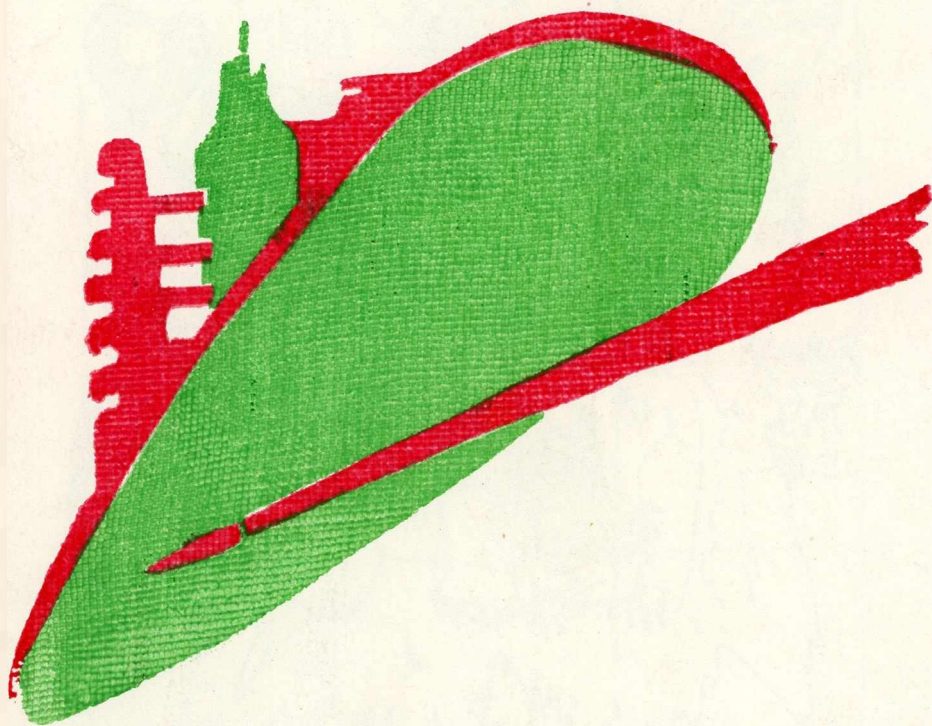
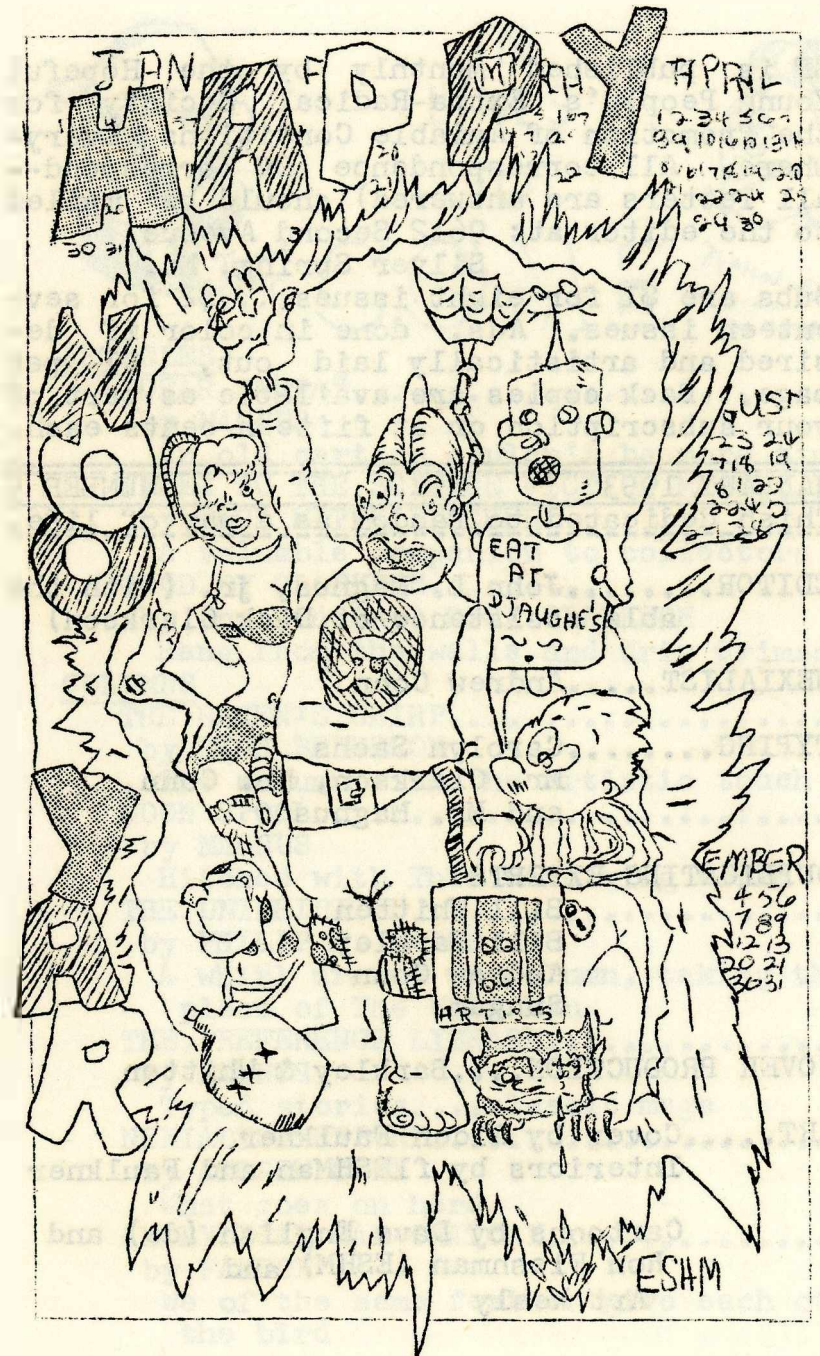




JAN. 53





Silver Spring, Md.
Subs are \$1 for eight issues, ... \$2 for sev-
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Typical Editor

IN
LINES
TO

COME



Typical Artist
Drawn
by ESHM

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We of the same feather give each other
the bird

010

Editor's rag

Final note: How would you like to join our staff? Manual people, easy working hours, and well compensated editor. Hurry work.

'Twas 8:30 a.m. and ominous looking in the Magnus household. 'Twas also somewhere around the 28th of December.

Now why in the ever lovin blue eyed world would anyone be stirring at this unghodly hour during a vacation.

Oh yes.

A new issue of SF was due.

The twenty-four hour party was on! And in one brief rotation of the Earth upon her axis, another happy forty (or twenty, then -if you want to be cheap and comparative about it) pages of SF should be stapled between a new and beautiful cover that hadn't even been designed yet.

But we had it all figured out.

