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# SPACESHIP 10

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1950

Editors: Bob Silverberg  
Saul Diskin

F.A.P.A., N.F.F.F., Q.S.F.L.

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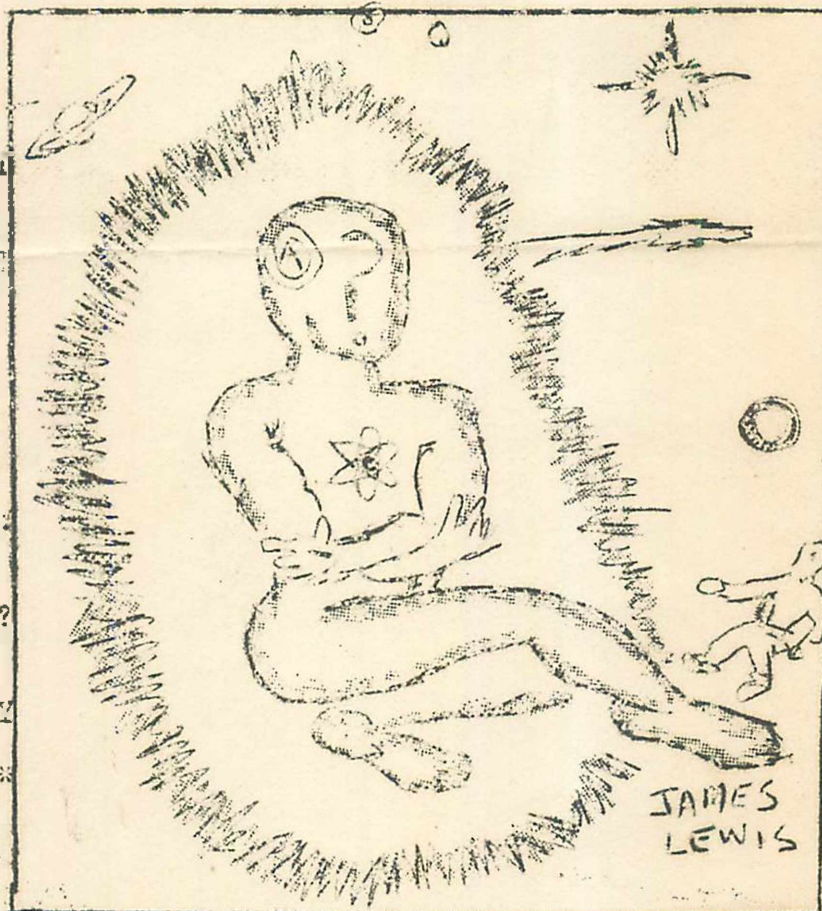
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Next issue on sale on or before December 15th, 1950



..... F D I T O R I A L .....

The previous issues of SPACESHIP have been at least 2/3 fiction. Our new editorial policy will be to limit our fiction to not more than 2000 words an issue. At the same time, we now need non-fiction articles on general aspects of science fiction, of almost any length. We will welcome all contributions.

MORE AND MORE, the Hoscowitz-Sykora feud has been brought into the national spotlight. We needn't go into the background of the argument between these two old-time fans; the bickering between rival New York clubs has now reached a height of idiocy.

Recent developments include Sykora's passionate pleading that the metropolitan fans boycott Moscovitz's Hydra Club convention last July (Will even sent out printed postcards and telegrams), and the Moscovitz ruling that the members of Sykora's Queens SF League could not join the Eastern SF Association which he heads.

On account of this the New York fans have been given a national "black eye" and probably will not see a world convention until the foud is over.

Let's call off the battle, boys, and clear the way for a  
central Metropolitan Science Fiction club.

SECRET

We would appreciate comments on SPACESHIP's new format. The most interesting of the letters received will be printed in next issue's letter-column, "Soapbox". Let's hear what you have to say! The next issue of SPACESHIP will appear on or before Dec. 15... featuring a story by our popular Charles Morris, plus the best of our new non-fiction articles. Order your copy now!

MAYBE I'M NOT a connoisseur of fanzines, but certainly I have experienced most of the hardships of publishing and editing a fanzine that are experienceable. Therefore, I feel qualified enough to dissertate on the subject.

First, let us start with the conception of a fanzine--we'll call it "Fanzine X" for no particular reason. No doubt the editor or editors have had some science-fiction background, usually from reading up on some of the older prozines. Occasionally an old-timer ventures again into the field of fan publishing.

In his mind, the editor pictures how he'd like the zine to look. The next step is the collection of material for the first issue. There should be a balance of material. Fiction and non-fiction should be in proportion. The editorial policy should be set forth in the first issue and the editor should try to adhere to this policy for as long as the mag exists. This was the first mistake we made in the early SPACESHIP--overbalancing the fiction. Our first issue ran three serials which did nothing else but lose interest and customers.

The next thing is to make sure that the mag is legible--from the start! No matter how you print it, whether by hektograph, mimeograph or carbon paper, it pays in the long run to be painstaking. (And expect to take many pains!) A mag that's easy to read is your best advertisement--which brings us to advertising.

Besides cramming your mag down the throat of the local yokels, try to get reviews in prozines and in other fanzines. You'll find it pays to advertise at every chance you get. Through correspondence many subscribers are gained. Also, get your name and the name of your fanzine around in s-f circles as much as possible, either by writing letters to promags with mention of your magazine or by joining clubs (FAPA, SAPS, QSF, etc.)...

If you are short of material, write letters to fans you know asking for contributions. Usually a number of unsolicited (and rather poor, on the whole) contributions will come in after each prozine review--but some good stuff always comes through. If you want to keep a certain writer penning for you alone, here's one sure-fire method: build him up in your magazine, and eventually he'll produce stories of the caliber you've said his poorer stories were.

Next, after a few issues of "Fanzine X" in which you have shown profit, try to enter a magazine in an organization like FAPA. I advise doing it only after showing profit to cover the loss of giving away 70 mags. But in an organization like FAPA, you really pick up tips about technique, duplicating and quality.

The publishing of a fanzine is both enjoyable and rewarding (though not always in money!) We took the leap; what about you?

Saul Diskin

(first in a series of suggestions on fanzine publishing)



# "THE EXTERMINATORS"

by DAVID ENGLISH

LARRY BARNES HAD AWAKENED expecting nothing to mar the placidity of that balcyon spring day. He had, for the first time in many months, thought of his alarm clock as an angelic harbinger of dawn, instead of some sadistic ogre which delighted in tearing him bodily from the arms of Morpheus.

After dressing quickly he rushed downstairs, optimistically looking forward to a cup of delicious coffeodrunk between ecstatic mouthfuls of hot, golden-brown toast.

He made the cofec and poured. Then he reached into the cupboard and drew forth a bowl of sugar. Without looking he emptied the correct amount into the cup. Then he gazed at the coffee for a happy moment. And his happiness lasted only for a moment, for writhing in the cup were several very agitated ants!

"Damn!", he swore simply, and then more olaborately, "Goddamn!".

Having assured himself that divine wrath would fall upon thho hapless ants, he emptied the cup into the sink. Then with utmost care he washed the ants' scalded remains down the drain.

"The cupboard's probably full of them", he said angrily. He went to see. It was. He swore again and determined to put a stop to this unholy violation of the precinct of his cupboard.

He went to the phonebook and thumbed through the yellow pages. After much labor he discovered a page that was headed "Exterminators". Under that it asked that he "See 'Pest Control!'".

He did.

Under Pest Control he discovered that such work would be done inexpensively and confidentially by Mr. R. Jones. He dialed Mr. Jones' number and waited.

A moment later, a dry voice informed him that he was speaking with "R. Jones--Exterminator". The voice quoted the rates.

Larry asked "How much would it be to free my home from pests?"

"Well", said Jones, "it shouldn't cost too much--but I'll have to look the job over to be sure. When would it be convenient?"

"As soon as possible", said Larry. "This morning if you can come."

"I think I can. What's your address?" Larry gave him the desired information and hung up. He went into the kitchen and inspected the ants again.

"I'll soon be rid of you", he said, pointing an accusing finger. The ants did not care. They went on with their feast.

He went into the living room, intending to read a magazine until

5 R. Jones arrived. He did this for half an hour. Then he remembered that he hadn't shaved. He went upstairs to do this. In shaving he made the mistake of trying to smear at ants at the same time. He failed and cut himself badly.

As he was finishing there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!", he called. The knocking ceased and the door opened.

"It's me--Jones", said a voice.

"The ants are in the kitchen", replied Larry.

"Oh, I don't exterminate ants", said the voice.

To say the least, this statement surprised Larry. What the heck?", he mumbled, wiping his face. "I'll put a stop to this nonsense!"

He walked down the stairs to find a gigantic ant waiting for him.

"We exterminate people", R. Jones explained.

THE END

.....  
MY CASTLE ON VENUS

I built me a castle on Venus:  
It sure cost me a lot,  
But it stood like an isle of beauty  
Amid the jungle's unholy rot,

Then the planet upped  
And shook her mighty frame.  
So through the hills, the 'cushion,  
A-roaring, came.

And shook down the door,  
Smashed the walls,  
Tore up the floor,  
And caved in the halls!

Thus my castle was ruined  
With a crash and a roar.  
Now it's gone forever, and  
I don't live there any more.

--David English

WANTED

Non-fiction articles on general aspects of pro & con s-f. - Also serious poetry. Will pay for contributions with 1 free copy.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

WILDE STAR--Alan M. Grant, 129 Edgemoor Street, Payetteville, N.Y. 154 6/852.

QUANDRY--Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St. Savannah, Ga. 104.

SPACE MAGAZINE. Clyde Hanback, 1228 15th St. N.W., Washington 6, D.C. 154 4/604. /// OPERATION ELIMINIST; Capt. R.F. Slater, 13 Gp. R.P.C., B.A.O.R. 23, c/o G.P.O. England. 154 4///SLASH; Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, N. Ireland. 2,1 proze



# DIANETICS...

fact or fantasy?

Four months ago, a thick, green book appeared which promised to make a giant-sized stir in the scientific world. Your editor along with many others went immediately head-over-heels in favor of the book.

After a careful re-reading, it begins to appear that Dianetics is not all that it's reputed to be. It is a remarkable tribute to the powers of advertising that Dianetics has remained up in the top five of the best-sellers so long.

At first sight, the book appears to be a veritable fountain of miracles... "all non-germ diseases cured"... "live to be 120"..... "indelible memory"... "infallible therapy"...

Maybe its just my air of scepticism, but can these things be done? Can it be proven that the human mind is just another machine, subject to breakdowns and able to be repaired just by the tightening of a few mental screws?

L. Ron Hubbard, the author of Dianetics (Hermitage House \$4.00) theorizes that all mental ills and all of the so-called "psychosomatic illnesses" such as arthritis and common colds (1) are caused by misplaced memories called "engrams".

These "engrams" can be relived, whereupon they will leave the wrong part of the mind (called the "reactive mind" by Hubbard) and return to the standard, healthy memory (called the "analytic mind"). The sum total of Dianetic therapy, the key to everlasting health, is the process of making the patient relive these "misplaced memories" until they no longer trouble him.

Hubbard has produced case-histories which seem to show that Dianetics is yet to fail when applied by an expert dianetic "auditor". The dianetics people state flatly that dianetics has been tried on a minimum of 300 people, and has worked 100 percent. every time.

"Clears", people who have successfully completed Dianetic treatment, are said to be immune to any and all forms of mental disease and all diseases caused by mental or emotional disturbances.

To add to the confusion, several amateurs trying Dianetics have reported success; most non-professionals have not. Scientific reactions so far have been varied; most scientists consider the claims fantastic, and Dianetics is looked on with disfavor by the American Psychoanalytic Society.

An obvious fallacy is that if Hubbard's claims are true, he will be hailed as one of the five greatest men of all time, ranking with the Christs, the Buddhas, the Gandhis. He should supplant in fame such men as Darwin: for, after all, what is a man who merely theorized that man evolved from a prehistoric ancestor when compared with one who gave man freedom from disease?

I don't think Hubbard's work merits such acclaim.

It is obvious that Dianetics is not a total fraud; too much time has been given discussing it and experimenting with it for it to be a hoax. It is likewise obvious that it cannot possibly be all it is said to be.

I withhold my opinion until I've seen a dianetic demonstration.

However, whatever the final case is, dianetics was the victim of a poorly-run introduction. Instead of careful scientific documentation before its public release, Dianetics was rushed full-blown into the world. The place chosen to introduce it was a fiction magazine--"Astounding SCIENCE FICTION." The advance publicity was of such a nature that one reviewer (Rollo May, in the Times Book Review, August 6 1950) said,

"When a reviewer opens a book and reads in the very first sentence, 'The creation of dianetics is a milestone for Man comparable to his discovery of fire and superior to his invention of the wheel and the arch, he doesn't know whether to laugh or to pinch himself to see if he is dreaming or to conclude he is reading a novel'.

Other reviewers shared this opinion, with the result that Dianetics is being received by the public as some sort of fantastic pipe-dream. Despite all its unfavorable publicity, the book is fifth on the Times' best-seller list and fourth in the Herald Tribune--and it has remained in this lofty position all during the summer even though its price is comparatively high (\$4.00) and it has not yet received a favorable newspaper review.

The way it appears to this reader, Dianetics is a science which might be of some value in curing mental diseases, and will eventually achieve the same importance as psychoanalysis and others of that ilk. It is not, however, the earth-shaking discovery its sponsors claim it to be. And it is this claim of miracles which has probably cost Dianetics' chance for a fair scientific check...

Had the dianeticians offered their science as a forward step in the science of the mind, and one which should bear careful examination, it probably would be gratefully received. Unfortunately, they persisted in calling it the final step in mental science, subject only to minor refinements. Now, should the science be proven anything less than what is claimed, its trustworthiness would be similarly lessened.

As I said, I'll withhold my opinion for a while. I hope, however, that dianetics will fulfill its promises. It would truly be a discovery of major importance. Don't go overboard on it yet, though!

Robert Silverberg



# NEGATIVE SOLUTION

by RICHARD

K.

VERDAN.

THE FIRST FLIGHT outside of the galaxy was made on May 19, 3062. The landing on the solitary planet of an unknown star in the Second Galaxy was effected on April 11, 3064.

Remember that date!

When Captain Macintyre, skipper of the Spaceship Ronthe XVII, moved into his quarters of the ship on May 19, 3062, he noted the date in his log. He did the same on April 11, 3064, the day the first human stepped out to gaze on the bronze glow of the rocks of the lonely, deserted planet.

The crew spent two days searching every corner of the dead world. A world long dead, curling in its orbit around the embers of a dying, smouldering sun. They looked carefully and far. Then they returned, two days after April 11, the date on the Autochron calendar in the control room was, of course, April 13. The crew brought on board a number of small chunks of rock secured as souvenirs.

But the next morning, still in its familiar spot, antennae exposed to the Ether, the calendar was dated April 12, 3064!

"That's impossible!", exclaimed Macintyre in surprise. "This calendar is geared to the timing of the great Ethernic Drift itself! If that were wrong, the whole universe would be going backward... ~~entirely~~... space-time continua! Damn! The damned clock is probably broken!

That night Macintyre spent an anxious five hours waiting for midnight and the coming of the next day. At one second past 12 the clock slowly whirled and, gleaming on its dials, was the date, April 11, 3064.

Thoroughly shaken, Macintyre consulted his logbook. At 1:02 April 11 they had just landed on the Planet. Relieved, he thought, "There's just something wrong with the mechanism. We can't be running backward in time--if it's really April 11, we'd just be landing on the Planet an hour from now. And we've been traveling away from it for two days!"

They met a strangely familiar-looking spaceship in mid-space and radioed to them, "What day is it on your calendar?" The reassuring answer was "April 13".

At 1:02 everyone was awakened by a jolting bump as the Ronthe XVII landed on the solitary planet of a dark, unknown star.

Stepping out of the ship in his spacesuit, Macintyre noticed a strangely similar ship across the way from them. Confused, he



looked at his log. At 3:03 his crew had first stepped out on the rocks of the planet. At 3:03 the great sliding door of the other ship opened and a man stepped out, followed by several others. The men on Macintyre's ship turned a powerful search-beam in all directions. As the light passed over the other ship, Macintyre could plainly see the name painted on the side. It read, "Ronthe XVII"!

Without hesitation, the confused Macintyre and his crew left the planet once more for home, ignoring the newcomer. After traveling for two days, they met the "other ship". The calendar read April 13. Looking through the port windows, they discovered they had been circling the Planet for two days and the other ship had just left.

Starting once more for home, Macintyre received a radio call from the other ship: "What day is it on your calendar?", asked the other ship. Macintyre replied, "April 13", and ran tired fingers through his hair.

The next day, Macintyre's Autochron read "April 12".

The day after that, April 11, Macintyre, baffled, felt his ship land on the Planet. So did the "other ship". Somehow, ship 1 had gained a day on ship two. Two Macintyres alighted, the second invisible to the first. Both watched men appear from a third ship and beam searchlights over the planet.

1000 April Elevens later, the sky was filled with ships, all with the same design and same name and same crew. With the exception of the third in relation to the second and first, all were completely oblivious to the one next it in inferior succession.

In each was a Captain Macintyre, but in the "outermost" ship, the first to land on the Planet, was a puzzled and frightened Macintyre who knew he was also in 999 other ships. One Macintyre was asking the one next to it in superior succession what day it was. The one queried invariably replied "April 13". On the first ship it was April 11. The 1000th Macintyre kept track in his log of the number of times he landed on the planet on April 11, 2004 at 1:02 in the morning...

