later, they gained three hundred allies. The Civil War began!

Three months after the emperor had stamped out the war, he was assassinated by his son, Menlius. Another war broke out when the previous emperor's general, and most loyal follower, challenged Menlius. The latter accepted and was defeated at the Battle of Venus where his whole army was slaughtered. The general than tried to piece together the empire.

In the Eastern Sector, he was successful. But it was hopeless in the west. He then stopped his efforts there, and concentrated in the east. There, he built a powerful empire that held off the onslaught of barbarians that came from the outer fringes.

The armies in the west appointed rulers frequently. In one month, 13 emperors were chosen. The 13th was much more fortunate than his predecessors. He held the empire together for five years.

The people though, tired of his bitter rule. His officials were cheats and no law was enforced. They staged a revolution which was proved to be unsuccessful when the rich class, under the direction of the emperor, hired a gigantic army of barbarians to fight the poor.

The mercanairies, seeing the weakness of the empire in the West, revolted and were successful. Suddenly, the other barbarians began to migrate into the west. Wars between themselves for control of the government were numerous. Finally, it split up into many different kingdoms.

While the empire in the east flourished, the empire in the west entered the Dark Ages!

-STEVEN R. PAUL.



BERGERON

FORUM

-By Silverberg, Ganley, Hoffman & Keasler-

Ed.## In the last issue this column was installed. In this issue we continued the column. It is a round robin letter that is sent to fans asking them what they think of a certain question. They answer it and at the end it is sent back to me. This issue the question is: WHAT MAGAZINE DO YOU THINK IS THE BEST IN THE SF FIELD. WHY DO YOU THINK IT'S THE BEST. (COMPARE IF YOU WISH.)

BOB SILVERBERG (EDITOR OF SPACESHIP)

What magazine do I consider the best? Well, I've never really decided, so I don't have much to go on now. But, the way I've seen it, the pro-mag field has, since 1934, been divided into two natural groups. At first, one group was ASTOUNDING and the other was all the other prozines, but since 1950 the lineup has changed so that one group contains the so-called "high-quality" digest-size zines, and the other group contains the pulps.

In the pulp group it's easy. Sam Mines' STARTLING and TWS are far away the leaders--no longer in quantity, since they cut their pages down to 144, but the top quality group still, with a fine legible typeface and good covers (at one time an amazing statement to be made about the Thrilling group!)

But when you shift over to the quality group, I'm unable to draw the line. At the present there are nine digest-size prozines. You can discount OTHER WORLDS and IMAGINATION as a little more than high-quality pulp magazines in slick format, and the Avon Readers and Galaxy Novels as reprint magazines. This leaves the Mysterious Traveler, which is barely a promag and thus can be eliminated from contention, and finally there are three: Galaxy, Astounding, and F&SF.

I'm unable to rate one of these three over the other, because there is no common denominator. Galaxy, I feel, publishes the best fiction in the field, but I don't care for its technical features: the cheap paper, easily damaged Kromekote covers, the "novel" artwork, and the sloppy printing job. Furthermore, I have a positive aversion to Galaxy's advertising policy and editorial rivalries with other magazines. So, even though I prefer Galaxy's fiction to all others, I can't nominate it as the all-around best in the field.

Astounding on the other hand, has the best format of the three--heavy covers which don't crease easily, solid binding, easily-read typeface, good paper--on a technical basis alone Astounding is way out from all the others. But when it comes to fiction--as fiction, it can't compare with Galaxy--but it's not intended to. JWC does not aim for mind-scaring psychological conflict, but for thoughtful, speculative fiction. And as such, he does not aim for the same audience as does Gold, and so I can't compare the two anymore than I could compare prunes with prisms on a basis of usefulness. Galaxy, I might add, is passing through the same stages which Astounding went through from 1938 to 1942. But I can't rate Galaxy over Astounding nor Astounding over Galaxy, because there is no uniform comparison.

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Then, off in a corner, is F&SF, with a thoroughly unpretentious format which excludes artwork and crams as many words into each page as is possible. F&SF can only be compared with UNFOWN, of all the promags--completely unique. I like it--but since its stories make no attempt at a scientific background, there's no point of comparison with Astounding, and since the fictional policies of Boucher and Gold are as far apart as the poles, the same goes for Galaxy.

Well! A fine job I did--ask for one leader and I give five. But SS & TWS are, for all outward purposes, one magazine--so there are actually four which I consider at the head of their respective groups, and since the distinctions between each group are so great there can be no comparison between groups. So my four top zines, all rated equal: The Mines Duo, Gef, ASF, and F&SF.

-BOB SILVERBERG-

PAUL GANLEY (EDITOR OF FANFARE)

Having dragged my weary fingers away from the evils of Calculus, I'll attempt to answer the question and send this before I forget I have it (which is very likely to happen at 119 Ward Road). In case you are wondering, yes, the typewriter ribbons do look the same shade, but this is no longer Silverberg.

Frankly, although I do read pulp magazines (which many local fans do not), I read few of them. The one that I drool over the most and wait for with the most highly bated breath is ASF. I personally prefer ASF's type of story to any other (after all, if the accent must be on fiction, then why bother to bring in science at all? just forget the science and read ordinary fiction).

However, I do disagree with Bob about Galaxy. In actuality, I see very little difference in material printed by Galaxy and ASF. In saying that, I guess I'm also disagreeing with 99.99% of fandom. It seems to be fashionable these days to forget the good psychological stories often published by ASF and yell "ASF is nothing but science!"

I will admit that science (and when you come to look at it closely, physical-scientific stories are no more scientific than psychological stories, are they?--I consider psychology a science) predominates in the Campbell magazine, and I think that in science-fiction, science should predominate. That does not mean there should be an essay on science and no story; but the story should be based on science, even go so far as to say (but I won't) that the plot of a s-f story should be and could be written up only in science-fiction.

Some of the science in ASF may be beyond the layman; but I wouldn't know. Perhaps it isn't fair to credit my opinion as that of average; I don't know about the rest of you, but my main intellectual interests (other than literary) lie in the scientific fields, mainly chemistry and physics, and being a first year chemistry major at UB, and interested enough to hunt up books on the side, I've evolved a fairly good elementary scientific background. Someone interested mainly in art or music or someone not interested in any cultural pursuit might not have even the elementary background necessary to interpret some s-f stories. For instance, I enjoyed the recent serial in ASF, ICEWORLD, much more than some of my friends, since the hero was a chemist, and much of the conflict involved was scientific.

