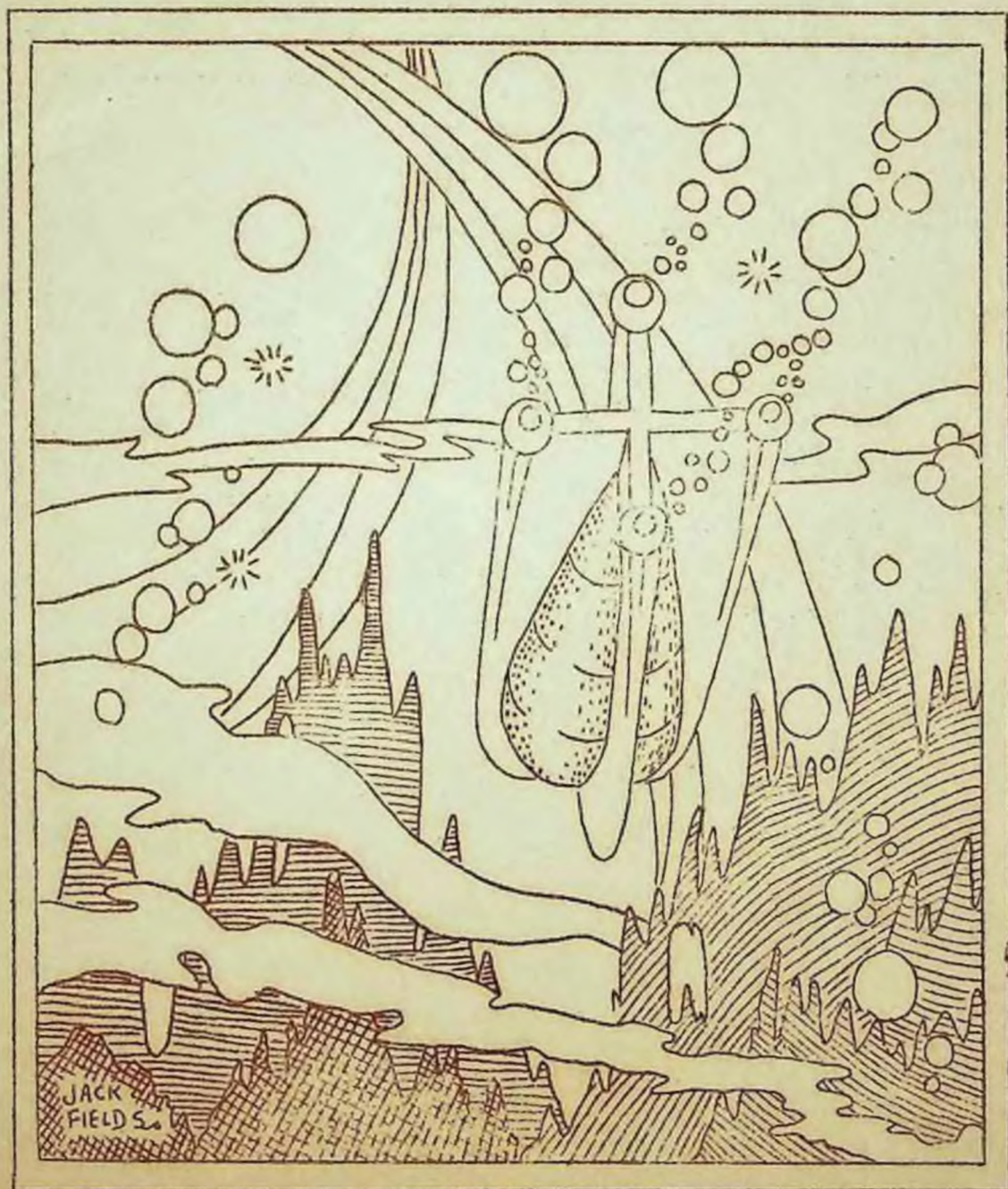
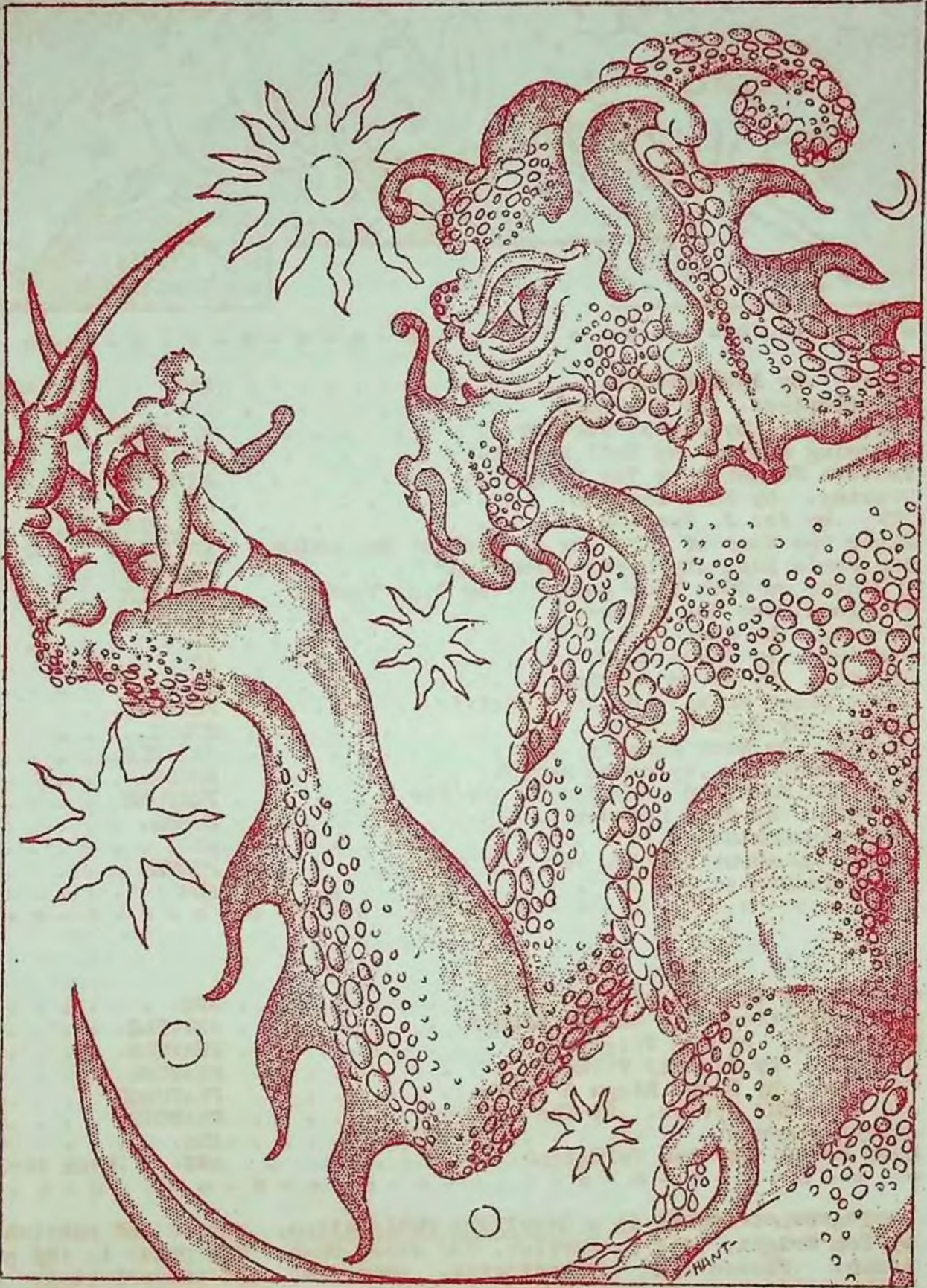


Starlight





A decorative banner with the word "Starlight" in a cursive script. The banner is filled with a pattern of small stars and a large shooting star. The background is a mix of red and white diagonal stripes. The word "Starlight" is written in a white cursive font with a red outline. There are several large white stars and many small red stars scattered across the banner. A large shooting star with a long tail is on the right side. The banner is bordered by a red line.

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*S*T*A*R*L*I*G*H*T* is a Starlight Publication, edited and published by Tom Wright, Joe J. Fortier, and James Bush. The price is 15¢ per issue. Please send all material, comments, and subscriptions to either 1149 Bush Avenue, Martinez, Calif., or 1836 39th Ave., Oakland California. Read all Starlight Pubs for extra enjoyment.

Past, Present, & Future

AN EDITORIAL by JOE J. FORTIER

I want to extend thanks for my associates and myself for the patience on the part of the reading audience of both The Comet and California Mercury. We're sincerely sorry at the delay caused by circumstances beyond our control, and assure you that nothing of this sort will ever occur again. Subscriptions to both Femmes will be carried out according to the amount of money sent; if some have been subscribers to both publications, they're due just that many more issues of one magazine. Advertisements for both affairs will appear herein.

Apologies are extended to those kind fans who sent in material which was outdated through length of time until final publication. We will attempt to send a copy to every single one of those considerate editors who sent in copies of their Fmz with no means of exchange at that time. Club members of the Golden Gate Futurians who have waited for some time to receive the club bulletin, we hope will be satisfied by the final product. Thanks are extended for the two booster ads which will be found in combined form in the latter section.

Despite difficulties, I for one feel that it has turned out for the best. Who could have ever suspected a fifty page magazine in his box? We had hoped to merely surprise you with twenty and thirty pages respectively, but let's hope this stuns you insensible -- but not for too long. There is the regular amount of Merky Annish material as there is TC Annishtuff (that's drunkard's Ackermanese), & the club bulletin, extra. You get fifty pages plus covers -- about a quarter's worth for fifteen cents!

In arranging exchanges, please contact the executive offices and some arrangements will be made; Bush and I keep our magazines together while Tom has a separate collection -- that means one party must subscribe while the other exchanges. Also, subscriptions should be sent to the same address as well as advertisements or inquiries concerning coming issues. Club material naturally goes to the club editor. All regular fiction, articles, poems, etc., as well as art work and comments are to be sent to the editorial offices.

Especially timely at this moment is Kenealy's article, "Dogfan", and Wright's "Western Fandom". Also, I hope you like the superb cover this issue (and I am speaking for the other two editors); also that stellar story by Emil Petaja, "Charming Music". It may seem to run on that musical trend so common in fantasy today, but I believe that you will find it different from the usual run despite the handicap of being written a year ago.

As you will notice by the contents page, this is the official publication of Golden Gate Futurians and a Futurian Publication besides being a Starlight Publication. The ranks of the latter are open for editors who think they have something on the ball that is slightly different from one of the existing magazines; apply to Tom Wright or myself for the time being. And fellow club members, come on with some material for your official magazine. Also at this time, I would like to urge support of the Denvention and the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

(continued on following page)

PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE

DAWN, La Moderne Annual, is paramount in our minds right now. In order to begin work at the earliest possible time, we must have this next issue of STARLIGHT out by the first of June. Now, that gives us about one month in which to turn out a more-or-less quarterly magazine which is a very difficult task. Some material is already in our hands and dummied -- some even stenciled -- but we need more, much more, to get the Denvention issue out in such a hurry. Now, if each reader can renew his subscription if expired, or send in some material, we will appreciate it vastly.

DAWN is explained further on in this issue, but I wish to voice a few matters. One of the main purposes of our yearbook is to publish photographs of every single fan active in fandom during the previous year along with a short auto-biography and autograph. This can only be done with the help of each and every single individual. After all, we are going to a staggering expense in offering photographs to all fans active in the year previous to publication, so the fan shouldn't mind the slight trouble of sending a clear photo and short auto-bio with his autograph. Especially among the so-called top fans -- their ranks are many who have neglected giving us a moment of limitless time; they can hardly be a top fan if they are not included in the only yearbook in Stfandom. There will never be another outside of DAWN for many reasons. Oh, annuals may come and go, but there will never -- never mind you -- never be another such Fm as this.

One more matter is the small quantity of complimentary ads to appear. These complimentary ads are not mere booster ads, or anything of that sort -- it guarantees that your name will appear on Stfandom's official register of fans from the midyear of 1940 to that of '41. It is for your sake, not ours. Of course every little bit helps, but our resources will come from the larger ads placed by important groups, or generous contributions. So far the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Fortier Transportation Company, and Ray Bersi, have been tops in this one respect of generous contributions.

The future holds great promise up this way; that's a fact! Golden Gate Futurians are rapidly adding to their membership list to the extent that the officers feel it only a matter of short time when we will sport a group such as Los Angeles, New York, etc. Already a great responsibility has been assumed -- certain members are sponsoring the Golden Gate International Stfvention for 'Frisco in ---- '42!!

Starlight Publications' young daughter, Futurian Publications, holds tremendous possibilities. By this fall, we will have a magazine for every phase: STARLIGHT, Science Fiction; TWILIGHT, Ultra Moderne Fantasie; DARKNESS, for the Weirdfan; and DAWN, La Moderne Annual. We just can't be stopped! And ability! Frank Wakefield holds just as much promise as Finlay has ever evidenced, while Tom Wright, Jack Fields and Jim Bush aren't just hay. As for authors, Nicholas Konealy and Robert Jordan as well as myself have hopes. There is professional executive ability in Lou Goldstone, too. The past is behind us, the future lies ahead, but I'll leave you in the present to some mighty enjoyable reading.

CUN DENVER!



Charming MUSIC-

by.....EMIL PETAJA

"He was a bald little man in a black cape, and there was a strangeness about his eyes." Jerome Lambert completed his story, and sipped of his absinthe.

"What do you mean -- strangeness?" Rodney Lamont fingered his thin moustache with extremely slender, delicate fingers.

as though he didn't quite belong, you know. A stranger from far places."

"And he sold you this music, Jerome?"

"No, Rodney, gave it to me. He said in his curious voice that he could tell by my face that I was a musician and that I would be capable of appreciating the old manuscript. Odd, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know." Rodney's hands moved across the keyboard of the great organ in a wistful impromptu. "People say we're odd -- you and I. Because we live alone in this huge gloomy house on Aura Mountain with our books and our music."

"Now what is odd about loving music? Tell me, is there anything really worth while but music?"

