NUMBER TWO

EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN STOVE!

We say that such a title is appropriate for STF HASH, and since we are the sole editor and publisher, residing at 2409 Santee Avenue, in Columbia, South Carolina, where you cannot reach me; we say "wanta change the title, bud?" And if we should make you mad with that, we would immediately explain that this is a something emanating from the Jinx Press mimeo, and a member of Starlight Trilogy. Then if you should still remain perturbed, I'd enter a monastery, or some other safe place. Ugh.

An explanation is due for the stuff on the back of this page. It came from Fortier, with the instruction: "for STF HASH." Well, it's in STF HASH. We still don't know where it came from, but we think it was something that was cut from TWILIGHT.

Whatever it is, we express our thanks to Fortier. It was he who cut the stencil, and for sure his Corona portable cuts a p r e t t y stencil. Now — all fanzine editors who have such pages that were cut out for lack of space, or for taboos of various and sundry reasons, we invite them to send such material to us. That's what STF HASH is — stf hash.

We say this is an experiment, an experiment against all laws of the mimeograph, etc. and etc. This is nothing more than yellow secon d sheets which can be obtained for 25% a ream. In the initial issue of FAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, we asked the question: "Why doesn't someone try typing paper in these times when paper (mimeo) is scarce and high?" We're experimenting with it ourselves. This is the result.

With this issue, we introduce

something which your response will either continue or discontinue. The index for UNKNOWN is another experiment, to see if you want such indexes. If you do, the n ext issue will be devoted to an index for ASTOUNDING for 1941.

Responses to the first issue were varied and most of them either went to one extreme or the other. "Another one sheet thing", or "insanely whacky, but delightful." We will view the critics' reviews of the first issue, and laugh silently under our beard when we see what Hisser will say. If he liked us the firstime, he will like us no more. Amen.

By the time that this mailing reaches both you and us'll, the Boskone will be a thing of the past. We hope we'll be lingering around Columbia, walking midst myriads of clouds, remembering those days in Boston. But — the age-old bugaboo of money stares us straight in the face, so — if army and police officers don't object too strenuously, we might have to thumh our way to Boston. We'll be there, though. We hope.

Roses - to Milty for MILTY'S MAG which we thought the most interesting thing in the last mailing.

Thorns — to Elmer Perdue for trying to bar Lee Eastman's renewal of his membership on the technicality that his LAST TESTAMENT wasn't in the official mailing, saying, therefore, he wasn't eligible for renewal.

And since this is STF HASH, we made hash of Tucker's Purity Restaurant account last issue by chaning "platonic" to "plutonic."

Toodle-oo, and don't forget to SOUND-OFF! - Marry Jenkins.

feelings of pure hatred pummeled his own conciousness. John felt that his senses were slowly but surely slipping and losing all threads to sanity. The woman was thinking of allowing the girl to get lost in the bus, because she was such a bother. The terrible heartlessness of the she-scoundrel would have stirred even the doldest of man-killers.

THE LITTLE GIRL, though; there was a sweet thing. Unaware of worldly strife, she lay relaxed sleeping in her mother's cruel arms. But as John's mind entered hers, pensive dogma struck him-dogma that would have floored the most lenient of straight minds, if there was such left on earth. A prude might have dropped dead from the shakes, but fortunately there were no prudes, so John presumed.

Melancholia gripped his body and soul; he entered an extreme depression of spirits that were almost at the lowest ebb. Then he faintly called to be taken far away, to be carried back to his rightful place. He felt himself falling, falling, as a spell of blue death engulfed his mind . . .

There were swirling shades of fury, a moment of purple agony, then he found himself back in his own lovely hell. Blue shades--morbid, but refreshingly delightful-surrounded him and protected his soul from the outside world. He smiled in a very wry manner as he glanced up at the towering cliffs of leaden tones, then shoveled another scoop of coal onto the fires. John was happy at last.

After all, there's : no place

quite like hell.

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ILIIS K

VERY LITTLE SPACE, quite a bit of editorial. Suffice it to say that we're very pleased to present a first issue with such a remarkable quantity of the cream of fan-authors. It's hoped that this premiere issue appears as a pleasant surprise to all concerned; —all receiving same have been selected as ones most likely to find enjoyment from our labors.

Mutant issues will be featured quite extensively, and changes effected therein will be well worthy of the designation of <u>Mutie</u>. Stories broaching upon an entirely new scheme of pure modern fantasy—those tales emphasizing our policy in different and exceptionally peerless manner—will receive this honor, —will set a pace that no fanmag can match.

Manuscripts are in great demand: vignettes of three to five hundred words; short-shorts of ten to seventeen hundred; and short stories of three to five thousand words. Payment, for the meantime, will be made by subscriptions. Short articles and poems will be accepted from time to time if the theme is suitable to our policies.

We feel more than fortunate to have such a fine cover this issue; the greatest cover ever presented on a fanmag by fandom's greatest artist. And we believe that you'll like the three-color arrangement by Albert Donnell as executed on the frontispiece by Tom Wright.

We leave you to happy reading until next time-Joe Fortier, Publishing Editor Tom Wright, Art Editor

index for UNKNOWN for 1941

Arranged alphabetically by authors. The stories are arranged chronologically, or in the order in which they appeared during the year. N — Novel; NV — Novelette; SS—Short Story; V — Verse; and A — Article. The numerical ratings by the side of the stories were compiled on a 4-point-basis (4, tops) by Joseph Gilbert.

