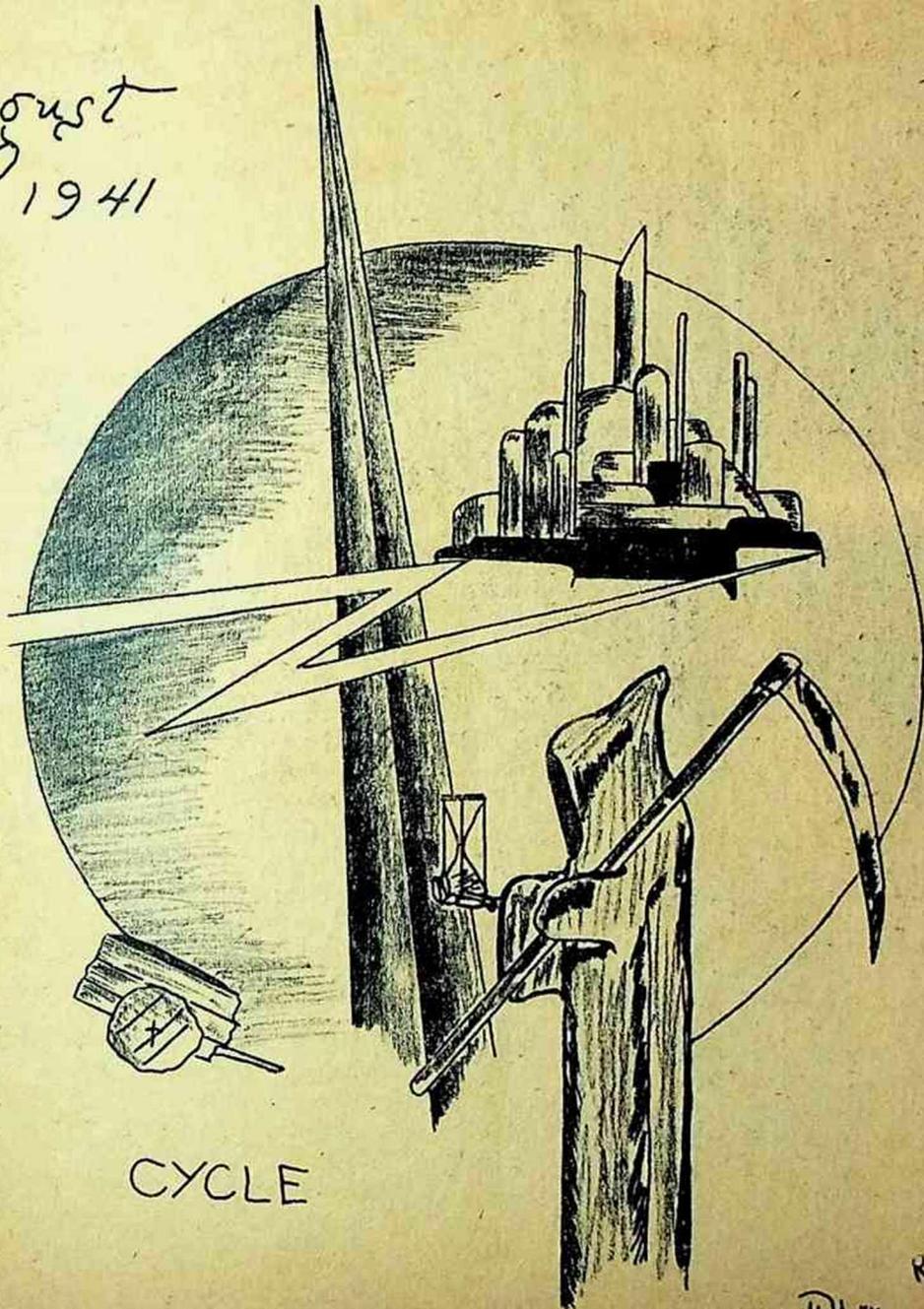


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Southern Star

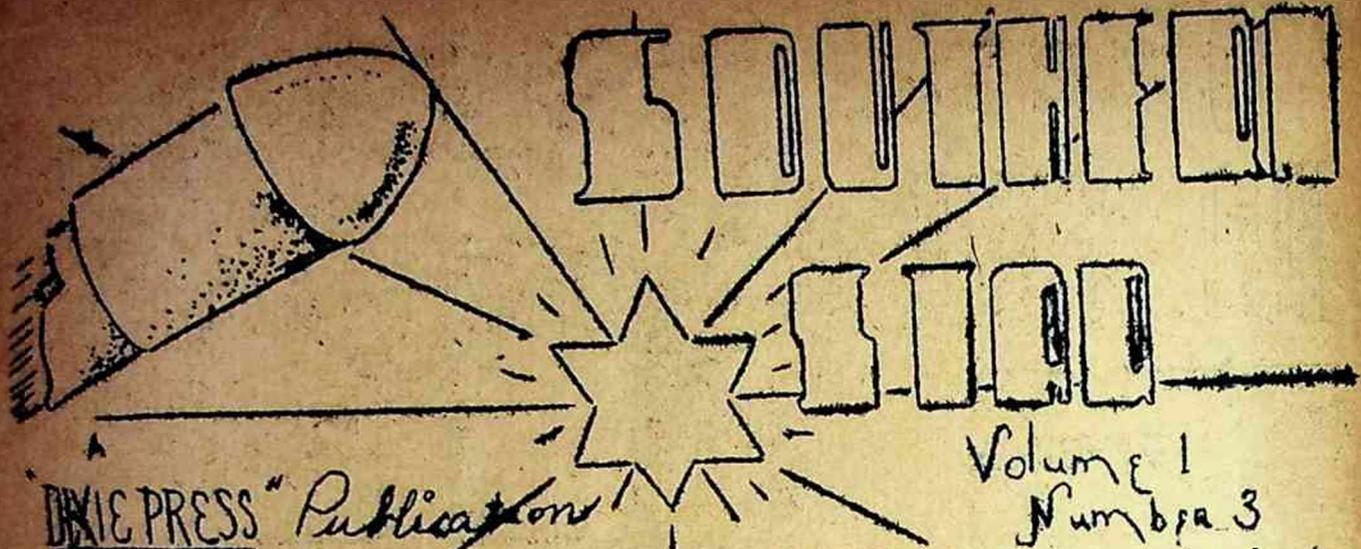
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Volume 1
Number 3

Joseph Gilbert) - The Co-Editors
 Art R. Sehnert)
 Harry Jenkins - Associate Ed.

Fred Fischer) - Advisory Editors
 W.B. McQueen)
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The Crew This Trip:

Panurge
 Bob Tucker
 Phil Schumann
 Jack Speer
 Fred Fischer
 Paul H. Klingbiel
 D. George Fenton

Art Sehnert
 Bob Tucker
 Fred Fischer
 Milton A. Rothman
 Harry Jenkins
 Panurge
 Morley

THE LOG THIS TRIP

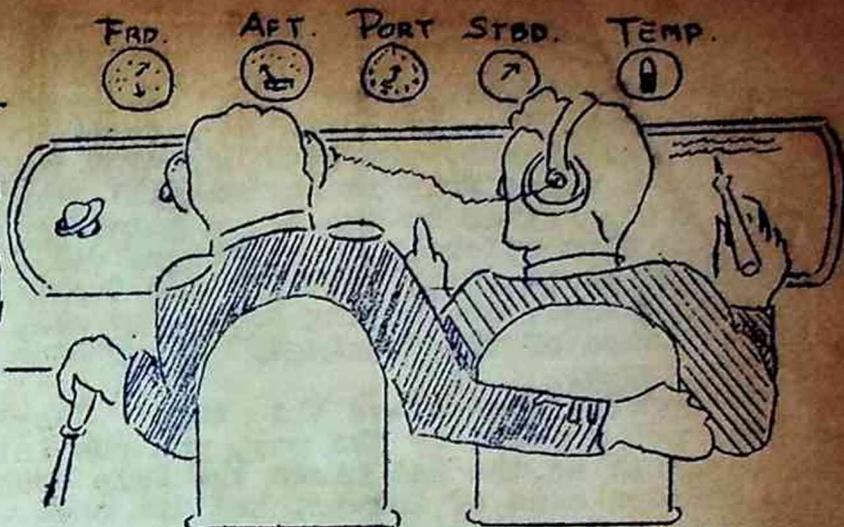
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COVERS BY SCHUMANN

THE SOUTHERN STAR is published at approximately bi-monthly intervals at 1100 Bryan St., an address subject to change without by the Co-Editor. All advertisements, regularly contributed departments, subscriptions and letters should be sent to that address. This magazine is associated with "Dixie Press" and is the organ of the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION. Subscription rates: 10¢ per issue; 25¢ for any three issues. Ad rates: 25¢ per quarter page; 50¢ for half page; \$1.00 for full page advertisement. The front cover on this number is a mimicrayon process duplicated by Forrie Ackerman's Assorted Services. The front cover on our next issue will feature a silk screen by Harry Jenkins. The next issue of this magazine will appear in September.

from the DUAL CONTROLS

by . . . THE EDITORS



'Olllo! Surprised to see us out so early? Well, frankly, so are we. Not that we're exactly on time, of course, because it was our fond intention to be out in time for the Denvention. But that was an impossibility for us as well as for several other fanzine editors we know, so we had to content ourselves with simply coming out when we were ordinarily due, a feat, we're sure you'll agree, quite sufficient in itself. (Loud guffaws from the peanut gallery. Vulgar riffraff, aren't they?) Neither did we have only the promised thirty pages this time, but that is something we trust no one will object to very strongly. In the future the STAR will be out on time, circumstances permitting. That we promise you. (Mad applause, and wild cheering from the peanut gallery. Humm, come to think of it, they are intelligent-looking young men at that.)

On the covers this issue is an artist well deserving the title. Phil Schumann. His front cover was so good we sent it to Ackerman's Assorted Services for minicrayoning, and are very happy about the whole thing now. Phil, incidentally, is a native-born Georgian, tho living in Wisconsin, and these two covers are the first artwork he has ever done for any fanzine. So not only do we have the honor of presenting a new fan artist with genuine ability on our covers, but a Southern fan artist at that. We are the discoverer! (The time would seem to just right for a bit of chest thumping here, only the last time we tried that, they had to fill up the bathtub and dump us in it, before we came to. So we'll simply have to content ourselves with playing an astonishingly inaccurate version of the triumphal march from "Aida" on our mouthorgan.

Quite seriously, we owe a debt of thanks here to both Schumann and Leslie Perri. In moving, Gilbert lost a cover and short story by Perri, and the back cover on this issue by Schumann. Phil not only did the back cover over, but contributed a batch of other excellent stuff. And Leslie said it was okay about the cover and offers us an article in the near future. So now we think Fred Pohl is a lucky sonuvagun, and that Phil Schumann is what we lowbrows affectionately term a darn good egg. Thank you both sincerely for the way in which you took one of life's most annoying accidents.

Incidentally, Gilbert's moved again. Monotonously persistent sort of dope, isn't he? Everytime the contents page in this fmg appears Gilbert has a new address in it. The only solution we can think of is to abolish contents pages.

Beginning in our next issue is a feature of which we are proud and

on which we would like very much to have your opinion. The demand for the space ship in the STAR's artwork has led us to begin a trilogy in our next issue, the SOUTHERN STAR trilogy. Each issue an interior picture of a space ship in action will be presented. Two of these pics will be lithographed by the Los Angeles Edmicrayon process; the third will be in five colors. Each picture will be on one side of the page, on 28 pound bond paper, suitable for framing. The trilogy will be done by Harry Jenkins, and having seen them all, we vouch whole hearted for the excellence of the drawings. Watch for the first in the series in our next issue.

Like the five colors this time? They'll be a regular part of the mag from now on. If, by the way, you run into any bad mimeoing this issue, blame it on the \$45 mimeo the Camp bought, wasted three reams of paper and two cans of ink in, and did some very bad mimeoing on before we were forced to accept the fact that it wouldn't run, and went back to our lovely little Sears-Roebuck model.

The second group trip fizzled out again with a dismal hissing sound, on the Denvention trip. Transportation trouble. Next year we'll declare solemnly that there will not be a Southern group trip and see if we can get to Los Angeles for the next Convention then. Sorta sneak up on it, you know. And of course we're putting in our bid for the next year's convention in Washington naturally. It begins to look as tho Jenkins and Gilbert will, after the downfall of civilization, be standing in the ruins, trying with pathetic grimness to print "Dixiecon" stickers with the remains of a dime store printing set, for the benefit of the one other person left alive. In the meantime, on to California and Los Angeles in 1942!

In two more weeks Jenkins and The Great Gilbert will buy, borrow or hitch a ride to Washington, run up to Hagerstown to see Warner, after leaving at Speer and Rothman, then come on down to Esmont to pester Russell Chauvenet. During this trip details of the DFF will be settled. The election results and other details will then be mailed out to all members. Harry Jenkins will write up the trip in the next TELECASTER department (crowded out this time; back next issue). Read the gory results of the trip then — that is, if you can stomach the Necronomicon.

