

DIANOURA

NO.

1



PROSSER 62

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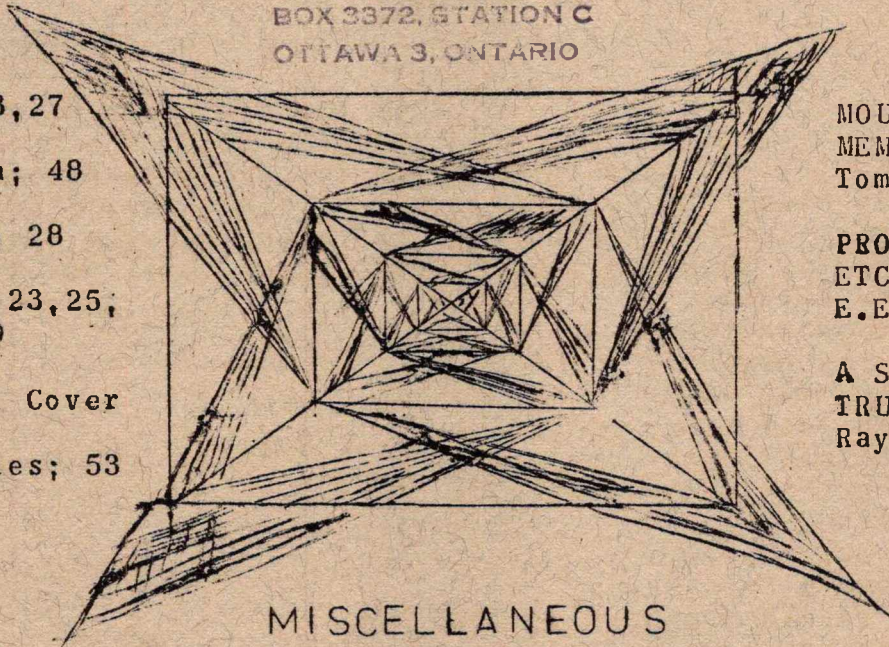
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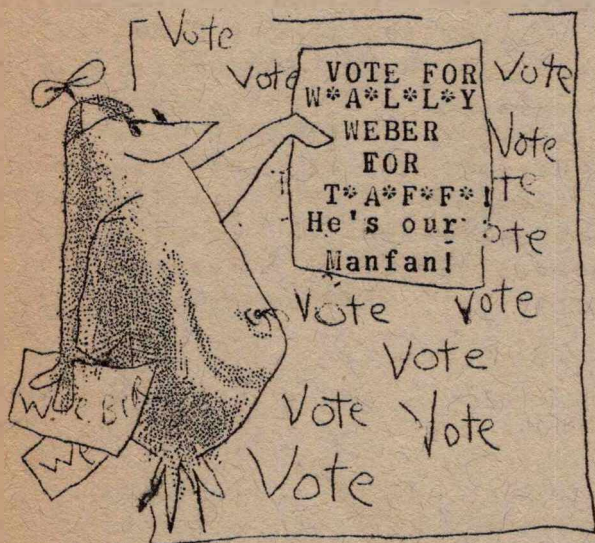


MISCELLANEOUS

Cover Multilithed by
Lynn Hickman

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as much as I hate to reprint things, Perfering all original material I find that in this case I must make an exception. I was also planing this for one of the back pages but I printed page three on the back of page two when I should have printed page two on the back of the contents page. However the error has been made so I'll put this here instead. Now the reason I'm reprinting this (which would have been later) is that in every zine I've put out of major import, there have been things in it by Marion Zimmer Bradley, August Derleth, & Clay Hamlin. and I'm not about to buck tridition now. These are Reprinted from (being as I lost his original contribution) THE ODD ONE, 1st Annish. I enjoyed them then and I think you will now. the series was called HOW IT REALLY HAPPENED and was by Clay and myself.