Before I turn away from the topic of ASF, I just want to mention that while ASF may not have piled up such an impressive amount of anthologized material GALAXY (especially since it probably refuses to print or at any rate does not actively seek stories already under contract to

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be published in hard cover), I personally have not found even a short story that they have printed within the last two years that was not what I considered a good, enjoyable story.

GALAXY is, however, a very interesting magazine, and one which approaches ASF in a considerable degree in its excellence.

F&SF, however, seems to me to have degenerated to a great extent. It is no longer what it once was. I don't even buy it anymore, nor do many of the people around here. They have printed some good stories; that was in the past. One of these day I'll pick up a copy and see if it's been improving nay.

I do not condone Bob's casual disregard of the Avon Fantasy Reader, merely because it contains reprints. The majority of stories in them are new, to me at any rate. Now, I cannot compare the AFR to ASF. ASF, being a "modern" magazine, features the so-called modern style of writing and plotting, the "short-sentence" method, to describe it (not wholly satisfactory, it is admitted) in a phrase.

The modern style of writing will probably undergo further modifications as the years go on. To me, at least, the difference is not too important. In addition to giving us some very excellent pieces of fantasy, in addition to adventure stories to attract the average individual, we get some stories that may once have been considered quite good--as we ourselves consider some of the somewhat above average but not startling stories that we read from contemporary authors. It is not well at attempt to judge present-day stories without knowledge of their predecessors' efforts. For me, AFR has its points, also, and I cannot see why so many people condemn it as completely trash.

OTHER WORLDS and IMAGINATION are magazines that are difficult for me to comment upon--I buy a copy once in a while, but thus far have not found the kind of material Palmer has been promising ever since he started publishing them. As for SS and TWS, I believe that they are a step above the ordinary pulp, better-written than the pulp detectives and westerns of recent years, better edited, and a great source of entertainment. Once I used to wait with baited breath for the coming of PLANET; now much the same emotion (minus the emotionality of baited breath) accompanies the publication of SS and TWS. Their new monthly status has not had time to affect the quality of the material, and I hope that it will not. Well written adventure stories have a place in the reading diet; the major trouble with such magazines as AS, FA, OW, FURUTR (once FUTURE until the typewriter decided to play practical jokes), and so on, is that the writing (and also the plotting which is less equally important and coexistent with the former in good stories) is less polished.

For some reason, however, no science-fiction story that I have ever read, that is to say a science-fiction story that is a science-fiction story and not an essay clothed in stf, has been able to even approach the highfalutin' niche of the so called classics. Somehow, Shakespeare does as well, despite the defects of an out-of-date language, and Hemingway who uses that modern style I mentioned seems to get more out of it.

I think there's a safe chance that s-f will one day produce many classics, just as soon as it grows up.

I got off the topic, didn't I? Well, I should end here, I suppose, with the suggestion that Lee and Maxie use the backs of these sheets rather than include more and raise the postage. Maybe I should have, but Bob didn't so I kept going.

-W. PAUL GANLEY-

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LEE HOFFMAN (EDITOR OF QUARREL)

This pale and unpretentious tyro is, of course, Lee Hoffman's Underwood. And I, the speaker, am none other than Lee Hoffman, which is the way things should be, don't you think?

I'm afraid you've come to the wrong person for a violent, or even determined argument, Joe. You should have asked someone like Boggs who has the courage of his convictions, or at least someone who has convictions to have the courage of. I don't.

Seems to me that "best" in a situation like this can only be a matter of personal opinion. No one can say which is the best for anyone but himself. So I'll tell you that my favorite mag is the Mag of Fantasy and Stf. Why? Well, I enjoy the stories therein more regularly and to a higher degree than I enjoy the stories of various other stf mags. I like the whimsical attitude and I enjoy fanatsy as well as stf.

In other words I like MoF&SF best because I enjoy the stories in it. I hope I haven't disappointed you too much.

-LEE HOFFMAN-

MAX KEASLER (EDITOR OF OPUS)

Guess who's here, how rite you is. I am about to disillusion you Joe, I'm afraid. For you see I never read prozine. Ever since I've been in fandom, prozines have never held much interest for me. I'll read a story once in a while if someone recommends it. The only reason I have bought the few prozines that I have, is to read the fanzine review column. So I would have to consider my judging on that, and they would be AMAZING and STARTLING, and everyone knows the better fan never admit that.

Ever Levin Yers

-Max Keasler-

Ed. Maxie, I'm ashamed of you. And I thought you could end up the letter with a big bang. Lee, you are a bit disappointing too. But at least you said something. I have to thank Ganley and Silverberg for their wonderful response to the question. I guess I also have to thank Lee and Max for passing the letter along. Oh well, that's the way the ball bounces (I have to fill up another 20 lines so keep on to your seats) Maybe you two will respond better to another question. Speaking about questions, I've got to thin of another one for the next issue in a hurry. What the hell is a good question, heh? Oh well, I think I can think of one. I better think of one, the deadline for the next issue will be in a few weeks.