We want to welcome heartily new DFF members, W. H. Houston, Theron Raines, and particularly Dan McPhail and Robert Moore Williams. Dan, will be remembered by every veteran fan as one of the leading lights in the old OSA (which may soon be combined with the DFF), and Williams as the author of such modern classics as "The City In The Far Off Sky", "Dark Reality", and "Robot's Return". Bob is an honorary member, and we hope very much to have one of his very fine little stories for the STAR one of these heah days. Dan has also semi-promised an article on the OSA that we're looking forward to seeing.

In addition to which, we have recently, very recently, received the very, very welcome news that a fan you all know and like is moving to Louisiana, D. B. Thompson. Don promises to join the DFF as soon as he has an opportunity.

Next issue we are proud to present a very long article on the Denvention by Milton A. Rothman. This will probably be illustrated with photos taken at the Convention by Milty. It will be an item you cannot afford to miss, so if your subscription expires this time, better renew it in a hurry. Art Sehnert's "And this is the tale of Atzor—" will appear in this number, too. This article is one of the most unusual we have ever seen. There will be an excellent short story by Harry Jenkins the beginning of the SOUTHERN STAR Trilogy, and we hope to obtain ano-

(concluded on page 33)

Listen to some . . .



by, of course,
The Mumbler

-- (Alias . . .
Arthur "Bob" Tucker)

Jack Chapman Miske waltzed up to us at the Chicon, during the Monday afternoon fan business session and sneered "Cripes, Tucker, you're ignorant!" -- and meant it. Poor Jack was fit to boil. Discussion was going on as to whether the 1941 Convention should be in Denver or New York. Reinsberg was in a semi-quandry as to the proper steps to take, and made it embarrassing for us by stating he would ask each fan present to state his choice. Embarrassing because he pointed at us first, and were an officer of the present convention, and should be tactical enough to withhold comment until all others had indicated a choice.

"Where do you want to go, Tucker?" Reinsberg asked. "Denver," we smirked, "because it's closer." And so it was. All of about nine and three-tenths miles closer to Bloomington than New York. So Jack decided we were ignorant and politely informed us of the fact. Now we are happy, having had the honor of being called down by the master.

Once upon a time when Jack was using someone's business envelopes for his fanmail, we pried off a sticker in the corner and found they belonged to a Cleveland kennel. Jack wasn't going to the dogs, he was snitching from them. We remarked on this and received the information we could consider ourselves nosy, as well as Jack Speer who had done likewise.

Another time we dropped the 'Chapman' from the envelope because it called for spanging seven more keys every time we wrote him a letter; yes, we were reminded of that, too.

We recently had a letter from a chap down in Texas . . . I'm not positive, but I believe he gave his name as 14. He told us he was a painter of no mean sorts, that he could, on order, bat out any science fictionistic scene from a spaceship to an alien monstrosity. Other planets were his specialty. If we wished he could even copy covers with remarkable success. Prices for this work ranged from two bucks to three hundred dollars per. And didn't we desire a painting, quick?

His letter was a beaut -- one Voice of Madge could tax a litho machine with. We asked permission to print it in LeZ and same was given, altho it is not likely now that it will be printed. Offhand, and with an eye to business we recommended that he attempt to sell his paintings to the pro mags. If he was any good at all on bug-eyed monst--

ers, TWS would snatch him up. We gave him Doc Lowndes' address, advised him that Doc was just the agent to peddle his work, and presented him with our blessing. Doc is asked to kindly advise us on the merits of the first painting received. Maybe we have discovered another Bok.

We do most of our heavy thinking in bed. Saddled with a combination asthma-insomnia of a sort, we find no greater pastime than lying awake far into the night twiddling fingers and toes, meanwhile reviewing the events of the day in the fan press and private correspondence. Now and then, of course, as is to be expected of such mental struggle, we pop up with a world-shaking theory of dynamic scientific concepts, but realizing that it would only antagonize the pro-scientists, we reluctantly dispose of it.

The other night we were dwelling on some of the events of 1940, and immediately thought of the column Joe Gilbert had penned somewhere summing up and indexing outstanding attractions of the year. Joe noted "Yngvi is a Louse" as the neatest phrase of the year. We then recalled another which was the rage (?) of 1939. "Unendurable pleasure, indefinitely prolonged!" I believe Moskowitz used it first in describing the 1939 Convention, and thus started a royal crack on the road to fan fame. Rabbing our poor minute brains to the limit in previous nightly episodes, we could not place that neat flip; for we were ~~not~~ certain that Moskowitz never originated it all by himself.

And then, bing! the other night it came to us. The pretty trick is straight from a pair of books (and probably a third, a sequel) which are in a way fantasies, in that they have to do with the wandering Jew and his servant, another deathless one. The books are (1) My First Two Thousand Years, Maculay, 1928; and (2) The Invincible Adam, Livoright, 1932. Both are written by Vicrock and Eldridge. The third in the series, which I haven't yet read, is Salome: The Wandering Jewess, publisher and date unknown to me.

Both books revolve about the other, both deal with the same principal characters of course. And wandering around for two thousand years, the boys must naturally find something better to do than count peanuts and people. "Unendurable pleasure, indefinitely prolonged!" Yes, they are that kind of book. Credit Moskowitz, please then, with the "Yngvi" of 1939.

Now and then a fan luckily grabs off a rich prize for a small sum and is immediately made frothingly happy thereby. Witness Rothman capturing a good copy of the first Amazing for about 35¢ in Philly. And on the other hand, probably just as often, a fan is royally or otherwise rooked, but we don't hear his tale so often. Why not? We see no reason for being backward about such things; for we are certainly entitled to gloat over your misfortune, in turn for being envious of your good fortune.

Gloat then, one and all, over the rooking of Tucker. That ~~rum~~ Korshak, a self-advertised "honorable" book dealer fostered off on us a strange copy of Huxley's satire, Brave New World (Doubleday, 1932), Strange, in that it never ends for us correctly: the last section of 45 or so pages is repeated twice, and the same number of proper pages that should be there are missing. We repeat, Korshak: the rum!

Earl Singleton and myself once held dear the illusion that Nebraska Nellie, otherwise known as D. B. Thompson, was a girl. Earl called my attention to some of the writings of Thompson in then current fanmags, particularly a lengthy letter in Fanfare, which, apparently, he had dissected line by line, phrase by phrase, chasing the mirage. The

mirage in question was the exact sex of that critter, Thompson. All I know of Thompson at that time were his initials, DB. Nevertheless Earl seemed to think I should know all about everything, particularly as to whether Thompson wore skirts or trousers.

The flattery was nice, but I couldn't measure up to it. I don't believe I had exchanged more than one or two letters with the Nebraska Nibs. However I promised Earl I would soon be hot on the trail of the mystery because the matter interested me, too; imagine a femme hiding her fan talents under a cloak of secrecy! What a scoop it would be for me, if I could but expose him/her. I looked into the letters. I must admit I was practically convinced; some of Thompson's neat phrasing possessed an almost girlish twist; his syntax even suggested it.

After debating the matter pro and con for several days, as to just what would be the best, yet decent method for finding out, I threw caution to the winds and addressed a letter to him, which, if I remember right, was headed "Dear Donna Belle". I asked him point-blank his sex and he didn't even threaten a libel suit.

To our collective regret, I think, Thompson turned out to be a he. So, proper apologies, Don, you had us worried for a while.

Usually we are not statistical minded; long rows of figures on how many peasants eat black bread, and how many bloated capitalists own diamond stick-pins leave us cold, except that sometimes we speculate on what a peasant would do if he found a diamond stick pin in his bread some morning. Or how a capitalist would behave should he suddenly find crumbs of black bread on his tie instead of a pin.

But statistics on fans, any kind of figures on any kind of fan, especially those on feminine fans, never fail to excite our attention. This is due in part to our profound belief that as fans, we revolve more about ourselves and our fan body, than we do about the pro mags. Thus it was that we swam with great glee through the Widner article in the April Spaceways, commenting upon the monstrous files Pop Swisher keeps on fan activity. Widner notes that Swisher has some five thousand names on tap, including everyone from "the most obscure individual who ever had a letter published in a pro-mag and was never heard from again", right up to the Number One Face himself.

Swisher, as you may or may not know, depending on your knowledge of FAPA matters, publishes a very valuable fanzine called Check-List. Check-List (holographed) lists in alphabetical order all the fanzines fandom ever concocted, including titles that were stillborn, and those that died a thousand deaths before they left the would-be editor's typewriter. I suspect he even lists titles that exist only in some fan's imaginations. Hundreds of them, past, present, and future. It is our opinion one of the greatest crimes existing in fandom today is the unavailability of Check-List in mimeograph form; it should be spread the length and breadth of fandom.

And now, likewise, this checklist of five thousand fans. Who wants the job of publishing those names, of creating the Blue book of fandom? (Altho 'blue book' hardly fits the situation in the sense used by the outside world. Imagine the job of skimming the cream of those five thousand curdled quarts of milk!) We have done a bit of figuring, so here is the way you, ambitious one, can make a mint of money:

Allowing two lines per name, including of course address and data on the person, such as a brief note dating and placing his first and last letters (in the event he is no longer fanning), it would require perhaps 160 pages to cover the five thousand, or slightly more. Breaking this down to forty pages per issue, a quarterly publication, in

one year, could complete the list.

A project such as that would sell about two hundred copies, with the proper advertising and allowing several months for the selling. On the basis of two hundred sales, the publication would sell for ten-cents a copy, and do better than break even; figuring of course on a cost prevalent locally. That is, using the cost of my own fanzines as a working base. The cost would vary in other localities. It goes without saying of course that the deal must be strictly cash, the two hundred copies must be sold, not traded, to pay for itself. Who volunteers for the JOB?

Printing confidential letters from fans being somewhat of a crime it has occurred to us that it is a corresponding crime not to print some of the letters. We usually find our mail highly interesting, particularly when written by a hard-hearted person who doesn't give three damns what Planet or Unknown is currently offering, and finds more pleasure in reporting the inner natures of fan acquaintances. Could some of these letters be published, they would, because of the high interest, crowd a fanzine's regular columns and articles into the back of the magazine behind a reader's dept.

We have in mind a long colorful letter from Elmer Perdue, written for publication at our invitation, upon the completion of his long journey across country from New York City to his home in Rock Springs, Wyoming. Enroute he visited Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago and us. We told Elmer to pack his letter chock-full of juicy morsels and to pull no punches; and we would run it in LoZ. He did. We didn't. We lost nerve. The letter, as an article, is now hopelessly outdated, but it remains a treasure.

Probably the dream of every fan who someday expects to rise above the disgracing "outer circle" brand, is to edit a professional magazine. Horatio Alger like, some of them do; but with one exception you must apparently live in the big city to do it.

We have one of those dreams too, but it is quite battered and kicked around lately. Our idea of a dream pro-mag is a semi-slick thing, in the format and general appearance of, say, Writers Digest or one of the streamlined mechanix monthlies, with perhaps 140 pages at 20¢. On the cover we would have but one word, the title, altho it might be necessary to include the date and price. A really fantastic, yet beautiful painting would be thereon; I have in mind two superb creations of McCauley (Fantastic Adventures)— the one for "Floating Robot", and the latest, title unknown to me, picturing a red-haired miss riding a dragon. St. John, too, would have his chance.

The fiction would be startlingly different from anything now appearing in the pulps. I have read a small bit of fantasy in slick magazines, such as Liberty, Ladies Home Journal and the like that struck me right there! I would stick mellerdramas, ray guns, hurtling ships, exploding generators, mad scientists, bug-eyed monsters, alien invaders, horrible slimes, invisible murderers, and all their silkoning ilk into the wastebasket and tromp on them gleefully. In the pages of the magazine would be stories . . . not names, not plots, not action, not clinches and clichés but stories. If, in the end, the hero-fled of lockjaw, well, that's too bad, our little heroine would, presumably, have to journey forth into the world to find another lover. Our hero ate canned dogged food and developed lockjaw, so she's out of luck.

And of course I am quite aware of the consequences of such a policy — either I would ruin my publisher with one issue, or make Esquire's circulation look sick. All depending upon the receptive mind of

(Continued on page 8)

CONVERSATION ON MT. EVEREST

by

PAUL H. KLINGBIEL

• Humor •

- Mt. Everest -

"Assuming everything you say is true, Donn; assuming that Prof. Genipuss has been deeply hurt by that remark of Marion's about weak minds likeing his column in FRONTIER ((Phil Schumann, 2767 N. 41st St Milwaukee, Wis. Club organ, and a darn good 'un. 'Sonly a dime, or better still, a quarter'll bring you three. JG)), I really can't see where there is any cause for alarm. He'll get over it. Genius is eccentric you know. His sudden disappearance, though disconcerting, does not necessarily imply anything sinister. He may be out of town on business; and, if you want my candid opinion, it's probably 'blonde business' at that."

Donn bit his lip. "I wish I could agree with you," he said at last. "However . . ."

