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THE Voyage of the  
SF52

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MARCH  
1952  
Volume 1  
Number 2



# The Voyage of the

# SF52

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Volume 1, Number 2 March, 1952  
Published about once a month by Rich. Lupoff

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## C O N T E N T S

Rocket mail	3
Welcome aboard	5
The puzzling problem of Peter Prim	7
Time machine	8
An editor's nightmare	9
Great inventions of man	10
SF52's prozine review	11
Fantypes	12
And then came the dawn	13

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## R O C K E T   M A I L

This is SF52's letter column, which normally will go in the back of the ish. However, with this copy I find that SF52 very nearly ended as a result of the advice of Greg Calkins, who is a great friend ~~xxx~~ of mine, via the U.Ss mails. But first read his and other correspondence.

from Klaus Kaufman, 1 Water St., Newburgh, N.Y.:

"I have just recieved your fanzine, and am writing to you to express my opinion. Mind you, I am far from a professional in giving advice, but I hope I ~~aan~~ help in my humble way.

Your zine is fair. I'm not rating printing, etc., because of your poor means. However, I'm sure you'll get as big a kick publishing on a typewriter as on a big mimeo machine. I have never published a fanzine, but their is always a first time.

The two stories stank. In reading the Colonist, struggling ~~x~~ through the faint print, I said to myself "This must surely be the worst tale in the issue." But after reading Cold. Well I tell you boy, I sure was left cold. Brrrrrrrr.

I am not writing this letter for the sake of making dissatisfied remarks. You told your readers to critiscize, so... Your editorial was very good indeed. Your review of Galaxy was excellent. Your article was good, and my and my views of good 'adult' and 'juvenile' mags seem to match yours to a tee. But why the contents page in the middle? Better omit it than have it in the middle. ( Ed's. note- that was due to my poor planning of layout. In the future I'll be more careful, and if things still don't work out..well, they just dont.)

How of~~at~~ten do you plan on publishing your zine? Irregularly, I suppose. (Note-you suppose rightly)

I hope to become a stf writer and have a few stories I could write for your zine.



However, most of them would be too long, even though they are short stories. You might want to publish serials, however. (Note-serials-yes. Not these go-on-forever variety, but anything up to about three or four parts.)

Have you sent your zine to the pros for review? (Note- #1 went to MADGE. #2 will probably go to TWS) Enclosed is a story you might like to use. (Yes, it's in this ish.) Hoping to receive your next issue and waiting to hear from you.

K.K.

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This had me feeling pretty well. Then I got Calkins' missive:  
(Gregg Calkins, 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City)

'Voyage of the SF52' appears to be a remarkable undertaking. Suggestions? Back off a year or so & start again. In that year, get yourself a used mimeo & more of a name in the fan field. Get yourself a couple of columnists lined up, too. Believe me, I know- I found out the hard way.

(Note-Gregg puts out COPS LA, not a bad dime's worth, and containing some stuff by me coming up. Plug and counter-plug, signing off)

I'm really astounded that anyone would try what you've done-it's more work than it's worth, I'm afraid. Typing just won't do it, Richard - you need something better. Like I say, back off a bit and start again.

G.C.

(A little later I got another card from Gregg on a different matter, but he included:

Good luck on SF52 if you decide to continue. It's a brave gesture, I'll be the first to admit, but a futile one.

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Finally I ~~xx~~ got a letter from Artie Bullock, 812 Gildersleeve St. Santa Fe, N.M.:

Thank you for sending me a copy of SF52. Great Galaxy! You're a fool for work! I can't imagine typing and hand-doing covers on even half a dozen copies, no less trying to do more. Isn't there any commercial mimeo shop

in your town? I'm not suggesting that you make any great outlay - cut your own stencils, they run about 20¢ per; dispense with ~~an~~ artwork,

I've never seen any from a mimeograph that was even passable, have you? (Yes, but not much) Then have the stencils run. Charge enough for your fanzine to cover your expenses. You'll probably be left holding the sack for a few months until you get rated by a couple of pros, but a good magazine will soon take up the circulation lag. SF52 shows promise of developing into a good mag - I'd like to see anyone as desirous as you appear to be get what they want.

