STARDUST

Unique Fantasy Fiction

15¢

SEPTEMBER - 1940 Vol. 2 No. 1

CITY IN THE FAR OFF SKY BY ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP ◆ JULIUS SCHWARTZ ◆ BOB TUCKER

STARDUST *The Magazine Unique*

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1 SEPTEMBER 1940

Contents

Editor - William Lawrence Hamling

Associates, Neil DeJack, Howard Funk, Harry Warner Jr., Chester S. Geier.
Art Editor, Paul Quaiver - Staff Artist, Herschel Jenkins Jr.

Published bi-monthly by STARDUST Publishers. Editorial offices, 2609 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. Office of publication, 3045 Irving Park Rd., Chicago, Ill. Subscription rates, 15c single copy, 75c per year, (six issues). STARDUST is a member of the QUILL & SCROLL, International Honor Society of Journalism.

Let's Discuss It

EYE TO EYE

With the Editor

No doubt this issue of STARDUST comes as a great surprise to the majority of our readers—and that is what it was meant to be, a great surprise! Yes, our format has been changed—but our policy is still the same. The decision to do this was not arrived at overnight. In fact, it has been contemplated ever since STARDUST came into existence, and the reasons have been manifold.

I have always believed that the greatest amount of efficiency is possible only in a venture that is well-knit, compact, and to the point. And this theory holds well in the case of STARDUST. Not that I do not believe in the smoothness and quality of a large size magazine—I do! But there are various other factors that present themselves for considera tion. For one thing, in a large size magazine, such as STARDUST has been in the past, efficiency is lost to a certain degree if the amount of material enclosed per issue is not proportionally as great as the size itself.

Naturally I want to increase the material in STARDUST as much, and as quickly as I can. But in the old format I was hampered in this respect. By adopting a *standard* format I have been able to materially increase the contents of the magazine *in direct proportion to its size.* And in the near future it will be easier to further increase the contents because of this fact. Now we are able to climb steadily—slowly but surely, where before we could only take spasmodic jumps

But! Do not for one moment think that I have discarded the old format entirely. Quite to the contrary. When I believe that STARDUST has reached the point where an increased size is necessary to avoid a loss of efficiency, then the magazine will revert its format. In other words, we are undergoing a series of changes, as every normal individual and material thing does in the course of its life. These changes in STARDUST are made deliberately, and for the betterment of the magazine.

Last month there was a mad scramble for first place. In fact, the scramble was so intense that it resulted in a tie. Coming in with noses barely to the fore were *THREE ERAS* by *Willy Ley*, and *THE CYCLE OF AGE* by *Robert Moore Williams.* (The third time in a row that Bob has been in the first division!) In second place there was also a mad scramble, and here too it was a tie, *MEET THE FAN*, our new all fan department, and *THE CRYSTAL OF DEATH* by *Jack Williamson* taking the honors. Too, our new *find* in the art field, Herschel Jenkinson, captured many a bit of well-deserved praise for his swell work—and he'll get a lot more in the near future!

Next month we have a real treat for you, in the person of three headliners: *Robert Moore Williams, Neil R. Jones,* and *J. Harvey Haggard.* Bob Williams returns with another of his popular stories, this time—*DO OR DIE!* . . . Mother Nature is a queer person. She creates and she destroys. Her whole philosophy is a question of survival—*do or die!* The weak shall perish, the strong survive . . . In this story Bob tells us of a place where nature ran wild, and what happened when three humans were thrown into the riot.

J. Harvey Haggard presents a story of the spaceways—of a terrible doom that threatened a terrestrial colony on Eros and how fate threw a disabled space vessel into the gauntlet. There was a way out, but . . . Read this unique story next month!

Neil R. Jones, creator of the famous Professor Jameson series, presents an off-trail article that will astound every seasoned fantasy reader. Every one of course knows that Neil R. Jones has written scores of popular science-fiction stories—but do you know that each of these stories has been written for a purpose, and published in a chronological order? Well, it's true! And in this article you will find out the story-behind-the-story. And—what has happened to Professor Jameson? You will find the answer to this timely question too! Watch for this revealing article, complete in the next issue.

Well, the time draws very close for the *1940 World's Science Fiction Convention.* Will you be here? If you aren't you certainly will be missing something! Think of it—three glorious days of fantasy fun with all the famous authors, fans, editors, and what-

Continued on page 36

PRIVATE PAPERS of a Science-Fictioneer

By Julius Schwartz

Keeping with our policy of presenting OFF-TRAIL material, we present this unique article by Julius Schwartz, one of fantasy's oldest fans, and today the leading author's agent in the field.

Mr. Schwartz has met and corresponded with practically every famous name in fantasy, and this article is a revelation of some of his private papers.

Some of the men whose names will be found in these unusual recollections have passed to a higher sphere . . . and others have risen to new heights around us. . . .

* * * * *

February 15, 1938.

"Farley paid Ziff-Davis a visit after they bought AMAZING STORIES, and seeing how little Davis knew about his new protege, conceived the brilliant idea of boosting me for the job that was evidently open. Suffice it to say that he gave me a rating that I'm going to have plenty of trouble keeping at par. Good old Farley. I'm a science fiction genius, have an encyclopedic mind, and business acumen in prodigious quantities.

"So, Davis suggested that I write him. Farley said write, and then deliver the letter personally. I followed instructions, and arrived at 608 South Dearborn Street at exactly 10:22 A.M. on Monday morning. I believe at 10:41 A.M. I was deeply immersed in the longest and toughest day I've gone through, reading his entire stock of available manuscripts and typing my opinion of each. I even missed breakfast, to catch the train down there, and thereafter, didn't think of eating until I got home at 9:00 P.M. So I was absolutely foodless and drinkless for 27 consecutive hours! And I wasn't even hungry! Preoccupation, eh? Well, at exactly 5:11, Mr. Davis tells me I'm his little guardian angel and he tenderly places his baby in my care. He also insists I'm on the payroll starting yesterday, and that I'd better make tracks for Milwaukee, and get back pronto, since AMAZING must be made up in two weeks, and if I don't make the deadline, heaven help me!"

—Raymond A. Palmer.

(*And after all these months it's still the same, eh Ray? Heaven help you if you don't make the deadline!—J. S.*)

August 15, 1936.

"Did you hear about the chap who wanted to get a skunk out of his cave, so he threw a Binder story in, and the skunk came out staggering?"

—Eando Binder.

(*Binder was just about getting started at this time to achieve the status of science fiction's number one author. Nevertheless, he went in for a lot of ribbing about his own stories. Binder claims his greatest thrill in science fiction occurred when he was mentioned in the same breath with Stanley G. Weinbaum. A fan wrote into an s-f magazine that the best and worst stories in the issue were written by Stanley G. Weinbaum and Eando Binder respectively!—J. S.*)

January 13, 1932.

"*C o n g r a t u l a t i o n s* ! TTT is a wow! Gee, I'm so darn excited over it that I entirely forgot about buying typing paper today and so I have to use this goofy yellow stuff.

"Boy, I'll bet anything the stf.'ists 'll be wild about it. I am and I knew all the surprises!

"Gee, the whole darn thing is keen. I just don't know what to do! I want to *do* something about it and I don't know *what*. I always get *so* excited about things . . . and

TTT is my greatest excitement so far in life! What a mag!

"Excuse goofy typing . . . repeating of words—maybe even whole sentences, I don't know . . . etc. It's my excitement, I tell you, my excitement."

—Forrest J. Ackerman.

(*So airmailed Forrie upon receipt of THE TIME TRAVELER, the first science fiction fan magazine, consisting of six mimeographed pages. Something tells me he still hasn't calmed down.—J. S.*)

June 6, 1933.

"I am working with the greatest stf artist yet (I believe him far superior to Wesso, Paul, Morey and Marchioni) upon a cartoon strip, the idea of which is a variation of my old 'Interplanetary Police' idea. The strip is called REX CARSON. A number of syndicates are interested in handling it . . . When I worked with Joe Shuster on the old idea, I was told by a few syndicate editors I approached that I must find a more professional artist . . . "

—Jerome Siegal.

(*I don't know what happened to Rex Carson, but Joe Shuster, who seven years ago failed to make the grade as a cartoon artist, seems to be doing all right now as Siegal's collaborator on that popular strip, SUPERMAN.—J. S.*)

July 2, 1933.

"I am probably the slowest writer known. Even when I had lots of spare time I wrote very slowly; and now that I have scarcely any spare time at all it is that much worse. I do not write at all except when I feel like it; and, after the rough draft is written, I rewrite and polish it until every word in it conveys precisely the shade of meaning I want to express—and I will not submit anything, for anybody, under any conditions, until I think it is ready."

—Edward E. Smith.

(*And that's how science fiction classics are born.—J. S.*)

May 28, 1938.

" . . . then, there is a slight peeve of mine: It is true that the subject of rays has been grossly overdone in science fiction. Still, there is the opposite extreme—that of denouncing rays entirely — which is bad. Rays—light, heat-waves, X-rays, and so forth —are as fundamental in the universe as matter itself. You can't get away from them, and they do marvelous things. They make life possible on Earth by bringing energy from the sun. They enable us to see. And their further use, in our science, I believe, is quite near. Once people laughed at the possibility of flying machines, perhaps because they were thinking by formula—which is a quick way to think, but not a particularly good one."

—Raymond Z. Gallun.

(*Well, all we can add to that, Ray, is ray, ray, ray!—J. S.*)

December 20, 1935.

"I am certainly grieved by the news of Weinbaum's death. His stories were first called to my attention last Spring, and I saw with pleasure that some one had at last escaped the sickening hackneyedness in which 99.99% of all pulp interplanetary stuff is engulfed. Here, I rejoiced, was somebody who could think of another planet in terms of something besides anthropomorphic kings and beautiful princesses and battles of spaceships and ray-guns and attacks from the hairy sub-men of the 'dark side' or 'polar cap' region, etc., etc. . . . Somehow he had the imagination to envisage wholly alien situations and psychologies and entities, to devise consistent events from wholly alien motives and to refrain from the cheap dramatics in which almost all adventure-pulpists wallow. Now and then a touch of the *seemingly* trite would appear — but before long it would be obvious that the author had introduced it merely to satirise it. The light touch did not detract from the interest of the tales—and genuine suspense was secured without the catchpenny tricks of the majority. The tales of Mars, I think, were Weinbaum's best—those in which that curiously sympathetic being 'Tweel' figure."

—H. P. Lovecraft.

(*Remarks from a great fantasy author concerning the passing of another great fantasy author. And now they're both somewhere in the Great Beyond. We miss them both.—J. S.*)

November 17, 1938

"The other day I had a perfectly gorgeous plot about Mars, which would eliminate all the interplanetary stuff, to which I object just as the editors do, and yet give an extremely plausible account of which happened on Mars. The idea is so good (in my opinion) that it is worth spreading, and I doubt whether it could be done profitably in 50,000 words. I will have to look at some of Wells' books to see how much space he required to spread himself on an idea of similar complexity. Wells usually wastes no words."

—John Taine.

(*We know you're very busy, Mr. Taine, but can we hope to see the story in print before, let us say, the first spaceship takes off for Mars?"—J. S.*)

March 3, 1932.

"I am working on a full-length novel which will tell the story of 'The Dragon Glass' which was the first short story, and indeed, the first story I ever wrote."

—A. Merritt.

November 15, 1932.

"I have in mind a story that is beginning to get insistent upon being written, and by which two chapters by some miracle actually have gotten written. It is a curious yarn with Guatemala and New York as its scenes. When I can get it finished God alone knows."

—A. Merritt.

June 17, 1935.

"I have started on a new novel dealing with Chinese sorcery in America. No title yet."

—A. Merritt.

July 12, 1937.

"Alas! Only God alone knows when I will complete that story."

—A. Merritt.

March 16, 1938.

"I never finished that Joan of Arc story. It's still a fragment."

—A. Merritt.

thought strike me upon hearing of D. R. Daniels' death so close after Weinbaum, that perhaps another fantasy author would soon follow up the list."

—J. Harvey Haggard.

(*Damn it, Harvey, you were more than right. The death of Robert E. Howard completed the cycle.—J. S.*)

September 26, 1933.

"Have just received a letter from Dr. Sloane in which he tells me that he has definitely accepted 'Life Everlasting' for early publication. Now if I never write another short novel this will do as my swan song. You may have thought that I am proud but I will say this once more. There is no science fiction author living who could have written 'Life Everlasting' except Wells, and even he would not have put in some touches. The thing about 'Life Everlasting' is its intense humanity. The people live—you love them. There are parts that make you feel like crying. It holds you. So there. Am I or am I not an author?"

David H. Keller.

(*One of those rare cases in which an author recognized the worth of one of his own stories.—J. S.*)

Next Month - - The Convention Issue! Robert Moore Williams

Leo Margulies - Neil R. Jones - Jack Williamson

February, 1934. FANTASY.

"Merritt will begin work on 'The White Road,' a story of interlocking worlds. Some day Merritt hopes to get to work on 'When Dead Gods Wake,' a story about old Chinese superstition, and a sequel to 'The Moon Pool,' which will deal with a phenomena of light hitherto untouched upon in any science fiction story."

(*Please, God, tell Merritt when he'll finish these stories!—J. S.*)

July 14, 1936.

"Do you know, I'm one of those people who are superstitious about things happening in threes. In the past, my stories get across in trios, or so it seems, and here in California, weather quite often follows a three day schedule. Wind three days. Rain three. Hot three, etc. I had a peculiar

June 14, 1939.

"I don't intend to visit New York. I can get the same effect as I do in New York by crawling into the dirtiest corner of the garage and screaming at the top of my voice, blowing the auto horn, and energetically sniffing the exhaust. Once you visit California, me lad, you realize that New York is Satan's privy."

—Henry Kuttner.

September 6, 1939.

"So you got rain in New York, eh? Serves you right for living in a suburb of hell. Out here we have sunshine, grapes, pears, apples, orange juice, damsels, orange juice, studios, Jim Mooney, and orange juice."

—Henry Kuttner.

(*Henry Kuttner, the ex-Californian, and Jim Mooney, the ex-Californian, both are now residents of New York!—J. S.*)

CITY IN THE FAR OFF SKY

It rode on Clouds at the Ends of the Earth

By Robert Moore Williams

When STARDUST presented its first OFF-TRAIL story, RETIREMENT, it was so enthusiastically received that we promised you many more OFF-TRAIL stories in the near future. We are keeping our promise

CITY IN THE FAR-OFF SKY is one of the truly DIFFERENT stories that you meet with only once in a long time. DIFFERENT not in the actual sense of scope or theme—but DIFFERENT in the unique way it is presented and in its characterization. Never before have you met in this field of fantasy two such characters as you will meet in Bob Williams' present yarn. But you can decide that for yourself. Of all Bob's stories in STARDUST thus far, CITY IN THE FAR-OFF SKY is the best. And when your editor was discussing this yarn with him, he shyly admitted that this story is his favorite. And he also promised us many more top-notch stories for the future.