It usually takes about six days of work to produce SF...consisting of about four workable hours after people are transported here and taken back. This transportation deal takes about an hour and a half of everybody's time per day, and to top that, there's always some important member of the staff who can't seem to make it.

Well, we figured....four hours times six days=twenty-four hours=one day. Much easier on the mind and on the schoolwork.

Just like a convention, we would neglect to go to bed one night, we'd get SF off of our chests...and have no fretting and worry for the rest of the month.

And besides, it would be fun.

Well, like I say, it was 8:30. I called Nexialist on the phone. Someone said he was asleep and had the alarm set for 9:30 and simply couldn't be wakened.

The party was supposed to start at 9:00. I crawled back into bed.

11:30. People are in the house.

We are working.

Presto.

Hey look, a stencil is ready. Artist, draw this. Hey Alden, is SpOT ready yet? Bill, I don't CARE if you just wrote a new song...you and Bill put the guitar down and run off that page. CAROLYN, get out of his lap!

Whoosat, Sunny Gale or Teresa Brewer? I'll BUY you the words, but put that short-hand book down and type this. I dunno, He'll be here soon, probably.

Whaddya mean, the stencil broke after eighty-five copies? Did you use that old guck? Well no wonder, look how much you put on. When it gets so thick, it gets brittle and breaks. Yeah, take it off, clean it, and put it back together again. Humpty Dumpty.

Well how in the blue eyed world did you leave two lines out? Of course they're necessary, whaddya think this is, poetry or something? And besides, Andy wrote it. I can't help it, it'll have to be done over.

Why are you afraid to cut a de cartoon? The lines run too close together. All right --yeah.

He should be here any minute.

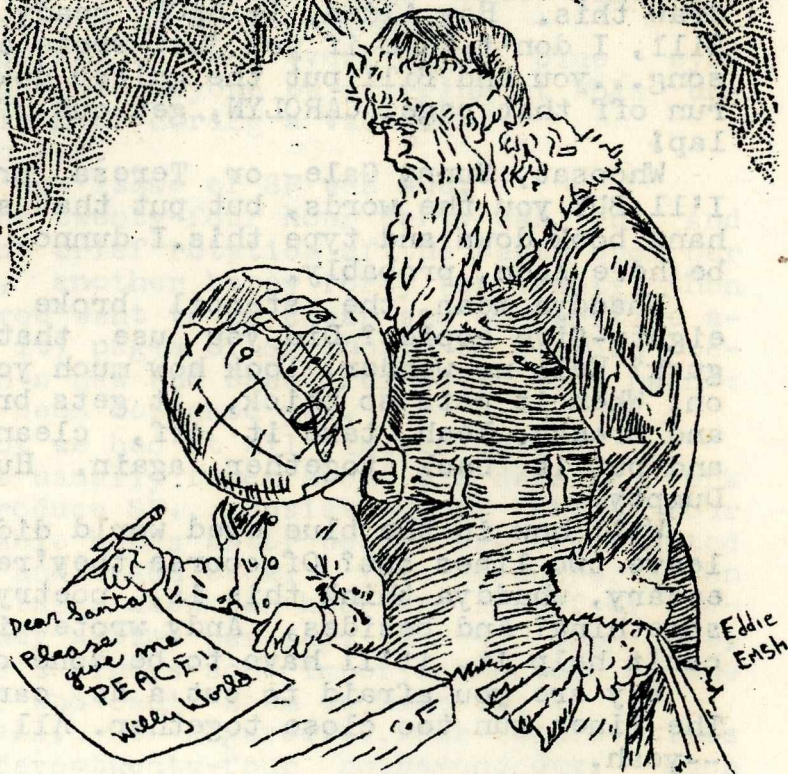
I don't know.

Arrright! Give it at me and I'll re-dummy it. Oh, just something about two inches

(Continued on page 30)

DEAR SANTA

THERE IS NO PRESENT I WOULD
RATHER GIVE! --
IF I ONLY COULD



Now that we are putting away Christmas gifts, wearing Christmas ties, and paying Christmas bills, nothing could be quite so appropriate as this cartoon, drawn 11 years ago by Ed Enshwiler, now the foremost science fiction illustrator.

It was drawn during the first week after Pearl Harbor, and appeared in the December 16, 1941 issue of Silver Chips, of Montgomery Blair High School in Silver Spring, Md. Now, 11 years later, it could never be more appropriate.

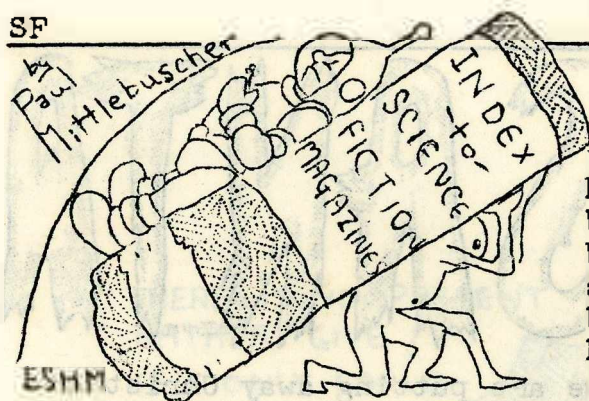
Will it forever be appropriate?

As we look back on the hopes of people years ago, and realize that they are the same as ours, we cannot help but wonder that they may be the same for many years to come.

But we always have hope. We will always wish and pray for peace, and it is a gift always to be looked forward to.

And maybe someday the gift may be granted.

— John Magnus



.....IS the title of a huge 184-page book, edited by Don Day, and published by the Perri Press.

As most sf fans know, it lists every author and

story from 1926, (which was the year that saw the advent of Amazing Stories — the first science-fiction magazine) to and including 1950.

The price is \$6.50, and those among you who are collectors will agree that it is an indispensable item in any fan's collection.

It is useful in locating stories by favorite authors, and determining which mags you especially want. Day, however, was forced to leave out Weird Tales, which many fans felt should have been included, as it often printed science-fiction. His explanation for this was as follows "I don't possess a complete set, and the time needed to ferret out each and every issue would set the time of publication back several years."

The general consensus is that Mr. Day performed a much needed service in compiling and editing the tremendous amount of information present in this book, BUT...the impression is given by Day that the information in the book is authentic down to the last detail. I am sorry to say, however, that this isn't entirely true. There are a number of mistakes in this book; I will

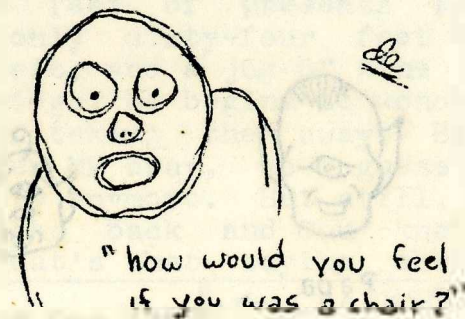
mention a few cases to illustrate my point. First, though, let me explain for the benefit of those who don't have a copy, that the authors' pen names are listed, and directly below, the true name is given, in this manner--KENNETH FALCONER pseudonym of Cyril Kornbluth. If a name is listed and has no added comment beneath it, it is naturally thought to be an actual person.

