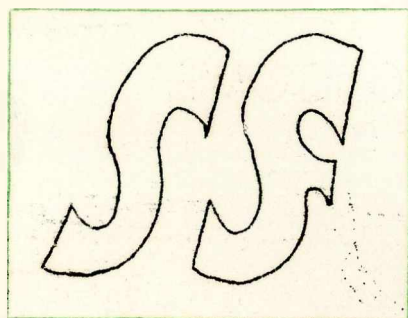


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EDITOR: JOHN MAGNUS

FEDERAL 203-B  
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DECEMBER 1953

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ENTERPRISES

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AMATEUR  
PUBLICATION

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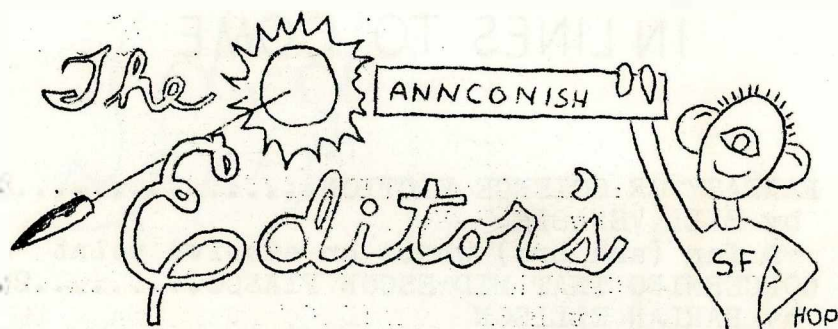
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## SUBSCRIPTIONS





Exactly one year ago, the first issue of SF was put on sale at the 10th World Science Fiction Convention.

That makes this sort of an occasion. It isn't many amateur magazines that make that one year mark. Of more than 50 publications on our regular exchange list, only ten date before last year's convention. Will next year's record be similar? Will but ten of the mags in circulation today be left, and will 40 or more new publications, mostly from brand-new fans, occupy our mailing list next year? At the present rate of influx and mortality, it seems likely.

During the twelve months of SF's existence, eight issues have been published, averaging a six-weekly schedule. A total of 336 pages, or 168 full-sized sheets have gone into the year's projects, which makes the page average 44, printed on an average of 11 sheets of paper. There have been larger magazines, but research into the more healthy and experienced magazines, such as QUANDRY, PEON, SKY HOOK, SPACE SHIP, and VEGA, show that a page average between 20 and 30 full-sized pages is the most feasible.

Perhaps one of the reasons SF has survived is the very fortunate occurrence of



having the publication date of its 1st issue coincide with the date of last year's convention. As a result, I was able to sell 100 copies of that first issue at the convention. This was tremendous encouragement, as most fanzines have trouble selling one copy of their first issue, due to the fact that no one knows about it. Also, I was able to meet many fine fans who subsequently sent in material, and I got a firsthand knowledge of fandom right away, instead of having to wait tedious months. It usually takes many months to find 100 people who are willing to pay for your hobbying efforts, and they are discouraging months.

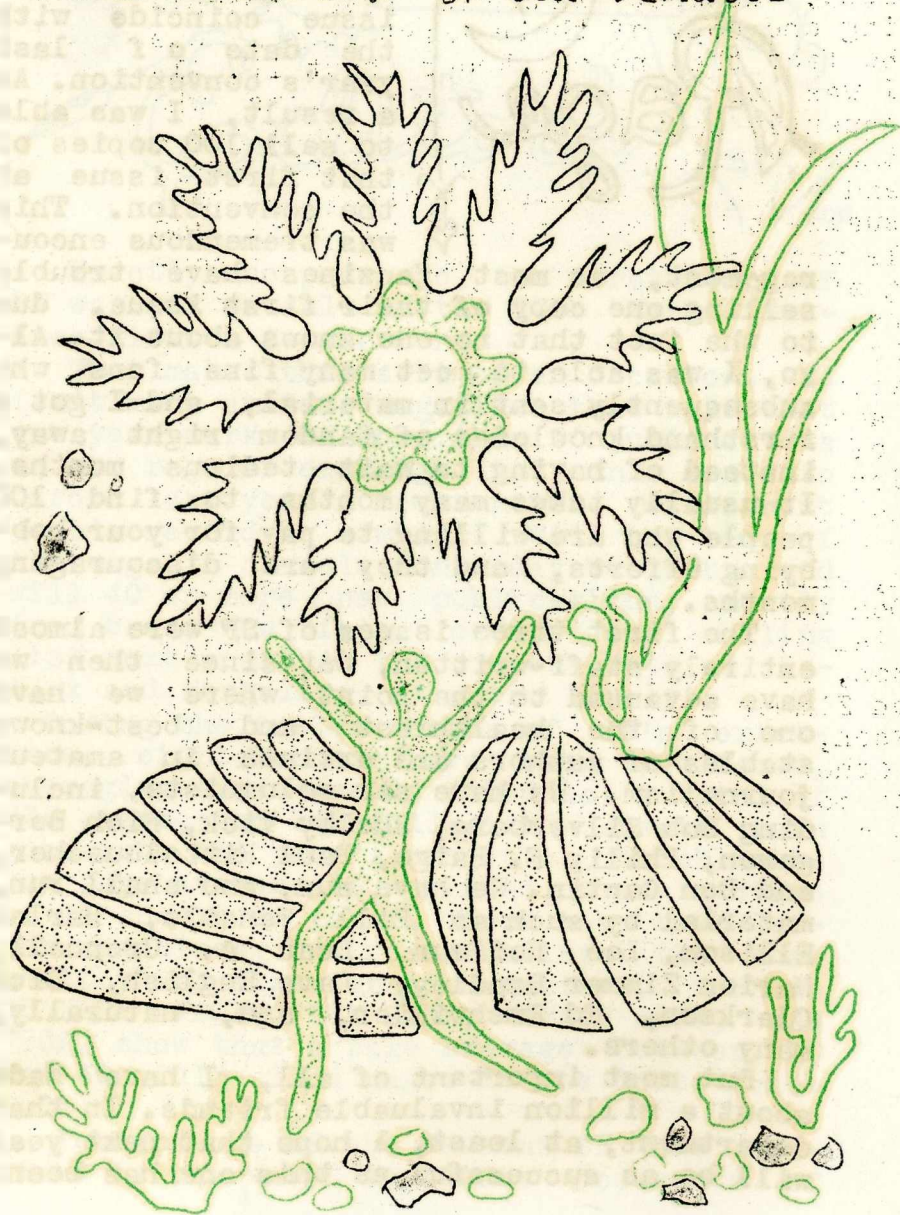
The first three issues of SF were almost entirely staff-written, but since then we have advanced to the point where we have one of the healthiest and best-known stables of authors and artists in amateur journalism. We have six columnists, including Bob Silverberg, Shelby Vick, Rich Bergeron, Philip F. Paige, Paul Mittelbuscher, and Don Cantin. We have run, and shall run, material by such as Bill Venable, Harlan Ellison, Lee Hoffman, Dean A. Grennell, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Dave English, Dick Clarkson, Ed Emshwiller, and, naturally, many others.

But most important of all, I have made about a million invaluable friends. In that department, at least, I hope that next year will be as successful as this one has been.



# FANTASY or SCIENCE

FICTION? BY bill venable



SF

9

When science-fiction readers or fans get to arguing about the relative merits of some story or other, the argument often settles down to, among others, one particular question that usually can't be answered: namely, is it fantasy, or is it science fiction? You have all probably heard this argued many times, especially where some controversial authors are concerned, like Ray Bradbury, or Richard S. Shaver, and others who depart from the conventional in one way or another.

At one of the after-meeting discussions of the Pittsburgh Science Fiction Association (the subject happened to be: MY FAVORITE SCIENCE-FICTION AUTHOR, but that doesn't matter), two young and very serious students of astronomy offered their own opinion of Bradbury: "His science is atrocious!", they cried. "Look at the way he ignores just everything that science says is true! Why, everybody knows that Venus has an atmosphere of methane and ammonia, and there's not enough oxygen on Mars to keep a centipede alive. It may be good writing, but it's not science-fiction."

Redd Boggs, on the other hand, in an article in PENDULUM'S second issue (gad, how mercenary this must sound!) maintains just the opposite. "...the stories of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, or most of them, should be accepted as science-fiction by even the most unbending of scientifictionists... Though the setting is improbable, the characters are real, and Bradbury gives us life as he sees it."

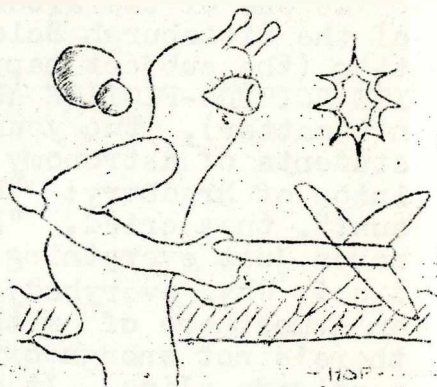
Now, even Boggs can't say things like



this without going back to the real question behind it: where is the line between science-fiction and fantasy, and how do we know where to draw it? Redd offered an answer to this question, and it is as good a place as any to start, in considering the problem.

Simply, he said, the difference is this: both science-fiction and fantasy utilize an imaginative factor — that is, a science fiction story and a fantasy story do have this one thing in common, that they are not stories of just here and now, but instead they bring in some factor that is imaginative, that isn't a reality here and now. The difference between the two stories is that in fantasy this imaginative factor concerns the people in the story, while in science-fiction it concerns the setting, or the environment.

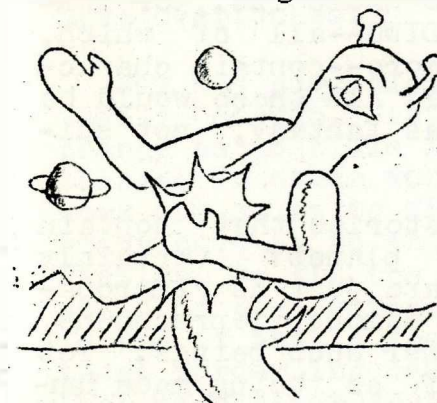
The meaning of this is simple and straightforward; let's look again at a Bradbury story, say, THE EARTH MEN, and apply this criterion. Here, the imaginative factor is that Mars is the sort of place that Bradbury says it is; it involves the setting, Mars, and not the people, who as a matter of fact aren't very improbable at all. Therefore Bradbury is science-fiction. Obviously, stories that everyone realizes are science-fiction fall within this cate-



gory also — Asimov's FOUNDATION series, or THE DEMOLISHED MAN, and so on.

Now on the other hand, fantasy, says Redd, utilizes an imaginative factor involving the people concerned. Take DRACULA, for a famous example. The setting is perfectly probable, and indeed might be found in any number of non-fantasy novels; it's the character who is improbable.

Well, there's a system to start with... But is it very satisfactory? "There are bound to be borderline cases," says Boggs; he's more right than he'd like to be, I think. The big trouble is, there are borderline cases by the scores and hundreds.



Of course, you can never invent a system that will draw a perfectly sharp line between science-fiction and fantasy—not unless you go over every imaginative story ever written and put

each in one or the other category, and then define—say fantasy—as the category that contains these stories, all 68,347 of 'em, and science-fiction on the other hand is this category — and so on. Unfortunately, such a job would take you a lifetime, and after you were done nobody would bother to read such a long work anyway, so it's not worth it. No, you can't eliminate borderline cases by any means—there will always be a few stories whose status is questionable. But you can make a system that fits to within a certain percentage—say one which

will fit at least 90% of all stories. Such a system would in fact be better than anything we have so far.

How about the system we just looked at--how good is it? Unfortunately, not very. It automatically rules out every science fiction story that contains improbable people, and how many of these are there? I can name several dozen of the most outstanding ones: a completist collector could probably name hundreds without even referring to his collection. How about THE WORLD OF A, or THE HUMANIDS, or WALDO AND MAGIC INC., or SURFACE TENSION, or IN HIDING--all of which, and I could name many more--contain characters frankly improbable? All these would be automatically classed as fantasy, not science fiction.

And what about the stories that contain beings from another planet? Certainly these, as characters, are just as improbable and imaginative as demons, leprechauns, spirits, geni, and other such beings. Yet they are not thought of as being made fantasy because of that distinction.

And in the field of fantasy, we must exclude all stories containing imaginative settings and put these into science fiction, if we are to abide by this rule. What a large number of such stories there are, too! All the "lost continents" stories utilize an imaginative setting, and they must forgo--as well as all tales involving heaven or hell as settings. THE WIZARD OF OZ becomes science fiction, since OZ is an imaginative country. How about Merritt's

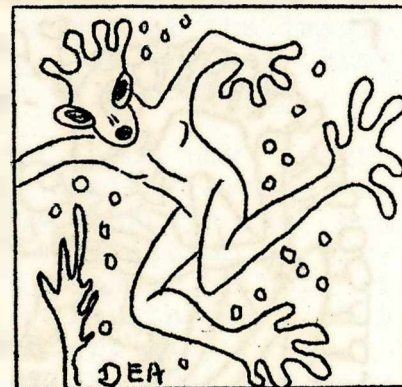
MOON POOL--and many others--ALICE IN WONDERLAND, too. Most scientifiictionists would turn green at the thought of including these in the realm of science fiction, and quite rightly, since they certainly are not science fiction.

It's pretty obvious that the system we've been using breaks down horribly on at least a third of the stories to which you might apply it. This doesn't mean that it might not be useful in many cases, but it does mean that there are still differences between science fiction and fantasy that we have overlooked.

Now any good classification system, logically enough, actually makes as little change as possible in the existing state of things. In other words a good system should work out so as to fit those ideas we already have as to what is, or is not science fiction. We fit the system to our ideas instead of vice versa.

And if that's the case, let's look at these borderling cases and, using the fact that we already know whether most of them are sf or fantasy, try to find the important differences that determine why we class them as one or the other.

We would like our system to correspond to our ideas, then the most logical thing to do is to start with our ideas





and work back to the system.

Probably the best way we can do this is to take two stories--stories that everyone will admit are either science fiction or fantasy, stories that no one will argue about--and try to find what differences there are between them that makes us call one science fiction and the other fantasy. Certainly, if these differences are to hold true for all science fiction or fantasy stories, it won't make any difference what stories we pick for purposes of analysis--no matter what two stories we select, the differences that make one of 'em fantasy and the other science fiction will be just the same as between any other two stories; therefore our best bet is to pick two stories which will make the differences easiest to see. Also, since the system we've already looked at holds true for some stories, let's pick two of the borderline cases for which it doesn't hold true, so that we will find other differences besides the ones we've already seen.

Two stories which fit both these qualifications are THE WORLD OF A as an example of science fiction, and THE WIZARD OF OZ as an example of fantasy; I choose the latter moreover because it brings out quite clearly the distinction between sf and fantasy which a comparison of these stories leads us to.

We can examine



these stories for the significant differences by using a simple process of elimination--namely, ruling out those differences which have no bearing on the question, and eventually finding those that do by virtue of having eliminated all the other alternatives.



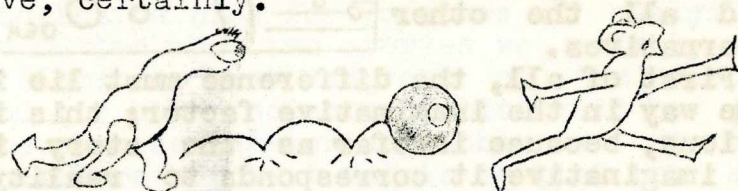
First of all, the difference must lie in some way in the imaginative factor; this is obvious, because insofar as the story is not imaginative it corresponds to reality, and so is just the same as any other non-science fiction or non-fantasy story. Therefore the difference we seek must be connected in some way with the imaginative factor, and that alone.

Now we have already seen, however, that it does not depend on what the imaginative factor is; no matter whether it concerns the setting or the characters, a story may still be either science fiction or fantasy, and so long as we know only what the imaginative factor deals with, we do not know whether the story is one or the other.

But then what is there about the imaginative factor that makes the difference between science fiction and fantasy? We can only answer this difficult question by trying something and seeing whether or not it works; and there is one hypothesis that does indeed seem to work very well.

You see, both the stories that we are

considering involve some premise or factor that is highly improbable. The main character in THE WORLD OF A is a very improbable person indeed; the author gives him an extra brain, the power to teleport himself from place to place with his mind, and kills him several times in the course of the story in seeming contradiction to the fact that he is alive to triumph at the end. Quite improbable and quite imaginative, certainly.



In the WIZARD OF OZ, the setting is made improbable enough in the first place by having the heroine transported to it by means of a tornado that originates in Kansas--yet the land of OZ certainly can't be anywhere in North America, by virtue of observation if nothing else--and it's an unlikely tornado that could carry a human being the thousands of miles necessary to get her to some location unfrequented enough to postulate the existence of a hitherto unobserved country there. To add to that, the country is populated by witches, tin woodmen, scarecrows, and other equally improbable beings--certainly as imaginative as THE WORLD OF A, if not more so.

But why is it that we should accept the improbable description of Gilbert Gosseyns' powers as science fiction, and yet reject the no-more-improbable description of the land of OZ?

The answer lies mainly in one particular

characteristic: the way in which the imaginative factor is treated, or the context in which it appears.

The difference lies here. "I am not a real wizard," said the Wizard of Oz, "and my magic is not real magic; it's just tricks. But the witch's magic is real magic." In other words, the wizard was saying "Everything I do can be explained--it may be clever, and the people in this country regard it as magic because it is unfamiliar



and improbable to them--but it can be explained, it is knowable, it is not magic. But the magical powers of the witches are real: they cannot be explained away, they are part of the mysterious, the occult, the unknowable."

In the WORLD OF A, Gilbert Gosseyns' powers are unfamiliar and improbable to us--but they too can be explained, the author makes it clear: they are knowable, they are not magic. In the WORLD OF A the imaginative factor, no matter how improbable from a present day point of view, is introduced in such a context, such a setting that, from the point of view of the story, it is knowable, explainable, scientific. But in the WIZARD OF OZ, it is not.

Precisely then, the difference as we have deduced it here is this: the imaginative element in a science fiction story is knowable and explainable in the context of the story; the imaginative element in a



fantasy story is not--in other words it is mysterious, unexplainable, or unknowable.

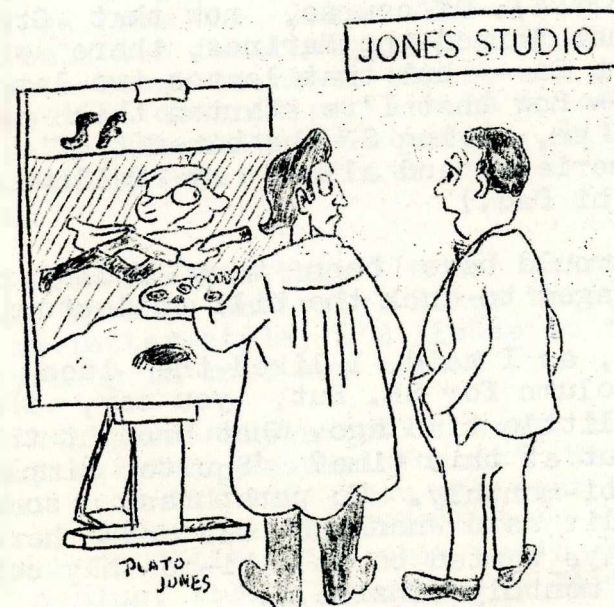
This distinction may be arrived at from another point of view, once having obtained it from logical induction; it is inherent in the definition of the words science fiction. If it is called science fiction, what does the term imply? Namely that the imaginative element must be treated scientifically. And certainly the purpose of science is to reduce the phenomena of the Universe to explainable and knowable terms--to describe these phenomena in such a way that relations between them may be understood and known, and expressed in certain laws of nature, as they are called, which state certain relations that are invariant--that do not change, and cannot change without destroying the scientific nature of the description. If we define science fiction as all imaginative literature whose imaginative factor is treated scientifically in this manner, then we may immediately define fantasy as all imaginative literature that falls outside the class of science fiction. The resulting system of classification is equivalent to the one that we arrived at by examining the stories themselves.

As a final remark, I would like to remind you that this system is still definitely not absolute. As we said before, there will necessarily be borderline cases, and we cannot claim to have a system which eliminates them completely. I do not know with what percentage of stories this system breaks down, although I would estimate that it will be successful in at least 90% of the cases.

No real line between fantasy and science fiction can be drawn, just as no absolute borderline exists in nature. But the important thing is that in most cases this system fits the ideas we already have almost exactly--you'll find very few stories accepted as fantasy which this system will class as science fiction, or vice versa.

And one final word might be added: no matter how you look at it, Ray Bradbury still writes science fiction!

--Bill Venable



"WHY DON'T YOU JUST CALL THE PICTURE 'HELL' - THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE TO ME."

# DEAR JOHN



BY

SHELBY VICK

Once, quite a few issues back, Rich Bergeron made some mention of you improving SF by getting several different fen to write for you. One of 'em was me. Well, I dunno whether the hex was right in indicating that a column by yrs t r u l y would benefit SF, but the idea struck my fancy. It suggested another title for my 'letter-column' series. (Dear Alice, in OOPSLA! and Dear Diary in A LA SPACE). Of course, now that Gregg Calkins has joined the Marines, there will be no more DA -- but that leaves two letter columns -- now that I've started this one. So here I am, giving SF the benefit of my great experience and all of my followers. (Hi Mom; hi Dad.)

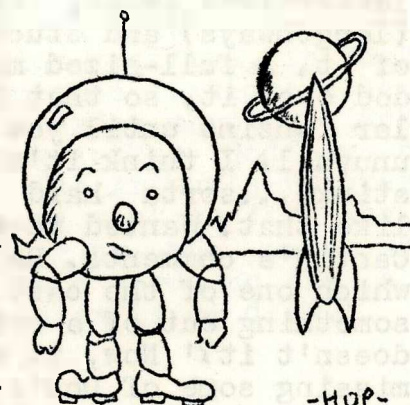
There would have been more followers, but I managed to duck the bill collectors.

Anywee, as I said, I liked the idea of doing a column for SF. But, you say, that was some little time ago. What brought this event about at this time? 'Squite simple. You went bi-monthly. To paraphrase something Willis said when he was down here, "I've always wanted to do a bi-monthly column for a monthly fanzine..."

Now, that don' mean you'll be able to

depend on me for every issue. But, unless those oft-occurring unforeseeable events prevent it, I'll try.

Next, to the matter of material. Wull ....strikes me that fanzines are always good for a few comments. So 'spose, John, I make most of my letters on things in different fanzines that have particularly come to my attention, and seem to call for comment. I think that it might be a good idea to take these things from the lesser-known or smaller-circulation fanzines, too; double purpose: Give a boost to newer zines, and if it's a zine that doesn't get around a lot, there's more chance that the comments will be on something fewer fen have had a chance to see.



-HOP-

(You realize that I'm not limiting myself to this entirely. Since this is being done letter-style, I'm liable to throw most anything in most any time.)

Want entertainment? Want interesting reading? Want unusual format? Want to get away from it all? Then you want ESCAPE, 5¢ each, Larry Balint, 3255 Golden Ave., Long Beach 6, Calif...but this isn't supposed to be a plug; 'tis a commentary. First, the aforementioned format. I'm not sure, but I think Larry has picked one that hasn't been used before. Looks like he took regular



lettersized paper, then cut it in half (lengthways) and stuck a staple at the top of it. A full-sized mailing wrapper is folded over it, so that it looks like a regular fanzine until you open it. I think it's unusual. I think it's original. I think it stinks...sorta hard to handle something like that. Wanted to comment on one of Don Cantin's comments. He had seen a picture in which one of the cast remarks 'Sounds like something out of a science fiction plot, doesn't it?' Now, it might be that I am missing some of Doc's irony, or something, but it seemed to me he was sincere in commenting: '...right there before my eyeballs, it's proven that science fiction really is something.'

...it is?

I mean, it is proven, by that, that sf really is something? Sounded like a rather derogatory remark to me...and Doc mentioned something about being the only sf fan in a town of 100,000 people, which I greatly doubt. I imagine if he checks, he'll find his newsstands sell quite a few copies of sf mags. Might be he's the only ACTI-fan...but if hearing the words 'science-fiction' sends you into fits of ecstasy, you should listen to the radio a bit. Before the Phil Harris show went off the air for the summer, they had a commercial in



which Elliot Lewis sez to Phil something about weather conditioning that he was reading in a science fiction magazine. In fact, they used the term 'science fiction' several times. And only yesterday morning, Robert Q. Lewis (replacing Arthur Godfrey on the morning program while Arthur's recuperating from an operation) went on for about five minutes about going to the moon and planets and such and said words to the effect that 'Science fiction is my dish.'

Thrilled, boy?

(I was. Forthwith I sent Robert Q a letter and a copy of Confusion...but that is aside from the subject.)

PSYCHOTIC, 10¢, Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Ore., is a fanzine I've found myself mentioning several times lately. And now I'm going to do it again. Two particularly outstanding things in this (vln1): A column by Terry Carr on fanzine art, which seems to quite adequately cover the field. This seems to be the only column of its type in fandom. The other was Dick's review of the tri-di sf pic, IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE. Dick's comment... 'And for my money, it should have stayed there.' But then he goes on to describe it and makes it sound interesting enough for me to risk my money on. And this gives me a chance to make a sage observation.

To wit:

For ages, we've had tri-di in sf. Nothing new. We knew it was coming, even if

we didn't bake a cake. We had the name already prepared -- 'tri-di' seemed just right; short, easy to say, easy to remember. Logical, too; 'tri' -- three; 'di' -- dimension. So what does Hollywood do? It comes along and tosses our offering out the window and calls it '3D'. That is a name that would never have been thought of by sf, since -- in spite of our pride in being different-thinking -- we are basically logical. '3D' would have gotten nowhere in sf -- it ISN'T three 'd's', as that would imply -- it's three dimensions. But I suppose Hollywood columnists liked the shorter 3D and didn't let logic bother them, as it seldom does...

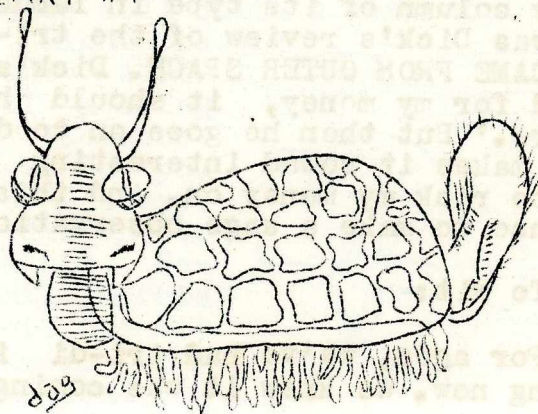
That's enough for now, John.

Cerely,

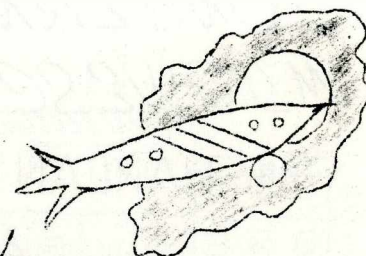
*Shelby*

Shelby Vick

# CUTE LI'L OCCUPANTS OF THE GALAXY #1



# FORK RIVER ANTHOLOGY



## SHAUGHN OF TERRA

Make I fortunes and fast, fast friends,  
And a name that will stand in the hearts  
of fellow men,

It would be a grave injustice  
To the others of my time,  
Who have worked as hard and wholesome  
At a job with half the pay,  
Who have not had course to committ the  
vanities

Of which friendship is composed,  
Who chose a life which did not put their  
names in printing or in lights.

For what is it that I have done  
To make me more than someone else?  
I have lived, and done as my mind would  
tell me.

What more is there in the world to do?  
Something which your vanity would tell  
you?

Ha, there's truth in that--but who would  
not do so once, maybe again?

Oh, listen. There's no glory to men.  
What are we but different dirt?

Much preferred to wash to the ocean without  
a storm,

But if a stone I must have,  
I'd have one just decreeing--  
Shaughn Terrano, Human Being.



# CONCERNING THAT MIDWESCON FIASCO

BY HARLAN ELLISON

## THE CON IN CARTOON

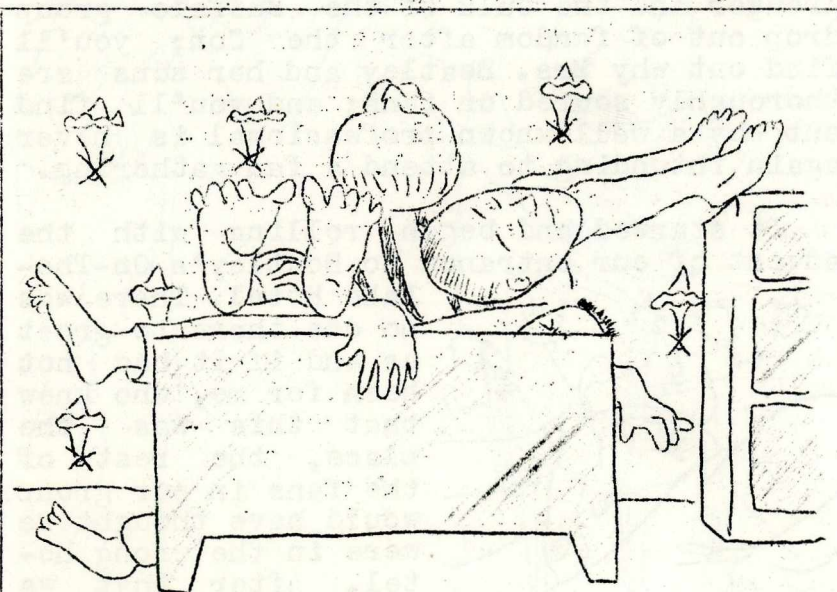
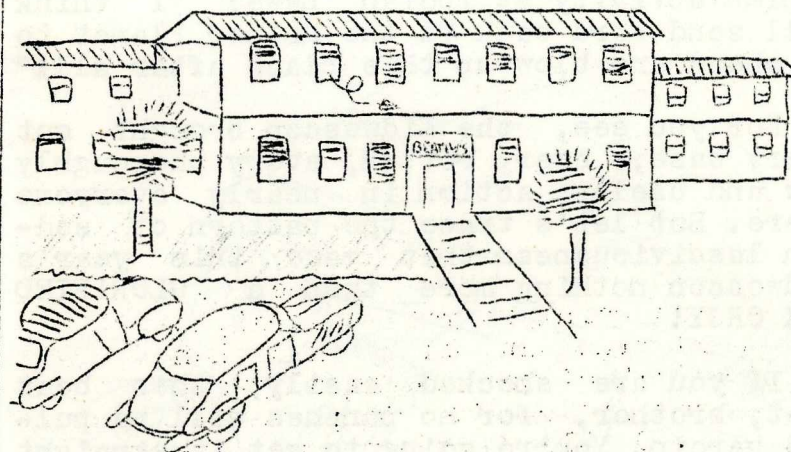
BY JACK HARNESS

We'll disregard entirely the miserable weather that cast a disheartening pall over everything for three days. We'll disregard the yellow swamp-water that forced everyone who valued their life to drink something else (usually of a higher alcoholic content, by the way). We'll even force ourselves to ignore the absence of those few well-known fans who might have instilled a spark of camaraderie into the otherwise thoroughly disappointing affair.

Let's get one thing straight: your author has the facility of being able to enjoy himself wherever he goes, sometimes to the utter horror of those around him, but not in this instance. For I went to the 1953 Midwest Convention at Indian Lake with the express intention of having an unsurpassed good time. We were sadly disappointed.

In years past, the over-abundant exuberance of this author has perhaps covered up or glossed over to a certain extent the extreme shallowness of those fans attending the Midwescons. But this year, to be perfectly blunt, the pall of naivette that surrounded your writer was dissipated completely and I saw things in their true per-

"Yeah, it looks swell, but where's the bar?"



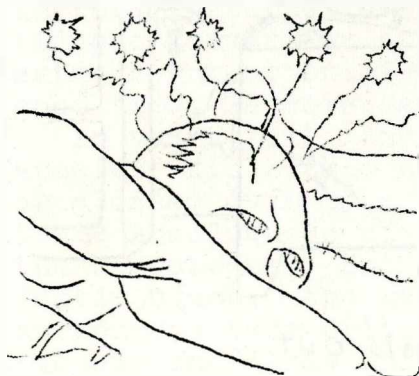
The place was sold out...

spective. And, in the words of Dave Ish, upon seeing a particularly nasty bit of Homo Sapien activity at Indian Lake; "I think I'll send word back to the Mother Planet to go ahead and blow up this place after all!"

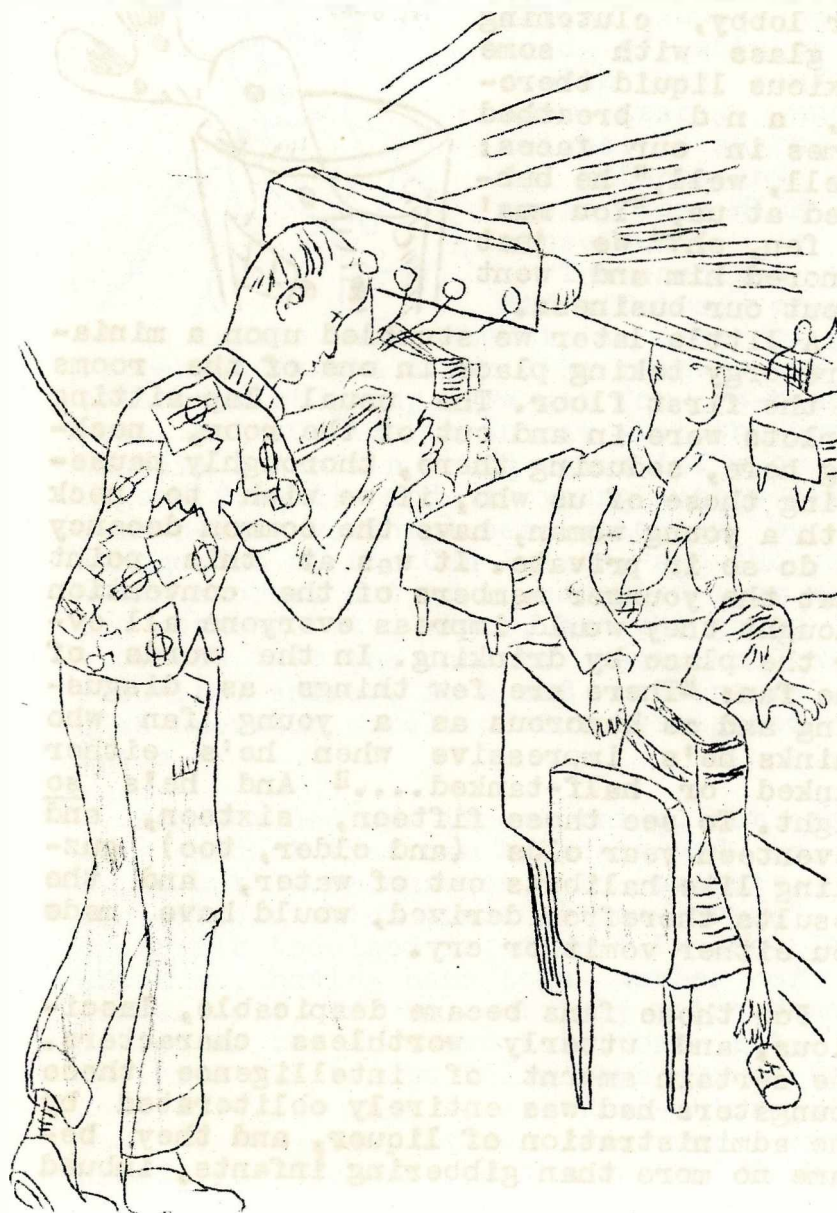
For you see, the Midwescon brought out every base, every rotten, every thoroughly low and useless action in nearly everyone there. But let's trace the pattern of sudden lasciviousness that made this year's Midwescon nothing more than a GLORIFIED SEX ORGY!

If you are shocked easily, then beat feet, brother, for no punches will be pulled herein. You're going to get it straight and hard. You'll find out what made Ken Kreuger and the bulk of the Buffalo group drop out of fandom after the Con; you'll find out why Mrs. Beatley and her sons are thoroughly soured on fans; and you'll find out why a well-known professional is never again intending to attend a fan gathering.

It started and began rolling with the advent of our entrance to Beatley's On-The-Lake Hotel. There was no one there to greet us and if it had not been for me, who knew that this was the place, the rest of the fans in our group would have thought we were in the wrong hotel. After that we began to detect the keynote of the Con.



DITKY BROUGHT HIS BROWNIE...





A drunken fan staggered through the lower lobby, clutching a glass with some noxious liquid therein, and breathed fumes in our faces: "Well, well," he bubbled at us, "You must be fen, eh?" We just ignored him and went about our business.



A little later we stumbled upon a miniature orgy taking place in one of the rooms on the first floor. The usual lap-sitting harlots were in and out of the room, necking here, seducing there, thoroughly nauseating those of us who, if we wish to neck with a young woman, have the common decency to do so in private. It was at this point that the younger members of the convention thought they would impress everyone all over the place by drinking. In the words of one fan: "There are few things as disgusting and as humorous as a young fan who thinks he's impressive when he's either tanked or half-tanked...." And he's so right. To see those fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen year olds (and older, too) guzzling like halibuts out of water, and the results therefrom derived, would have made you either vomit or cry.

For those fans became despicable, lascivious, and utterly worthless characters. The certain amount of intelligence these youngsters had was entirely obliterated by the administration of liquor, and they became no more than gibbering infants, imbued

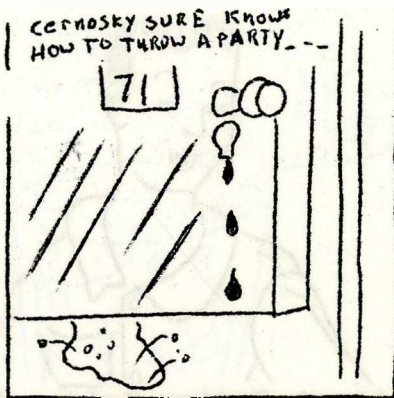


with their own self-importance and staggering around under a load of whiskey or scotch that rendered them nearly unconscious. In short, to all intents and purposes, they WERE unconscious!

The assorted sordid affairs engaged in at Indian Lake, wherein a number of gentlemen exchanged wives like members of a collectivist group, are not for re-hashing here, but suffice it to say that the ordeal wherein a certain young woman (of whom I am a good friend) and a young author (who I darn nearly worship) were accosted by the management of the Con Palace, and the young woman stormed out of an unrented room wearing nothing but a sheet, and the young author was made the unhappy recipient of a beautiful shiner, is a sad commentary indeed upon the morals of Our Beknighted Authors.

Broadmindedness is one thing, but assuredly conduct that can be construed as nothing but lecherousness, is another. The contortions which these "free-lovers" and their ilk indulged in, didn't in the least shock me, having been to a number of fan conventions, but it certainly pointed out an aspect of the Pros and Fans that puts the definite lie to the fallacious arguments we keep offering that we are free-thinkers and the avant-garde of a new, more mature breed, for "We can see the truth." Bosh.

It seems that every aspect of human cruelty was to be exhibited at Indian Lake, for the pay-off came when three fans showed up, having travelled from, I believe, Indiana somewhere. Eugene de Weese, the well-known fan writer, and two friends of his, one of them a negro girl, journeyed all that distance to attend the Midwest convention. The young lady I met at Chicago, and I can truthfully say, though again such is superfluous, she is one of the most cultured, amiable, intelligent and thoroughly innervating people I have ever met. She was able to rent a room at Chicago...but not at Indian Lake. Before a total scream is raised against Mrs. Beatley, let us point out that the town of Russell's Point is a very small one, both in size and group-mindedness. If Mrs. Beatley had allowed the young woman in, she would have, most likely, been severely chastised and even possibly ostracized in the town.



But needless to say, they were turned away, after the bulk of Seventh Fandom did their damndest to get her and her party in. The kiss-off was when deWeese, and his two friends were forced to go all the way back...without even partaking of the so-called "Wine of Good Comradeship".

No further comment is necessary. The feelings of this author are painfully clear.

Then there was the affair of the drunken fan who was locked out of his room so that a few serious-minded characters could hold an intelligent discussion without having to hear his blatant idiocy screaming in a high octave, "Whatthehellbranddoyousuysdrinklloorkatallthedifferentbrandsyouguysdrinkhic..."

Or the case of the fan who got so stinking he had to be taken to an unrented room to be sobered so he could drive back home to get his wife.

I realize I'm letting myself open for censure and for rough treatment from these folks, but since they are my friends, all of them, I think it's only fair that this be brought out. For if this conduct continues, there may not be a con at Beatley's next year.

And can you blame Mrs. Beatley and her sons?

They allow the fans more leeway than any other place and fan conference has ever been held. They don't send a house dick around every two minutes, they allow noise and midnight wanderings, but do they have to take audacious wenching, wrecking of their furniture, characters running through the halls at four in the morning, screaming, messing up un-



"The House Dick Was Sent Away..."



rented rooms in addition to rendering useless the already rented rooms?

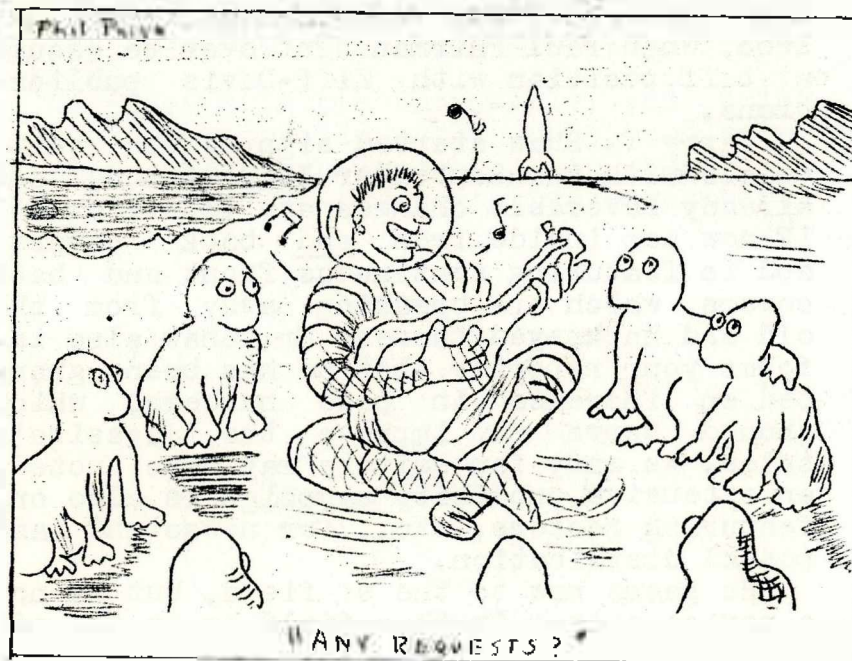
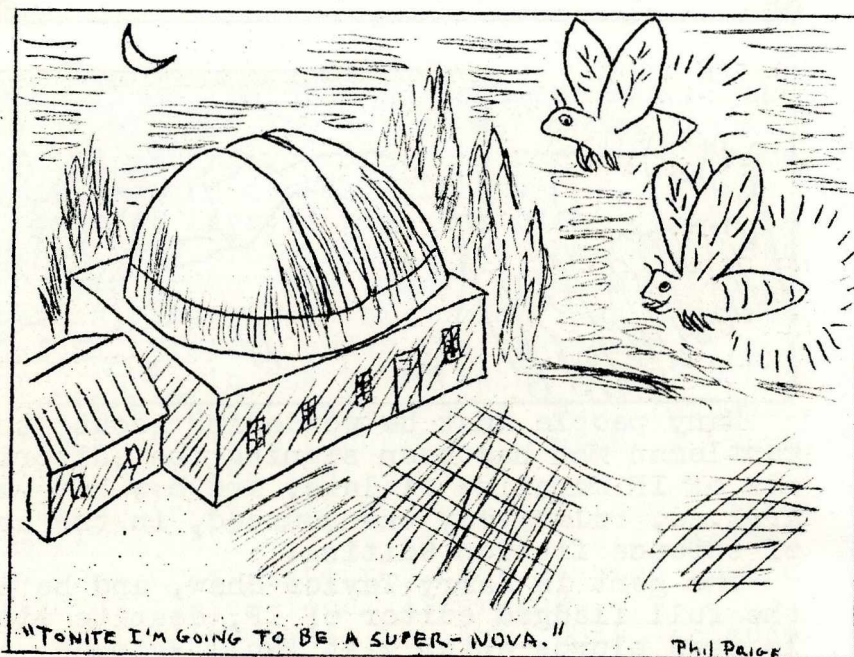
It just isn't worth it.

I've glossed it over somewhat. There's no sense giving you the names, the times, and the outcomes, for they would be boring. But the outrageous conduct of the fans, not a minor part of which was the stealing of one fan's wallet with his hotel bill money in it, is so distasteful to the majority, that it will inevitably wreck fandom completely. This is, of course, only one side of a story that will be told and re-told.

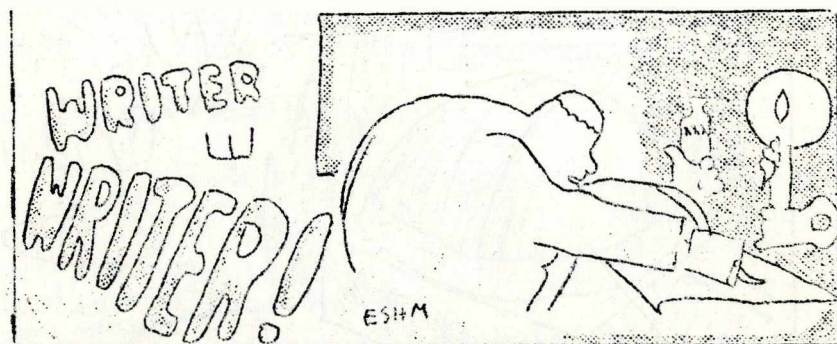
Once someone wondered if it wouldn't be a good thing if all the fans lived in one town. Take my word for it, if the results of just a three-day get-together are these, then if all the fans lived in one town all year long, the hamlet would no doubt be put out-of-bounds for humanity by the government in nothing flat.

It is a loud and homely thing to be a fan!

--Harlan Ellison







Many people must be wondering about the gentleman who has been signing the editorials of IF magazine of late, and how he has arrived, relatively unannounced, in the art of science fiction editing.

The gent is Larry Taylor Shaw, and he is the full fledged editor of IF, despite title page blurbs which list Paul Fairman as editor and lts as associate editor. He has held this position since Mid-January of 1953, when Paul Fairman went over to assume a staff position with Ziff-Davis publications.

Larry T. Shaw started signing the editorials with the September 1953 issue, and already favorable changes are in evidence. IF now has inside fron and back covers, and is featuring continuous front and back covers, which are breaking away from the old and hackneyed themes. Mr. Shaw also informs your reporter that he has been granted an increase in page numbers, which should serve to improve the magazine's sales. As many fan editors may have noted, an extensive publicity campaign is also on, featuring posters, etc., for newsstand and postal distribution.

He seems new to the sf field, but is not a novice either in this field or in the ed-

iting field. Motor fans remember him as the editor of AUTO AGE magazine, and he has also done extensive work with various trade magazines and comics editing.

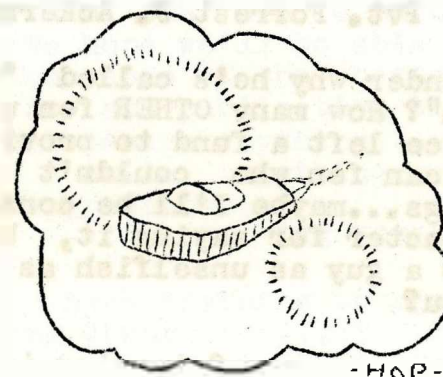
Most of Larry's time has been spent in the editing profession, but he has also made the grade with many science fiction stories, the first of which was "Secret Weapon", written under the pseudonym of Terry Thor, in the third issue of FANTASY BOOK. His latest sale was to Bob Lowndes' SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, with a yarn called "Captive Audience".

According to the 28 year old Shaw, fandom is "a helluva lot of fun", and helped him to a great extent to get started in the world of professional literature.

In his own words, he says that science fiction "can be as good as any other form of literature, and offers wider possibility for idea development and thought stimulation".

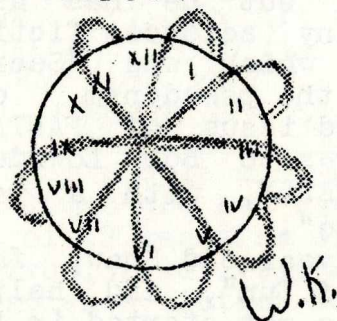
We agree with him thoroughly, and think he is doing a really swell job toward maintaining these philosophies in what he refers to as "IF--the tentative magazine".

-JM





VIA THE *time*  
warp  
BY PAUL  
MITTELBUSCHER



(xx I humbly apologize to Paul for cutting his column so mercilessly, but room was nonexistent.)

FROM: ASTONISHING STORIES, Feb. 1943.

Should appreciate your correcting impression in current Astonishing t h a t there'll be a lack of support to overseas stfans from Ack until I get back from taking a crack a t

this barrack bunk. Morajo, my good girl Friday, (or anyother day) is my proxy while I'm away, buying and sending what I'm recommending from a fund I left behind. Aussifans & Canucks & Anglofans, therefore can count on continued support from Ack-Ack & Co. for some considerable time yet. And lest I forget: Free Voms go on abroad as-welas to the dogfans. So much for that subject.....

Pvt. Forrest J. Ackerman

Anyone wonder why he's called "Mr. Science Fiction"? How many OTHER fen upon entering service left a fund to provide foreign & American fen who couldn't get stf with free mags...maybe I'll be considered a "corny" character for saying it, but....my hat's off to a guy as unselfish as that...how about you?

FROM: AMAZING STORIES, Dec. 1950 Club House

Dear Rog,

Like all fan organizations, the SAFANNAHIANS want to put out a zine. You've probably never heard of the SAFANNAHIANS...we're a relatively new organization with very few connections with fandom. But we want to make connections, and now that we've found a mimeo that we can use we're all set to... but we need material and subscribers.

The zine will be titled THE QUANDRY and will lean toward fantasy, personality, and (we hope) art. We're going to sell subscriptions (10 zines and a yearbook) for a dollar, and single issues for a dime. We'll be selling ad space too...it'll be around 20 pages.

The staff is as follows:

Editor...QAZ

Idea Men & Crank Turners...

Hector Torrie and Hank Rabey

It will be published by myself with the kind loan of Armstrong College's mimeo. We can promise material by Heck and QAZ, Hank and the ed of the old COSMIC DUST, Walt Kessel. We hope we'll be able to obtain material from some of the better known fen between now and publication time. In fact, if you can manage anything....material, a letter, a smile, anything...it would be greatly appreciated.

LEE HOFFMAN

Anyone have anything to spare for this struggling young zine....?

--Paul Mittelbuscher

# POST SCRAPS



this  
here  
is  
a  
wide  
open  
column

## COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Before you condemn my deathless verse,  
Be glad my poems need not a hearse.  
For, if they died...my, how you'd curse;  
Because, when dead, they'd smell much  
worse.

--Richard E. Geis

## HORRID POSSIBILITY

Happy little moron,  
Happy little man.  
I wish I were a moron;  
GOOD GHOD, perhaps  
I am!

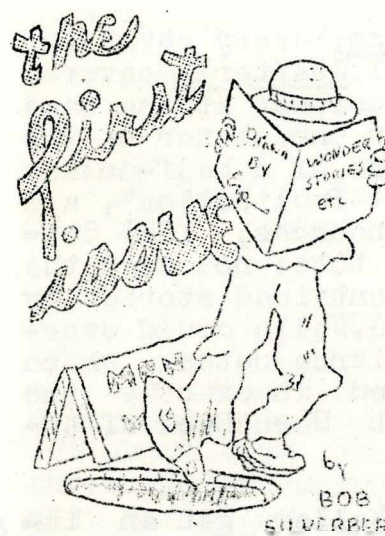
--Arthur C. Clarke



## CONVENTION

Deep in the dark of the damp,  
dank night.  
I wander from room to room.  
Inside each beckoning doorway  
is food, drink.  
Outside each doorway is gloom.

--Bill Dignin



Thrilling Wonder Stories is currently in its 43rd volume. Don't ever go looking for Volume One Number One of that magazine, though, because (as I explained in SF for May 53) TWS started off with Volume Eight.

The magazine from which those 43 volumes stem is Science Wonder Stories, which was founded by Hugo Gernsback in 1929 just after he left his original title, Amazing Stories. The first issue of SWS was dated June 1929, and the sharpest of van Vogt's No-Men could never deduce any relationship between the thick, large-size SWS and the Thrilling Wonder of today.

Like all of the mags of that era, Sci Wonder was a bedsheet-size affair, 9x12, with 96 pages printed on some sort of pasteboard, selling for 25¢. The original logo can be seen as a remote ancestor of the TWS logo used from 1936 to 1951, but the change that has come over the magazine is summed up simply by the alteration in title: "Science" Wonder has become "Thrilling" Wonder, and the implications are obvious.

The first issue of SWS featured an attractive though garish cover by Frank R. Paul, who did every cover for every issue



of the Gernsback Amazing, every cover for the Gernsback Wonder, all Quarterly covers, and who is now back in business at the same old stand at SF Plus. In the center of the cover, an emblem the size of a half-dollar proclaims: "A Gernsback Publication", and the major cover blurb announces, "NEW Science News of the Month." Note: not even the fact that the magazine contained stories by Coblentz, Keller, and H.G.Wells could overshadow this column of science notes, which is still being published in exactly the same style in the newest Gernsback SF effort.

Coblentz, Wells, and Keller get an insignificant blurb in the corner of the cover. Wells had been a Gernsback favorite in Amazing, along with Jules Verne: in 38 Amazings, Gernsback used 30 Wells stories, which is almost par for the course. Like all the others, "The Diamond Maker" in #1 SWS was a reprint, and was the only time Wells appeared in Wonder. Also included in that first issue was the first part of a serial by Irving Lester and Fletcher Pratt, and stories by David Keller, Kennie McDowd, James Marzall, and Stanton Coblentz plus numerous features.



These features are familiar ones to readers of SF Plus. "What is Your Science Knowledge?", a science questionnaire; "Science News of the Month"; "What Science



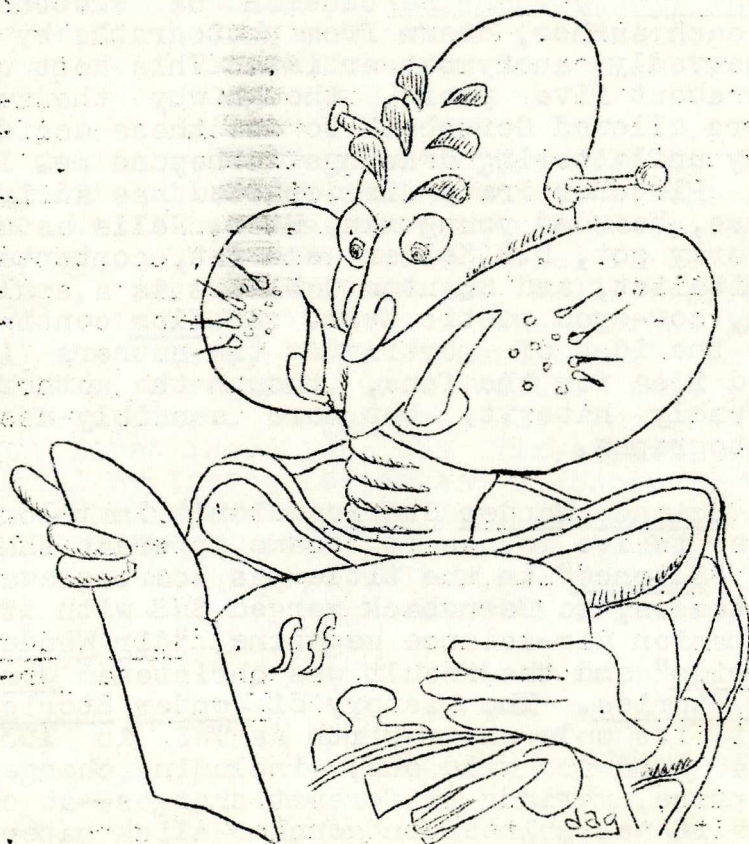
Fiction Means To Me," prize contest letters from Jack Williamson, E. E. Smith, and others; and the first installment of "The Reader Speaks", no contributors to which are familiar today.

One quaint feature of Wonder was the inclusion of sketches of each author, drawn from photographs by a deservedly anonymous artist. This kept up for about five years, though why the authors allowed Gernsback to use these decidedly unflattering drawings is beyond me. In #1, Fletcher Pratt is depicted as an intense, bearded young man, H. G. Wells as an elderly sot, D.H.Keller as a fat, contented capitalist, and Stanton Coblentz as a soulful, cow-eyed poetic type. SF Plus continues the idea of portraying the authors (a good idea for the fans, though the authors probably hate it) but more sensibly uses photographs.

Science Wonder Stories didn't last long. After twelve issues it became apparent that the "Science" in the title was scaring away customers, so Gernsback merged SWS with its companion air-science magazine, "Air Wonder Stories" and the result was christened Wonder Stories. The history of Wonder Stories until its sale and rebirth as TWS in 1936 is a long and wild one, including changes in price, myriads of format changes—at one time it was printed on genuine slick paper, and in late 1930 it switched to pulp for-

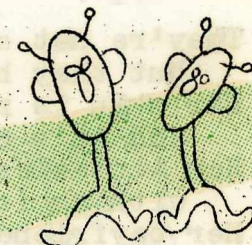
mat, going back to large size in 1931 and then back to pulp in 1933 — and the whole story of Wonder's checkered history would fill two issues of SF and then some. But Science Wonder Stories marked a stage in the development of science-fiction, and its gradual changes of name indicate the field's evolution.

— Bob Silverberg



"Read Throughout The Federation."

# THE UNINHIBITED



BY PHILIP F. PAIGE

Ron and RAY were watching their GAMMA IONing clothes. The flat-ION was old and needed a new ELEMENT, so she looked ATOM and tried to decide which boy to send to the store for another ION. Ray was a fair-REACTOR, and pretended he had ATOMICache. He also complained of ROENTIGEN his back. There was not a PARTICLE of truth in this, but his GAMMA could not be POSITIVE, so in her CONFUSION, she had to ELECT RON.

That was a mean thing for RAY to DUTERON. He would let the poor GEIGER round the neighborhood looking for a new ION. Ron had tried before, but vowed to make a NEUTRINO matter what.

Ray had a CURIEous inferiority complex, DUTERON, and would gladly PILE work onto his brother's shoulders. You can BETA new hat he would readily dePOSITRON in his grave. As it was, RAY slipped out and went FISSION.

\* \* \* \*

## THE BEST HE COULD DO

Gooby Gooly lives upon a planet far away.  
His sister, Goony Gooly, is a pretty  
girl, they say.  
Her eyes are few in number. (She has but  
twenty-three.)

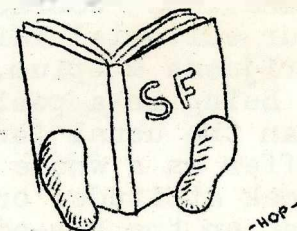


They're not so much to look at,  
 but they help the girl to see.  
 Her skin is rough and scaly  
 and it's colored bluish-green;  
 Her tentacles are slimy  
 with an iridescent sheen.  
 Her boyfriend, Fooby Roogy,  
 took her swimming Moonday night;  
 They dived into the chlorine  
 with shouts of gay delight.  
 But Goony lost her bathing suit...  
 it floated far away;  
 And there she was with nothing on,  
 so she had this to say:  
 "Oh Fooby Roogy, don't you look!  
 Just cover up your eyes!"  
 But Fooby said to Goony,  
 "Dearie, don't you realize  
 Six tentacles are much too few,  
 my thirty eyes to cover!  
 So I'm afraid that I can't help  
 but see you, Goony lover."  
 And so it was that Fooby saw  
 his Goony girl WITHOUT.  
 She wore a smile, and that was all.  
 Her beau was filled with doubt.  
 "I'm sorry, Goony," Fooby said,  
 "But I have changed my mind.  
 For after having seen you, dear,  
 some other girl I'll find."  
 So Goony to her brother went:  
 "Oh help me, Gooby brother!  
 Said Goony: "Gooby, Fooby's gone,  
 and left me for another!"  
 "He'll be returning," Gooby said,  
 (not wishing to upset her )  
 "In all the world, I fear he'll find  
 that there is nothing better!"

--Philip F. Paige

## THE ANALYTICAL LABORATORY

*Robert Block*



Most remarkable thing about the current issue, for which all thanks, is the way in which FLESHMan got the complete spirit of the Midwescon into his artwork. The caricatures of Tucker and Clarke are most particularly vivid and exact.

Your boy is doing remarkable work here indeed, and he deserves to be framed and hung.

The cover, too, is attractive and bright and the whole book is clean and neat in format and content.

I note the contents page has a quotation from one Sandburg. Is this by any chance oldtime fan Ebenezer Sandburg of Skowhegan, Maine? Or is it Gosseyn Sandburg of Centre-leaf, North Carolina?

He used to write in to the letter columns circa 1935 or thereabouts. Mittelbuscher would know.

(xx Or could it have been Wilson Sandburg, the long, loud fan?)

*cal tom beck*

After getting a few copies of your mag to review in my columns, I'm developing a slight affection for it as it rolls along.

However, that's not what induced me to write. I was overtaken by your flagrantly scandalous confession of having written your editorial while under the influence of Marijuana & Opium. (xx I did not say that!)

Being in a position to read more fanmags than the usual fan, I'd daresay that fmz suffer as a whole greatly from a tongue-in-cheek attitude, or the lack of criticism & zest on the fan-ed's part--one reason why 3/4 of 'em begin to bore one who gets large quantities of them after a while. It is true a fan-ed can't make as many "friends" by blowing off a lot of steam & saying his piece of mind as he would otherwise; but on the other hand, how many will be your "friends" after several years in fandom anyway? The point is: you can't have a good "newsy chatter" type mag without offending a few all the time, tho' it isn't impossible to keep it that way without carefully holding to the reins & not offend too many as a few extremely uninhibited extroverted creatures have in the recent past.

I shan't apologize for the scrawl, this being in the wee sma' hours, with Lowndes snoozing peacefully in a nearby corner. In such a situation you can foretell what a disastrous effect it would have on the next few issues of SFQ, FUTURE, etc., were he awakened by the Gatling chatter of typer keys.

(xx If you and Lowndes would condescend to split that bottle with a struggling fan-editor, said fan-editor might condescend to buy the next few issues of C.P.'s. Wake up Doc and say Magnus says cheers.)

## LOOKING AHEAD.....

IAN T. MACAULEY turns in his first appearance in these pages with THE QUAKE AT QUAKER CITY, a 2,500 word report on the doings at that affair.

HAL CLEMENT will treat you to one of the best articles of the year, on a topic which no one in the world is better qualified to write on, CHARACTERIZING AN ALIEN. This 3,500 word treatment gives you the inside dope on how one of today's best science fiction writers does his work.

STAN WOOLSTON writes an excellent analytical AND humorous article on THE A-B-C OF ACQUIRING ENEMIES.

HENRY MOSKOWITZ gives the full treatment to the OTHER WORLDS AFFAIR, in the analytical style which is making a name for the author.

DICK CLARKSON, long-time havoc-wrecker in the pulp pages, begins a brilliant and hilarious new series on THE FINE ART OF LETTERHACKING.

HARLAN ELLISON, today's top fan, is represented by his stirring space - ballad (a much neglected field), entitled A TALE OF THREE GALAXIES.