* * * * *

There was wind in the sky and wind in the willow trees that grew by the spring. And across the brook there was wind in the clover field. It moved in waves across the clover, and shadows from overhead clouds moved with it. In the afternoon the clouds would grow into thunderheads, become black and threatening, and long fingers of lightning would reach to earth and rain would fall.

But the afternoon was not yet come.

Dick was leaning over the spring, looking for the old old crawfish that lived in those crystal depths, and he did not see the man come down the long road where the summer's dust was deep. He did not know a stranger was near until he heard Kathie say:

"Why, there's a man. Hello, man."

Dick looked up. The man was standing there in the dusty road. And he was not such a man as would be seen every day in summer. His clothing was a soft golden color and he did not wear a suit but a loose robe which came down almost to his ankles. The robe was pulled down over his shoulders and his hands were folded out of sight in it, so Dick did not see them. But Dick could see the man's face. It was a beautiful brown. like the face of a young man who has been much in the sun, but somehow this man did not seem to be young. For his eyes were old. They were not like eyes of any man Dick had ever seen, except, possibly, those of Grandfather Rucker, who was eighty-three and who sat in a rocking chair in the shade during the summer and watched the wind blow the clouds across the sky; and who sat by the stove during the winter and listened to the wind. Grandfather Rucker never said much any more, but he seemed to be watching and waiting. Dick never knew what Grandfather Rucker watched for and what he waited for, but he knew that Grandfather Rucker's eyes were somehow like the eyes of this man who stood in the dusty road.

He said nothing. He just stood there in the road and looked at them.

So Kathie, who at five did not know there was anything but love in the world, said again;

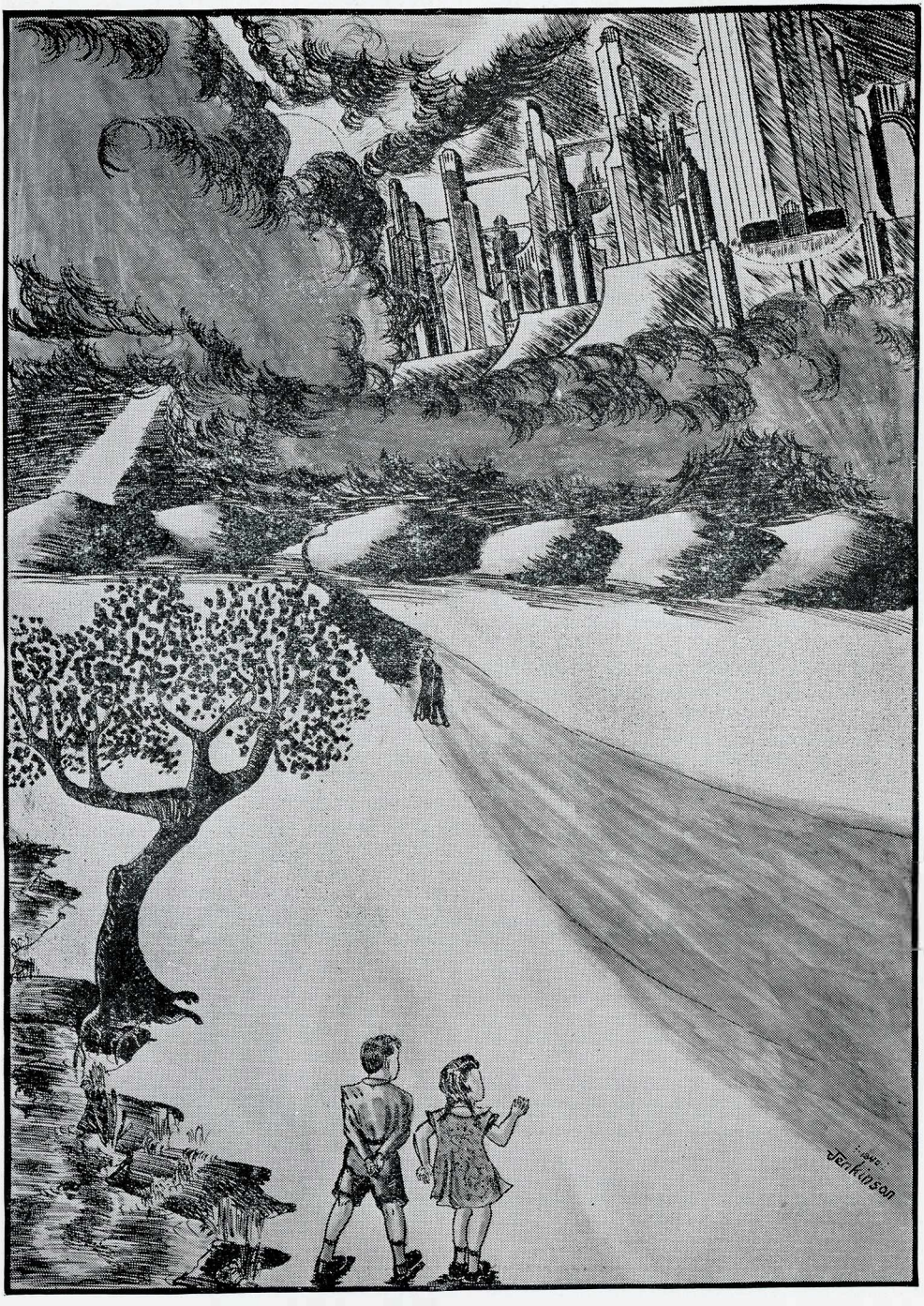
"Hello, man. Why don't you talk to us, man?"

The man did not answer. He did not smile. He just looked at them out of old, old eyes. But this did not seem strange to them, for he was a grown-up man, and the things that grown-up men did were often hard to understand.

"Would you like a drink, man?" Kathie asked. She did not wait for an answer but took the tin cup from its resting place between the moss-covered stones and filled it to the brim with the crystal water from the spring. Splashing silver drops at every step, she trotted with it to the man in the dusty road.

He smiled then. And took the cup from her hand.

"Thank you, little miss," he said.



It loomed in the distance, far off in the sky . . .

Dick heard him clearly. But he was watching closely and the thing he saw astonished him so much that he jumped up and ran and stood beside Kathie and looked up at the man to make sure. The man drank the water slowly, as though he relished every drop of it. He smiled and looked down and said,

"Ah . . . Sweet, clear water from a flowing spring. It tasted good, every drop of it; and I did need a drink. Yes, I have needed a drink of water from a flowing spring for a very long time, I think. Thank you very much, little miss."

Dick saw the same thing happen again and he was so surprised that he blurted out,

"You talk like Edgar Bergen."

The man did not open his mouth when he spoke. He did not move his lips. Dick, at seven, had very keen eyes, and he had seen this thing happen.

Kathie had seen it too. She jumped up and down in great excitement.

"Do it again, man. Do it lots."

"Eh? What?"

"Talk like Edgar Bergen," Dick and Kathie chorused gleefully.

"And who is—ah—Edgar Bergen?" Now the man opened his mouth when he spoke but he did not do a very good job of it for some of the words came out when he had his mouth closed. Dick saw this and was a little disappointed but Kathie was not critical.

"You know about Edgar Bergen and—and Charlie McCarthy," she finished triumphantly, as if that explained everything.

And it did seem to explain everything. The man looked at them very thoughtfully for a few seconds and then he said, slowly,

"Yes . . . Ah . . . Yes. I see."

So he talked like Edgar Bergen and now his lips did not move at all. Dick nodded approvingly at the performance and Kathie squealed in glee and jumped up and down and danced in circles around the man. It was fun. The daisies growing on the slope beside the spring suddenly found voices and told them in soft flowerish tones how nice it was to be a daisy and look at the sun. A bumblebee that came buzzing by stopped and chatted with them. He told them he was gathering honey to take back to his nest in the clover field, and Kathie, who was usually afraid of bumblebees, was not afraid of this one at all. For he was a nice bee. He went buzzing away finally. Then the willow trees that grew by the spring talked and a blackbird that came down for a drink gave them a pleasant, "Good morning," before he went back to work. It was great fun.

But Dick thought it was the most fun, and rather strange too, when the old old crawfish that lived in the spring came out of his hole in the bottom and swam to the top and stuck his whiskers and his beady eyes out of the water and spoke to them. Usually the crawfish stayed in his hole. Most of the time, like Grandfather Rucker, he seemed to be watching and waiting, for he was an old old crawfish. But now he swam clear to the top of the water. His beady eyes and his whiskers and his many legs and his thin reedy voice were so funny that Dick laughed until the tears ran down his face. Kathie laughed and the man laughed too and Kathie said rather suddenly,

"Ooh, it's fun! You must stay with us always, man."

The man stopped laughing. He had been leaning over the spring looking at the crawfish but now he stood up. His laugh died. Dick stopped laughing too. It was sudden. quiet by the spring and the only sound was the whisper of the wind in the willow trees and the gurgle of the brook. And the voice of the crawfish was silent. But the crawfish stayed on top of the water and looked up.

The man smiled. "Do you want me to stay with you always, little miss?"

"I sure do," Kathie answered. She walked to the side of the man and looked up and held up her hand, for Kathie was the friend of the whole wide world and everything that lived in it, except, sometimes, bumblebees. "We want you to stay with us always and always, don't we, Dick?"

"You bet we do," said Dick.

The man took his hand out from under the folds of his robe. He took Kathie's hand in his hand.

"Goodie," said Kathie. "Goodie, goodie, goodie," For now the man had taken her hand and everything was settled.

"I—" the man said. "I—Wouldn't you rather come with me, instead?"

Kathie stopped dancing. She looked up at the man and looked down at the ground.

"Yes," said Dick. "We would like to go with you. But where did you come from?" Dick had been wondering about that. From the way his clothes looked, he thought the man might have come from a circus only there was no circus in the neighborhood.

"No. I did not come from a circus. I came from—" He looked over toward the clover field beyond the brook. "I came from a far country," he finished.

"You mean like Africa?" Dick questioned.

"No. Not like Africa."

"But Africa is a far country."

The man's eyes were on Dick. "Africa is a

far country but my country is far in a different way."

"Is it a nice country?" Kathie said.

The man smiled. "Yes, it is a nice country. But it would be nicer, I think, if you were there." The smile died with the words.

"Well," Kathie answered, "if it is a nice country we would like to go with you, but I could not stay very long."

"Why not, little miss?"

"My mother would miss me."

"Your mother? Ah, yes. Your mother."

"Mother and father live up there in our house and I live with them," Kathie explained, pointing up the little hill to the house on the top. "And Dick's mother and father live in the house across the road and Dick and Grandfather Rucker live with them."

"Yes. I understand now," the man said without moving his lips at all. He said nothing more but was quiet and seemed to be thinking and the only sound was the whispering of the wind in the willow trees. Dick watched his face and it seemed to Dick that the man was sad about something. Dick was thinking about that far country and was wondering what it was like and the man was thinking too, but about something else. He made up his mind. He took his other hand out from under his robe and Dick saw what was in that other hand.

It was a bright ball made out of glass, or something. He put the ball in Kathie's hand.

"Here, little miss, this is for you and for Dick."

It was a beautiful thing and Kathie said, "Oh!" in delight, but Dick was a little disappointed, and he said, "Aren't you going to take us with you?"

"Yes," the man answered. "That is—you see—I can't exactly take you. You have to go yourself. But this ball will show you the way."

"Oh." Dick scrambled to his feet.

"Look at it," the man said.

Kathie was already looking at it and Dick looked at it too. It was a creamy white but in the center it was a light blue, like the color of the sky seen from afar, and strange little points of light danced in the blue of the far-off sky. But Dick could not see how the ball could show them the way to a far country and he looked up to ask the man.

He was gone.

Dick ran to the road. He looked to the south, down the long road, but he did not see the man so he looked to the north but he did not see him in that direction either. He looked at the dust, to see which way the man had gone. The dust was heavy and thick but there were no footprints in it.

While Dick was trying to understand how the man could have walked in the road without leaving footprints, Kathie called. He ran to her and he almost stepped on the old old crawfish which had come up out of the spring and was walking on the ground.

"Look," said Kathie, her voice trembling and high because she was excited. "Look through it like this, Dick. Ooh . . . "

She held the ball level with her face and closed one eye and looked through it out across the brook and toward the clover field. Dick took it and looked too.

At first he could see nothing, except the blue of that far-off sky. Then he saw something moving in the sky and as he stared, keeping one eye closed all the time, the something that had moved in the ball swam closer and closer. He saw what it was. It reminded him of a picture he had seen in a fairy book of a castle on a hill. Only this was not a castle and it was not on a hill. It was on the level ground. It was a building, or a lot of buildings grouped together to form a city. It seemed to be made of glass or of some bright gleaming metal and it glistened in the sun under that far-off sky.

He jerked the glass away from his eye. The city was there where the clover field had been. Dick could see it with both eyes open now. It glistened in the sun and it was alive with soft colors that seemed to blend into each other. He didn't need the glass to see it.

"Let's go," said Dick. "It's right over there in the clover field. Just a little piece. Maybe that's where the man went."

Kathie was so excited she didn't say a word. She took Dick's hand and they crossed the brook. But they didn't get their feet wet for somehow there didn't seem to be any water in the brook. Or, if there was, it was not wet water.

And they didn't have any trouble getting over the high woven-wire fence around the clover field. Climbing that fence had always been hard, even for Dick, for there were two strands of sharp barbed-wire at the top. But it was not hard now. They seemed to climb it without knowing it. Dick wondered a little about that, but he decided the fence had been removed. Anyhow it was either gone or they climbed it without knowing they did it. He did not wonder much about the fence. He was looking at the city.

It seemed very near. But it must have been farther than they thought for they walked a long time and it didn't seem much closer. Kathie began to get tired. Her

legs were short and she couldn't walk as fast as Dick, but she tried hard to keep up. Once she looked back to see how far they had gone.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh."

Dick looked back. He couldn't see Kathie's house or his house. He had been in the clover field before and he knew both houses could be seen from there. But now he couldn't see them. There was a blue haze that made him think of late afternoon when the sun was setting and the shadows were coming.

Kathie was afraid. "Oh, Dick, it's awful far."

"Do you want to go back?"

"Well—" She hung her head. "It's awful far."

It *was* awful far, Dick could see. He was a little afraid too, but he was seven and Kathie was only five and he couldn't let her see that he was afraid. Se he reminded her that the man who talked like Edgar Bergen was in the city and maybe he would have Charlie with him and didn't she want to see Charlie? When he mentioned Charlie she forgot how far it was back to her home and Dick forgot too. Both wanted to see Charlie.