I contribute regularly to fanzines and will be glad to send you something later if you want it (I do) I'll be honest in telling you that fanzines get what I don't sell. I'm trying to break into regular professionals, and each month shows some little progress. (Hope you make it, maybe I'll be trying to sell you stuff, someday) Everything down your alley that I have is now out and even if it weren't, they are far too long for a typing process. I'll try to come up with something for you soon - Truly I would like to see you make a go of SF52.

A.B.

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Well, that's the mail. Response from three sources. There were eight copies of the first ish, but one went to MADGE for review, I kept one for a permanent file, and one went to England, from which a reply would not yet have come, so that makes three out of five, a 60% reader response. I hope that keeps up.

~~XX~~

Now for the editorial-

### W E L C O M E - A B O A R D

The main obstacle to SF52, ~~the~~ seems to be the lack of mass-production. So let me tell you just why I can't do it just yet: At the moment I am a cadet in a military school; in June I'll be out and be home for a while. I think I'll be working at a summer camp after that; then home again; thence to college.

I have some money saved, I could afford a mimeo or hectograph machine, but where would I keep it?

So it looks like I'm gonna work from good old Mr. Smith-Corona for a while, if at all.

It also looks as if SF52 will be irregularly published. It will probably be just about a monthly, but I may miss ~~wone~~ once in a while, or put in an extra in between. So rather than commit myself, let's say irregular.

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~~fr~~ Klaus Kaufman's story in this ish is the example of work other than my own. I hope that there'll be more in the future, so come on. And please, I beseech you, write. Write specific criticisms or write general letters, but write. They'll all go in if there's room, and I'm pretty sure there'll be room.

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W E L C O M E - A B O A R D



THE PUZZLING PROBLEM OF  
PETER PRIM

THE CHAP SHOWN BELOW IS PETER PRIM.  
HE HAS QUITE A BIT OF A PROBLEM, AS HE WAS  
SEALED IN A CONCRETE COMPARTMENT WITH ONLY  
ENOUGH AIR TO LAST SIX HOURS, AND NO TOOLS.

THEN THIS COMPARTMENT WAS SEALED IN ONE OF  
STEEL, AND THIS IN ONE OF LEAD; THEN THEY  
WERE ALL CAST IN THE OCEAN.

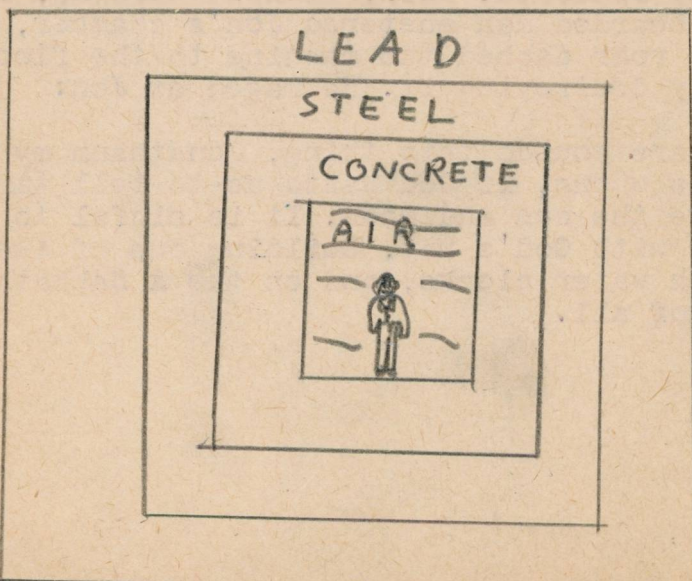
HOW DID HE GET OUT?