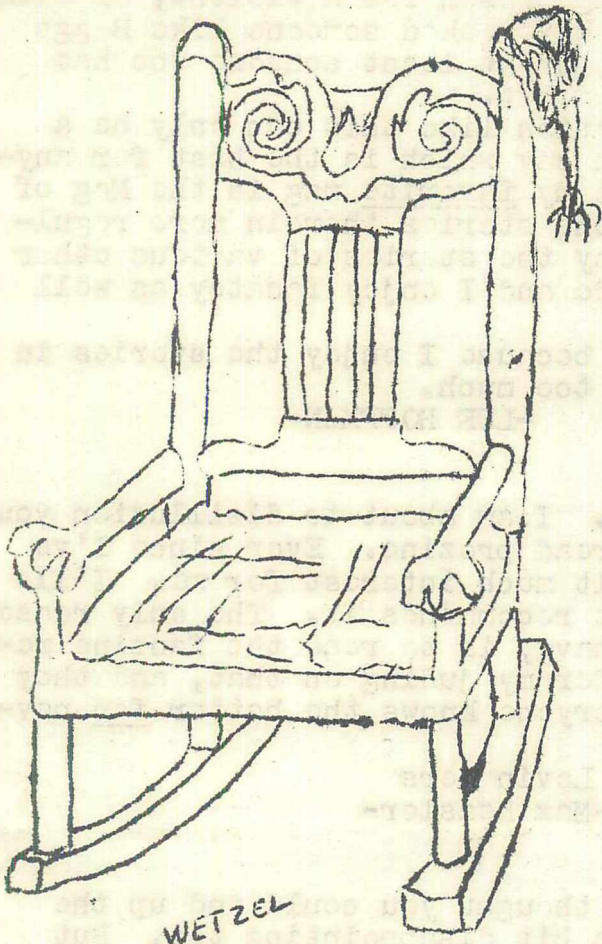
Hey you. Want to advertise? This is a good zine to advertise in. Our circulation is about seventy-five paid subscribers. Then with review copies and trades, it raises up to a hundred. Here's where you can get rid of your surplus magazines, or maybe you want some magazines. Here's where you can advertise. You're bound to get an answer.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT-IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT-IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

THE PRICE OF THIS ZINE WILL BE RAISED ANOTHER NICKLE SOON. THIS IS FOR THE BEST, NOT FOR OUR POCKETS! PRICES ARE HIGH. PAPER GETS EXPENSIVE BY THE MONTH, STENCILS TOO. WITH THE PRICE HIKE THERE WILL ALSO PROBABLY BE TWO MORE PAGES. ALSO, CONTEST MAY BE HELD. THE TEN CENT PRICE WILL LAST FOR ANOTHER TWO ISSUES AFTER THIS. SUSCRIBE NOW!

THE MADCAP

-By George T. Wetzel-



"Destroy them: have nought to do with them or make use of them!" Cousin Pyke was an impious man and his effects read with evilness---", thus my late uncle will read. Why he wasted time writing this was puzzling, for I found no possessions of my dead, infamous second cousin about, either in the book-shoe or among the rest of my recently inherited property in the rooms above it. Being remaining silent, Uncle Josh might have obtained his request; but the warning had induced a noisy curiosity in me and I began to rifle the less obvious nooks of the building. You see, I don't believe in allowing useful things to gather dust, and if the defunct Cousin had left clothes or papers or other useful property about, I meant to have them despite the stupid, bigoted insinuations of my uncle.

In back of a book, cluttered, forgotten cupboard I found an old-fashioned night-cap with Cousin Pyke's initial sewed therein---that was my sole legacy from him. Apparently, my uncle had made off with all other of Pyke's belongings he could lay his hands upon; and if this night-cap was the sole remaining Pykesque relic, the old man had made a pretty thorough clean sweep.

A fine, tasseled night cap it was; a sartorial envy for any Bigwig---and economical. It was near midnight when I lay fingers upon this flannel treasure, so after snipping out the candle, I pulled the cap on and went to sleep in the curtained four poster in my room above the store. As slumber settled upon me, I had a glimpse through a gap in the curtain, of the antique rocker in the corner. And I had a foolish idea it resembled in some way my defunct uncle's scowling face; something about it recalled the gnarled wrinkles in his countenance, wrinkles that had always put me in mind of a wooden, grained surface. Deeper sleep soon engulfed me, but a last dream-memory of wood grain---like wrinkles convolving in whorls about two wood knots (oddly like staring eyes) bothered me. Then oblivion that is until some fool knocking on the dorr below awoke me. I stuck my head out of the window.

"I want," he said, "a book."

I swore at this idiot disturber of sleep, at the end of which he continued unconcernedly: "I must have a copy of the Necronomicon."

"Dumbhead! There is no such book. It is fiction invented by Lovecraft," and I slammed down the window. I heard him curse me with certain Deaconic oaths which followed with: "I will send something to haunt you."

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This threat must be answered," I thought. Throwing up the sash again. "Please do, sir, I beg of you," I replied, "but if your spooks howl, drag chains, and generally make a ruckus, I will pay them back in the same coin. I will set my dogs upon them; buckets full of water over my door jambs will await them; and I myself will hide in the cupboard covered with the table cloth and jump out upon them so they will flee to yonder tavern--the proper place for spirits. Tell me, how do you entice spooks to enter some place? I have some unpleasant acquaintances. I would benefit by such knowledge."

My pleasantries put him in such a horrible rage that he departed from under my window, voicing to give me a "hard thump."

Regretfully, I wished now I had invited my mysterious customer to see what sort he was and to discover what mischief he needed said evil book for. However, if I hurried, I might follow him and still spy out such answers.

All the while I pondered so, I gazed abstractly at the corner rocker. It had a face-like suggestion, I thought. Those symmetrical floral scrolls on the top panel of its back appeared to be glaring, rheumy eyes; the vertebral rods between the top and bottom panels snarled at me like a toother mouth; and the simulated bird talons that were its arm rests, so popular with Victorian furniture, were reaching stirring, animate d mis-shapen claws out for the unwary.

The following of my late caller was easy as his grumbling voice was a tangible spoor. Despite all his fantastic mutterings, I heard one curious remark:

"I will summon up," he said, "that which that Bigwig dreads! This person decidedly boded me ill."

An eldritch life seemed to possess the street I passed along. Ahead of me, stores and houses grew out of the nebulous dark, their forms but skelital, unboarded beams and posts with excrescent carpenters' scaffolding which all flickered into now, finished dwellings as I drew nigh them; but once behind me, they visibly aged into tottering centuried ruins of such fearful atmosphere, that I quickened my pace; not so much as that their imminent cycle might transpire closer to me, but for unwillingness to encounter, to see those nameless things that invariably inhabit all such deserted houses. Yet despite my frenzied attempts to hurry out of this street--for I now felt a chilling fear--immobility caught my limbs like that, I thought, experienced in some incubus-fraught dream. At the same instant my late caller entered a long and narrow Victorian Gothic house whose weathered brown shingled gables held an aspect of worn age. How or why I suddenly found myself outside of its grimy windows--for the immobility still enthralled me--I cannot say.

Within, my companion began some bizarre preparations and I wondered at his threat to send me a visitor. About him lumbered the familiar junk of stage magicians, but the ritual he now performed bespoke no such humbug--it was real magic, the sort described in Old Colonial court records.