Hand in hand they went on to the city. They saw it had a high wall around it but there was a gate in the wall. They went to the gate and knocked and the gate opened.

A little man with a bald head looked out. He was wearing the same kind of golden robe as the man who had talked to them at the spring but he was not quite so tall.

"Well," he said. "Well. What do we have here?" He seemed surprised to see them and not pleased. Or rather he seemed both pleased and not pleased but it was hard to tell whether he was more pleased or not.

"Please, mister," Dick said. "The man said we could come."

"Eh? What's that?" He didn't wait for an answer. "He did, did he? Hmmm . . . That would be Orman, naturally. He was back to the world today, I should have been expecting something like this, naturally. Well. But you may as well come in, since you're already here, but whatever we will do with you I do not for the life of me know. Well. Come in. Come in. I shall have to see Orman about *this*."

He held the gate open for them. They went in. Kathie's eyes got big and round. She looked at the tall gleaming buildings rising up to the very sky. She looked at the green grass growing between the buildings and at the shrubs and at the fountains squirting water into the air. She saw the soft flowers growing everywhere and the gayly colored birds flying. But she could not smell the fragrance of the flowers and the fountains made no sound and the birds did not sing. There was silence over the city. She did not see any people, except the little man who had opened the gate.

"Orman!" the little man said. "Come to gate thirty-seven at once. At once. Do you understand?"

He did not raise his voice and he did not open his mouth when he spoke to Orman but they heard him clearly. He waited for an answer. It did not come.

"Orman!"

No answer.

"Orman, you hear me and there is no use in pretending you don't. You don't want to come and help me clear up the mess you have caused, naturally. Orman, my patience is about exhausted. You come here immediately."

"Oh, all right." The answer came from afar, but Orman came quickly. Strangely, they did not see him coming until he was right there. And sure enough, he was the man who had talked to them by the spring!

He smiled at them. "Hello, little miss. Hello, little man."

"Hello, man," said Kathie.

"You came mighty fast," Dick said. "Did you come the same way we did."

"No," Orman answered. "No, not exactly."

"Then how did you come? You got here before we did and we came as fast as we could. Did you come in a car or an airplane?"

"No," said Orman. He squatted down on his heels started to tell them how he had come. The little man said, "Orman." Orman acted as if he hadn't heard. He went on talking. The little man said, "Orman!" in a much sharper tone of voice.

Orman looked around at the little man.

"Aw, Rudolf," he said slowly. "Why don't you go away?"

The little man looked like he was going to have a fit. His face got purple and his eyes bulged and Dick was afraid he would explode. He talked for at least five minutes without stopping once. Orman rose to his feet and patiently waited for Rudolf to stop.

"Why did you do it, Orman?" Rudolf finished. "Just tell me why you did it."

"Aw," Orman said. He looked down at the ground and said, "Aw," again and scuffed the toe of one sandal against the toe of the other. "Well—"

"I'm waiting to hear what you have to say," Rudolf said. But his voice was not quite so sharp.

"Well," said Orman. He swept his arm in

a gesture that included all of the gleaming city. "You see, we don't have any of them here. And I thought it would be kind of nice . . . "

"Oh!" said Rudolf. "I see." All of the sharpness was gone from his voice. He was silent.

In all of that gleaming city there was silence. There was not even the friendly sound of the wind. The birds flying through the air did not cry out and there was no sound from the splashing fountains. There was silence, the kind of silence that goes through lonely dreams. . . .

Kathie clung to Dick's hand and stood very close to him, her eyes open very wide. She said, "Oh," and her lonely little cry was the only sound in all that vast silence.

"You hear . . . " said Orman.

"Yes," Rudolf answered. He hesitated, and then spoke quickly, his voice vibrant with sudden, inexplicable fright. "But we can't keep them. You know we can't keep them. You know we can't."

"Aw," said Orman. He scuffed the toe of one sandal against the toe of the other. "Why not? They are of the Chosen?"

"Of course they are of the Chosen," Rudolf answered quickly. "Otherwise they would not have been able to come here, even with your help. But that is precisely why we cannot keep them."

Orman shook his head. "I don't see it."

"They have things to do!" Rudolf answered. "The boy, I think, especially, has things to do."

"I know," Orman interrupted and there was rebellion in his voice. "But must they all climb mountains and fly oceans and build dams to turn rivers from their courses? Must they all spend their lives in stuffy laboratories with nothing to keep them company but smelly chemicals and retorts and scales and balances? Can't they come, some of them, as little children, so that the sounds of their voices may make us glad and the sight of their faces may make us a little less lonely here in our dreams?"

Rudolf was really frightened.

"Orman! They must do these things, every one of them. Every pound of concrete must go into every dam and every ocean must be crossed and every mountain climbed. Every quality of every smelly chemical must be investigated and every atom charted. For that is how they will build this city, Orman. And they must work, all of them, even as we worked, for a very long time yet, before it is built. And if we should bring two of them here as children the work they will do will not be done and the building of this city will be by that much delayed."

Rudolf's voice shook. The city was quiet. There was the stir of no single sound in all that vast lonely silence.

"Then let it be delayed," said Orman flatly. "I do not care. It is lonely here . . . " His voice trailed off.

Rudolf's face was lined with sudden pain.

"Orman," he whispered. "You are betraying us. More, you are betraying yourself. You are betraying *this!*" His arm swept in a gesture to include the silent city and came down with dramatic suddenness to point at the children. "Finally, you are betraying them!"

Orman seemed not to hear. He took Kathie's hand and she gave it to him trustingly. He started to take Dick's hand but Dick drew back. Dick had listened to all that had been said. He had not understood it, except very dimly, but part of it had thrilled him as he had never been thrilled before. But he did not take Orman's hand. He drew back.

Orman smiled at him. "Do not be afraid."

"I'm not afraid."

Orman changed his tactics. "I am going to show you the city, every part of it. Don't you want to look at the city?"

That worked nicely, for Dick wanted to see the city. There was about this city many things that he wanted very much to see. He did not know quite why he wanted to see them: he was only conscious of a vague yearning somewhere inside him. The yearning was stronger than his fears. He took Orman's hand.

Hand in hand, ignoring Rudolf's frightened clucking behind them, they walked down the broad, silent street.

The bright birds flew through the air everywhere.

"Why don't the birds sing?" Kathie asked.

Orman smiled. "O, you want the birds to sing, little miss. Well, they will sing."

And the birds sang. The air was alive with the sound of their song. The robin and the thrush, the shy catbird and the brazen blue jay. They sang. And the mocker too, stretched its throat to the utmost and sang for them. The fountains splashed merrily and the flowers talked.

Kathie cried in glee and Dick laughed a little. Orman looked happy. The oldness went out of his eyes and he laughed.

They walked and walked and walked. Orman seemed to grow happier with every step they took.

Then Kathie said, "I'm hungry."

Orman said, "Oh . . . " The happiness went out of his face. The songs of the birds

died into silence and the fountains were still.

"May we have something to eat?" Kathie asked.

Orman said, "Oh . . . " again, as if he had remembered something he had forgotten.

Dick was hungry too but he didn't say anything about it. He watched Orman. And again Orman's eyes looked like the eyes of Grandfather Rucker.

Orman was silent for a long time. Kathie began to whimper.

"Kathie is hungry," Dick said. "We must give her something to eat."

"I know," said Orman. He sighed.

"But we must give her something to eat," Dick insisted. "Don't you have anything to eat here?"

"No," Orman answered. "I did not think of it until now but I am afraid we do not have anything here for children to eat. No, Rudolf was right in more ways than one, but I was blinded by my loneliness, and I hoped—But no matter. I can wait."

He sighed. "Now we must go back."

Rudolf still waited by the gate. When he saw them coming, he came to meet them. He put his hand on Orman's shoulder and his voice was choked.

"Old friend, old friend, it would be good to hear the voices of children in this lonely silence where we wait near the end of time. Someday we will hear them; but not yet. Now you must take them back, these two, that they may do their part toward making reality out of this thing that we have dreamed, that the building of this city may not be unnecessarily delayed. And I will remain here at the gate and when you return we will play a game of chess together, to shorten a little the time of our waiting . . . "

He opened the gate and they went out. Kathie whimpered a little because she was hungry. Dick was hungry too, but he did not whimper. He looked back at the city. Gleaming it rose into the blue of that far-off sky. They were going away from it. Dick was solemn and the burden of heavy thoughts was in his mind.

"Mister," he said. "Mister Orman."

"Yes, little man," Orman answered. "Someday you will return to this city. But in the meantime—"

He seemed to listen. "I hear Kathie's mother calling her, so you must hurry."

Orman was gone. Dick looked around but he could not see Orman anywhere. He could not see the city either for it was gone too. And they were in the clover field and the wind was blowing the shadows of the clouds across the field. And Kathie's mother had come down to the spring and was looking for them, thinking they were lost. And Grandfather Rucker had left his seat in the shade and had hobbled across the road and down to the spring, leaning heavily on his cane, to help her look for the lost children.

"Here we are, mother," Kathie called. "Here we are, over in the clover field."

They scrambled over the fence. The brook they crossed on the stepping-stones but Dick was looking back so much toward the city that was not there, trying to see it, that he slipped from one of the stones and got his feet wet. But he didn't care.

"Where have you been?" said Kathie's mother. "I called and you did not answer. Where have you been?"

"A man came and he showed us the most bee-yut-i-full city over there in the clover field and he gave us a glass to show us how to go to the bee-yut-i-full city and we went to it and a little man met us at the gate and he didn't want us to stay but the big man came and made the little man let us stay and we went to look at the city and—" Kathie ran out of breath.

"Oh," Kathie's mother said. "You've been playing the game of make-believe."

"No," said Dick quickly. "We really went to the city. It was right over there in the clover field. But it's gone now," he finished.

Kathie's mother smiled and went back up the little slope to the house. Dick could see that she did not believe him.

But Grandfather Rucker did not go back to his seat in the shade. He stayed down at the spring and listened to Dick and Kathie. They told him all about the city and he listened very gravely, a thin smile tugging now and then at the corners of his mouth. Dick saw the smile and he thought Grandfather Rucker did not believe them either.

"It's there," he said shrilly. "I can prove it." He reached into his pocket for the glass that Orman had given them, so Grandfather Rucker could look through the glass and see the city and have no choice except to believe that it was there.

But the glass was gone. He looked in all his pockets but he did not find it. It was gone.

"I must have lost it," he said. He was weak inside and very near to tears. He wanted somebody to believe in the city he had seen. But now he had lost the glass and nobody would believe the city was there.

"You have lost it?" Grandfather Rucker inquired.

"Yes," Dick started to cry.

"It does not matter," Grandfather Rucker said. Dick did not know what he meant.

"I don't need a glass, or anything else, to see *that* city," Grandfather Rucker explained.

"You mean you can see it with your own eyes?" Dick asked eagerly. "You mean you can really see it?"

"I've seen it all my life. Every year that passed I could see it better and better." Grandfather Rucker's voice had suddenly grown strong and his eyes had lost their faded grayness. "I knew it existed somewhere, sometime, because I could see it being built. But I never knew, until now, exactly where it was located . . . "

He was going to say more, but just then Kathie's mother called from the house that lunch was ready and from Dick's house across the road the dinner bell began to sound.

Kathie went scrambling up the little slope and Dick went too. Both had been to a far country and both were hungry. But Dick looked back. He saw something that made him wonder very much.

Grandfather Rucker did not come with them. He had crossed the brook and had climbed the fence. He had thrown his cane away and he was walking out across the clover field.

Dick remembered something his father had told him: Grandfather Rucker had been an engineer when he was a young man.

Dick did not know what an engineer was.

But he did know there was wind in the sky and wind in the willow trees by the spring. And across the brook there was wind in the clover field. Grandfather Rucker was walking across that wind-swept field where now the clover grew, walking with his head held high and his back held straight, walking toward the city that he had always seen, but had never been able to locate until now.

He did not return in time for lunch.

Before Dick had finished eating, the wind was stronger and thunder was growling in the sky. But Grandfather Rucker did not return. The rain came. The wind howled and the bright fingers of the lightning reached down to earth and the thunder was a continuous roar. But Grandfather Rucker did not return. Dick's father put on a raincoat and went out to look for him.

When he returned he was carrying Grandfather Rucker in his arms. Dick's mother cried when she saw him coming and ran out into the rain to meet him.

They carried Grandfather Rucker into his bedroom and closed the door so Dick could not come in. They stayed in there a long time and Dick stayed in the living room and watched and listened and wondered.

Then Dick's father came into the living room. He looked at Dick and said.

"Grandfather Rucker is dead."

Dick did not understand, for he did not know what death meant. He was thinking and wondering about something else. His father was very quiet. He looked out the window at the falling rain.

Dick said, in a low little voice that rose from the depths of his silent thinking, "Dad, what is an engineer?"

His father turned from watching the rain. "Why do you ask that, son?"

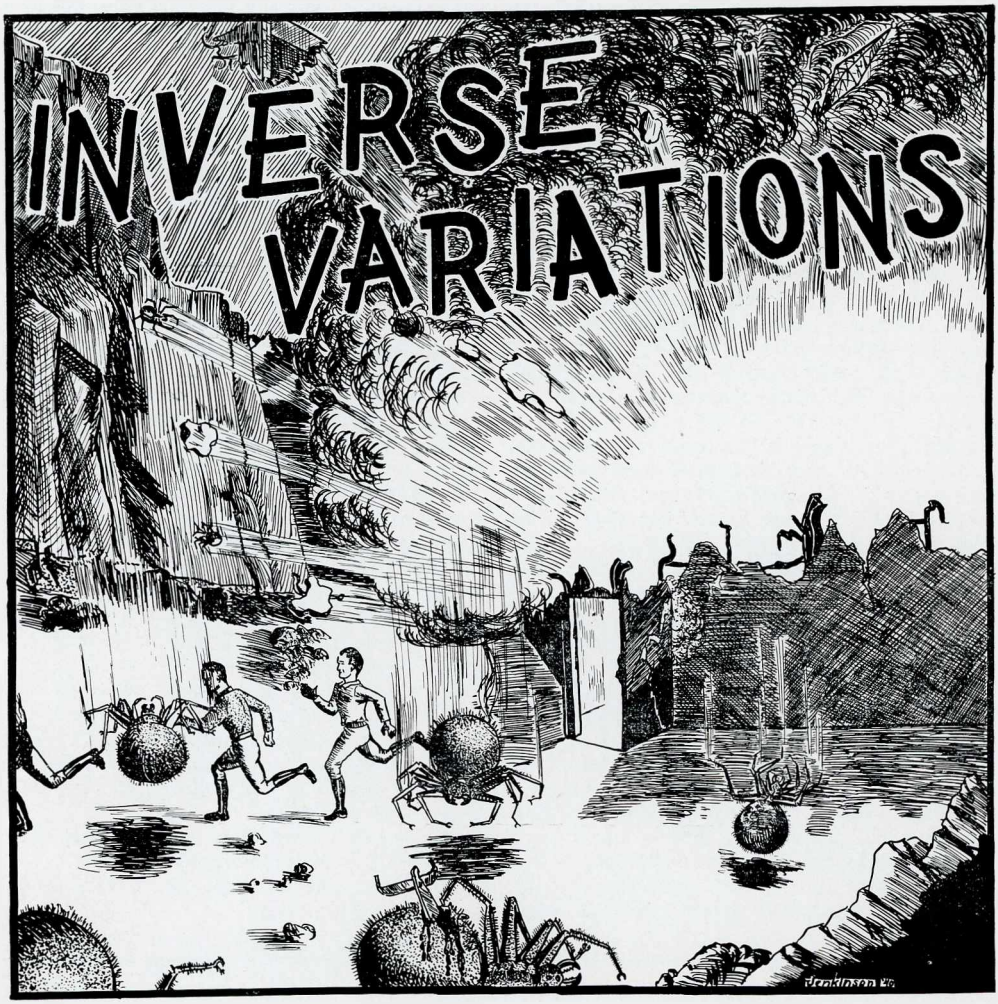
"Because, when I grow up, I want to be one," Dick answered.

