



SCIENTI-
SNAPS

SCIENTI - SNAPS

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A TALE OF WOE

by

Louis and Gertrude Kuslan

I am a science fiction fan,
An unhappy creature,
I am the remnant of a man,
A disheartened preacher.

I preach the gospel of S-F,
To those who would hear me,
But in the midst, they all go deaf,
And --- start to jeer me.

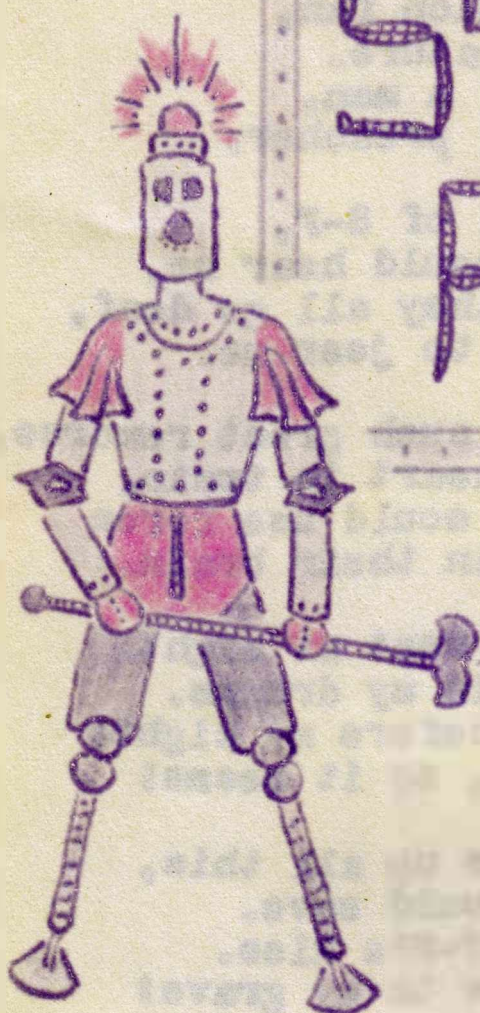
This fills me with such great remorse,
It breaks my heart in twain,
Sometimes I wish I could use force
To put sense in their brain.

I have no peace or rest at night.
They seek me in my dreams.
Their faces dance before my sight!
They chase me, so it seems!

I wish I could give up all this,
My honor it would save.
But I have tasted S-F's kiss.
'Twill send me to my grave!

I am a science fiction fan,
A most unhappy seer.
Once, long ago, I was a man.
I'll soon be in my bier.





SCIENCE OR FICTION?

An article by-

FRED JACKSON

Though certain thoughts have been boiling within my brain for some time, this is my first attempt to sufficiently coordinate them for transference to paper. The cause of all this? Well,

several articles in the various fan publications and numerous letters to the science fiction magazines.

These manuscripts represent the work of many people; yet, all have the same pet peeve. They shout with all the power their lungs can supply that this or that story has very little or very faulty science.

Really now, is that what we are striving to

achieve in fantastic literature? Must every little detail be scientifically correct?

John W. Campbell, Jr. in an article to the SCIENCE FICTION CRITIC wrote something that struck me as being very humorous or terribly tragic. A friend of his (who I am sure is either a genius or a madman) is supposed to have filled several pages with calculations to find if it were possible for a powerless space-ship to be shot free of the earth's atmosphere, follow an orbit, and return in 14 years. All because Raymond Z. Gallun used the innocent little number, 14, in "The Path".

Good heavens! Who in the solar system gives a darn? If, for the sake of a good story, Gallun desired to return his character in 14, 40, or 400 years, does it really matter?

If you are one who so believes, turn to the works of two acknowledged masters in the field of the fantastic story. Do H. G. Wells or A. Merritt make of science a religion from which they cannot deviate? Do their works abound in complicated formulae or abstract gibberish of hyper spaces and super dimensions? Do not they lay the entire story on the shoulders of their characters?

It is my contention that science, good, bad, or indifferent, does not make or break a story. I believe that the characters and events of any story are more important than incidental background. (However, please do not misunderstand me. I too despise uncalled for and foolish mistakes. For instance: I recently read a story in which space-travelers could not see beyond the ship because "the sun shone too brightly on the clouds!" There is no earthly excuse for statements such as this.) For every

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amateur genius who thrusts his chin forward when his roving eye catches a scientific mistake, there are thousands of readers who can't tell if some author's science is a bit inaccurate.

The writer of this article stands for better writing in science fiction, for after all this is the true test of great literature. Of course if some author can combine fine writing, a good story, and accurate science, I am quite willing to proclaim him a truly great writer.