"Practically nothing, Jerome."

"More absinthe? But come, let us examine the manuscript. Such an awkward bundle. Isn't this paper quaint, so heavy and yellowed?"

"Indeed it is."

Together at the table they removed the black ribbons that clung tentaciously to the roll, and then Rodney carefully unrolled it.

They studied it a moment in silence.

"Isn't it remarkable?"

It was remarkable, Jerome agreed. The script was pin-point fine, and elaborate almost beyond possibility of presentation.

"Do you think you can play it?" Rodney asked, looking up.

"Perhaps, But of course you shall play it first."

Charming MUSIC

"Indeed not, Jerome. It was you who obtained this old treasure."

"But I insist, Rodney. You shall have the honour."

In the midst of this friendly argument, each let go of his end of the roll, and it snapped back into a cylinder and flew off the table onto the floor.

They laughed, and Rodney picked it up, and unrolled it again. His mild blue eyes looked on his friend with tenderness as he propped the roll on the music rack and secured the ends.

"It's so finely written that it will be difficult to keep my eyes on the correct lines. But I shall assay the pleasant task, and do make yourself comfortable to listen."

The autumn wind was to be heard fairly faintly in a gabled attic, rattling a loose shutter. But night outside was silent in the main, and Evelstown was far down the valley from Grayhouse. Few persons troubled their musical solitude.

They had no servants, so that many antique rooms were thick with years of dust on the Sheraton and Queen Anne furniture.

Rodney's long fingers were poised above the keyboards dramatically; the candlelight flickered on his high nose and sensitive lips. Jerome set down his glass, and folded his hands, expectant.

And Rodney's fingers moved to the black and white keys, and he played.

Jerome started up, as from an enchanted dream. Rodney's face was buried in his arms on the keyboard and he was sobbing. He had finished playing the manuscript music, and he always sobbed when he was extremely happy.

"By Jove!" Jerome exclaimed. "I had no idea it was so late. My watch has stopped at twelve past eight o'clock. My aunt Hezibah will be furious with us for being late to her dinner. Such nuisances, relatives!"

He got up from the easy chair, and walked slowly toward the door.

"Your glorious music has made my knees weak. But come, dear Rodney, we must walk hastily to Evelstown."

So Rodney dried his eyes, blew out the candles, and followed his friend to the door.

"Tch! This furniture! I suppose Uncle Rathbone is right, we should have a housekeeper."

In the moonlight, dim and nebulous, they walked together, each in his mind reliving the beautiful music they had heard. So that they did not notice how the first people they met stared at them and sometimes giggled.

continued on page 40

TOM WRIGHT'S

PP

Western Standom

The greater part of the west has very few fans per square mile, but the fans it has are bunched together, and most are active to the nth degree. This being the case, I can cover west-coast standom in this article by sections. In the west I include all sections east to and including Denver. If, by some chance, I miss or slight some fans, it will be accidental, and I sincerely apologize.

Section 1. The Northern States: Oregon, Washington, etc. A rather dead fan region for a good many years until Damon Knight came along. He is still the only active fan. He is an artist, doing mainly cartoon work of no little merit. His work is liked by all fans, and he has had one cartoon in AMAZING STORIES. Also, he has had a story and a poem published professionally: "Resilience" and "The Rocket" respectively. The one issue of his fanmag snide was immensely popular; fans still clamor for a second issue. It has shown up in fourth place on the popularity poll, which is amazing for a single issue! Damon is perhaps one of the most versatile fans; for, beside his regular art, fiction and poetry, he also carves statuettes and clay miniatures, and is a humor writer ~~debut~~. Eighteen, he wears glasses, is rather thin and is an atheist. Last, but not least, he has founded with Art Widner, The National Fantasy Fan Federation, a marvelous idea which deserves your support! Damon has discovered another fan in Salem, Bill Evans by name, who shows promise; also a semi-fan whose name I forget. M.L. Merritt Jr. used to live somewhere in that region, too, but he seems to have disappeared from standom. Henry Hasse, who has sold several pieces of fiction (including the famous "Tyme" stories) to the professionals, lives in Washington. He, too, has been silent in fandom lately.

Section 2. The Oakland Bay Region: San Francisco, Oakland, Martinez, etc. This section has been active off and on during the history of science fiction, but lately is at its peak. There are several active and semi-active fans here: Fortier, Wright, Goldstone, etc. Joe Fortier is now 18, 5' 9", dark complected, has a wonderful personality, and is showing up quite well in the fan poll. He started reading stf around '33; became active in '39. He is considered a good writer, and may turn professional someday. He has published two Stfan mags: The California Mercury & Scientifan, the former being quite successful. He is at present director of the Golden Gate Futurians. He has done a lot towards making the Bay District well known.

Second in activity to Joe Fortier in Oakland, is his helper, Jim Bush. He is 16, about 6' ?" (plenty big, 'anyhoo') and has bronze colored hair. He draws some, and helps on Mercury generally; may take it over when Joe goes to college this fall. Eugene "Yogi" Jorgensen is one of the quieter members of the GGF. He is around 17, blond, wears glasses, and is plenty smart. He is laboratory assistant at Fremont High School, and plans to be a chemist. Doesn't take stf too seriously, but enjoys it immensely.

Lou Goldstone is tall, dark and handsome. About 20 years old and the most active San Francisco fan. In '39 he attempted to put out a science fiction index, but this failed through lack of cooperation. He now edits, writes and draws for Fantasia, doing a very nice job. The art (linoleum cuts) as well as the fiction in it are outstand-

WESTERN FANDOM by TOM WRIGHT

ing. He has a complete Stfiction collection, excepting two ASTOUNDINGS, and has been reading it from way back. We expect to be hearing a lot more from him in the future. Ray Bersi is the second most active SF, being second only because he is so active in his business. He is around 30 I'd say, and rather good looking. He helps struggling editors a lot with his subscriptions, and is an all-around good fellow. Also in San Francisco are fans who may become active soon: Cowie, Hyman, Waldeyer, Elliot, O'Brien, and many others.

Martinez is a small town, but it has a surprisingly large number of fans. Tom Wright, 16 and rather small, started reading Stf when really young, keeping it up continuously since then. Claims to be an artist, having had covers on many magazines. Tom puts out The Comet which is well liked, and is co-editing DAWN with Joe Fortior. He is secretary of the GGF and is running for president of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Not quite sure as to exactly what he wants to be such as chemist, editor (very doubtful), etc. Would like to have a drawing published professionally, but it seems doubtful. He has helped a lot in bringing "Section 2" on the map. George Robson is a serious person, 15; blond, about 5' 10". He reads stf off and on, likes fandom better than the fiction. He is librarian of the GGF and may become active. Jack Fields is 16, qith dark curly hair, medium sized. He is Treasurer and Ass't Director of the GGF as well as being an exceptionally good artist. Jack hopes to be a professional artist of some type, and has a good start. He prefers the weird angle to Stf, but likes both. You will be hearing more of him.

That just about concludes this section; someday it will rival Los Angeles and New York for activity. It is just getting started. Watch it!

Section 3. Los Angeles (Southern California). Here is the most active fan section in the United States in my way of thinking. Almost every fan in the LASFS is active in some way; almost all put out a fan magazine. Forrest J Ackerman is the top fan in activity down there, and also the top fan in activity all over the world! Everyone knows him -- 6' 1", handsome, etc. There is not much to tell about him that hasn't been told. His collection is most extensive; three rooms of books, magazines, originals, oddities, etc. Forry will undoubtedly stay in his coveted position for a long time to come. Morojo is next in popularity. Over 21, very small, but full of Stf and Esperanto; she is the highest ranking feminine fan in the nation. She began reading Stf from the beginning, and her collection is quite large. With 4e, she co-edits Voice of the Imagi-Nation, a very popular magazine. Together they have the enviable record of attending both world Stf conventions, and they plan to attend the rest of them. They have done very much for the betterment of science fiction and fandom.

Walt Daugherty is the director of the LASFS, and an excellent 1. Always full of puns and humor, he keeps the meeting lively at all times. He is 'the glamor boy of fandom', being a top-notch dancer and lady's man. He is one of the busiest people on earth. After working about 10 hours a day he tries to put in some time on his two excellent fan mags, The Rocket & Shangri-LA. The work he puts forth on these magazines is amazing; material is dummied and redummied until he thinks it is right. He is also a writer and an artist, doing a good job at both. Russ Hodgkins, though he puts out the rib-tickling mag Sweetness & Light, is one of the more serious LA fans. He, t o o,

WESTERN FANDOM by TOM WRIGHT

spends most of his time on his job. He has a collection which rivals 48j's, and which is in much better condition. He rebinds every magazine as soon as he gets it to keep them in "brand-new" condition. His books, too, are in perfect order. Making a guess at his age, I'd say that he's about 26. Russ wears glasses, and is quite handsome. He helps form the 'old guard of fandom'.

Ray Bradbury is a self-styled 'glamor boy'. He is about 21 with reddish-bronze hair, and is very funny (not in looks). His mag, Futura Fantasia, is different and good. He can be credited with the discovery of that excellent artist Hannes Bok, whom his magazine has featured a lot. He is now recording L. Ron Hubbard's great story "Fear" and is doing a fine job. We expect to hear it on the air someday. T. Bruce Yerke is another 'old guard' fan, even though he is rather young, who claims that Stf "ain't what it used to be" when Baltadonis, etc., were active. He is big all over, and is continuously smoking a pipe. He writes very humorous minutes for the LASFS, and has been doing so for a long time. He is very friendly, always wanting to help. He started Imagi-Nation! and is now publishing The Damn Thing, a ribald sort of mag. He is also a camera fiend.

Paul Freehafer, publisher of the excellent weird mag, Polaris, is another serious minded fan who always keeps clear of fan fueds. On good terms with everybody, Paul helps make LA the superactive-place it is. Also in Los Angeles are A. Ross Kuntz and Franklyn Brady, publishers of the Imag-Index; Ray Harryhausen, artist; Pogo, priestess of all FooFoo; "Jimmy" Laney, beautiful feminine fan; Arthur Louis Joquel II, Beverly Browne, Bill Crawford, Vorodo, and innumerable others.

All eyes are on LA, the science fiction city.

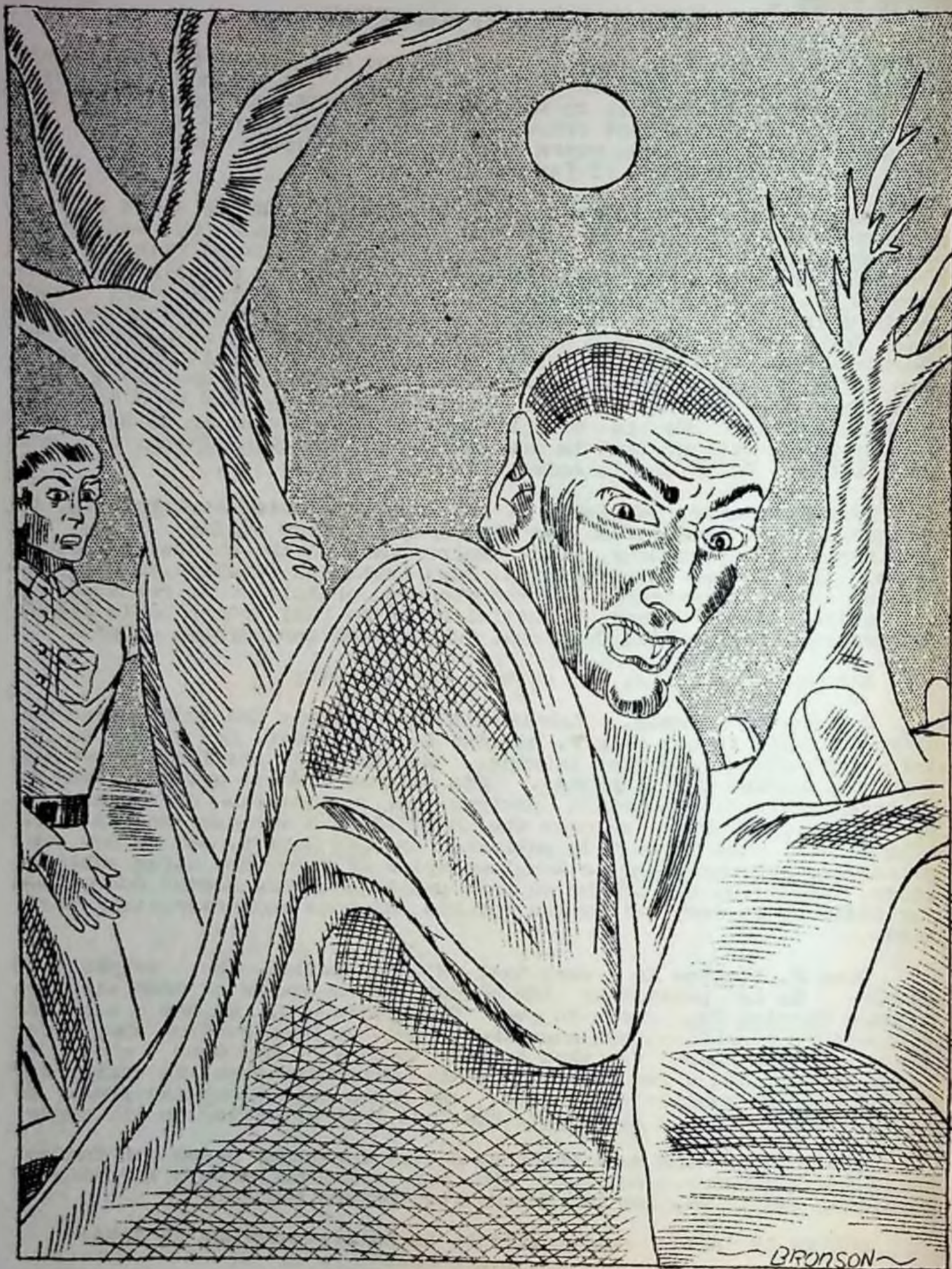
Section 4. Denver. Lew Martin is probably the most active fan at the moment, though Olon F. Wiggins is the oldest. Lew Martin is 16, tall, dark haired and good looking. He is the chief editor of the popular magazine The Alchemist. His talents turn to writing, and he is trying to sell stories to professional magazines. At the moment, he is busily working to make the DENVENTION a success, and it looks like he will make it so. He published the CFS Review, and is now compiling the Denventioneer, a conglomeration of important Stfan publications. Deserving all of the support possible on the Denver Convention for 1941, he is very well known for his humorous and interesting letters.