EPITAPH

by

J. HARVEY HAGGARD

A SWIRL OF STARDUST OUT OF CHAOS WAS CONVERGED
  TO THIS,—MY BODY AGGREGATE;
LO!—THE STORMY FURIES HAD WITH AEONS MERGED
  WERE DRAGGED AT LAST BY FATE
TO THIS TERRESTRIAL WHIRL,
  A SPREADING WISP THAT FORMS TO FURL
A MOMENTARY PATTERN LEADING OUT OF TIME,
  FOR ATOMS AND THEIR DESTINY HAVE SPURNED
MOVELESS ETERNITY; T'IS BUT A RESUME SUBLIME
  'ERE CRUMBLING ASH TO STARDUST IS RETURNED



Have you ever been to Tibet? If not, you are about to go there—via L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP.

INVERSE VARIATIONS is a story of geometry. —That is, if you call three glasses of whiskey set in the pattern of a triangle, geometry. Anyway, higher mathematics or not, we guarantee you that such a pattern can pack a wallop in more ways than one. And when you add a SCOTCHMAN who can't be sent beneath the table to the situation—you've got something! . . .

* * * * *

The two men with Lieutenant's Insignia entered the bar with the self-consciously deliberate stroll that comes to young officers. One suddenly stopped and nudged the other. "Hey, Nikolai!" he said in a low voice, "Do you see what I see?"

The other looked. "Yes," he said, "I do.

BY

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

But I still don't believe it. He's just pretending he's asleep. Who's the gray-haired man with him?"

"Don't know for sure—I met him here a couple of months back. He's a Scotchman, and something in the International Police. This used to be a good club before it got overrun with cops."

"Scotch, huh? That might explain things. The story goes that 400 years ago, back in the 1600's, the drinking-bout champion of Europe made the mistake of visiting Scotland, and a raw amateur drank him under the table. Wonder if the Old Man's made

the same—sst!"

The Commanding Officer had opened one slightly bloodshot eye. It lighted on the Lieutenants, and then the other opened. One finger beckoned. The Old Man gripped the table-top and rose slowly, like a whale breaking the surface. He wet his lips and spoke with care.

"In-spec-tor, these are—I want you to meet —Lieutenant Vosburgh and Lieutenant—ah —Tyuchev. Boys—ah—gentlemen, this is Inspector Lowrie of the I. P. Will—ah—do you mind entertaining the Inspector for a while? I—I'm not feeling very well; think I'd better go to bed. Awfully sorry, Inspector; it's most discurse—disturb—rude of me, but I'm afraid I—ah—must have eaten something. Good-night, gentlemen."

The man in civilian clothes rose without a trace of unsteadiness and acknowledged the introduction and the farewell with grave politeness. When the Old Man had vanished, they sat down. The Lieutenants started at Inspector Lowrie with mouths slightly open, as if he had just eaten a live rattlesnake. That worthy imperturbably asked them, in his low unemphatic voice, if they'd had anything to drink yet. When, too awed to reply, they shook their heads, he called Terence to take an order for all three. Then he courteously inquired about their latest experiences in Interplanetary Patrol.

Tyuchev was finishing his tale of the iridium meteor when the drinks arrived. Terence set them down so that they made the points of an exactly equilateral triangle.

Lowrie smiled faintly as he prepared to pick his up. "That reminds he," he said, "of a great tragedy I once witnessed."

"What reminds you, Inspector?" asked Vosburgh.

"The drinks, and the triangle. Triangle —geometry. Geometry didn't exactly cause the tragedy, but it determined the general sequence of events."

With inner misgivings, not being sure of what they were getting into, the Lieutenants urged him to continue. Lowrie looked at his watch. "Very well, gentlemen, I don't have to be back in New York for an hour yet, so I'll tell you.

"You've no doubt read in your history books of the daft dictator, Gabor Török, who ruled Hungary twenty years gone. In those days the states of the European Federation were touchy about state's rights and had a lot more autonomy than they have now. So, if the Hungarians wanted to elect a wild man Governor, that was their affair, and if he refused to vacate the office at the end of his term, that was their affair too, and nobody else would help them get rid of him.

"He might have lasted longer, but when he tried to make them worship him as the reincarnation of the ancient Hunnish sun-god Hudur even his own supporters turned on him, and out he went. But he promised to be back, and there were enough people who believed his sun-god nonsense to make that no idle threat.

"You know, that's a serious problem we have to face these days: A lot of folk can't face the mental outlook that our scientific progress implies; they want something to believe in, once and for all. And with the breakdown of the old religious ideas, they're apt to turn to people like Török.

"For a while nobody knew where he was; some thought he'd gone to one of the other planets. But his secret societies were still active, though not numerically very strong, and we in the I. P. had a notion that he'd soon make a try for power, perhaps over Hungary, perhaps over the whole world.

"He had a right-hand man, a certain Nils Hammar, who was as daft as his master, but who was also a scientific genius. He worried us more than Török, because we kept picking up rumors that this Swede had some scheme to make up for the fact that Török didn't really have many partisans; at least, not enough to cause serious trouble. One rumor was that Hammar had found a way to operate on men to give each the strength of ten and the wits of twenty. Another was that he was constructing a lot of mechanical men, which he'd control by radio.

"We had all our stool-pigeons working overtime; one week they'd have Mr. Hammar located in Argentina and the next in Finland. At last one of them—a Burmese shopkeeper in Jaipur—told us he was in Tibet. We checked with the Tibetan police, and found that they knew all about him—at least, they knew that he'd set up a lot of buildings in a desolate place near Sindong. But he hadn't broken any Tibetan laws, so they'd let him alone and gone on playing three-dimensional checkers, or whatever it is that Tibetan cops play when they're supposed to be on duty.

"In those days I was just a rookie patrolman, and the first I knew about all this business of international intrigue was when I was ordered to report to Captain Czapnyk of the Indochinese Division. This Czapnyk was one of these super-efficient officers; we called him 'Chopsticks' because his name sounded something like that. We also called him '*That God-damned Bohunk*' and other things I wouldn't repeat. But he knew his work.

"He told me that he was sending just two men—me and one of his own company, a Sergeant Hyatt—to make the pinch. He ordered me to put on civilian clothes and go join Hyatt in Rangoon. The idea was that instead of sending a big force up to Tibet and perhaps frightening the quarry away, we'd be a couple of harmless tourists, and we could get the local constabulary at Sindong to help us. Hyatt told me later that the real reason for this was that, the last time Chipsticks' company had pulled a big pinch, the local police had been offended that they hadn't been let in on it. They complained about Chopsticks' being after publicity, and it got into the papers and under our serious-minded captain's skin. So after that he always let the local lads in when he could.

"Terence, another round, please!

"I found my sergeant in a room in a little hotel in Rangoon, the kind where the cockroaches come out in the evening and twiddle their horns at you. The room was knee-deep in reports, and piled all over with textbooks, for the sergeant was after a commission and was cramming for some examinations. You know the sort of thing—'Military Organization and Training,' 'Criminal Pyschology,' 'Differential Equations,' and such. Warner Hyatt was an American, a big tough-looking fellow with black whiskers that sprouted faster than he could shave 'em off. He was about as old as I am now, which is to say forty. He didn't have what you'd call manners, but he was an experienced policeman, and I was too young and green to object to some of the language he used on me, so we got along well enough.

"We flew to Jaipur, and picked up the car that was to take us to Sindong. Our chauffeur was a Burmese named Go—believe it or not—and he did. That wasn't so bad in Burma, but the Tibetan roads were pretty fearful, and it's a wonder Hyatt and I had any teeth left. This Go told us that his people, the Naga tribe, had been great headhunters in their day. I must have looked a bit startled, because he said he was sorry, but they were all civilized now. His old man, who lived in a thatched house on stilts near Sidiya with a million pigs and chickens—I mean, the pigs and chickens weren't in the house, but it seemed as though he had that many—had wanted him to go to college and be a lawyer or something, but Go professed to like the great open spaces and didn't want a life of office work.

"Have either of you been to Tibet? Of course now they run busloads of tourists up to Lhassa every week, but at this time not many folk went there except on business, because the roads were as I said, and you had to sleep in the Tibetan roadhouses and eat the Tibetan food of that period. In Burma they fed us chicken and rice for breakfast, chicken and rice for lunch, and chicken and rice for dinner, until life seemed one long fricasee. Then in Tibet we had mutton and buttered tea for breakfast, mutton and buttered tea for lunch, and button and muttered tea—mutter and buttoned—well, howsomever, we had a very monotonous diet. Between Go's driving and the bug-bites we didn't enjoy the scenery as we might have. But man, the scenery's grand! Especially where the Brahmaputra cuts through the Himalayas ,and Nahmeha Batwa shoots up fifteen thousand feet from the river-bank. You must go there some day.

"In Sindong we found the head contable to be a Sergeant Gampo, a jolly old chap with a turquoise earring and a shield the size of a saucer pinned to his sheepskin. He did the talking, because his six policemen didn't know English, and we knew about enough Tibetan to order mutton and buttered tea. He asked if we had a warrant, and then said we could make the raid that night. They had a nice new patrol-wagon and lots of arms they were anxious to try out, and their own folk were distressingly law-abiding.

"When we got there, Hyatt and Gampo and I crawled up to the fence, and Gampo, who had brought along everything but a field-howitzer, cut the wire with insulated clippers. Then we crawled inside, on our bellies, in case they might have ray-detectors at waist-level, and around the buildings until we found the door into the laboratory. Gampo's mechanical lock-picker opened that for us. We sneaked in and shut the door.

"It was blacker than the inside of a cow, and I was so frightened I expected my teeth to start chattering any minute. Uncertainty's hard on a man, you know. But in this case certainty was worse. Hyatt flashed a light around, and it showed the room to be full of steel rods running from the ceiling down to the floor. He followed the nearest of them down. It branched out at the bottom, and underneath it, on a stone slab, was something I couldn't make out at first. It was three dark round lumps in a row, in order of size, with six jointed rods sticking out from its middle and connected to the branches of the rod. The thing was about two feet long.

"Then I recognized it—it was an ant, held in place by clamps on the ends of the

branches of the vertical rod. Just a plain ant, but two feet long. The smallest of the three lumps was the thing's head, and under it was a tangle of tubes and wires. The six jointed rods were legs.

"I whispered to Hyatt, 'Is it alive, or a model, or what?' He shone his light on it close, so that it made the eye-facets sparkle. Those insect eyes have an unpleasant way of seeming to look at you wherever you are. Hyatt poked his boot at it, and the jaws, which were a couple of black sickle-shaped things, moved in and out like a pair of ice-tongs. In between them we could see the smaller mouth-parts working.

"Well, lads, I can tell you that that made our hair stand up all right. Hyatt flashed his light around the floor, and we saw that there must be hundreds of these things in the room, which was a huge L-shaped affair. There was a grating noise, and we found that it was the ants' grinding their jaws together, because the light was waking them up.

"My one idea was either to destroy the ants at once, or get to Hell out. But Hyatt led us on a tour of the place. We found a lot of chemical apparatus, and glass cases with earth in them, and small ants running around on the earth. I say 'small,' but that's only in comparison with the monsters on the floor. The ants in the cases were an inch long; and I learned later that they were a Brazilian species, and the biggest there is.

"We were just starting down the long leg of the L, when a door at the far end opened, and a man walked in and turned the light on. Hyatt barked 'Stick 'em up!' The man looked at us as if we were ghosts for a second—I guess he was as scared as we were—and then jumped back through the door and slammed it. Hyatt fired his pistol at him, but that didn't do any good. We started for the door, but a little hole appeared in it and a gun-muzzle poked through and started shooting at us. So we had to run back around the corner, as the chap on the other side had a much better target than we did. Gampo stuck his fur hat around the corner, and snatched it back with two holes in it.

"Of course, the fat was in the fire then. An alarm-bell went off somewhere, and through the windows we could see flood-lights go on outside. We tried the door we'd come in by, but that had been bolted by remote control with bolt-bars an inch thick, and we couldn't budge it. The windows had nice thick bars across them. We started for the one remaining door, at the short end of the L, but it opened and some men tumbled through. Hyatt got one of them, and the rest went back the way they had come, and one of them started shooting through that door too. The only place where we were covered from both doors was a little recess in the wall extending back from the inside corner of the L, and we went for it in a hurry. I didn't much enjoy skipping between those rows of ants, but you'd be surprised how agile you get when bullets are flying around you. These bullets made a tremendous racket as they hit the vertical bars and ricocheted off.

"In the recess we were all right as long as we stood with our backs tight against the wall. We couldn't get out, but neither could the enemy get in without being shot at, and they didn't seem very keen about that idea. Gampo asked if he should radio for his men, but Hyatt said no, with all those lights outside it would simply mean the mowing down of six good cops if they tried to rush the place.

"The ants were fairly aroused by now, and grinding their jaws at a great rate. I didn't much like the sound. We heard machinery being started up somewhere. We wondered if the walls were going to close in on us or what, but nothing happened for so long that I asked Hyatt if they were going to leave us here to starve.

"He was looking at the ants, and after a while said, 'Huh, just what they would do! Look at those bugs!' I looked, and saw that they were growing larger. It didn't seem possible, but in a few minutes there wasn't any doubt about it.

