

WHAT 'S WITH THE PROS?

BELLES-LETTRES GO  
OUT OF THIS WORLD  
AS SCIENCE FICTION  
GROWS UP

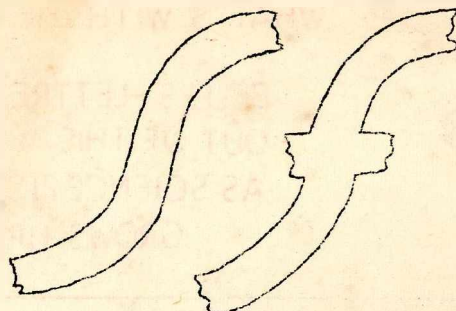
*Amazing*  
**SCIENCE FICTION**

**Galaxy**

**OTHER  
WORLDS**  
SCIENCE STORIES

THE MAGAZINE OF  
**Fantasy and  
Science Fiction**

**IMAGINATION**  
STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION



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## IN LINES TO COME

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SF

3

## RAGE

### THE EDITORS

A very important reason for our chronicle of science fiction's imposing on the field is our sincere hope that we aren't imposing.

Our main reason for being is to aid science fiction in providing for a better way of life and more stable happiness through the better understanding of The Existence in which we live.

We want to help everyone enjoy science fiction to a greater degree; so put, our purpose is to talk about science fiction.

We had no trouble arriving at a title, our problem was selecting an excuse for it. SF could be an abbreviation for many things, but we have listed here our five favorites...take your pick, we couldn't put 'em all on the cover:

Smile, Friend (for old Earth ain't doing too bad)

Supposed Futures (but all science fiction isn't future)

Some Fun (we hope!)

Super Fanzine (we ain't conceited)

Science Fiction (this just about hits it, but many fans prefer the abbreviation 'stf', so this couldn't be our only excuse.)

So, we have a name, we have a magazine, and you have had a look at us. Now we need you. As a fan, you realize that you can't make money with a fanzine. How much of a loss we take is entirely dependant on grand, glorious, highly intelligent you.

"If you read sf, you should read SF."

*John L. Magnus, jr.*

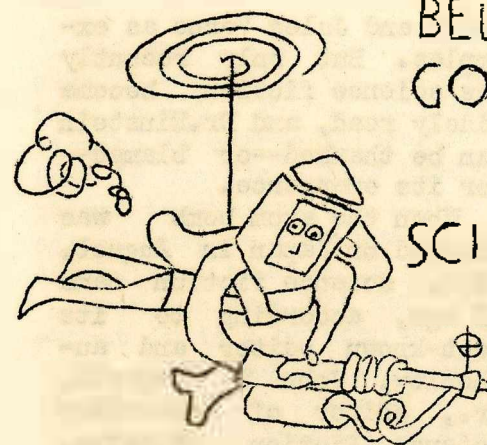




Tasfic, Sfoon, Chicon II, The Big Drunk, whatever you call it, welcome to the Tenth Anniversary World Science Fiction Convention....we're glad you made it, and we're glad that this magazine found its way to you.

How about filling out the little enclosed sheet and giving it to this editor, dropping it into the box at our booth, or mailing it with your subscription. It'll help us a lot, and we'd like to get acquainted with as many fans as possible.

So, thanks a lot....we'll be seeing you around. Have a lot of fun, and think about science fiction a lot while you're in Chicago....that's what you're here for, you know. We'll probably meet in one of the 770's later on, the whole gang of us. If you don't know what or where these are, poke the guy next to you--he does. Till then, happy daze !



# BELLES-LETTRES GO OUT OF THIS WORLD AS SCIENCE FICTION GROWS UP

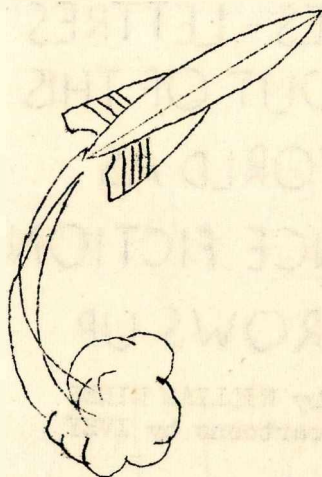
by WILLIAM HINES  
cartoons by IVEY

This text and cartoons are being reprinted through the extreme courtesy of the editors of the WASHINGTON STAR.

There's a wonderful family  
named Stein,  
There's Gert, and there's Ep,  
and there's Ein;  
Gert's poems are bunk,  
Ep's statues are junk,  
And no one can understand Ein.

This well-known limerick emphasizes one aspect of the Stein "family" but overlooks another, vastly more important one: Each "Stein" is the patron saint of a strange new art form--and of them all, Ein is the Stein whose influence on the arts is likely to be the greatest and longest lasting.

