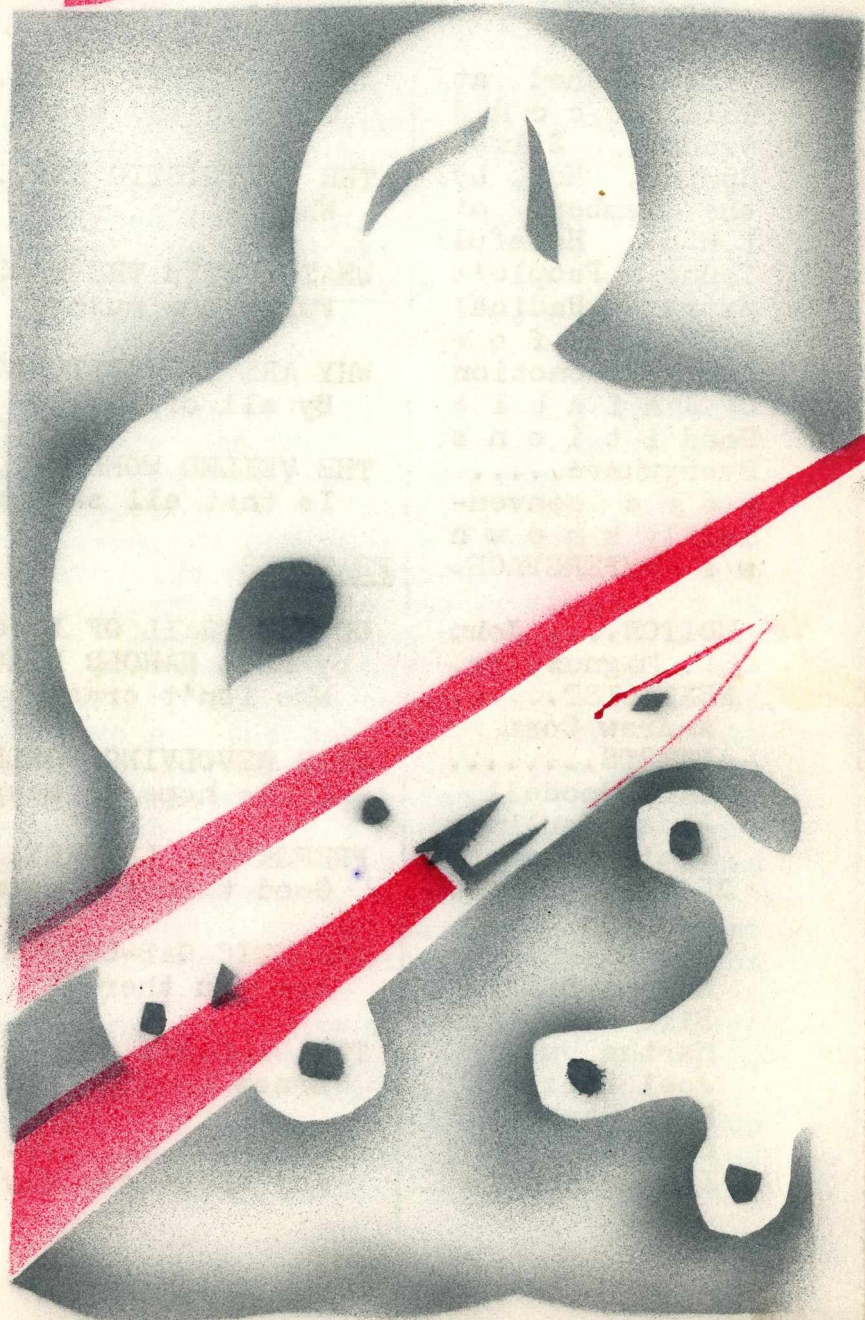
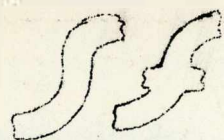


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OCT. 52

#2





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the members of
the Hopeful
Young People's
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Society for
the Promotion
of A m i a b l e
C o n d i t i o n s
Everywhere.....
m o r e c o n v e n -
i e n t l y k n o w n
a s HYPERSPACE.

EDITOR.....John
L. Magnus, jr.
NEXIALIST.....
Andrew Conn
ARTISTS.....
Bill Goodell
Alden Faulkner
Vevie Cole
SLAVES.....
Carolyn Sachs
Bob Mischler
Martha Bicking
Bill Fullarton
Martha Wubnig
Joel Katzin
Mary Garrett
Bill Whitten
Etaoin Shrdlu

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SF

3

THE EDITORS RAGE

Letters have come in relating their writers' doubts as to whether our beloved SF would continue after the first issue.

Well of course, of course we will...and if we wanted to go into the Galaxy vein of editorial, we would say "And we promise that it will get better with every issue". But we prefer to leave that decision up to you.

Other things we'd like to get your decisions on are our format, frequency of publication, and material. What Say?