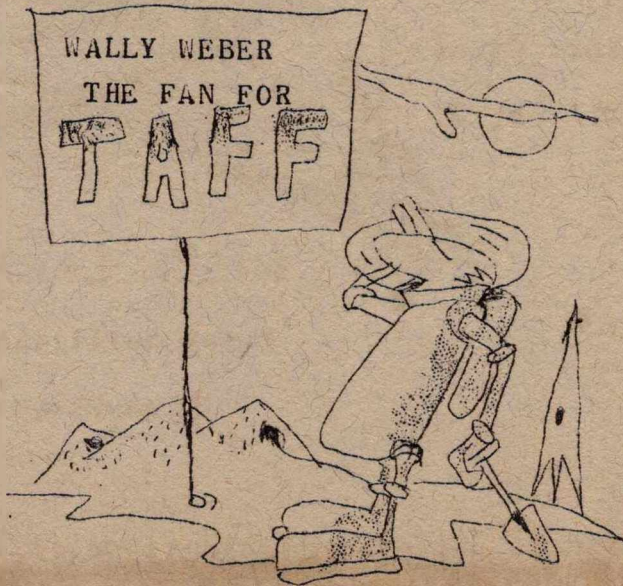
Lance shielded the chained form of the cringing girl from the gaulzak slithering towards them. Towering over him with gaping mouth slavering, countless long fangs visiable, a red glare from his multiple eyes, and numerous tentacles reaching avidly for her cowering form. Only the slim steel blade Lance held at ready protected the princess Yolandra from sure doom.

The Creature brushed the man aside with a minor tentacle and continued down the passage where his mate awaited him.

From the barbarian peered into the precipice where the hell-spawned creature had fallen. His heroic body was covered with blood from livid wounds, and his blade was covered with greenish ichor. Standing erect he loosed a barbaric cry of victory and defiance. Peering upwards from the narrow ledge he saw the girl behind the boulder still awe-struck from the violence of the battle.

Reaching for a protruding chunk of rock, he prepared to climb to her. His foot slipped on a pool of ichor and he toppled into the chasm.

 Wild Bill Williams stood facing the crowd, poised, hands held ready at his sides, defying them. In his typical gunfighter's crouch, ready for anything, he was widely known as the fastest man with twin Delameters to infest the depths of space. Bill smiled gently as the little man facing him reached for his weapon. He waited, and when the other moved, Bill's hands moved in a Blur of motion twin flames sped from his Guns. He missed.



~~A Lengthy Editorial~~

~~In Search Of A Title~~

After having heard so much about the horrors of composing directly on the stencil, I'm almost afraid to do this editorial, but as this is how I've put all my stuff out since I've been publishing and having my material published. I guess you'll just have to suffer through it all.

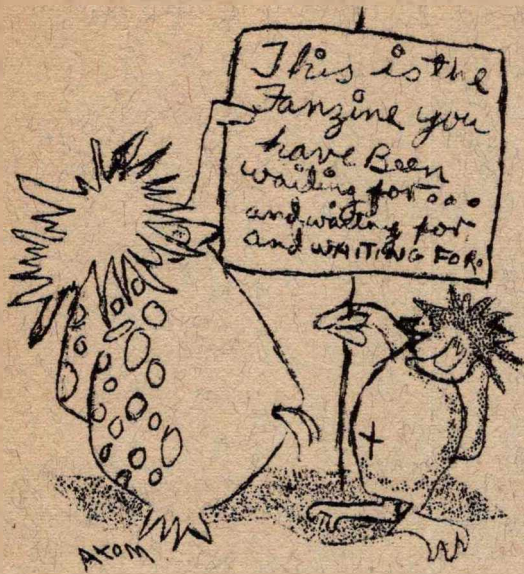
I am the type that while I can put anyone else's work on the stencil the way they type it, I can't do it with mine. I am a compulsive redrafter, if there is such a word, in other words I'll write something and then if I want to put it on stencil I'll revise it, and while making a final copy I'll revise it, then I'll have to recopy it again to correct the things I did wrong and in doing that I'll rewrite it again, and this could go on forever if I don't finally make myself stop. I think I rewrote my English Senior Theme a total of 6 time and then in making the final draft completely rewrote it again. Not that the rewriting isn't good mind you, in fact each time I rewrite a thing it comes out better, and I got an A- on my theme which was one of only 4 out of a class of 32 students.

This is also why I hate to reread my work as in my mind I am rewriting and revising all over the place and end up totally dissatisfied with it.