Donn paused. I could see he was laboring under a terrific mental strain. His hands were shaking like reeds in a gale, and since Betty suddenly clutched wildly for support, I suppose his knees were shaking, too. My friend's evident grief pained me, and because of that I magnanimously offered to hold Betty for him until he was in better spirits, but he would have none of it. Nevertheless, my offer and the sincerity in which it was made touched him deeply. With sudden resolve he determined to speak.

"Paul," he said, "you are my friend. I was going to say nothing at first, but I see I must. I had a talk with the Prof. after he found out about Marion's remark. He was sunk in deepest despair because he felt he was seriously offending. 'Never again,' he said, 'will Prof. Genipuss appear in FRONTIER.' I tried to soothe him, Paul, but it was of no use. 'When people offend as I evidently have' moaned Genipuss, 'there is only one thing for them to do. I will do it.'"

Donn broke down completely. Even his iron nerve was cracking under the strain! Betty gently rubbed his nose in sympathy and Donn returned the affectionate gesture vigorously.

Patting Betty's head reassuringly, I gently asked Donn point blank where it was that Genipuss had gone.

"Can't you guess?" he said. "I told you he felt he had offended."

My mouth dropped open with sudden horror as an inquisitive fly buzzed in. "Not to . . . to --?" I choked.

"Yes," said Donn, "he went to a NESNES joint!"

I gave an explosive gasp of dismay and out came the fly. "Why this is terrible!" I said with evident relief. "Do you know that they actually sell . . .?" The thought was so horrible, I could not voice it.

Donn's tear-stained face peeped out at me from under Betty's arm, and I saw that he, too, was horrified.

I grabbed my hat, chased the pestiferous fly, and buzzed off! As I zoomed past I gave Betty's hand a reassuring squeeze, and then I was gone. Certainly Genipuss did not believe that he had offended to the extent that he must seek relief thru the agency of that . . . that vile Eastern concoction. Just to think of brown juice drooling from his mouth and defiling that patriachal beard made me faint at heart.

I clenched my teeth and raced on, promising myself that if Genipuss came to any harm through a statement made by an irresponsible girl, I would personally see to it that she got her just deserts.

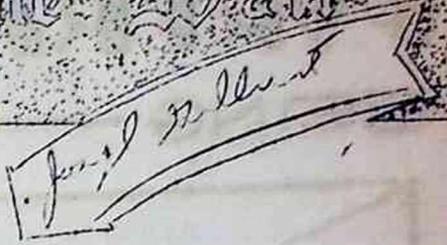
Finally the harmless-looking entrance of the NESNES joint came into view. This was the dreaded, dreadful spot that Abdul Alhazred could scarcely bring himself to speak of in that soul-searing tome, the NECRONOMICON.

I hesitated, fearful of what I might find within the cavernous maw

Handwriting On the Wall

by

Forest G. Ackerman



"Complicated" is the word for Forrie. Easily analyzed in some respects, exceptionally difficult to understand in others, fandom's number one face is in many ways similar to one of those diabolical little wire puzzles — so deceptively simple in appearance, yet almost impossible to crack unless one has the key. And the key to Ackerman's true psychology is likely to remain solely in his possession, unknown and unknowable, save in its more superficial aspects, to any but himself.

He is a cultured person with innate good taste. His thoughts and ideas are well-defined, and his hand shows mental clarity as well as a desire for harmony in his surroundings. It is not likely that Forrie can approach a job unless everything is neatly in its place and in good order. He is versatile, artistic, with a rather nice feeling for balance and proportion. He has good practical judgement, ability to come down to facts without wasting time on unnecessary detail.

There is a certain fondness for "grand" gestures here, a liking for drum thumping, whooping, and hollering. His natural good taste, however, prevents this from developing into too blatant exhibitionism in the Aimee McPherson manner.

Despite a certain adaptability, Forrie would very probably be quite unhappy should circumstances force him out of his own particular little group of friends and acquaintances. Some explanation for this is found in the fact that he has little extrovert sympathy or genuine interest in people. His interest is in things — an introvert characteristic — and in people only as they affect those things, and only insofar as a detached interest in why and how they do such and such a thing. He is, as a consequence, a reserved individual in personality, even, it is likely, to his closest friends.

His handwriting itself is a camouflage; a forest of papier-mache, through which can be glimpsed briefly portions of the dark land of his mind. Of that handwriting he says: "My hand"writing" (more like drawing developed to a high degree) is studied and entirely artificial, of course, but then, it is "natural" for me to write artificially..."

Which sums it up about as well as anything.

Harry Warner, Jr.

Harry is that rarity — the extrovert with most of the best traits of the introvert. He is very practical and economical, which helps explain in part the astonishing regularity, neatness, and long life of Spaceways. He does not jump to conclusions; neither does he often form snap judgements — rather does he consider all angles of a case first, and then wait until previously unknown factors have manifested themselves. This is largely responsible for his well-known isolationist view-

(Concluded on page 33)



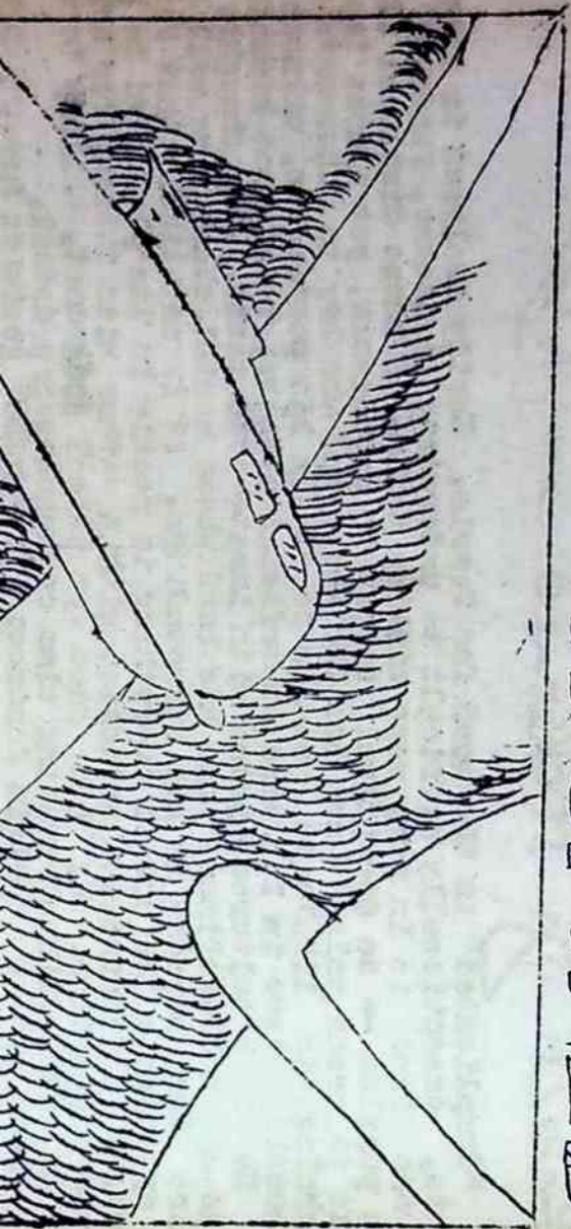
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BEWARE
OF
GENIUS
HE
BITES

REJECTION
SLIPS
←

PORTRAIT OF GILBERT
BEING ——— INSPIRED



L I F E E V E R L A S T I N G

A Debate

Pro: D. George Fenton

Con: Fred W. Fischer.

- Article -

- Discussion -

The question: Would you like to live forever? Pro says:

Mental science claims that man's mental peak is reached at sixteen years. This statement, idly uttered in conversation, brought on the usual screwy argument between myself and a friend of mine one night recently, and gradually the conversation shifted to immortality, its benefits and its drawbacks. For my part I could envisage practically none of the latter and many of the former.

Ten thousand years ago in a small Roman village, a man was standing in a crowd, gleefully watching the execution of another. The stories vary in detail, but it seems that this sadist was told to remain on earth until "He" came again. To the sadist this was a punishment, but I have always thought that to me it would have been a privilege, if the privilege had not been imposed by religious or inhuman intolerance.

Just imagine: Days, months, years, and centuries pass — the history of the human race unfolds before you.

"But," said my friend, "in 500 years you would be, to the rest of the human race, as a man of Columbus' day would be to us." Bosh! Evolution of the human race is counted in millions of years, not in centuries.

"But," said he, "you would stand still. You could not understand the new mathematics, the new medical discoveries, the new social order —"

"As to that," I said, "listen! Day after day, the newspapers come out with this and that. I go down the years, gradually absorbing that new knowledge. Today, I read of a new drug on the market. Tomorrow I get sick and my doctor uses this drug. I am alive. Next year I read of a new improved radio. I naturally buy one. Through the advertising I absorb, I understand as much as any layman about this new improved radio. Centuries pass, and I have gone along with them, adding daily to my knowledge of the world and its changes, just as YOU do, even though you've passed the age of sixteen —"

My friend interrupted there. "Don't forget that the human brain will hold only so many convolutions." Bosh again. The largest brain ever known to medical history was the brain of an imbecile. There is no limit to the amount of knowledge a human brain can absorb.

If a human were to be transported 1000 years into the future in a flash, naturally he would be behind the times. He would probably walk up to a house and no door, no keyhole, no handle would greet his expectant eye. He would walk around, foolishly, trying to get into the house while the people inside would look out at him through the transparent walls of the house (transparent from the inside out, but of a material that would allow the sun's beneficial rays to shine in, yet keep out harmful effects and curious vision) — The people inside would look out, saying, "Look at that poor dumb-witted, dopey cave-man out there trying to get in. My, ain't he the dope?" Finally he would be shown the way in and he would try to turn on a light. No fixture, no bulb, is visible. He wanders around punching things and twisting knobs, and the Moderns just laugh and laugh. For they know that one merely "shinks" a light on.

But! If the poor dopey caveman had lived day after day, he would have seen the changes come. The irradiated walls, the photoelectric light that turned on at a thought, the pocket telephone everybody carried (the size of a quarter and almost as thin) which allowed two-way conversation to everyone.

Again my friend bellowed in anguish at my ignorance. "The human who studies finds that educational practices are becoming more involved, more specialized and complex every day," he protested. "Fifty years ago, people studied an average of six years before going into the world as educated and fitted for making a living. Now they study 16 years before becoming qualified for a profession."

All this is true. To be a professional in any line one must study many years and the future will show more time being spent in learning. But the average man, just as today, will never be able to compete with the professional in learning. My knowledge of medicine, math, social history, and economics is that of a layman, but I could, if necessary, and if I had the time for century after century -- I could learn enough, surely to keep on making a living.

Just supposing I would be a doctor. I would know that I was to be here for all time until the very end of time. I would enter a good university (say next century after all home ties had been dissolved) and would study along for a number of years and get my practicing degree. Good -- now I'm a doctor. The new discoveries are brought to my attention, just as they are to all doctors, month after month. My mind, my body, stays at thirty. That is, my native intelligence suffers no decrease in power such as old age would bring. My ability to learn is that of a thirty-year-old man. Fifty years pass away, and all my patients are passing, too. (Through no fault of mine.) To keep from being an object of curiosity because of my continued youthfulness, I move to another part of the world. I again enter university as a Freshman medical student, and find that in THIS century ten years are required for the obtaining of a degree. Okay! I've plenty of time. I've already had fifty years experience and I'm a pretty smart freshman. In fact, I'll probably surprise some of my professors. So this procedure, we'll say, goes on for a thousand years.

Great changes have come upon the Earth. The governments have all been consolidated, and only one tongue is spoken. Well, I've been here all the time, and through the years I have picked up the language, the customs, the ideas and the incidental knowledge to get along in life. I'm entering another university, perhaps on Mars, as a Freshman in Medicine. The course now takes 100 years to finish because human life has been increased to span 300 years of living. I've got the time, and better still I've got those years of experience and: Those brain convolutions! Boy, is my brain convoluted!

Along comes the year 21,421, and I have just received a hurry call to the mines of Pluto where a cave-in has killed and wounded thousands. I step easily through the walls of my office (the proper mental wave automatically actuating certain atom-separation apparatus) and I get into my plastic "spacer". I set a knob on the proper pin-point on my constellation map on the instrument panel, and in 15 minutes by the clock I'm on Pluto. (The reason I've gone by "spacer" is that my "transferrer" can't work. The cave-in on Pluto destroyed the receiving set -- otherwise I would have gone into my metal cabinet on Earth, turned the knob and disintegrated into a wave pattern easily reassembled on Pluto.)

Is all this strange to me? No. I've gone along with the world, never losing my youth, my vitality, and my ability to absorb the new things as they come along.

I shall maintain that I would like to live until the Planets of the Universe are again dust, and the energies that flow through us are once more only cosmic static. To see the sun grow cold, and the human race reach the pinnacle of perfection. Perhaps I shall. Who knows?

* * * * *

And CON says:

The question has been posed to me: Which would you take if you were given the unalterable choice of eternal life or an ordinary span of existence?