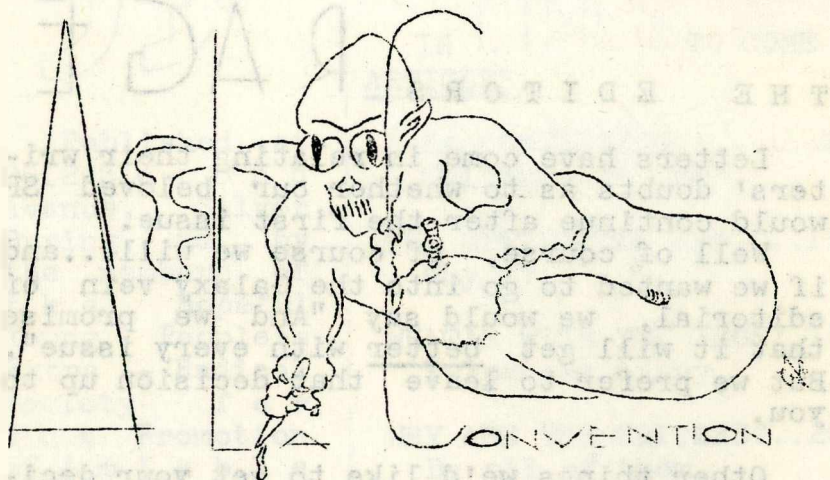
As opposed to a staff of two on the first issue, we now have a roaring 16.

We are also proudly sporting silk-screen covers...something I've never seen in a fanzine. These will be a regular feature--and be prepared for anything in this department...notice the center illo, fr'in'st.

When we get the use of all the mimeo machines we hope to, we will use color in profusion unheard of before. This is in keeping with our idea that fanzines--ours at least--should be pleasing to the eye as well as being the equivalent of an interesting friend. (Of course we grant that there are various ways of being pleasing to the eye....)

Upcoming are columns by Bob Silverberg and Richard Bergeron. As you know so well, these will add much to SF.

If there's anything else you'd like to see here let us know...we'd be evah so glad to oblige you, suhs. *John*



When I first sent my buck in to the convention, I had pleasant visions of spending two nice nights in Chicago, sandwiched between three days of sitting in a straight-backed chair and listening to speeches about science fiction.

Then the fanzines started rolling in, and I found out that other things happen at conventions. Oh yes....

I soon decided to put out a fanzine of my own, as I had always been more than academically interested in writing. This thickened the plot, or soup, or what have you.

As things developed, the convention turned out to be about the maddest, most hurried, and most interesting five days and nights of my life.

I checked in early in order to set up for dear old SF, and to meet all the nice people that also came early. And I checked out late in order not to miss any of the celebration. It was more than worth the extra stay....I hope that I never miss a future convention.

A lot of you reading this were there; and as many were not. I was glad to meet those who were, and hope to see the rest of you next year.

This is meant for two purposes: To let you in on the goings-on if you weren't there, and to remind you who were of the good time you had...and possibly to touch upon some phase of it you didn't take in.

The following may seem rather jumbled and wild. If so it is because the convention itself was so. These are random observations made at random moments.

Pardon me while I fill up my glass.

* * * *

Fan scene...in hotel hall..."Get your copy of (deleted)...has an article by Ray Palmer."

"I hate Ray Palmer."

"No you don't, son, that's him standing behind you."

It's a strain with all these pros around...man can't even express himself.

* * * *

We understand that at most previous conventions, Mel Korchak has been able to introduce everybody present. He had to stop at about 150 at this monster affair.

* * * *

The start of a tradition: Judy May was presented with an engraved gavel...it is to be passed on to each successive convention chairman through the years.

"Three Planets Punch, plain or spiked?"

"Spiked, please.....hm-m-m, tastes flat!"

"Whoops, dipped out of the wrong bowl, here..."

"Still tastes flat."

"Get the hell out of here!"

* * * *

11:00 - 12:30, Atlanta suite, (1628)....
L. Sprague de Camp and Catherine...Keasler
and Ray Nelson...Carson Jacks, Shelby Vick,
Burwell, Macauley, about 50 others...creme
de menthe...creme de cacao....

* * * *

12:30 on, penthouse, Elves, Gnomes, and
Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and
Marching Society...Willy Ley...Sam & Mrs.
Mines...Ted Sturgeon and Doc Winter pluck-
ing guitars and singing...Lester Del Ray...
Tony Boucher in and out...Hans Stefan San-
tssen...August Derleth...Movies of previous
conventions by Little Men...

* * * *

Fan scene--Ray Nelson dashing through
the halls, madly scribbling and throwing
sheets of cartoons over his shoulder, and
Keasler wildly chasing, making shoestring
catches of precious Nelsons as they float
to the floor! Oh happy day...enough Nelsons
to last another year. And even better, e-
nough Oouses for an even longer length...I
think Max's mag should be known as the fun-
zine!