I have so little time to myself nowadays that I can't really afford the luxury of being able to make my editorial look as sparkling and good as the rest of the contributions look, so now that that's taken care of I get on with the rest of the explanations.

This is actually the October 1961 issue of Dianoura, and while it is a bit late (which is just about as masterful a piece of understatement as you're likely to find) still it is out and COPYRIGHTED for all you who didn't see it on the contents page. This is done for the authors protection and mine. And for those of you who say this is a foolish thing to do may I say that I have seen pieces of VENTURA's contents published without my permission or the authors so be warned in advance.

Now, I have the proud priverledge (even if it does look like it's spelled wrong and probably is) of presenting a short story written especially for DIANOURA by Marion Zimmer Bradley. This was done to replace the short story printed earlier by Bob Jennings without either Marion's



permission or mine. In fact the first I knew that he had it was when I saw it in his zine, and the first Marion knew about it was when I sent her a special delivery air mail letter asking her why she had given the story to Bob Jennings

The way Bob Jennings got the story, as Marion later found out and told me was that some years back (4 years at the time the story came out in Jennings' zine) she had sent a story, the one I had, to a faneditor, who had since Gaf-iated and as she had figured it was long since gone she sent it to me.

Only it seems that when said faned went gafia he sent his material on to Bob Jennings and it just so happened that Jennings decided

to use some it, and that decision came as much of a shock to Marion as myself. If Jennings had checked with Marion he's have found that someone already had prior claim on it and saved both himself and us some little discomforture, and embarassment. I always clear my material with the author to find out such things, this time there was little need as it was for the most part sent by the author themselves.

This issue which I am justifiably proud of you might say comes to you courtesy of Dick Lupoff, who is a very good man. I was able to make arrangements with him to get the paper I'm publishing on. I was able to find out where to get the paper from Buck Coulson, who is also a good man. I was earlier lamenating about the high cost of paper. How the 10 reams of mimeo bond had cost me practally \$3.00 a ream and how I'd had to take about 6 different colors as they didn't have enough of the Granite bond to make ten reams. (and if you think that's high you should see the price on just one ream!) and he said, "you're paying to much for your paper" and sent me a Vari-color order blank to prove it. I must admit I was properly grogged. Seems Vari-color sold their Granite paper for even less than 1/2 what I'd even have to pay for just white paper. So I filed away the order form until Dick Lupoff (who is a VERY good man) came to my resque-uh-rescue.

For those of you that wonder why I'm supporting WALLY WEBER FOR TAFF let me explain, I learned that Wally was running for TAFF and at the time I didn't know who else was. He's a good Man and I like the guy because he managed to get my letters in the CRY lettercolumn for two years running and then I didn't get my CRY once so I called Wally to complain about this horrible thing, and then I called Elinor Busby, and I called Elinor Busby, and I called Elinor Busby....then I called Wally again, until I finally get my CRY and wouldn't you know it? I didn't have a letter in it that month....matter of fact I wasn't even mentioned in it *sigh* Now here it is the middle of April and again no CRY, and when I phoned Wally he told me I didn't have a letter in CotR again this month, " But you made the WAHF column tho" Which is why I'm supporting Wally for TAFF

....Namely because I gotta deport this character so I can get a letter in CRY again. Not only that I enjoy thinking with fiendish glee what it will be like when Wally's boat/ship docks and all those English femmen mob Wally, hehehheh, besides if Marion went who would I get short stories and other goodies from?

But to be perfectly truthful, this is another year I wish I could vote for both of them, or at least have both win, because both are so very deserving, and I can't think of to more perfectly wonderful people to know. Wally is everybit as humorous and witty in person as he is in CRY and I talked to him an hour on the phone before I even realized I had called to tell him I hadn't gotten my CRY he is a most engaging conversationalist, and exactly the kind of person you wish you had for a next door neighbor so you could see them more often.

Marion Z. Bradley is also a magnificent person and one can say nothing but good about her. She has always responded to my pleas for material and always been most gracious in all of her letters as well as being simply one of the most prolific of writers as well as one of the most entertaining a story of hers has the ability to hold you spellbound until it is finished she can truthfully and with great sincerity be called a Writers writer. Call her one of the three B's, Bradley, Bradbury, & Bloch for their writing is music to my ears and food for my soul.

The main obstacles that I had to bridge when I started were getting something to publish my zine with, as Bob Jennings had changed greatly when he went to college and was no longer a good friend of mine, or it seemed later, and still seems even much of a friend. As I say College changed the guy. Then I got the mimeo, and as I had a friend in a local mimeo shop I was able to get all my service done free paying only for the improvements like the silk screen I later got and the electronic stencils I had to have made for the Dumont art folio. Which I think you will agree came out quite well. For such a magnificent artist he sure isn't seen as much as he deserves to be. Hint hint, Avram Davidson.

Speaking of The Dumont Artfolio, I must give a little credit here to Ned Brooks, Good Fan & True. One of the people that I'm glad lives close enough to come visit me once in a while, his visits mean a lot to me as he provides me with about the only active transportation and doing things with someone I get. So Colating credit for the Dumont Artfolio goes a good deal to Ned, Now if I can just get him over for the gigantic Rhoot Bheer and Colating party when I get all this run off maybe we'll get this out some time this month....I hope.

Also as a sort of after thot. This was done durning my weekends and other and sundry spare time (a day here, three hours there) over the past two almost three years. at times there were intervals of months when I was out of work, and rather than giving me time to work on this held me back due to lack of funds. Christmas week provided me with the money for the silk screen and the Art folio, and Easter week with the ink and a few shading plates. I'm almost sorry to see it end as when I have needed something to do this has provided it. It's shorter than it would have been due to the loss of an envelope containing an article which I was greatly looking forward to publishing Called "What's Wrong With Fan Art" by S.W. Paul Wyszowski, and which was a Most excellent article, the loss of this I consider tragic along with other material I was saving.

I had been keeping the envelope on the twin-bed next to mine and had had it there for some time, and when I would do some work on Dianoura, I would transfer it from the active envelope to the inactive. I kept all my art work here and I still had a bit more to use. As luck would have it, one evening my mother cleaned off my bed, so my nephew could spend the night in my room (to my everlasting sorrow, he loves to poke and pry, and not only that he snores, but loudly, with all the quiet bombast of a power saw cutting down a redwood) and that was the last I have ever seen of material, envelopes, and/or artwork. Again the greatest loss here was in the loss of some priceless Steve Stiles artwork, (some of which I put on the bottom of a page just to remind me to use the rest of it.) There is another genius. I admire this guy tremendous, he's another that has as much of a sense of humor in person as he has on paper. He has a great talent and uses it terrifically well.

As most of you know, I with the able and invaluable (in otherword I wouldn't have been able to make it without him) aid of Ned Brooks, was able to make it to last Phil Con, where I met and enjoyed the company of Washington D.C., Philly, & New York fans. There's only one ~~DAN/KAKI~~ ~~ANDY KAKI~~ Steve Stiles, and I met him at the party held by Philly Fandom in room 704. Later Steve drew the most Marilous cartoon, which I was saving especially for a spot like this and so I was understandably greived at the loss of it. The result of this loss (and the material) caused me to clean out a dresser I have in my room, and now I have the drawers labled "Ultra-important" "Important" and "Keep" etc. Never again do I intend for a thing like that to happen. The cartoon, which I loved, showed several fen standing around while an axe and sword tore down the door, one fan was saying "party-poopers" and the caption read, "The hotel staff was somewhat hostile." and it was drawn at my request to have something to illustrate the incident it went with.

Which was, the party had been going on for a while and I was seated confortably in the middle of the edge of the floor using up what little space had been left after I had staped on someones hand and they moved it and sat up. I found myself in the midst of a group that consisted of Bob Pavlat, Les Gerber, & Nameless J. Nameless who's hand I had stepped on, things went swimmingly till the phone rang and the guy had to get off of it in order to answer it almost, and then a chant began, "les gerber Les gerber LES gerber LES GERBER" and so he got up climbed over various and sundry fen and finally managed to get to the phone, "It's Steve Stiles and Mike McInery" he voluntiered, " They say they can't get up here because someone called the police to come break up a noisy party" the gathering quieted down to a dull roar, and I went down to investigate and the door closed and locked behind me with the admonishon to knock three times when I got back, I found out that the party wasn't ours that was getting cooled, but a blast thrown on the 17th floor by Midshipmen. and so I went back, and knocked three times and was admited by Les, who heard another series of knocks, and opened the door. There stood two midshipmen who though that this was one of theirs, and when Les opened the door, he brough the party to a deathly quiet with "GOOD GOD! THEY'VE CALLED THE MALITIAL!" the Midshipmen's jaws dropped and they beat a hasty retreat down the hall. The next thing I knew someone was saying "Les Gerger has been locked out in the hall, and the only way he can get in is for one of you to turn him in." Like I said, it was great fun and I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Now I'm all a flutter looking forward to DisCon, and all that. If you enjoy this zine please write and tell me so. Who knows favorable comment might make me do another one.