To begin with let me personalize my arguments by applying them to YOU. For YOUR personal contentment would be that involved if everlasting life were yours. Happiness, it is almost universally agreed is the goal of mankind — better one hour of joy than a lifetime of sorrow, a lifetime of unrest, a lifetime of misery. That is my point and that alone will I attempt to amplify, for if you agree with me on this initial premise, and if I can prove that eternal life can bring only sorrow, then I have admirably defended my judgement in deciding that an ordinary span of life is most certainly to be preferred over immortality.

For what if that immortality was a curse — a curse more permanent and enduring than chains or the earth itself? Life everlasting would be just that — a fixed and unalterable agony of living susceptible not even at its worse to suicide.

Before launching into my reasons for believing this, allow me to digress momentarily to briefly consider the one main joy I could find in immortality. As one who sincerely believes in the future greatness of the human race, I would most certainly think it worthwhile to be privileged a glimpse into the wonders of the coming centuries, but only a glimpse. I should not enjoy the prospect of those wonders becoming as stale and usual to me as other commonplace actualities of today, and I am sure that the mind of man must sometimes lose the freshness, the viewpoint of newness, which for perhaps a century or so would greet every marvel and every accomplishment with amazed acclaim — but that would inevitably become accustomed to the very routine of invention and civilized progress.

Nor would I enjoy living until that time when the world meets its destined doom. I would not be able, with a sound mind, to witness the death struggle of man in submergence, the slow dying of the forces of life, the sure march of glaciers over a dead frozen world, the sheer loneliness of an existence without companionship save the glittering stars or the beckoning beams from yet other distant planets evolving from the furnace of creation.

But what if I could go from world to world, you ask, living on each, savoring each new civilization and deserting that civilization when conditions became untenable for supporting life other than myself? Have you not heard of the Wandering Jew? Would I be any happier than he, if I were eternally driven, homeless, from world to world, with only a nostalgic and ineradicable memory to remind me of the once-green hills and valleys, the shining seas and scented air, of Earth — my Earth.

Disregarding the purely emotional reaction to the thought of existing forever and ever, there is the material question of adaptability.

Could a person keep up, mentally, with future men — men of over 500 years hence?

Scientists uniformly agree that the race is still evolving. If so, the man of today, if allowed to live until the 27th century, might be as different from those about him, physically and mentally, as the Neanderthal man is different from today's man. The time need not be too far distant to warrant such a gulf in mere appearances, because with the rapid strides of medicine and physical culture men changes now even in generations. Five centuries would bring far greater changes than increased life spans, freedom from allergies and disease, and corresponding physical changes in body measurements such as height and weight.

Five centuries would bring mental changes. The capacity even of genius is limited. Learning reaches a blank wall or a point beyond which it

cannot progress. Could the Neanderthal man, if one had survived until now, compete with modern man? Not even structurally. He would have strength but little else. His very brain pan would not accomodate the accumulation of knowledge.

Even so with me — or YOU — 500 years from now. We would grow mentally along with those about us to a certain point. Then we would slowly find ourselves losing ground. The subtler methods, the higher systems of thought and abstract intelligence in general, would be too complicated and too fine for one without a proportionately altered nervous sensativity or sensibility. We would not be able to attune ourselves to such methods as telepathy and extra-sensory manipulation of common appliances. Our neurone paths would be too coarse to carry the necessarily delicate impres- sions considered so usual to Future-man.

How would it feel to be an outcast and an atavism among people whom eventually I could not even understand? I do not believe my life would be happy, because I would at least have the intelligence to realize my inferiority. If the future people should evolve, as many scientists be- lieve, into big-headed monstrosities — would not my mere physical dif- ference make me unappy and uncomfortable?

At any rate, 500 years from now I would be surrounded by people I could only regard as geniuses. According to present-day standards I might be a genius myself, but by their standards —! I would perhaps have been able to accumulate wealth, fame, and ~~wealth~~ in my 500 years of existance, but those Future-men could outsmart me and take away all my honors and my trappings of achievement without too much effort.

I could excel in none of their endeavors except in ignorance alone. To be so supremely ignorant would in itself make me unhappy. Men like to be normal, usual, ordinary. I could not be happy by being too different.

To myself I have proved my point and approved my choice of a normal life span. If you agree with me that unhappiness or discontentment awaits the immortal, then I have also proved my point to you, and you must ap- prove my choice also.

Nature meant that all things should come to an end. Therefore:

THE END

Murblings. Concluded from page 8

bindings, and a dust jacket, too. Think of all that for a dime!

As we mentioned before, we do most of our heavy thinking at night. We hereby advise everyone to give up this revolting practice. Wouldn't do to have you as mentally alert as we are. Good night.

THE END

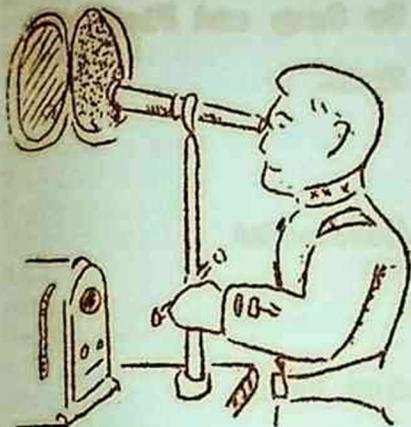
A M A N S E T O U T T O C O N Q U E R S P A C E -----

His methods were strange. He had no type of rocket or other mater- ial vessal. His method worked, too, but there was one flaw, you see, and his conquest failed — and yet, in his way, the man succeeded —

Don't miss HARRY JENKINS' quietly tragic little tale of one man's unforgettable courage,

"THE VOICE OUT OF SPACE"

in the fourth . . .



FROM the . . . * STARPORT

--by . . . FRED W. FISCHER

Just recently I was thinking about how so many stories are camouflaged under the loose cloak of fantasy, and I came to the conclusion that there are four major headings under which could be incorporated all of the various "different plots. There is some overlapping because certain stories can be classified as coming under more than one of the headings, but in the main it is probable that all fantasies are predominantly of:

1. This world
2. Other worlds
3. Other dimensions
4. The weird

In order to identify plots to my own satisfaction, I had to further sub-divide the general, and then it was but a step further to select certain tales which I considered to be typical of each breakdown. It may interest you to glance over my outline, as well as to discover whether or not we are in agreement over any of the stories I've picked to exemplify it. I've given my favorite story as well as a second and third choice in every group, and I'd really be interested in knowing what YOUR selections might be.

Also, there are bound to be further categories I've overlooked, but the following outline is of infinite flexibility and if you think a heading or a subheading needs adding, why help yourself.

1. THIS WORLD. Tales of:

Unknown Lands

- SHE -- H. Rider Haggard.
THE FACE IN THE ABYSS -- A. Merritt.
THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT -- Edgar Rice Burroughs.

The Destruction of Civilization

- WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE -- Philip Wylie and Edwin
Balmer
DARKNESS AND DAWN -- George Allan England.
THE SECOND DELUGE -- Garrett P. Serviss.

Prehistory or the Past

- LEST DARKNESS FALL -- by L. Sprague De Camp.

THE ROARING TRUMPET — L. Sprague De Camp and Fletcher Pratt.
 KING OF WORLD'S EDGE — H. Warner Munn.

Subterranean Adventure

THE MOON POOL — A. Merritt
 AT THE EARTH'S CORE — Edgar Rice Burroughs
 THE EYE OF BALAMOK — Victor Rosseau

Subsea Adventure

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA — Jules Verne
 MARACOT DEEP — A. Conan Doyle
 THE TEMPLE — H. P. Lovecraft

Robots

REINCARNATE — Lester Del Ray
 HELEN O' LOY — Lester Del Ray
 ADAM LINK, ROBOT — Bando Binder

The Future

REBIRTH — Thomas C. McClary
 THE TORCH — Jack Bechdolt
 THE RED HAWK (Part III of THE MOON MAID) — E. R. Burroughs

2. OTHER WORLDS. Tales of:

Life on other Planets

A MARTIAN ODYSSEY — Stanley Weinbaum
 PENTON AND BLAKE novelettes — John W. Campbell
 THE RED BRAIN — Donald Wandrei

Interplanetary Adventure

AFTER WORLDS COLLIDE — Balmer and Wylie
 THE GODS OF MARS — Edgar Rice Burroughs
 TRIPLANETARY — E. E. Smith

War Between the Worlds

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS — H. G. Wells
 INVADERS FROM OUTSIDE — J. Schlossel
 COSMIC ENGINEERS — Clifford Simak

Visitors From Other Spheres

OLD FAITHFUL — Ray Gallun
 THE KID FROM MARS — Oscar J. Friend
 HE FROM PROYCON — Nat Schachner

Superscience

SPACEHOUNDS OF THE IPC — E. E. Smith

GRAY LENSMAN -- E. E. Smith
 SKYLARK THREE -- E. E. Smith

3. OTHER DIMENSIONS. Tales of:

Microcosmic Adventure

THE GIRL IN THE GOLDEN ATOM -- Ray Cummings
 THE DIAMOND LENS -- Fitz-James O'Brien
 A MATTER OF SIZE -- Harry Bates

Macrocosmic Adventure

THE MAN FROM THE ATOM -- G. Peyton Wertenbaker
 COLOSSUS -- Donald Wandrei
 EXPLORERS INTO INFINITY -- Ray Cummings

The Fourth Dimension

THE BLIND SPOT -- Homer Zen Flint and Austin Hall
 BEYOND THAT CURTAIN -- Robert Moore Williams
 LOCKED WORLDS -- Edmond Hamilton

Time Travel

THE SHIP OF ISETAR -- A. Merritt
 THE ASSAULT ON MIRACLE CASTLE -- Hyatt (?)
 THE MAN WHO MASTERED TIME -- Ray Cummings

4. THE WEIRD. Tales of:

Horror

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM -- E. A. Poe
 THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH -- E. A. Poe
 THE CALL OF CTULHU -- H. P. Lovecraft

Ghosts or Entities

THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER -- H. P. Lovecraft
 THE MONKEY'S PAW -- W. W. Jacobs
 OUTWARD BOUND -- Sutton Vane

Monsters

THE MAN WITH A THOUSAND LEGS -- F. B. Long, Jr.
 PROTEUS ISLAND -- Stanley Weinbaum
 SLIME -- P. Schuyler Miller

Surgery

A MATTER OF FORM -- H. L. Gold
 SUCCUBUS -- (?)
 THE EMPEROR'S HEART -- Stanley Kostkos

Fantastic Adventure

GREYFACE -- Sax Rohmer

THE SAPPHIRE DEATH — George F. Worts
 THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED — Sax Rohmer

Vampires, Werewolves, etc.

THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS — Guy Endore
 DARKER THAN YOU THINK — Jack Williamson
 DRACULA — Bram Stoker

Oddities

INTO THE INFINITE — Austin Hall
 BURN, WITCH, BURN! — A. Merritt
 THE PHANTOM IN THE RAINBOW — Slater LaMaster

Well, that's my outline and these are my selections for the best three stories in each group. Why don't you compare your favorites with mine? We will probably be in agreement just about as often as I draw all hearts in a bridge game.

Isn't it sad the way AMAZING has gone to seed? Of course Fantastic Adventures has gone to seed, too, but after all, it's just a baby in the fantascience fold and can't be expected to know any better. But AMAZING should! Yet it's garish, blatant, deliberately childish. The editor has arbitrarily accepted it as a cold fact that the majority of readers have adolescent mentalities, and the format, the contents, and the general calibre of the magazine is styled exclusively for such a group.

Perhaps the policy is a good one, financially speaking. If the claim were made that AMAZING has a better circulation than any other sci-entifiction magazine, I would not contest the statement. But it is nevertheless a disappointment to the mature, sophisticated fan that AMAZING now caters to infants rather than to adults, and even the shining name of Burroughs won't boost it much higher, because Burroughs isn't at his best in AMAZING. He is writing down to his public, rather than over his head.

I once wrote an article which was published in Lew Martin's AL-CHEMIST under the title of "Astounding — Highhat but Tophole." If I were not overcome with laziness at the very prospect I would be tempted to send him a companion piece entitled "Amazing — Lowbrow but Defin-
 itely."

It makes me rather sad to remember the way AMAZING plunged into print in the good old days when it was the sturdy pioneer destined to courageously blaze the way for a horde of fantasy folios, and then to recall its slow decadence into the respectable quasi-existence it barely survived under T. O'Connor Sloane, and then — today! Ugh! I shudder with shame for the traitorous editor who sold AMAZING down the river — for the man who swapped the shining standards of proud scientificational fatherhood, the honor of being FIRST, for the dubious pleasure of being last. Who swallowed the lure of gold and increased circulation and regurgitated the odor of tripe.

Better literary death than dishonor!

Another complaint I'd like to register most emphatically is this: the presiding editor of ARGOSY has not only ruined the readers' p a g e with his very unfunny cracks, but has completely ruined the magazine by re-sizing it.

THE END

THE PREPOSTEROUS PROPHECYING OF TIM P O'NAUTISSHAN

by

- Washington -

JACK SPEER

- A MUTANT Article -

April 1, 1928

Dear Mr. Gernsback--

I know you to have been the founder of the first regular science fiction magazine, and at this time still its editor. I am therefore sending the enclosed manuscript to you. You may consider it for publication as fiction, but as a matter of fact, it is a brief history of the next twelve years.

Yours,

Tim P O'Nautisshan.

June 2, 1928

Dear Mr. Nautisshan:

I have read with much interest the manuscript you sent me, but for a number of reasons find it unsuitable for publication. I might say that I do not usually go into any great detail with the author concerning the reason for rejecting his story, unless there is a possibility of its being re-written to suit our requirements. However, for a new author you show definite promise, and I hope that you will try again with some other story.

You show an unusual ability to string words together smoothly -- that is to say, you have a good writing style; and while this is not the most important thing in writing scientific fiction, it is a big advantage. Your story also had an unusually strong effect of realism, perhaps because of your employment of irrelevant detail to give the tale substance a device employed by the immoral H. G. Wells and other well-known novelists. You seem to have gone to far in this direction, however, so that your story lacks unity.

Also, the general subject matter of the manuscript is not exactly the kind of thing we publish. While it is true that most scientific fiction tales take place in the future, the emphasis is upon the mechanical and social advances, rather than political and economic movements on which there is great disagreement. In the last page of your manuscript, you mention a derivative of Uranium which supposedly heralds the advent of atomic power, and you mention crude television broadcasting George VI's coronation. If you had developed these subjects more, the story would have been more in line with the type of fiction we print. However, the ideas of atomic power and television are old ones now and probably their realization will come sooner than you expect.

As it is, the only scientific advances that figure largely in your story are the tanks and bombers employed by the Germans, which are but slight improvements upon the World War models. Your description of your ideas of future military tactics might conceivably be of interest to military men, except that any army man could see many flaws in the picture you present. For example, the thin line of German soldiers depicted on your map as stretching from Leon to Abberville would be utterly broken up in a day by the Allied armies on both sides of them, so that in stopping your story at this supposedly crucial point, you do not achieve the "Lady or the Tiger" effect which you apparently intended. This is entirely aside from the fact that France would never permit Germany to build up a new military machine, even if the highly successful German

Republic should ever again make such a foolhardy attempt.

I do not think that the pessimistic picture you present would go well with the great majority of Americans and other people all over the world who, almost without exception, live under Republican forms of government and would not think of going backward. Apparently the only reason which you assign for the breakdown of faith in democracy is the world-wide depression which you predict for 1929 and thereabout. I believe you will find that nearly all competent economists will tell you that the post-war depression came and passed in 1921. There is no reason to believe that the present cycle of prosperity and higher standards of living will not go on rising indefinitely. And certainly, if such a tale as yours were published between now and the November elections, it would be construed as an attempt to influence those elections, and work to our disfavor. There is no reason why scientification should become involved in party politics, as I have had to tell a number of writers who have submitted veiled political propaganda to Amazing Stories.

Some of your characters act rather unconvincingly. Governor Roosevelt is not untrue to type, nor are a number of other well-known figures you mention. Adolf Hitler, however, who seems to be the central character of your story, if it has one, is said by you to be a maniac, a raving madman, a fool, a power-mad Nero, a screaming lunatic, and other things indicating mental unbalance, and his lieutenants are referred to as former dope addicts, sadists, and other abnormal things; yet you depict them carrying through successfully an impossibly difficult diplomacy; and finally defeating the French Army, the finest in the world, in the face of insuperable obstacles. Certainly this does not ring true. I believe that there is a German political leader named Hitler, and we would be in peril of very serious trouble if we published a story naming and depicting him thus.

The love story of the Prince of Wales and the American woman is very pastel, as the art critics say, but a little too improbable.

Also quite improbable is the series of incidents which you have named "the crucifixion of Lindbergh". Lindy is firmly enshrined in the heart of America, and his name will rank high on the roll of great Americans as long as Aviation endures.

These last few criticisms bring up a point which, alone, would make it impossible to publish your story without drastic revision. You probably do not know of the rule in publishing circles that living persons, and deceased persons with members of their families still living, must not be used as characters in fiction. Since most of your story rests upon the activities of persons you name again and again, and some of whom, such as the winner of the election this year and the Prince of Wales, could not be possibly disguised, it would be impracticable for you to attempt to rewrite it.

However, as I said at the beginning, I hope to see more of your work, and believe that you will be able to sell us a story some day.

By the way, thanks for the "plug" for scientification that you worked in with the description of the "War of the Worlds" broadcast; but take it from one who knows through long experience, it will be many, many years before the ideas of scientification get that firmly implanted in people's minds!

Yours truly,

Hugo Gornsbach, Editor.

July 5

Dear Gernsy--

Heh, heh!

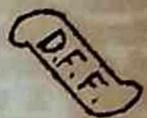
Tim P O' Nautisshan.

The

PASSENGER

Harry
Jenkins, Jr.

LIST



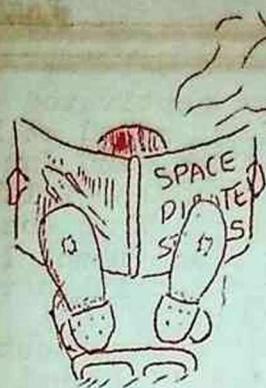
* BIOGRAPHIES OF D.F.F. MEMBERS * ^{NEXT: Low History} of PANURGE!

Conducted..... by.....
--AUTOBIOGRAPHY-- ART R# SEHNERT

After being pursued by the Great Gilbert for almost a week, I am compelled to write my autobiography. I am sadly afraid, however, that it will not be as interesting as those of Fischer and Hanson. But anyway, I shall make a valiant attempt.

On the morning of February 9, 1924, I was born. A very undramatic beginning, but that theme has been carried thruout my life — undramatic. During the early years of my life I did nothing of interest except scoot through grammar school. There I was sharply reprimended by white-haired teachers for reading books above my supposed grade level. But I persisted in reading. During those early years I read too much, for now I can remember very little of what I read then. After leaving grammar school and entering Jr. High School, I became interested in art. I should say, became more interested in art. There in hi school I labored and labored over my artwork as I have never done before. If someone should happen to visit this Jr. High School today, they would undoubtedly find some of my artwork stuck somewhere in the art department. For you see, during those years, I worked evening on evening, on one or two drawings; laboring with water colors and show card paints. It was during these blissful years that I worked for a painter, and learned the combinations of colors, art of lettering, etc. When I entered Sr. High School, I gave up my art, because I couldn't work it in with my studies. But there I took to reading s-f and fantasy rather profilyclly. Verne, Wells, Smith and others were duly assimilated. How well I remember the one day in early '38 when Billy Houston, a collector of s-f and a friend, tried to get me to read some Astoundings. But I was swayed from them by another friend who advised me that I wouldn't understand them.

About two months after the first Startling came out, Houston moved to Georgia, and when he did he found that he could not take his magazines with him. So he sold them to Hugh Robinson and I, since we collected together. We secured Astoundings back to '36, Amazings back to '37, Thrilling Wonder back to early '38, all of Marvel, Dynamic, and Fantastic Adventure. All told we got about 300 s-f magazines in excellent condition for the immense sura of \$1.50. Immediately after acquiring them, I started on the Amazings and Fantastic Adventures and read them with great relish. Then I started in on the Astoundings and Unknowns. It was during this period that I bought a Super Science off the newsstands and noticed a letter from one Joseph Gilbert. Long may this be a red-letter day, at least for me. For through this magazine I met one of the best persons I've ever known. Immediately I wrote him; invited him over to my house, and after about a week he accepted the invitation. When he came, he brought about 10 fan magazines. And his choice of introductory fanzines was good, for he brought Pluto, Inz, Spooooo!!!



"I Like Space Pirate Stories"

. . . by--

Philip A. Schumann

I like Space-Pirate Stories.
You may say what you will, they are the nicest type in the world.
Time yams are nice.

But they are not so nice as Space-Pirate Stories.
I have been told that time stories are elegant.
But I cannot enjoy one.

There are always tin time-machines.
All the inventors are fuzzy-haired fuddleduddles.
There is too much voltage in the dang thing.
If one travels, he's stranded.

The queer invention stories are nice.
But they are not so nice as Space-Pirate Stories.
All the good inventions are yanked by the villain.
The nasty machines are destroyed.
In the end.

All the plots are the same.
There is always a superior amount.
A superior amount of mad scientists.
If anyone invents an invention he gets killed.
By it.
It gets the villain, too.
Too bad.

I like villains.

Sneer.

Not heroes.

Hiss.

And machines.

Clank.

I like Space-Pirate Stories.

There are many lousy pirates.

True.

But they are nasty and brutal.

Often.

And the hero sometimes wins.

Pshaw.

Time machine heroes are all right.

In Space-Pirate Stories they use them, too.

But for men that died before the opening of the story.

Time-Machine Heroes are wonderful mathematicians.

They never drop an equation.

Calculus is for idiots.

They are idiots.

They get lost in the ages.

They break their instruments.

(Continued on next page)

They don't die.
Live while you live.
Then die and be done with it.
They don't.
Immortal jackals.
Dopes.

I like Space-Pirate Stories.
Some of them are too human.
But pirates always get killed.
Killed in dirty duty.
And the hero usually gets it in the neck.
Dirty neck.
The stories have decent authors.
Hoh.

Time-machine authors are bad.
They must type on tissue paper.
And tear the tissue paper.
And smear the tissue paper.
And hand it to the editor.
Who throws it away.
And writes his own idea, anyway.
See, Palmer?

Queer invention stories are irritating.
There is never a faulty invention.
Nor a conquering villain.
Nor a hero without a van dyke.
And a hand-me-down brain.
All queer invention story heroes are old fuddleduddles.
Muddlepuddles.

Bah.
Not even the teeniest bit of sanity about the hero.
No sanity.
No sanity at all.
Nuts.

Then there is the machine.
They give you a bad machine.
And put it in the story.
And keep it in the story.
Oh, Eandoooooo.....
The end of the story is bad.
It is always the same.
The hero falls in the works.
The machine breaks.
Crunch.

Then the plots.
Especially in Time Stories.
You must be a scientist.
Or save your money.
For the Dixiecon.
(Plug.)

Too much mathematics.
Not simple mathematics.

You pay for a time yarn.
You read why two and two aren't six.
Aren't they?

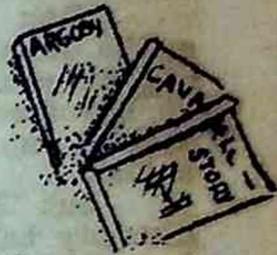
The plot.
Not a scientist in the plot who isn't insane.
Batty as a bedbug.

OL OOC PANURGE

* presents the *

MUNSEY

PANORAMA



Part III. The Cavalier (continued).

All of the following stories are taken from the pages of the Cavalier, and they are presented in chronological order. The dates are July, 1910--December, 1911, inclusive. The publication at this period was monthly.

THE CURING OF KEMILIA, by Wade Warren Thayer. 6pp. July, 1910.

Setting is Hawaii. Keoki's beautiful bride falls ill of a mysterious malady. Keoki is a Christian, but when the best physicians of Honolulu are unable to effect a cure, he calls in a native witch doctor who discovers that the girl is being prayed to death by a rejected suitor. The witch doctor exerts his own magic, and, black or not, it saves the life of the bride.

WIMPLE'S FOG PIERCER, by Burke Jenkins. 5pp, July, 1910.

This is the same Wimple whose "woundless rifle" was noted in the preceding article. English land rights to the fog piercer were sold to a man named Smith who, with the aid of the invention, pulled off one of the most stupendous days of crime England had even known.

It was quite a shock to Wimple.

JIM WILEY AND THE THOUGHT-RECORDER, by Nevil G. Henshaw. 5pp, August, 1910.

The professor's thought-machine actually worked on the first test, but he couldn't believe what it told him, so smashed it with a hammer. A humorous short, well-written.

HIS WONDER PLANT, by Burke Jenkins. 7pp, September, 1910.

Desirous of helping the poor, Wimple devised a food producer. It was based on "diaphragmatic, intenso-mental, electro-magnetic pulsations," and it would produce mangoes almost instantaneously; but no amount of prestidigitation would cause it to grow anything but mangoes; and it happened that Wimple very nearly solved the problem of the poor by eliminating 'em from society.

WIMPLE'S NERVE SOOTHER, by Burke Jenkins. 6pp, October, 1910.

Finale for a great man! Kind-hearted Wimple set out to slow down

the tempo of New York life. New Yorkers were always rushing around, getting neurotic, dying too soon. Improving the nerves of the urbanite would improve his health; so, determining that it was a matter of over-active vibrations, the inventor contrived a sort of counter-vibrator, with which, from the top floor of an office building, he cut the city's speed down to a collective drag.

But hist! A Japanese spy is lurking amongst our midst! The time is ripe--a little secret code work is what is needed here!

Don't ask me how in the hell the Jap fleet ever got within one day's sailing of New York, but there it was. It snuck up on us.

With everybody in the vicinity in a state of downright lethargy, quite some tragedy impended, and Wimple became frantic. He threw the mighty vibrator into reverse, and then--not only did the people of New York resume their mad scramble, but such a devil of a disturbance was kicked up in the Atlantic that the entire fleet of Nippon was annihilated.

But Wimple, alas, did not receive the good news in time. He had already taken the black powder, and before Dick Hardy's eyes he disintegrated.

THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND, by Bertram Leihar. Complete novel, 29pp, February, 1911.

Light comedy. Mythical kingdom stuff, laid in the year 1950.

When a monster airliner is crippled and carried off its course by a storm, Joe Bangs is among the passengers stranded on the unknown island of Lemonia. The queen and populace mistake Bangs for the absent king who has been away thirty years. Bangs is forced to be king, but doesn't enjoy it, because he already had a wife, and the queen is not attractive. Intrigues follow, but he escapes only when the real king returns to the island.

Good as comedy, poor as fantasy.

THE HAWKINS MINTETTE, by Edgar Franklin. 6pp, February, 1911.

Though in general the Hawkins series may be placed in the category of science fiction, this story hardly qualifies.

MR. SCALES BACKS AN INVENTION, by C. Langton Clarke. 8pp, March, 1911.

Perpetual motion hoax.

FOR \$100 CASH, by Edwin Baird. 7pp, June, 1911.

When Larry McGuff told this tale, he was talking for his supper, but his benefactor never was able to prove that the thing didn't happen. And Larry, for all that he was a bum, had a scholarly appearance.

Out of work and starving (said Larry), he began wearing a placard offering to sell himself. Black Whiskers bought him, for one hundred dollars.

Black Whiskers dispensed champagne, strapped Larry to a table in the room of mirrors, and administered the anaesthetic. The last thing Larry remembered was the corpse on the adjacent table--the body of a young Ph. D. When he awoke, Larry had the professor's body, and his own lay dead.

So Larry, who had been a six foot three freight handler, could no longer make a living, and became a sidewalk bum who talked for his supper.

THE SECOND DELUGE, by Garrett P. Serviss. Serial, 7 parts, July, 1911.

This is the sort of thing we mean, gentlemen, when occasionally we use the phrase "the Munsey Masterpieces." This is an example of what all the shooting is about. This is, in short, superb.

In your reviewer's family, the inability to express one's self with enthusiasm has been handed down from generation to generation. The

practice of being unenthusiastic is an art in which he fancies he is adept; but when he finished this novel, the old doctor jumped right out of his chair, reached with both hands for the ceiling, and yelled "Whoops!"

No keed. He dived across the room, slid under the T-writer, and while the keys began to pound out that familiar click-falter-click rhythm, he mumbled thus-wise in his beard:

"Lord, goshamighty! Wait'll I tell 'em! Why this is the b . . . this is the g . . . this . . .!"

Just as though he'd discovered something, see?

I don't mean to tell you what you'll think, but I insist on telling you what I think. I want to sell you this novel, if it harelips me! You'll say, perhaps, that its science is dated; you'll say it drags in certain places; you'll be annoyed, as I was, by the names Serviss gives his characters; but you'll admit it's great stuff, and you'll recognize it as being a milestone in the annals of science fiction.

So confident am I that in the course of time Miss G. will get around to reprinting this work, that I shall be very careful not to spoil it for you by giving away too much of the plot.

Here's the editor's blurb, from the June issue:

"AN AMAZING NEW SERIAL

By the famous Astronomer and Romance Writer

GARRETT P. SERVISS

THE SECOND DELUGE

Wherein the world is sunk in a roar of mighty waters, from which a wise man rescues a few finer souls to build up another human empire.

A Daring Conception."

And that's what it was, really, though you'd hardly call it "a daring conception" in these Amazing, Startling days of '41. But if it sounds good to you, then I promise you, you'll find it good--you'll find it almost as good as When Worlds Collide. Me, I couldn't praise it more highly.

Cosmo Versal is the hero--a comical mite of a scientist who is at once a Noah and a prophet. If you are so profane as to laugh at him when he is serious, you'll still remember him on the last day that you live. He's that type of character; and there are other splendid characters, too.

What happens? Why, a watery nebula swallows the earth, and Cosmo Versal's futuristic ark is the haven of the chosen few. You meet first a hero who actually is a hero; then you see Humanity spelled with a capital "H"; you see mutiny (of course), and fantastic denizens of the sea, and monster submarines, and hair-breadth escapes, and kings and presidents, and people--most especially the latter.

You won't forget Cosmo Versal as he deliberates upon the problem of whom to take with him; you won't forget him as he flees for his life in spirit as well as in body. And he was a midget Atlas also, for the weight of the world rested on his frail shoulders.

Yessuh. Well, suh, I usually play the devil when I try to be either pleasant or convincing, and so I sound off with misgivings.

Because I'd like to sell you this novel.

THE RIBBON OF FATE, by George Allan England. Complete novel, 21pp, July, 1911.

In 1941 they are talking of possible war with Japan. In 1911, with less reason, they were talking of the same thing, the darkling rumors falling under the general term "yellow peril."

Mention of this story really should have been omitted from this

column, but it was listed for the benefit of two types of fan: those who are interested in prophetic parallels, and those who would like to hear about one of the very earliest efforts of a man who later became famous as an author of fantasy.

Here, with the nation on the brink of war, our intrepid hero uncovers a plot on the part of an assistant secretary of the navy (no parallel intended) to deliver Hawaii into the hands of the Japanese fleet.

THE ELIXIR OF HATE, by George Allan England. Serial, 4 parts, August, 1911.

Dr. Granville Dennison, old and about to die, hears through a friend that the secret of eternal life has been discovered by a scientist named Pagani. Dennison rushes to the villa of Pagani at Cette, on the Mediterranean, begs to be made young again.

The old scientist refuses to give Dennison any of the wonderful elixir, on the ground that experiments have not been completed, and he suggests further that his visitor doesn't realize what he is asking.

But Dennison is frenzied with the fear of death. He seizes a cup of the elixir and drains it. A number of fine passages follow, as an otherwise normal man reacts to the staggering knowledge that he is beginning to grow younger.

Pagani is enraged at the American's treasonable act, yet looks forward with ghoulish pleasure to the results of the experiment; and at about this point the reader's attitude toward the main characters is likely to undergo a change. Dennison, who has heretofore been in the role of culprit, begins to elicit your sympathy; whereas Pagani, who at first seemed kindly, wise, farsighted, rapidly develops into a particularly odious villain. It is revealed that coffins secreted in a chamber under the villa contain the bodies of eighteen persons who have at various times disappeared from the world, and the explanation is not hard to guess.

Continuing to grow youthful, Dennison soon enjoys the happiest day of his life--a day on which he falls in love with Pagani's niece, Stasia. But always he is faced with the horrible thought that he is a human guinea pig, and that he doesn't know what the end will be.

Finally, as he sees signs that he is becoming a child, he attempts suicide, but the poison has no effect.

Pagani enthusiastically awaits the end of the experiment, but one thing he has failed to take into account, and that is that while Dennison is now a boy of ten or twelve in body, his mind is the same as before. Pretending an interest in toys, Dennison, now living only for revenge, secretly plans the death of the scientist. He makes deadly arrows for a toy bow, and when the chance presents itself, he kills Pagani, then throws himself into the sea.

Of necessity, the tale is a tragedy and a character study, and in two or three spots it reaches the heights. Though literary faults are in evidence, they are more than balanced by the tenseness and the cleverness of movement. Something about it reminds you of Wells; perhaps the abundance of interesting detail. And the ending--the last page--well, Joseph Conrad could hardly have done it better. It is utterly sad, quietly and beautifully so. I think I have never read a more impressive last page. I couldn't say more and do it justice--I can only say that you ought to read it.

THE SINGING DEVIL, by Buffington Phillips. Complete novel, 42pp, September, 1911.

Hundreds of years before Columbus, said the legend, Frey Aymas sailed westward from Cadiz and discovered a great strange land which he

called Drogio. The men he sent back told tales of a mountain of gold, from the top of which Aymas ruled a powerful empire; and they said that the holy man could fly at will from the top of the mountain to the valley below. They mentioned a fountain that flowed pure gold, and acres of gold at the bottoms of the lakes.

Explorer McPherson found that the legend was true.

In the South American jungle McPherson met a young man (the Singing Devil) who was trying to rescue two girls from the hands of a band of ruffians. McPherson joined him, and in the conflict that followed they were besieged on the top of the ancient mountain. The remnant of the once-great race of sun-worshippers still lived there, and McPherson saw with his own eyes the lakes, the fountain, the altars, and the sacrifice.

The villain, O'Reilly, defeated in the battle, flew away on the wings of Aymas, but was shot down.

First half of the story is slow and awkwardly done, but the second half is rip-snorting action, both weird and fantastic.

THE FEAST OF ABOU BEN RODE, by Henry Christopher Christie. 5pp, September, 1911.

Not weird, not fantasy, not science fiction--but remarkably off-the-trail.

Now Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany dined with a poverty-stricken Arab chieftain--and why.

THE WHITE MAN'S HOPE, by F. Julian Carroll. 8pp, September, 1911.

The world's heavyweight champion was a negro. When it seemed that no white man could beat him, along came Dr. Cantley and knocked out the champ in one round. It was accomplished by means of an injection that increased tenfold the doctor's nerve responses, making his movements so fast that the movie camera failed to record them.

THE PERSON FROM THE PYRAMIDS, by Edgar Franklin. Serial, 4 parts, November, 1911.

Dr. Schlumpf, having isolated that elusive link between aliveness and deadness, and having gotten it into a bottle, needed a dead body to restore to life.

William Haskins, freight agent, had an Egyptian mummy, the owner of which he was unable to locate.

With pardonable scientific frenzy, Dr. Schlumpf swiped the mummy, thus providing himself with virtually the ne plus ultra in dead bodies.

The first shot out of the bottle brought the mummy to life, revealed him to be an ancient king whose title, unofficially, had been "The Son of Disaster;" and within a very short time everybody was unhappy.

The king suffered because he couldn't get it through his head that he wasn't in old Egypt. His subjects were disobedient, his army didn't appear when he summoned it, and, not having dined for four or five thousand years, he couldn't begin to get enough to eat.

Haskins, overly conscientious, was determined to get the mummy back into the box in the freight depot.

Dr. Schlumpf, having created a white elephant, didn't know what the devil to do with it. And to add to the general embarrassment, the Son of Disaster was annoyed at being alive, as he had committed suicide in the first place.

Stepping off from that situation, humorist Edgar Franklin goes ahead with explosive adventures, great dialogue and good characterization; but he confines himself to two or three changes of scene, so that the last three parts of the serial are about the last thing you would expect. Indeed, it's a good bet that you'll find this something dif-

Inasmuch as others will probably be filling fan pages with it, we will just cover one or two incidents at the Denvention. One is the final business meeting, which took place at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of July 6th, 1941. Some of the fans may recall the point that was brought up in L. Sprague de Camp's "Wheels of If" in regard to meetings. Namely, that if the meeting is announced to commence at a certain time, and if when the time rolls around the officers are not present, any member can call the meeting to order and anything the majority decides is in order. Well, one o'clock rolled around and no Wiggins, Hunt, Martin or Daugherty present. So S. D. Gottesman took the gravel and called the meeting to order.

First of all, Milt Rothman proposed a resolution to the effect that the Convention go on record as maintaining the assertion that Yngvi is a louse. This the chairman ruled out of order as it was not the business of the meeting to determine upon personalities. Then Rothman applied for the Denvention award, averring that he was entitled to the honor of "fan undergoing greatest hardships in order to get to Denver" inasmuch as he rode over 1500 miles sitting next to Madle. The meeting heartily concurred. Where will the next Convention be held? it was then asked (Chairman Gottesman industriously swatting at flies throughout the business). Doc Lowndes proposed Baltimore; Don Wollheim proposed Piccadilly Bomb Shelter #3; Milt proposed the birthplace of his grand-sire in Mariyoupa, Russia. A vote was called, and Picadilly Bomb Shelter #3 won.

The second incident is the classic case of the hypnotized prophet. Chet Cohen was attending the Convention equipped with a saintly beard (genuine) since he was planning to go to the masquerade as a prophet. There is an understanding between Chet and Johnny to the effect that Johnny can hypnotize Chester at any time. So, on the evening of July 3d a bunch of the lads were going downstairs in the elevator and Johnny hypnotized Chet to shut him up for the moment, then walked out of the elevator leaving him standing rigid against the side. The poor elevator boys, knowing nothing of Futurian peck-rights, were beside themselves. They tried to revive him; they unloosed his collar and rubbed his wrists; water they sprinkled upon him and smelling salts they wafted under his nose. All to no avail; Chester was as one of stone. So with great difficulty they carried him up to the second floor and laid him out on a couch. Johnny had forgotten all about Chet. Comes the time when a large knot of us are gathered outside the Shirley arguing and trying to gather funds for a bottle of vermouth, and one of the elevator boys comes out and tells us one of our friends is sick upstairs. We all dash madly up — and it's Chet, lying rigid with his eyes glassily open. Everyone crowds about, all diagnosing and prognosing. Finally Johnny quiets everyone. "Chester," he says clearly and snaps his fingers. And Cohen arises, looking about him bewilderedly.

Oh, yes, there had been plans to get the Denvention written up in Newsweek, but when Doc Lowndes (who'd handled it) arrived home, he found the following letter from them: "Thank you for sending us the program of the Convention of World Science Fiction, and for your copy. Frankly, we are full of regret that we did not do the story. The program came late, we had several other stories ready, and we didn't know until too late just what to expect of your group. Now we know, and regret what we missed. We would like to do it this week, even, if it were not for the insistence of our editor that stories be pegged definitely to "last week".

I am looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to

doing the story next year, and I would like to be able to count on you for a program or an advance notice. Thank you for all your trouble, and I will hope to hear from you a year from now." (This was in nostopara-
 grafing, honest.)

So, we respectfully suggest to the 1942 Convention committee that they send Newsweek a carbon of the copy on the program when it goes to the printer (assuming that it goes the week before the Calicon) in order that Newsweek will have a chance to live up to its pledges.

Incidentally, we hereby suggest the cognomen: "Calicon" for the 1942 Convention; the idea originated, so far as we know, with G h e t Cohen.

damon knight is now living with Futurians Roger Conway, Doc Lowndes, and John B. Michel at the Futurian Embassy, 142 West 103d Street, New York City. Though he's only been here a day or so, initiations have gotten well under way; he's met Studley and R. G. Thompson; he's seen the Pohl's and Joseph, their cat; he's met Jessica and Elsie; he's had a Chinese supper and also a montage prepared by Doc, and he's tried to get the knack of eating with chopsticks; not so bad for a starter. Oh, yes, he's also chortled at copies of old Horror Stories we have lying around.

Don Wollheim thinks that the best phrase for the 1942 Convention is: "LAcOn".

Morley hereby regrets that the story "A Matter of Philosophy had to be withdrawn from the Southern Star; as we told Gilbert, people seemed to think it could sell. However, Campbell said no, and we were just about to return it to Joe when we found just the right spot for it in Science Fiction upon which we were tying up loose ends. So Morley will (eventually) write another tale especially for Star. ((Goody! If it's anywhere as near as good as "AMOP" 'twill receive a most hearty welcome. JG)).

It's probably no secret by now that Fred Pohl is no longer connected with Fictioneers and that Astonishing and Super Science may disband after the next issues of each. Just precisely why Pohl was fired is not quite certain -- we've heard that it's a rule with Popular (and its branches) that any of their magazines which drop below a certain circulation point are automatically suspended and the editors bounced. However, there are many possibilities and E. E. Evans, in telling what happened to Chas. R. Tanner's third "Tumithak" just touched the fringe of one series.

It's also probably well-known by now that Science Fiction magazine combines with Future Fiction, effective the October issue. And that the October issue features Cummings "The Man on the Meteor" and a cover by Hannes Bok; the first colored cover he'd done for stf. Coming up are Cummings' "Around the Universe" and "Into the Fourth Dimension". The double-spread illustration for "Man on the Meteor" is by Bok, because Paul never turned in the one Doc ordered just before leaving for Denver. Issue will be out late for that reason -- everything was ready except that one double-spread. Fortunately, the editor got back in time to prevent the necessity of having one of the staff artists do it. Doc also seems pretty happy about the fact that he accepted a story by Milt Rothman (Lee Gregor) on the spot at Denver, and gave it to Roy Hunt to illustrate then and there. ((Seems to me that that combination would make anyone happy. JG)).

Hannes Bok and B. I. Dolgov are doing quite a bit of collaborating these days. They sign their combined efforts: Dolbokov. Among the stories that Dolbokov has illustrated are "Earth Does Not Reply" (Lawrence Woods) and "Path of Empire" (Hugh Raymond) coming up in Science Fiction

Quarterly, "A Message for Jean" (Morley) and "Prometheus Unbound", coming up in Stirring and/or Cosmic. Bok and Studley also do a bit of working together these days. However, the best yet is the drawing Dolbokov did for Paul Dennis Lavond's "Something From Beyond". Dolgy drew the ship and Bok did the monster. Then they put their heads together. Let's fill up the space with Finlay stars, they said to themselves. Which they did. With remarkable restraint, they didn't sign the drawing "Fin-dolbok".

THE END

From The Dual Controls. Concluded from page 2

ther of Chauvenet's splendid articles. Note that the STAR is using a different type of material from any other fanzine; thought-provoking, controversy-provoking articles and departments of lasting interest, in contrast to the fluffy stuff that has transient interest and transient interest only. A little humor is used, fiction is printed only when it is of professional or near-professional quality. Material of this type is always heartily welcome. Nothing is ever cut for length, and only stuff that violates our religion, sex, politics, feuding taboos are ever censored out. Tucker, by the by, wants us to announce that we cut several passages violating that second taboo out of his column. Which we hereby do. Now we can die happy. We have censored Tucker.

We end with one last plea to every reader —

Write!

oooo / oo / ooo / ooo / JOO / ooo / ooo / ooo / ooo / ooo / ooo / ooo

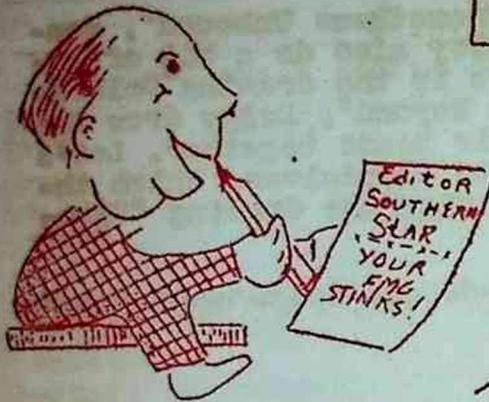
The Handwriting On The Wall. Concluded from page 9

point; for, quite obviously, feuds, misunderstandings, petty hatreds cannot sprout when the other party reserves his opinion until and after all factors are known. He recognizes the fact that no person is all bad; no situation without its redeeming virtues, and acts accordingly. Wherein he comes as close to being a grade A, 100 percent superman, mentally, as any other ordinary human being will ever be able to approach.

His powers of concentration are most excellent. They enable him to correlate and handle detail with the instinctive, if I may coin a phrase, "logical intuition", of the born creative worker. For much as I dislike that trite and somewhat grandiose phrase it must apply here. Creative, he is, with a certain rhythm and patience that helps to explain his ability and love for music. His energies go in great part to his brain, and he is probably not very active physically. With his interest in and ability for detail he is able to assemble many small and apparently inconsequential trivials into one large and logical whole. This results in a critical faculty that is keen, sharp and penetrating to an indeed remarkable degree.

His personality is unostentatious, quiet, likable. For despite his rather hermit-like leanings, his mental development, his interest in abstract matters, Harry Warner is still a fellow with a humane, social nature, which, if unlike the extravagant extrovert's actual need for people, nevertheless finds expression in his liking and respect for the rights of those about him. He is simply a nice guy trying to get some fun out of life without stepping on anybody's toes in the process, and giving a hand every now and then to someone else involved in the same procedure. And certainly there can be no finer tribute to any ordinary human being than that.

From The



Passenger Lounge

By The Readers * GOD BLESS 'EM *

ANN-ISSUE? HECK, WE'LL PRINT THE DARN THING ON SLICK PAPER, FEATURE A STORY BY H. G. WELLS, A. MERRITT, AND BESMITH. IT'LL BE DONE IN RED INK SO THAT WE'LL GET INVESTIGATED BY THE DIES COMMITTEE, AND WON'T HAVE TO BOTHER WITH THE THING ANYMORE!

Received SS yesterday while indulging in my favorite pastime of splashing oils on a canvasboard. Staggering under the weight of it, I dragged it into my den and read the mag thru, covertocover.

Ye Gods! how can you offer 40 pages for a dime and not go bankrupt? ((We can't. We went bankrupt some time back. But we're used to it, and our creditors are becoming acclimated, so why worry? JG)). Even once is a lot, but when you plan on having the same number each issue, for the same price, the shock is too much. What I'm wondering is what you'll do for an ann-issue?

Jenkins' covers this time are good. However, I wish he would get away from the strange and weird monsters that he is continually turning out. The interior pics and department headings are good also, but still could stand a bit of improvement. Duplication in this issue is twice as good as that in the first I'm happy to notice. I hate illegible mimeography even worse than illegible hektoing. One thing I wish you'd get away from is this continuing articles and columns at different places th-

roughout the magazine, and then giving the wrong page on which to find them? Example: the article on ERB, which was supposed to be continued on page 16. Another improvement would be to cease continuing items altogether, and printing them on consecutive pages. I know it takes quite a bit more work in preparing a dummy, but I think it's worth it.

Will rate the mag by the Spaceways system since you have requested same (it's easier on me, too!) ...YNGVI IS NOT A LOUSE: 7. Perdue is sadly mistaken; Yngvi is, and always will be a louse. ...ERB: A Critique: 8. FROM THE STARPORT: 9. Fischer writes the kind of stuff I find interesting. ...The poetry I won't rate, as I'm afraid I wouldn't give it a square deal — I don't like poetry. REBUTTAL by Saari 8. Saari is Saari, and I would give him ten but I can't in fairness give such a high rating to a technical article; they're okay, and this was above average, but I don't especially like 'em. Fischer's autobiography: 10. I do like blogs and autobiogs. FROM THE PASSENGER LOUNGE: 9. A damn good letter section; long and interesting. The only thing that kept it from getting ten was the mixup of pages, and the not too-good heading.

SOUTHERN STAR is the biggest bargain in the fanzine field!

--PHIL BRONSON

THANK YOU. SPEAKING OF ART, WE'D LIKE TO POINT OUT HARRY'S COVER POLICY: A SERIOUS FRONT COVER AND A HUMOROUS BACK ONE. INTERIORS CAN BE

CONCERNED WITH ANYTHING ON EARTH. LET US KNOW HOW YOU LIKE THE TRILOGY IDEA EXPLAINED IN THE EDITORIAL, WON'T YOU?

Enclosed is two bits for three SOUTHERN STARS. If possible, would like to start with #1. ((Sorry; every single copy of number one has been gone for months. If, however, demand is heavy enuf it may be reprinted. What about it, readers? JG)). Have looked through damon's ((damon "snide" knight. One of our favorite people. JG)) copy of #2, and from such a short scanning like the looks of it very much, especially the article on the Munseys. Have not read very much in it, but what I have is good. Your format is very good, especially the story heads. Covers o.k. Only fault is a slight messiness in the mimeoing, but you will probably have that licked by the next issue. It's a job to put out a neat mag without a lot of practice, but you're a long way toward it.

--BILL EVANS

FROM THE MUMBLER ---

Southern Star? Is the second issue out? ((Yes. JG)). Oh, hell yes, here it is. I thought it was a Sunday School weekly, or a tourist guide to Paris, with that fancy lettering at the top and the winged thig-a-ma-jig in the picture. When did Jenkins visit Paris? For that matter, when did he visit Perri? Not a bad caricature of her on the rear cover altho his interpretation of Pohl is awful. ((Check. As a cartoon, it was not intended to bear any real resemblance to the original. Our thanks, tho, to both Pohl and Perri for the very good humored way they took the joke. JG)). She is a looker, tho. ((Again, check. Emphatically! JG)).

Chauvenet brings to mind my pet hate --- Burrough's habit of abruptly and heartlessly leaving Tarzan surrounded by the Mumbi-Garbils ten thousand spears and

cking his chest --- to go galloping away to London where Dame Whatnot is serving tea and crumpets, and the gas man is hollering for his money! Damn but I hate Burroughs because he does that! The style may have attracted and held other readers, but I report with unsullied conscience that many are the Burroughs books I have hurled across the floor in utmost disgust because -- in the next chapter -- he started writing another story instead of (a) finishing off Tarzan; (b) finishing off the nasty natives with poisoned spears. I will not read Burroughs to this day because I know the book will do the same thing! I must have my books simple and straightforward; I cannot understand or follow any other kind. Frequently I buy books that, at the end of each chapter, have a little printed notice: "Continue reading on the next page." This helps me immensely.

But perhaps you would like it on the Warner system, eh?

Front Cover: 9. (okay as I said.)

Rear ditto: 3. (stinky, as I said.)

Editorial: 6. (you aren't effervescent).

Yngvi/lous: 7. (Perdue having fun --- his kind.)

Panorama: 10. (It could hardly be otherwise).

ERB by LRC: 8. (it reminded me of my hate).

Starport: 7. (fresh stuff mixed with stale stuff).

Article/MR: 8. (three guesses as to what Milty is talking about.

B. Magic: 10. (I like this, and I like Tillman).

Poetry: ? (my poetry has to be barromm style).

Morley news: 6. (propaganda by Lowndes).