A mad auction...Finlays going for any-
where from 50¢ to \$10. Didn't see much dif-
ference myself...bidding ran in waves.

Original covers from \$7 to \$35...excep-
tionally low.

* * * *

Walter A. Willis... "I am still afraid
that I will wake up and find this all a
dream."

* * * *

L. Sprague de Camp on how to write a
science fiction story: "You don't get ideas
--they come to you."

* * * *

Is Bob Bloch really Mickey Spillane?"

* * * *

"Invention is 10% inspiration and 90%
perspiration." --Hugo Gernsback

* * * *

Doc Muller gave a very interesting
slide-talk on his experiences with extra-
terrestrial life. We were wondering at the
fantastic life forms from Sirius and Alpha
Centauri which he had successfully photo-
graphed when, at the end of the talk, it
was discovered that the BEM slides that he
had shown were actually terrestrial life
forms-microscopic and such. Seems his small

daughter had taken his precious photos of interstellar travel to school with her and replaced them with shots of Earthly bems. Tsk tsk, and I did want to see those Sirian Skurytschs.

* * * *

Scenes from the masquerade: "Modern Android, demonstrated by Doctor Frank N. Steinfamous author of 'How to Influence Friends and Make people.'"

L. Sprague de Camp...as something, with huge ears and eyebrows pasted on. Very dignified looking, indeed. The only pro who "Masqueraded".

But then there was Dave Ish, preceded by a pipe. What! A filthy pro!

Ted Sturgeon and Joe Winter with their guitars. Gosh, I didn't expect them to sing THAT kind of songs.....

Ginny Saari, dressed like a Bergey femme, took first prize. What was she doing in Willy Ley's lap? Oh, just posing for pictures, huh....

Couple of fellows by the name of John Langan, as Rhysling...with a guitar, and Jack Natkin, organized a snake line which weaved among the celebrants singing:

"Glory, how I hate Ray Bradbury,
Glory, how I hate Ray Bradbury,
Glory, how I hate Ray Bradbury,
It's Eric Frank Russel for me!"

Real sincerity in our voices, too.

What happened? The party broke up at three...supposed to last until dawn. Oh well, many more followed to occupy the time between 3 and 6 p.m.

Dawn found a group of space-weary travellers, walking the streets of Chicago between Dearborn and Clark...singing space ballads to the melancholy strumming of a guitar. Quite a sight.

What an unlikely situation...imagine a bedraggled group, one with torn clothing and dark glasses, meandering down the main street of your town, singing songs of the spaceways to guitar accompaniment!

* * * *

Heard in a smoky room..."and when those gyros are turning..."

Also heard in a smoky room...."Better a possum playing president than a president playing possum!"

* * * *

Is fandom still a force in science fiction? Walt Willis and E.E.Evans argued YES, Ed Wood and another fellow, whose name we didn't catch, claimed not. August Derleth ...delivering the judges' decision.....said "Though Mr. Wood proved decisively that it is, the judges rule NO."

Huh?

* * * *

Bob Bloch, and "What Every Young Spaceman

should know." That collarbone of an extra-terrestrial species he presented to Judy May looks suspiciously like a familiar article of furniture. May be just a deep-seated opinion of mine, though.

* * * *

Registration--1520, attendance--1100. Over three times as many people as have ever attended any science fiction convention before. Wonder if the Philcon next year will equal it. Surely if they can muster as hustling a committee as Judy May and Chicago put up.

* * * *

A great event--one more than worth while attending. I'll be in Philadelphia come next year, and I sure hope you can make it.

But this is still the best way of talk-in to you between times....

A LOOK TO THE FUTURE

Got a letter from a fellow name of EMSH the other day. He includes a few facts that should be of interest to you in the form of an article. He also includes what he purports to be an illo of himself at work...

A column by Bob Silverberg, and one by Richard Bergeron should be in the offing. Also Bergeron illos...

Beginning this issue is a series of full page drawings on the sf-neglected field of tomorrow's sports by Alden Faulkner.

Incidentally, EMSH and Alden went to the same high school. We too....

The OPTimistic Fan, or, Why I ?



I won't say that I thought fans would be any different. I won't say that I was under the impression that all fan were well-mannered nor that I had the idea that they were all queer birds. Yet all of these are opinions evidently held by many.

It would be misleading to look at fandom as a whole. Rather, each individual has his own grandeur and his own peculiarities... and this must be taken into consideration when mixing with or interpreting the emotions of a group.

I was amazed at how easily a "reader" could be discerned from a "fan" as such. A fan to me seems somehow different...each has his own aura...and in a group each stands out as the individual that he is. A group of readers, however, seems to lose each individual's identity into that of the group.

I believe that it is this individuality that makes a fan a fan. I believe that each fan is a "rebel" who has his own special reason for being fanatical in his love for science fiction. One is the escapist; another is the wild dreamer; but the one I like to think of as most prevalent is the builder.

The builder is the one who is first to recognise the need for improvement. Even when things are trundling along satisfactorily, he realizes that they could be better.