The 10,000th Macintyre put another check down on his list of landings. It was the 10,000th. Because the 1000th Macintyre had been the first to keep such a list, there were lists in the possession of 9000 Macintyres, all identical save for number of checks. Each Macintyre, upon becoming the 1000th from first, began compiling such a list...

One million April Elevens later, the same bottle of liquor had been opened and drained by the crew of Ronthe XVII-- Ship Number 1,000,000 fully a million times. But everytime April 11 3064 rolled around, the 1000th on the millionth Ronthe took that bottle down and uncorked it.

Macintyre looked out at the 999,000 spaceships behind him, all carrying Macintyres and crews and calendars and liquor. Then a thought came to him.

What had once been rolling farm land, green brown, soft, warm earth, was scorched and scorched. Blasted ruins of buildings layed crassly on steel crests, gaunt skeletons. Between each pile of ashes a blade of grass shot up in an attempt to restore the mutilated land. Nature had won some of the blackened and tortured earth back for her own.

Scattered over the scene of destruction were bleached, white bones. These were the only remnants of the race that had made Earth great or of the fierce conquerors which had ravaged it.

They looked down on the deserted Earth and shuddered.

Hollow and disappointed, the men of the Roncho XVII flew their ship slowly over the earth. Everywhere was the same devastation, devoid of life.

With a common resolution, the men of the Roncho chucked the Autochron calendar out of the port windows and set their course.

Their destination, gleaming whitely against the Visiplates, was a dead world which would grow young and be born eventually, a solitary planet revolving around an unknown sun in the far-off second galaxy.

#### THE END

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#### "F A N T A S Y"

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address this  
magazine.

I circled the tracks of the galaxies\*  
In a chariot, wind-designed,\*  
And winked my eye at the Pleiades\*  
As I left them far behind.\*

I roughed-and-tumbled the Little Bear,\*  
I whistled the dog-star's name\*  
And tossed him sticks all over the air\*  
We found it a capital game.\*

I swept the sky with a sickle-moon,\*  
And gathered a sheaf of stars,\*  
To bribe the dawn when it beat too soon\*  
At the eastern pasture-bars.\*

I stole the Dipper and slammed the cream\*  
That covered the Milky Way...\*  
All life I did in a childhood dream\*  
That fled with the break of day.\*

John Galt and Whiddings\*



"If all connection with this supervacky planet were to be severed", he reasoned, "we might be able to break this time trap", the only remaining connection was the rocks which had been collected by the crew members. On the first April 13, they had been collected. On each successive April 12, they disappeared, only to be re-collected on April 13 following.

The stones re-materialized on the millionth April 13. On the day before, it had been two million days since they had originally collected them, but they would not exist until the next day! On the millionth April 13, every crew-member, clad in a spacesuit, walked to the opened port windows and simultaneously cast their stones into the void.

Looking out, they saw 999,999 other Penghe XVII's vanish completely. Then all hell broke out with the Autocron calendar.

Red lights flashed, bells rang, a weird clicking was heard, and a number of fuses popped. When everything was restored, the date on the dials was May 18, 11263!

A little paper-work appeared to reveal that 3 million days was some 8,200 years that the original crew had not lived while shuttling around in time between April 11 and April 13 and backward again. When they returned to earth, in two years, would be the year 11265 A.D. there. Macintyre was 38 when he left Earth originally.

When he returned he would be 8,261 years old.

He had spent, however, 8,219 years of that span in "conscious suspended animation"...or rather, suspended temporal consciousness.

On the way back to earth the men of the Ronthe XVII formulated an explanatory theory: the substance of the planet was temporally negative, therefore tending to reverse the time of the entire Cosmos, should it be present in sufficient quantities. The walls of a ship in space create an artificial cosmos directly governing only those within it. The ratio of bulk of the rocks to size of the ship was enough to reverse time in it. The other ships were protected by the necessary paradoxes which accompany limited time travel.

After a year, they entered the Milky Way Galaxy, and Astrogator Johnson searched the heavens with his Visiplato for sign of our Solar System. Finally, patterned on the velvety black Visiplato, was a glie of light with 10 smaller spots around it.

"However, this might not be our system", mused Captain Macintyre. So they scanned it more closely, until a smaller pip of light was seen circling the third planet and two circling the fourth. But when 11 satellites of the fifth planet and 9 of the sixth were counted, there was no doubt but that this was their solar system.

So they adjusted the course in relation to the Visiplato, and in two years hovered four miles above the earth of 11285 A.D.

The scene below them was ghastly.

From

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