Spacewar: 8. (why not spitballs at thirty parsecs?).

Passengers: 9. (very good information on Fischer).

Lounge: 7. (fans talk too much)

--BOB TUCKER

THE INTERLUDES WILL NOT PLAY QUITE SO IMPORTANT A PART IN THE PANORAMA

OF FUTURE ISSUES.

The weather man said it would rain here today. When it rains I can't work, so I try to catch up on my correspondence. The wk WM was right -- if it kept raining like this for forty days and forty nights, the famous flood of biblical record would be as a mere trickle in the desert.

Oh, yeah, THE SOUTHERN STAR. It is a lot better, Joe. There is still room for some improvement in duplication, as you say, but duplication is generally good. The masthead and the cover pic are greatly improved. I suggest that an inexpensive draftsman's irregular curve would help in cutting curved lines, but you have done pretty well. ((Not I; all the credit for the art-work goes to Harry. JG)). The headings are vastly improved, but still not up to the rest of the magazine, with the exception of those for the editorial and for the reader section.

So you want some numbers. O. K. Contents page, 9.5 -- one of the best. Contents in order of appearance in the Log: 7.5, 8, 8.5, 8.7, 8, 8.5, 7, 7.5, 7, 6.5, 9, 8, 6, 6. Cover 7. Some of those numbers are too high, but I don't know which ones.

Saari's "Rebuttal" and Chauvenet's "Critique" interested me most in this issue. I know enough physics and mathematics to understand the arguments, but not enough to present them so adequately. Or maybe, I'm just lazy, and would rather have it done for me. (The above applies to Saari, not Chauvenet!) In Chauvenet's case, as usual, the thing which appeals to me is the painstaking perfection, real or apparent, which runs through the presentation of his ideas. The Munsey Panorama is even better this time, although, like some others, I would rather see less non-essential interludes etc. The survey of THE CAVALIER was especially interesting to me, because I have never read any of

the stories in that magazine.

So long and good luck!

--D. B. THOMPSON

THAT SIGMA UPSILON MIXUP WAS GILBERT'S FAULT -- THE DOPE. WE APOLOGIZE FOR THE ERROR, AND WILL CHECK SUCH THINGS MORE CAREFULLY IN THE FUTURE.

Rating the issue as per the system you suggested, and omitting reference to my own material for good and obvious reasons, here's the way I rate the various items, and with me "10" means practically perfect from a fan magazine standpoint.

FROM THE DUAL CONTROLS--8, YNGVI IS NOT A LOUSE--3, THE MUNSEY PANORAMA--9... ERB--A CRITIQUE--7,10 (this kid is good!), ARTICLE by Rothman--4, THE TELECASTER--9, BLACK MAGIC--6, FROM THE NEW YORK COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE-- (but has very good possibilities, of course), REBUTTAL by Saari--10, FROM THE PASSENGER LOUNGE--10, FROM THE INTER-TRADING POST--10, STAR SONG--overall 8, artwork--8, makeup--9, contents page--10.

That makes 15 items appraised for an average of 8, which is to my mind a very high decile for a fan magazine as a whole.

I want to correct one remark made by Sehnert in my autobiography (I blush), I did NOT found SIGMA UPSILON. It has existed for years and years. I did not even found the Tennessee chapter. It had been dead for 12 years and I rounded up a few professors and editors on the campus and revived it. Sehnert will have people thinking I was a ring-tailed rhamphorinkus on the campus.

--FRED W. FISCHER

SEVERAL POORLY ASSEMBLED COPIES OF THE STAR WENT OUT BEFORE WE BEGAN CHECKING. IF ANYONE RECEIVED ONE OF THESE BAD NUMBERS, WILL HE PLEASE RETURN IT TO US? WE WILL REFUND THE POSTAGE AND PROMPTLY SEND ON A GOOD COPY IN EXCHANGE.

Southern Star came. Very, very nice issue. I liked it. But -- WH-

WHERE IS FISCHER'S COLUMN? I REPEAT--
WHERE IS FISCHER'S COLUMN???

...Gad, imagine the way I felt: so anxious to read it I was foaming at the mouth, and then to find it missing!

Naturally, after all that is off my chest, I feel better. So a few comments on this issue wouldn't be amiss. The issue as a whole except for the generally mixed up continuations and page-numbers, and such, has improved in format over last time, I believe -- mimeoing exceptionally good for a first try with the mimeo. Front cover excellent, except for the lettering which I somehow didn't like; back one not quite. (And by the way, if it's possible for you to stencil all or almost all the issue before mimeoing anything, why not leave "Continuations" minus the page numbers until you have the whole thing stenciled, and then fill in the right pages? ((An excellent suggestion, and one that will be followed in this and future numbers. Mimeoing before stencils were all finished, is the reason for the majority of errors in the previous issue. JG)).

Material: Best are Panurge, Chauvenet, and Rothman. I'm not going to go into detail on the various items because (a) I'm getting sick and tired of seeing letters from me in the letter section of every fanzine; (b) I want to go back to Spaceways and it would take four pages to go into everything in detail; (c) I'm getting a headache, and to think would naturally make it worse!; and (d) my opinions aren't worth much to me, and I'm sure they mean even less to you. ((Pardon the contradiction, please, but you are very wrong indeed on that last point! JG)). Golly, I sound as morbid as Tucker does sometimes. Anyway, since you want ratings, here goes; from the contents page -- that is the way they're listed on the contents page: 6; 4; 8; 7; ???; 8; 6; 5; 6; 6, 4, 4, 3, 5; 6; 7; 7; 6; 5; 2; Front cover 6; back one: 3. All

issue; for the most part, in my opinion, for I'm nonconservative with ratings -- far more than the average guy -- and an eight from me means about as much as a 10 from someone else.

A few words about some of the items I can't resist. Panurge's feature is swell, but somehow it isn't quite what it should be. I can't exactly put my finger on it, but I think its main fault is that of the intrinsic nature of it: cataloguing. A little is all right but no one can possibly remember what so many stories were about, and the good introduction, interlude and ending don't quite enliven it enough. But I still like it immensely all the same; it's just that it suffers from the same troubles as any such list, no matter how well done. ((Personally I believe that with the article coming into the very fertile field of really famous classics that most of us have heard of, but have no way of reading, the cataloguing and reviews become most valuable and welcome. This in addition to pointing out the little known but very fine fantasies that pop up now and then -- such as the Norman Douglas' "An Unnatural Feud" classic mentioned in the last issue. As Panurge has said the search for these old fantasies is all-inclusive and misses nothing. A search as unique as it is varied and interesting. JG)). Glad to have someone say some things about Burroughs although he's always left me completely cold. Probably it's because I didn't read any of his work until I'd been reading the prozines for three or four years, but I certainly don't enjoy it; just couldn't finish several of his books, and yet can't get sore at him the way I get sore at Cummings...

And with that I leave you. Swell work, all the same, the Star is certainly one of the best half-dozen fanzines right now, and with a few more issues it should go right to the top.

WE AGREE ABOUT SPACE SHIPS, IF THE LATTER ARE WELL-DONE. YOUR LETTER HAS, IN FACT, INSPIRED THE TRILOGY BY JENKINS TO BE FEATURED IN COMING ISSUES. WE WERE MUCH HOPE YOU LIKE THEM, THERON, AND YOUR COMMENTS WILL BE APPRECIATED.

Your second issue topped your first one by a light year. I actually enjoyed it! Your department heads are much better, your typewriter is fixed, and the mimeo job is twice as good. Oh, yes, you put three staples in this time, as compared to two; last time; and added ten more pages.

...The second cover is better than the first one, but I think a space ship would be better. I will never get tired of them, even though you do think they are a symbol of triteness in covers.

The best single item this issue is Oliver Saari's Rebuttal to Space Ships and Space War. Other very good departments were The Telecaster, From The N. Y. Communications Office, From The Starport (excellent), and The Munsey Panorama (just what we need.) That's about all, I guess.

--THERON RAINES

P. S. That thing on the cover somehow reminded me of Van Vogt's "Black Destroyer".

T. W. R.

RATINGS VIA THE WARNER ONE TO TEN SYSTEM ARE, MOST EMPHATICALLY, WANTED. 1 BOTTOM, TEN TOPS: THE INTERMEDIARY NUMBERS GRADING AN ARTICLE GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT.

Now comes a brief interval of southern star-gazing time. The front cover receives a nine. I'm using the Warner-Youd system. Say, that's what you wanted! Isn't it? (But definitely! JG)). Editorial gets a seven. Yngvi is not a louse absorbs a six. Panurge pounces upon a nine. The same for Chauvenet. Fischer fishes up an eight point five. Milty minces upon an eight point eight. The Telecaster takes a ten minus three point five as

does Tillman. The Panurge filler falls a seven point two. The poems average a five. Morley munches upon a six while Saari takes a seven point one. The passenger list lurks upon an eight point nine. The lounging readers rake down an eight. The back cover gets a six, but I don't get the meaning, if there is any. I do get at the end of this note; so, now I do leave you.

--RAJOCZ

THE STAR WILL STAGGER OUT ON TIME FROM NOW ON. AND SAY! THIS LETTER REMINDS US --- WATCH FOR OLLIE'S "THE DOOR"; COMING UP SOON IN ASTOUNDING.

The second issue of the STAR caught me right in the middle of final exam week, furnishing pleasant diversion from some very bore some studying.

Very pleasant. "Munsey Panorama" by this fellow Panurge tops the issue. Reminds me of a strip-tease -- reveals just enough about those old stories to make one slobber to read them. If somebody doesn't reprint that H. Rider Haggard thing, or if I can't get it in the library, I'm gonna commit Hari-Kari. The rest of the stuff was passable, tapering down to "Yngvi Is Not A Louse", which, thru--no--fault-of-the-author-but-only-because-of-the-subject-matter-or-lack-of-it, stank. That, of course, is eliminating from consideration a certain item by Saari, which, I now realize, reeked with more smug self-assurance than the theoretical nature of the subject would warrant. ((Being only the guy who wrote the thing, Oliver, your opinion there doesn't count. Besides the readers and I disagree with you strongly. JG)). One gets that way batting formulas around. That was a very good critique of Burroughs' works, I thot. You have a good letter column, also... Your mimeograph job could stand improvement in a few places, but, once having been sole typist, stencil-cutter, and mimeographer

of a 120 page forestry textbook, I know just what you fellows are against. But I got boiled in land for every typographical error. Have you boys found out yet the importance of having a good dummy copy of the entire mag before doing any stencil cutting, with spa-

Contents page.....	9.2
The Munsy Panorama.....	9.0
ERB.....	8.2
Passenger List(Fred Fischer)...	8.0
Spacewar.....	7.9
Telocaster.....	7.6
Inter. Trading Post.....	7.5
Editorial.....	7.4
Starport.....	7.3
Front Cover.....	7.0
Morley's News.....	6.8
Black Magic.....	6.6
Article by Milty.....	6.4
Poetry.....	6.1
Filler by Panurge.....	6.1
Yungvi Is Not A Louse.....	6.0
Rear Cover.....	4.0
Interior Ill. by Fischer.....	3.5

9/118.3

Issue as a whole.....6.6
'43 -- not '42. See you again next issue -- and don't forget those ratings!

cos carefully figured out for drawings? No doubt --- but a couple of the pages don't show it.

All in all, it was above average for a fan mag, and let's hope we don't have to wait so long for the third issue.

--OLIVER SAARI

Some of these ratings are not strictly accurate, due to the fact that several people rated items that others neglected. In addition there were not a sufficient number of ratings for a really accurate poll of reader opinion. To the nine who were good enuf to send in ratings this time, our heartiest thanks.

We would appreciate it if everyone who writes this time will rate the issue by the Spaceways system. A letter is not necessary, altho always welcome; a postal will do nicely.

Correction: on the last page of the Passenger List you are exhorted to come to the "Dixiecon". Well it's a swell idea, but the date is

issue -- and don't forget those ratings!

T I R E D O F S K I M P Y F A N A R T W O R K ?

Then, pal, the thing for you is a magazine devoted exclusively to the best fan art, by the best fan artists, reproduced in four colors on one side of the paper. Lovely dream, is it not? Well, just to make the dream more impossible of fulfilment, wouldn't it be swell to have a magnificent Tom Wright on 36 lb bond in blue ink, with a picture that it would seem utterly impossible to stencil. You drooling? Good! To complete the list we need a cover design by Hunt, a picture by Hunt, and other pics by such artists as Jones, Jenkinson, Fortier, Nealson, deLaire danon knight, Mary Evelyn Rogers, Jack Fields, and Phil Bronson. And to top it all off a revealing article advancing by Ackerman advancing the latest figures on nudos in fan magazines. Profusely illustrated! There should also be an autobiography of an outstanding fan artist each issue too, but of course all this is just a pipedream. How could you expect to find all this for only a dime; three for a quarter?

The question is not purely rhetorical. You can find all this in the latest issue of - - -

F A N A R T

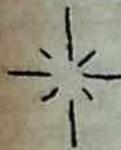
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