"I said, 'Then they'll turn them loose to eat us!' Hyatt growled, 'Exactly, Scotty, exactly. How many spare clips of cartridges you got?' It turned out that the three of us had about forty shots available apiece.

"'No use killing just a quarter of 'em', said Hyatt. 'If we could get out from this damned wall we could slug 'em with our butts, but they're so big now I dunno's you could kill 'em that way. There must be *some* way out of here.' But for the life of us we couldn't see any.

"The ants were about a yard long when a queer cackling voice came through the ventilator. It said, 'He-he! You policemen think you pretty damn smart, huh? Pretty soon I turn the ants loose. They yump all over you—pull you in little pieces!' We figured that that was Hammar himself.

"Hi, Terence! I think we need some more lubrication, if ye don't mind.

"Howsomever, the ants kept getting lar-

Continued on page 33

Here is a short story that provides amusing reading. To a member of the Royal Academy of His Majesty's government, it takes a lot more than wildly expounded theories to prove a point. Especially when that point is — INVISIBILITY! Rightly, the Royal Academy demanded more than words—and they got it. . . .

* * * * *

"Invisibility—tosh!" blustered the eminent Sir Theodore Roscoe from behind a maze of electrical wiring and scientific apparatus. "It's impossible—such things exist only in fantastic literature and fairy tales—that blighter Bridsby's trying to make a laughing stock out of us with some infernal hoax! Invisibility! Rot!"

The object of these remarks was one Reginald Bridsby, expert in the study of atomic structure and its relation to the universe. A man who had recently, to all evidences, at least, disappeared from the face of the Earth.

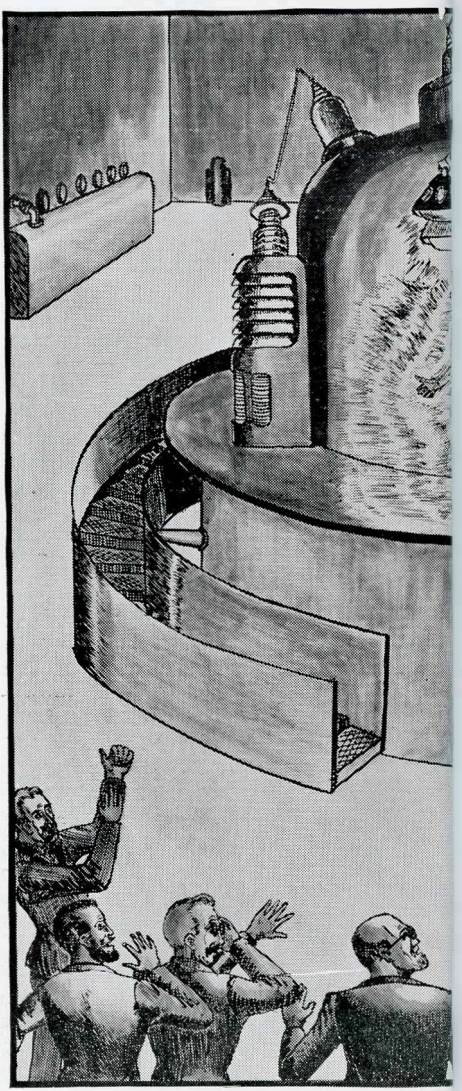
The word had circulated, (through that untraceable web of the "scientific grapevine") that Reginald Bridsby had been about to make a very important revelation at the annual meeting of the Royal Academy of the previous month, a revelation, the nature of which had caused more than one of his Majesty's text-book perusers to shudder in revolt. For it had been rumored over test tubes and laboratory benches that Reginald Bridsby had solved the secret of invisibility.

A furor was naturally created throughout the realm as it had been generally accepted as fact—on Sir Theodore Roscoe's say so—that invisibility was impossible, preposterous, and only a mad theory of equally mad propounders. It can thus be imagined to what heights the indignation of "his Majesty's" most trusted theorist soared upon his learning that this upstart—Bridsby—had the audacity to assume that he could endow a mortal object with the peculiar faculty of being perfectly transparent.

Sir Theodore had arrived at the annual meeting of the Royal Academy in full preparation—his secretarys' burdened with a mass of text and manuscript—for the purpose of supplying refutation on the slight foresight that *possibly* this hoaxer — Bridsby — might unconsciously stumble across some mathematical formula in his ravings, which would require rebuttal.

But all Sir Theodore's elaborate preparations were for nought. The hoaxer—Bridsby—failed to appear. Much to the huge enjoyment and derision of the entire assembly.

The weeks had slipped by in the ensuing time with never a word, or sight of the

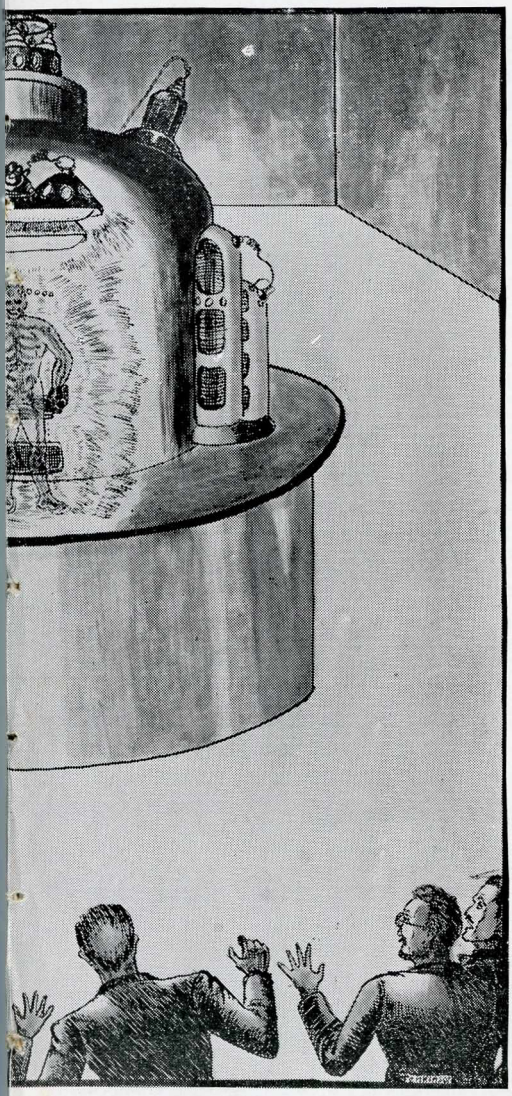


A gasp arose from the gathere

BRIDSBY

THE MACHINE WAS A

BY WILLIAM (



nen and they drew back in horror.

'S HOAX

AKE, NATURALLY, BUT...

ARTER FELLOWS

hoaxer. Rumors were prominent that he had secluded himself to the safety of his laboratory, unable to face the jeers of his fellow colleagues. But then a new rumor cropped up to somewhat antiquate the others.

From some authentic source, (nobody actually knew what source) it was whispered about that this fool—Bridsby—had actually experimented with his "discovery" and had acquired the fatal luck of becoming himself —invisible!

This rumor spread swiftly until it reached such proportions that a commission was delegated from the Royal Academy to investigate into the whereabouts of the strangely absent—hoaxer. As a result, through official sanction — lain ready these many weeks awaiting just such an opportune moment— Sir Theodore Roscoe led a party of the "intellect" one August afternoon into the private premises of Reginald Bridsby with the view foremost of solving this current dilemma.

The spacious laboratory, adjoining the living quarters of the practical hermit, like the living quarters, had been found devoid of material life—the whole of the investigating party firmly resolved in common agreement that there was no such thing as "immaterial" life.

But though life was strangely absent, other inanimate creations were evident. Such as the complicated maze of wiring, parabola, and helix, behind which the eminent Sir Theodore Roscoe was at that moment standing—furtively touching a part here and a part there; and intermittently switching his gaze to his fellow colleagues to voice a curt— "Tosh!—Invisibility—hmmph! Impossible!"

From somewhere within the ranks of the delegation a tense, and somewhat timid voice addressed the exploring scientist.

"We all know the whole abominable affair is a hoax—naturally—but what exactly was Bridsby's theory?"

The eminent physicist, seeing this an opportune moment to cement his contentions, and entirely dislodge those of his absent contemporary, turned his gaze upon the group and swept his arm in contempt over the towering apparatus beside him. (The others had mysteriously fained contact with the imposing machine—though they avowed to one another that it was perfectly harmless and undoubtedly a huge joke.)

"If I recall correctly," began Sir Theodore, one forearm resting upon the machine, "Reginald Bridsby had some peculiar notion— quite contrary to all accepted principles, naturally—that using as a base the theory that all matter is unstable, if he could in some

way step up the revolution of the atoms in a given object—to the speed of light—that object would of accord cease to exist—materially! Rot!—naturally."

The assembly laughed. Sir Theodore laughed with them. Seeing what an impression he had made, the eminent scientist decided to play his trump card and prove once and for all that his theories—and his alone—were authentic.

"Gentlemen, I propose to transport this, er—apparatus to the offices of the Academy, and there, under the proper auspices of course, to conduct an experiment which will prove for once and for all that this, er—theory of Bridsby's—is false!" His words were met with general acclaim.

"I suppose," he added, "that we had better disconnect any electrical outlets around here first—so that any danger of electric shock will be eliminated."

He then directed his attention to the task and began his exertions upon a semi-cable which led from the base of the affair to some hidden source. His colleagues strangely took a back seat in the proceedings, as if they found an evil aspect in the very presence of this strange equipment. The Doctor, noting their reticence was about to reproach them when unconsciously his arm brushed against a small copper switch beside a huge parabola. A gasp arose from the assembly as the ponderous machine suddenly came to life with a moaning whine of concealed powers.

Sir Theodore, undaunted, turned laughingly to his companions, who had edged back from the general vicinity of this awakened monster, and reproached them sternly.

"You see," he gloated, as all eyes gazed fearfully at the huge machine which now had begun to emit a rather awe-inspiring light—which might have come from some distant ethereal universe, "there is absolutely nothing to it—some sort of ultra-violet radiation, true—but nothing else. Invisibility—Rot!"

A voice in the assembly suddenly gasped hysterically. Others suddenly could find neither the power or the will to gasp. Bulging eyes and gaping jaws faced the machine. But they faced *only* the machine!

The eminent Sir Theodore Roscoe had disappeared! . . . .

* * * * *

GHOST WORLD

BY PAUL STARTZMAN

I dreamed in a black-hued rocket
I flew to a far domain,
And glided down to a landing
On a vast and moonlit plain.
Spirits—wraiths without number—
Flickered and soared o'er the site,
Sighing and groaning and sobbing—
A far away moan in the night.
"Come, let us make haste from this planet,"
I said to myself half in fear;
"For something is strangely familiar
In these shadows and faces that peer."
I snapped the controls of my rocket
And waited—but waited in vain.
The ship did not move, and I listened:
The roar from the tubes never came.
Then dimly I visioned in horror,
With a heavy and sickening dread,
That I was alone and stranded
On a Planet alive with Dead!

THE LADIES . . . YOU BLESS THEM!

A Brief Discussion on Fantasy Gals

By Bob Tucker

Someone ought to write an essay on the ladies in fantasy—not the glamorous gals in fiction, no, the living ones that read the fiction alongside "us men." Suppose it is up to me, no one else seems to have undertaken the job yet, and I just have time to make the fourth issue of *STARDUST!* So here we go to the ladies, whom I write about, startlingly enough, practically "blind," having seen but few of them, and only one long enough to describe her. But anyway, from descriptions and pictures, here goes—

Someone, Ackerman I believe, says Chicago's Gertrude Hemken, alias *Weird Tales*' Caroline Ferber, alias everybody's "Trudy" is a beautiful blonde. I do not know—yet, having never saw her, but having at hand an "announcement" of sorts that I may expect a visit from her—perhaps—before summer. I do not read every issue of *Weird Tales*, but from memory, I cannot recall *one* issue of that magazine appearing in the last several years *not* containing a letter from Trudy. She has set some sort of reader-record. I have often entertained the private opinion that her uncle had stock in the company, or that she held some threat over Editor Wright's grizzly head. When I see her, I intend to find out what the startling "object-de-blackmail" can be.

Odd enough fact, I wonder if *any* Chicago fans have seen Trudy? . . . (That would be telling, Bob . . . Ed.) Trudy remains a sort of mystery for the time being; if the Chicago convention this summer doesn't bring her out of her shell, perhaps we had all better take a back seat!

Second on my list is Gertrude Kuslan, of whom I have painted a mental picture by seeing a snapshot, reading her letters, and chancing across the remark in someone's convention report of her "walking down Broadway hand in hand with somebody or other." From that I have drawn my picture. From the photograph at hand, I find she looks the sixteen I have heard her to be, typifies to my imagination the typical high school girl. She has dark hair, stands about as high as Wollheim's eyes (that is who she is standing beside in the photograph), dark eyes and must be a hardy sort: in the photograph is seen dashing about out-doors with coat open, bare-legged except for anklets, while the three gents standing beside her are wrapped in various overcoats, raincoats and mufflers, the sissies. And thus closes my mental image of Kuslan.

Of Morojo, I cannot say much, for I suppose everyone who did not see her at the Nycon has her picture. Suffice to say, I don't dare give you my mental image of her before I had received her photograph. Of the other gal out yonder—Pogo—I haven't even heard if she has hair of any color, so secretive are those Los Angelesians of her.

Attending the Philadelphia Conference of last October, I still lament my misfortune of not meeting the girls that also attended, with one exception. In a hazy section of the mind I seem to recall seeing three, possibly four girls from the Queens S. F. L. of New York there. But I never found who was who.

There was a tall blonde, and I think a small one, altho she might not have been a blonde, and there was a brown-ette, whom I distinctly remember being wrapped up. At least, everytime I turned about in my seat to look at Taurasi, I couldn't see her face for his arms. It was rather unsporting of him to hide her from my view like that. And I recall asking Julius Unger why his wife was not with him; a pained expression flooded his face . . . well, maybe not exactly 'pained,' but some sort of unnatural look appeared. And then he asked me where mine was and I had a fine poker face handy. She was "downtown at some show."

Leslie Perri is the exception spoken of above. For months I had wanted to meet her; for Futurian propoganda had stuffed

me full, I had drawn magnificent images of the Perri the Futurian publications raved about: I expected her to have long hair, spout poetry, dash about with an easel and paint brush under her arm, look like a member of the "foreign art colony in Paris" you read about in romances, even perhaps packing about a violin case. Oh yes, I was wrong.

Her right name, I think is Doris, Mrs. Doris (or isn't that form proper?) Pohl. She is tall and slim; in a long black evening dress and with proper background you could call her slinky. Eyes are deep brown, peer at one with a searching look as if to discover what you had for breakfast or what fantastic thought you may be hiding in some mouse hole of your mind. Her hair, I seem to remember is black. Lips are too red, ditto the fingernails, and the latter are too long and pointed—to suit my taste. I admire her diction.