If it had not been for Prof. Albert Einstein and his famous equation on the interrelation of matter and energy, it is improbable that science fiction would be the rising star of literary respectability it is today. There have been science fiction writers (in the space opera sense of the term) since Roman days, and some of them have been great, H.G.



Wells and Jules Verne as examples. But only recently has science fiction become widely read, and Dr. Einstein can be thanked--or blamed--for its emergence.

When the atom bomb was dropped on Japan in August, 1945, science fiction came of age, according to its best-known editor and authority, John W. Campbell, jr., editor of *Astounding Science Fiction Magazine*.

And in less than seven years, science fiction has grown from an obscure type of pulp magazine to a literary form familiar to most Americans.

Occasionally, the news columns carry stories which indicate that this literary form may be more science and less fiction than one would ordinarily think. The "flying saucer" stories are an example. Another, which quoted a reputable scientist as predicting the establishment of a military lookout post 1,000 miles up in space made front pages.

Ignored by major publishers and magazine editors before World War II, science fiction today has invaded the biggest book houses, the pages of slick magazines, the television channels, the radio waves, the comic books--even (with renewed, post-Buck Rogers vigor) the newspaper comic strips. From just a few thousand aficionados a decade ago, science fiction's market has grown to the point where about 750,000 persons buy 1 million copies of science fiction magazines monthly and where the television space opera, "Captain Video", runs neck-and-neck in listener popularity with the celebrated puppet show "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie".

Yet even among writers and publishers of science fiction there is no close agreement on what science fiction is. One authority says George Orwell's

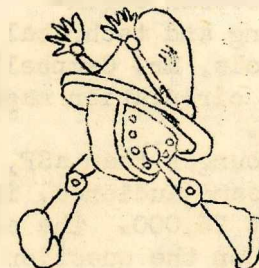
"1984" was a prime example of the craft; another says it was political satire and not science fiction at all. A book publisher asserts that science fiction is escape literature; one of the top writers in the field says that science fiction attempts to explore the future of the race on the basis of what we know now, and adds, "If such is escape literature, then so is an insurance policy".

Even the broadest definition of science fiction--that it is a branch of fantasy--has its opponents, who contend that there is nothing basically fantastic about science fiction, as long as it is founded on well-known physical laws. Some will go so far as to say that a soundly scientific report on a future trip to the moon is no more fantasy than tomorrow's tide tables--and a good deal less than tomorrow's weather forecast.

But regardless of what science fiction is, it is easy to determine why it has become so popular. And that goes back to the third member of the "Stein family", Ein.

When the first bomb was dropped, it was convincing testimony to the correctness of Einstein's theory of the cosmos. By unlocking the atom, man inevitably unlocked the universe. And it became apparent that technology had caught up with, and had overtaken, humanity itself.

Early science fiction accented the machine. Its authors were preoccupied with gadgets. Now, however, the spotlight is on the people--their effect on the tools of spacecraft and the gadgets' effect on them. This sober and relatively adult philosophy may someday make science fiction great literature.





Although there are no great writers in the field yet, there are good ones. And if trash is still being printed in the guise of science fiction, the proportion of really good writing is increasing rapidly.

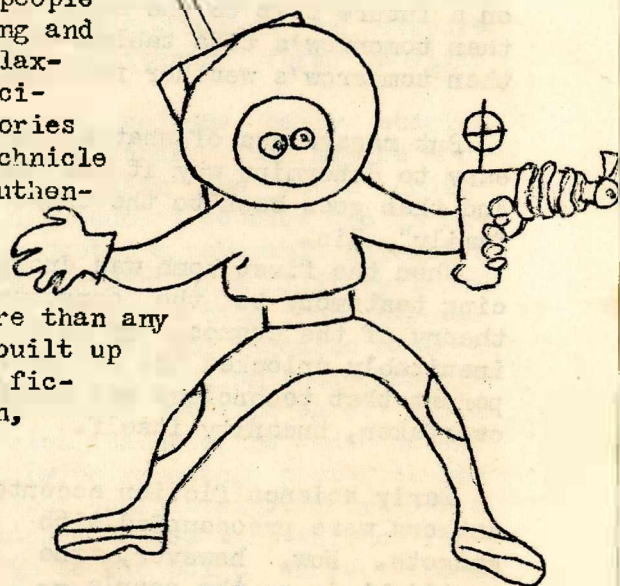
Credit for this development, largely, to three magazines or so currently being published.

Oldest and largest--and best known--is Astounding Science Fiction, with a circulation estimated (by its management) at about 150,000 a month. Its 41 year old editor, John Campbell, says Astounding Science Fiction is aimed at people who think for a living and like to think for relaxation. It contains scientifically sound stories and an occasional technique article of highest authenticity. Many of these articles are virtual "learned papers". ASF, more than any other magazine, has built up the stars of science fiction--Robert Heinlein, Issac Asimov, Murray Leinster, A.E. van Vogt, and the like. At several engineering and technical schools, Mr. Campbell says, Astounding outsells such mass circulation magazines as the Saturday Evening Post.