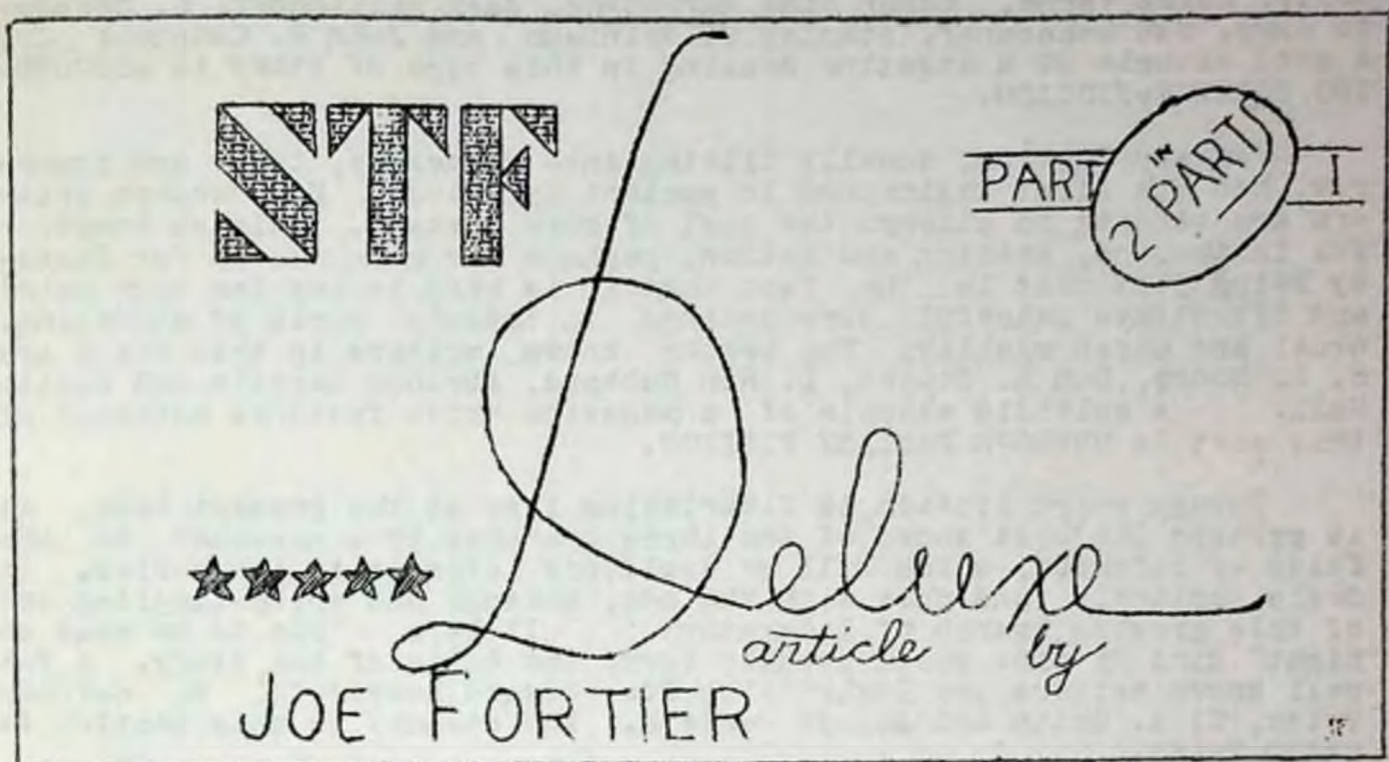
Olon F. Wiggins is a very tall (6' 5") fellow who weighs 180 pounds. He is publishing the oldest fan magazine of them all, The Science Fiction Fan, which is over four years old. He has a complete collection of professional magazines, and has been reading them since '29 -- an 'old guard' fan that is here to stay. Roy Hunt, about 26 years of age, and a fan since the early Burroughs days, is easily top fan artist, if considered as such, and ranks high among the pros. He is a co-editor of The Alchemist, his best work appearing on its pages.

Altogether, the west makes up a very important phase of fandom. It is now beginning a new age, and may sometime surpass the thickly populated east. So, one big Hooray for Western Fandom!

DENVER IN '41!! Oakland-Frisco in '42!! Martinez in '99!!

— e n d —





THIS BEGINS A NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES BY SCIENCE FICTION'S FANDOM KING OF THE UNUSUAL, JOE J. FORTIER. Editorial note by Tom Wright.

Many a person wonders just what this thing called Stf really is in plain language. I am going to attempt a humble explanation, one which I have worked out with care, but one which may prove utterly confusing for the already confused and extremely discouraging for those of you who know pretty well what it is all about. However, this should shed a small particle of light onto the matter; I do not believe that anyone will ever completely unravel this fascinating pass time for some, business for others.

Stf is the field of imaginative literature which deals with ideals, excitement, philosophy, psychology, adventure and romance just as any other good branch of literature does. It can be divided into three distinct (more or less) classifications which are namely science, fantasy and weird fiction. All three offer a full opportunity for the writer's and reader's imagination to roam unto the fullest extent, to expand into outré-dimensional spans of thought, and to bring new ideas into near actuality.

Science fiction has settings in yesterday, today and more often tomorrow, with a background of actual or theoretical science. The stories are quite often filled with philosophy and usually have splendid psychological study in them. Many times sociology plays a large part of the picture as well as advanced theoretical political sciences. Several so-called "wild dreams" of yesterday are living actualities today. Some of the wider known writers in this branch are H. G.

FOOTIER "STF"

Wells, Jules Verne, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Jack Williamson, L. Sprague de Camp, Nat Schachner, Stanley G. Weinbaum and John W. Campbell Jr. A good example of a magazine dealing in this type of story is ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION.

Fantasy fiction, equally fitting into yesterday, today and tomorrow, had its first beginnings in ancient mythology. Many modern writers are tending to attempt the goal of pure fantasy. Always beautiful in thought, setting and action, perhaps the main reason for fantasy being just that is the fact that it is hard to imagine such outré and oftentimes peaceful surroundings in today's world of maddening, cruel and harsh reality. The better known writers in this field are C. L. Moore, Don A. Stuart, L. Ron Hubbard, Abraham Merritt and Austin Hall. A splendid example of a magazine which features material of this sort is UNKNOWN FANTASY FICTION.

Though weird fiction is flourishing less at the present time, it is perhaps the best known of the three branches by a newcomer to the folds of Stfandom, which will be explained later on in the series. It deals entirely and only with the odd, strange and spine-tingling end of this growing branch of literature. It is a "Not to be read at night" kind of plot which usually forms the basis of the story. A few well known writers are Edgar Allen Poe, Howard Lovecraft, E. Hoffman Price, C. A. Smith and August Derleth. The standby in this section is WEIRD TALES.

For the veritable classics in all three of these great branches, one should read FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES combined with Fantastic Novels. If one likes novels of fair quality in the science fiction line he may read STARTLING STORIES or SUPER SCIENCE NOVELS. COMET deals mainly with shorter science fiction stories while STRANGE STORIES features weird fiction. The only other magazines beside UNKNOWN FANTASY FICTION to deal with fantasy fiction are FANTASTIC ADVENTURES (with accent on the adventure) and STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES which contains fantasy in the last half. Two other well known magazines which are only mediocore are AMAZING STORIES and THRILLING WONDER STORIES.

There are also ASTONISHING, FUTURE FICTION, SCIENCE FICTION and SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY, CAPTAIN FUTURE, COSMIC STORIES, PLANET STORIES, MARVEL STORIES and UNCANNY with ARGOSY occasionally featuring a little Stf. MARVEL & UNCANNY are blood sisters and feature a bit of sex on the side when sales get too low. Regular appearance isn't a habit with either of them.

Fans are quite busy in this section of literature; far more so than in any other type. The majority would rather be doing something for Stf than eat -- which is not a base exaggeration. Stfandom (pronounced ste-fan-dum) is a great open field for expansion of ideas, because 99 percent of the fans are free and open minded. Some outstanding Stfans (pronounced Stef-uns) are Forrest J Ackerman, Bob Tucker, Harry Warner Jr., Art Widner Jr., Tom Wright, Lew Martin, Mark Reinsberg, Richard Irwin Meyer, Erle Korshak, Olon F. Wiggins, Bob Madle, Will Sykora, Ray Van Houten, Walter J. Daugherty, R. D. Swisher and many others, perhaps myself included. Not to be forgotten are Pogo, Morojo, Jimmy, Trudy and O'Brien (respectively Patty Gray, Myrtle R. Douglas, Virginia Laney, Gertrude Kuslan and Eleanor O'Brien). The

"STF"
FORTIER

average fan ranges from thirty clear down to fifteen years of age. An age which is often encountered is eighteen or twenty.

Better known Stfan's magazines are Warner's Spaceways, Tucker's Le Zombie, Ackerman's Voice of the Imagi-Nation, Freehafer's Polaris, Widner's Fanfare, Sykora's Fantasy News, Solaroid's Sun Spots, and Bronson's Fantasite. Also, rather infrequent but good, there are knight's snide, Daugherty's Shangri-La, and Hodgkin's Sweetness & Light. I'm not merely inconsistent by not underlining some of the titles; we follow an accepted policy of underscoring only those magazine affairs which are members of Starlight Publications or Futurian Publications (a blood daughter). Capitalized names are professional unless underscored in which case they are members of Futurian Publications.

A few of the larger Stf organizations are Science Fictioneers, Science Fiction League, Weird Tales Club and National Fantasy Fan Federation. Quite extensive chapters are Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Golden Gate Futurians, Strangers' Club, Dixie Fantasy Federation, Queen's Science Fiction League, and Colorado Fantasy Society. Two of the greater chains of fan publications are the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and Starlight Publications. The former contains exactly fifty members while the latter has very different rules making the membership but ten at this writing. A Dixie Press is in the making while New Fandom has faded completely off of the map.

Of course the great fantasy artists cannot be omitted and they are Virgil Finlay, Edd Cartier, Frank Paul, Hannes Bok, Hubert Rogers, and Hanns Wesso. There are plenty more, but we won't go into that phase at the moment.

Summing all of this introductory material into one paragraph, we have the following:

Stf (pronounced stef) is the field of literature dealing with imaginative fiction though there are some factual articles included for a stronger background. Three distinct classes prevail: science, weird and fantasy fiction. The same build-up applies for these stories as for any others, but science, imagination or terror provides all of the backgrounds unless the theme is definitely off-trail. Art figures largely in this branch of writing and the fan activities are larger than in any other. There are quite a few fan publications as well as the professionals. Many, many organizations prevail which have their arms outstretched for newcomers who are unprejudiced.

Next we will pitch forth with heart, shoulder, typewriter, paper, and a little brain work on the side, to go into detail on the angle of authors; their stories and books. As we break free from the introduction, here's hoping that I've helped the new fan somewhat (there are several on our subscription list -- about a third) instead of providing the veteran with a hearty guffaw.

IN THIS LATTER SECTION OF THE FIRST PART OF THE NEW SERIES, JOE PLACES EMPHASIS ON STF'S AUTHORS -- THEIR STORIES AND BOOKS. WHILE THE FIRST PART MAY HAVE BEEN MERELY REVIEW FOR THE MAJORITY OF YOU, THIS PORTION WILL PROVIDE HIGHLY INTERESTING AND VALUABLE READING. Note by J. Bush.

FOOTIER "STF"

John W. Campbell Jr. always rates highly on every Stfan's list of favorites whether under his own name or that of Don A. Stuart. Editor of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION, he manytimes prints stories under various pen-names. Even though he has done little writing of late under his own name, previous efforts merited him first place in Art Widner's recently concluded author poll. "Brain Stealers of Mars" represents one of his average stories.

Under the name of Don A. Stuart, Campbell has carved a little niche for himself in the hearts of all Stfans. Who can read "Twilight" or "Night" without a little afterthought, a little compassion, and an extreme amount of reading pleasure? "Forgetfulness" and "Who Goes There?" are two other very good stories under the Stuart name.

Jack Williamson is another number A-I. author who is as versatile in fantasy and weird fiction as he is in straight science fiction. Rather new to straight fantasy, he recently scored a distinct hit with "Darker Than You Think" in the December, 1940, issue of Street & Smith publication, UNKNOWN FANTASY FICTION. In WEIRD TALES early 1933 days, Jack contributed immensely to its success with tales of high quality, but they did not show up in the light that his other writings do.

Science fiction could hardly be mentioned without some slight breath of Williamson seeping through. The Legion series no doubt stand out best in each reader's mind. His first story was in an early issue of AMAZING STORIES. These earlier stories were noticeably tinted with Merritt's style and Skylark Smith's super-exploitations. This is understandable for these are the men he learned to write science fiction from, and he has now broken completely clear of such traits.

C. L. Moore stands head and shoulders above the crowd for straight fantasy as she does for weird fiction, and she can hold her own capably well in the science fiction realm. Catherine, now married to Henry Kuttner whose style she has helped improve, will be remembered for "Greater than Gods". This splendid novelette has been rated by the majority of Stfandom's synics as the perfect story to appear in ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION.

Miss Moore, or Mrs. Kuttner (though if we went according to accomplishments instead of going by the one who doesn't wear the skirt, then it would be Mr. Moore for Hank), has also gathered many laurels with "Bright Illusion", "Greater Glories", and "Tryst in Time", which are all science fiction though slightly 'fantasied up'. This splendid authoress has scored impressively with her first fantasy to appear in UNKNOWN FANTASY FICTION, "Fruit of Knowledge", which gives a much more credible version of the Garden of Eden than the sacred testament! In closing her short panorama, I voice the opinion of many veteran fans when I say that WEIRD TALES will never again be the same top flight publication until Miss Moore condescends to continue such superb fiction as her Northwest Smith stories proved to be ("Shambleau" her first and best).