He is the optimist in true form. Yet because of his suggestions for improvement in already satisfactory situations he is sometimes dubbed a pessimist.

Wrong and unjust indeed. The pessimist.. the degrader...is one who sees the bad side of things...doesn't see how things could be much worse and has no ideas for improvement. He moans about how bad things are. The optimist....the builder...is the one who sees the bright side of things. Believes there are always ways of making things better even though he is satisfied for the present. The optimist goes for the optimum.

A pessimist is the one who sits back in a rocker, sips at his postum and philosophizes, "Well, that's the way the ball bounces, that's the way it goes"...and in doing so is sometimes wrongly marked as an optimist.

Whereas the true optimist, who says "Here, come on over to the bright side, it's so easily obtainable," in the form of suggestions oft misunderstood as grumblings, is sometimes mistaken as a pessimist.

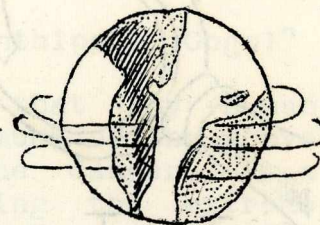
Therefore the fan is a true optimist, looking to a bright future and trying to understand the present world in its present form, and realizing that there is always a way out...on the bright side.

He acts to hear other people's ideas. If he puts out a fanzine, it's probably to give other people his ideas and to get their reactions.

And you can bet your life he's going to be the one who will show the way and build the path to that bright side....

THIS

Evaluations of predictions made in science fiction.



November SFQ ran a very fine article by Robert A. Madle and Sam Moskowitz entitled "Did Science Fiction Predict Atomic Energy?"

This article explains and documents the issue very well...and it also raises a question which has been in my mind ever since I began reading science fiction: How much of what we read will inevitably come true, how much is warning, and how much is a workable pattern of things to come?

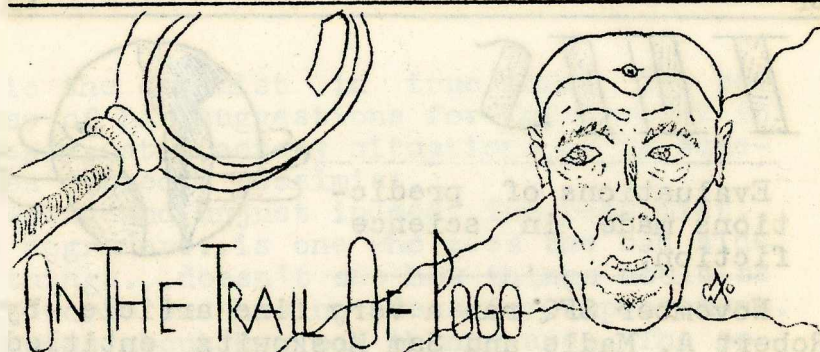
* * * *

Here's an actual documentation of a psycho-crime stopper somewhat after the Demolished Man style.

Reported in the September 21 This Week Sunday supplement was a Parisian detective who suddenly snaps his fingers and says, "-----is the killer!" or "You will find the body in ----- woods"....and just out of a clear blue sky.

Says he, Peter Hurkos, "Nine years ago I was painting a house in Zuidwal, in Holland, and I fell off the scaffold. When I woke up, I began to tell the doctors and nurses secret things about themselves."

He says he doesn't know how it works... but the point is, it does. Maybe that crack on the bean opened up the unused portion of the brain...which no one has yet found a use for. Except Peter Hurkos....



by PAUL HAROLD REHORST

CHAPTER I

"A

flagitious warp
of the
subconscious"

For weeks I had found it impossible to sleep away a night in peace, without being bothered by the selfsame nightmare night in and night out. No sooner would the veil of slumber fall when from a flagitious warp of the subconscious there emerged a legion of the inimical BEM, those arch-enemies to the "adult advancement" of Science Fiction. A wailing chorus with an agony of sound defying the very pit itself would unleash it's retaliative fury upon the defenseless senses of my sleep-weary brain. From out of abhorrent tumult I was able to discern the following verse weaved paradox:

"Oh bow, ye highflown FEM,
To the sf antics of Pogo--
Of who we, the ever-has-BEM,
Worship in the Land of Logo."