Younger than ASF, and smaller, but appealing to the same audience, is Galaxy, with a circulation of about 75,000. The editors of the two books are at odds on the question of who is copying whom, which may give an idea of their similarity. At any rate,

opement can be given, among the two dozen published.

best known--is Astounding Science Fiction estimated (by its management) at about 150,000 a month. Its 41 year old editor, John Campbell, says



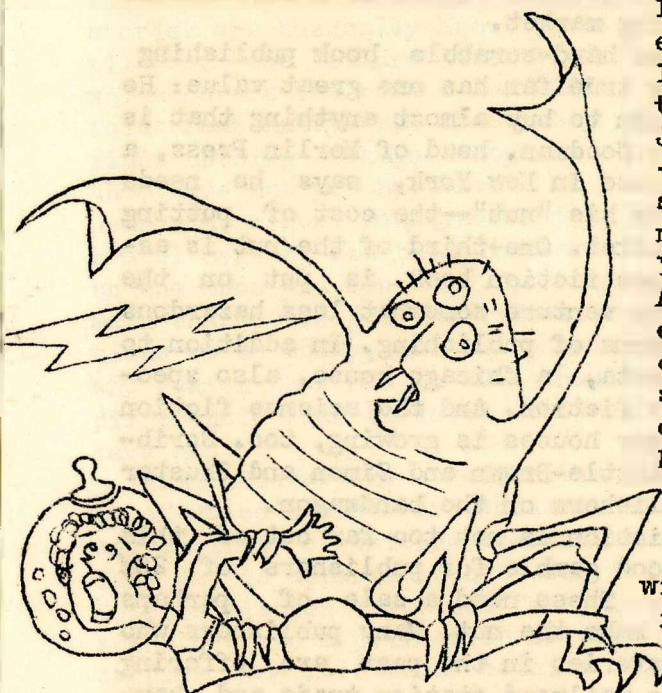
Galaxy is a widely read and well edited periodical.

The youngest of the big three, but probably the most significant from the literary point of view, is Fantasy and Science Fiction, a bi-monthly that is scheduled shortly for monthly publication. This book, as its name implies, prints two forms of out-of-this-world literature without attempting demarcation between the two. It has a rather curious set-up: A member of Lawrence Spivac's Mercury Publications, it is

edited at Berkeley, Calif., by Anthony Boucher and J. Francis McComas--but editorial supervision is maintained at New York by Charles Angoff, executive editor of the chain. Mr. Angoff says this works out fine; Messrs. Boucher and McComas each go to New York once a year, but otherwise run the show from the West coast. F&SF is reputed to

have a circulation of 60,000 to 70,000 copies an issue.

A particularly interesting thing about F&SF is the number of widely known general fiction writers it has presented to science fiction readers. Among them are Oliver LaFarge, Andre Maurois, Elizabeth Bowen, James Thurber and Robert Graves. The magazine also has discovered strange tales by Daniel Defoe and Charles Dickens, and is grooming its own



new talent, such as Winona McClintic and Richard Matheson.

Much has been made of the science fiction fan and his effect on this literary form. Practicing writers and editors, however, are inclined to discount the importance of the true fan, who joins clubs and talks a jaragon of his own. One editor thinks there are about 2,000 fans in the country, another says 2,500. Neither figure is a substantial part of the thriving market.

To the man in the hard-scrabble book publishing game, however, the true fan has one great value: He can be depended upon to buy almost anything that is published. Milton Goodman, head of Merlin Press, a science fiction house in New York, says he needs 7,500 sales to make his "nut"--the cost of putting the book on the market. One-third of the nut is assured when a science fiction book is put on the market, making the venture somewhat less hazardous than some other forms of publishing. In addition to Merlin Press, Shasta, a Chicago house, also specializes in science fiction. And the science fiction output of the larger houses is growing, too. Scribners, Doubleday, Little-Brown and Simon and Shuster are among the publishers on the bandwagon.

When science fiction is not too far out of this world, it is a good gamble for publishers of 25¢ pocket-type books. These need a sale of perhaps 200,000 copies to make the nut. Many publishers who have relied on mysteries in the past are offering space opera to the railroad station trade and having no trouble selling 250,000 to 300,000 copies at a quarter a throw.

Robert Heinlein is to science fiction what Erle Stanley Gardner is to whodunits. he is a prolific writer and is going over big in pocket editions. He is, however, much more of a craftsman in his field than Gardner is in his, and as such deserves special mention.