He stood before a huge mirror and used--unquestionably!--a dread necromantic ceremony. Dead faces and objects, the "memories" imprisoned within the glass, swept up to the silvered surface in succession and thence grew nebulous and blurred, vanishing back into their tomb. Bewilderment upon the conjurer's face; he flinched, throwing his arms before his eyes to hide the abominable scum arising out of that silvered abyss and into the room. An injudicious spell gone wrong, the mirror was now a Pandora's Box from which ghostly reflections of every piece of furniture and personage buried there at one time were now released so as to go awkwardly tumbling and bumping against walls and ceiling until the room seemed misty with their forms. Grotesque comedies were enacted when unrelated reflections chanced together: inarticulate bones--possibly the medical specimen of a physician--somehow occurred about the image of a cripple who appeared to have then osseous crutches; an apoplectic be-

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whiskered gentleman shook his cane murderously at a bookcase that seemed to stare back in surprise. A fear was growing in me that I should flee before worse was vomited from the mirror-grave.

In my flight, I knocked over a garbage can in the house's garden, which tin object spewed forth not refuse but human ejaculations about "setting the thing to rights; it's always running fifteen minutes behind time and must need to have its hour hand reset." But was it a garbage can? I now saw it was a man with Pykesque features, who was struggling unsuccessfully with the quadrant of a sundial there, trying to rotate that horological object upon its stone pedestal.

At that same moment a building on the far corner of the street shuddered with strange life, and stalked a distance on four-hawk-like talon feet before winging up into the midnight sky. And before I had recovered from my shock at such bizarre goings on, I saw one final thing from which I should have averted my face; but not knowing, I looked at the unperturbed street urchin who, sitting under the street light, was frowning at someone's picture in his newspaper.

All this night's adventures before had been illogical, insane affairs touched mostly with dull fright; but I felt a feverish creeping dread of this unknown waif of the slums. What he next did was quite ordinary, many other a small child has done it, but his action--that of a child dislike terrified me for no discernable reason. He scribbled pencil marks upon that detested picture. And from far off I heard a cry and awoke from such nightmares, trembling, feeling my face to see if it were disfigured with any sudden and mysterious scars. And the nightcap? I tore off the accursed thing and flung it upon the corner of that evil rocker.

-GEORGE T. WETZEL-

SCIENCE

AND

.15¢

CULTURE

MAGAZINE

STANLEY CROUCH

HOLLY CIRCLE

STERLING, VA.

AN ARTICLE?

-BY STANLEY S. MARTIN-

Anyone can tell neophyte a mile away. Usually, the new and avid science-fiction reader is clutching a good old Amazing in his hand, talking to himself how wonderful the lead novel was, and at the same moment thinking: "Why didn't I read this marvelous literature before? Look at all the reading enjoyment I've missed!" And then, merrily he skips down the street. Yes, he must be a neophyte. His eyes are glowing!

But then you look at a fan who has been around quite a while. His hair is messed up; his eyes are tired--this is caused by reading too many fan-mags. And when one mentions the word "pro", he shudders and thinks of all the tortures he would like to afflict on one of those things called "pros". He admits that since he's become an active fan, he hasn't had much time to read the pro-mags. All he reads is fanmags, and if he keeps up at the present rate, he will be blind in a matter of months. Infact, the other day he went to an optician to discuss his sight, and the doctor said one of the best ways to repair his now faulty eyes, is to start reading pro-mags again. He went into a rage, killed the optician for uttering that accursed word, and is now hiding from the police. And when asked, since he is hiding, how does he get any fan-mags to read, he says that he knows a few fans who bring them to him.

Yes, that is the active fan. A sorrowful sight to see for not only does he have the police on his tail but also a few hundred fans after him for the article he wrote in "Atomic True Confessions", It had something or other to do about "All Girl Science-Fiction Fans Are Only In Fandom For One Thing--And That's To Get Men!"

But actually, it wasn't this poor, active fans fault. By all means no! The editor of "Atomic True Confessions" told him to write something that would bring up a large discussion. Something that would raise the fan-mags circulation from nineteen, to twentythree. And the editor himself, told him on what subject the article should be on. And that was... All Girl Science-Fiction Fans Are Only In Fandom For One Thing--And That's To Get Men.

And now you ask yourself; "Why did the active fan write this?"

Why did he write it??

The answer is simple. Fan editors have ways of making active fans write for them. Usually, they have a black book (fan editors pass it around to one another) with names of active fans who did something illegal. Something that would disgrace them and send them to ALL BAD SCIENCE-FICTION FANS PENITENTARY. And at this prison, they have to read at least one pro-mag a day. (a horrible thought, isn't it?) How long this term persists, depends on the felony. Say if a male fan was found in the arms of a female non-fan, or vice versa, the punishment is usually a light one--say about six months of hard labor (either reading pro-mags, or pushing the crank of an editors mimeograph machine). That is the lightest sentence you can get. Others range from licking the stamps and envelopes on FAPA mailings, to mimeographing twelve hours a day for ten years; also for six hours, read pro-mags, for three hours, lick stamps, 1 hour of reading a fan mag, and four hours for sleep.

(concluded)

This is a warning to all neofans. Don't devulge anything to fan editors--it's dangerous.

Also, you must beware never to be alone with a fan editor. He will probably make a wonderful impression on you, then slip you a mickey. When you awake, you will undoubtedly find yourself under the influence of a truth drug, and also strapped down tight to a lie detector just in case the serum doesn't work well on you.

Now most of you active fans know how a fan editor looks. But to these neofans who read this, I may as well warn them. They look like a non-fan! Their eyes are not weary from reading fan mags. (they only read their own, the concieted asses) now are they luminous like a neo-fans. They are clear, average looking. (This may be false. It was recently said that fan editors have purple eyes and orange hair but dye them to have the appearance of a norm (another curse word, by Pogo). Their hair is brown, black, red and blond. According to their own taste. Infact, they look so much like a norm that they are mistaken for them. They even talk like one, and no one would suspect that they are science-fiction fans and that they edit their own slop-zine. But once entrapped by one, you are gone, and may Pogo have mercy on your poor, wretched ole sould. A Mon

How do you think the editor influenced me to write this? By just sending me a card saying, "Please write me an article." By Pogo, NO! He flew down by airplane and what he's got in his hand and jabbing in my back isn't a water pistol. It's a zap gun!

Actually, I don't mind it too much that I'm writing him this article. Really, I don't. It's just that I have to pay his fair home. And he didn't take an airplane like I suspected. He flew straight from Mars so he could have this for his next issue. On the back sheet of this zine it says Via Rocket Mail. Believe me, it isn't kidding either!

-STANLEY S. MARTIN-

TWILIGHT

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UNUSUAL FEB. 18

-By Richard Billings-

What happened at 11:30 on the morning of Feb. 18 in the skies of North Carolina and Virginia? Was it a meteor that excited so many thousands of people? On the aforementioned date, these news items were reported:

In Whaleyville, Va., cows were "jumping up and down".

In Raleigh, Wilmington, and Winston-Salem, North Carolina, planes were reported crashing. None were ever found.

In several places between Charlotte and Richmond, brilliant flashes of bluish flame and loud explosive sounds were reported.

And in Korea, top officials ordered a full investigation of two reports of flying saucers which emitted flashes of bluish flame. The officials were "impressed by the circumstances: under which the (saucers) were reported by its own personnel.

Was it a meteor over North Carolina? U. S. meteorologist, J. P. Molen of Greensboro identified it as such, adding

that it probably disintegrated at between 40,000 and 80,000 feet in the air. But for a meteor to be visible "ball of fire" in the daylight, it must be very large. Yet no fragments were ever found!

A ship was reported aflame 14 miles off the mouth of the Savannah River by a plane flying in the area. Yet a Coast Guard search revealed nothing.

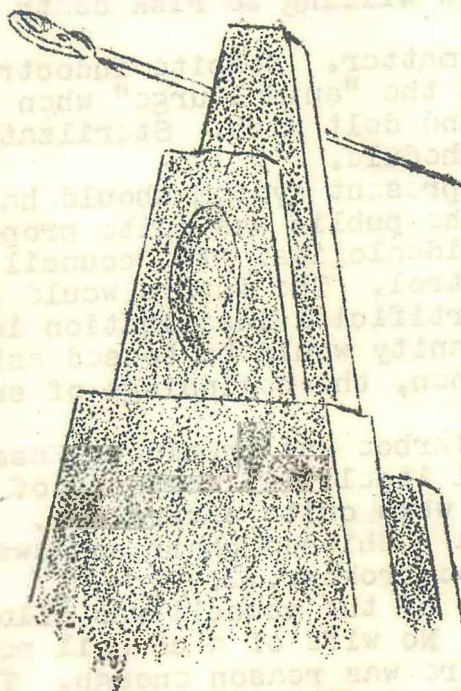
Highway patrolmen were said to be chasing flaming jet planes.

And the next day it was revealed that the Air Force had withheld the flying saucer report for almost a month. But why did the Air Force wait until the day after the flaming objects were sighted to confess with-

holding the report. Were they just trying to kill a possible connection between the two occurrences? Why wasn't some trace found of the meteor by the many people who sought it?

And what of the strange things reported--all on the same day?

Maybe we will learn--too soon!



BERGERON

LAST ACT OF FLESH

-16-

-By L. Saunders-

When the facts were disclosed to Jarboe, it was too late for counter-action. The process had begun; it was inexorable. The council did not suspect; nor was it in his power to inform them. The situation was more than tolerable, for as it existed, the roots of the present society were being grasped firmly and pulled out into the withering sunlight. The situation could be shrugged off as a simple case of "beneficial extermination" except for the unrelenting facts.

Dr. Grunsfeld had informed him of the facts. The two had met in secrecy, at the insistence of the doctor. Jarboe was incredulous at first, then when facts were presented, he left--a badly shaken man. He swore the doctor to secrecy. Reaching home, he searched the house vainly for Detva, his wife. He had to see her, yet he was afraid of the meeting. Afraid that he might kill her.

He had known a long time about Detva. Calm, resourceful Detva--no longer a mysterious puzzle. Animal-like, she wore about herself the repulsive impression of sex. Yet her intelligence capacity was high, and were it not so, she would have been eliminated.

Detva was a rebel. Inherited influences of bad ancestry. To her, sex was a game, and it was the lay of life. Some time back she must have discovered that there were always men to be had, and occasionally, women and children-----

Talk had drifted to him. He had scoffed at first, silly fool. Ideals were thrown back into his face. Investigation asserted the facts. Detva did what she did to flout authority. Perhaps she imagined herself a romantic rebel. Those who were caught with her were properly taken care of. Surprising how many were willing to risk death for a night's vulgarities.

He reflected over the matter. Despite indoctrination from the time of birth, many succumbed to the "animal urge" when they matured. These were carefully weeded out and dealt with. Sterilization first, of course. Then a vigorous training schedule.

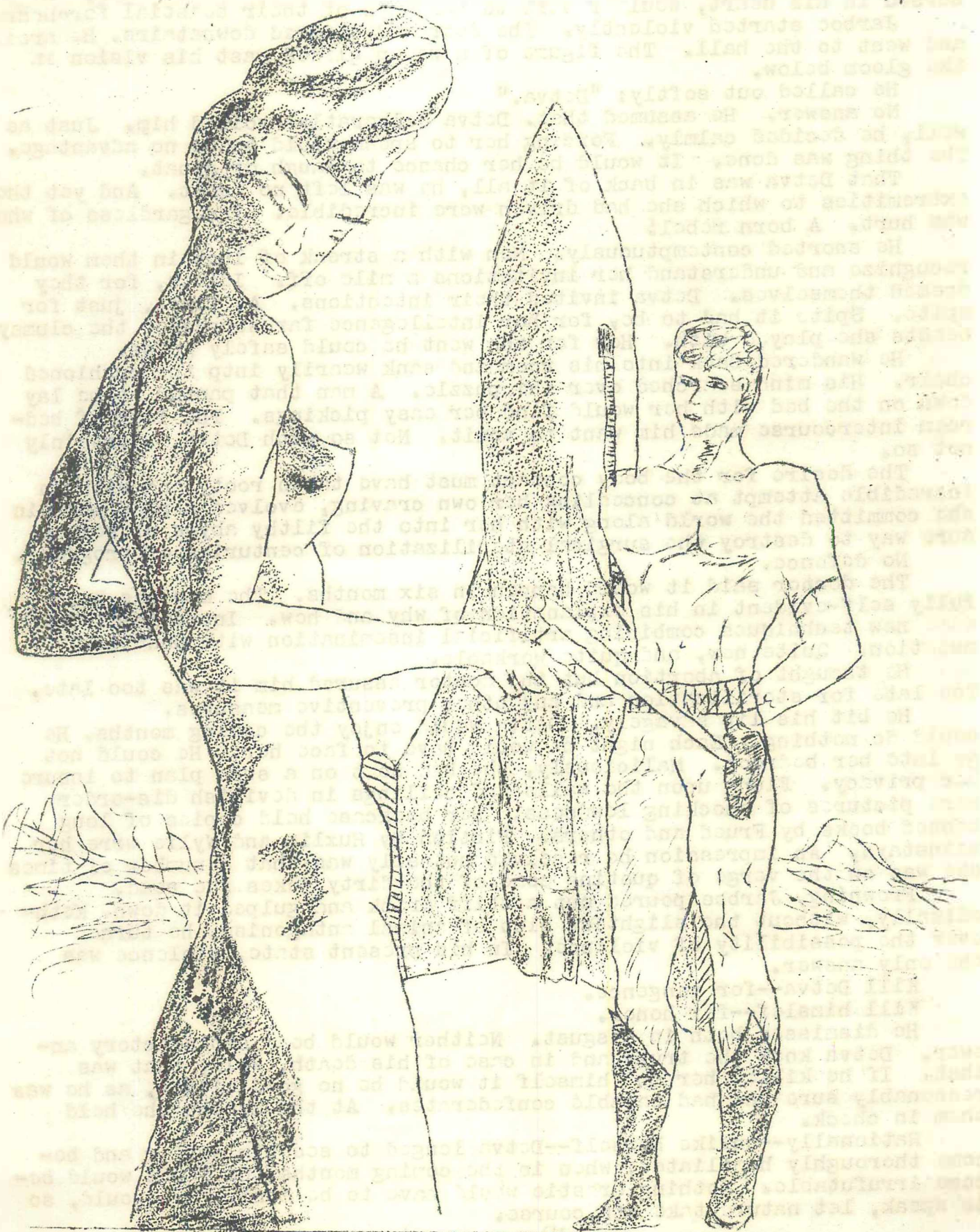
No, he reflected, the present system should have little to fear from the general public. The public was quite properly "de-sexed" and orientated to the existing ideologies. The council had experimented successfully with birth control. The future would foresee the complete stoppage of human birth. Artificial insemination in its final stages of perfection. Presently, humanity would be tossed aside as an uncommonly dull rag-doll. Assuridly then, the beginnings of superman, end of ego-man.

The council, of which Jarboe was president, assured the continuation of this system. The council itself was composed of carefully screened incumbents. The inner laws were quite severe.

Jarboe leaned back in a cushioned chair and sweated profusely. The inner laws which could not be broken.....

Specifically, no member of the council was allowed to practice any form of sexual intercourse. No wife of a council member could bear a child, quite naturally. There was reason enough. The council was regarded as a mild form of god. A baby could destroy the illusion for centuries. The public was gullible and indoctrination held them in check, yet their incredible system of searching out scraps of scandal and inner secrets of the council had curbed progress for centuries. If the public

(continued, next page)



Richard Kirs

(continued)

knew what he, Jarboe, knew, the system would go up in smoke. Man, he cursed in his heart, would revert to the ways of their bestial forebears. Jarboe started violently. The door had slammed downstairs. He arose and went to the hall. The figure of a woman glided past his vision in the gloom below.

He called out softly: "Detva."

No answer. He assumed that. Detva deliberately avoided him. Just as well, he decided calmly. Forcing her to speak would be to no advantage. The thing was done. It would be her chance to laugh or gloat.

That Detva was in back of it all, he was left no doubt. And yet the extremities to which she had driven were incredible. Irregardless of who was hurt. A born rebel!

He snorted contemptuously. Men with a streak of lust in them would recognize and understand her invitations a mile off. Idiots, for they doomed themselves. Detva invited their intentions. At first, just for spite. Spite it had to be, for her intelligence far surpassed the clumsy beasts she played with. How far she went he could safely guess.

He wandered back into his room and sank wearily into the cushioned chair. His mind searched over the puzzle. A man that panted as he lay down on the bed with her would find her easy pickings. The idea of bedroom intercourse made him want to vomit. Not so with Detva. Certainly not so.

The desire for the body contact must have taken root, and with an incredible attempt at concealing her own craving, evolved a plan wherein she committed the world along with her into the filthy abyss of sex. A sure way to destroy the surgical sterilization of centuries of progress. No defence.

The doctor said it would happen in six months. The man was painfully self-evident in his explanation of why and how. Incredible! There were new techniques combining artificial insemination with unnatural mutation. Quite new, and quite workable.

He thought of abortion but the doctor assured him it was too late. Too late for sterilization and any other preventive measures.

He bit his lip savagely. Detva would enjoy the coming months. He could do nothing. Each night he would have to face her. He could not go into her bedroom. Maliciously, she had some on a sure plan to insure her privacy. Flung upon the walls and ceilings in devilish disorder were pictures of shocking lewdness. Her bookcase held copies of long banned books by Freud and others. Fiction by Huxley and Wyllie were her mainstays. An impression he received uneasily was that a number of times she was on the verge of quoting some of the dirty jokes she read.

Frowning, Jarboe poured out a stiff drink and gulped it down. Methodically, without the slightest hint of animal antagonism, he turned over the possibility of violence. In his present state, violence was the only answer.

Kill Detva--for vengeance.

Kill himself--for honor.

He dismissed both in disgust. Neither would be a satisfactory answer. Detva knew the truth and in case of his death, well, that was that. If he killed her and himself it would be no good either, as he was reasonably sure she had capable confederates. At the moment she held them in check.

Rationally--unlike herself--Detva longed to see him suffer and become thoroughly humiliated; when in the coming months the facts would become irrefutable. Nothing drastic would have to be done. She would, so to speak, let nature take its course.

(concluded)

Admittedly, Detva had planned well. This world would shortly be served to her on a silver platter.

Jarboe poured himself another drink. The bottle's contents, dwindled perceptively.

Detva was waiting in the council chamber. Resno, the acting leader, stepped into the room and closed the door behind him gently. He stood and stared helplessly at the seated woman.

He said quietly: "The council has been dissolved. The public has organized a free-sex-league."

Detva nodded and gazed frankly at the bewildered man. Sympathy nor future conjecture would be helpful. Those of the council were lost sheep and would soon be led to the public slaughterhouse. Pathetic, somehow, for they never knew what really hit them.

Resno cleared his throat and continued nervously: "We will concede anything. Perhaps we may be able to salvage something." He groped uncertainly an blurted, "I don't understand about Jarboe.. I'm sorry, of course, we--bare him no malice."

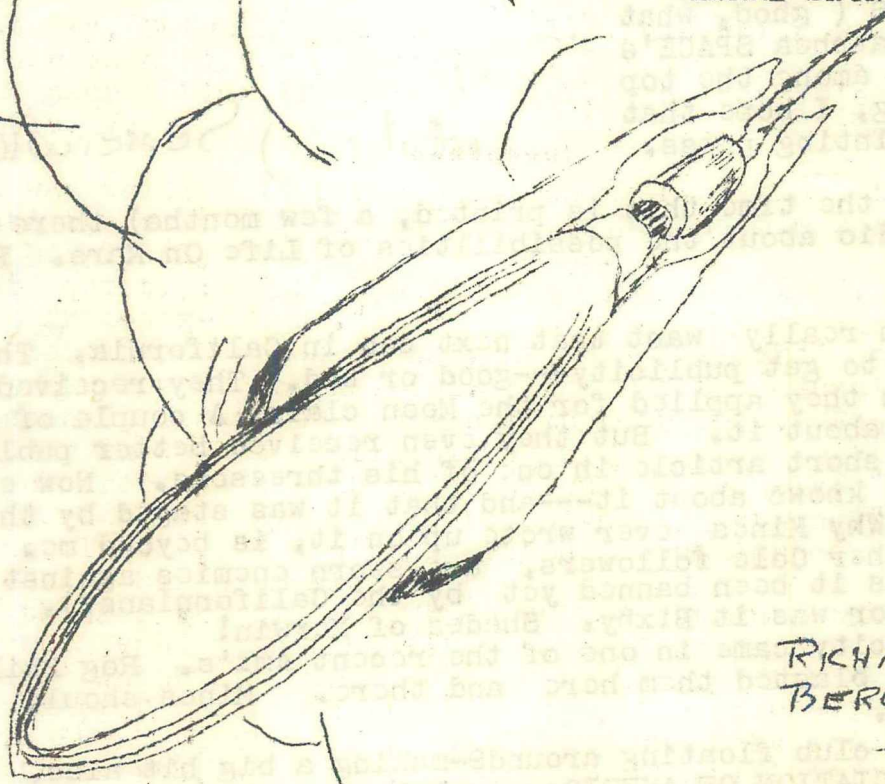
Detva thanked the old man, then walked out into the riotous streets where she met a young man that liked to hold hands and sleep in the same bed with her. Which of course, was satisfactory with her.

On the day of these uncertain doings, Jarboe was laboring in a hospital ward. Shortly afterward, an eight pound baby was born to him.

After the birth, the baby, born through artificial insemination, was destroyed. The assumption being that it was born a hybrid idiot, and under the last act of the old system, it had to be destroyed.

Jarboe was then taken to a mental institution.

-LARRY SAUNDERS-



RICHARD
BERGERON

#

-A COLUMN?

-By Francis Bordna-

There is no doubt that if a fan of ten years ago, who stopped reading sf, picked up a present day pro-mag, he'd scratch his head, buy the magazine, and once again become a true blue fan. He would see that the editorial standard has rose, the price almost doubled, and a much better format. Science fiction is slowly being noticed--Hollywood is sf "conscious", and more pro-mags are hitting the stands. From quarterlies, bi-monthly's, and from bi-monthly's, monthly's. Fans are now waiting for a bi-weekly.

This is not the only thing. In the recent Amazing Stories editorial (yes, I read AMZ) we read that the new Fantastic is now to appear bi-monthly, and colored plates are going to be used for issue #2. This we believe, is what all fandom has been waiting for. H. Browne's Fantastic, is the thing. We pick it over Galaxy in covers, over aSF in format and interiors, and over aSF, Galaxy, and F&SF in fiction. Fantastic is IT!

H.L. Gold must be weeping in his brew after he saw the latest issue of SPACE SCIENCE-FICTION. Why the damned issue had a cover that could equal any Galaxy ever had. He's probably trying to sue del Rey for stealing the cover plan. And we wouldn't be surprised if SAMines and JBx are crying their heart out for not buying that Bergey cover first.

Speaking of SPACE SF, we're still waiting for its companion mag, ROCKET STORIES (ghod, what a title). If it matchea SPACE's standards, it'll be among the top ten. The only thing, I hope that it has a better printing press.

*Guess
What?*

artist - Semenovitch

Last week (by the time this is printed, a few months) there was a program on the radio about the possibilities of Life On Mars. Pretty good.

The Little Men really want that next con in California. They're doing everything to get publicity---good or bad. They received some good publicity when they applied for the Moon claim. A couple of million people heard about it. But they even received better publicity when SaMines had a short article in one of his threesome. Now everyone in the sf world knows about it---and that it was staged by the San Franciscan boys. Why Mincs ever wrote up on it, is beyond me. Les, Es and all the other Cole followers, are sworn enemies against the Thrilling group (has it been banned yet by the Californians?). Why did you do it Sam, or was it Bixby. Shades of Merwin!

Some bad publicity came in one of the recent Amz's. Rog Phillips in THE CLUB HOUSE, blasted them here and there. Mincs should have done the same thing.

There's a new club floating around--making a big hit also. It's the BACHELOR'S ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA---girls are allowed. Joe Tells me that he's one of the staff now. He also informed me that a short

(concluded)

article concerning the club in this issue.

#####If you haven't already heard, a secret con was held in---was it Minneapolis? A three day affair which I believe, was run by Elsberry. It was called an INVENTION. You had to be invited. What will they think of next? A good idea though, if I ever saw one. But then again, how could you have fun when only your friends are there?