Mention science fiction or old classics and one immediately thinks of Stanley G. Weinbaum. His first "Martian Odyssey" was the short story which proved immediately that Weinbaum had something more than a mere aptitude for writing, and today the veterans mourn his

"STF" FORNIER

loss greatly for they knew that his stories were but hints that even greater things were coming though a minority may argue this point.

"Red Peri" even proved so successful that two of the better writers have actually copied it. His only book, probably meant to be the first if not for an untimely death, was "The New Adam" -- a story that moves one very deeply upon reading. A few of the prejudiced critics have denounced it, but this is for the simple reason that they are unwilling to admit there is any other writer other than their chosen favorites (this latter is my own opinion, but it is highly logical).

Not much need be said for Edward Elmer Smith, because there is hardly a fan -- old or new; fantasy or science -- who has not heard of his remarkable fame. Dear old Double-E (I beat simplifd spelr Fojak 2 th draw on that 1), for the completely uninited, is the fellow who writes 120,000 words of highly scientific rigamarole only to have Editor Campbell cut out half for fear of giving the reader a brain tumor or something. This also gives rise to rumors that Skylark Smith is getting paid double on the basis of the revised ms. and fellows with an "AMAZING complex" like Hamling or Miske hurriedly shove this down the throat of some gullible or trusting fan.

If you're still in the dark, which you unquestionably are, go to the collector's shop to order a stack of "Skylarks" or "Galactics", or rush a letter to Campbell to procure the "Gray Lensman" serial. Chi - cago's Guest of Honor at the 1940 Stfvention is going to do a new series in COMET, each part complete in itself.

No need to go into detail on H. G. Wells, Edgar Allen Poe or Jules Verne, for if you don't know your onions about these approved authors you haven't paid much attention to your reading in school days. This always evoked a subtle laugh from yours truly whenever the teachers harped about 'these detestable pulps' and that 'Silly pseudo-science trash' and yet had the nerve to praise those same three science fiction and weird authors to the skies in the same breath.

L. Sprague de Camp is the indefatigueable master of screwy science who can twist formulae and theories arround to such an extent that blue giraffes and egotistic worms quite plausibly become the heroes of stories! The former, incidentally, was the title of a story about a year ago in ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION. However, he does have an apt knowledge in scientific matters and writes many articles on evolution, earth's possible end, mutation, future man, etc. UNKNOWN FANTASY FICTION quite often bids this critter's hand and recent stories have given rise to the question, "Will L. Sprague de Camp ever replace the horse?" "Wheels of If" is one of his latest and best.

David E. Keller is a doctor by profession and a writer by love. It is he who first introduced heavy psychology into science fiction to establish himself in the hearts of every fan and there stay despite the recent slump in production. A keen mind and broad vision into possibilities of tomorrow are revealed through his stories, and a marvelously logical imagination of tomorrow's yesteryear through such stories as "Fireless Age".

It's hardly necessary to introduce the originator of the Mars series, and Venus, Moon and Pellucidar books. Many devout denouncers

"STF"

FORTIER

of Stf call him a good author despite their supposed dislike of such material; lately many have been led into this field, because some of his stories are now appearing in AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES though they are not up to his usual level. By this time one should know of whom I am speaking for it is none other than the author of "A Princess of Mars" and "A Mastermind of Mars" which are two of his best Mars books in the estimation of my friends. Why shore! It is Edgar Rice Burroughs, the honorable mayor of Tarzana, California, who has been on a vacation lately.

In order to not allow too much time to be devoted to this group, and insofar as two parts are appearing at a time in this series, I will try to be a little more brief. I'll merely mention Stapledon, and Stanton A. Coblentz, master of satire, at this time with the crisp comment that the former has taken his place in Stf through his book "Odd John" which is rated the equal if not superior of "The New Adam".

A. E. van Vogt has written very little, but what he has written has been only for science fiction. He can be remembered for "Black Destroyer", "The Vault of the Beast", and mainly for "Slan" which was concluded in the December, 1941, issue of ASTOUNDING. "Slan", incidentally, is in a tie with "Final Blackout" for best story of the year.

WEIRD TALES is well represented by E. Hoffman Price, August W. Derleth and Howard Lovecraft. The former contributes regularly, being about the only good feature of the reworked magazine. Derleth does little of late as he is now working on outdoor magazines. Lovecraft's memorial volume may still be obtained for five dollars which is only half of the value of "The Outsider and Others".

Heinlein is known to every fan, new or old, by now and I'll merely mention that Anson MacDonald is one of his two pen-names, the other possibly any of some three. Robert, amazingly enough, has in his short time become popular enough to be made Guest of Honor for the coming Denvention. The latter will be explained fully in the next issue.

Nat Schachner and Warner Van Lorne's names can be mentioned in the same breath for both were in high popularity during the same period of ASTOUNDING. Both write good and bad stories and both are slowly disappearing from the pages of today's science fiction magazines. However, no matter whose list you explore, you have a ten to one bet that you'll find one of their stories in the list of favorites of all time -- two probable ones being "Reverse Universe" and "World of Purple Light". That . . . is enough to make any author immortal in name.

L. Ron Hubbard should be mentioned for his "Final Blackout" and "Fear" and many more. His is a rare talent; he possesses the ability to turn out mss. by the carload and yet do a good job. Otto Binder cannot be forgotten; "Spawn of Eternal Thought" is one of his typical stories. Some mention might also be made of A. Merritt and Austin Hall, two of the old favorites whose fame will never die.

Merritt can be read in today's magazine through the reprint FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. "People of the Pit", "Snake Mother" and "Dwel-
(Continued on Page 39)

AFTER ONE YEAR of

by J. MICHAEL ROSENBLUM

WAR

I haven't the faintest idea how long it will be until you, dear American cousin-fan, read this, but I sit down to write it on the first anniversary of Britain's entry into the current European war. One of the most annoying tribulations of fandom's present plight is the time taken to send and receive mail from the States. The pre-war three weeks for the round trip now averages three months or even longer if parcels are involved and deliveries are haywire.

But to pass on to the purpose of this article; which is to write an account of the decline of British fandom, by one suffering from it. When the war first broke out, fandom received a shock which sank in, and then was flung off frenziedly in a welter of activity. We had already had a taste of things to come with the first 'conception act' of June, 1939, which removed sundry fans from circulation, notably Sidney Berchly and Maurice K. Hansen. After a first feeling of the absolute uselessness of anything had worn off gradually, something approaching normalcy returned. The B.I.S. and S.F.A., with their organs B.I.S. Bulletin and New Worlds, has been put entirely into cold storage for the duration but with a flourish of news sheets, the rest of Britain's fanmags reappeared in full glory. There were even a couple of new ones added, Rathbone's Macabre and McIlwain's Gargoyle. Even in peace time these would be an event. Fans wrote to and visited each other with an eagerness hitherto unknown. It was as though the prevailing madness outside canoed those addicted to fantasy to gather closer together in self-defense.

Then the rot began to set in. One by one, fans were called upon to register for the military service. Some decided to stay out as conscientious objectors, but others thought their better world might be born amid the stress and struggle of war. Others again were not concerned by considerations and only sought to 'do their duty' as they were told.

One by one, they were removed from ordinary life. James Rathbone only had a chance to see the first issue of his Macabre safely out into the world, before being strapped up by H. M. Forces. Others were in a like position, but indirect effects began to have a pull as well. The price of paper climbed steadily upwards and, then, in one fell swoop, postage for 'printed matter' was doubled whilst letter rates were increased by two cents.

Fanmags thereupon became ghosts of their former selves, but even worse was to follow. The Futurian and Science Fantasy "review dropped to single sheets whilst the Satellite ceased entirely. The only two remaining have not been heard of for quite a while. Besides the magazines, their supporters have largely disappeared. Some are scattered around the globe, changing position every other week, whilst others are no longer in a financial position to support fan ventures or even to read fantasy.

(Continued on Page 19)

ONE FAN'S DAY

by HARRY WARNER, JR.

He gets up on Sunday morning with joy in his heart that he doesn't have a thing really essential to do today. No work, few duties. But that pleasure is a bit tempered when he notices the weather. Call it superstition, or what you please, he still doesn't like to work his hector when it's raining.

The weather being what it is, he doesn't go out all day. In the morning he spends several hectic hours on the telephone, mainly in conversation with a fan friend of his. He is somewhat astounded to learn that his friend has just read an old WEIRD TALES story by Edmond Hamilton in which only the Western Hemisphere, not the whole world, was saved. He makes a mental note to investigate the matter more thoroughly as soon as time permits; that will be a tremendous scoop for his favorite fan magazine.

After dinner -- he lives in a rather small town, where it isn't called lunch -- he goes up to the attic and files away three late UNKNOWNs, a FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, and two excerpts for which he has traded a SCIENCE WONDER. The boxes are getting rather full, and he sees a task in store for him at some dim future date -- though first, he'll have to decide whether to go to the work of making a new file box, or whether he should just pack all of the Street & Smith ASTOUNDINGS away in a convenient place and make more room that way.

With not too much else to do, he digs out the AMAZINGS containing "Triplanetary" and decides to re-read parts. He also makes a mental note of the fact that his younger brother has been treading on sacred ground once more; the back cover of the February, 1934, issue is bent back, which is a sure sign.

He takes the magazine to his room, it being rather damp and chilly in the garret, and starts to read. As he finishes the first installment, some primeval instinct makes him snap on the radio for the Phil-harmonic, and he hears the horns announcing Brahms' second symphony. Almost an hour later, he begins to wonder when they put jazz into Brahms, and suddenly realizes that the Dixielanders are now in full sway, and that that incessant voice in his ears has been a call for supper.

After Charlie McCarthy, he remembers that the bottom drawer of his desk, where he puts his answered correspondence, is in bad need of weeding out. There is another trip upstairs. He gets his latest box of letters, pulls out the drawer, and sets to work. It takes almost an hour, due to careful rereading of certain missives, and the finding of several unread articles in a recent fan magazine. The three rejection slips he carefully folds and places in his box of duds; the stories which returned go into his file of created work.

(Continued on Page 19)

ONE FAN'S DAY

This done, there are... still some six or eight letters waiting to be answered, plus innumerable postals, which usually seem more work than a letter. He takes out the lumpy pile, trying to decide which are the most important. He ends by writing a postal to Campbell, telling him how the latest UNKNOWN stank.

Well, there's still part of the new THRILLING WONDER unread, including the novel. He goes downstairs once more. Blissfully ignoring company which has dropped in on the family, he becomes immersed in awe at how a guy like Kuttner can write good stuff like "Beauty and the Beast" after turning out things like "The Time Trap". The company leaves, and silence reigns once again. Ten o'clock strikes, and the family makes preparations for retiring.

Suddenly hurried footsteps are heard. Someone wearily says, "Oh Lord!" and in curses the friend of the fan with whom he talked in the morning. The friend had been going home late at night, and passing the second-hand-store noticed in the window a 1927 AMAZING! There is a hurried consultation. It might be possible to get the proprietor of the store out of bed, but that was tried once before with rather unexpected results and profanity that was heard for blocks. Finally, the conspirators decide to go down as soon as he opens in the morning to share the magazine between themselves.

And so to bed, with "The New Adam". He reads until the clock strikes midnight, and his younger brother is still trying to keep the bed-light out of his eyes to get to sleep. Finally, the fan decides to save the rest for tomorrow evening, and switches off the light. In two hours he is

asleep, after having worked out the plot for a story that Editor Lowndes is certain to accept.

- THE END -

* * * * *

AFTER ONE YEAR OF WAR

And the begetter of fandom, the promags. Well, the last American copies through here were in September, 1939. Reprint editions of ASTOUNDING, UNKNOWN and SCIENCE FICTION have appeared, priced at twelve cents, six months behind time and shorn of all departments and some stories. FANTASY, the British magazine, just faded away with the outbreak of war, but TALES OF WONDER still ploughs on, appearing each three months a little thinner than before.

So, with promags and fanmags failing them, with letter writing becoming an awkward and expensive proceeding, and with the general condition of things as they are, is it really any wonder at all that fandom in Britain is rapidly approaching its nemesis? It is to be born once more in better days to be, let us fervently hope.

- THE END -

* * * * *

BACK ISSUES


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BUY! BUY! BUY! BUY! BUY! BUY!

A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES!

BY C.S. Youd 

The eternal gods must have a considerable amount of good, clean fun from reading fueds in fanmags. One fan starts the ball rolling with a contemptuous article on something sacred, another replies in an icy fury, and then things start happening as a grand free-for-all develops. Not, to the average Stfan, there is one thing which is more sacred than E. E. Smith or even the memory of Stanley G. Weinbaum -- and that is his self-esteem. When anyone punctures that, he is in a complete rough-house.

Fans of two or three years standing will remember that something of the sort happened once before in the only worth-while fan magazine that the field had produced. No, I'm not talking about Fantasy Magazine or Scientifiction; I mean Claire Beck's Science Fiction Critic, and the controversy in question was launched by Peter Duncan. Fans who search through back issues of that magazine will find Duncan's "Apostasy", together with a violent anti-British article by Robert (Moskoqitz) Bahr.

The following issue was an all-British number . . . As if to confound Bahr's suggestion that no American fan magazine had more than two British subscribers, Roland Forster, Maurice Hansen, D. R. Smith and myself, wrote letters of qualified abuse, and my own letter at least looks rather silly now that the tumult and shouting has died. But let it be noted that I did once rise to protect the honor of the genus fan against the illiterate mouthings of apostates, and as a matter of fact, used the quotation Hasse uses: "they always come back." Time has taught me, but I mention the above to show that I am qualified to deal with the subject whereon I speak.

As Hasse suggests, Onya's article, in its violent ravings, required no constructive answer. One must only consider it very unwise of Hasse to act against the promptings of his better nature, and allow his feelings of personal affront to over-ride his good sense. Hasse inquires plaintively as to why people should use pseudonyms when attacking the Gods of Science Fiction; apparently he has forgotten that it is necessary for even Mr. Onya to live. I think it quite possible that Mr. Onya is a contributor to the professional Stf publications, in which case his reticence should be obvious. Actually, of course, it matters little whether he signs his name or not -- the truth or falsity of his diatribe is that which is at stake.