IF YOU CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT,

TURN THE PAGE OVER, AND

READ THE SOLUTION, BUT

I'M WARNING YOU. I DON'T KNOW OF  
WHAT, BUT I'M WARNING YOU & ABOUT THE ANSWER.



He just waited for the six hours, then  
he PASSED out.

## TIME MACHINE...

an SF52 short story

Jon was on his way to his sleeping chamber,

hardly containing his excitement. Just a few finishing touches and his time machine would

be complete. He adjusted the flow-aperture. It must have just the right size opening, or the whole time-flow would be thrown off, with

unknown-but certainly not good- results. He was glad, also, to be working on his time-machine, for another reason. It was a rest day; or at least they called it a rest-day. Actually they

got up just as early in the morning as on work-days, but instead of going to the fields and working there they went to the lecture hall where they had to listen to long boring lectures.

~~They~~

They also had to listen to meaningless chants. But now the meeting was over, and he was in his rest chamber, where his time machine was nearly finished. Then, without warning, a tall, bearded man entered Jon's chamber, and with a roar dashed the machine to the floor, utterly destroying it. He raged at Jon:

"How dare you do this thing, Jonathan my son. This is wrong, if God wants us to tell time, we have the sun and moon. It is sinful to tamper with God's way, building one of those foolish water clocks, and on the Sabbath, worst of all.



## AN EDITOR'S NIGHTMARE

I fell asleep last night, I think,

And had the most terrible dreams.

I was drowning in gallons of black  
printer's ink,

And the paper was raining in reams.

I yelled and I screamed for my associates,

But come he would not though I holler;

And ~~when~~ the business man on my staff  
shared my sad fate,

For he fell in while chasing a dollar.

All my artists now came and I called for  
their aid,

But to help me they quickly declined,

Because they all said that they  
hadn't been paid.

"No more work, boss", they'd made up their  
mind.

Just then I awoke in a terrible sweat,

And in thankfulness started to pray.

But then then I recalled a more terrible  
threat

Than mere death: this month's deadline's  
today.

## GREAT INVENTIONS OF MAN

### THE BALLED-UP POINT

#### PEN

Shortly after WWII there appeared on the market a product called the 'Ball-point-pen', which sold for about about \$25. Now it is down to about 25¢. It 'rolls' the ink onto the paper. It has several features which make it an exceptional value. A few of them follow:

It writes under water- this makes it an ideal instrument for use by deep sea divers who like to take notes while on the job. It is also a boon to authors who like to work in the shower or bath. Of course keeping the paper from drooping and falling apart is a problem, but if someone would invent a water-proof paper we could all work and wash at the same time.

It writes in airplanes- when flying your F300 against the Chinese MIG's, you can write it down every time you bag one.

It writes for months without refilling- this doesn't impress us too much, but it is of great utility to people who can't get at ink for long periods. Flagpole sitters and men adrift on liferafts should all carry ball-point pens. And men who like to crawl in desert sands and murmur 'water, water', it would great, because with a conventional pen they would be tempted to drink the ink, but with a ball-pointer they would be unable to do this, and would find it easy to write farewell messages.

And finally, the ball-point pen would be a great help to people in a place where there was no soap, because they would just have to write a few lines, and almost invariably their hands would be covered with ink, and the dirt would go unnoticed.

## SF52's PROZINE REVIEW THRILLING WONDER STORIES

TWS has just changed editors, from Sam Merwin to Sam Mines, and although the latter is not quite as familiar to fans as his predecessor, he is doing a good job. Here is a look at the latest (April) bimonthly issue:

**COVER ART-** ESMH turns in a gorgeous bit with a rocket crash and three survivors. Scientifically, of course, it's a big boner, because the scene seems to be the surface of the moon, and the men have space suits on, but the sun is shown distorted as by the atmosphere. However, as I said, artistically it's fine.

**INTERIOR ART-** Not so good. Finlay, Urban, and an indistinct signature that looks something like 'Eycl' turn in unoutstanding work, but Alex Schomburg is doing a grand job.

**STORIES-** A couple of years ago life published an article on 'Low brow-Middle brow-High brow'. Well, TWS is just about the perfect middle-brow. Maybe just a hair above perfect balance, but just about middle. Fletcher Pratt has a future-crime story that's not so bad, and Tony Boucher does another in 'Public Eye', which is clever. Richard Matheson has a bit of humor in 'The Foodlogger', but an outstanding novelette comes from the pen of Bill Temple, in 'Counter-Transference'.

**FEATURES-** Jerome Bixby has a fine fanzine review section, 'Out of the Frying Pan; Letters are the standard; 'What's New In Science' is interesting but not outstanding, but James Blish has the most controversial of the lot, a guided tour of the universe called 'Our Inhabited Universe'. Not that its content is controversial, but some love it, and others (including the ed.) think it stinks. Form your own opinion, though.

TWS is a pretty good zine, but don't look for miracles.



## FANTYPES

The nine levels of life; from the lowest of curs to the most exalted of scientifiction.

Edifan

Actifan I

Actifan II

Actifan III

Inactifan I

Inactifan II

Subfan

Antifan

The Antifan- One to be hated; a sworn enemy of the true ways of science-fiction, who spurns it as being immoral or worthless trash. If one of these cannot be converted he should be destroyed.

The Nonfan- More to be pitied than hated, he is not an enemy of S+F, but merely is an unknowing, uncaring, ignorant individual.

The Subfan, or Semifan- Reads an occasional bit of the true word, but is not a real fan.

The Inactifan, second class- Reads quite a bit of science fiction, but has failed to recognize it for what it is, putting it down merely as the particular branch of adventure reading which he likes.

Inactifan, first class- One who has come to the realization that stf is IT, but who is entirely a consumer, not a producer.

Actifan, third class- The lowest echelon of the real cognoscenti, he has made the momentous step of writing an occasional letter to the prozine ed.

Actifan, second class- Writes occasional articles for fanzines, as well as his letters to editors.

Actifan, first class- A frequent contributor to fanzines, perhaps even having a regular column, etc., in one or more of them.

Edifan- Really a sort of Super-actifan 1st., the Edifan has his own baby, his own fanzine, however minor or poor a one it may be. He is the aristocrat, the head man, and the prophet of fandom.

Onto all these classifications can be added the prefix neo and the suffix emeritus.

AND THEN CAME THE DAWN

by Klaus Kaufman

an SF52 short story

The sky turned into a rosy pink, lighting the rocket with a strange unearthly glow. A pinpoint of light shone in the rosy sky, it was the morning star-Venus.

Her golden hair had a tint of pink as she stood on the terrace, watching, waiting.

She was tall, slim, delicate, beautiful. Her face showed passion, sorrow, grief.

A thundering roar and the rocket darted toward the pink that was now turning orange.

A tear fell from her blue eyes, sliding trickling. She watched until the rocket was no more, then she turned.

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Aboard the rocket three men lay strapped to three bunks, paralyzed. Their faces showed horrible strain. Then they took the straps off and got up, weakly, dizzily. The tallest of the three, a man of thirty with dark hair spoke.

"Get to your stations."

A young man of twenty looked from one of the portholes, watching Earth grow smaller. He thought of Helen. He thought of her beautiful blond hair but suddenly his dreaming ended as a sharp voice brought him back to reality.

"Davidson", the tall man said, "get back to your post."

"Yes sir," he answered sadly.

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It would be only a few hours now. Venus loomed ahead looking strangely beautiful and terrifying. The few hours passed. The rocket landed and three men came out.

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The three men never returned to the rocket. They have not been heard of for many years. Yet she still waits, and each morning as the sky turns to a rosy pink, and her eyes are turned to a tiny pinpoint of light, Venus, the morning star. And each day a tear falls and she turns and walks into the house.