"Care ye not for the story,
But bow to our Logo Pogo--
Away with the author's glory,

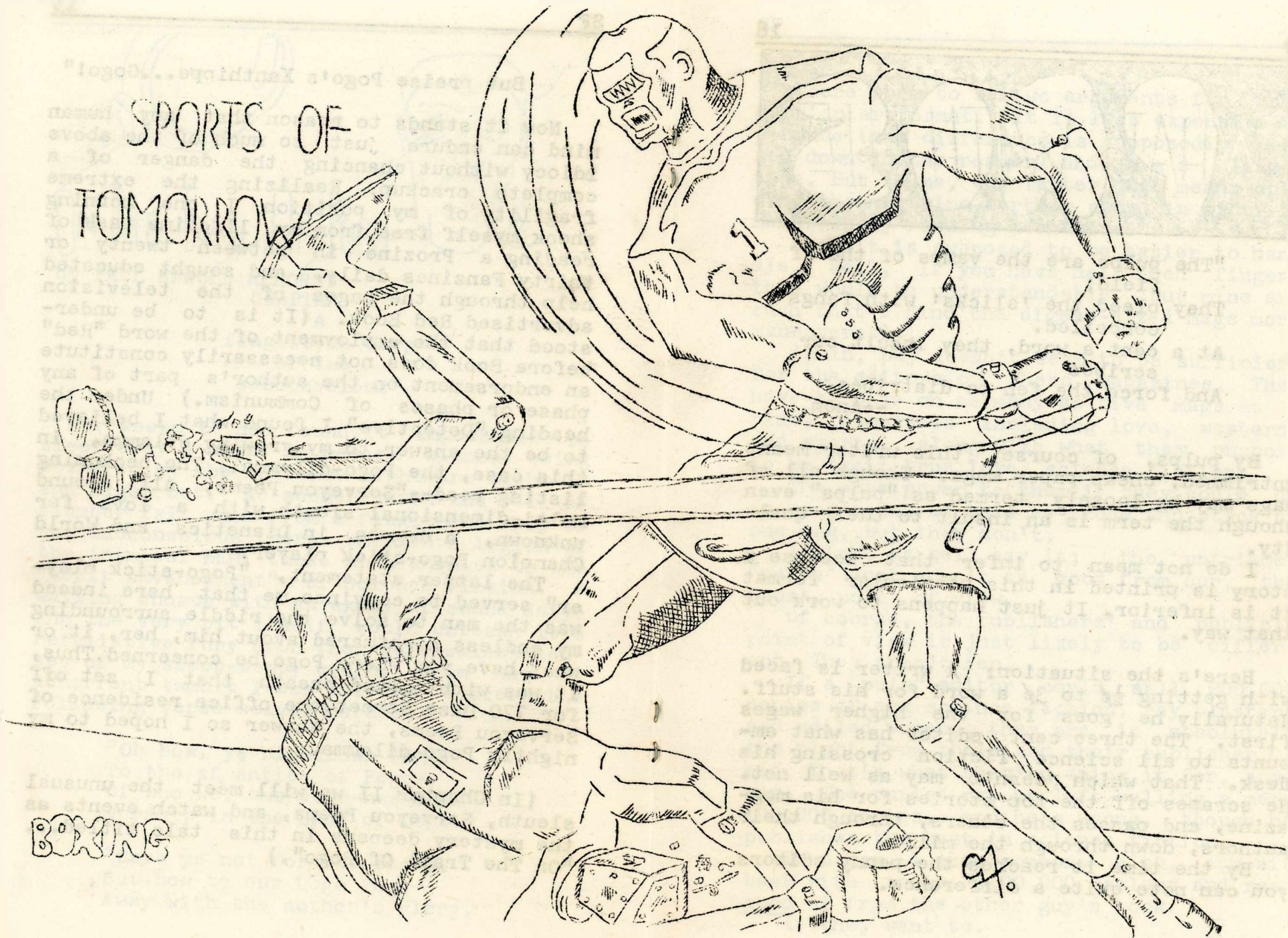
But praise Pogo's Xanthippe...Gogo!"

Now it stands to reason that any human mind can endure just so much of the above idiocy without chancing the danger of a complete crackup. Realizing the extreme fragility of my position I one morning shook myself free from my lifetime task of reading a Prozone in between twenty or thirty Fanzines daily, and sought educated help through the pages of the television advertised Red Book. (It is to be understood that the employment of the word "Red" before Book does not necessarily constitute an endorsement on the author's part of any phase or phases of Communism.) Under the heading "Detective" I found what I believed to be the answer to my growing dilemma, in this case, the Pogo-dilemma. The beckoning listing read--"Serveyou Poems, all around multi-dimensional sleuth with a love for unknown, a degree in Dianetics and World Champion Pogo-stick player.

The latter statement, "Pogo-stick player" served to convince me that here indeed was the man to solve the riddle surrounding my endless nightmared about him, her, it or what have you where Pogo be concerned. Thus, it was with baited breath that I set off for 770 Daze Street, the office residence of Serveyou Poems, the answer so I hoped to my nightly Pogo-dilemma.

(In Chapter II we will meet the unusual sleuth, Serveyou Poems, and watch events as the mystery deepens in this tale titled... "On The Trail Of Pogo".)

SPORTS OF TOMORROW



BOXING



"The pulps are the vamps of the sf
field;
They bleed the 'slicks' with fangs
concealed.
At a cent a word, they insult our
scribes
And force the fen to diatribes.
--Anon.

By pulps, of course, this writer meant untrimmed, cheap paper mags. Though all sf mags may be loosely termed as "pulp" even though the term is an insult to their quality.