Part of Heinlein's success as a science fiction writer comes from his sound engineering background. A graduate of Annapolis, Heinlein understands the physical principles he writes about, and weaves them unobtrusively into convincing story lines.

To non-fan readers, and even to those who would not ordinarily touch science fiction with a ten-light-year pole, Heinlein is acceptable because his stories are basically about people. He is the compiler of the "future history of the solar system", which covers the period 1975-2600. His story unfolds reasonably--so reasonably that the reader finds nothing strange about a history of things that have not yet happened. It is, according to Heinlein, a good many years after 1975 that space travel begins--and then it starts logically--first to the moon and then to the nearby planets. His main characters get themselves into the same situations we do today, and why shouldn't they: Is there any reason that men in 2052 should behave or react differently than those of 1952--or 1852? Heinlein says no.

Some literary men predict the eventual ascendancy of space opera over whodunit--as soon as the availability of writing talent increases a bit. This day is apparently not far off, Fantasy and Science Fiction was cited five times in a recent anthology and a collection of ten science fiction stories came half from science fiction magazines and half from slicks. Mr. Angoff predicts that it will not be long before Harpers and Atlantic start using science fiction. Under his editorship in the 40's, the old American Mercury became one of the first quality magazines to toy with this story form.

Science fiction is definitely growing up, and in the process it is abandoning the Bug-Eyed Monster (or BEM, as science fictioners call him) unless



there is some good reason that he should be both bug eyed and a monster. A revealing example of this was in the serial, "Revolt of the Triffids", in *Colliers* a year or so ago.

The author took note of the fact that the atmosphere of Venus is largely carbon dioxide, a gas that would suffocate any form of animal life. But carbon dioxide nourishes plants. So the triffids--inhabitants of Venus--were intelligent plants with the power of locomotion. Impossible? Well, there are plants on Earth that have something like a low form of intelligence--the Venus fly-trap for example. And the same plant's ability to snap its leaves shut on an insect is certainly directed motion of a sort. The triffids were just vastly smarter, vaster more mobile plants. And why not?

Anyway, that was the author's story, and several million readers were stuck with it.

9

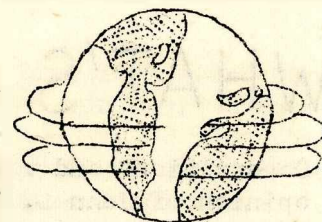
AN GAB

This space reserved & preserved for your letters about.... well, what do you write in letters, anyway?

In my opinion, each letter is a miniature fanzine from its writer...opinions, information, and all.

Of course, it'll be a lot bigger when we have some letters.....

# THIS REVOLVING



Evaluation of predictions made in science fiction and a glance at This Advancing Man.

Remember the heavy doubt of several years ago over the possibility of a plane which could attain and withstand speeds of sound?

Several weeks ago it was reported that the Douglas Skyrocket developed a speed doubling that of sound; 1285 mph, and an altitude of 79,000 feet. The most surprising fact in this report was that these "records" had been made a year before the announcement. This shades wonder on what the Air Force has accomplished in the year ensuing, 1952, which appears to be the "year of the jackpot" so far as military advances are concerned.

Some commentators expressed wonder at the fact that refrigeration, rather than the usual heating, was required at this high altitude and speed. Well, shucks...we could have told them that long ago.

Five years ago, estimated speeds of 1,000 mph made flying saucers impossible. Today, estimated speeds of light make interstellar flights impossible. What will be impossible tomorrow?

This year atomic artillery and atomic submarines are being built. The hydrogen bomb is in production.

How many years did it take to develop these, from conception to the day when it could be built? We wonder what they're working on today to be built five years from now.

# WHAT'S WITH THE PROS?

Observations and vagaries which are chiefly the opinion of John L. Magnus, jr.

The past year has been one of many changes and innovations in the prozine field. Most notable magazines which were not monthly have stepped up publication by now.

Only one thing has not changed appreciatively... the quality and general run of stories. Maybe we can't expect a change...maybe one isn't needed. I'm satisfied, are you?

Here are some of the changes that have taken place: Fantasy & Science Fiction, Other Worlds, and Imagination(almost)have gone monthly. Fantastic(and their purty pictures) is bi-monthly. It almost looked like Galaxy was going semi-monthly,what with one issue coming out two weeks after another....but they're really just stepping up publication to the beginning, rather than the middle of the month.

But it's much easier to look at these individually--let's do so. Digest sized this month, untrinned next month, and the newcomers in November.

In honor of their going monthly,let's look first at the "new" F&SF. Beside being new in the monthly field, they also have a bright new nameplate which really sparks up their appearance.

Just looking at the cover proof of the October issue makes me want to dive right in to see what's inside. But I guess I'll just have to wait another month. This should demonstrate to the fellas in the "sensational" line that it's good taste, and not large areas of red and yellow that attract the eye.