Even then, I still maintain that fiction is the most important part of the term, science-fiction.

----- THE END -----





A FAN'S VISIT TO

WASHINGTON

Episode I
A VISIT TO DITTO

by JACK SPEER

Least there yet be some fans—perish the thought!—that don't know the theory of the hecto, I shall preface a brief description of the process:

One types, writes, or draws with special hecto ribbon, carbon, ink, or pencil upon a

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sheet of plain paper whatever is to be reproduced. One then moistens very lightly the surface of the hecto, of which the essential parts are a containing tray and an evil-smelling greenish stuff that apparently is some hellish compound of rubber, slightly firmer than Jell-O. One places the sheet of paper face down on the gelatin and leaves it for a brief interval, during which part of the special hecto pigment comes off on the jelly. The original (master sheet) is then removed, and a clean sheet of paper placed face down on the gelatin. Part of the ink is passed back to the paper and the printed page is then removed. This goes on for from 50 to 100 copies. (Editorial note: Maybe!)

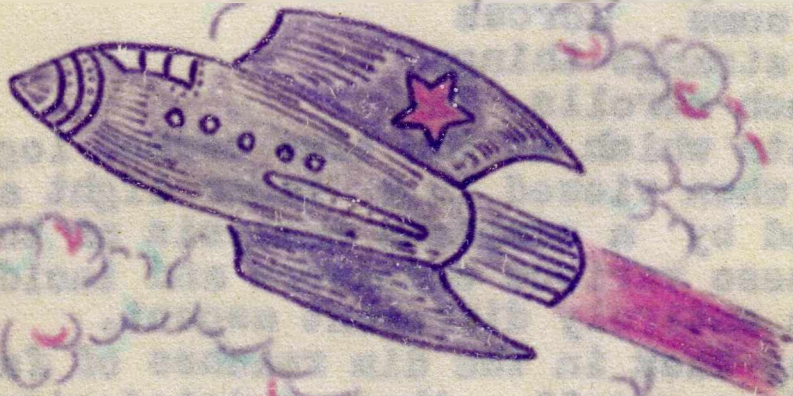
I recently paid a visit to the Washington office of Ditto Duplicators (probably there are branches in all large cities), which deals exclusively in hectographs; and I was amazed at the extent to which the hectograph of my childhood had developed. There was one mechanism that looked and worked like a mimeograph: turn the crank and out come copies (I understand that the rotary duplicator isn't as hard on the hecto compound as flat reproducing.) The jelly for use with these rotary machines was a thin film on a heavy sheet of paper that is supposed to be just as good as the much deeper layers in the pan hecto. This paper hecto (\$1 per sheet) can also be used flat; I was shown a \$4 film-o-graph which makes the flat duplicating job as simple as possible. However, what was called a "portable" unit (40 some-odd dollars each!) made it even simpler to operate: A house-top-shaped thing fits over the hecto sheet, one side holding the supply of paper. In the other side you insert a paper, turn the crank, which runs a roller across

the paper (which meanwhile has mysteriously been laid out on the hecto) to get it flat, then pulls it up and hands it to you. When less than 75 copies are desired, I see no reason why an office man wouldn't prefer such a hecto machine—with its easier color process—to a mimeograph.

Ditto still had tray hectos in which the gelatin is a beautiful amber (when new) rather than the traditional green at \$2.75.

They also have supplies — paper ideal for hectoing, inks, pencils (in all colors), refill compounds, and typewriter ribbons: semi-ribbons inked on only one side so that your type remains clean, duo ribbons (half of which is hecto and half ordinary black ink), and other duos which type hecto in two colors.

I left with the feeling that any time I wanted anything in hectographs, I could get it there.



CAN YOU REMEMBER?

An article by

SAM

MOSEKOWITZ



Often I like to stroll down memory lane and call to mind once again the treasured remembrances of a day that is past. One can come across many strange things on such strolls. Incidents which at the time seemed logical; but now, when viewed in a saner light and accompanied by a complete analysis of the authors of these various endeavors and incidents, take on an entirely different aspect.