Let me devote a little time to that very misleading slogan -- **THEY ALWAYS COME BACK.** At the time when I, myself, used it, I quite believed it, but since that time, as I said, experience has chastened me. The fact that one or two fans, embittered by personal troubles, have left the field and then returned, has hypnotized everyone into the belief that science fiction is an ineradicable drug. Rot! To cite a few, where are Marielle, Glasser, Virginia Kidd, Ed Manthey, Clay Ferguson, Clark, and all those enthusiastic youngsters whose ~~urn~~

YOU'D, C. S.

familiar names adorn "Discussions" between 1928 and 1932? Many of them, it may be judged, were not fans, but what of those who wasted column after column announcing various Science and Science Fiction Associations? Over the Atlantic, who now recalls Dr. Gibson, Dennis Jacques, even Douglas Mayer, Inaugurator of the S.F.A. and editor of the great TOMORROW? The truth is that while some fans remain active longer than others (I might call it 'delayed maturity' were I as vicious as Onya or Hasse!) all eventually pass out of the center of the stage, and many wander right of the proscenium.

Mr. Hasse's article might well have been a compendium of my own early utterances; in fact, I can quite conceive that I would have written an identical refutation a year ago! His mention of the "one gem" amongst the many poor stories may recall to Satellite readers my little poem, "Each in his Own Tongue". That poem was not really meant seriously, while Hasse's protestation apparently was. There have been gems of course, But one may question whether they were any more numerous or any better than gems appearing in such magazines as ARGOSY? The answer, naturally, would be in the negative. While "The Time Stream" and "Forgetfulness" can stand up against any novel or short story of modern literature, it would be hard to find another story appearing in a pulp Sci magazine that could claim such eminence. I have not read "Planet of the Knobheads" which Hasse praises, but I should be very surprised if it were even as good as earlier Coblentz stories. And those were not outstanding.

I don't know whether Hasse thinks he is being English when he speaks of "knocking their blooming teeth down their bloody well bally throats". Any British readers of Futuria Fantasia will inform him that he is being merely nonsensical. It would be pointless for a minority to raise a hand against the manifest divinity of C. A. Smith, Moore, Coblentz, (Omigawd!), Merritt, Lovecraft, Weinbaum or Howard. Nevertheless, I dare suggest that any fan in doubt can resolve his bewilderment by reading any of the above directly after reading Lewis, Hergesheimer or Rawlings. Better still, read Chesterton's "Flying Inn" and savor true genius. C. A. Smith is past his prime, and the promise of the 'young eagle' has become the barren fruit of a tortuously obscure dreamer. C. L. Moore may write something of value in ten years' time if meanwhile she studies humanity closely and finds how the human race really works. Coblentz I disdain to mention. Merritt can write adventure yarns almost as well as Dennis Wheatley, but he hasn't been writing for years now so he doesn't count. Lovecraft was a poor technician who, writing with his tongue in his mouth, overdid his atmosphere consistently. His verse is unworthy of criticism, but I will admit that he wrote two short stories of quite high quality. The other two are much of a muchness. Both were good pulp fiction writers, but Howard was also competent (from a pulpwood point of view) at the novel, a feat Weinbaum never achieved (I have not read "New Adam" since the war forbids the export of money -- I base my conclusions on "The Black Flame").

P. Schuyler Miller an active fan? In that case I forward my claim for High Panjandrum of Fandom herewith!

It is a shame that Mr. Wells should be dragged into so ridiculous an argument, and I think he ought to be extricated without delay. Mr.

(Continued on Page 37)

Thoughts

by

The
THINKER!

The Family Circle Magazine of August 26, 1938, came forth with a cover by Frank R. Paul and an article, two articles, about him. It is reported that New Fandom, the magazine, will soon reprint one article, called "Bogeyman", in full. No mention is made about the other article partly about and partly by Paul. This article was really included in The Personal Touch, a department in the magazine. The cover by Paul will also be impossible for a fan magazine to reproduce as it was presented on the cover. It has not been made clear whether or not New Fandom will reprint the other article along with "Bogeyman". I will now try to give you a description of the cover and a summary of the forgotten, as it seems, article.

As all Paul covers, this one is magnificent. The cover is Paul at his best and is really four in one. The first thing to catch the eye is a picture of a girl, standing in what appears to be a glass cylinder surrounded by five gold-colored rings of metal which are connected to two thin tubes, one on each side of the cylinder, made of the same metal. The puffs of air at the ends of the tubes lead one to assume that they are rockets. The girl, who is clothed in a tight-fitting futuristic garment looking somewhat like a bathing suit, but much warmer, is standing with her hands above her head (just in case you are interested, she is a blonde) so that she can operate the anti-gravity and atomic controls which are located at the top of the tube. On the ground artificial half-bubbles are visible with other tubes being ejected from them.

Directly underneath the scene described above is a picture of the Supreme Intelligence. He is a solemn faced man with hardly any hair on the front top of his head, but this is compensated for by the abundance of hair at the back and on the sides of his head. He is shown punching some buttons and holding a test tube filled with a red colored liquid. On his scientist's smock is his emblem of the earth with two great wings on both sides of it. This is probably to show that he is the complete master of the world.

Entirely in the background, and, scarcely noticeable because of the beautiful, very beautiful girl practically covering it, is a scene depicting the collision of the two great balls. One ball, the smaller one, is red colored, and the larger one is blue colored. Any scientific fan would assume them to be two planets, but Paul says it is not so. In the lower right-hand corner is depicted a pre-historic scene showing a dinosaur's head being separated from his neck by a yellow ray coming from an object (presumably a gun) in the possession of a human being. Paul used at least six different colors, or shades of colors, upon this cover. It is the best he has produced to date.

Paul explains the cover himself. His explanation takes up most of The Personal Touch department. He explains, with a little trace of satire and humor, that if you expect to visit Venus, or travel into Tim, you should go to your nearest dealer and get a ray gun with

THE THINKER'S THOUGHTS

three shifts. As circumstances warrant, you press either the paralyz-er button, M (Molecular Vibrator) button, or D (Disintegrator) button and you have nothing to worry about for each one will take care of whatever obstacle may have been in your path. This explanation is for the pre-historic scene. Paul seems to have forgotten to mention what would happen if you pressed all three buttons, or even two, at the same time.

What seems to be the collision of two planets, Paul says, was a solidified ball of energy, solidifying when space was suffering from the bends, meeting the sun. It was discovered that, when this ball of energy collided with the sun, all life upon the earth would be destroyed. A mastermind also discovered, "that by burning up all the second hand rubber tires and shooting all the resulting gases into the atmosphere, he might create around our planet a protecting cushion..." This was done, but, despite the cushion, a great deal of energy reached the earth. Instead of destroying all life, the energy "had an instantaneous beneficial effect. There was no more depression." Relief administrators had to pursue and beg those on their lists to accept checks. Employees had to be forced by the police to stay away from their work after working hours, and politicians, all politicians, quit politics to go to work.

Paul says that the young lady on the cover lives in the Fifth Millenium, when all people live underground and earth is devoid of all forms of vegetation. Scientists have discovered that sunlight contains all that is needed to sustain life, if one has "the right kind of receiver and converter." The quartz, not glass, vehicle in which the girl is suspended above the earth is equipped with such converters and her "groceries", which she receives in a half-hour, supply her with enough energy for another week. According to someone or some council or such thing of the Fifth Millenium, the young lady is about average in attractiveness. In the article, the following words are enclosed in parentheses: "We can hardly wait for the Fifth Millenium."

The editor, in introducing Paul to his readers, states that Paul draws illustrations for magazines that print stories of thrill based on science. The word science, in the article, is enclosed in quotes. Paul is fond of playing the violin and the mandolin. He lives in Park Ridge, New Jersey, with his wife, three daughters and a son.

Reading that Paul had never tried to draw the Supreme Intelligence, the editor decided that he would have Paul do it, "because there's no telling when he may get a call for it." This was too easy for Paul, so he drew three others besides the Supreme Intelligence. "Nothing is impossible to the Supreme Intelligence." That statement in the article is further elaborated upon by Paul. He can provide everything needed for everybody from cures for all diseases to ruling the people alone. He is so far ahead of everybody that he had to invent his own calculus. He can not only control the world, but also the entire Universe. In case you are interested and want to follow in his footsteps, he is a graduate of Mastermind University.

All of the above and much more can be garnered from The Personal Touch department. The article itself is more or less written in a satirical vein. Some parts are humorous and others are not. There is no doubt that the article was written in a light, humorous vein and is

THE THINKER'S THOUGHTS

written to supply fun at the expense of scientifiction. The article certainly shows that Paul knows his scientifiction plots.

"Bogeyman" and Paul's explanation of his cover for The Family Circle magazine appeared two years ago August 26. A lot has happened in the scientifiction field since then. At that time, what could be called the prolog to the Golden Age of Scientifiction had not yet been enacted. MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES has just presented its first issue with "Survival", the greatest story of that year. Fantasy News was very much in its infancy, and was mimeographed, a far cry from the present day printed numbers. Scienti-Snaps was only a hektographed magazine with its third issue. Jim Avery and Harry Warner were planning to issue a hektographed Spaceways. A little later the first issue of Spaceways finally appeared in mimeographed format. Today Scienti-Snaps is changed to Bizarre with a printed format. Fantasy News is well into its third year. AMAZING STORIES had just been recently taken over by Ziff-Davis, and was featuring the then new back covers.

STARTLING STORIES was a definitely scheduled production, but Orson Welles' Martian Hoax was not definitely scheduled. This now famous broadcast might well be called the prolog to the Golden Age of Scientifiction at that time. It is surprising that some publisher of a scientifiction magazine did not immediately secure the rights to publish H. G. Wells' classic, either as it had originally appeared, or from the radio script version. He would have had a very large and very receptive audience.

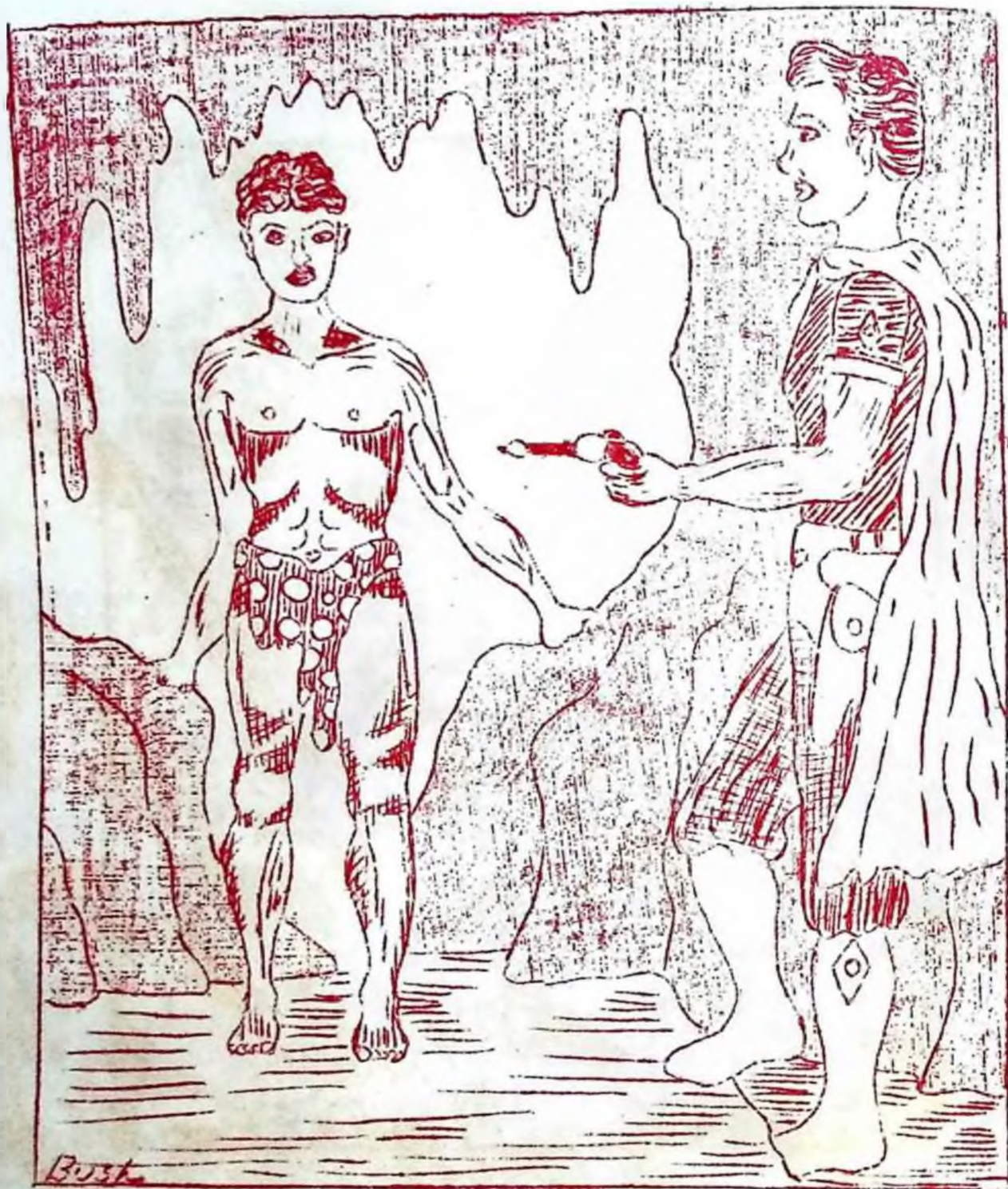
However, at the time that the two articles were printed in The Family Circle there was no receptive audience. Mainly because the attitudes of the readers were so prejudiced against scientifiction, the two articles had to be satirical and discrediting, as it was, scientifiction. One who had been fooled by the Hoax Broadcast would feel differently towards that kind of fiction.