Fantasy and Science Fiction is the one magazine that I am glad to see go monthly. Even if the other mags keep up their previous dubious quality,there's just a little too much "stuff"being printed. There

may be more active fans, but I find it a grind when I try to read more than a million words of science fiction every month.

But F&SF is the exception. Their stories always have a new twist, even if the theme is cliché.

The magazine that has really striven to improve is Galaxy. They've brought out more tricks and innovations than you could hitch to a comet's tail.

Among the things in which Galaxy has set the pace for are: The cover plan used by the leading two magazines; new interior art designs that give that special extra touch to a story; covers which really mean something, not just a naked woman, a fantastic space ship or an alien's glaring face; more stories dealing with people and social engineering; and best of all, a progressive attitude that may someday put Galaxy on the top. Certainly closer.

If science fiction magazines went up to a dollar a copy, the one I'd still buy is ASF. They still have, for my money, the best authors, the best stories, and the best personality. And so far as I'm concerned, that's what counts more than ten times over anything else.

The only kick I have personally about Astounding is their covers. I get no charge or concept out of seeing some captain future's face sticking out of my favorite magazine, with maybe a bike or a rocket ship thrown in for good measure.

All over, JWC is doing a swell job, and I wouldn't miss ASF for all the worlds he's ever pictured.

Speaking of other worlds, let's do just that. Monthly publication, better paper, and back cover paintings are among the tangible changes in Roy Palmer's magazine during the last two months. Let's keep it up....



That all-editors issue was a real brainstorm. Theme issues are really a lot of fun, and I hope he has more in the future.

Another Kover Kick, however, if I may...although I suppose I should compliment their artists for their dexterity in disguising such unlikely items as Chinese lanterns, gear pinions, milk shake mixers, radio tubes and globe paperweights as space ships. At any rate, Other Worlds is a lot of fun.

In Imagination, we find a lot of just that. While not the best in science fiction, you find good yarns...with just a bit of that old (pulp) flavor. It seems to me that readers who are looking for the story, not the science, would go more for Madge's (AND Other Worlds') brand of high adventure.

I'd probably yell with pain (so would you) if I saw one of Madge's covers on one of the two you-know-whos, but they somehow seem fitting and proper for its personality.

Mari Wolf's column is the best fan feature in the digest-sized magazines. I'd never seen the word "fanzine" before I read it in Pandora's Box.

That's my opinion. How do you read me?

## A LOOK TO THE FUTURE

We'll have a bigger staff (more than one) next month, and so shall ye reap a more so fanzine.

I'm gonna corner every pro and BNF I can at the convention for a photo and brief statement. If you are an abovementioned, come around to booth 15 and see the birdie. These photos will be used in future issues...especially next month's big convention report.

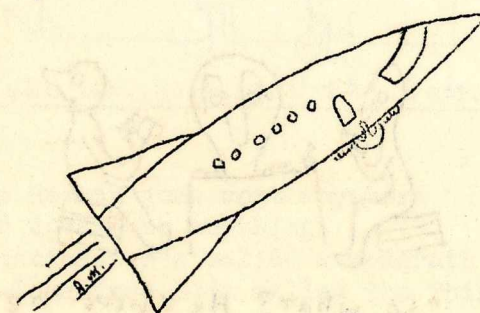
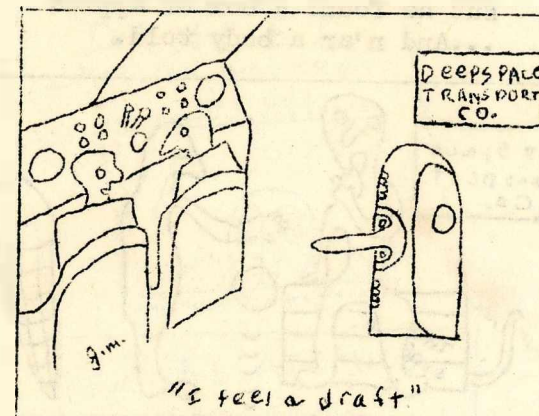
See you later...

# HERMAN

THE MOMERATH

According to Webster, rath means quickly. And our ubiquitous Herman is just that. In case you're interested, a mome is a blockhead.