Way back in the dim reaches of fandom that few fans recall, there existed a unique concoction known as COSMOLOGY. Many erroneously

title COSMOLOGY as the first fan magazine, but in all honesty such a term as "fan magazine" is decidedly out of place when applied to this magazine. Some might call COSMOLOGY a club magazine, for it was the organ of the original "International Scientific Association". Yet the curious mixture of material contained in the magazine certainly cannot be labeled as club notes. Science was predominant it must be admitted; but the insistent creeping in of science-fiction, and very occasionally pure fan material, was most disconcerting to some of the original founders of the organization (Ray Palmer, Walter Dennis, etc.). Way back in this early publication we find the first traces of the "Knock 'Em Down and Drag 'Em Out" tendency among the fans. Do you think that some of the fan magazines of today are conducted informally? Well, then you have never seen copies of COSMOLOGY. Some of the editorial comment made in all seriousness was simply a scream, and there was apparently no censorship as to choice of words in those days either. And you should have read them when they really meant to be funny. If you had, your opinion of the intellects of science-fiction would have taken an abrupt drop. To read some of the cracks made by Ray Palmer and Walter Dennis cause one to repeatedly glance at the title of the magazine reputed to be one of the driest of all time despite contributions from such members as Miles J. Bruer ("Do Sex and Science Mix"), Willy Lay, P. Schyler Miller, A. W. Bernal, Captain Neek, Jack Williamson, etc. Evidently the comparatively youthful editors were not the only offenders.

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Such seemingly serious-minded men as Bruer and Ley were equally frolicsome. One cannot help but wonder at this great club that at one time recorded over 1000 members; and never had a first issue of its official organ, but due to various circumstances started the club organ with the first issue recorded Vol.1 No. 2.

It seems that the offspring often inherit some of their parents characteristics, and the new ISA proved to be a marvelous exponent of that theory. The stormy course of the "INTERNATIONAL OBSERVER" is much too well-known to enumerate upon, but in connection with this there is one item which is not too widely known. The attempt to incept politics into science-fiction is no new thing. Back toward the close of 1935 the original version of the "new" ISA issued a six-page mimeographed publication titled THE SCIENCEER. This was mailed out free of charge to those who desired it, and was designated as the first political fan magazine. It contained propaganda against the old WONDER STORIES and expressions of sympathy to Allen Glasser whom they insisted was "stabbed in the back by his own friends." Just how, when, and where this stabbing took place is a mystery to this day. There is no record of it in any fan journal outside of those of the ISA. Evidently the entire thing was begun with the express purpose of winning Glasser over to their side of some scientifictional argument, and turn him against his friends connected with the old FANTASY MAGAZINE.

Ever so often a title keeps popping up in a fan magazine which remains a constant mystery to collectors. That title is THE COMET. THE COMET was the official organ of an old New

York group known as "The Scienceers". It was well printed, large size page, containing a goodly quantity of material each issue (mostly of science-fiction fan variety, though there was the persistent creeping in of science features). This publication would be of intense interest to fans today if copies were only available. It was a "real" fan magazine, containing the type of material that fans really love. So far the only fan of note, I know of, that possesses a number of copies of this publication is William S. Sykora, whom I believe was a member of the "Scienceers".

THE TIME TRAVELER is another seldom seen publication (though recently Allen Glasser offered a complete set for sale). THE TIME TRAVELER was probably the closest to the formula of a real fan magazine of any of the early attempts. Julius Schwartz, Forrest J Ackerman and Allen Glasser, not to mention Mort Weisinger, were the brains behind this attempt. (THE TIME TRAVELER was actually the first independent nationally circulated fan publication ever issued.) The first two issues were mimeoed, the following were printed large size as were the old SCIENCE FICTION DIGESTS (in fact they were printed upon the same press.) The material consisted of listings of the contents of old science-fiction magazines, lists of scientific films, general fan and professional news for the most part. Regular columns held predominance and there were few free lance contributions. The last printed issue of the TIME TRAVELER before it combined with the SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST was merely four ordinary sized printed pages.

For some mysterious reason (maybe it's not

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so mysterious after all) the one and only issue of ASTONISHING STORIES published by Shepherd and Wollheim continues to be one of the very hardest of fan periodicals to obtain. Possibly since it was hectographed very few copies were turned out. The mistake of this publication was its attempt to pass as a competitor to the news-stand publications. Its poor format, contents and small size prohibited this procedure, for the fans classed it with other professional publications and found its 12 pages for 10¢ not their idea of their money's worth. If it had been planned as a fan magazine, publication might have continued. The magazine was illustrated by Wollheim and Shepherd, and since these two have never attempted to pass themselves off as accomplished artists, the effect was not good. The material however was reasonably good for a fan magazine, containing fairly good fiction by Donald A. Wollheim, Wilson Shepherd, Capt. North, and Edward E. Everett. The issue was dated May, 1935.

The recalling to my mind of the above memory smatterings has inevitably brought with it a chaotic flood of remembrances of other hard-to-get fan magazines. Doubtless it is always that way. One begins a stroll down memory lane with only one or two objects in mind, and one thought proves the key that opens the door of another. I could go on from here filling dozens of pages, but I might well imagine that no sensible editor would issue a magazine containing but one article. Perhaps sometime again I shall obtain a chance to complete what I have begun.

THE END

HOW TO PUBLISH A FAN MAGAZINE

A burlesque by
"HOY PING PONG"

(Editorial note: Readers are invited to compare this article with a similar one published in IMAGINATION! this summer.....)



During the past few centuries a number of fan magazines have come to my attention. As publisher of the very first fan magazine, PONG'S PHANTASY PARTICLES (a sixty page embossed book), I am qualified to outline a few of the major points of money making in the fan field. Talking to you face first, I say:

(1) EXPECT A VERY LARGE CIRCULATION. Remember that one professional magazine alone has over 32,000 readers, and others come up to this, so your hecto must be made to do double duty to stand this terrific pace. However, at a dime a copy, 32,000 readers will buy you a new hecto every week. If you mimeograph it is more easy, but you can afford only one new machine a month. Put your little publication on the news-stands.

or insert a copy into each of the professional ones and have the news agent charge an extra dime, which goes to you of course. The main reason why so many fan magazines disappear after one or two issues is that the quick money goes to the publisher's head. After two issues or twice 32,000 readers (and dimes) he has enough money on which to retire, and quits publishing until years later when he needs some ready change. Over \$3000 an issue isn't bad money.

(2) REMEMBER THAT THE SMALL NUMBER OF OTHER FAN MAGAZINES now in circulation insure a wonderful reception for yours. The public really cannot get enough fan magazines. Now and then a news-stand magazine will mention your fan mag when its professional circulation drops. This causes both magazines' circulation to shoot up as the free advertisement helps you, and all of your relatives buy a copy of the professional magazine to see your name. All in all, I should say to count on the minimum of 30,000 readers for the first issue, (if you have well advertised the magazine) and an additional 10,000 per issue after that.

(3) ACCEPT MATERIAL FROM EVERYONE regardless of who wrote it and how good or bad it is. If you reject bad material, that person and his relatives cease buying and your circulation will drop fifty or sixty copies. You don't want to lose that \$5, so print everything that comes in. However, soft-pedal biographies. Readers do, however, like to hear about the olden days when science-fiction was in its golden age and one read such masterpieces as "The Puddle of the Moon" in 15¢ magazines. Nowadays some "collector" will soak them four or

A PRINCE

OF THE

RINGED

PLANET



Part II
by HENRY HASKEL HUNTER

Chapter 3
Found: One Friend

As Thalvor prepared to rest he cast longing eyes on the tall, straight trees. Eventually though, he decided to stay by his mount who was staring about with frightened glances. Beside, the man reasoned, in all probability the trees held animals fully as dangerous as those on the ground. Then too, the aboreal denizens of the forest would be completely at home while Thalvor would be at a decided disadvantage in the upper reaches.

After a long, fruitless search, the Saturnian could find not a single sleeping place which offered real safety. He finally drew himself into as compact a ball as possible and placed his huge shield over his body. And so Thalvor, worn out from his travels, dropped off to sleep.

To the slumbering man it seemed only a moment, but it must have been hours later when he awoke for the rings of Saturn were already dulled by the first streaks of grey. Thalvor lay quiet, endeavoring to pierce the inky darkness which still lay thick within the trees. Then, he suddenly saw a dark shape bending over him. The thing's outline was quite vague; its nature was not apparent.

Swiftly he lunged upward with his spear, but the dark figure jumped aside with a lightning like move. And, to Thalvor's alert ears came a long stream of choice Saturnian profanity.

When the mysterious stranger's anger had abated a bit, he demanded: "Do you want to kill somebody, you fool!?"

Thalvor leaped lightly to his feet as he grimly replied, "I'm not adverse to killing, my friend. But then, are you my friend?"

The stranger laughed shortly. "I'm friendly enough." Then a harder note crept into his voice. "You're not of the Semar Police are you?"

"No, I'm not a Semarti."

The other grunted his approval as Thalvor wondered who this man could be, and just why he feared the Semar Police. Then, the fellow took a step forward, and the prince could see that he easily matched his own six-foot-five-inches. But then, on Saturn a man of that height is quite common. With just a small bit of hesitation the stranger suddenly asked another question.

"Just how would you feel toward an..... an outlaw?"

Prince Thalvor was considerably taken a-back. Not that outlaws on Saturn are a curiosity, but to be directly asked that question was startling to say the least.

"Well.....well, I don't exactly know; but if you're one I can assure you I'll do you no harm. However, you might inform me as to why you are an outlaw."

"Political influence, my boy! Political influence!"