A case in mind that might prove confusing, however, is that of "Charles Recour". Now, the large majority of fans know that Recour is a pen name of Henry Bott, yet in the INDEX it is given as a living writer. Other cases could be cited, but they would only be a repetition of this one.

The INDEX contained several rather surprising disclosures. We were astounded to learn that all the writings of "Polton Cross", and "Thornton Ayre" were by none other than John Russell Fearn. In pouring over back issues of sf mags we had acquired a liking for Ayre and a dislike for Cross. Now we find that neither is an actual person, and that Fearn was "the" British writer of the 1938-1945 period.

This brings to mind the time when TWS ran a story by Ray Bradbury and another by "Brett Sterling"

--the Bradbury yarn was as usual acclaimed BUT the Sterling effort was panned by most of the readers. Yet both were by Mr. B., and neither was an inferior



story.

Another surprising note is the fact that "Edwin James" is a pseudonym for James E. Gunn. We had been assured by a reliable source that "James" was a pen name of Eric Frank Russell. Another editor, Sam Merwin I believe, stated that it was the pen name of a "well known author". Gunn may be well known to his mother, but that's about all. We never heard of him.

As most fen suspected, Wm. P. McGivern and Dwight D. O'Brien practically wrote many of the old Amazings by themselves. O'Brien, however, wrote much better under his pen name of "John York Cabot" than under his own name.

Richard S. Shaver also possessed a variety of pen names. Henry Kuttner's pen names are of course legion, but you might be rather surprised to learn those of a number of your other favorites. Despite the occasional "slips" this is an informative and splendidly done book, and we recommend for many hours of the most enjoyable reading outside of fiction that you will find, purchase a copy, it's worthwhile.

--Paul Mittelbuscher



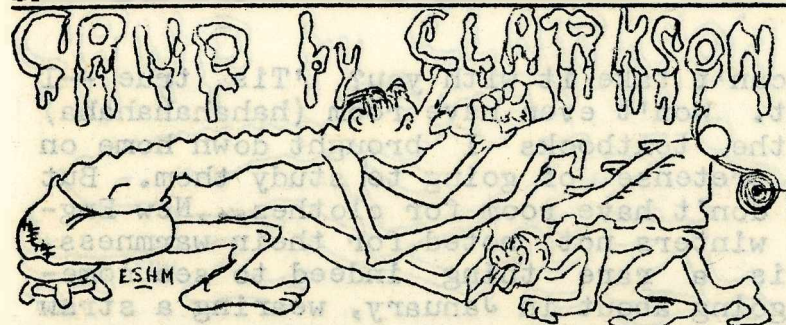
Papa



"Papa and Mama's
little boy"



Mama



I woke up this morning. That alone is a crazy way to start off a day. But I woke up with vague premonitions careening through my brain. I wondered why; then, with a horrible jolt, I remembered: Dick Clarkson was about to invade Silver Spring. When he did not come, I stopped worrying. But at three o'clock, he called, and here he is.

Now I present you with Dick Clarkson
Take it away....

I guess I've been presented. I'd rather be drunk. I'd rather....anyway, this being after Christmas, I'm so damned sick and tired of being presented with things and presenting other equally useless gadgets that maybe after all it's not so bad being presented with myself. At least now I can be sure that I'm someplace. When one gets about sixty-five cubic feet of presents for Christmas, with only sixty-four feet of space in the suitcase, and a jug of wine to take back to Cambridge, he begins to wonder at the problems of taking them away. But John has just taken ME away, so I guess I won't have to worry anymore. But still, I have clothes to take back and Ghu knows what-all else. What's that saying about

← CLARKSON
IN SNOWSTORM

you can't take it with you? 'Tis true — I can't. Won't even have room (hahahahahaha) for the textbooks I brought down home on the pretense of going to study them. But if I don't have room for clothes... New England winters not noted for their warmth, it is a rare thing indeed to see someone going about in January, wearing a straw hat and a swim suit.

However, the powers that be have asked me to write something, and I haven't said a damn thing yet. He asked me to invent a sport, so as he could put it in "Sports of the Future", or something equally fannish, but what I know about most sports you could write in capital letters on a pinhead (John just remarked.... "yeah, yours" ...I whadda you do with a guv like that? Ah, I know! Just gave him a copy of PLANET to read. He'll be dead within twenty-four hours) and still have room left over for the Gettysburg Address. So I've decided not to say a single damned thing.

Which I am extremely good at.

This must be some kind of a guest editorial, though John has said nothing to me about it. He just grabbed me by both necks, beat my heads together, and said, "Write, you neophan....WRITE!" So I writ. Dammit, I'm STILL writing. Here I sit at this foul thing, beating my so-called brains out, whilst all the time downstairs they're serving bourbon and soda. What? They are? My ghod!

....Dick Clarkson



The other day as I was running through a pile of fanzines that I had bought from Gregg Calkins I tripped and fell flat on my face.

The obstical that had brought my race to this rather abrupt halt turned out to be the Rhodomagnetic Calendar for 1952. After picking myself out of the dust and pushing a large nest made of hay You Polls stolen

from loft over issues of Opus that the dwellers in the wall had wedged under the door jamb (they were pack rats) off on to the floor I managed to get some idea of what it was like.

This isn't my first Impression, by the way, I had received one previously from Edward Wood along with some other fmz I had bought from him... (Some of you are no doubt musing over the fact that this is a rather stale pub to be taped at such length after it went on sale... Well right you are! But in all the time I've not seen one decent review of the thing and doubt very much if the Berkeleyans have either! So...)

The Little Men have presented us with their artistically contrived Impressions of 1952, one for each month.

I noticed at once the high quality of the paper it was printed on and then later wished that artwork of the same type had been included to match it. It's enough to set one on fire to see the Galaxy level of

some of these offsetts. In order to view these particular ones properly they must be sett off about ten feet so that the freedom taken by some of the artists in their work is not apparent. However, when viewed within one foot, or in my case, a nose length, the little effort that was put into all but a few is slightly eyestraining, to say the least.

Among the worst as being presentable pieces are the January and December selections which seem to be an attempt on the part of the Little Men to begin and end the year on a poor note or, artistically speaking, on bad lines. In any event they are both poor examples of the work that offsett reproduces best.

In between the two extremes are eight poor to good jobs by Beetem, Buell, Moore, etc., with none of them seeming to have put very much hard work into them with the exception of Buell's "Hunting Season" which is fairly executed. The remaining duo show that the publishers aren't afraid to go as far in one direction as they go in another and are just about the only two that dull the pain of the cut that may have been taken in your fannish pocketbook if you were one of those who let the Little Men leaf through it for green reading matter. I am not referring to Quandry here.

The July pic, the first by him, is the most beautiful treatment of the takeoff operation I've ever seen. Every line in it is a stroke of genius. If you were one of those who ordered their copies it must have been a relief indeed to find this pic mistakenly discarded. The other is a black and white (as all are) reprint of his "Lunar

Landscape" from a back issue of the Digest. Although most of you are no doubt familiar with it it's still nice to have a copy without the bends. The Rhodo copy was wrapped around the spine of the magazine, in case you didn't know, being that it's always nice to have a wall covered spine.

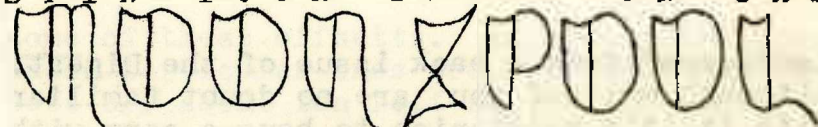
It seems as tho the Little Men would have wanted the calendar done with an eye towards making the prospective buyer want to keep and frame his pictures when their use in '52 had expired, but this doesn't seem to be the case. I hope they have this year's calendar which I believe they are planning done with an eye cocked in that direction and that they don't overwork their stable of artists again else they bolt and dash off stuff on a par with what is to be found in this edition. Certainly they shouldn't make this same mistake twice. There are artists in fandom that don't live in Berkeley as witness the fine pen and ink work of fans like Hoffman, Ward, Stone, Hunter, and Naaman. Their work is good and together it would make an illustrious and memorable calendar.

All of which seems to end my mousing around the Rd Calendar. I suggest that you get a copy if you can lay your hands on one for a semi-reasonable price. If you plan on ordering from Berkeley, tho, hold your money. Prices on them will, no doubt, drop steadily from now on for this is definitely a dated item.

MESSAL: In the third issue of Vanations Norman Browne, its editor, goes over some questions asked in a questionnaire sent out with the previous issue. One of them was:

continued on page 28

SPIN YOUR IDEAS ON THE



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

COMBINED WITH "THIS REVOLVING WORLD"

As originally construed, this column was to lay open for discussion and/or discuss certain things of a scientific or fantastic nature which were going on around the world; the companion column, "This Revolving World" was intended to report various scientific advances currently being made that were mentioned previously in science fiction.

But soon it became obvious that these overlapped a great deal, and henceforth, this will be a column of reporting and discussion of newbits that would be of special interest to science fiction fans.



First on the list this month is a little thing that has bothered me since it came out months ago. It is the report...not theory, mind you...that the flying saucers were reflection of surface lights, especially headlights, against a temperature front.

Now this is all very well and good, it has been shown that bright lights can and do reflect off of temperature levels, but the way this scientist went about solving a problem. He developed something that would and could produce the same effect as the so called saucers, and then proclaimed that it was the solution. Analogous to discov-

ering that tear gas produced tears, and postulating that when one cried, tear gas was produced?

This is a good theory, I must admit, but the fact is that more than three reasons, this being one of them, have been set forth with the claim that each of them would explain more than 90% of the saucer sightings. (Meteorites, weather balloons, electrical phenomenon, and this headlight theory have all been reported at various times as having caused 90% of the reports.)



The British seem to have their own brand of flying saucer. Report came from the United Kingdom that several different people had seen a large, unidentified craft spit forth three smaller craft, all of which went on their way. None of them were flying saucer-type things, it was reported.

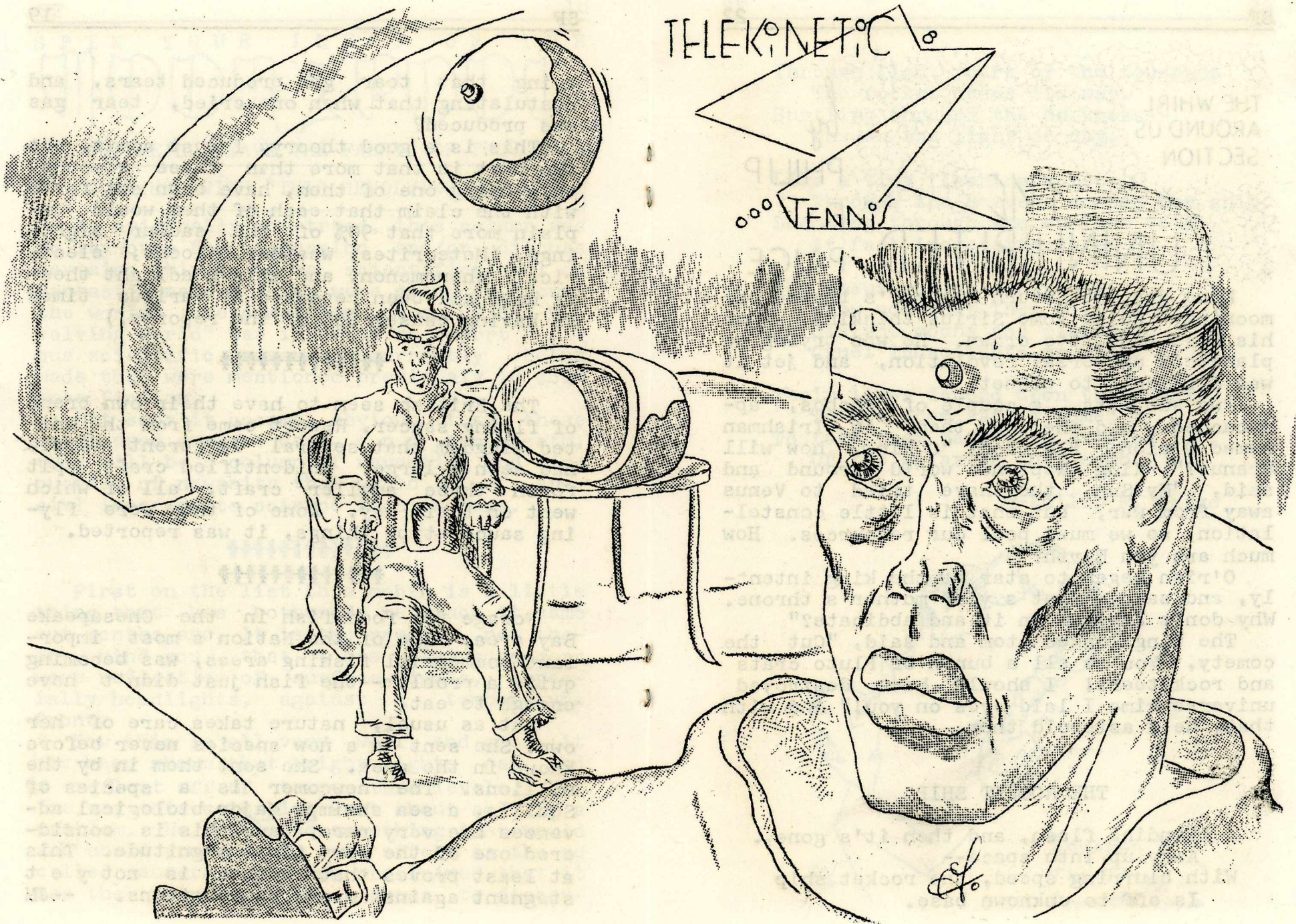


Forage for food-fish in the Chesapeake Bay area, one of the Nation's most important commercial fishing areas, was becoming quite a problem--the fish just didn't have enough to eat.