I do not mean to infer that because a story is printed in this particular format it is inferior. It just happens to work out that way.

Here's the situation: A writer is faced with getting ~~1¢~~ to 3¢ a word for his stuff. Naturally he goes for the higher wages first. The three cent editor has what amounts to all science fiction crossing his desk. That which doesn't may as well not. He scrapes off the top stories for his magazine, and passes the others, through their authors, down through the mill.

By the time it reaches the penny editors you can note quite a difference.

There seem to be two arguments for this particular format. It is less expensive to produce (the difference is supposedly passed down to the reader) and has a larger type. But to me, the latter just means holding the magazine farther away, in order to maintain my reading mechanics.

Also it is supposed to be easier to handle. Well, if you have half-inch fingers this would be understandable, but mine are such that I find the digest-sized mags more maneuverable.

Again, pay doesn't seem to be sufficient for the editors of these magazines. They have to take on as many as five mags at a time...sometimes including love, western, and sports...along with what they purport to be their true love, science fiction.

The more power to them if they could do as good a job at this as those who stick by one mag, but they don't.

I might as well say it; the untrimmed "pulp" just aren't as good from our, the fans', point of view.

Of course, the publishers' and public's point of view is just likely to be different. They aren't fen.

If a "pulp" editor could sell 200,000 copies of sex science fiction, ray blasters and veiled women, they are in absolutely the right from their and their publisher's end. That's what they're doing it for, anyway. The purist may be left selling a mere 100,000 copies, and he's wrong, though he publishes the best in science fiction.

Then sam, I mean someone else, can sit back with their \$100,000 salary and read good sf from the other guy's book.

If they want to.



Concluding discussion on the panel of editors at the Tenth Anniversary World Convention, John Campbell asked of his companions and competitors, "What were your reasons for starting a science fiction magazine?"

Sam Mines: "It's simply more interesting, more fun, and more exciting to work on a science fiction magazine than any other."

Howard Browne: "I sold Ziff-Davis two short stories, and they hired me."

Anthony Boucher: "I assumed that it would be extremely enjoyable--and possibly profitable."

James Quinn: "I suppose my motives were much the same as anyone else's: I was interested in it and wanted to try it."

Bill Hamling: "I combined my two loves; eating and science-fantasy."

Evelyn Gold: "Because my husband's in it." (yes...!)

Lester Del Ray: "Once you get your fingers in it you can't get 'em out. I get a kick out of it, that's all."

Ray Palmer: "I like it."

John W. Campbell: (Requested by the rest of the panel.) "All my life I've liked to do speculative thinking, and I wanted somebody else to help me do it. My livelihood is my hobby."

PREFERENCE-LIBRARY

The rating systems that most magazines use for their stories are very inefficient, and at best unfair.

One story has to be best and one must be worst according to standards of judgement now in use. To judge stories one against another, as they stack up in one particular issue of one particular mag accomplishes nothing.

Also it gives no idea of trends in science fiction...as to better or worse....and no indication of any of the story's special merits.

I believe that there should be a standard means of comparison for new stories... something which would show how it stacks up against the whole field. But of course, for this there must be well-known standards.

I propose that certain stories be set up as typed standards for that particular genre, and that worthwhile stories be judged against them.

We might propose such standards as:

Time Travel--Heinlein-Macdonald's "By His Bootstraps."

Wild Talents--Kuttner-Vance's "Telek."

Mental Variant--Tenn's "Firewater."

Social Science--Fyfe's "Day of the Moron"

These are all random-picked, and I have chosen only a few classifications. Will all

you fine people send me a list of your classifications and your favorite sotries for each? I would like very much to compile these and publish them in the Dec e m b e r issue.

Now this month's super-mag.

Here is a classic. The NOVEMBER '49 aSF is something which should happen more often ...at least the likes of it should.

An imaginative fellow named Hoen wrote a letter in 1948, in the past tense and post-dating it a year, outlining his ideal of a perfect line-up.

He gave the authors, the titles, and ratings for the stories....and what should happen at the appointed time, but FOW!! It happened!

Of course, it's just a coincidence that Robert A. Heinlein, Issac Asimov, Theodore Sturgeon, Les delRey, A.E. vanVogt, and L.Sprague de Camp got into the same lineup, but the fact that the titles matched the prediction shows that these things do happen.

As any prediction, Mr. Hoen's was not 100% correct, but it was correct enough to demonstrate both Mr. Campbell's good will and good humor, and showed that, well, maybe fandom is a force after all.

It's issues like this that make reading science fiction fun.....and shows that if someone makes a good prediction, that maybe enough interested parties will get together and see that that prediction is carried out.

After all, isn't that what science fiction is....?



Bow to the skies! Rejoice to the rafters --something NEW has hit the science fiction field.

This is SCIENCE fiction?

This is science FICTION?

Is it either?

The big diatribe, of course, is over "The Veiled Woman".