#####Joe was talking to me the other day about putting out a one-shot called "THE BLESSED AND THE BANNED". He isn't too sure though; says if he ever does it, he'll ask FTLancy, GMCarr and RKWatkins for some articles. And for the Banned, there's Krueger, Keasler, Davis, Filling-
inger, et al.,.

#####Semenovich tells me that he's looking for a fan address--and name. Seems that he met the fan at the Bufflocon, and promised to write to him and send him a sample copy of BSFC. Damn, if he can remember the guy's name. All he can recall is that the fan had a pint of Southern Comfort, and Kummel.

#####July 13th, a small con is going to be held somewhere in NEWYORK. All I recall of the address is that it's going to take place where the first World Con was held. My ghod, how ancient.

#####Rumors say that there's a slick magazine to hit the market. All I can say is that it's a rumor--we already have ours--Fantastic.

#####Now here's a hot flash. Walt Willis is dead! Yes, he died of--? Kidding aside for a moment. I received a card stating that Willis was dead. Also it read, that it wasn't a hoax. If it's true, we're sorry for Madelaine. But there are doubts. The card was post-marked San Francisco.

#####We have just received the news that Joe Filling-
inger has gotten married. The lucky girl's name is Rita Bowsorth. Good luck Joe, and may you have a tribe!

#####Also rumored, is that Rich Elsberry is getting married. Now this isn't for sure; I heard it from a fan who heard it from another fan and so on. I doubt if it's true. How can Elsberry get along with someone when he can't get along with himself?

#####Another stf film hit New York yesterday. Titled the Red PlanetMars or something similar. We saw it--we are trying to forget it!

#####Frank Dietz may get married. One of the 770 boys!

#####Ken Krueger, once editor of Abortions, Zodiac, and a host of other fanzines, is married, has children (odd, I always thought him castrated) and isn't a BEM. So there! Anyway, so says Semenovich. Joe also said that Filling-
inger and Ken could recite beautiful poetry.

#####At the Buffloco, F.Dietz brought a tape recorder---which of course was used for recordings. The tape is now passing around fandom. The thing though, is that it didn't get banned yet. My ghod, what pornogr-
aphy.

#####Well, that's all for this issue. See you next month---I hope.

FRANCIS BORDNA-

ODDS AND ENDS

-By Joseph Semenovitch-

Once again, my fourth time to be exact, I am writing an editorial, or something similar to an editorial. But actually, it doesn't matter, what you or I call it--what does make a difference is that I'm talking to you--through a typewriter.

There are many things that I have to explain to you readers. The first of course, concerns last issue--the first issue Warren and I combined our efforts to try and put out a bigger and better zine. As it turned out, a great many obstacles popped up that caused us to use a different type of duplicating--hecktographing. The lowdown is that the issue was supposed to be mimeographed. I had everything stenciled, and sent it by mail to Warren. Only thing wrong was that his mimeo broke down--that stopped the mimeographing. Rather than holding up the issue a few months, Warren and I decided that we should get out the issue as soon as possible--we were late quite a few months already, so that is where the hecktoing came in. On his own, my able co-editor restenciled the whole issue and then duplicated it. How many issue he made, I still don't know, but those of you who didn't receive the issue, don't worry, nothing was taken off your sub. And those of you who did get it; well we're sorry that it didn't come out better than it did. We tried our best. Also, I might add to our contributors that issue, we're sorry that we made such a poor presentation of your work, even though it wasn't actually poorly presented.

There is no letter column this issue because we didn't receive any letters except two. Those were by Barclay Johnson, and David English. Since they were kind enough to send in letters, I may as well give them a plug. Dave puts out a zine called FANTASIAS--it costs one thin dime. His address is 203 Robin Street, Dunkirk, New York. I can't find Johnson's address but he published a fan directory which costs only a dime. He is planning to come out with a zine soon--when it comes out, I'll mention it. I'll probably find his address after I finish this editorial.

I went to the Bufflocon. It was a load of fun, and I met many of the fans that I had previously corresponded with. Among my new acquaintances were Joe Fillinger, Ken Krueger (both helped make the convention a big hit. Also met were Jim Schreiber, Paul Ganly, Ron Friedman, Stan Crouch, Glen Wright (who recently, with the aid of C. Beck, sold a story to FATE MAGAZINE) a load of fans from Utica, Frank Deitz--can that guy drink) and numerous other fans whose names I can't remember. All were about the nicest guys a fan can meet.

Next issue there will be a slight change. Possibly, we may go small size again if the mimeo doesn't work. But never fear, this issue will be mimeod--on legal size paper even if we have to pay someone to do the job for us! We have some good material lined up for next issue. Also, our format will change. We will have margins! You can see some of our format change this issue. We still have a few stencils that don't have any margins. (Damn, this typewriter skips too much.)

Lined up for next issue is a long article by George Wetzel. He contributed this issue, a short story. Also lined up is a short article concerning a new club that is organizing. While I'm talking about material, I may as well add that we're low. We'd like to have a column installed, but we have no columnist. How about everyone of you readers sending us a new sub and a column--no fiction at the present please---we're loaded. And now to my able co-editor, Warren.

Joe Semenovitch

ATTENTION!

This ZINE

IS

RUN

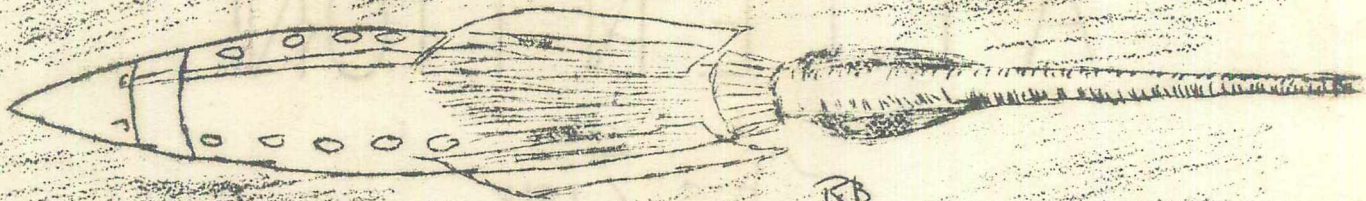
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