But as usual, nature takes care of her own. She sent in a new species never before known in the area. She sent them in by the millions. The newcomer is a species of Squilla, a sea shrimp. Major biological advances are very rare, and this is considered one of the very first magnitude. This at least proves that nature is not yet stagnant against man's depredations. --JM

TELEKINETIC

...TENNIS



THE WHIRL
AROUND US
SECTION

THE
UNINHIBITED

by
PHILIP
F.
PAIGE

King Neptune Saturn his mar's throne one mooning, doing some Sirius thinking. Upon his head satellite crown. He was trying to planetoid universal revolution, and jet it was difficult to planet.

Two subjects, a couple of Phobos, approached, and one of them, an Irishman named O'rion, Pleiaded: "O king, how will Uranus?" King Neptune world around and said, "My Sun, they have tried to Venus away from war, but that is little constellation, so we must pool our resources. How much are you Earth?"

O'rion began to star at the king intently, and said, "That's your mother's throne. Why don't Jupiter on it and abdicate?"

The king looked atom and said, "Cut the comety. You're all a bunch of Pluto crats and rocketeers! I should have destroyed universe time I laid eyes on you!" And with that, he'd asteroid them.

THE ROCKET SHIP

A blinding flash, and then it's gone,
Away up into space--
With blurring speed, the rocket ship
Is off to unknown base.

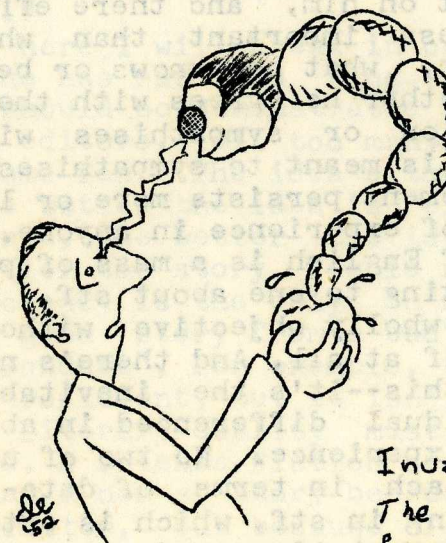
Through light-years by the thousands
The rocket makes its way.
Hurtling through the darkness--
Unseen the light of day.

Like a tiny flashing comet
Through the heavens speeds the ship.
Shooting through the endless void
At fast increasing clip.

The unsuspecting occupants
Know not what they will find
On distant moons and planets--
Cruel inhabitants or kind.

Their lives depend upon their ship
To get them safely home;
To take them back with stories
Of the galaxies they comb.

--Philip F. Paige



Invasion # 6:-
The Thing
from the Apple



Says Graham B. Stone on setting up standard stories in certain categories: "The suggestion of setting up particularly out standing stories as standards is a new one to me. I fear it isn't that easy. We are here up against the paradox of standards in literature. There are objective standards, yes--much the same

for science fiction as for creative writing in general, with further and more imperative requirements. But--the trouble is in their very objectivity. The ordinary reader does not know consciously what makes a story good or bad as literature. He cares only for its impact on him, and there effective writing is less important than what the story is about, what he knows or believes about it, whether he agrees with the writer's evaluation or sympathises with the characters he is meant to sympathise with. This human element persists more or less in various area of experience in anyone. Even a professor of English is a mass of prejudices--try talking to one about stf. Even a fan cannot be wholly objective without extreme effort if at all. And there's nothing wrong with this--it's the inevitable result of individual differenced in ability, capacity and experience. No two of us have the same approach in terms of data--which means everything in stf, which is after all based on interpretation and extrapolation

of facts. No two of us have the same approach in terms of personal philosophical position, in other words of view of the nature of things and man's place in the universe, of certainty, nature of reality and truth, right and wrong, beauty, position of individuals to the community, and all the special problems that may assume to the individual a particular importance. So not only is it no use to say "X is the story against which we will measure all stories in its class by theme".

Nobody is going to agree that that particular story should be taken as an example. Much less to value it as you do and so compare other stories with it as a standard. Or even agree with you as to which stories should be compared with it.

"Themes in stf are not typed as much as is suggested. A good story in stf generally is good partly because it is original, using an idea not used precisely the same way before."

And here I will break in on Graham, because he has put his finger on something which should be demonstrated to a good many of the editors, all too many writers, and even some fan. The idea's the thing in sf, and the better the idea is expressed, and of course, the better the idea is itself, the better the story. People rave "literary proficiency is the only thing that separates a good story from a bad". Well, "Of Human Bondage", for example, is very literarily proficient, but it isn't science fiction. Literary quality must be taken for granted. A science fiction story isn't better than a non-sf story because it is more well written, but because of the ideas it contains.

Enough of that for now...on with this month's super-mag.

Here is one of those wartime Astoundings that most of us wish would come back into style today. This particular one is the MAY 1945 issue.

These are the days when they used thick paper, and made you really think you were getting a lot for your two-bits; actually, it was longer than the present-day Astounding, containing 180 pages. The additional can be accounted for in the sixteen page rotogravure section--most of the time at least two articles were run in those days. (the September '46 ASF had four articles)