I guess it was science fiction. Seems to me I saw something about a green babe whot soaked up radioactivity to keep alive, or something.

'Twas something like that somewhere between nine murders and a half-dozen teeth-kicking-ins.

What a man this hero is! He either kills people naked or kills naked people. Best part of the story are those clever lines he inserts before he blows a chap's head off or splats slugs into a femme's belly.

"Cheerio, you s.o.b."

or

"Merry Christmas, you b-----s!"

Very clever, I thought, didn't you?

All joking aside, though, I do think that this story by Mickey Spillane in Fantastic has great significance.

Of course, I am slightly prejudiced against this type of story, therefore my actions, subsequent to reading it, of dipping it in boiling oil, sticking pins in it, hanging it by a black thread at dawn, dri-

ving an oak stake through it and burying it at midnight cannot be taken too seriously.

Aside from using a science fiction front I have nothing against the story. I really liked it.

But never the less, its appearing in an sf mag, I believe, has a certain significance, a certain aura of trend.

Hence I make the following exclusive predictions:

Fantastic will go monthly as soon as Browne sees the reaction from the Spillane story.

A new story by Erskine Caldwell will appear in the January ASF.

Hank Williams and Lefty Frizzel will collaborate on a new novel soon to be released by Shasta.

Robert W. Lowndes will take over Galaxy.
First issue under his editorship will
run a Doc Savage reprint.

Mickey Spillane will blow Walt Kelly's head off and take over drawing Pogo.

"I The Jury" will be done up in limited edition by Polaris Press.

W. Max Keasler and Bob Bloch will be revealed as mere pen-names of Spillane.

An Italian edition of "The Veiled Woman" ...profusely illustrated by Rossilini, posed by green-smearred Ingrid.....will sell a million copies.

Fantastic will go daily.

三十一

The first issue of SF is still on sale for 15¢ or as part of your subscription.

AN' CAB FROM YOU

LYNN HICKMAN

What a monster this fandom is!! You peel off a dollar from a sub to SF and send it to me for TLMA dues, I in turn drop it in an envelope and send it back for a sub to SF.....

Oh yes--SF is undoubtedly the best first issue of a mimeod. zine I've ever seen. Format--perfect, mimeoing--perfect, contents--VERY good. I enjoyed it all and will certainly be looking forward to each copy. Time will not permit me to write further at this time--will try to do better next time.

(xx and what a BIG monster it is!)

RICHARD BERGERON

This is absolutely the first chance since Chi that I've had to drop you this line telling you how much I liked SF. You've got a real up and comer here. I hope you can keep it up. The cover layout is very nice...just the type you'd want on a mag of that sort. The interior layout is perfect also. The only parts that I didn't like were "Herman" and "The Wild Man".

The reason why I checked in the "I won't subscribe to SF" was because I plan on being a contributor to each and every issue. Enclosed with this drwing you'll find an illo or two just to make sure that I don't miss your convention report. I certainly don't want to miss it.

(xx how's this cover layout?)

BARCLAY JOHNSON

Got SF at the Chicon II and of course must send you a letter concerning it (sla-

very!).

As you may remember, I was the one who asked you how you did the cover in three colors so well. Will this be a regular feature? I hope so. But don't worry if you haven't the time to put such loving care into your fmz. Mine, FooView, is only six pages in length (regular size) but seems to be what counts.

I won't go into the material as I haven't the time, but I disagree with you on one thing: your statement that "Art is sadly lacking in this issue". It seems to me you have plenty. At any rate, you certainly hide that fact (if it is a fact) by your excellent format. The written material is the thing that is lacking. This may prove to be a tragic mistake because you'll need to attract good fan authors to make the fanzine popular. I will plug your mag in FooView #2 which is my fanzine, as I said above, and which is also a monthly of a sort.

The monthly scene has been completely changed into the last month or two. At first OPUS, QUANDRY, NEWSCOPE and maybe one other were the monthly fanmags. Now there's SF, FooView, POSTWARP and probably another that consist of the monthlies. Quandry has now gone bi-monthly, OPUS has done the same....

(xx we're not making any excuses about the art in this issue!)

PAUL HAROLD REHORST

While attending the closing session of the 10th Anniversary World Science Fiction Convention, or the more vulgar Chicon to we of the strict and orthodox fan level, I had

the very great pleasure of securing a copy of your newly initiated "super fanzine", SF. By the way, I did drop a dime into the box. I must say that you did a very credit-worthy job on the whole, and if future issues only half measure up to this the first copy then you will have something indeed to be proud about. My only regret is that I didn't get around to looking you up in person. But then there will be ample time for that at the Philcon come next Labor Day weekend, the eastern blowout in '53.

Along with a nice greenback to cover a phase in your "sub" price listings, something I'm sure you will appreciate, I am enclosing the first in a series of wild nonsense tales concerning my friend, your friend and everybody's friend, good old Pogo. If you can use it in a future issue go right ahead. There is more where that came from. The opening chapter is rather sober as compared to future copy. If your response is favorable just let me know.