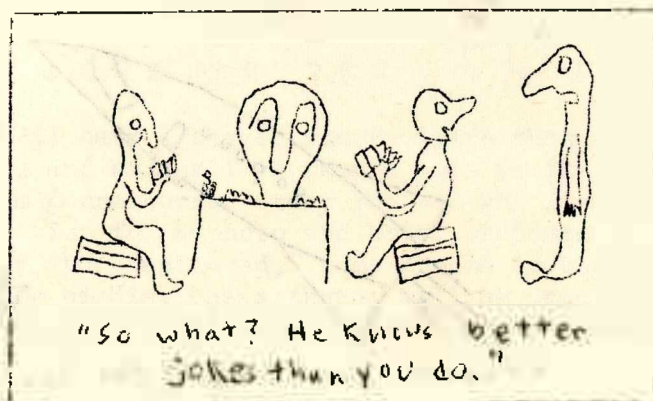
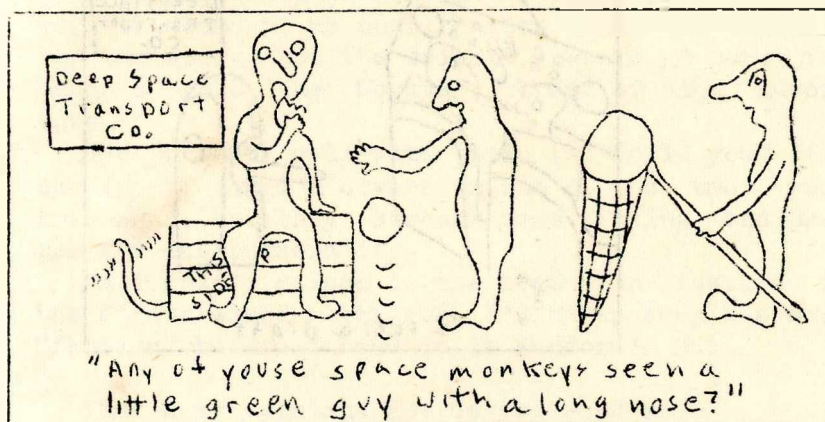
Take it away, Herm.



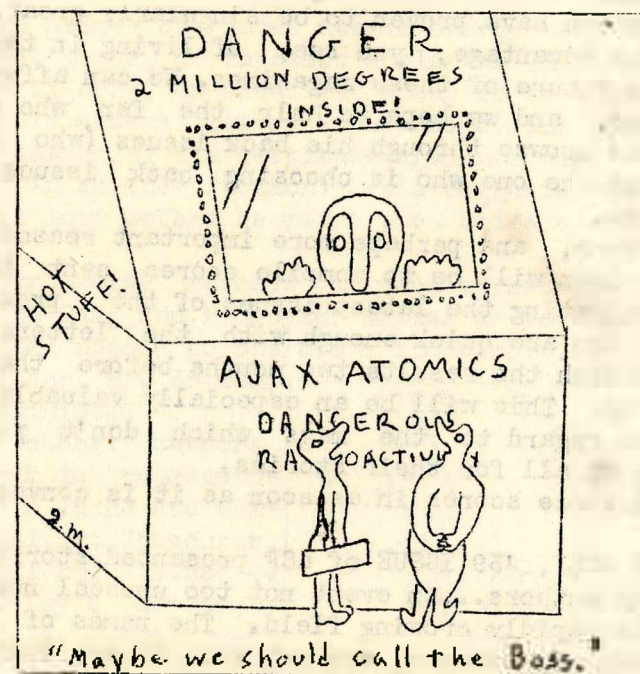
"There's somebody at the door."

THEY WERE GREEN, BUT SO WAS HERMAN--  
HE ATE TOO MANY, NOW HE'S SQUIRMIN'

Poor little Herman,  
Looking for a place to hide.  
He'd stowed away upon a ship  
And couldn't get outside.  
He couldn't find the air locks,  
And he couldn't find the hold;  
But he found a box of apples  
...And n'ar a body told.



Just where Herman came from  
No one is quite sure,  
But the first time he was seen  
Was in an atom furnace viewer.  
A mighty blast shook the whole plant  
And workmen ran to see  
The momerath that was peering out  
...As green as he could be.



Now Herman goes most anywhere  
And does most anything.  
Sometimes he's called a momerath  
...Sometimes he's called The Thing.



# PREFERENCE LIBRARY

Some folks are very systematic in their reading. They'll read their back issues in strict numerical order, and read each one from cover to cover before beginning the next.

Very unsporting of them....we much prefer to browse.

In this column we will pick out issues of magazines which have proven to be singularly great. We have the advantage, you see, of living in the objective future of these magazines. We can afford to pick 'em, and we hope to help the fan who still likes to browse through his back issues (who doesn't) and the one who is choosing back issues for purchase.

Another, and perhaps more important reason for this column will be to compile scores sent in by you evaluating the latest issues of the prozines. If you fan are quick enough with the letters, we can publish the results two months before the prozines do. This will be an especially valuable service in regard to the mags which don't publish scores at all for their stories.

Get those scores in as soon as it is convenient!

THE JULY, '39 ISSUE of aSF presented stories by two new authors...an event not too unusual nowadays in this rapidly growing field. The names of these two authors, however, are not such as are initiated to the public every month.