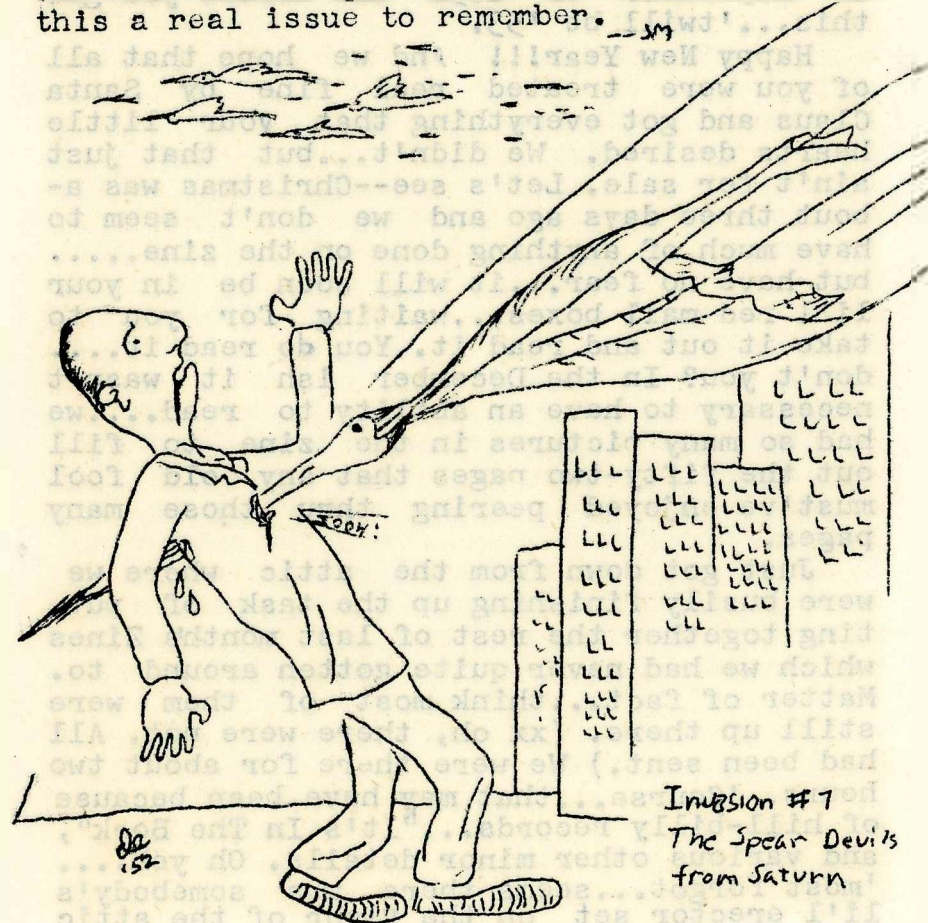
The big news in this issue was FIRST CONTACT, by Murray Leinster. I think this is one of the best SCIENCE fiction stories in existence...and one which may very well be kept in mind when contact with an alien race is made. As if you didn't already know, it is a great story of how the problem of "who's a baddy" is solved when it arises between two races meeting in deep-space. If it weren't for certain aberrated individuals, the same conditions may be said to exist between warring nations.

The Timmons cover for the story didn't impress me as too great, but it followed the general run of ASF frontispieces at that time. Incidentally, it was still ASF.

Wesly Long contributes to the issue with THE FIXER...a rather tedious, though intriguing novelette dealing entirely with Terrans' superiority in producing pure, crystalline Silicon-acetyldiethylsulfanomid out of practically nothing. Best to keep

George O. Smith away from the neo, it gets thick...but nevertheless, good.

A.E. van Vogt comes up with a very good novelette, THE PURPOSE. Mad scientist type, though it isn't developed that way at all. The professor develops a method of teleportation and immortality which gets out of his hands into those of the underworld. Sounds rather trite, but it is really excellent. Frank Belknap Long and "Philip St. John" each have good short stories, making this a real issue to remember. --sm



Invasion #7
The Spear Devils
from Saturn

ANDY CONN'S

NEXIALIST REPORT

Seems like we just turned around and here it is time to put out another funpacked and happy edition of SF. The first copy of our second year of pubbing, no less. Of course this doesn't mean that we've been putting out this here zine for twelve long months...it just means that we put out SF#1 in September of 1952 and before you get this...it will be '53.

Happy New Year!!! And we hope that all of you were treated real fine by Santa Claus and got everything that your little hearts desired. We didn't...but that just ain't for sale. Let's see--Christmas was about three days ago and we don't seem to have much of anything done on the zine.... but have no fear...it will soon be in your li'l red mail boxes...waiting for you to take it out and read it. You do read it.... don't you? In the December ish it wasn't necessary to have an ability to read....we had so many pictures in the zine to fill out the fifty-two pages that any old fool must've enjoyed peering thru those many pages.

Just got down from the attic where we were busily finishing up the task of putting together the rest of last month's Zines which we had never quite gotten around to. Matter of fact...think most of them were still up there. (xx oh, there were not. All had been sent.) We were there for about two hours. 'Course...that may have been because of hill-billy records..."It's In The Book", and various other minor details. Oh yeh.... 'most forgot...seems there was somebody's li'l erector set on the floor of the attic

where we do our actual pubbing-work. Varios and assorted types of half-built toy motors an' bridges and robots...etc. lying all around. After carefull looking and contemplation came the world-shaking and stirring pun-type remark from the innocent lips of one of the three of us...no one'll admit up to it:"At last...we can have a constructive fanzine" Eh...it sounded crazy at the time.

In case you all didn't know...John and the two Bills are complete and utter hill-billy record fans. Matter of fact...they can even play the stuff. That's one of the main reasons why it takes so long to put our zine. There we all are...busily crankin away on ye old mimeo-machine-type-thing when all of a sudden...comes the urge to play. All clean hands...grab ukes banjoes, fiddles, guitar or whatever is handy or whatever you can play...and off they go. Notice we said "they" go off. Your Nexialist has to go and be the joker who don't know how to play one of them things. So we have to sit and listen until 85 minutes later when all are ready to get back to work. I have to go and be a bop...jazz...and such type of music-fan. Not that I don't like their type of music. Got nuttin gainst it but after a certain length of time it does get kinda tiresome. So today I thought we'd be smart and bring our own radio over and listen to what our heart desired. And guess what has somehow in a dark and inexplicable manner...happened? My little radio is constantly tuned to the very same station that those miserable wretches are listening to. And you know what that is.

Don't know what happened to that "tour" Manybe in February? See you-all then I hope.

square. Waitamminute, I'd better give you the right size.

Let go of her and tell me where this goes.

OUCH, do you have to look at me so hard, I didn't....

WHAT?!! Somebody dropped the jar of developer?!! The whole gallon? Is it up? It's dripping all over the books down in the basement?!! BUT IT WAS UP IN THE ATTIC! Through the walls?!! The bottom dropped off of it?!! YOU THOUGHT IT WAS HARD CIDER?!! Ye ghods, there's only two gallons of hard cider up there already. You thought this was older, yes I know. No, Mother dear, it won't dissolve the plaster. Yes, it will stain the wallpaper like mad if it drips through. HOW much does it cost to repaper?!

Waitamminute, someone knocks, doubtlessly expecting charity at our door.

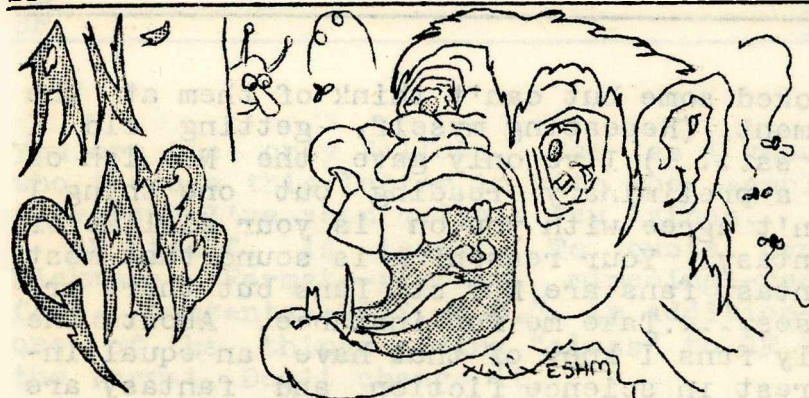
Hm-m-m, from the looks of things you must be DICK CLARKSON. (BNF's capitalized) I knew you had red hair I dreamed about you after the convention won't you have a drink oh you brought your own what's that WALKERS sloe gin oh boy you say you play boogie woogie there's a piano let's hear some hows Harvard treating you.

And fandom?

Weel you see, Dick, we have two blank pages just waiting for you. You get three requests for material a day? You're going to college?

A collaboratory letter to Sam....that sounds swell, think he'll publish it? You CAN stay all night? Well good, here's a typer....(door shuts, lock clicks)

WHO spilled oblitterine on a typed stencil?
--JOHN LAWRENCE MAGNUS



PAUL MITTLERUSCHER

I don't know about Silver Spring, but Sweet Springs' name hardly fits it, the water is anything but sweet, in fact it is very salty. Also, it contains numerous minerals which are supposed to be helpful. Some 40-50 years ago they sold the water as a sort of "health tonic". Personally I think it tastes "horrible", but some people seem to like it. So much for the history of the town.

Just got back from St. Louis to find your letter and the copies of Sf. I like your zine, and knowing something of the problems of monthly publication, I have enclosed a buck. Hope this helps to insure that Sf will continue to get "bigger and better". I've also filled out the questionnaire, and you should find it within.

By this time you may have received the Jan 1953 issue of FAN-TO-SEE. If not, be assured that it's on its way. FTS is something of a "big brother" to SF in that it's also a monthly, the only two fanzines I can think of at the moment that are issued every month are SF and FTS. Perhaps I've over-

looked some but can't think of them at the moment. (Repeating myself, getting old I guess....) I've only gave the Nov ish of SF a preliminary reading but one thing I don't agree with you on is your dislike of fantasy. Your reasoning is sound that most fantasy fans are NOT stf fans but there are cases....Take me for instance. About the only fans I know of that have an equal interest in science fiction and fantasy are myself and my friend Dave Hammond.

(xxzph, I never meant to say that I didn't LIKE fantasy. I do...just as I like the work of Forester, Maugham, and Kelly. I just don't like the attitude that they are read for the same purpose, and that the two terms are interchangeable and synonymous.)

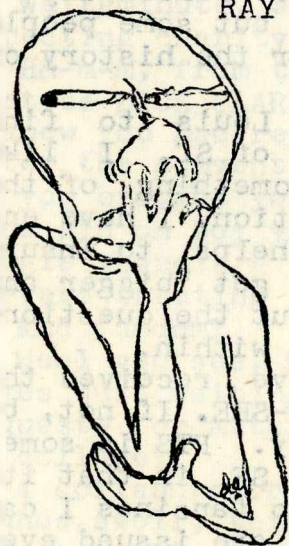
RAY CAPELLA

SF received today. I'm taking a few minutes off me work to let you know how it struck me. To wit:

I liked to introductory letter, explaining about f an dom, etc. Being a fanart-ist and fanwriter, I have

"I'll think about it."

been well aware of fandom, etc., for quite a while--but just the same I liked the letter because I believe it's a great idea.



You are the only fellows, far as I know, who include this letter in with the sample copy--and I've seen quite a few 'zines.

SF itself, is terrific. To quote Lynn Hickman: "Format--perfect, mimeoing--perfect, contents--VERY good." In addition--one of the things giving "class" to SF is the format. Don't change it.

If you want me to get down to details, I'll mention some of the material that really struck me: "A La Convention", "The Veiled Woman ...Is that all she wore?". Interesting items were "The Optimistic Fan", "What's With the Pros?", "This Revolving World", and "Why Are The Editors?" And I couldn't help to "grin and bear" "The Wild Man. As for "On the Trail of Pogo"--it sounded rather corny as a beginning, but I can't help being interested on what this develop into. However, I don't believe in serials in fanzines.

Even in the face of a 32-page SF, I'm inclined to agree with Bob Silverberg--a 40 page bimonthly would be better..

"Better a possum playing president than a president playing possum"... "I must remember this excellent witticism for when I write my autobiography"... I go Pogo too! (Understated)

After this build-up, it'd be a "dastardly deed" to go away without buying a subscription. I don't intend to do so. Sorry to say it won't be with this letter, but receive my--contribution (1.00) soon. Until then, I'll remain among meremains....

(xx How's a forty-to fifty-six page monthly? We like...hah?)

WALT WILLIS

Well good! One of the thoughts hovering at the back of my mind for the last few weeks as things to be done if I ever got up to date was to write you, ask you to send me a copy of SF, and apologise for not having known who you were at the con. You see when I got to Chi I was four weeks fanning behind everyone else---three weeks for mail to get across and one week for me. So I'm afraid I'd never heard of SF by then. I saw it at the Con but I'd never time to read anything until I got on the boat home and then SF must have been among the few dozen mementoes I left behind me at various places.

((Two pages of comment of SF's 1, 2, & 3 follow.))

I thought I'd killed that idea of getting me over again. I wouldn't go through that fundraising business again for anything. Besides if they want to bring any one over it should be someone else, like Ken Slater or Vince Clarke. I'll be over again sometime, but it'll be under my own power, and I'll enjoy it all this time.

(xx Under your own power? Gee. Are you going to swim or fly your beanie cap?)

GRAHAM B. STONE

When I gave up struggling with the tomfoolery of your contents page and looked through SF no. 2 I was rather pleased with it on the whole. Reproduction is excellent, and unlike most modern fan editors you and your typists can spell, type, punctuate, and have a moderate grasp of the English language. The cover is meaningless enough to be pleasing to the eye: best keep it

that way or forget about artwork. Thank Hugo, not many childish drawings inside. Incidentally, you're wrong about being the first to use silk screen work. It was fairly common a year or so before the war, Snide, New Fandom and X- The Futurian Review using it for example. And about 1938 The Phantagraph had a few four page issues entirely silk screened, hand lettered text and drawings. Coming to think of it, I doubt that any means of reproduction within the amateur's reach hasn't been used in fan publishing.

The article "What's With the Pros?" says some pretty obvious things that nevertheless can stand repetition yet. I would like to see some further consideration of the relative costs and just what the differences in format involve. Trimming edges, for example, can't cost more than twenty dollars or so an issue, and means a huge difference in sales--in type of buyer if not in numbers. Over here, of course, the matter never arises, nor in Britain--there are no untrimmed publications on the stands at all.

(xx the Decish represents a slight loss of face as far as reproduction quality was concerned, due to our being forced to use inferior grade stencils. All is well now, though, and we can promise the neatest format possible. I'd like to get some information on production costs, but try to get information from busy editors and publishers! The contrast between the new and old SS shows what a tremendous difference trimmed edges can make.)

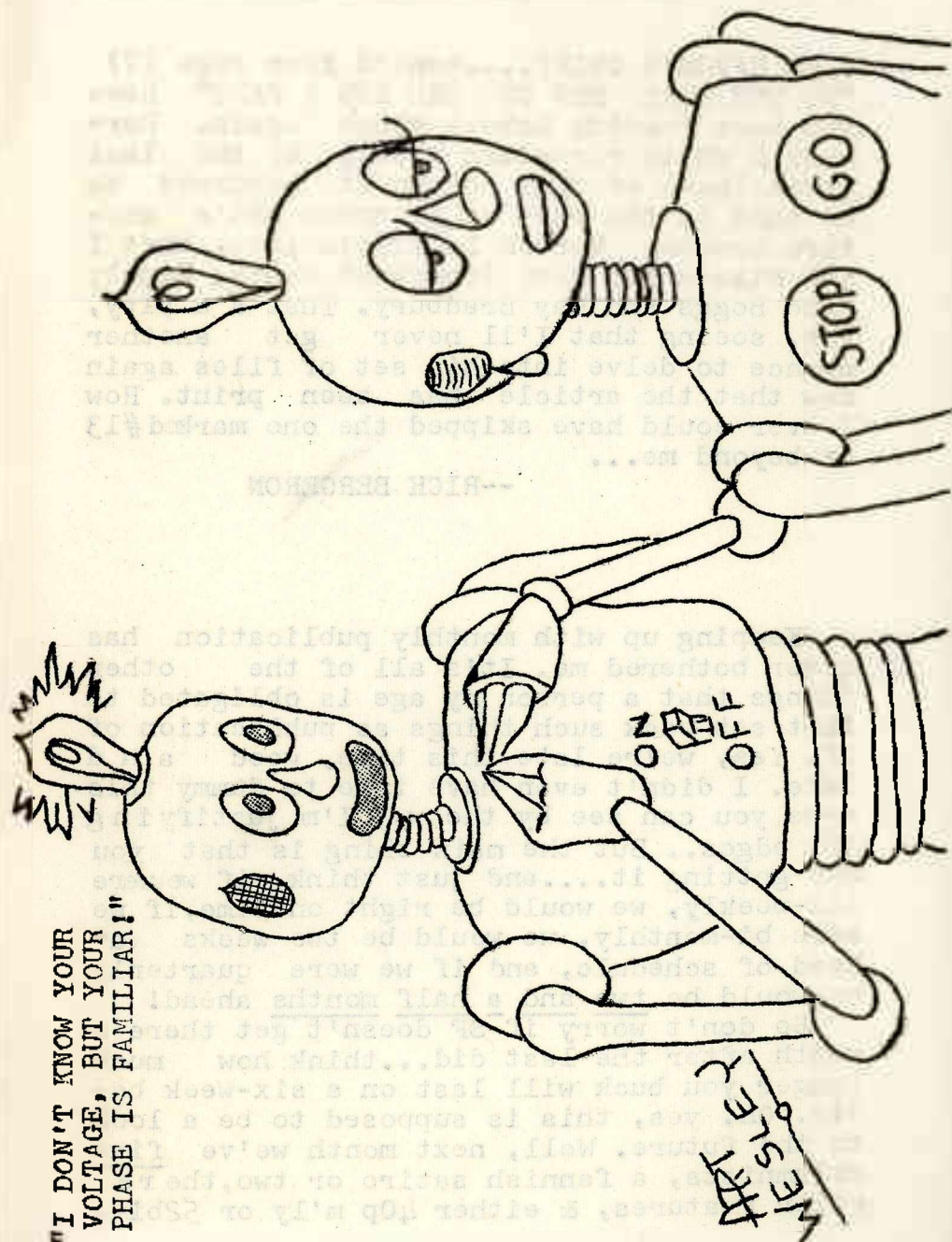
BOB SILVERBERG

Received the December issue on time, and --at last--the November one. Needless to say, I was tremendously impressed by the appearance of your latest issue....it's really unbelievably attractive. Of course, the material is still rather ordinary, but once you get the well-known fan writers(who are well known only because they're experienced, or talented, or both) flocking around you, you'll be turning out a top-flight job on all counts.

The use of color is particularly nice, but I do hope you won't go the way of every one else who has access to color mimeoing and begin using those ghastly five-color pages of text...they're really quite novel, I'll admit, but also quite ugly.

I imagine one or two very old-time fans will be comparing your mag with Charles Hansen's ALCHEMIST of 1940-1941, which appeared in almost the same format, although a good deal thicker and a lot sloppier. I don't know if they used hekto or colored mimeo, but they used all sorts of colors, and--you might try this--covers of real thick heavy paper....of course, they also had material by then-fans such as Bok, Lowndes, Damon Knight, and suchlike, but you can't hope for that. Formatwise, though --there is a strong resemblance which someone else should notice soon.

(xx We will never use color on type--only on pics occasionally for pleasant(we hope) variety.. Don't forget, also,(altho I know you don't) that yesterday's Bok was about as well known as, for example, today's Bergeron. Material, as you see, improves with each issue. Anything takes time to mature.)



(THE RAVEN'S CHIRP....cont'd from page 17)
"DO YOU READ STF OR ARE YOU A FAN?" Have you been reading Robert Bloch again, Norman? # While rereading a copy of the last installment of this column it occurred to me that in the part of Proxyboo Ltd's western branch, Vernon L. McCain Inc., that I had missed two very important names. Namely Redd Boggs and Ray Bradbury. That's a pity, too, seeing that I'll never get another chance to delve into his set of files again now that the article has seen print. How I ever could have skipped the one marked #13 is beyond me...

--RICH BERGERON

Keeping up with monthly publication has never bothered me. It's all of the other things that a person my age is obligated to that set back such things as publication of SF. Yes, we're late this time, good and late. I didn't even have time to dummy this --as you can see by the way I'm justifying the edges.. But the main thing is that you ARE getting it....and just think, if we were six-weekly, we would be right on time, if we were bi-monthly, we would be two weeks ahead of schedule, and if we were quarterly we would be two and a half months ahead!

So don't worry if SF doesn't get there a month after the last did...think how much longer you buck will last on a six-week basis. Oh, yes, this is supposed to be a look to the future. Well, next month we've five columnists, a fannish satire or two, the regular features, & either 40p m'ly or 52bi-.