And . . . oh yes, she had a wrinkle in her stocking.

FUTURE FANDOM

A Glance of Fandom Yet to Come

BY SAM MOSKOWITZ

The science fiction fan world is a comparatively new thing. It goes back little more than ten years, and though there have been myriad changes in that time, ten years, a decade, is definitely too small a period to show what effects world progress in mechanics, and chemistry, and other important sciences will have upon the fan world.

Ten years has been ample time, however, to show the fantasy fans of the world just what effect acute depression, world wars, economic instability and other current factors will have and have had upon the fan world.

The earliest fan magazines were carbon-copied. The mimeograph came into use shortly afterward, and not too long after that we began to receive printed efforts such as "The Time Traveler," "Science Fiction Digest," etc. These printed publications were made possible either through amateur printers in the ranks of fandom such as Conrad H. Ruppert, or through science-hobbyists such as William Crawford who could afford to lose hundreds of dollars simply to produce a semi-professional fan magazine. It was obvious then, that these early printed publications were simply "lucky incidents," and not due to an overly large fan field.

The depression years fostered the hektographed fan magazines, such as "The Science Fiction Collector," and made it possible to produce auspicious editions for only a few dollars outlay.

As the fan magazine audience widened with professional co-operation, mimeographed publications came to the fore capable of nation-wide circulations up into the thousands, and these gradually replaced the once flourishing hektograph periodicals.

At the same time we saw the Second World War knock the foundations out of British fandom, leaving but a few fan centers of feeble activity who continue to bear the torch of fantasy bravely, tenaciously.

We know then what economics and wars can do to fandom, but the result of advanced inventions along mechanical and chemical lines are still, little more than speculative fields.

Let us leap precipitously into the world of the future. Preferably the fan world of the future. One hundred years should be sufficient. Let us also assume that wars have not destroyed civilization and that the world is still working toward some distant Utopia, only half realized.

At this date, *Stardust*, if still remembered, is little more than an ultra-rare collectors item which must be handled with care lest its time-faded pages crumble at the touch into dust.

A leading fan of the day is waiting for his mail before a small opening in the wall. A red light blinks on and off—mail is on its way. A buzzing sound, and then a soft rush of air, and a large, sealed capsule slides into sight. It drops into a special conical-shaped container.

With an eager exclamation of joy our

young fan, 2040 A. D., make a grab for the capsule. The mail system is nothing new to him. He knows that pneumatic tubes stretch in a complicated, but well controlled maze thousands of miles across the country —touching every city town and hamlet. Mail may arrive at any time of the day or night, Sundays and holidays. The time across the country has been cut down to twenty four hours for a 2,000 mile trip. Near paradise for fast correspondents.

Quickly, the fan of the future unfastens the capsule. A small roll of wire appears. This he places dexterously into a machine made especially for the purpose, and from a loud speaker comes the familiar voice of a California fan:

"Hello Bill:

I received your message of Jan. 28, 2040. I agree that something should be done about changing "Future Fan Mag" into something more fans will want to get. This matter of printing the magazine on microfilm to be projected on a screen is considered too clumsy and old fashioned by most of the fans. Some even compare it to an ancient process known as "printing" in common use a hundred years ago. If we could only afford to have it turned out by "thought visualization" like "Fancy Fan Mag" we'd really have something there. But I'm afraid our limited circulation of 50,000 forbids that. Anything less than that, and it wouldn't be worth the trouble of producing a fan magazine at all. But, I guess we fans must struggle along and try to make the best of it. I wonder if we'll ever sell enough copies to make a profit on the fan magazine? More fantastic than "Stupendous Stories" if we ever did.

"About that article. . . . "

Future Fan listens intently until the customary "good bye and good luck," proper salutation at the end of all spoken letters is reached. He switches the machine off and walks morosely about the room. Something must be done about "Future Fan Mag" to help boost the circulation, so they wouldn't have to use that old fashioned microfilm process for reproduction. Struck suddenly by inspiration he whirls toward one side of the room and dials a number on the radio-televisor. There is a click and a whirr. For a few moments the screen flickers. Abruptly the features of a smug, satisfied looking man materializes upon the screen.

Future Fan smiles in a friendly manner. "How are you, Mr. Editor?" he starts.

"Oh, all right I guess. What was it you wanted to see me about?"

"Well . . . err . . . if you recall I gave "Stupendous Stories" a little publicity in my talk at the last Universe Science Fiction Convention in Paris. We had 200,000 fans there, if you remember. Fifty thousand of them from Mars. Your mag isn't selling so good on Mars," he ended pertinently.

"What has that got to do with what you want to say."

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all, except that I was wondering if you would do me a little favor."

"What kind of a favor?" the editor asks suspiciously.

"You've read my fan mag, haven't you?"

"Couldn't help it, your always mentioning "Stupendous Stories" and naturally I like to know what comments readers are making concerning my magazine. We *always* look out to the best interests of our readers you know."

Future Fan coughs politely.

Editor of "Stupendous Stories" looks at him peculiarly and continues. "Now if you could only have your magazine "thought visualized," instead of microfilmed it would save me a lot of trouble. Why you can hardly read the thing!"

"Now that was just what I wanted to see you about," quickly interjects Future Fan. "If you would be as kind as to include a free notice for "Future Fan Mag" in the next issue of "Stupendous Stories" it would help us no end. And you promised us an advertisement at the last convention—remember? Our rates are only 500 units of energy for a five minute ad in "Future Fan Mag."

"Why I'll be glad to help you out by giving you a notice in our magazine. Always looking out. . . . "

"Yes, I know your always looking out for the best interests of your readers. That's one thing I like about you. But how about that advertisement?"

"Oh, yes, that advertisement. Well, you haven't a very large circulation, and . . . "

"It isn't the circulation; think of the good will."

"Well, call me back again, I'll think it over. Anyway, I'll give you that notice in "Stupendous Stories." And to show you my heart is in the right place I'm sending you some news about "Stupendous Stories" which you can give a big build up in your magazine. Always glad to be of some help."

The radio-televisor gives forth a static-like noise, and the visage of the editor fades from the screen.

"Well, at least I got *something* out of that bloated hypocrite," comments Future Fan as he turns away.

"Got nothing to do today, think I'll take a ride over to London and attend the meeting of the Future Fictioneers there today. Blast it! I wish the ride didn't take so long. A half an hour to London. Why, it's intolerable. I wonder why they don't buy a set of Reassemblers instead of using those ponderous Rockets. Why the Reassemblers disintegrate your body down to the basic elements; project them across the sea where they are reassembled by a machine on the other side. Much quicker and efficient. Well, I guess progress is always slow."

And there we leave Future Fan to grumble about the slowness of evolution. But one thing is apparent in the incident above. None of the things mentioned are impossible. Whether human nature will tolerate them is problematic. But one thing seems all too inevitable. Someday science-fiction may be future fiction. By that I mean, the wild theories vouchsafed in stories today, may, at some not-too-distant date be realized. And what we consider fantastic today, may undoubtedly prove as mundane in the world of tomorrow as Jules Vern's "Around The World In Eighty Days" appears to us today.

When science has achieved those rocket ships, those heat rays, those thought projectors and other inventions which today form the ground work of most fantasy fiction, what then? Will new vistas, never before realized be opened to us, through advanced mental powers, and consequentially greater imagination? Or is man truly bounded by his powers to conceive and visualize? Has man reached his limits of imagination? Or can each succeeding generation see just a little bit further ahead? If not, then it may be all fact tomorrow, and no fiction—not science-fiction at least.

The End.

"BLOTTO"

SOME WHACKY DRIBBLE HASTILY SCRIBBLED BY A GOON IN HIS PADDED CELL.

as told to WALTER C. LIEBSCHER

Clack Dornoelje, Woods J. Erman, and Ray A. R. Stalmer were very confused. What in the world was it? They were attending the 1940 World's Science Fiction Convention in Chicago and were seated around a table discussing the pros and cons of the scientifiction world and fandom in general, when suddenly—an eerie blue light seemed to emanate from the glass of orange juice, (well, thats what they told me it was) held in the hand of Coward Punk, who was by the way, one of the staff of that super fan magazine, "Moon Gravel".

At this thrilling, horrorful, absolutely abysmal moment, in walked Seal de Crack, who, after taking one look at the apparition, (I think that's what it was) hovering over the table at which the aforementioned fans were seated, let loose one of the most horrorful, absolutely abysmal screams I have ever had the good fortune to hear, and gee kids, that scream was the nuts and stuff—no kiddin!

How horrorful, how absolutely abysmal it all was. Here were all the fans, joined together to enjoy themselves. Glancing around from table to table one could see such well knowns as Pill Slickora, Yon D. Vaultedonis, Thames E. Sourassi, Dark Iceberg, Way J. Thinkofits, and Wubbleyou Torrence Porkerling, who, incidentally is editor of that super fan magazine, "Planet Pebbles".

Yes, it was really, truly, very horrorful and so absolutely abysmal for such a thing to happen.

By this time all eyes were centered on the table at which the phenomenon (I think that's what it was) was taking place.

The green, eerie light wavered and danced over Slob Sucker's head, and so help me, shook a wicked hula!* Then it suddenly

formed a gigantic mouth. Slowly, horrorfully, abysmally, the lips formed and it spoke words you heard but couldn't hear. It said:

"Greetings, Gates, lets conventionate. Perhaps you wonder who I am. Hmm. Sometimes I wonder myself. But they tell me my name is Fu Fu Ghu Ghu Driew Glizama Naf. I'm an emissary from Ysatnaf Dhrow. In our world we live the stories you kind people read. Perhaps I can enlighten you on the ways of my world by telling you some of my experiences.

"Well, to begin with, I first found myself as a cook on a spaceship—my name then was Lancelotsa Pigs. Needless to say I came through with frying crullers, especially when I made cinnamon puns."

At this point Wan Drolltime took a strong pull at his orange juice, only to have it torn from his clenched hands by Slam Boskofix who was shaking like a Martian sunflower. The mouth sneered at them in annoyance and continued.

"Then I found myself in a weird house making music for a monster. One night while walking home with my oboe under my arm, one of the zombies, (not of the *Le* type) saw me. Next day he said to me, 'Whose oboe was that I seen you with last night?' Now get set, gates, this'll kill ya. I replied: 'That was no oboe, that was my fife!'

"Then I found myself working for Jewels Day Standin—that *mon dieu* of literature. At the time he was trying to solve the enigma of the 'Horror How It Stinks,' being assisted by that inimitable toll, Dr. Drawbridge."

By this time various fans were edging towards the door, led by the famous Blotto Cinder, but when the mouth voiced a curt roar, they turned around and squatted in the aisles. The mouth continued.

"Then in rapid succession I was employed by famous authors of fantasy you all know, including such luminaries as Rasin Z. Gallon, Hellsen D. Pond, Trader Horn, David's Wright Behind, Fat Tackler, Robert's Dee Hindend, El Yon Cubbard, John W. Inkwell Foonier, Hee Hee Jones, Ff. T., Bondel Quandry, July Perleth, Cedric Arra Crummer Jr., L. Keg D. Tramp, Ketcher Ratt, Torrence Panning, and Steal R. Bones.

*Courtesy Carvel Tales.

"Also I helped authors write such well known yarns as, 'The Shylock of Grace,' 'On Drink 2000' (still orange juice) 'Heartless and Pawn,' 'Smellers a la Garbage,' 'The Croon Ghoul,' and that marvelous Martian series, including 'Warriors From,' 'The Kid From,' 'Martians Of,' etc.

"But perhaps I am boring you with this account of my adventures, so I'll close my little lecture with a bit of advice I garnished from the myriad wonderful yarns I've lived through: 'It's much cooler in the city, (preferably a Martian city) than it is in the summer, (a la Uranian) be it so that one leg is both the same and the higher it flys the much, for you know how relatively adjacent pseudopods are exactly different, therefore never walk when you can take your lunch as orange juice, (how does that keep popping up?) is sweeter in the evening. In parting, don't call me a whack, I'm a hack!'"

Then the huge orifice seemed to melt. The crowd at the tables promptly started to chatter and managed to be quite scared. In fact I think all would have passed out if Sock Roundest hadn't passed the orange juice. Sock's always passing things anyway.

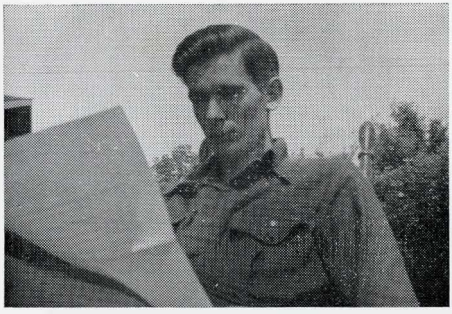
Unfortunately this is where I must end my story for I am going to be ray gunned in the morning. Everybody thinks I'm a little cracked, (confidentially anyone who would write such a mess must be). They just won't believe me.

Why? Because I drank the orange juice (that thing again) from which the ectoplasm emanated. Immediately I had a sensation of pains that were ecstacy (from the picture of the same name) and the stygian gloom spread around me, making my senses reel. I fell an interminably long distance, and when I awoke I was a blot, and what was most horrorful of all, I couldn't see. I seemed to be in a world of nothing, (my natural environment) I was on the spot, oh God no—I was the spot and I couldn't see. That's all I seem to remember. I keep telling people I'm a spot what can't see, but they tell me I'm on the spot and I'm going to be shot, so what! I have nothing to live for. I am all in, thank goodness. Don't look for me, I can't even find myself! —I'm THE BLIND SPOT!. . . . . .

MEET THE FAN...

Bob Tucker—his correct first name is Arthur, *not* Robert—is 26 years old. Born on a farm near Peoria, Illinois, the mash odor in the air at that time is attributed by some to be largely responsible for his present activities. Has spent all of his life in Bloomington and Normal, Ill. and on nearby farms. He resided in an orphanage for a few years until 1930 when he grew weary of the institution and book-larnin and exited from both via the box cars.

Returning to Bloomington late the same summer, he first became a printer's delivery, then an apprentice at the trade, then threw that over for a more fascinating game: motion pictures. Entering into this field in 1931 as an apprentice he stayed at it until today he is senior operator at Bloomington's newest theatre. He expects—the fates will-



★ BOB TUCKER

ing—to remain in this field the balance of his life, or to go into television if and when that industry absorbs the motion picture theatre.

He broke into science fiction in 1929 when Argosy ran the Ray Cummings invasion serial, "Brand New World." Argosy rapidly led to Amazing, to Wonder, to Astounding and Strange. Fan activities began in 1930 when he began corresponding with other fans whose names he discovered in the back of Astounding, under the heading, "—Other good letters received from—". He still corresponds today with the very first fan who answered one of his letters a decade ago, a Ted Lutwiniak, now a reporter on a Jersey City paper.