The names of A.E. van Vogt and Issac Asimov are among those that will long stand in the hall of science fiction fame.

"The Black Destroyer" surely needs no introduction to the sf fan. The cover painting of Coeurl conveys his personality without making him a BEM.

The rewritten version as compared with the magazine story shows van Vogt's maturing as a writer, but the original leaves nothing to be desired in the way of his accustomed qualities.

Issac Asimov's "Trends" is an excellent example of what could happen to science if it maintains its present mad pace.

With scientific research outlawed, the main plot is to bring it to the fore again. The secondary plot is accomplishment of the first trip to the moon.

Though Asimov overlooks atomic energy as a means for rocket power, he foresees World War II (by that name)...all over, an excellent study in sociology.

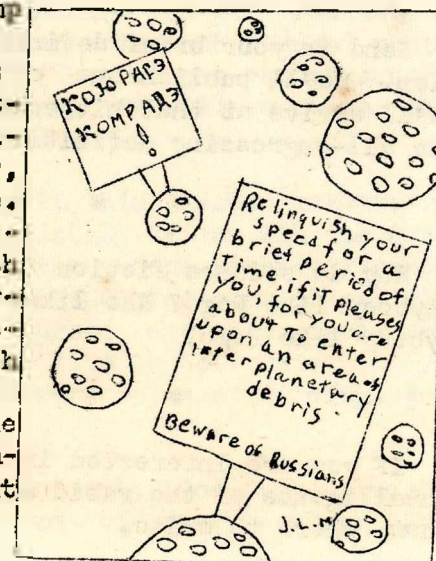
There is also a letter from Asimov in Brass Tacks, defending his attitude against "slop" love interest in science fiction. This suggests that he was a fan long before he was a pro. Chins up, young writers!

Another letter reveals a debate between L. Sprague de Camp and P.Shuyler Miller as to the minimum number needed to operate a space ship. Mr. Miller says one, Mr. de Camp eight. Opinions?

Some other authors whose work is represented in this issue are Nelson S.Bond, Nat Schachner, Ross Rocklynne, C.L.Maore.

Willy Ley's everpresent article dealt with "Geography for Time Travelers"...a very interesting position from which to study geology.

All over a swell issue --we sure couldn't complain if they came out like this every month!



.....WRAP UP YOUR TROUBLES.....ON THE OLD

# MOON X POOL

AND WE'LL WEAVE THE FABRIC OF THOUGHT.....

Anyone wishing to correspond as to the probability of Ray Palmer's predictions is invited to send their arguments, pro and con, to the editor of this magazine. Valid opinions will be published.

\* \* \* \*

Flying saucer reports are invited. No crackpots, please. Though we do not commit ourselves, we certainly feel that they are worth investigating. Drew Pearson, among others, has more than committed himself. We feel sure that they can be discussed without red faces or remarks of disgust at either end.

\* \* \* \*

Send in your brief definitions of science fiction. We'll publish one of each type, and maybe we'll arrive at that hitherto undecided factor..... the all-engrossing definition.

\* \* \* \*

Why do science fiction fans like Pogo? Why does anybody like Pogo? Who likes Pogo? Why doesn't everybody like Pogo?

\* \* \* \*

If you are interested in discussing the sanity & intelligence of the rabid science fiction fan, you know where to write.

...A FEW

# TECHNICALITIES

FOR YOU TO PONDER....

Working on a minus capital, we have attempted to put together a fan magazine which would make everyone...actifans and no...give a contented nod of agreement and dig into their highly honored wallet for the price of a subscription.

What will we do with the money? We said before that it was impossible to make money on a fanzine.

We'll clap it into a box marked "property of all fans", and use it to give you the magazine that will be the most fun and fortune for you, and not just to satisfy the whims of yon editor.

SF is mimeographed, because for a mag of our circulation, it just makes good sense. Printing in any form costs many, many times as much as mimeoing, and if you have a good machine you get results as good, if not better, than some much reduced photo-offset-planograph jobs. (When we get enough subs to make it practical, though, we will be more than glad to make SF a printed mag.)

Art is sadly lacking in this issue because we are sadly lacking in artists. If you like to draw, we would worship you at the throne nightly for your consideration in drawing heads for some of our regular features, or of course, any other free lance and cover work you would like to do. This way you could get your name in every issue of SF with just one drawing.

While we are on the subject, let us emphasize the need for contributions of every nature from



you, the fans. As a fan, you are qualified to write for fans, and we will greet every contribution with a sigh of thanks and a grant that fans are even better guys than we thought.

Why are we banging our heads agin' the wall with the incredible finances of this sort of publishing? Purely for experience in writing, and getting out a publication. How can an editor edit with nothing to edit? Yessir, we sure need you.

Tell ya what, just to take up space, we'll make a frowzy deal that no one will accept. If you work on another fanzine, and contribute art to our mag, we'll contribute some of our miserable writing to your beautiful magazine. Only one condition....remember that this art is for mimeo, not litho. Even fifteen cents may seem a bit exhorbitant for a mimeod magazine, but remember, it all comes back to you. If you subscribe, of course, copies are only 14¢....seven copies for a dollar, or 12¢....sixteen copies for two dollars.

So, here are the straight facts:

We mimeo in order to give you more for your honored bucks.

We can be had for as little as 12¢ per.

We're MONTHLY. 100% up to date.

Advertising rates are very low, just for you. One dollar per page to fans...just about the cost of the paper. (Two dollars to retailers and publishers.) Half page minimum at these low rates.

We print anything of interest to fans....no page limit.

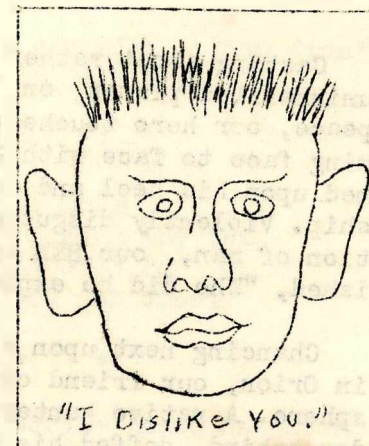
We want to be in direct correspondence with every ardent fan....we'll be expecting you and your sub.

"If you read sf, you should read SF."

# THE WILD MAN

## BRASH CRACKS

During the next 500-sc words, you must bear with us in our incanity. This is our safety valve to let off steam resulting from the pent-up pressure of keeping a straight face in the preceding pages. Thanks, lodes.



Pogo is great,  
Pogo is good.  
We understand  
Possums make  
Very good food.



We did not mean it, either. We were just trying to impress our readers with an idea of what stark horror would result if our candidate and yours were served up as a stew by that black being, Sarcophagus Macabre.

\* \* \* \*

A rocket ship pilot we know was looking for a comfortable place to sleep while touring the rather outermost portion of the Galaxy.

Casting about rather indiscriminately for an uninhabited planet on which he could sleep in peace, our hero touched upon Andromeda IV. Upon coming face to face with a gushy, slimy BEM, he turned upon his heel and rushed to the safety of his ship. Violently disgusted with the undo discrimination of man, our BEM spat on the ground and admonished, "Who did he expect to find, Betty Grable?"

Chancing next upon a likely orb circling Rigel in Orion, our friend committed himself to its atmosphere. A native hunter, club in hand and trailing dog behind, doffed his horned helmet to scratch his thick growth of red hair as the ship arced back into space. "Oi vonder hoo hee espedged da fine, Beddy Gravy?"

Observing the same phenomenon several minutes later, a robot on Alpha II in Lepus hummed softly to itself as it recorded:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN                      SUBJECT: TOURIST  
WONDER IS EXPRESSED AT PURPOSE OF VISIT. THEOREM:  
PROJECTED SEARCH FOR ONE MISS ELIZABETH GRABLE?

A dismal, aqueous planet, dutifully revolving about a leg of Cassiopeia's chair constituted the sleepy one's next hopeful stop. One lonely rock jutted from the eternal sea, and upon it was a blonde, waving, and above all nude, siren. Upon noting the look of disappointment in the weary space sailor's eyes, our lady shouted the classic words. "Who did you expect to find, that wench Betty Grable?"

On the point of utter desperation for that ultimate goal, sleep, abovementioned John L. Magnus (jr.) despondantly headed back for Sol III as a last resort. Picking out the Hollywood Rocket Port, he set 'er down easy. Upon opening the fore port, he was

met with a shapely leg and a sly wink. "You didn't expect to find me here, did you bib boy?"

\* \* \* \*

It will be a great day when  
The pros start trading with the fen.  
Think how nice that it will be  
To get the prozines all for free!

\* \* \* \*

There's a wonderful scribe named Heinlein,  
Who writes o'er the head of Einstein.  
His plotting's top rate,  
His characters great,  
And his writing in general is fine.

\* \* \* \*

Whether Vance or O'Donnell or Padgett,  
Kuttner, all agree, really "has it".  
Whether mystery, time travel,  
Or Hell to unravel,  
If it's Henry's, then no one can match it.

\* \* \* \*

So, I leave you till next issue--  
Let me take this chance to wish you  
Happy days and best of health,  
An active life replete with wealth.  
Read science fiction all you can;  
Understand your fellow man...  
Smile a lot and never frown--  
And this old Earth won't let you down.  
Remember...science fiction  
Isn't so much gross prediction  
As a lighting of the way...  
To a new and greater day.....