THE MIDDLE OF

NEXT WEEK

By

Marion Zimmer Bradley

"Suppose the test doesn't work --what then?" Mike Santini asked.

Benteen scowled. He was a gaunt man in his mid-thirties, with the sun-starved look of the man who has spent most of his life working behind concrete-and-lead safty shielding. "It will work. I'm not worrying about that," he said, and looked uneasily at the door, as if his eyes could penetrate the maze of corridors --- all the way to the closed sheet-steel door that said RESTRICTED AREA - DANGER. "But we may not know how to handle it." Santini shrugged. "I'm afraid that's your problem, sir. I'm only along for the ride. I don't know a thing about temporal warps or temporific torques, or whatever you call 'em."

The older man chuckled at the scrambled technical terms. Mike Santini was past twenty, but he looked a youngish sixteen, and Benteen felt absurdly paternal.

"Mike, do you want to back out? You still can, you know, and nobody will blame you. It isn't as if you were a member of the project."

Santini grinned. "I wouldn't miss it for anything, sir."

"You needn't say 'sir' to me all the time," Benteen said irrelevantly. "My name's Dave. This thing hasn't really been tested enough. Do you still want to go through with it?"

"If you're not afraid, I don't see why I should be, sir -- I mean Dave. Speaking of which, isn't it about time we got into our fancy dress?"

"Oh, yeah." Benteen eyed the rig-outs hanging on the wall of the cubicle, then bent to unlace his shoes. Mike shucked his lab coat, inching meticulously into the heavy flying-suit. He picked up one of the thick crash-helmets which lay on another bench. "My contribution," he said, his grin almost disappearing behind the helmet.

I feel like a prize donkey in this rig-out, Mike. What's the big idea of the crash gear?"

The youngster flushed self-consciously; he had been the one who insisted on the protective suits for the test. "Call me a coward, if you want to, but that rabbit came back half-skinned. I had to chloroform it. Of course, all the other experimental animals -- what do you mean, this hasn't been tested enough?"

The general principle has been tested, all right." Benteen finally mastered the zipper and slid it to his neck. "But never in so large a field. The torque vectors --"

Mike held up his hand. "Words of one syllable, please. Outside of basic pre-med, my scientific vocabulary is zero. And I'm the only freshman who flunked required math not once but twice."

Benteen sat down on the bench. "In words of one syllable, then, Dr. Mallinson is going to try and send us -- or, rather a small specially built steel car with us inside it -- approximately 500 hours into the future."

"And back, I hope," Mike put in.

"The temporal torque, time-stream to you, has been established with its vibratory period of disassociation, but I'll skip the equations--"

"--since I wouldn't understand them anyway."

"Exactly. Anyway, he's sent small animals through a smaller field with the portable pulse projector --"

"Which is where I came in. You took one of my best albino rabbits, to say nothing of all those mice. I saw the demonstration, and here we are," Mike concluded airily. "I'm ready if you are."

There wasn't far to walk, but there were at least a dozen right angles in the corridor before they reached the door that read DANGER. One of the Plant detectives checked their badges before they went through into more corridors, and finally a large concrete-and-steel room with red-painted ares, complex machinery, busy Geigers, and a safty-screening device. Behind the shielding, Dr. Mallinson was talking to a pair of civilians and two other men in uniform, obviously Army brass. Benteen understood -- if a reliable time-travel device could be perfected, its military application was almost too obvious. He cut off the thought quickly; in this day and age, it was just as well if a research psysicist,

even a civilian in commercial industry, didn't let himself dwell on the possible military applications of his work.