Subscribing to the fan magazines of that day, he was fascinated with the idea of them, and in 1932 published his first one, "The Planetoid," a journal so utterly useless (it was printed, of four pages, and carried science facts) that it has very nearly become forgotten today as being one of the very earliest of fan magazines.

In 1933, when Charles Hornig was both publishing a fan magazine and editing Wonder Stories, Tucker "founded" a character he named 'Hoy Ping Pong,' a supposedly chinese fan of a humorous nature. Hornig's favorable receiving of Hoy Ping Pong, and his allowing the "Chinese Buck Rogers" columns and columns of space in both his fan magazine and Wonder Stories made Hoy's name world-wide. Today Hoy's friends and foes are scattered all over the globe, in England, Australia, Hungary, Canada, and of course, America. Probably the Chinese fan's best claim to fame is an organization called the 'SPWSSTFM,' which advocated the removal of wire staples from science fiction magazines; Hoy rode this organization to leadership in every letter section of the science fiction magazines then publishing, only to have the club collapse early in 1936 because of a false report of Tucker's death.

Bob is 6 foot, 2 inches tall, weighs around 150, and thinner than Harry Warner. Fantasy and fantasy journalism are his only hobbies; he has published eight fan magainzes during his science fiction career, and co-published another. At present he publishes but two; "Yearbook," which is the annual index of all weird and science fiction, and which enjoys one of the largest circulations of any mimeographed magazine; and "Le Zombie," a humorous monthly. He collect current fan magazines, only three or four of the professionals, and buys only the fantasy books that appeal to his fancy, regardless of their author, or fame.

He is married, has a daughter just over three. While he works in Bloomington, and maintains a mail address there, he lives in the country, or small villages near there; which he terms his "country estate." He is Director of the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers, the state organization which is sponsoring the Chicago 1940 Science Fiction Convention. Bob says: "If you don't attend the Convention, I'm gonna be awful made at'ja!"

NEXT MONTH MEET
Forrest J. Ackerman

HURRAH FOR FAN FICTION!

By Harry Warner Jr.

It's been quite a while, now, since anyone has made a plea for more tolerance toward fan fiction publicly: about two years. So perhaps one here wouldn't be out of place. *Someone* has to do it.

Just what is fan fiction, though? Well, it can be considered as one of two things: a story by a fan, or a yarn of such calibre by either a fan or a professional writer that it's termed, a bit patronizingly, as fan fiction. Properly speaking, the former of the two definitions is correct, but lately the use of the latter has been springing up, even in the pages of the professional magazines' letter sections.

There isn't any definite line between fan and professional fiction. Any such possible distinction is becoming less and less, with so many stories by professionals appearing in the fan magazines, and more and more by fans popping up in the professionals. In just the last year, at least a half a dozen fans have sold their first fiction, and several others verse, to the professional magazines; a few have even made sales to outside markets. And if you think you can tell when a fan story is a fan story, please define "The Musician" by Milton A. Rothman, which appeared recently in *Fantascience Digest* for me. There's a yarn by a gent who has been a fan longer than 90% of the fans today; as long as he remains interested in fantasy he'll remain a fan at heart. Now he's sold a number of yarns to professional magazines. "The Musician" could not have appeared in a pro magazine due to editorial policies—the trouble that keeps at least half of today's fan fiction out of them. It would appear to be obviously a piece of fan fiction; yet it's written in completely professional style—the style of writing Campbell eats up—and its author is now, technically, a professional writer. No, there's no real difference between fan and pro fiction.

There have been instances in which yarns appearing in fan magazines have been published later in professional magazines. More important, a large number of the yarns appearing today in fan publications could with very little re-writing, I feel sure, become suitable for the pros. Re-writing is usually necessary in such instances for several reasons: the writer may not have aimed his stuff for a pro magazine, instead setting out merely to create fan fiction, or he may just not have the technical equipment necessary to put it over the last hump before acceptance.

But there's one thing that's been rather discouraging to note of late. Perhaps it's not actually so, but it certainly seems to me that fewer and fewer fan magazines are printing fiction now than a few years ago. Of course, there's such a thing as overdoing it, but I really believe that every fan magazine (except strictly "news" ones, and those that specialize in one thing) should make an effort to print one decent fan story per issue. Many do—*Fantascience Digest, Scienti-Snaps, Futuria Fantasia, (how about STARDUST? . . . Ed.)*, and many more, and a very few, like *Polaris* even go further and devote most of each issue to stories. Yet many of the leading fan magazines today don't publish fiction at all. This seems to me a very unwise thing. A fan mag story is not likely to be too good. But—is that in the professionals much better? The yarns published in the pros are much better from the standpoint of selling power, the editors say, and usually are better written. Just the same, I personally find the fan fiction in the fan magazines on the whole just as enjoyable as that in the pros. Not so good, but I know the authors are sincere, they're doing it with no thought of immediate profit, and they needn't purposely write the story down to a lower level to make them sell.

Most important of all, fan magazine publication enables a writer to get criticisms on his yarn. For a story not good enough, or unsuitable, for the pros, there are only two ways other than this to get other people's opinion: by sending it to a literary agent, who will not criticize it from any viewpoint other than selling quality, or by mailing it out to a number of correspondents. The latter, I know by experience, is not advised, unless you're willing to spend several years getting a half dozen sets of criticisms! So—why not more fan fiction in the fan mags?

THE EDITOR AND THE FAN

. . . the reader airs his views

HARRY WARNER JR. . . .

Dear Bill:

I received STARDUST yesterday—and here's my letter.

It's really another swell issue, egad, yes! Possibly the best of the three so far. The cover this time is really superb—you have one real find in Jenkinson! Ten to one he appears in the pros before long; from this cover, and the interior for Jack Williamson's story, I should say he's twice as good as most of the illustrators today.

Inside, the contents keep up to the standard, or more so. MEET THE FAN was swell, (because it had my biography!) and tion was interesting, of course. Wright's yours was interesting too. The letter secright, (*may I pun. Harry? . . .Ed*) my middle initial is B, not S. Although for some reason many fans have been writing me Harry *S.* Warner. And the worst part of it is that I can't remember ever having signed my name with the middle initial, or used it in fandom!

Manning's bit was quite enjoyable. Hope you continue to fill up space with things like this rather than a plug for the next issue always. Tanner's poem was very excellently done, with a nice swing to it.

I rather think CRYSTAL OF DEATH is one of Williamson's earlier yarns—it shows so much of the influence of Merritt that it could hardly be otherwise. There's a great example of the type of yarn you should try to get for STARDUST—no other professional magazine would print it, though it really violates no tabu.

I've not read CYCLE OF AGE as yet, so can't very well comment on it. I have read THREE ERAS, though, and consider this one of Ley's finest articles, much more interesting than any of his in ASTOUNDING, which are sometimes too monotonously technical the whole way through.

The editorial was interesting, naturally, and the printing is probably the best yet—even the ads are good. A swell issue! . . . 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md.

(*So you noticed the printing, eh? Well, you're right, it is better, and will continue to be so. STARDUST is now being printed on a new vertical press which accounts for the increase of efficiency. As to Jenkinson, I feel as you do—he's good! How do you like him in this issue? . . . Ed*)

* * * * *

TOM WRIGHT . . .

Dear Bill:

I have been meaning to write about the latest issue of STARDUST ever since I received it, but until now—you know how it is, I just kept putting it off.

STARDUST continues to improve each time, each issue being far better than the one previous, and now I hear you are expanding to 40 pages, you sure give us readers a lot. I hardly expected this. I only hope you will be able to fill every page with as good material as you have been featuring.

The cover this issue was swell, Binder's suffers in comparison. The editorial is up to par, and Ley and Williams continue to turn out fine material. Now I get to CRYSTAL OF DEATH, the yarn I've been waiting for. I think it is best compared with Merritt's short, *THE MOON POOL*, and needs a long sequel to follow. I hope Jack comes through!

MEET THE FAN is swell, but you'll ruin my COMET business. I have paste in photos you know . . . *It's The Strain* was good, more poetry please. Letter department very good, and of course, necessary.

That's all now, you're doing one swell job, keep it up! . . . 1140 Bush St., Martinez, California.

(*Apparently you liked CRYSTAL OF DEATH, eh? And as for the sequel—what say Jack! . . . Ed*)

* * * * *

JOSEPH GILBERT . . .

Dear Mr. Hamling:

STARDUST has not only maintained its high standard, but has actually improved. The new biographical department is fine. Who did that piece on yourself? Wasn't autobiographical, was it?

Jenkinson is capable. His figures are as stilted as Paul's and the interior was rather lacking in detail, one of those things that won't stand close examination. Who is he—fan or pro?

Williams fell down on CYCLE OF AGE. He started out with a darn good idea, and gave a promise of something first class to come, but the promise didn't materialize. I like his pacifistic attitude, tho, probably because I think the same way he does.

The rocketry article dealt with the more elementary phases of Astronautics, but it was by Ley, and thats enough for any fan. A question for Mr. Ley: The Smithsonian Institution announced a year or so ago a number of stars gave out a very short wave length Ultra Violet ray that has the power of completely destroying all life. No ifs or buts about it; they kill. These stars are of the blue type, Rigel in the left foot of the Constellation of Orion is one of them. Now, these "death stars" would destroy all life on Earth were it not for the Heavenside layer, which screens them out. What, then, will happen to the Space voyager when he rockets above the layer? Any way of getting around this problem? . . .

Williamson's tale was unfortunate. One of those that is mediocre rather than off-trail. Tanner's poem was in parts confusing, and Manning's idea was too weak. Neither did a bad job though.

From her letter, it is rather obvious that Miss Long has hardly what could be termed a very exalted opinion of the worth of science-fiction pros. She's right in part—a very good part, I fear, but she does not seem very well acquainted with today's UNKNOWN, and *Astounding*. If she were, she would doubtless revise her opinion. Anyway, it explains why she refuses to turn out anything but standard hack work.

Thats about all. The printing and format are beautiful. And the next lineup looks darn good. How do you do it? . . . 3911 Park St., Columbia, S. C.

(*I feel that it is my duty to take up the cause of Miss Long, in reply to your remarks, though she may use space in the next issue of STARDUST if it is her desire. You say that her opinion explains why she is a hack. Verily, I was personally never aware that Miss Long was a hack! However, for the sake of argument, granting that she is one, then her opinions are definitely understandable. Naturally a writer must write as an editor desires—or the writer doesn't write. Thus, if Miss Long is a hack—she is a hack because she must be in order to sell her manuscripts. Thus, it is perfectly logical to understand, how Miss Long, not desiring to be a hack, would not think very highly of the various professional magazines she intermittently contributes to—because they demand hack material. And as to ASTOUNDING, well—practically 90% of everything Miss Long ever had published in the science fiction field was in that magazine! Thus we see that Miss Long must have a knowledge of this particular magazine you mention . . . Ed*)

R. D. SWISHER . . .

Dear Bill:

STARDUST No. 3 as follows:

1. Ley.
2. Meet the Fan.
3. Readers.
4. Williams.
5. Williamson.

Hurry along No. 4. . . . 15 Ledyard Rd., Winchester, Mass.

(*Short, but complete . . . Ed*)

EDGAR GILBERT . . .

Dear Bill:

STARDUST is super-swell-excellent! I especially like your *Meet The Fan* department. (How about Forrest J. Ackerman and Bob Tucker for the very near future?) The articles such as THREE ERAS by Ley, and ADVANCE VISION, by Ackerman, and the *science fiction* (not weird) poetry, are all swell . . . 2145 Avenue L, Wichita Falls, Texas.

(*Bob Tucker is in this issue, 4SJ coming*

up! . . . Ed)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DALE TARR . . .

Dear Bill:

Guess you and about forty other fellows have been wondering just what in Jupiter happened to some guy—namely me. Well, I've been out of work for some time now and have been accompanied by the usual feeling induced by unemployment.

But to go on about STARDUST:

You say that I aroused quite a controversy with my article on poetry, but neglect to include any mention of it in the readers columns. Maybe you should enlarge that section. As to Harry Warner's criticism . . .

Cold? Extraspective? Frankly, which would warm your heart the most—a silver liner settling into port, flaming gases cushioning her fall, or a couple of fresh werewolves thrown into your face? As to subjects; science-fiction is an infinite extension of this world and all the things that have been, and can be, written around it. In looking over the weird poetry which I have read, I find only a *few* subjects. The dead; the half-dead; (*what about the dying? . . . Ed*) intricate descriptions of black ghostly wailings and gesticulating unnameable foulnesses, and a threadbare point if one at all.

Particular is this true of fan weird work because the majority of fans are incapable of handling what genius rarely attempts.

I shall be glad to see Fred Pohl's opinion's on the subject, and those of any others.

And so I remain, *Conventionally* thine until the next issue . . . 1205 Jackson St., Cincinnati, Ohio

(*As to why I didn't mention the controversy in the readers section—I did! Vis. Harry Warner's letter. I also mentioned it in my editorial. I am waiting for Fred Pohl's article now, and for anyone else who cares to expand on the subject . . . Ed*)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JACK CHAPMAN MISKE . . .

Dear Bill:

From a standpoint of composition, STARDUST has continued the advance which I'm sure will be maintained through succeeding issues. However, and believe me, I'm not being malicious, the material makes it the poorest issue to date. The bulk of the contents is made up by the two stories, and both are poor. William's is *so* old! Only the lines about Nature's working with outworn tools are different, and they can hardly salvage the entire story. However, there are much worse messes appearing in the pros, I'll grant you.

Williamson's is simply bad. Thats all I can say. Ley's article contained nothing new to me, but it covers the subject so thoroughly, it'll be handy as a reference, and I suppose your non-*Astounding* readers will find it all new, at that. *Meet The Fan* is decidedly interesting, and I shall look forward eagerly to the next edition. Who'll be in it?

I must disagree with Harry Warner about adapting classical themes into "popular" songs. If the masses can be made to appreciate great music that way, swell! If they'd rather buy "Moon Love" for 35c than the *Andante Cantabile* from the fifth, for several times that, who cares? It's still Tschaikowsky, and darned good music! . . . 5000 Train Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

(*Hmm. You must be in a dark mood today, Jack! However, as the other readers avow, opinions differ. Maybe you'll like this issue better. I hope so anyway. As to the classical theme—popular song question, what have you got to say, Harry? And how about you other readers?—after all, this music debate is not out of the sphere of fantasy—many of our most reknowned operas are based on fantasy . . . Ed*)

Don't be backward - - use your quill. "The Editor and the Fan" awaits you !

ART R. SCHNERT . . .