It is surprising to note that the number of people, who had been fooled by a simple invasion-of-the-earth-story, was very great among the 'educated' as well as the 'uneducated' class. One would expect most of the 'uneducated' people to be easily fooled by the hoax, but a great number of professional so easily fooled was a surprise indeed. All over the eastern seaboard, hundreds of doctors and nurses telephoned police to volunteer their services for aid to the victims of the Martians' death-rays and gases.

The hardest fact I had to overcome, when trying to convince someone to read scientifiction, was the fact that it was too fantastic. No matter how much I explained to them that it was not so, they would still persist in their belief. Now, after explaining the science in a story, I always terminate my explanation with a sentence showing how "The War of the Worlds" is not as scientific. Then too, if the person you are explaining scientifiction to was fooled by the Hoax Broadcast, it is easier yet to induce him to at least try it. Pointing out the latest advances in science helps a lot, also.

"Self preservation is the first law of nature."

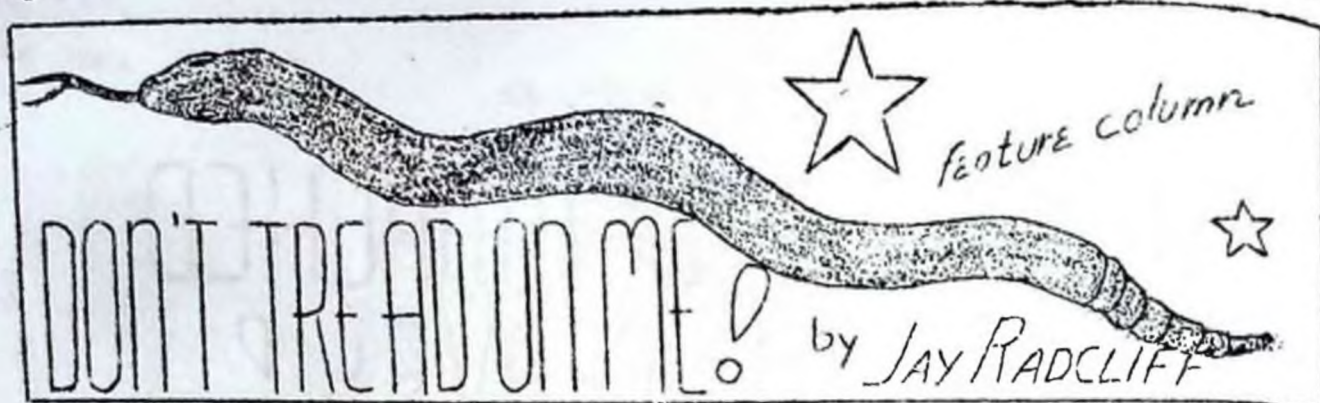




"Captured!"

THE DEAD MARCHED AMONG THE GRAVES!





Hello; an amicable dope talking. But that insignia stuck at the top means exactly what it says. Translate it literally. I have a column now, and bygorra when a fan has a column, he's armed. So beware; I'm armed. All insinuations in this questionable piece of literature, unless directed at Taurasi or Moskowitz, are entirely unintentional.

Burp----- who's Spaceway's new columnist? Sounds slightly abashed and infantile to me. Anyway, here's a tip for Poll Cat Widener. Who is the favorite fan columnist of today? In Fanfare there is Joe Gilbert with his popular "Slan!-der". Despite his proclamation of Slan!-der being strictly a highbrow column, it is quite Winchellian in aspect. Free, easy-going, chit-chat, free-flowing comment makes this column rank high in the field. In the Southern Star, there is "the big dog of the boneyard," Fred W. Fischer. He doesn't advance any claims as to his column being strictly high-brow, but it is. In the days of Llyda, Fred proved quite conclusively that he was, and still is, the top columnist of fandom. Time after time he appears with the most intriguing column in fandom. Laurels to the guy on Laurel Street. A new column which is quite popular is "Fantasips", by Donn Brazier, appearing in Fantasite. When I heard that Donn had a column, I viewed its appearance with apprehension. However, when I finally read it, 'twas superlative! His random accounts of the activities of the Minneapolis Fantasy Society were quite inspiring. Those three are the top columnists of today, but, before I leave this subject, a few words concerning one J. Chapman Miske. His columns, sometimes scurrilous or supercilious, are no more. The illustrious Star-treader has departed, and thus the second-best columnist of fandom dwells here no more. As for me, all I pray is that my column is not as insipid as those of Sun Spots.

Burp----- seems like all of our old favorites have departed for their summer vacation, or what we hope is only a vacation. This stream of vagaries precipitating in the field of fanzines has engulfed such favorites as "e Zombie, Pluto, Detours, Alchemist, et addenda. All of those mentioned had passed the rudimentary stage attained by most fanags, and were the epitome of Nepenthe. But there -- another one gone. Let us hope that at least part of the vacationists will return from their rest period. "But one never knows, does one?"

Would you care to join me in a hearty laugh? Harry Schmarje in March Spaceways expounds, quote: "Fan-mag fiction is usually depressing and injurious to the fan's delicate mind"; unquote. Such an in-hominious remark. Tsk, tsk! To even insinuate that a fan has a mind! And if some of poor Pong's egragious fiction is depressing, I wanta be abased. Are you nettled, old nettle?

Don't Tread on Me!

ARGOSY, for years and years, has remained as stable and solid as the Rock of Gibraltar and now appears in a new format. When a mag changes its format, something is seriously wrong. Could the solution of this enigma be that ARGOSY sales are dropping dangerously? Yes! Mark my words, the new format is disliked and must be changed, or else . . .

On February 11, a delightful little fantasy was presented over the Philip Morris program. The author was the ubiquitous Nelson S. Bond. The story revolved around two invisible lobbies, a shrewd newspaperman, and a dope. The climax is reached when the psychic lobbies are killed while crossing the street. The two men, weeping over invisible lobbies, are carried off to the asylum. 'Twas appreciated, Philip Morris, 'twas appreciated.

The radio has suffered a renaissance in the presentation of fantasies. I heard exactly three in one night, while some time ago, three a month would be considered superfluous. But -- no -- ah-h, 'tis like Heaven. Every Sunday night, the door to the Inner Sanctum swings open to present another horror-tale. It features Boris Karloff -- the omnipotent king of horror men. Another interesting fantasy I heard only partially. Two lovers wish that the heavenly moment which they were in would last forever. The man smokes a cigarette, but the cigarette refuses to decrease in size. He devours part of a chicken, and the chicken is still complete. But the spell is broken when both awake to worldly realities and hurry off to their respective jobs. A hell of an ending, mais c'est la vie! However, it is increasingly apparent that radio fantasies are becoming more and more prolific.

Various and sundry theories have been advanced as to the reason for the sudden acceleration of s-f and fantasy mags. Well, here is mine, given for my own complacency. The world is in a turmoil; people are fretting and worrying and looking for some means of escape from the earthly life. What better seclusion and refuge is there than s-f and fantasy? Since the war-weary world demands these havens, the publishers aren't going to be fools enough not to give it to them. Consequently, s-f and fantasy abound. Voila!

Burp----- This Schmarje guy certainly acts his age -- 15. In VoM he states that "s-f fans talk about anything but s-f. They just like to gab, I suppose." But -- (which is the polite and conventional way to say hell), life is short, sweet, sarcastic, and sometimes scurrilous, so why not gab while the gabbing is good? Let me depart from the uliginous subject; it is tainted of Petard.

For lack of a better subject, I turn to the pros. UNKNOWN is still reigning in the fans' world, but outside? Can UNKNOWN ever obliterate the handicap of the front cover? John W. Campbell Jr. is a fine editor, with lofty ideals for the guidance of his two mags, but the trouble lies in the fact that his aspirations are too elevated for a pulp mag. I personally like the idea of a dignified cover, but does the average pulp-reader? A friend who has been in the magazine game for many a year says that the average pulp-reader's first opinion of UNKNOWN is that it is too austere. The gaudy, bright, attractive and luring covers of the other mags catch the scanning eye, but not UNK. And it is not placed with the slicks, as Campbell hoped it would.

GERMS

by JEAN CONWAY

Ssh. Don't tell anybody. Second hand magazines spread germs. At least, so the family medico told me while treating me for a slight case of leprosy acquired while running down the second installment of "Beyond the Void" in a secondhand-book store in Pomona.

At first I was not inclined to take much stock in his theorizing. I am a Pro-Scientist myself, and like to see all fanciful statements backed up by at least three references to Illustrated Mechanix; I told him that it could not be so. Haven't I always been told that you find germs on the ends of slightly used cigar butts? How could a germ be two places at the same time?

Also I told him that you could find ten million germs on the head of a pin, and, inasmuch as I don't use pins to hold up my girdle -- or smoke cigars for that matter, how could I get germs in a secondhand literature emporium.

He had a snappy comeback, though. "Did it ever occur to you," he asked, "that there may have been no pinheads in the bookstore other than yourself? And that therefore the germs may have settled on you as the most likely substitute?"

He had something there which set me to thinking -- no rare feat in itself. Being a Pro-Scientist, I keep a Microscope rather than a Mimeograph; so I proceeded to examine every pinhead in the house. Sure enough, I found enough germs one every one of them to populate Boyle Heights.

On the verge of a great discovery, I sat and pondered a while. Now I could read all the cut-rate literature I so desired. Science had saved another frenetic fan.

I have made my decision. Soon I will be on my feet again. I will start haunting marts of slightly used literature again, looking for the first installment of "Across the Void". This time, however, I will be prepared. I have secured a liberal supply of pins which I will plant in slightly battered copies of CAPTAIN FUTURE -- luring the bacteria from my prize -- and emerge unscathed, while the germs are holding a race riot on the heads of the pins.

This is my gift to the world. My discovery. Germs have a civilization of their own! As long as they have enough pin heads to sit on, they are content. It is only when they do not have enough lebensraum that they invade the human system to protect it from aggression by Great Britain.

DOGFAN *by* Nick Kenealy

The Marines call themselves Leathernecks; the Navy, Gobs. Now
 just what do the Soldiers call themselves? No, not Toughboys. That
 is a Civilian term, used only by the Soldiers when referring to the In-
 fantry. Soldiers call themselves "Dogfaces".

According to Ackermanese word coinage, therefore, Army Stfans
 might be known as Dogfans.

We Dogfans have been a very minute fraction of the fan movement,
 up to now, due to handicaps the enumeration of which will take up the
 body of this article. In fact, about the only activity of most Dog-
 fans, in the past, has been the writing of Sweetness and Light letters
 to the Pros; usually AMAZING (Dear Mr. B. G. Davis.).

The National Defense portends a renaissance in the ranks of the
 Dogfans. A number of leading fans are eligible for the Draft. Taura-
 si, we understand, has already been called. How many others, we do
 not know at this writing.

This is addressed to fans who are set, willingly or otherwise,
 for a short military career; and is written by a career soldier who
 did not become a career fan until after he enlisted in the Army back
 in early 1937.

Fine. So you are drafted. You may be assigned to a Post near
 your own home. In that case you are near Mama and Mimeo, so nothing
 changes. However, the chances are that you will not be assigned close
 to home. You may end up anywhere from seven hundred miles from home
 (my setup), to all the way across the country -- or foreign service in
 Alaska, Panama, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, or the Philippines.

There goes your collection. No room to take it with you. All
 the baggage you take is what you can carry, and about all you can carry
 is a large bag of nice new camphor scented Government Issue clothes.

Of course you can have your neatly cataloged stack of well pre-
 served fantasy magazines sent to you, if you can afford the astronomi-
 cal shipping charges. But where in the hell are you going to keep
 them? If you put them in your locker, there will be no room for your
 clothes; and, if you leave them outside your locker, you do not have
 them long. Borrowers and pilferers, you know.

You have a strong will. You will lend none of your fine collec-
 tion. That's what you think. Try to think of a valid reason for say-
 ing no to about fifty different men -- men whose friendship you want
 to acquire and hold. (Remember, you are going to have to live with
 them for at least a year.)

After a long holdout you lend some of your precious magazines out
 -- most requests are for AMAZING and CAPTAIN FUTURE. You elicit sol-
 emn vows that they will come back in good condition. Oh deceptive
 hope! You should see the beat up collection I used to have. Eventu-
 ally you will give it up as hopeless. You end up with a lot of con-
 verts to Stfiction, but no collection.

But even the loss of your collection has its compensating dea-
 tures. Think of all the money you will save by not buying magazines

DOGFAN, KENEALY

you do not read anyway. I know it is hard on the publishers; but, with no files to keep complete, there is no percentage in investing good stamp money in never-to-be-read hack journals.

Although you will be somewhat cramped for space, bring along the typewriter. There is room enough for that. You are going to have plenty of time to write letters, and that is about all you will be able to do in the way of fan activities, at least until you get out of the twenty-one dollar class. It will come in handy to cut stencils in case you figure out a way to continue publication of your fanmag.

Oh! Didn't I tell you? There is nothing to prevent you from putting out your Fm, while you are in the Army. There are a lot of factors to slow you down, but nothing to stop you cold, if you have sufficient bullheaded persistency.

Where you will keep your mimeo is problem number one. It falls under the same heading as where to put your collection. Go see the Post Chaplain. He may let you keep it in his office; or, if you do not have one, he may let you use h&s. That is his job -- to keep the men happy.

If all of these possibilities fail, go back to a hekto. It is not as satisfactory, when you are used to the opulence of a mimeograph; but, if you are a real fan, that will not stop you.

If your post is within hailing distance of an active club, or even an actifan, ignore the last three paragraphs. Hamilton Field, my home for the next two and a half years, is happily located in the San Francisco Bay Area, home of the Golden Gate Futurians, whose help and facilities are at my disposal.

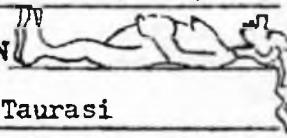
On the whole, it seems a rather difficult setup. The advantages of being a Dogfan have not as yet been brought to your attention.

First of all, you have lots of TIME. How many times have you wished for science to discover a means to stop the clock and make moments into hours? You will have, possibly for the first time, time enough for all your fanactivities.

Weekdays, your time is your own from about four in the afternoon until six in the morning. Wednesdays and Saturdays are yours from noon on. Sundays and holidays are all yours. You will probably be grateful for fanactivities then. Time hangs heavily in the Army, if you do not have a hobby.

Oh yes! That folding stuff. Uncle Sam pays off like a slot machine the last day of every month. If you can surmount the other difficulties of a fan career in the Army, you are all set; for you can be sure of enough ready cash to carry on. That is, if extra-curricular activities do not keep you broke. But that situation is no different than in civilian life.

After a summation of the obstacles and advantages of fan activity in the Army, it can be ascertained that you can keep it up if you have the interest to overcome a few adverse conditions. It is all right with the Army, if it is all right with you.

FULL NAME Gordon A. Gillicutty BIRTHDAY February 30
 ADDRESS c/o snide, 650 marion street, salem oregon
 COLOR HAIR green COLOR EYES pink HEIGHT 6' 12" AGE 3
 WEIGHT 97 lb AUTOGRAPH Gordon A. Gillicutty DEGREES D.D.F., D.T.G.,
P.D.Q., B.V.D.
 FAVORITE PRO MAG SPICY ADVENTURES 2nd FAVORITE POLICE GAZETTE
 FAVORITE FAN MAG snide 2nd FAVORITE snide
 FAVORITE AUTHORS (2) G. Gillicutty (2) Eando Bounder (3) Thorne Smith
 (4) Ben Hecht (5) G. Boccaccio (6) Rabelais (7) M. Proust
 FAVORITE FAN AUTHORS (1) d knight (2) damon knight
 (3) d f knight (4) damon f knight (5) damon francis knight
 FAVORITE ARTISTS (Cover) 1. Jack Bounder (2) Max Plaisted (3) Steele Savage
 (Interior) 1. Max Plaisted (2) Jack Bounder (3) Steele Savage (4) Ralph Barton
 (All-around) 1. Steele Savage (2) Jack Bounder (3) Max Plaisted (4) Ralph Barton
 FAVORITE FAN ARTIST 1. d knight (2) d knight (3) d knight
 FAVORITE STORIES (Pro) The Decameron, Droll Stories, Reunion in the Bushes
 FAVORITE FAN ARTICLES OR STORIES OF ALL TIME 1. "The Thing in the W.C., Or,
by G. Bernard Shoo
 (2) "What Price Beer-Bottles?" FAVORITE FAN ILLUSTRATION 
 FAVORITE FANS (1) Moskowitz (2) Sykora (3) Taurasi
 BEST SINGLE ISSUE OF ANY FAN MAG PUBLISHED snide # 1
 DISLIKES: Fans d knight Authors Gordon A. Gillicutty
Artists El Greco Promags PRIVATE DETECTIVE STORIES
Fan mags yes Etc. you

STICKERS & PHOTOS



A little dope about the same, eh?

Well, to start things off correctly, my full name is Joe Jean Fortier. Ancestry is clearly that of French and Canadian, Holland Dutch, Scotch-Irish, and English. Nothing notable about me; my mother is a house-wife and my father slaves at the helm of a franchise firm for his money -- and mine.

I'm an eighteen year-old gazook who was born when the whistles shrilled high noon in Fresno, California, back in 1923 on April second. My eyes are of a hazel-brown and my five-and-nine is crowned by a dark brunet mop. The woeful visage of 135 pounds stares at you from above, doing me too much justice.

I've paraded under far too numerous pen-names and refuse to own up to any other than John Reitrof. That makes me Paul X. Savage, of course. I draw some, but most of my work is under my own name, unfortunately.

I'll admit I never read anything more futuristic than CHILD LIFE when in the primary grades, but Buck Rogers was read from his inception. A couple of DOC SAVAGE magazines started me off, OPERATOR #5, and PHANTOM DETECTIVE playing supporting roles. Then a few horror magazines were smuggled past my mother's wary eye and avidly consumed.

The winter of 1933 found me proudly toting home my first copy of a Stf promag. It has been bought as a filler, but a glance at the stories told me that this was something. I was a persistent reader from then on, but not a real fan in the full sense of the word.

In the fall of 1938, I became a semi-active fan. Letter writing

to the readers' sections was begun, and the first letter in print thrilled me through and through. A copy of Warner's Spaceways soon followed, such a thing being rather new to me. I had worked on a few amateur papers which flopped, but never had I seen a Fm. The fiction looked lousy, so I dashed off a short-short and mailed it. Acceptance then! Happiness!

Poor fans. An issue of Le Zombie came (number nine) and I felt I was able to publish a fan affair. Little did I know about fans and fan's magazines. Scientifan was the crest-fallen result, but I honestly thought it worthy of every fan's admiration. The second issue flopped, luckily, and Mercury arose. It was well liked and would still be going if I could afford to spend 15 cents for every nickel I receive.

Earlier came my friendship with Jim Bush, later that with Tom Wright. They are still my closest friends along with Walt Daugherty, who treated me so nicely in Los Angeles. Lew Martin is another fellow I like considerably, though we have never met personally. Harry Jenkins, Harry Warner --, omigawd! I'd be here an extra two pages naming fan friends.

I shall not bore you with the usual details of favorites. Everyone knows that I believe C. L. Moore and A. Merritt incomparable. My ambition is to meet and correspond with them. As for artists, Virgil Finlay and Hubert Rogers may share honors. Like all others, I believe UNKNOWN and ASTOUNDING the ultimate best. Mrs. Gnaedinger's promag rates quite highly, also.

Fmz: here I could get in trouble. It's safe to say I hold DAWN & STARLIGHT above all others with Lou Goldstone's Fantasia rating as best outsider. I like several stories, admire a few, but shall name but three: "The New Adam", "Greater than Gods", "Fate".

I'm very glad to be a co-editor of STARLIGHT while it gets started this year. I consider it an honor to work with Tom on DAWN. When these are off my chest, I may get busy on a magazine of my own again.

My ambitions are to be the best fan-writer, to become a professional, to publish the best Fm, to someday publish a string of pulp magazines and to have Oakland as the next convention site.

That winds up a screwy life of a screwier fan, active since 1939's autumn. I hope I'm now considered an xtractifan 'cause I certainly feel like it.

In closing, I abhor beer, though coke hi's fascinate me. I finish a pack of Camels per day, and confine profanity to my inner circle. This June sees me free from school. I go steady (I hope), and am extremely allergic to anything on two legs with make-up and something eye-appealing between.

Outside of being a rabid Stfan, I like swing, dancing and the usual hey-day. I've got two sides of course: my typewriter life and the usual one.

Anyway, we can size each other up in Denver on Independence Day. A bientot!

YOUD, C.S.

Continued from Page 21

Onya is quite correct in saying that Wells came to despise his early scientific romances -- unbelievers may read his preface to the collected volume of fantasies and read between the lines. It is incredible that the reformer Wells should have any sympathy with the aimless meandering of fandom. If he were to view the field, he would probably bother only with the Futurian group, and these he would tell to concentrate on politics or stick to the "Wizard of Oz". For fantasy as such, Wells has nothing but contempt.

Of course, when Hasse makes such a statement that pulp fiction is literature, one can only laugh or cry. I prefer the former, and have been toying with the idea of sending a bound volume of Hamilton to one of our universities for the benefit of students studying English! Seriously, I should like to have Hasse's definition of 'literature'. My dictionary gives: "the class of writings distinguished for beauty of form or expression". Does this refer to "Giants of the Past" or "Captain Future"? Mr. Hasse thinks so, and before his superior culture I abase myself.

In case my position is not clear, I will detail it briefly. I still prefer good fantasy to a good straight story, but I refuse to read tripe just because it has the magic label of science fiction. I think 95% of modern science fiction is tripe. I think that science-fiction, good or bad, should not require the attendant fandom. This implies an inferiority complex on the part of fans which is probably there all right, but which surely could do with a little less advertisement. As individuals, fans are, I have found, very nice fellows in general, but once they start forming cliques or gangs, all hell breaks loose. There oughta be a law against it!



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OH YEAH!

CYCLOPS

FORMER "STF"

Continued from Page 16

lers in the Mirage" are his best. Hall wrote "The Blind Spot" in collaboration with Homer Eon Flint, another old master, and its sequel "Spot of Life". The former is editor of AMERICAN WEEKLY; the latter has unfortunately been lost forever . . .

Below is a list for enjoyable reading:

| | |
|---|------------|
| <u>Armageddon -- 2418; Phil Nowlan (novelet)</u> | AMAZING |
| <u>Posi and Nega series; Joseph W. Skidmore (short)</u> | |
| <u>Linert of Time; John Russel Fearn (serial)</u> | |
| <u>Antares Trust; Richard Toker (short)</u> | |
| <u>The Giant Superman; Ed Earl Repp (short)</u> | |
| <u>Marble Virgin; Kenny McDowd (short)</u> | WONDER |
| <u>Face; A. Conr (short-short)</u> | |
| <u>Prowler of the Wastelands; Harl Vincent (short)</u> | ASTOUNDING |
| <u>The Tramp; L. Ron Hubbard (serial)</u> | |
| <u>Simultaneous Worlds; Nat Schachner (serial)</u> | |
| <u>Helen O'Loy; Lester del Rey (novelet)</u> | |
| <u>Remember Tomorrow; Henry Kuttner (novel)</u> | THRILLING |
| <u>The Kid from Mars; Oscar J. Friend (novel)</u> | STARTLING |
| <u>When the World Slept; Edmond Hamilton (short)</u> | WEIRD |
| <u>The Diminishing Draft; Kaempffert (short)</u> | FAMOUS |
| <u>The Sky Woman; Stilson (short)</u> | |
| <u>Dark Vision; Frank Belknap Long (short)</u> | UNKNOWN |
| <u>The Ghost; Mona Farnsworth (short)</u> | |

The above list includes many little known authors as well as those who are often panned, but the idea is to read a good story and not another big-name's paycheck. Yours for a helluva enjoyable homework assignment; until next we meet this way, pleasant half-pint dreams from Double-J (and that doesn't mean they're slumberings in short pants -- I'm from the Ten High Glassworks).

- To Be Concluded Next Issue -

I, WHO AM ABOUT TO DIE - - DEL CROSS

I am the owner of an undug grave,
And walk uncomprehendingly the earth;
And I know not what laurel-crested cave
Of beauty violate brought me to birth.
Nor do I care to show the world my worth,
Nor let the world's indignities deprave--
I laugh court jester-like, and in my mirth
I mock myself; and mocking, mock a slave.

God of our fathers, you are gone for me,
Installing no successor on your throne,
And I to love oblivious shall be:
Has love, too, gone--or is God love alone?
No matter now--let slip this pale vignette
Into the dust, forever to forget.

--Courtesy late Earl Singleton's *Nepenthe*

Imadaisyinthedell
alldaylongisitandsmell
thebirdsthebees
thewindthetrees
godthispasturesmellslikehell
--cudyard ripling.

Every old fogy is muttering through his beard these days. So why not? Sun Spots has finally boosted itself out of the foggy class to take its place with the other good Fmz.

Now: why the heck don't you buy a copy of Sun Spots in the my-t-fyn new format? There are 24 cheviot pages for only a wee nickel, or six for a quarter.

Stfandom was astounded last time to see a decent cover! Gerry says that the May issue will have an even better one! Who knows? The back covers may soon rate with Spaceways!

Ackerman, Tucker, Moskowitz, Warner, Fortier, Widner --; fandom's top fans have appeared in Sun Spots and more are scheduled real soon.

Gerry de la Ree Jr., one of the co-editors, has sold a story to Fawcett Publications at professional rates. There is still plenty of time to order the next monthly issue -- May -- so shoot your order in to the Solar Press today.

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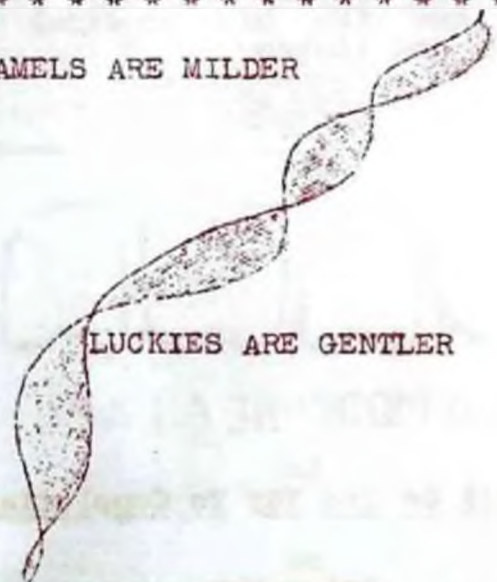
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CLUB SECTION ~



GGF ACTIVITIES

-: GEORGE ROBSON :-

The Golden Gate Futurians (originally Cometeers) were first conceived in the minds (?) of Joe Fortier and Tom Wright in the Spring of 1940. The first meeting was held on October 12 of that year at Fortier's house. Eight members were registered, one of whom was later ousted. It was voted that Mercury be subsidized with the club treasury. The Denvention was then the topic of discussion, and everyone pledged to help it if financially able. Several pro and fan mags were reviewed. Temporary election of officers took place. Tom Wright was made director and Joe Fortier secretary-treasurer.

The second meeting was held at the home of Tom Wright. The minutes were read and approved. Various magazines were discussed. Since there were only four members present, there was little business accomplished. A white rat was made club mascot and named Eppi in honor of our recently expelled member. Refreshments were consumed and the meeting was adjourned.

The third meeting, November 30, was also held at Tom Wright's house. Four members were present. The minutes were not read as Joe Fortier had resigned from the office of secretary in order to concentrate on treasuring (!). The announcement was made that Wollheim was to be editor of two new magazines. The club constitution was read by George Robson, chairman of the constitution committee. Robson was appointed secretary and Fortier treasurer-assistant director. A new member, Jack Fields, was registered. He brought some of his drawings with him; these were discussed by the club. A fanmag was reviewed and the meeting then adjourned for informal discussion.

The fourth meeting was held at the home of George Robson with four members present. Minutes read and approved, general discussion of magazines and fans was held. Some newer Fields drawings were shown after which adjournment came for refreshments and informal discussion.

The fifth meeting was held at the house of Joe Fortier. . . Eight members were present as well as two guests. Minutes read and approved, the new constitution was reviewed. Regular business was dispensed, election of officers being paramount. Offices were filled as follows: Fortier, director; Jack Fields, treasurer-assistant director; Tom Wright, secretary; George Robson, club librarian. After the election, the Northern California Conference really began. Magazines, science fiction, fantasy and weird were all discussed. It was found that the average member of the club prefers ASTOUNDING & UNKNOWN to the other promags. The editor and publisher of Fantasia (a new SF mag), Lou Goldstone, came and sold several copies. The plans for the next meeting were made and the meeting was adjourned.

The sixth meeting took place at Tom Wright's February 22, 1941. Five members present, minutes were dispensed with as Wright had misplaced them. The new club stickers were displayed, after which it was moved to purchase a thousand. Details of the NFFF were discussed. A motion was made and carried that office of publicity manager be combined with that of secretary. The auction took place then with a third of the money going to the club treasury, and two-thirds going to the seller. Many rare issues, Gummies and Fields drawings were sold. The club constitution was signed by all present. It was announced the next meeting might be held at the Oakland Y.M.C.A. after which meeting adjourned.

EDITORIAL

As I write this brief editorial, STARLIGHT is well on its way to completion. All except a few pages are stenciled, and a goodly portion is mimeod.

There are a few things in this issue I should like special comment on. 1) The mimeographing is done on 24lb. paper, much better than the usual run of 5m paper, and every page is slip-sheeted. In case you don't know what slip-sheeting is, I'll tell you that it is putting an extra sheet of paper between every mimeod page to absorb any undry ink. This means double work for every printed page, and is especially hard on such a cheap mimeo. But the result is no ink spots from one page going onto the next. Please note that the covers are 36 lb. paper, the heaviest it is possible to buy. 2) The care used in stenciling drawings. Roy Hunt's, for example, took considerable time and care - but we think it is well worth while in the end. Will all you artists please send your stuff this way, we can guarantee you good reproduction -- as good as is possible on a mimeo.

A few copies of a few pages went through un-slip-sheeted; if you should happen to get one of these you can appreciate the difference it makes. Every printed page takes two mimeo ink jobs, and from 45 minutes to one hour to print!

Since the future of STARLIGHT is a bit shaky as yet, do not send in any subscriptions for more than one issue in advance -- please.

Ads may be bought for \$1.00 a page, 65¢ a half-page, 35¢ for one-quarter of a page.

Good reading, now; & WRITE!

CONTEST!

Heigh-ho fan! Here's another contest! Yeh, but let's make this one a success. All answers must be sent to Tom Wright, 1140 Bush AVE., Martinez, Calif. 1st prize is one new copy of Thorne Smith's book, "Skin and Bones", Also many other prizes. . .

1. Who wrote "The Ark of the Covenant"? In what mag was it?
2. What was Jack Williamson's first story?
3. Warner Van Lorne's first story was ____? His real name is ____?
4. Nat Schachner has written under the pen-name of ____?
5. What story did Stan Weinbaum write in Astounding under a pen-name? What was the pen-name?
6. Wesso's first cover illustrated ____? By whom?
7. "The Double Minds" is by?
8. Name the editors of Amazing in order.
9. "Survival", by ____? had a sequel called ____? printed in ____?
10. What magazine printed symbolic covers for some time? Whom were they by?
11. ____? was the first thought-variant. By whom was it written?
12. What was L. Ron Hubbard's 1st Stf story? Who illustrated it?
13. What story was Black World a copy of? Who wrote it? In what issue of what mag was it in?
14. Who wrote "Homo Sol"?
15. What was Thornton Ayre's 1st web-work yarn?
16. Who is Anthony Gilmore?
17. Name the illustrators for each of the Skylark Stories.
18. Who was John Ulnar?
19. "Red Peril" was by ____?
20. Who illustrated "When the Cycle Met"? Who wrote it?
21. What is the name of Joe Fortier's first published fan story?
22. Who is Jack Fields?
23. Who wrote "Why Not Paul"? In what fm did it appear?
24. Who is "Yhos"?
25. Where is the '42 World Stfven-

BEHIND THE CURTAINS OF THE GGF

By James Bush

The meeting opens with a bang. My cigarette was loaded, and ashes flew all over. Somebody says, "Aw Fooey", and starts to play poker.

"Pass." "Two." "Three." "Pass, two." "Raise you two!" "Let me see -- ah, yes; three." "No; OK."

"Here're my openers. Take a look. It won't bite."

Fortier hollers, "Come to order!"

Wright says, "I second the motion."

Bush says, "Ho, hum."

WOW! A babe just walks in the door and is interested in the club. Fortier sits with his mouth open. Wright faints, and I stand up to offer her a chair, which is the polite thing to do.

WOW! What legs. O, an artist, too. Well, well . . . me and you ought to get together, I think.

What was that? Fortier said something, but I wasn't listening as I was admiring the scenery.

Beautiful, don't you think? A soft, luscious voice asks:

"Who is the director of this club?"

Fortier blushes and hides his head, Wright faints again. Bush stands up, and -- --

"Meeting adjourned!"

THE END

AS WE SEE IT
by Jack Riggs & Evrette Wyers

Eds. Note: Lacking one column to fill STARLIGHT, we asked two new members of the GGF to write something for us. They are old readers, but new fans. Read this and compare it with your own opinions and see if it agrees.

=====

We have never been active fans before, but we are old fans. When there were only three science-fiction mags we bemoaned the fact that there weren't more. Now that there is more, the level has sunk so low that it is pitiful -- all except ASTOUNDING, which is steadily rocketing ahead.

The stories in most mags are just adventure stories with a little elementary science thrown in to justify the name science-fiction. ASTOUNDING, though, regularly "finds" new authors that are good.

The old Amazings & Wonders, say about '35 and back were better than the mags of today. Of course excepting ASTOUNDING. As you have probably guessed, we are Astounding boosters.

No longer do they print stories with heavy science in them, e.g., the Arcot, Wade, & Morey series. Too, the older stories have an air of reality about them that is lacking in the modern ones. Paul, the master artist, really made the stories live. We have often felt when reading them that we were really with the characters; finding deserted Martian cities, meeting alien entities, that despite their outlandish nature were also very real. Realism is what made those stories. Now authors skip over the preliminaries of describing the characters and the setting.

DON'T FORGET: -

Frisco in 42!

ALL-STAR FMZ REVIEW *

- Stellar Tales** Winter 1941 18 Hektoed Pages ***
 Quarterly. Five cents (21¢ a year) from Blaine R. Dunmire, 103
 Maple Street, Charerol, Penna. Material of professional quality.
- Fantasia** April 1941 24 Mimeod Pages *****
 Quarterly. Ten cents straight from Lou Goldstone, 269 16th Ave.,
 San Francisco, Calif. Beautiful linoleum blocks and splendid fantasy.
- Fantasy Fiction Field** March 15, 1941 4 Mimeod Pages ***
 Weekly. Five cents (6 for 25¢) from Julius Unger, 1702 Dahill
 Road, Brooklyn, N.Y. Illustration best feature; news not very good.
- C.F.S. Review** May 1941 4 Mimeod Pages ***
 Monthly. C.F.S. members from Roy Hunt, 1253 Race Street, Denver,
 Colorado. Important Denvention news; don't hesitate to join for 50¢.
- Spaceways** April 1941 26 Mimeod Pages *****
 Every six weeks. Ten cents (three for 25¢) from Harry Warner,
 Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md. Covers good; material fine.
- Le Zombie** January 1941 18 Mimeod Pages *****
 Suspended. Five cents from Bob Tucker, P.O. Box 260, Bloomington,
 Ill. Second anniversary issue very good; photo cover excellent.
- Fmz Digest** March 1941 12 Mimeod Pages *****
 Monthly. Five cents (six for 25¢) from Art Joquel, 1426 West 33
 Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Stfandom's Readers' Digest; quite good.
- The Damn Thing** February 1941 20 Mimeod Pages *****
 Every six weeks. Ten cents (three for 25¢) from T. Bruce Yorke,
 Box 6475 Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles, Calif. Damn good!
- Fantaseer** February 1941 24 Small Hektoed Pages *
 Monthly. Five cents straight from Bill Grevenan, 33 Maryland
 Avenue, Hempstead, N. Y. Hard to read; most material poor -- one fair
- The Southern Star** February 1941 30 Mimeod Pages *****
 Bimonthly. Ten cents straight from Joe Gilbert, 3911 Park Street,
 Columbia, S.C. Poor format; material good for a first issue.
- Sun Spots** April 1941 24 Mimeod Pages *****
 Monthly. Five cents from Soloroid Press, 9 Bogart Place, West-
 wood, N.J. Material definitely improving; art still poor.
- Sun Trails** Number 1, 1941 8 Mimeod Pages *****
 Irregular. Five cents from Art Joquel, 1426 West 33th Street,
 Los Angeles, Calif. Very interesting; departure from the usual trend.
- Fan-Atic** March 1941 18 Mimeod Pages *****
 Bi-monthly. Five cents (six for 25¢) from Charles Beling, Har-
 rington Park, New Jersey. Hektoed covers; material of interest.
- Voice of Imagi-Nation** March 1941 14 Mimeod Pages *****
 Bimonthly. Ten cents straight from Ackerman & Morajo, Box 6475
 Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles, Calif. Beautiful lithography.

ALL-STAR FMZ REVIEW *

- Eclipse February 1941 16 Mimeod Pages ***
 Bimonthly. Ten cents (three for 25¢) from Richard Kuhn, 13508 Cheyenne, Detroit, Mich. Excellent art by Rudy Sayn; fair material.
- The Denventioneer Number 1, 1941 30 Mimeod Pages *****
 Irregular. Fifteen cents straight from Lew Martin, 1253 Race Street, Denver, Colorado. Front cover by Hunt; back cover by Wright. Contains Denventioneer issues of Voice of the Emagi-Nation, The Comet, Fantasite, The Dams Thing, Alchemist, Pluto, and Snide. Wonderful!
- The Rantasite February 1941 26 Hektoed Pages *****
 Bimonthly. Ten cents (three for 25¢) from Phil Bronson, 224 West 6th Street, Hastings, Minnesota. Beautiful work, fine material.
- Scorpio March 1941 28 Small Mimeod Pages *****
 Tri-yearly. Ten cents (three for 25¢) from Art Joquel, same address as Sun Trails. Silver ink on black cover. Excellent format.
- Specula March 1941 78 Small mimeod Pages *****
 Bimonthly. Ten cents (three for 25¢) from Art Joquel, too. Excellent fiction, and the best format out, we think.
- Frontier April 1941 24 Hektoed Pages *****
 Bimonthly. Ten cents (three for 25¢) from Philip A. Schumann, 2767 N. 41st Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Swell cover by Phil Bronson, hektoing not so good, material good.
- Profan April 1941 10 Mimeod Pages *****
 Bimonthly, we presume. Six cents (three for 15¢) from Donald H. Tuck, 17, Audley Street, North Hobart, Tasmania, Australia. Good material, sloppy mimeo work.
- Snide Number 2, 1941 46 Small Hektoed Pages *****
 Irregular. Ten cents from damon f. knight, 679 N. Cottage Street Salem, Oregon. Super-excellent cover (silk-screened) and humor, and pretty pictures, too. Pays rates!
- Futurian War Digest April 1941 18 Mimeod Pages *****
 Monthly. 75 cents a year from J. Michael Rosenblum, 4 Grange Terrace, Leeds 7, England. Art by Turner that'll knock you eye out. and interesting material. Try it.
- Fanfare April 1941 38 Hektoed Pages *****
 Bimonthly. Ten cents (three for 25¢) from Art Widner, Jr., Box 122, Bryantville, Massachusettes. Shows loss of EC. Still has excellent material and art.
- Le Zombie April 1941 16 Mimeod Pages *****
 Irregular. Five cents from 45J Ackerman, 236 1/2 N. New Hampshire, Los Angeles, California. Not up to regular LeZ, but good.
- Shangri-LA Record Number 1, 1941 2 Sides *****
 Monthly. 15 cents from 525 W. 43rd Street, Los Angeles, California. The first one with round edges! Try it! Walt Daugherty does an excellent job of commentating latest and hottest news with 4c's aid. .
- Starlight Spring, 1941 54 Mimeod Pages ? ?

The
~~GOLDEN GATE~~
FUTURIANS

. . . wish *S*T*A*R*L*I*G*H*T* the best of luck

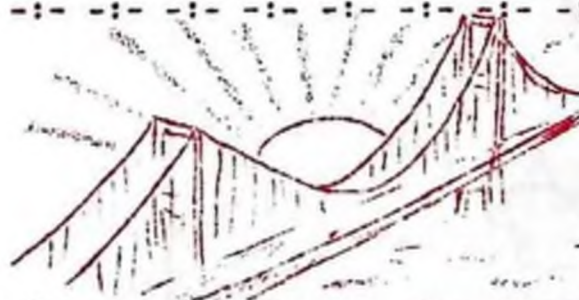
m e m b e r s -

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Nick Kenealy | 7. Helen Johnson |
| 2. James Bush | 8. George Robson |
| 3. Joe Fortier | 9. Bob Franck |
| 4. Tom Wright | 10. Ray Bersi |
| 5. Bob Jordan | 11. Eugene Jorgenson |
| 6. Bertha Johnson | 12. Bertha Jordan |

r e g u l a r v i s i t o r s

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Lou Goldstone | 4. Frank Wakefield |
| 2. Jack Fields | 5. Graph Waldeyer |
| 3. Grady McMurtry | |

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1942!



Editors' note: We wish to thank sincerely the club for its financial aid on this issue. Without their help the issue might have flopped. Again: Thank you Golden Gate Futurians!

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!!! SHANGRI-LA's Denven-
!! tion Issue! They are
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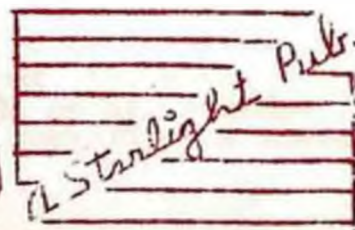
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