Thalvor had peered closer when the stranger used the title, "my boy", and was surprised to find that the self-styled outlaw was himself little more than that. The prince himself was still young, but this fellow was younger still.

The youngster's words rushed out in a torrent of explanation. "I was an army man. Somehow or other, I never really did know how, I made my commanding officer into an enemy. He hatched up a series of false charges, had me discharged from my post, and even ordered my arrest on a charge of high treason. I live now only for the purpose of someday cutting the black heart out of his rotten carcass!"

Thalvor asked softly, "Where are you from?"

"Latan."

The prince started, then hurriedly asked, "Who was this officer of whom you speak?"

"Ven Litan."

Ven Litan! Thalvor's heart leaped almost into his mouth, for the name was that of Yon's uncle. The man who even now reigned from the Tori throne!

The young outlaw was startled as Thalvor's voice issued from between clenched teeth.

"We've both a score to settle with the Litans!"

Then, completely changing in a moment, the prince cheerfully enquired what the other's name might be.

"Defo Epar. What is yours?"

And so Thalvor told his entire story; told it from the moment when Yon Litan had awakened him from his couch up to the time when the two had met. Then the two men cast their lot together, and were soon off again through the forest.

----- Continued next issue -----

F I R E S I D E

A YEAR CLOSES

With this fourth issue, SCIENTI-SNAPS takes another long stride forward. It has been thus with each and every number. And now the history of SCIENTI-SNAPS' first year is written and filed away.

A new year and a new life opens with the forthcoming winter issue. The magazine will advance — that fact is certain. It is time for all fandom to realize that SCIENTI - SNAPS is a serious undertaking. Our goal is the top; we shall not rest until that goal is reached.

THE EDITOR.....

READERS' OPINION

Louis Kuslan writes: "The third issue is very good. Jack Baltadonis contributes one of his very well drawn covers. Jimmy Taurasi's story was excellent. The magician, though, must be some girl. Whew, maybe she can produce a printed fan mag? I didn't read the yarn by H.H.H. as I never read a serial until I have all the parts. Dick Wilson's article was interesting, though I disagree with him as to Taurasi's work. Your interior drawings were well done. Your drawings have a certain delicacy of style which is very well reproduced by your good hecto work. Keep it up!

Melvin C. Schmidt offers: "The cover of the third SCIENTI-SNAPS was very good. Hunter's story promises to be good."

From James V. Taurasi came: "I liked the third **SCIENTI-SNAPS** very much; the hecto was very good as was the first part of your story. I didn't like the serial part though, it's too long to wait between issues. I didn't like Wilson's article, too old to be of any use. Also, I missed the readers' department. Otherwise the mag was 100% perfect."

Sam Moskowitz types: "Taurasi surprised me with his story. Quite the best thing he's ever written. I'm waiting for the second or final installments of the honorably Mr. Hunter's serial to pass judgement of any kind. Your magazine as a whole is **POSITIVELY** the neatest fan mag EVER published in any format, bar none."

Richard Wilson Jr. comments: "The whole magazine is exceptionally neat. I especially like the titling on the cover and the arrangement of the contents page. Baltadonis drew a very good cover. I hope that in the fall issue Fireside will again have readers' comments, as well as those of the editor. That little head illustrating Taurasi's yarn was very excellent. The one for Hank Hunter's, on the other hand, was not so good. I began to read the "Magician of Space" with the feeling that I wouldn't like it because it was written by Jim. I found it, to my surprise, to be very entertaining. Part I of "A Prince of the Ringed Planet" was the best thing in the issue. This is the sort of blood-and-thunder, Burroughsian tale that I like. I hope it goes on and on. Upon rereading my article I find that I was, in spots, quite nasty even though sincere. I hope no one sues you."

(Forgot to mention on Contents Page: All illustrations in this issue are drawn by the editor)



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FROM

Marcnette



Bob Tucker wrote concerning the Summer issue: "I can truthfully say it is the best looking hectored fan magazine I have seen yet. The most striking feature to my point of view was the protecting cover of heavy paper over your colored cover. I think this something worth keeping in, or on rather, SCIENTI-SNAPS. It adds to the appearance and preserves the mag wonderfully. The colored cover itself was also the best cover of its type I have yet seen. The contents of course count most. Wilson's article was the headliner to me, for it covered an interesting (to me) subject. The stories were, I believe, up to par of all amateur fiction. Could be a lot better, but also could be MUCH worse. The format and work on SCIENTI-SNAPS itself is of the best."

That's all folks! But, we want to give you an even longer column of readers' comments next issue, so write and tell us exactly what you think of this number.....

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