(xx if your response is favorable, just let me know...)

BOB SILVERBERG

Received SF today, and was very impressed with its neatness and general all-around ability. One suggestion though--you'll make much more of an impression publishing a 40-page bimonthly than a 24-page monthly. Small mags are always more impressive when thick.

(xx is this issue a step in the right direction?)

BILL BERGER

If only more fanzines were the size of

yours.

It's hard to understand why you reprinted the article by Mr. Hines. I'm almost positive that it was rehash of the introduction to sf anthologies, other news articles, etc. etc. How many times have we read about the atom bomb being responsible for the rise of stf? It reminds me of an article that would tell us that we live on a round world, that we breathe, that we are human beings, and that we eat.

"What's with the pros" could be shown to outsiders as an example of two fans talking and holding a glass. It was interesting. Plain writing is always a pleasure to read.

"Editors Rage"--O.K.

"Analytical Gab-oratory"--Well, it was O.K.

"This Revolving World"--Good.

"Herman the Momerath"---Good for one laugh.

"Preference Library"--It must stay month after month.

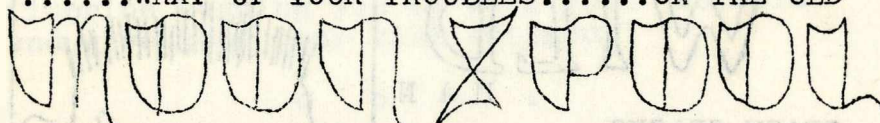
"Moon Spool"--Ah...the food is not enough to supply a steady increase of thought.

"The Wild Man" is worth shouting for. I hope that you have more humorous short stf tales. Let's also have the serious stf theme turned into laugh material.

Well Mr. Magnus, I think you saw a dollar. I want to see more SF's which will prompt me to throw a hunk of praise by return mail for that buck.

(xx I thought that the Hines article would be interesting to the half-fans at the convention, and supply some choice bits of information to the rest. Of course, we already know. Ha.

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



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

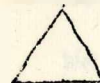
Scientific documentation (OW, Oct.p.152) of Ray Palmer's prediction that the earth will be discovered to have a faint ring similar to Saturn's came as quite a shock. Some, of course, will persist in the idea that this means nothing, but it at least shows that Palmer is on the ball.

* * * *

If I had read that in a story, I would have classified it as science fantasy. Oh well, a little while ago all science fiction was considered fantasy.

* * * *

The new British flying wing, featured in newsreels this month, looks straight from a Malc Smith cover. It's just about an equilateral triangle...and let no one say that the flying saucer shape is impossible.



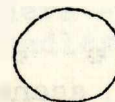
This Flies!



So does This!



This too!



Why not this?

T H E

WILD

M A N

BRASH CRACKS

And we return to the wilds. From the darkest depths of our subconscious come hurricanes of...of...oh oh.....

Oh well, we can always resort to the elements of humor...

Said Doctor Iodine to Prof. Arsenic: "I hear you expect to become quite rich presently."

"Oh, yes. I have discovered a diamond mine in virginium."

"That's pre-phosphorous, there are neodymium mines there."

"Sh-h-h. They think it's just an alabamine, but while they're standing around with their tungsten their cheeks, I shall be becoming richer than an indium maharajah!"

"I still think you're full of polonium. Have you had anybody 'praseodymiums yet?"

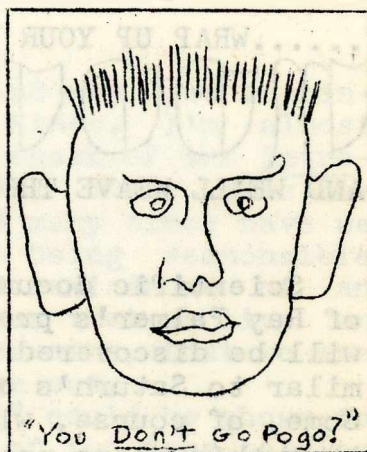
"No, but they're sure to sulfur millions."

* * * *

If I'm boron you with this, just let me know...

* * * *

Soap opera scene: "Must I neon the



"You Don't Go Pogo?"

fluorine begging you to be a good samarium and give your poor sick antimony?

* * * *

Anyone addressing his letter to John Manganese will receive a bomb by return mail.

* * * *

As you can see, you're liable to find everything in this type of humor but the kitchen zinc. Not funny? Oh well, radon, and you'll see...how silicon you get?

* * * *

If you see my wife, tellurium with a sick Fran.

* * * *

Lithium here, if you're sodium smart, why didn't you think of this?

* * * *

OUR CLUBHOUSE

We've made our curtains of pliofilms and papered the walls with stencils. We've made a beautiful inlaid floor with the stubs of all our pencils. With all the exchanges that come our way we've kept the furnace burning. But...wonder of wonders--through it all we've kept the handles turning.

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH.....xxx