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ARTHUR, ROBERT
       "The Professor's Hobby", February, SS. (22)
       "Mr. Jinx", August, SS. (2)
 BLOCH, ROBERT
"A Good Knight's Work", October, NV. (3)
 BOND, NELSON S.
       "The Fountain", June, N. (3)
       "Take My Drum to England," June, SS. (2)
"Prescience", October, SS. (1)
"Occupation — Demigod", December, SS. (22)
 BOUCHER, ANTHONY
       "On A Limb", October, A. (2)
"Snulbug", December, SS. (3)
 BROWN, FREDERIC "Armageddon", August, SS. (3)
 BUCK, R. CREIGHTON
       "Joshua", June, SS. (2\overline{z})
 CARTMILL, CLEVE
       "Oscar", February, SS. (22)
"Shape of Desire", June, SS. (21)
       "No News Today", October, SS.
       "Bit of Tapestry", December, N.
 DANIELS, NORMAN A.
       "The Road Beyond", August, SS. (2)
 DE CAMP, L. SPRAGUE
       "The Castle of Iron", April, N. (3) ((with Fletcher Pratt))
       "The Land of Unreason", October, N. (2) ((with Fletcher Pratt))
       "Mr. Arson", December, NV. (22)
 DEL REY, LESTER
       "Hereafter, Inc.", December, SS. (22)
 GEIER, CHESTER S.

"A Length of Rope", April, SS. (2)
GRANT, ALAN "Fiction", February, V.
HASSAN, SILAKI ALI
      "The Dolphin's Doubloons", October, SS. (2)
HEINLEIN, ROBERT ANSON
"They", April, SS. (3) HUBBARD, L. RON
      "The Crossroads", February, NV.
      "The Crossroads", February, NV. (3)
"The Case of the Friendly Corpse", August, N. (2)
      ."Borrowed Glory", October, SS. (22)
JAMES, PHILIP
      "Carillon of Skulls", February, SS. (2)
JAMESON, MALCOLM
      "Doubled and Redoubled", February, SS.
"Not According To Dante", June, SS. (2
      "Even the Angels", August, SS. (3)
KUTTNER, HENRY
      "The Devil We Know", August, NV. (3)
"A Gnome There Was", October, NV. (22)
LIEBER, FRITZ, JR.
      "The Howling Tower", June, SS. (2)
      "Smoke Ghost", October, SS. (2)
MILLER, P. SCHUYLER
      "Over the River", April, SS. (35)
PHILLIPS, A. M.
      "The Mislaid Charm", February, N. (32)
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PHILLIPS, VIC "Czech Interlude", Docember, SS. (1) RICE, JANE "The Forbidden Trail", April, NV. "The Crest of the Wave", June, SS. (2) "The House", December, SS. (22) RONAN, MARGARET "Finger! Finger!", October, SS. (1) RUSSELL, ERIC FRANK "With A Blunt Instrument", December, SS. (2) STURGEON, THEODORE "Shottle Bop", February, NV.
"The Haunt", April, SS. $(2\frac{1}{2})$ "Yesterday Was Monday", June, SS.
"The Golden Egg", August, NV. (3) "Brat", December, SS. (3) WALDO, E. HUNTER
"The Ultimate Egoist", February, NV. (4) "Nightmare Island", June, NV. (3)

There you are. Cela. Selah. Now, if some one person has been pleased, and welcomes this index, my work has not been in vain. However, if you'd like to see an ASTOURD-ING Index, by authors or otherwise, let me know and I'll do the work. Of course it will be published in STF HASH #3. If enough people respond, I'll do the same for any of the other magazines.

!!!www.!!!ww--;!!ww--!!!ww-!!!www!!!www!!!www!!!ww-!!!ww-!!!ww-!!!ww-!!

STUFF & STUFF

As we type this, we still haven't found enough money at one time to pay our FAPI. dues. But, we'll get that 75¢, or out name isn't — nope! Jack Benny used that last Sunday.

We've started on a long biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley by Newman Ivey White. Joe said we were crazy when we started it, but it is really worth our time. Interesting, and almost as good as Carl Sandburg's beautiful biographies of Ab Lincoln.

Somebody might like to know that stf author Stanton A. Coblentz has just had a book of his poetry published by Wings Press of New York. From his one poem that we've seen (the one in FFM) Mr. Coblentz isn't such a hot poet. But he probably did that one in a hurry . . .

"Have you heard the latest one about the moron?"
"Nope. Never talk about myself."

Eastman: "If beauty is its own excuse for being, why am I living?"

THE LOST MESSAGE by Paul Beach Wynburn

You spoke three words in the ear of the breeze,

As it passed on its way to the sea — You spoke three words in the ear of the brooze,

But you meant thom all for me.

The years have passed—and you have gone-But the breeze comes back from the sea, and the song it sings has just 3 words— The words you meant for me.

THE UNWELCOME GIFT by Paul Beach Wynburn

"Give me a kiss," I asked,
But you refused.
"Give me a smile," I said,
But you refused.
"Give me at least a hope," I begged,
But no —
You would not.
You gave me a memory ...
I didn't want that.

POISON FOR THE PROLETARIAT — Victor Herbert, while not inclined to brood over the failure of one of his productions, nevertheless had a healthy resentment toward a lukewarm reception of any piece he folt should have been a success. I friend of his was deploring the failure of "The Madcap Duchoss". "It was too good for the bastards," eter's succinct comment.