Dear Mr. Hamling:

From what I have read of the third issue I can say, "you've got something there!"

I immensely enjoyed CYCLE OF AGE, and the cover by Jenkinson. Your editorials are much better than some I have seen in professional magazines. Hope you continue like this . . . 791 Maury Apt. No. 1, Memphis, Tenn.

(*And all I can say is, "you've got something there!" . . . Ed*)

INVERSE VARIATIONS

Continued from page 19

ger, and our dear old friend Hammar kept telling us of the nice things they were going to do with us. He said, 'Very fierce, *Camponotus braziliensis*. You sit on nest of 'em, you yump up pretty damn quick. If one was as big as man, could carry telephone-pole in his yaws. He-he! All doors been locked, and no fire-escapes or trapdoors.' And so on. I was willing to believe him the first time, and I didn't see why he had to rub it in.

"Well, when the ants were the size of airdales, with their antennae waving and their jaws crunching, the machinery was turned off, and the clamps on the ants' legs released their hold, and the rods were pulled up through the ceiling till their lower ends were man-high off the floor. Gampo took one last look and quietly fainted. I shut my eyes and waited for the scrape of their legs on the concrete as they rushed us.

"But what actually happened was much stranger than that—the last thing any of us were expecting." Here Lowrie artfully paused to toss down another drink and light his pipe.

"Well?" said Tyuchev finally, "What *did* happen?"

"Nothing," said the Inspector, puffing.

"*Nothing?*"

"Right, me lad, nothing. When I opened my eyes they were still there on their slabs. Hyatt stuck his boot out and trod on the foot of one of the things, and it just jerked its leg a little and stayed where it was.

"Apparently Hammar's gang were as surprised as we were. Through the ventilator we could hear them havering. Then the flood-lights went off outside, and we heard them running. Hyatt shook Gampo into some sort of consciousness, and got him to radio his men to run the wagon around to that side and turn a searchlight on them. He told them to shoot the gang in the legs if they tried to break for the fence.

"Hyatt and I ran over to a window. Although it was pretty dark out, we could see the gang pulling a helicopter out of the little hangar and hear the engine being started. Then the wagon arrived and the light was turned on them. They shot at it, but these Tibetans had a clever idea—the light was mounted on the end of an arm that rocked rapidly back and forth in a 180° arc, and they couldna hit it. Hyatt fired through the glass and hit one screw-hub of the helicopter, so that the thing teetered crazily. Then we went around to the door they'd run out of and he yelled at them to be good if they didn't want to be machine-gunned. So they dropped their weapons and upped their arms, and the Tibetan policemen appeared with the fanciest assortment of handcuffs I ever saw and rounded them up.

"We went out, and Hyatt picked out Hammar, who was an elderly little man, rather saintly-looking. He said to him, 'That guy we shot back in the lab—I got him in the leg, so he probably ain't dead. You're coming back with me to carry him.' The super-scientist went along meekly enough, but as they approached the lab he began to fidget, and

finally blurted out that the house was going to yump up any minute, because he's thoughtfully set a time-bomb before leaving. So Hyatt had to run him back, and we piled in the wagon and drove around behind the hangar. The explosion didn't bother us much; we got a few pieces of concrete on the roof, but it was good heavy steel and was only dented a little.

"But man, you should have heard Hyatt curse! I wish I could have memorized it, to use myself on occasion. When I asked him why, he said 'The evidence, dimwit, the evidence! You think we can convict these guys with a wild yarn about enormous ants, and no evidence to back it up? Hell, my letting them blow up the place under our noses is enough to knock my commission sky-high. The Research Department will want the ants and the apparatus and things, and I'll have to tell 'em, "Sorry mister, but they're all blown up." '

"After a while I calmed him down, and we went over and hunted around in the ruins with our flashlights. The place hadn't been damaged as much as you'd think, and I found one ant that had been hardly squashed at all. When I showed it to Hyatt he was happy at having his evidence, though if I'd known the awful thing that was to happen I'd have said nothing about the ant and let him rave. So we drove our prisoners back to Sindong and locked them up, and they were tried and convicted in due course.

"The explanation, as I said, was a matter of geometry, and quite simple. We learned from Hammar's papers, which we dug out of the ruins next day, that he'd discovered a polypeptide derived from and related to pitruitrin, the growth-hormone, which he called pitruitrin-alpha. It's also related to sarcomin, another pitruitin derivative that causes cancer. This pituitrin-alpha makes all the tissues grow uniformly when injected; it'll even add onto your bones. So our saintly old chap collected a lot of horse-pituitaries, which he kept in a Ringer's solution; you know, the stuff in which chicken-livers are kept alive for centuries. He got pituitrin from the glands, and made it into pituitrin-alpha. Then he injected it into these Brizilian ants. To provide food for their growth he had to inject them also with amino acids, glycogen, and collodial particles of fatty acids. That was the purpose of the tubes attached to the ants' heads; the normal growth-processes would have been too slow. Török was hurrying him, so he didn't have a chance to try the complete experiment on a single ant first, and we arrived when his first batch of ants was about half completed. He speeded the process up for our benefit. We never did find out how he proposed to control them, but he had some way—radio, perhaps.

"Oh, Terence!

"Now, lads, if you remember your geometry, you ken that if you double the linear dimensions of anything, you multiply the areas of it by four, and the volumes and masses by eight. In other words, the areas vary as the square and the volumes as the cube of the dimensions. The strength of a muscle is proportional to the area of its cross-section, and so varies as the square of the length. The weight varies as the cube. So the strength per pound varies *inversely* as the weight. By the time the ants were the size of airdales they couldna lift their ain weight off the floor.

"Also, the area inside their breathing-tubes, which are their equivalent of lungs, varies as the square, but the weight of body to be supplied with oxygen varies as the cube. So the poor beasties not only couldna move because of their weight, but were slowly dying from lack of oxygen."

Lowrie paused to relight his pipe, which had gone out. Vosburgh, whose eyes were acquiring a slightly glazed look, asked, "But what was the awful tragedy?"

"Lowks, I forgot. It was next day, when we were going oot to get the ant and the papers and things. Hyatt figured we'd have to have some way of preserving it, but the only thing he could find for a coffin in Sindong was the municipal horse-trough, and the preservative in town was that to be had at the government liquor-store. He bought the trough from the mayor, and cleaned oot the store's stock. I'd like to have seen Chopsticks' face when he got the bill. So, when we got back to Hammar's, two of the Tibetan cops put the ant in the trough, not liking their job much I thocht. And then—try to imagine the horror—every one of those beautiful bottles was opened and poured into the trough! Whuskies, brandies, and all manner o' priceless fluids, all sploshing on that loathsome carcass! Mon, that awfu' secht haunts me to this day!

"But jooty calls, and I must be getting back to New York. Afore I go, you'll—why Muster Vosburgh, what the Heel ails the Rossian laddie? Dinna tell me the big stirk has passed oot! Ay, 'tis a weak and degenerate time we live in. But *you'll* jine me in a wee song, won't ye? Ah, that's a braw lad! Come noo, a' thegither—'*Lest auld acquaintance be forgot . . .* "

THE FAN GUIDE

A Complete Index to Fan Journals

AD ADSTRA

Published bi-monthly by Mark Reinsberg at 3156 Cambridge Ave., Chicago, Ill. 10c copy (now defunct)

THE ALCHEMIST

Published monthly by Lewis Martin at 1258 St., Denver, Colo. 10c copy

THE COMET

Published bi-monthly by Tom Wright at 1140 Bush St., Martinez, Cal., 10c copy

COSMIC TALES

Published bi-monthly by Dick Crain at 1734 Willow Ave., Weehawken, N. J. 15c copy.

DETOURS

Published monthly by L. R. Chauvenet at 5 Reidsel Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 5c copy

ESCAPE

Published bi-monthly by Richard Wilson at 2574 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 5c copy. (now defunct?)

FANFARE

Published bi-monthly by Francis V. Paro at 125 W. 6th St., South Boston, Mass. 10c copy.

FANTASCIENCE DIGEST

Published bi-monthly by Robert Madle at 333 E. Belgrade St., Philadelphia, Penn. 15c copy.

THE FANTASEER

Published bi-monthly by William Groveman at 18 Maryland Ave., Hemstead, N. Y. 10c copy.

FANTASY DIGEST

Published bi-monthly by Ted Dikty at 3136 Smith St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10c copy.

THE FANTASY FICTIONEER

Published bi-monthly by Sully Roberds at 922 W. Division, Normal, Ill., Free club Organ.

FANTASY NEWS

Published weekly by Will Sykora at 31-51 41st St., Long Island City, N. Y. 3 issues 10c (printed)

FUTURIA FANTASIA

Published quarterly by Ray Bradbury at 3054½ W. 12th St. Los Angeles, Cal. 10c copy.

THE FUTURIAN

Published quarterly by J. Michael Rosenblum at 4 Grange Terrace, Chapletown, Leeds, 7, England 4 Issues 25c.

GOLDEN ATOM
Published monthly by Larry B. Farsaci at 48 Lewis St., Rochester, N. Y. ,10c copy

HORIZONS
Published bi-monthly by Harry Warner Jr. at 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md. 2 issues 15c.

LE VOMBITEUR
Published by Robert Lowndes intermittently at 2574 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. Price unknown.

LE ZOMBIE
Published monthly by Bob Tucker at Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois, 10c copy

LOOKING AHEAD
Published monthly by Jack Robins at 51 Humboldt St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Price unknown.

LUNA
Published quarterly by Vol Molesworth at 11 Northumberland St., Clovelly N. S. W. Austrailia. 10c copy

M. S. A. BULLETIN
Published monthly by Main Scientification Association at 55 Middle St., Skowhegan, Maine., 5c copy.

MERCURY
Published bi-monthly by Tom Wright at 1140 Bush St., Martinez, Cal., 5c copy

MIDWEST NEWS & VIEWS
Published bi-weekly by Erle Korshak at 5555 Hyde Park Blvd., Chicago, Illinois. 5c copy.

MIKROS
Published quarterly by Russell Hodgkins at 1903 West 84th Place, Los Angeles, Cal. 10c copy.

NEW FANDOM
Published bi-monthly by Sam Moskowitz at 603 S. 11th St., Newark N. J. (club organ)

NOVACIOUS
Published by Morojo-Ackerman at Box 6475 Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles, Cal. 5c copy

PLUTO
Published bi-monthly by Literature Science and Hobbies Club, Decker, Indiana. 10c copy.

POLARIS
Published quarterly by Paul Freehafer at 404 S. Lake Ave., Pasadena, Cal. 10c copy

THE ROCKET
Published intermittently by Walt Daugherty at 1039 W. 39th St., Los Angeles, Cal. 15c copy

SCIENCE FANTASY REVIEW
Published monthly at 14 Henley Ave., Liverpool 21, England. 1½d copy

SCIENCE FICTION FAN

Published monthly by Olon F. Wiggins at 728 28th St., Denver Colo. $1.00 year.

SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR

Published bi-monthly by J. V. Baltadonis at 1700 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia Penn. 10c copy.

SCIENCE FICTION WEEKLY

Published weekly at 2574 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, N. Y. by Robert Lowndes, 3 issues 10c (now defunct)

THE SCIENTIAL

Published bi-monthly by Robert Studley, 519 W. 134th St., New York City. 10c copy

SCIENTI-SNAPS

Published bi-monthly by Walter Marconette, 2709 E. 2nd St., Dayton, O. 10c copy

SCI-FIC VARIETY

Publshed by Bob Tucker at Box 260, Bloomington, Ill. Price unknown.

SHANGRI-LA

Published bi-monthly by Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society at P. O. Box 6475 Metro. Sta., Los Angeles, Cal. 10c copy.

SNIDE

Published intermittently by Damon Knight at 803 Columbia St., Hood River, Oregon. 10c copy.

SPACEWAYS

Published bi-monthy by Harry Warner, Jr., at 303 Bryan Place Hagerstown, Md. 10c copy.

STARDUST

Published bi-monthly by William Lawrence Hamling at 2609 Argyle St., Chicago Ill. 15c copy (printed)

SUCHSTUFFERY

Published intermittently by Forrest J. Ackerman at 236½ N. New Hampshire, Hollywood, Cal. 10c copy.

SUN SPOTS

Published tri-weekly by The Solaroid Club, 31 Bogert Place, Westwood, N.J. 5c copy

SWEETNESS & LIGHT

Published quarterly by Russell Hodgkins, at 1903 W. 84th Place, Los Angeles, Cal. 10c copy.

TESSERACT ANNUAL

Published annually by Raymond Van Houten at 26 Seeley St., Patterson, N. J. 25c copy.

ULTRA

Published intermittently by Eric F. Russellat 274 Edgecliffe Rd., Woolahra, Sidney N. S. W. Australia. 3 issues 25c.

VAN HOUTEN SAYS

Published bi-weekly by Raymond Van Houten at 26 Seeley St. Patterson, N. J. 3 issues 10c

VOICE OF THE MAGINATION

Published quarterly by Ackerman-Morojo at P. O. Box 6475 Metropolitan Sta. Los Angeles, Cal. 10c copy.

1939 YEARBOOK OF SCIENCE & FANTASY

Published annually by Bob Tucker at Box 260, Bloomington, Ill. 25c copy.

EYE TO EYE

Continued from page 4

have-you, fantasy enthusiasts. It's an event unparalleled in the annals of science fiction history. Where? When? How? It's here—CHICAGO! Over the Labor Day Holidays—the 31st of August, and the first two days in September! You can get here via your nearest airport, highway, or depot. Don't miss it—you'll never forgive yourself. The headquarters will be at the *Hotel Chicagoan*—and come prepared for a gala time—parties, banquets, elaborate programs, etc. Yes, it's undoubtedly the most stupendous event you've ever had the opportunity to attend. *Will you be here with us ! ! !*

Well, the time arrives to close another session at the City Desk. We'll be back next month to talk things over, so until then, stand beside me shoulder to shoulder, and I'll see you in this column every month, (and in September) EYE TO EYE . . .

The Revenge of Jim Rand

by Robert Leslie Bellem

Rand took the native girl in his arms. "I'm pulling out of here, Luweena, you want to go along?" Her sleek tawny body quivered at the thought of these tempting words.

"Where will we go, my lover?"

"Anywhere that will make me forget this damned outfit!-but first we'll have our revenge!. . . .

Here's a story packed with adventure, romance, and action . . an intriging yarn of the south seas that will thrill you from beginning to end. Don't miss it.

August Issue of SOUTH SEA STORIES

On Sale At All Newsstands

Fantasy Fans Asked for It - Here It Is

THE NEW ADAM

by Stanley G. Weinbaum

The Book of the Century

A marvelous tribute to a Great Genius

Postpaid for only

$2.00

Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago