SPACESHIP

No. 21

10¢

4th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

SPACESHIP

Issue Number TWENTY-ONE--April 1953. Edited and published quarterly by Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. 10¢ per issue, 3 issues 25¢, and longer subscriptions in the same ratio. Advertising: $1 per full page, 50¢ per half page. Next issue mailing date: June 25, 1953.

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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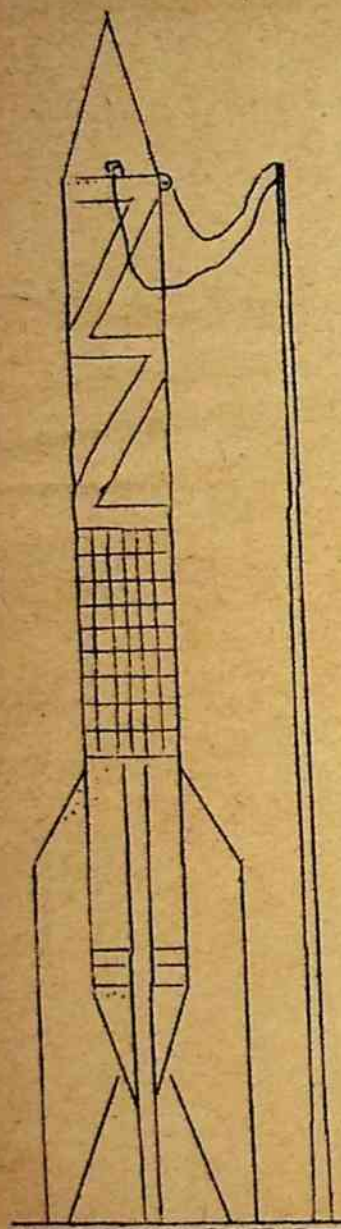

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COVER PHOTO, "The Immortal Crew," by D.A. Grennell
Interiors by Richard Ward, Jack Harness, Ray Capella, Lee Hoffman, Dave Mason

Fourth Anniversary Issue

Richard E. Ward

H.G. WELLS: TIME TRAVELLER

REDD BOGGS

Let's start with a vignette. Perhaps it is a significant scene, as we shall see later, and it is interesting for its own sake. Yellow lamplight illuminates the center of the picture, one spot of light in a small untidy room filled with the purple dusk of an August evening. The windows stand wide open, and no wind stirs the heavy drapes. The light falls upon a small desk at which a mustached young man sits busily writing. At his left elbow, there is a sheaf of ruled paper, neatly piled; at his right elbow, there is a stack of sheets already covered with handwriting. Before him, a sheet of paper is being rapidly filled with script. The man's pen travels across it briskly, and the scratch of nib upon paper is the only sound in the room. The time is 1894.

These are the words the man is scrawling with steady haste:

> ...There was the tangle of rhododendron bushes, black in the pale light, and there was the little lawn. I looked at the lawn again. A queer doubt chilled my complacency. "No," said I stoutly to myself, "that was not the lawn." But it was the lawn. For the white leprous face of the sphinx was towards it. Can you imagine what I felt as this conviction came home to me? But you cannot. The Time Machine was gone!...

Through open windows comes the sound of sharp female voices, two women gossiping across the garden wall. "Will he never go to bed? Never have I had a tenant like him...staying up to all hours, sitting there in the window, scribbling, scribbling! It's scandalous, that's what it is!..." An edge of a smile curves the man's lips under his mustache, but his pen pushes steadily forward, line by line.

> I might have consoled myself by imagining the little people had put the mechanism in some shelter for me, had I not felt assured of their physical and intellectual inadequacy. That was what dismayed me: the sense of some hitherto unsuspected power, through whose intervention my invention had vanished...

The voice from the garden goes stridently on, rasping sarcasms meant as much for the man at the desk as for the sympathetic neighbor lady. But the man pays no outward heed; his pen scratches on, outscratching the voice, and the purple dusk of August 1894 fades beneath the clear moonlight in the apple-scented world of 802,701 A.D., till at last in the quiet hours of early morning, the man puts down his pen, adds a last page to the stack at his right elbow, and rubs the scene from his heavy eyes. Rising, he blows out the lamp, and stumbles off to bed. Somewhere in the dark house, the landlady wakens to the distant footsteps and mutters, "Why did I ever rent a flat to that H.G. Wells person?"

2.

The version of The Time Machine that H.G. Wells was writing that warm night in August 1894 was not the first version of this famous story. As a matter of record, it was the fifth, and it became the third to see print. There was to be a sixth and final revision the following year. In many ways, The Time Machine was the key that opened the door to

writer's career for him; if the story had failed, chances are that his other, more famous novels -- Tono-Bungay, Kipps, and the others--would never have been conceived. As Wells wrote to a friend soon after the above episode, "It's my trump card and if it does not come off very much I shall know my place for the rest of my career."

Wells' biographer, Geoffrey West, points out that the chronicle of the birth and development of The Time Machine is the story of Wells' birth and development as a writer. Wells was never a conscious artist; he rejected steadfastly the title of "artist" in favor of "journalist," and he never evolved a theory of art beyond interpreting it "as something big enough and democratic enough to have room within its scope for a plan to save the world or any corner of it," as Heywood Broun wrote. Wells was content to write merely for his contemporaries, providing them with entertainment for the moment and with ideas which, if not universally applicable, could change history if acted upon. Wells would have preferred to be known to the world of 2000 A.D. as a social reformer rather than as a writer.

Without a clear and serious belief in himself as a creative artist, Wells could improve as a writer only through trial-and-error, correcting his mistakes as he saw them, rather than through becoming aware of the problems he faced and anticipating them, as he might have done had he moved consciously toward a goal. Like Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of young Wells' favorite writers, he could always find new ideas on which to base stories; the difficulty was to find a human situation in which the idea could be dramatized and shown in operation. In his introduction to the Random House edition of The Time Machine (1931) Wells traces several possibilities of the idea of time as a fourth dimension, and admits that "my story does not go on to explore either of these possibilities; I did not in the least know how to go on to such an exploration. I was not sufficiently educated in that field, and certainly a story was not the way to investigate further."

The "brilliantly original idea" for The Time Machine had been "begotten in the writer's mind by students' discussions in the laboratories and debating society of the Royal College of Science," as Wells revealed later. The struggle to embody this idea in a work of fiction began with a story in the Science Schools Journal, a student paper of which Wells was first editor and leading light. In this magazine he made his first appearance in print (other than a letter to the editor, published in a newspaper); his contributions, often under such fanciful bylines as Septimus Browne, Sosthenes Smith, and Walker Glockenhammer, ranged from doggerel ("The Lay of the Sausage Machine") and mailing comments ("Something Good from Birmingham"--review of another amateur magazine) to serious articles and fiction. Wells later dismissed these writings as "imitative puerile stuff" and, about 1900, bought up from the current editor all the back issues that pertained to him, and destroyed them. A few of the items, however, were rewritten and appeared elsewhere, one of them the story "Devotee of Art" which, much improved, became "The Temptation of Harringay" in the collection The Stolen Bacillus and Other Incidents (1895.)

But the most important of these student writings was "The Chronic Argonauts," which appeared serially in the Science Schools Journal, numbers 11, 12, and 13, April through June 1888. Bedridden with a football injury and a touch of incipient consumption, Wells had written it while staying with his friends, the Burtons, at Stoke-on-Trent. Shortly before, he had burned most of his earlier stories and verse, including a

35,000 word novel, "Lady Frankland's Companion," and it was in a mood of starting afresh that he set to work on this "non-realistic" story. But he broke off the story prematurely because, as he reports in his autobiography, "I could not go on with it. That I realized I could not go on with it marks a stage in my education in the art of fiction."

Of this story he writes:

> The prose was overelaborate and...the story is clumsily invented, and loaded with irrelevant sham significance. The Time Traveller, for example, is called Nebo-gipfel, though manifestly Mount Nebo had no business whatever in that history. There was no Promised Land ahead. And there was a lot of fuss about the hostility of a superstitious Welsh village to this Dr. Nebo-gipfel, which was obviously just lifted into the tale from Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter. And think of "chronic" and "argonaut" in the title! The ineptitude of this rococo title for a hard mathematical invention! I was over 21, and I still had my business to learn....If a young man of 21 were to bring me a story like the "Chronic Argonauts" for my advice today I do not think I should encourage him to go on writing.

Geoffrey West, Wells' biographer, who seems to have read all these early student writings, says of "The Chronic Argonauts" that the writing was immature and imitative, but had "considerable command of detail and some originality of phrase." In the light of Wilson Tucker's interesting but slightly inaccurate use of "The Chronic Argonauts" as a gimmick in his short story "Able to Zebra" (F&SF, March 1953), we must point out here that the serial was a work of fiction, not "a series of articles."

In "The Chronic Argonauts" the inventor, Dr. Nebo-gipfel, asks the same question expounded by the Time Traveller in The Time Machine: can an instantaneous cube exist? However, both setting and incidents differ widely between the two stories. Dr. Nebo-gipfel has established his laboratory in a remote Welsh village where the people are so superstitious that his mysterious experiments incite them to come in a mob to burn the building. The local vicar arrives in time to warn Nebo-gipfel but too late to escape the mob. The two escape through time on the Chronic Argonaut, a time-travelling contraption. There are vague references to their adventures in the far future, but the story breaks off without developing this original part of the plot. To friends who complained that the story ended just when it began to be exciting, Wells wrote: "'The Chronic Argonauts' was no joke. There is a sequel--it is the latest Delphic voice but the tripod is not yet broken." The sequel was written, but never published.

Recovering from his illness, Wells went to London, where he took a tutor's job with the University Correspondence College, and co-edited the Educational Times, which reviewed books on education. In this period, 1889-92, Wells began serious writing in his spare time, and produced two new versions of "The Chronic Argonauts," though neither were ever published. In the first of these versions, Dr. Nebo-gipfel and the vicar, the Rev. Elijah Ulysses Cook, are still the protagonists, but the village in which the mysterious events occur is now on the North Downs. Once again they escape to the future, and for the first time the reader is given a direct glimpse of their adventures there. The world of the future already provides the hazy outlines of the Eloi-Morlock dichotomy presented in The Time Machine, but though the upper and lower realms exist they are not yet distinct and separate. There is a scientific

aristocracy and a red-robed priesthood, both decadent. The chronic argonauts stir up these idlers by reintroducing books. Visiting a museum, the men from the 19th century discover a passage leading downward and find an underworld which labors to support the aristocrats and priests. Attempts to reconcile the two factions cause the workers to rise in a mob, and rush forth, slaying the aristocrats. The chronic argonauts escape. Cook wants to bring along Lady Dis, a lovely aristocrat who fascinates him, but he suddenly discovers that "all her beauty is artificial," and pushes her off the time machine. Nebo-gipfel overshoots the 19th century as they return along the time track and they are almost killed by paleolithic savages before they manage to find their own era again. There the Rev. Cook leaves the machine; Nebo-gipfel goes off adventuring through time once more.

Very little is known about the third version of the story, but both Nebo-gipfel and the Rev. Cook are omitted. The future world contains no underworld, and the ruling class holds sway by means of hypnotism. One of the priests determines to end the reign of hypnotism, and calls to the people to waken. They obey, kill him, and, spearing his severed head on a pole, stream forth to slay his companions.

In the spring of 1893, a new siege of illness forced Wells to give up his teaching career, and he went to the seaside resort of Eastbourne to recover. There he launched himself as a fulltime writer by beginning a series of sketches on "small, everyday topics" that were accepted by the Pall Mall Gazette. While exploring this unexpected vein of gold, Wells was commissioned by the Pall Mall Budget, a satellite of the former publication, to write a series of "single-sitting stories" based on his "special knowledge of science." For this series Wells hastily wrote "The Stolen Bacillus," for which he received five guineas, and soon became "quite dextrous at evolving incidents and anecdotes from little possiblities of a scientific or quasi-scientific sort." At about the same time, he sold an article titled "The Universe Rigid" to the Fortnightly Review, in which he outlined the idea of the "four dimensional frame" which he had used in "The Chronic Argonauts." This unusual article was set up in type, but "then the editor, Mr. Frank Harris, woke up to the fact that he was printing matter 20 years too soon, reproached the writer terrifyingly, and broke type again." The article never saw print.

Nevertheless, when he was approached by William Ernest Henley, editor of the National Observer, and asked to contribute, Wells promptly decided to offer a new version of his old time travel story. He sent Henley several samples, and Henley suggested more emphasis on the glimpses of the future. Between March and June 1894 the National Observer published seven episodes in the series; they were unsigned, were purportedly articles, and bore various titles. Moreover, the series had no indicated continuity, and broke off prematurely and abruptly when the publication changed hands. The new editor thought the time travel papers were "queer wild ramblings," and ended them immediately.

This new fourth version at last approached the form in which it is known today. The new protagonist is the Philosophical Inventor, who shows his guests the time machine and expounds his theories about the fourth dimension. The tale of his trip to 12,203 A.D. closely resembles the reminiscences of the Time Traveller in The Time Machine. The Inventor lands his time machine by the White Sphinx, and although he doesn't describe the world of the Eloi, he descends to the underworld of the Morlocks as in the later story. The intense interest the Morlocks show in his time machine alarms him and he escapes back to the

present. The Inventor briefly sketches the ultimate cooling of the sun and the end of earthly life, but only as hypothetical speculation. The series ends with the Philosophical Inventor speaking:

> "But an end comes. Life is a mere eddy, an episode in the great stream of universal being, just as man with all his cosmic mind is a mere episode in the story of life." (He breaks off abruptly.) "There is that kid of mine upstairs crying. He always cries when he wakes up in the dark. If you don't mind, I will just go up and tell him it's all right."

Geoffrey West reports that the writing in this version is still not "finished or satisfying." However, this fourth attempt was the most successful so far because Wells "had realized that the more impossible the story I had to tell, the more ordinary must be the setting, and the circumstances in which I now set the Time Traveller were all that I could imagine of solid upper-middle-class comfort." This realization was the key to the success of the following version; indeed, the key to the success of all Wells' scientific romances.

The deposed editor of the National Observer, Henley, wrote Wells in the summer of 1894 that he expected to launch a new magazine, the New Review, in the near future, and he offered Wells 100 pounds to expand the time travel series into a full-length serial. Wells' fortunes as a budding writer were at low ebb at the moment, and he set to work immediately; it was this version he was writing so hastily that warm night in August 1894. He finished it in two weeks, and soon wrote to a friend: "You may be interested to know that our ancient 'Chronic Argonauts' of the Science Schools Journal has at last become a complete story and will appear as a serial in the New Review for January."

This serial version differs only slightly from that with which we are all familiar. There is some extra explanatory material in the beginning concerning the Time Traveller and his weekly gatherings, and (according to Geoffrey West) "much less vivid discussion" among the guests from that which opens the book. Of more interest is the fact that this version contains an episode deleted from the book, in which the Time Traveller, pausing between the era of the Eloi and the age of the giant crustaceans, comes upon man's descendants--"puny greyish things, like half-grown kangaroos," preyed upon by giant centipedes.

Henley recommended the story to Heinemann the publisher and, flushed with success, Wells set to work on The Island of Dr. Moreau and The Wonderful Visit, in order to follow up the response he anticipated from The Time Machine. In the summer of 1895 John Lane brought out his Select Conversations With an Uncle (a collection of his newspaper sketches) and a day later Heinemann published the book version of The Time Machine. Press acclaim was highly gratifying, and Wells settled down in Woking as a successful author.

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Reading The Time Machine today is like becoming a time traveller yourself. Nothing can seem more anachronistic than to discover the superscientific time machine, that strange device of nickel and ivory and quartz, operating in the world beyond the turn of the century. We find ourselves in the days before the automobile, radio, airplane, and atomic power, watching a thoroughly futuristic time machine swing off into the fourth dimension, extinguishing candles as it whisks away. But just as anachronistic is the freshness and vividness which The Time Ma-

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chine still embodies, despite the lapse of more than a half century an the appearance of thousands of successors in the field of time-trave adventures. Some of its appeal today, perhaps, exists in the fact tha The Time Machine represents the early Wells, who was not so fully im bued with the idea of progress that he thought to use his fiction as means of education, to help form "a new basis of thought which will ov erthrow parochial and national boundaries and will regard mankind as whole." The Time Machine is unabashedly fiction, not propaganda towar the establishment of a Utopia to be "reached along the road of commo sense." If it is a prophecy at all, it is prophecy that rings more re alistically in our ears than the idealistic pronouncements of In Th Days of the Comet and its ilk. We of the atomic bomb era are mor ready to accept as probable Wells' "violent vision...of the last pang of this planet" than his Utopian hyperboles. We too think "but cheer lessly of the Advancement of Mankind," and like the Time Traveller, se "in the growing pile of civilization only a foolish heaping that mu inevitably fall back and destroy its makers in the end."

Wells himself, in the 1931 edition of The Time Machine, repudiated th "naive pessimism" of the story, laying blame on the geologists and th astronomers of that time who "told us dreadful lies about the 'inevita ble' freezing up of the world -- and of life and mankind with it." H also scored the handling of the story as "a very undergraduate perform ance," but he admitted to feeling no remorse for his "youthful effort. On the contrary, he seemed to feel a definite affection for the story a feeling we can appreciate even today. Even after reading "By H i Bootstraps," "Other Tracks," and "Flight to Forever," we can turn t The Time Machine with the zest of a connoisseur.

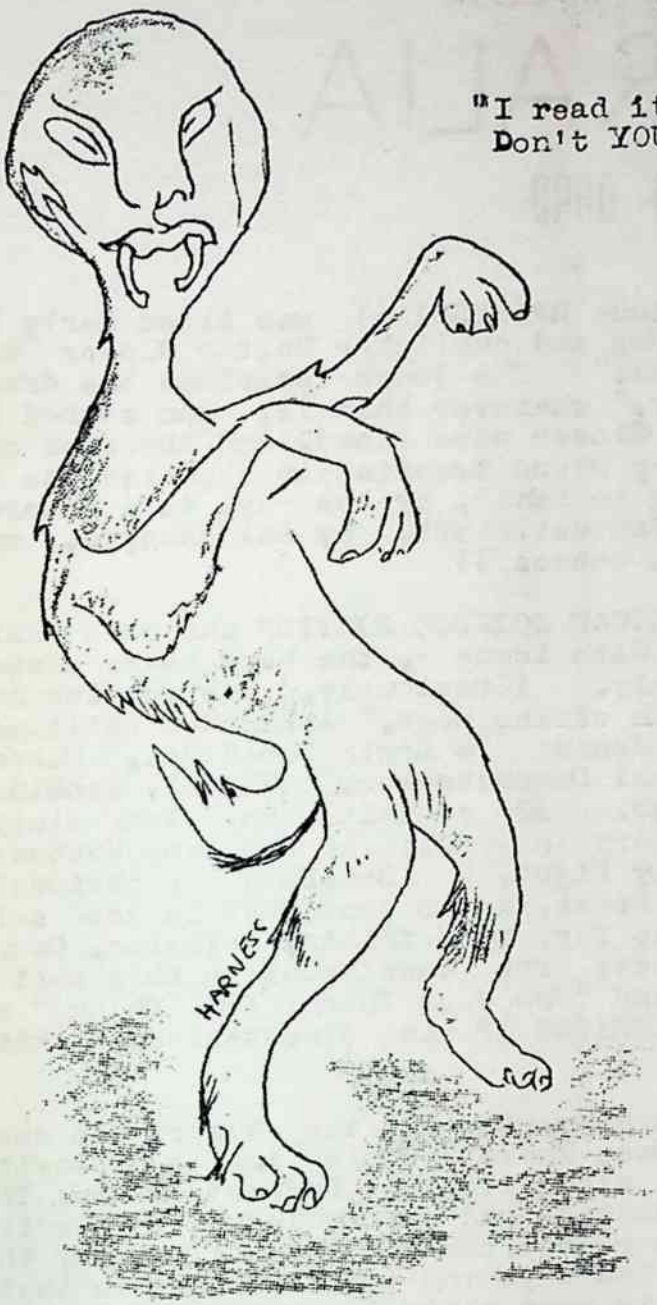
What is the secret of the story's continuing appeal? The clue is foun --or at least symbolized--in the vignette with which we opened this ar ticle. There we discover Wells busily writing ofthe world of 801, 70 A.D., while listening with some amusement to the snide gossip of hi landlady in 1894 A.D. And both aspects of the situation have been pre served for us; Wells reports the landlady episode in his autobiography as well as in the preface to the Random House edition of The Time Mach ine. He was neither too deeply immersed in fantasy to be deaf to th world around him, nor too distracted by that world to leave his care fully-constructed world of tomorrow. But what greater discrepanc could there be between fact and fiction than the fantastic happening of a dim future and the commonplace complaints of an old woman talkin to her neighbor over the back fence? Wells was able to assimilate an appreciate both.

J.D. Beresford sums up Wells' ability, as displayed in The Time Machin as follows: Wells, he says, "has freed himself very completely from th bonds of conventional thought and is prepared to examine, and to pre sent life from the detached standpoint of one who views it all from respectable distance; but who is able...to enter life with all the pas sion and generosity of his own humanity."

Wells himself exposes his formula in the preface to Seven Famous Novel

> For the writer of fantastic stories to help his reader to play the game properly, he must help him in every possible way to domesticate the impossible hypothesis. He must trick him into an unwary assumption and get on with the story while the illusion holds....As soon as the magic has been done the whole business of the fantasy writer is to keep everything else human and real. Touches of prosaic detail are imperative and a rigorous adherence to the hy-

(Concluded on Page 11)



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REPORT FROM AUSTRALIA

ROGER DARD

The Rosaleen Norton case (see previous SPACESHIPs) was tried early i February, and the verdict against Ros and publisher Walter Glover wa guilty of publishing an "obscene book." The judge described the draw ings as an "offence against chastity," whatever that is, and stated i would offend most people. Ros and Glover were fined, and the book or dered to be suppressed, but Attorney Shand immediately appealed the d cision to a higher court. ((Coming in Sship, by the way, is a compre hensive review of Norton's book of fantastic art, by Hal Shapiro, or of the very few Americans who own a copies.))

The digest-sized paperback item AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION can once agai be regarded as a regular prozine. With issue 6, the back cover state that the magazine would appear monthly. (Previously, publication ha been irregular.) #6 contains "Death of the Moon," Alexander Phillip "Hermit of Saturn's Rings," Neil R. Jones; "A Logic Named Joe," Murra Leinster, and "The Fourth-Dimensional Demonstrator," Will F. Jenkin all culled from U.S. prozines 1929-46. #7 contains one long story "The Unknown," by Leinster. Lead story in #8 will be the fine Kuttne Moore story from 1943 ASF, "Clash by Night." Somebody is obvious tipping off the publishers, Malian Press, as to just what is good s judging from the stories reprinted so far, by Heinlein, Leinster, Camp bell, and others. Outstanding treats for Aussiefans in this seri have been "Man Who Sold the Moon" and "Who Goes There? (The Thing)" the equivalent of a dime each. AMERICAN SF is digest-sized, wi trimmed edges, and sells for 8d.

Speaking of the Campbell opus, several months ago the Australian cu toms Department decided that "Who Goes There?" would "incite depravi and crime," and banned its import, along with Guy Endore's famous T WEREWOLF OF PARIS. However, the Customs had barely issued this edi when AMERICAN SF came along and reprinted the JWC classic. Under t law, the Australian Customs cannot ban anything published within Aus ralia, so Campbell's fine story is once again legal to read. Al banned from Aussie eyes by fanatical Customs Minister O'Sullivan a the works of A. Merritt!

O'Sullivan, who shares your Senator McCarthy's ideas about free thoug and such, seems to think that Operation Fantast is a secret undergrou organization, or something. My home has been entered by cops who d manded the lowdown on the Slater group. I found it wisest to resign position as Australian Representative for O.F., which is a great pity

But not all is bleak, Down Under. The first issue of PERHAPS, the mo promising Australian fanzine yet, has appeared. Like all first issue PERHAPS is experimental, and has its weaknesses--but if the propos

improvements take effect, PERHAPS will become one of the world's top fanmags. The first number, dated Feb 1953, contains 30 pages, mimeod, good format, with material by H.J. Campbell, Roger Dard, Ken Slater, Bob Silverberg, Bill Veney, and others. PERHAPS is priced at 3/60¢, or 3 issues for 3 issues of a U.S. prozine, to be sent to editor Leo Harding, 510 Drummond Street, Carlton, N.3, Victoria, Australia. U.S. subs should be remitted to Charles Anderson, 311 East Polk St., Phoenix, Arizona, if paid in cash. Issue #2 should set the standard for the mag--it will be photolithed, contain a cover by H.B. Vestal of Planet, and will be sold on Australian newsstands, thus joining Rhodomagnetic Digest as one of the very few fanmags to be sold by professional newsstands. This one should shape up into a fine job.

In Melbourne, once a city completely fanless, is now a booming center of fandom. The Melbourne SF Group is a thriving group, with 23 members at the latest count. Recently they were visited by A. Bertram Chandler, well-known British author. Chandler is first mate on a ship plying between Britain and Australia, and visits fans at each port of call.

Two fanzines are coming from this Melbourne group: PERHAPS, and BACCHANALIA, to be edited by Race Matthews and slanted toward the weird side of literature. Other new fanzines: SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, which does just what the name implies, and comes from Rex Meyer, 91 Bowden St., Ryde, N.S.W, Australia, at 15¢ per copy. Meyer, if some advance info is correct, will shortly replace Vol Molesworth as Australian correspondent for Fantasy-Times.

Also: the quaintly-titled UGH! comes from Bill Veney, "Yale" Apartments, Upper Edward St., Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Bill intends to run UGH! as a letterzine, tending toward the controversial. No data on price, but a prozine should get you a year's sub. Nothing elaborate about this neat mimeod job, but it's a good, amusing zine in which fans can blow off some excess steam.

And also: SCIENCE FICTION NEWS, which is becoming the Australian Fantasy-Times. First issue, dated Jan 53, is four pages, photolithed, containing news of general interest and one photo-reproduction of a promag cover. Monthly, 6/- per year (about 75¢). Recommended. ((But Rog gives no address--ed.))

((Apologies to Roger, but a considerable chunk of this column had to be cut in order to fit in all of Redd Boggs' extremely long article. Rog will be back in full force next time, with a report, we hope, of the Second Australian SF Convention.--ed.))

--Roger Dard

H.G. WELLS: TIME TRAVELLER (continued from page 8)

> pothesis....So soon as the hypothesis is launched the whole interest becomes the interest of looking at human feelings and human ways from the new angle that has been acquired.

Wells not only pointed the way for future science fiction writers through this method, but in The Time Machine he is one of the most successful writers ever to practice the formula.

--Redd Boggs

((for the New York Times' 1895 review of The Time Machine, see Sship # 18, July 1952--ed.))

TESTAMENT OF FANDROS

D. D. CANTIN

THIS is the pathetic story of a fan, before he was a fan, and after h was a fan. You might call it an autobiography. It was found in hi effects after his death...

"It began on a dark evening. I was coming back from the moviews. T get home I had to cut across the city slums and swim across the river I usually take the Sub-River Transit, but I had bought too many HARS mellows at the theater and had no more credits.

"Here I was, in the middle of the slums, when I noticed a-- a--ah, i looked like a magazine, at first. I picked it up and found it to be n more than a sheaf of papers stapled together. I pocketed it. It woul give me something to do while I was swimming across the river. But a I entered the water, I noticed that the paper of this magazine did no withstand water as everyday plastipaper does. I held it over my hea as I swam across, for I didn't want to damage it. Any paper that coul not withstand water must be a very old relic indeed.

"After a good night's sleep, I picked up this magazine and examined it strange letters; unusual form of printing; and--contraband literature I rushed to the door and locked it, and then turned the windows to opaqueness. No one must see me with this. Now I recognized the mode of printing--mimeography--the forbidden machine! I read the words on the cover--Science Fiction--obscene words! I knew that I held a prized possession: ancient writings, eagerly sought for by the collectors who defied the government by possessing these books. Despite the stern commands forbidding this literature, I had always had a yen to read one of these books, and now I had one. I looked again at the cover. It was then that I noticed the date: October 2064. This year, this month! It wasn't ancient--these books were being printed this very day.

"Where? I searched frantically for the address, but found nothing, nothing but a code at the bottom of the contents page. It might be the address, but I was unable to decipher it. I read through the entire magazine and found no clue. But I did learn that the book was called 'zine' and that 'tho' meant though, 'thot' meant thought. I learned many strange words--ingenious--I made up my mind that I must become a fan. I finally cracked the code, only to discover that it broke down into another code, and that into another. Clever people, these fans. The shrewd code convinced me that I must become one of them. Finally I got it. It read: Wilson Oldfan, Box 702, Bloomington, Ilnoy. I wrote to this fan...

Dear Sir,

I found a copy of your zine in the gutter, and I would like to be one--a fa-a-an, that is, not a gutter. I will tell no one about your secret

organization, for I am a very quiet fellow. I am enclosing ten ¢enti-¢redits in payment for your magazine. I do wish you would oblige me, as I would tell no one about your organization because I am a very quiet fellow. Yes. No one. At all. No.

Your friend and mine,

J. W. Fandros

"I mailed the letter that evening.

I waited for the reply for over a week, and then it came. There was no magazine; merely a letter. It said, in part:

...what are you talking about?... ...can't trust you...might be a fed...mistaken identity...what's a zine?...?...if you're serious be at the corner of 6th and 9th at 6 PM tomorrow... .. ?...

"Needless to say I was there at 6. I stood under the lamppost until a Keeper of the Peace told me to move along. I went around the block and back to the corner. I leaned against the building. Someone grabbed my legs and pulled me in through the cellar window.

"It was dark in that cellar. I was searched from top to bottom, with stops along the way, for identification. What they found proved that I was really J.W. Fandros, and not a fed. I was questioned for hours, examined, probed, pushed, pulled, click-clicked. I underwent rigorous tests to prove that I was mentally balanced, and was finally accepted. All I had to do now was fill out a few forms and an IQ test. I filled out the forms properly and then took the IQ test. After they had checked it they said that I could be a fa-a-an--for free! It seems that my IQ was a measly 153, and the other fans couldn't understand how someone with such a low rating could earn enough to pay the required dues. So I became the first duty-free fan.

"I went back to my home with a bundle of papers under my arm, containing the addresses of all zines and addresses of numerous other fans. I sent for all the zines and wrote to all the fans, even the BNFs. I had no scruples. After reading them, I knew what each editor wanted. So I set about writing things and sending them away, telling each editor he could have them for only 2 ¢redits a throw. They all came back, even though I carefully neglected to enclose return postage.

"I decided to do artwork instead. That came back too. I was getting tired of these faneds who rejected my stuff. I was getting sick of the same kind of stories. Tired of the same brand of artwork, of esoteric terminology. Tired of these fanclubs who stole money from unsuspecting neofen. Tired of the fans who wouldn't answer my letters. Sick of their unfunny funnies. Sick of their insulting columnists. Sicksick-sicksicksick...s-i-c-k.

"I wrote to all fans and told them that I was going to expose them to the government. I had no sooner mailed the letters when a group of fans attacked me and took me to my room. They ripped the mailbox from

the lamppost and hit me over the head with it. I was accused of being a fake-fan, and other atrocities. I was nailed to the wall and hit with westerns, detective novels, love stories, and historical fiction. I was stripped to the waist and tickled with daily newspapers.

"They placed a few zines at my feet and phoned the feds, who would dispose of me when they found obscene literature at my feet..."

* * *

...such are the rewards of fake fans.

--D. O. Cantin

::

But one of the rewards of a true fan is a copy of SPACESHIP. And you must be a true fan if you're reading this, since you're getting this issue for one of a multitude of reasons. The one checked applies to you-all:

- [x] You're a subscriber, bless your pocketbook, and you'll get at least one more issue.
- [ ] You're a subscriber, all right, but no longer. This is your last issue, unless you renew promptly.
- [ ] You bought just this one issue. If you want the next, you know what to do.
- [ ] We exchange fanzines.
- [ ] I want to trade fanzines with you.
- [ ] This is a review copy, old man, and your prompt attention would be nice.
- [ ] You're one of the lucky few who get free copies.
- [ ] This is a sample, which means I'd like you to subscribe or tell me why not.
- [ ] Let's see something from your pen, yes?
- [ ] You have something in this issue worth a free copy. But if checked off down here, it means you won't get the next issue unless you cough up some cash or some more material.
- [ ] I can't think of any more categories, but if you don't belong in any of the ones listed above and you have this issue, then this is the one which applies to you.

CANADA

WHY ISN'T IT A FORCE IN S-F FANDOM?

NORMAN G. BROWNE

Canadian fandom consists of a considerable number of active readers, people who have a good deal of knowledge, experience, and interest in science fiction but little or no interest in fandom, and of a very small number of active fans. On the other hand, American and British fandom has (of course) a huge number of active readers, but also a large group of active fans. And, by definition, active readers do not contribute to or make up fandom...nor are they a force in it.

There are many reasons why Canada lags behind Britain, America, and Australia in its number of active fans. One is Canada's very small and highly decentralized population. It has a population of only 14 million, scattered over the face of a country larger than continental USA and Alaska put together. And on the other hand, the United States has 160 million people, and Great Britain has 50 million, all highly centralized. Australia has a small population, but centralized in a few large cities.

Also, Canada is solely dependent upon the USA, Great Britain, and Au tralia for its supply of s-f. And without s-f you can't expect reader: or new fans to develop. Canada has thus been behind the eight-ball, because its supply of s-f has been neither complete nor continuous. During the last decade, the period of science fiction's greatest flourishing, Canada has suffered from no less than three import bans that have totally cut off its supply of prozines. During these periods, Canadian interest and activity naturally drops to zero level. It would take a very strongly active fan to weather a period of no s-f, and, unfortunately, we have very few of them in Canada. It is too easy to let the interest die and not take it up again when s-f reappears on the newsstands.

Another factor to be taken into consideration is the large turnover in fandom. Most fans or readers don't remain that way for a great length of time. The USA, with its great population and strong interest in s-f, can continually pour new blood into the ranks as the old guard loses interest or graduates to pro-dom. But in Canada, the turnover in fans is not consistent. For while an import ban is on, activity and interest continue to die off at the usual rate, but no new blood appears. In effect, then, Canada has had to rebuild from scratch three times in a decade, while the USA and Great Britain have had a continuous and lasting movement.

Canada has just recently emerged from its third import-ban period, and there are two or three things of interest worth noting. Canadian fans can be divided into two distinct types. There are the old-timers who

have had a consistent interest in s-f and occasionally fandom. They ar noteworthy because of their fewness and their tenacity in weathering the import bans. The other type is in larger numbers, and makes up the bulk of Canadian "fandom." They are the people who have discovered s-f recently; that is, since the last import ban. They have little experience or knowledge of science fiction and fandom at the moment, and have no knowledge at all of the pre-ban eras. Many of them haven't read or even seen a prozine dated prior to February 1951.

As I mentioned previously, Canada has few people whom I would call active fans. To be exact, they number in the neighborhood of ten all told, which is just about the fan population of Savannah. The active readers who make up the bulk of Canadian fandom are many in number --but they are not fans.

At the moment, there are local fan clubs in Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Toronto, and Montreal. At one time there were others, and some others may in fact exist, but I have no data on them. Beside these local clubs, there is a regional and a national club in Canada, but they exist chiefly in name only. There simply is not enough fandom behind them to give them support.

The bulk of the individuals who make up these clubs are active readers. They have no interest at all in fan doings, though they are well versed in recent s-f doings. They are heavy buyers of prozines. They also buy most of the hardcover books that come out. They are also very strong and active collectors, and many of the largest collections in fandom may be found in Canada. Discussion in these clubs is usually strong on the pure aspects of science fiction and scientific possibilities. This, then, is Canadian fandom, and it is the reason why Canada is not a force in World Fandom.

The last question remaining unanswered, then, is when will Canada be a force in fandom. I can't accurately answer that question just now. There are too many factors involved. I can say that there is a strong movement afoot to give Canadian fandom unity, organization, and activity. Time alone is the deciding factor in the accomplishment of these goals.

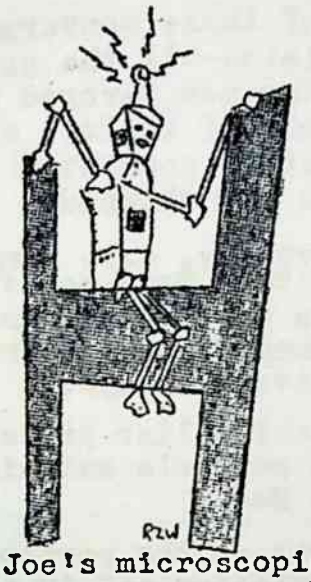
In the meantime, we can only ask the fans of the United States, Great Britain, and Australia to be tolerant of us, and helpful towards Canada--Young Giant of Fandom.

--Norman G. Browne

I'm still hunting for those few ASFs to complete my file of that noble mag. I've run to earth, I think, one of the fugitive Astoundings, but still want these: 11/30, 10/33, 5/34, 3/36, 8-9-10/40--Bob Silverberg

THE TIN CAN

FRED CHAPPELL



e would spend his long off-duty hours looking out at black space. He turned away with stars in his eyes--always. His name was Joel Maxley, and he was called Joe. It was Joe when he hung around the fringes of the popular set when he was a boy. He grew averagely older, took his baths hotter, read his books thicker, followed some people out to space, and he was still called Joe, if and when there was an occasion to call upon him at all.

For he was easy to overlook, to miss in the incredible splendor of space. If men grew aware of the smallness of their own personalities in that great frontier, then you can understand how easily they missed Joe's microscopic being. His personality was perfectly betokened by his appearance--he was slight in body. His face had no prominent features whatever. His nose was neither outstandingly straight, or even misshapen, nor overly large. His hair had not the courage to be really red; it became and remained a brownish-dun color that blended into the healthful pink of the spaceship's walls.

And since the Rocket Corps was a military organization, it followed in natural logic that Joe would never advance beyond the rank of PFC. He didn't. His work was chiefly concerned with cleaning, polishing, and painting the airlocks, and other big immovable parts of the jet tubes--'tin cans,' they were called.

Joe had dreams, of course, but somehow they always failed to congeal. He put it down to lack of opportunity, but there had been quite a few chances to be a hero. In some incomprehensible manner, he seemed to have been ignored.

For instance, there was the time that all hell broke loose in the engine room. A plate on one of the radiation dampers had slipped. Several engineers had been rendered unconscious in the full-blast of the atomic furnaces, and two in the direct line had been killed. Monks, the tube-mate, had appointed men to rescue the survivors. Jones, Drewson, Thalenkov, were sent. Joe was there and willing, but Monks did not seem to notice him at all.

Such was Joe's fate; such was his personality. Unnoticeable. To be forever obscure. Joe Unknown could have been his name, except that it would have drawn too much attention.

So they didn't notice him in emergencies, and naturally they would overlook him in the routines. He would look into the velvetness of space for unbelievable periods. This might have impressed the ship psychologists unfavorably, but they overlooked him too. And in another of his favorite pastimes was he also overlooked: that of listening to the important ones of the personnel discuss topics and events in which they were interested.

Their topics were, for the most part, concerned with Art--but there were conversations on Nietszche, women, Spinoza, women, Santayana, Hobson, women, Rabelais, women, and women. These were very interesting to

Joe--or rather, they held his interest. Awesome would be a more descriptive and fairer adjective.

For Joe did not in the least understand the bulk of these conversations. The Captain, the mates, the doctors, geologists--all the scientists--these were the ones who talked. These were the men favored by life, and Joe was not so favored among them. Small of stature and small of rank, unrecognized by all, and his sole education consisted of a standard high school course, through all of which he had skimped.

And so they spoke of all the old masters dartes: Stravinsky, e.e. cummings, Picasso--all the great esoteric personalities that were so far removed from Joe's own world. Their intimacy with his unfamiliars gave them a shadow in his thinking that heightened them immeasurably. They became gods, at whose feet he was an ardent, inobtrusive worshipper.

And so his ideals, his thoughts and worshipping, set a familiar pattern to his life: first, at work at the tubes, then at the porthole watching space, and finally to the mess hall to hear the Great Men.

It was on the second step of this routine, while he was at the porthole watching, that he saw it. It was a billion or a trillion off in the black blackness. A body of a sort, he could not tell--a planet, an asteroid, it made no difference. There were, of course, other planets, other asteroids. But there was the definite tin can shape of this one that set it apart as unusual. That was its shape exactly: a tin can. It was too far distant to permit observation of any other physical characteristics. He turned and went to the mess hall, where they were discussing the effect of Stravinsky on the popular music of his day.

And so the "tin can"--which name he affixed to the object--was absorbed into his tiny cosmos, became a part of his regular routine. Every day at the porthole he watched space, and he watched the new object. It seemed to be in the direction of the ship's course, for at every interval it had grown larger, until he could see plainly its resemblance to a tin can. It was the exact replica of one. As for its actual properties, it seemed to be a huge asteroid with a great red plain in the exact center, bordered on the top and bottom by some sort of craters.

He expected to hear the wise ones discuss it at every session, but in this he was disappointed, for they seemed to have never even noticed it. This puzzled him for a while, but he finally realized the reason: they preferred to converse of art and philosophy than of any celestial body with the shape of a tin can. His esteem for them rose greatly.

But still he was curious about their views.

One day as he emerged from the jets, he noticed that the marking on the object was in reality a huge picture, and the formations at the nether ends were apparently letters. But he could neither comprehend the huge picture nor read the immense letters. He thought that perhaps it was a monument, or marker, left there by a great alien race for a purpose known only to itself, but then realized he was in no way qualified to judge it.

And so he went to the mess hall to hear the experts, but they were discussing Sibelius' Fourth. He was so curious, though, that he asked -- when a lull in the talk occurred -- the Captain, "Sir, what do you think made that monument outside?"

Instantly, he knew he had committed a grave error. All eyes turned to him; all attention focused on him. The Captain gazed at him seriously.

"Monument outside? What monument?" Joe grew unbearably flustered. He knew he should not have mentioned it, but he had to continue.

"Well, sir, the...thing out there..." he jerked his head toward the porthole.

"What thing?" The Captain sounded suspicious, unfriendly. Joe could see the psychologist, Rogers, look at him with professional speculation.

"Why--the Tin Can.--"

"Tin can? What tin can?"

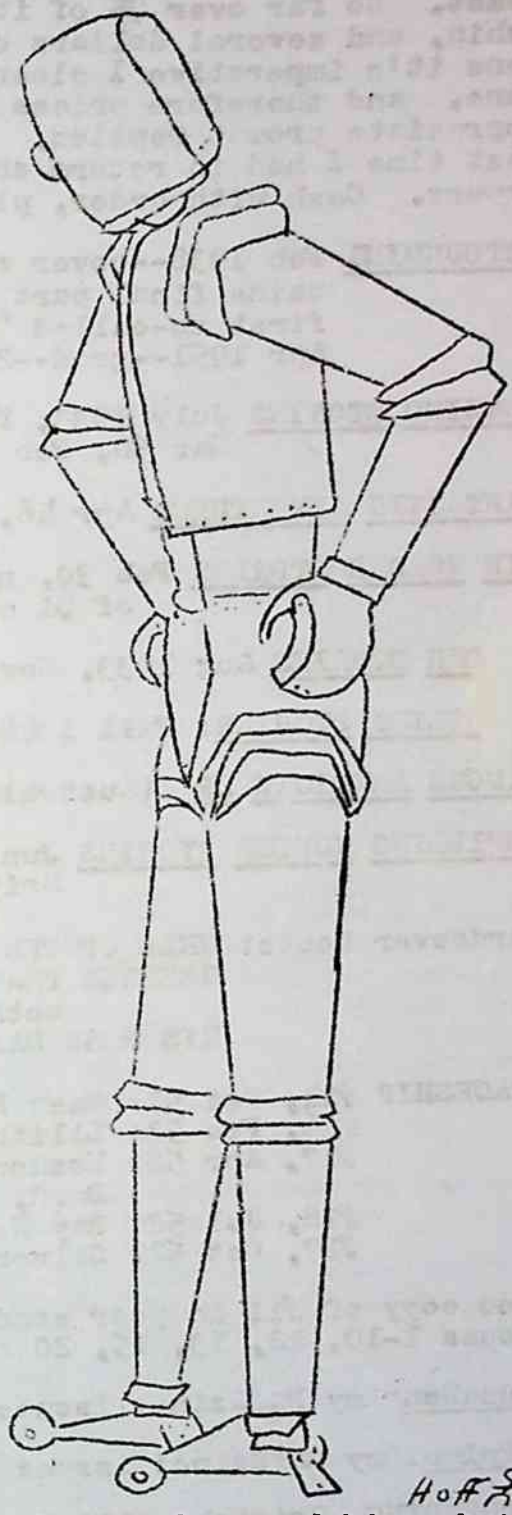
"You know--the planet...the Tin Can."

"No, I don't know. I wish you'd explain. He tried to be a little more encouraging. "Why don't you tell me about it--" he tried unsuccessfully to recall Joe's name.

Joe colored red; sweat appeared on his forehead in small drops; his ears burned unbearably. Run, escape, get away, shouted his brain. He half-turned from the others. "...er, if you'll excuse me a moment, sir--I don't feel too well and--" Toward the door he broke into a nervous trot that was almost a run.

And when he had slammed the door, it was a run in earnest. Down the corridor -- he paused a moment at the porthole. The asteroid hung just outside, now, occupying all of space. It filled the port completely, so that nothing else was visible except black space at the corners.

In the center was the picture of a huge tomato. It was done in a cubist design apparently of Picasso origin. The lettering at top and bottom proclaimed the brand of tomatoes and the price. The can was unbelievably huge, nearly the size of a planet.



He gazed at it a while and then continued down the corridor. Great chords began to sound around him, but he did not understand them. He continued.

He thought he would run forever.

--Fred Chappell

CLEARANCE!

The response to my ad in the last issue was pleasing, to say the least. So far over $5 of it has been sold, excluding back issues of Sship, and several dollars of those have gone out. But for various reasons it's imperative I clear out the rest of this stuff by the end of June, and therefore prices on much of the remainder have been cut. I appreciate prompt replies, and wherever possible give second choices; last time I had to return about $5 to people just a bit too late with orders. Cash with order, please. I pay postage on all orders.

ASTOUNDING Feb 1938--cover ragged, one short story excerpted. Contains final part of "Galactic Patrol." This is Campbell's first so-called "mutant" issue--25¢
Apr 1951--good--25¢

AMAZING STORIES July 1933, Nov 1931, good, 50¢ each
Mar 50, Feb May Jun Jul Aug Sep Nov Dec 52--good, 25¢ each

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES Apr 48, Sep 49, Dec 52--good, 25¢ each

AIR WONDER STORIES Feb 30, nc, watersoaked reading copy--10¢ with order of $1 or more. Also Mar 30, no coverd--25¢

WONDER STORIES Aug 1933, Nov 1934--good, 50¢ each

STARTLING STORIES: Fall 1946, good, 25¢. British ed. #5, 10¢

FAMOUS AMERICAN SF (Australian prozine) #1, #4, good, 15¢ each

THRILLING WONDER STORIES Jun 1938, no back cover--10¢
British ed May 52 (different from US--15¢)

Hardcover books: WELL OF THE UNICORN (Pratt) mint with dj--$1
GREENER THAN YOU THINK (Moore) " " " --$1
both the above for $1.50
MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE (White) good,dj--35¢

SPACESHIP #14, Oct 51: Mack Reynolds, etc. One copy left--10¢
#16, Feb 52: Lilith Lorraine, Paley, Dard, others--10¢
#17, Apr 52: Moskowitz, Willis, Boggs, Elsberry, Paley, Dard, Ward, Chabot, Keasler. 40 pages--15¢
#18, Jul 52: Ray Nelson, Shapiro, Bullock, Hirschhorn--10¢
#19, Oct 52: Silverberg, Saunders, Macauley, Dard, ktp.--10¢

Free copy of #11 in poor condition with first order of 25¢ or up.
Issues 1-10, 12, 13, 15, 20 are out of print.

Irusaben: my FAPAzine: issues 9 and 10, bound together--10¢ for both

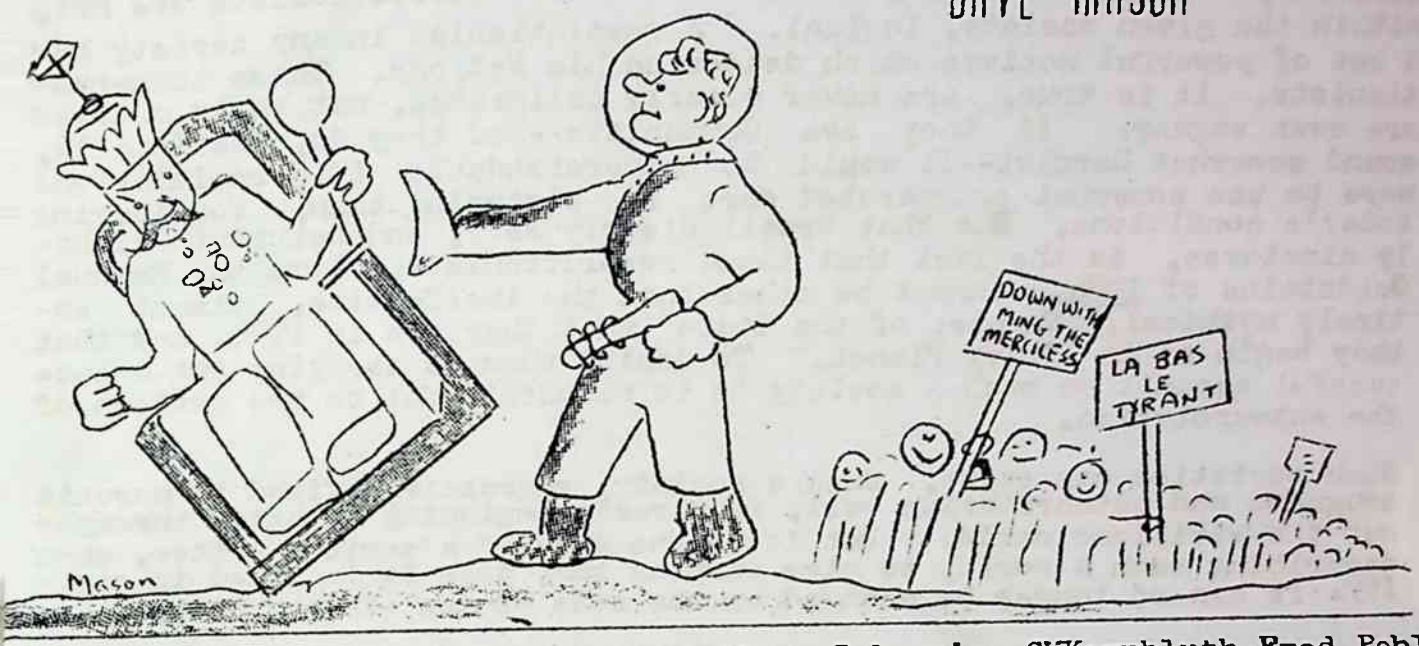
Z Prime: my SAPSzine: issues 1 and 4, 5¢ each

ASTOUNDING: British edition, very different from U.S.--Apr 51, 10¢

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY Nov 52, good, 25¢.

TWO SPOKES IN THE WHEEL OF IF

DAVE MASON



Not too long ago, I finished reading Galaxy's CMKornbluth-Fred Pohl serial, "Gravy Planet." I read it uncritically, for pure kicks, and with the pleasure I always derive from the work of CMK. But on thinking a bit about the story, I'm forced to compare it with another yarn of similar bent--George Orwell's 1984.

There's a logical parallelism between the two. In both cases, we have an unusually logical extrapolation of present-day society into the near future, an extrapolation not at all prettied up. As for the realism of the hucksters of "Gravy Planet," I showed the story to a public relations cub of my acquaintance, and -- though probably you won't believe this--the guy took it seriously. He thought the fate of the hero tragic. His only criticism was the constantly-repeated misspelling of the name of the villainous Connies.

As for 1984, note the loyalty probes. There is small need to labor the point that this is a logical projection of the future.

But "Gravy Planet" falls rather heavily on its face at a very important point, while 1984 holds up. Orwell was a serious political thinker, a man who wrote to a definite end. Kornbluth and Pohl, on the other hand, are constrained, by some combination of their own personalities and the requirements of pulp writing, to manufacture an ending which reads as though it belonged on another story. "Gravy Planet" should have ended as did 1984. The requirements of truth are harsh, and the punishment for ignoring truth is that hollow, hollow ring.

Neither Orwell's hero nor Mitch Courtenay can change himself or his society. Yet, in "Gravy Planet," Love conquers all. A small group of plotters succeed in making a vast change in society--by going to another planet, true--yet it is a change in the society of which they are a part. And the hero himself, still more wonderfully, changes himself

vastly. For a man to uproot the whole structure of his life, as this man does, it requires, I suspect, a little more than the motivation given, the love of an attractive woman.

Moreover, the revolutionary motives of the conservationists are not, within the given society, logical. A revolutionist in any society has a set of powerful motives which determine his actions. These conservationists, it is true, are never clearly delineated, but their motives are even vaguer. If they are Communists--and they do, occasionally, sound somewhat Marxist--it would be understandable if Kornbluth-Pohl were to use somewhat exaggerated care in picturing them, considering today's conditions. But what Orwell clearly sees, and Kornbluth lightly dismisses, is the fact that these revolutionists, like the Emanuel Goldsteins of 1984, cannot be other than the ineffective, almost entirely mythical, "Enemies of the State" that they are in 1984, and that they begin as in "Gravy Planet." To depict them as carrying out a successful assault on such a society is to be unfaithful to the pattern of the extrapolation.

Such societies can exist. Such a society, regressive, fixed in moronic smugness and authoritarian evil, is already beginning to exist throughout the civilized world. But it is the duty of a serious writer, when describing such a world, to give warning that once it is fixed in reality, it can no longer be changed by the acts of men of good will.

I speak of the duty of a serious writer because I believe that science fiction can be written with a serious purpose, aside from its use as entertainment. I don't believe a writer is free to say a thing in such a way as to make a cheerful and dangerous untruth seem true. The myth that Kornbluth expresses in many of his stories--"The Marching Morons," also in Galaxy, is a typical example--is the myth of a man of intelligence and good will who can, by his own acts, alter society. This is a dangerous myth. It leads to a complacent idea that no matter how things are allowed to muddle on, everything will come right at the end. But in an Orwellian future, the only way out is down. The society described by Kornbluth and Pohl is not one that can be improved; it can only end in chaos and destruction. The only way out of the Gravy is into the soup.

--Dave Mason

This issue of SPACESHIP is dedicated to Dean A. Grennell, a gentleman, a scholar, and a damned fine writer, who angeled the cover illustration... something to watch for is the same chap's "Signed, Sealed, and Delivered" --which'll be coming up in Sship #22, July.

AS I SEE IT

BERT HIRSCHHORN

We sciontifictionists are quite sure space travel is imminent. Most of us plan to be around to hear of the first rocket flight to the moon. "How happy things will be," is our delirious cry. But I, pessimistic as ever, see many complications, which will probably lead to war. And if not to war, most certainly to the racking tenseness that grips the world today. Let's consider the facts:

To make the planets our next frontier will raise many intricate questions of natural sovereignty. What is the legal status of space, the moon, planets, sun? To whom should the mineral and natural resources belong? Should it be first come, first served? Or a survival-of-the-fittest affair? How will the U.N. (if it's still around) or any group of organized nations enter the picture? What assurances will we have that the entire solar system won't break into the wars our authors are so fond of depicting?

We come first to the intriguing question of, "Who should own what space?" Or, as many people ask, should space be owned at all? They say that every land has jurisdiction over all earth within its boundaries, and the air over the country, presumably extending into space. But the earth turns, and space doesn't turn with it. No nation could claim a chunk of space without finding that the chunk is also located over some other country at times. This is a perfect setting for war.

The ocean, though, is free, except for the three-mile-limit around each country. Why not give each nation a "bumper-space" area of about 200 miles up, near the beginning of the atmosphere, and declare the rest free? But all this is a theoretical discussion.

One thing which isn't theoretical is the space station, the orbiter. The United States is already considering one, for military uses--but it might someday be used as a jump-off and refueling point for spaceships. But problems come up here, too. What will be the status of these orbiters? A space station for all nations? Or will each nation build its own? Both these seem ridiculous. One station would never be adequate to handle all nations' traffic, but if each country has its own satellite-station, the heavens will be so filled with the things that a spaceship will never be able to get aspace without hitting one or two. What is called for is continental unity: the space station of Western Europe, the space station of Eastern Europe, of the Near East, of South America, and so on.

But a more immediate question is the moon. Who will own it? Who gets the minerals that will be found? Who will get how much of what? There are some who think that first-claimers have all rights. After all, didn't Columbus and the othereexplorers do that? You get what you can. This sounds rather barbaric. It's like the cavemen fighting over a

newly-found cave. Who will set boundaries on how much any one nation can claim after landing a ship? This is again a prelude to war. We'll have a lot of bickering before lunar rights are settled.

If other planets are inhabitable, then we'll face the age-old problem of colonies and colonization. We're liable to have the 19th century repeated all over again, with Earth countries checkerboarding Mars and Venus with national domains. But then the home-lands, the ones who will rule from easy-chairs, will infuriate the colonists, who know their own special needs. Revolutions will follow and we'll have the other planets divided up into neat little national states just as this unfortunate world is. Astounding has devoted, under the Campbell regime, much space and several fine stories to exploring this problem.

With new planets reached and our mode of living drastically altered, new laws will be needed. New trade laws are the prime requisite. Boundaries must be decided. Treaties must be enforced. A police system must be instituted. Local laws pertaining to space travel must be made. Space lanes must be organized. There are dozens upon dozens of new laws which will be needed. We'll probably need an international tribunal under the UN, to decide just what laws will be needed.

Taxes, too. Who would pay them? The upkeep of a governmental Department of Space would be enormous. No assurance is there that the mineral findings are going to make up the cost of getting to the moon or to Mars, and, in the long run, that's our main motive for getting there. This new thing called interplanetary travel brings up a whole batch of new headaches for a world overloaded with them.

Any action has an equal and opposite reaction. Newton's law can also be applied to society and human thinking. Whenever any liberal advancement is made--the French Revolution is a good example--there's almost invariably a period of reaction not much later. We've reached our present status only by a process of two-steps-forward-one-step-back.... But, 2500 years ago, Thucydides shrewdly pointed out that history has a habit of running in recurring cycles. I wonder when our period of reaction will come. After all, the last fifty years have seen phenomenal progress, when it's measured against the progress of the previous few thousand. Will there be a reaction?

If there is one, it should come at the peak of our rise, at the threshhold of interplanetary flight. Probably there'd be set up a veritable shell of conservatism. First would come the ever-mounting taxes to support such a project. Then would come the initial failures and tragedies. Different groups would react in different ways. The good old man in the street would be mumbling, "What do we have to go up there for anyway? I'm doing pretty good down here. I don't care if some damn fool wants to break his neck trying to get to the moon, but I'm darned if I'll pay for him to do it!" Next, we'd be hit by the evangelists (Heinlein has discussed this in a few of his early stories.)... "God never meant us to leave earth and try to reach heaven in our lifetimes." Around election times, politicians would catch on to the trend and declare, "Mah fraends, the taxes are much too high. We must, mah good fraends, consider what we-all are doin'." And so on. But probably the wave of anti-space feelings would be only temporary. After all, the generation growing up just now is being raised on a diet of Captain

video and such people, and there is bound to be a strong current of curiosity about the other planets, which would probably overmaster the inevitable wave of anti-space propaganda. And, we hope, there will be idealists and thinkers and perhaps fa-a-ans who will wind up the initial project and start the ball of civilization rolling. I'm sure we'll manage.

I started this talking about the main problems of space travel in terms of national sovereignty and ownership. But all the problems which will arise when each nation begins to claim its own hunk of space can be averted. The only way we can avoid war is to unite. We have to work on this premise. The Earth has national states; fine. But now that we're on an interplanetary scale, we must realize that Man is one creature, and must act accordingly. As one creature, one race, one nation. New institutions demand new reforms. We will have to act as one group in the conquest of space...that is, assuming that space doesn't come here and conquer us first, as some of the Flying Saucer partisans are maintaining.

There can be no rivalries now. The UN must become a world government when we gain Space, even if this takes some doing. (But is the ultra-pragmatic solution proposed by Poul Anderson in Un-Man the only solution? I hope not.) The UN's first problem is the control of atomic power. Then must come the eventual world government. Anyone who tells me this would destroy nationalism must not be aware of the extent of nationalism in a federation such as the United STATES. A Texan is proud of Texas. A Brooklynite is fiercely proud of Brooklyn. Yet they are proud of being Americans, too, and would be just as proud to be Terrans. Nationalism can have several focal points.

The first thing after the United Nations becomes that in fact is for the World to begin to exploit the planets (assuming, once again, that they are habitable but unhabited), the resources being used for the good of all, through a system of private enterprise. It works in America. I see no reason for its failure in the United States of Earth. Colonies could be formed by the world union, and would be under its jurisdiction until they are ready for independence and membership in a confederation. This would stretch, in the far future, to the other solar systems, and some day we would have an Asimov-like collection of worlds ruled by humans.

Our only hope for avoiding complete destruction is to form one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. This one nation, along with the other planet nations, will be proof that man has finally reached maturity.

Our children will grow up in this universe. They will benefit by it and add to it. The next thirty years will probably see us on the road to the Conquest of Space, and it's now or never that we will lay the groundwork for future ages.

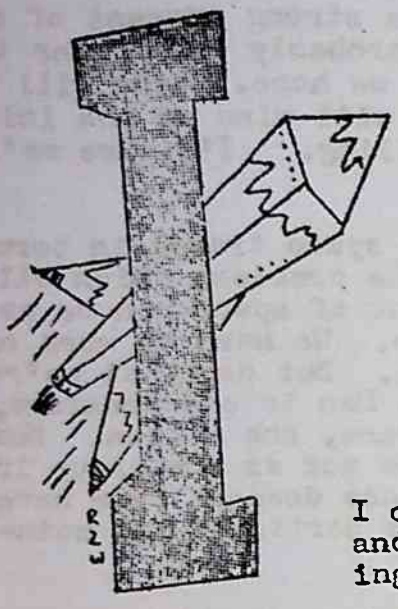
--Bert Hirschhorn

WANTED

I (Bob Silverberg, that is) am now just seven away from completing my ASF file. Cash is offered for these, in good condition with covers and insides intact: Nov 30, Oct 33, May 34, Mar 36, Aug Sep Oct 40.

TOGETHER

CHARLES WELLS



don't know how long I was drunk. I lost all track of time. All I know is one day I was cold sober and I knew what I should do.

I couldn't go on, thinking of Norma--my Norma--married to that damn Irving. I couldn't go on remembering that party where she'd met Irving. How Irving had messed up all I had ever dreamed. How Irving had taken her away from me and she had married him and Oh God !

I couldn't go on. I bought a gun.

I cared for that gun like it was a baby. I cleaned it and polished it and kept it loaded all the time, bid - ing my time to kill.

Weeks passed. I was getting more and more nervous.

I couldn't stand the waiting.

I decided that instead of waiting for a situation to kill I would make one. I would call them and invite them to my apartment. They wouldn't think anything wrong. They couldn't. I dialed their number. Norma answered.

I told her that I had no hard feelings toward her and couldn't we stay friends? I invited her over for tonight. "I have a surprise," I concluded.

She sounded puzzled but she said yes they would. "What time?" she asked.

"Oh, any time. I'll be here all evening." Of course I would. I had finally figured out how both Norma and I could be together, without Irving, and without the police.

I paced nervously about. What if they don't come? I couldn't stand another night of waiting. I tried to light a cigaret. My hand shook so badly I burnt myself, and cursed. I looked repeatedly at my watch. Only five o'clock. She won't be here for another hour or so.

A horrible thought occurred to me. What if they catch on to my plans? What if they don't come at all? That can't happen. They can't know what I'm planning.

I tried to light another cigaret. I forced my hand to be steady.

I couldn't stand the waiting.

Six o'clock. Why don't they come? Six thirty.

TOGETHER

What's happened to them? They've got to come!

The doorbell rang.

I stumbled to the door. I forced myself to be calm. Only a few minutes till...

I opened the door. There was Norma, and Irving. "Come in," I said, holding myself steady by some great exertion of will.

As soon as I was inside I pulled out my gun. Norma started to say something. Irving stood there with his mouth open. I shot Norma; I killed her.

Now we can be together, I thought.

And I killed myself.

--Charles Wells

FREE BEER AT THE PHILCON!

PHILADELPHIA, April 1. The Philcon Committee announced today that free BEER would be available to all at the Labor Day Science Fiction Convention. A considerable supply of copies of the Bbitish Empire Ecclesiastical Review is on hand and will be distributed free of charge in the Bellevue-Stratford lobby on the opening day of the convention.

This has been a SPACESHIP News Service.

FREE BEER AT THE PHILCON!

MAGAZINES WANTED

A very good friend of mine wants very badly to obtain a copy of the Dec 1940 Unknown, and I want one myself...so herewith be it known that I am on the lookout for two copies of that issue, in good condition with the covers and all intact, and will part with much moolah for them. Other mags which I'm looking for (one of each, in the same condition): Cosmic SF May 1941; Comet Mar 41; Fantastic Adventures Nov 42; Amazing Sep 31, Jan Feb May 32, Dec 33, Apr 36, Aug 42; Marvel Tales Dec 39; Wonder Stories Dec 33; Scienco Fiction April 1943; Planet Win 42, May 43, Spr 47; Amz Quarterly Fall 33, Fall 34; Sci Wonder Oct 29; Captain Future Fall 41; Unknown Apr Sep Nov Dec 39, Jan Feb Mar May Jun Jul Aug Sep Oct Dec (2) 40, Apr 41, Aug Oct 42, Apr Aug 43; Strange Tales Sep Nov 31, Jan Mar Jun Oct 32, Jan 33; Miracle S&F Apr Jun 31; Witch's Tales Dec 36; Strange Stories Apr-Dec 39, Feb-Dec 40; Quandry #2. Weird Tales before 1938; Rhodomagnetic Digest Volume One; Odd #10; Gernsback's "SF Series"; Between Worlds, paperback edition; Checklist of Fantastic Literature, with or without dj; Horror Stories, any; Terror Tales, any; see Astounding ad-list on an earlier page.--Bob Silverberg

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

319 W. Boise St.,
Caldwell, Idaho
January 4, 1953

Mr. John W. Campbell, Jr.,
Editor, Astounding Science Fiction
575 Madison Avenue,
New York 22, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Campbell:

Thank you for your interesting and provocative letter of December 20th. The questions you asked called for quite a bit of thought, but that's what I wanted. As I see it, here are your answers:

1. The polyrithmic quasi-tabulant co-efficient of Schmier's isotope, Y-89, is gamma-sub 9 to the fourth, leading to an ambual emissive gain of 36.92476, assuming the temperature to be held at a uniform 48.3°C.

2. In the case of your hypothetical power-pile, if the mean cross-section of the cadmium damping-rods exceeds 1847 sq. cm., the paraboloid skew will be subject to modulation by the tesseret of sigma andor the mantissa of theta/omicron.

Adiathetics is coming along, thanks, although there are a number of snags turning up at this point. I hope to have something ready for the CSLS in April. Your analogy about the compartmented box, partly full and partly empty, will be very helpful when it becomes necessary to explain the theory to laymen. I have the square root of minus-1 pinned down now, but must select some appropriate symbols and assign qualifications to them. Have you any suggestions?

Daddy says to tell you that he's glad he got away from Brookhaven when he did and is feeling better now. He says he misses having you stop in to chew the fat.

Oh, and thanks, too, for the birthday card. It came the day before. Mother baked a big angel-food and put white frosting on it with my name in pink icing. They let me blow the candles out and I got all four of them on the first puff!

If you have any more questions, please send them along. I look forward to your letters.

Yours truly,

Ronnie

RG/mg

Ronnie Gleason

PS If you should see, or write to, Miss Shiras, please tell her hello for all of us. Good-bye now.

--Dean A. Grennell

It looked pretty bad for a while. The last review SPACESHIP had received in the prozines had appeared in June, and now it was January, almost. But suddenly, the February Startling appeared, with the long-awaited review of the Third Annish. Bix only found room to say four lines about it, but they must have been four forceful ones, because, praise Foo, for the next month I was swamped with subscriptions, material, orders for back issues, and other nice things. SPACESHIP #20 went like hotcakes, and the print run is being increased by 15 for this issue. And, of course, letters flocked in.

Here's the rating of the material in issue number 20:

1. Review of 1952 (Bob Silverberg)
2. Who Played the Harp? (Robert Bloch)
3. The Way I See It (Bert Hirschhorn)
4. Report from Australia (Roger Dard)
5. The Newsstand Game (Charles Gregory)
6. Book Review (Larry Saunders)
7. Surprise (Charles Wells)

The first and last items on the list deserve comment. The Review, I blush to say, drew nearly straight first-place. If I were to include the arithmetical ratings that decide position, it would rate 1.2 or so. Opinion was mixed on the Wells story, with a good many people liking it--but those who didn't, hated it to little bits, which explains its low rating. One chap went as far as to say it was too long!

The reaction to Hirschhorn's trial column was positive, with a few exceptions, and so Bert will stay on the staff a while longer. But to the letters:

Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois:
The new issue of SPACESHIP is, as always, fine. I see no reason to hide from you the fact that The Ship is one of the very few fanzines I read from cover to cover. In an unexplainable way it reminds me of the old SPACEWAYS.

But there is an item I want to bitch about.

I think I've been roundly gypped in the matter of the SCIENCE FICTION FAN YEARBOOK. Oh, not that it isn't a wonderful job, both editorially and production-wise, but my copy isn't complete, and I never knew that until I read the Saunders review. I guess I was lucky to catch onto just one copy if they sold out as fast as your reviewer claims, but still and all, I would like to have a Lee Hoffman frontispiece in my book! It just ain't there, dammit. In fact, there is no frontispiece at all in my copy. Now just what the hell are Messers. Haskell and

Phillips trying to pull? The value of the book is almost equal to that of Don Day's INDEX, I will freely admit, but it would be greater still if Lee's pretty face was there.

I'm bitching to you because you'll have to pass it along for me; I don't know the address of either Haskell or Phillips. (Bought my copy through the local bookstore and got a discount.)

What were they doing, saving Hoffman's face? #

I forwarded the Tucker complaint on to Bob Haskell, co-publisher of the SCIENCE FICTION FAN YEARBOOK (reviewed by Larry Saunders in the last issue of Sship) and, in a few days, received this reply:

Bob Haskell, Box 1106, Philadelphia 6, Pennsylvania:
Thanks for your inquiry about our recent publication... and thanks too for printing Larry Saunders' fine review!

In regard to Mr. Tucker's query: here's the story on the Hoffman picture. We had had 65 advance orders for our YEARBOOK, and all were mailed out containing the frontispiece with Lee Hoffman's picture.

Within a week after we mailed these out, word reached us of a mass migration toward Savannah. We received frantic pleas from both the Census Bureau and the President of the NFFF to cease distribution of the picture, because it was causing a serious disturbance in normal population balance. Accordingly, we removed the frontispieces from the remaining 85 copies before selling them. Apparently Mr. Tucker received one of this latter group, and we can only offer our sincere apologies--circumstances beyond our control, you know.

Hoping I've been of some help, and thanks again. #

* * *

And that, sad to say, is all the letters we're going to run this time. There's an awful lot of important things that have to get into this issue, and we can run letters any old time. But please don't stop sending letters of comment on each issue of Sship, even though there's only a ghost of a chance that the letter will be printed and even less chance that I'll find time and cash to answer it. I appreciate each comment, destructive or otherwise, and usually pay close attention to your suggestions for improvement. This time, letters were received from Denis Moreen, Dick Ryan (you may see his letter next time), Don Cantin, Charles Wells, RJBanks, Charles Gregory, Larry Saunders (now Private Larry Saunders), Morris Taylor, Jerry Hopkins, Redd Boggs, and about seven other guys who are going to lose egoboo because I've misfiled their letters or because their letters came after this was stencilled. While I'm at it, thanks for the Christmas Cards to Rich Bergeron, Paul Mittelbuscher, Redd Boggs, Charles Wells, Larry Farsace, Dick Ward, Don Cantin, DBThompson, Ian Macauley, Wrai Ballard, Norman Ashfield, Dave Cohen, and Gerald Steward. I hope I haven't left a n yone out here, but I'm almost sure I have. And also, many thanks to Walt Willis and Irish Fandom for their annual and uproarious Christmas Fanzine.

--Bob Silverberg

FOUR YEARS

It seems like a few months ago when I was sweating over the Third Annish, and here we are at the Fourth! 1952 was a big year for s-f in general; Sship had quite a year too. Circulation increased by 20%, and I'm referring to paying customers here; the four 1953 issues were uneven in quality, with #17 as a peak, but I don't think anyone will say that any of them was particularly bad. 1953 is well under way, and I think the best is yet to come for Sship, judging by the manuscripts on hand.

But you'll note that this ann-ish is not quite as monstrous as last year's--I'm no longer in the fortunate position which allowed me to whomp out 40 pages for a dime. But 32 is good enough, and especially in view of this: beginning with the next issue, we're going to add a few pages to the regular 26. I don't know how many, nor can you expect them all the time, but most issues to come will have 28, 30, 32, or sometimes more pages, depending on how much cash I have available. The price, incidentally, will remain at 10¢ per copy as long as is economically feasible. But...in order to do that I'm going to need some advertising sold, at the usual rate of 75¢ per page, 50¢ per half page. And if you don't believe that Sship's ads sell, ask some of the fellows who have had ads in recent issues. And, another thing -- it'll make things much easier for me if, in renewing your subscriptions, you send 50¢ for six issues instead of the customary 25¢ for three. I think I've demonstrated sufficiently in the last four years that Sship is not a temporary project.

I don't intend, by the way, to review the last four years. If you want to read a review of Sship's first three, there's a lengthy one in the Third Ann-Ish, #17, and I still have a few copies left at 15¢. This is the famous 40-page all-star issue which featured Sam Moskowitz, Redd Boggs, Walt Willis, Rich Elsberry, Lee Hoffman, Roger Dard, Henry Chabot, Richard Ward, and Foo knows how many others.

But I like statistics, so let's bring up to date the set I gave you the last annish:

DATE	ISSUE NUMBER	NUMBER OF PAGES	COVER ARTIST
1949-52	1-17	302	Six Artists
Jul 1952	18	28	Ward-Capella
Oct 1952	19	26	Ward
Jan 1953	20	26	Adams
Apr 1953	21	32	Photocover
Twenty-one issues		414	Seven artists

The next issue will be out in late June. There's quite a lot of mater-

ial on hand for it already, by Dave Mason, Harlan Ellison, and numerous others, plus all the regulars, and another columnist. I'll bet you'll be glad to see this particular column back in print again! But you'll have to wait till June to find out what it is...

* * * * * *

It's been brought to my attention that the fanzine listing in the Jan. issue was not quite complete...seems I omitted RJBanks' veteran UTOPIAN and Harlan Ellison's excellent SF BULLETIN. My apologies, gents; these are two of the biggest and best.

Russ Watkins, 115 W. 34, Savannah, Georgia, is trying to find out what happened to an article of his on "Fantasy in The Shadow," which he sent to some fan-ed just before leaving for the Air Force in 1951. If you have the piece in your possession, or if you've seen it in print someplace, please get in touch with Russ about it.

This we like very much: Peter Hamilton, Jr., ambitious young editor of Britain's new prozine, Nebula Science Fiction, has sent me an advance review copy of his second issue. His mag is the heftiest of all British prozines, offering 120 pages for 2/-, in a very nice format. I haven't read it yet, but the long lead novel, FGRayer's "Thou Pasture Us," looks good, as does the Boklike cover by Alan Hunter. The first issue of this mag, which appeared last fall, showed that Neb had a long way to go but was anxious to make improvements. I suggest, if you have a British contact, you acquire a copy--or, they're available in this country from Frank Schmid, 42 Sherwood Ave., Franklin Sq., L.I., N.Y., who'll sell you a four-issue sub and throw in the first issue, all for $1.50. And editor Hamilton is certain to make a lot of friends for himself is he keeps sending review copies to impoverished fan-eds.

Incidentally, the mag contains a column by Walt Willis (but in a lukewarm, un-Wawish style) titled "The Electric Fan." Walt is apparently anxious to give credit where credit is due, because at the end of this installment of his column he modestly says that the ghastly title for the column is the work of the editor, and not his idea at all.

* * * * * *

I'm not much for crowing about the material in each issue of Sship; I usually let it stand or fall on its own merits. But this time I can't resist pointing out to you Bert Hirschhorn's column for this issue, which I think is an unusually intelligent discussion of some things much more vital to us than the number of prozines in the field. I'm rather proud to have gotten such a piece into print.

And that, I think, winds up this Fourth Anniversary Issue. Material is always welcome here, but if you're new to Sship please enclose return postage. Stencils and ink cost quite enough, without a buck or two added to the costs by chaps not quite good enough to make the grade and not thoughtful enough to enclose a stamp or two. Thanks once again for all the nice comments, renewals, and suchlike, and don't feel that I don't appreciate 'em because I don't take time to acknowledge. I wish the N3F would include among its "benefits" a free secretarial service for overworked fan editors.

--Bob Silverberg