Mallinson called them over and introduced them. The paunchy civilian was Denning, the head of Nebraska Electronics' research division --on paper; Mallinson did the work. The thin nervous civilian was Cranston, from the Washington office. The tall Negro in a Major's uniform was Lawrence, an army surgeon; the grey-haired man with a Texas accent was Lieutenant-Colonel Davies.

Dr. Mallinson, fussy as ever in a rumpled lab coat and steel-framed glasses that blurred his eyes into an indistinct haze, presented the two men as if he were apologizing for them; "Dr. Benteen is one of our best men," he said as if he regretted it, "--helped to develop the Xi factor in vector equations during his first research grant, and has done a lot of work in temporifics, and this is Michael Santini, from Nebraska Medical School, Mr. Santini works in the biological test laboratory."

Denning caught him up; "Biological test--?"

"The most recent test was made with animals from our experimental laboratory. We carried the pulse-projector up there and set up a very small field, sending four newborn mice, and an albino rabbit approximately 300 hours into the future --"

Lieutenant-Colonel Davies frowned. "You don't have security regulations here, I know, but it seems a careless practice. Why weren't all test held down here in safty room?"

"There isn't the slightest danger in the field itself," Mallinson told him, still apologizing, "and Dr. Benteen wanted to make sure that the portable pulse-projector would work at the pressure and atmospheric conditions above ground. We're three hundred feet underground down here."

The Army surgeon, Lawrence, asked, "Did the animals return safely? If so, why the crash gear?"

Mallinson began, "It was Santini's idea, sir. Since he's a volunteer--"

It sounded like rank cowardice, and Benteen jumped in with immediate denfense. "Dr. Mallinson, one of the test animals returned in such serious condition that it had to be destroyed."

Mallinson shouted, "Santini, did you destroy that rabbit?"

Mike pulled off his crash helmet. He said, "I had to Dr. Mallinson. The skin was torn all off one side of it, and its ribs were crushed, and one eye was out, and -- well, it was in bad shape, so I chloroformed it."

The scientist snorted brief laughter. "Gentlemen," he said, ignoring Mike again, "you have been present at the formation of the first official Time - paradox. A rabbit which existed, though briefly, twelve days in the future, is now dead. Hence it is in the peculiar position of having lived after its own death."

Benteen felt annoyed. "The terms, Before and after are purely relative in this context."

"One could become quite metaphysical about the nature of resurrection, on the basis of that rabbit," the thin Cranston mused, and Dr. Mallinson interrupted, "We can discuss the metaphysics at your convenience, if you like, after the demonstration. Just now, time presses--without benefit of paradox."

"Both time and paradox," Benteen put in, "are words which laymen toss around too freely."

Mallinson's frown was repressive. "Have you gentlemen any other questions?"

Cranston wanted to know, "Will the destruction of the rabbit, now, make any difference in whether it actually existed, or will exist, in the future?"

"I shouldn't think so," Benteen answered, for Mallinson had turned aside and was studying a diagram, "In the rabbit's personal conscious, that moment when he was transposed to a moment in the future came before the moment when he returned and Santini removed him from the cage. We are observing it from one part of the temporal pattern, and saw an interruption of consciousness, but for the rabbit there was none---or so we surmise. The rabbit, unfortunately, wasn't able to give us accurate information about the state of his consciousness. I am -- hence this experiment." he turned away, almost rudely, toward the device that looked like a sled and wasn't. He was angry at the way this was being handled. There should have been dozens of test, some with animals, some with men, all conducted behind locked doors, before outsiders were invited. But Nebraska Electronics needed government research money, and Mallinson was rushing the affair through before election time; making a sideshow of it, so that Denning could wheedle a sizable grant out of the military.

Mallinson was calibrating the dials on the sled, giving the four spectators a running commentary in layman's language. More and more, he reminded Benteen of the barker at an expensive sideshow, with himself and Santini as Exhibit A. Well, he'd brought it on himself. He climbed in and strapped himself down firmly, telling the kid out of the side of his mouth, "Listen, if the Big Brass can understand, you ought to be able to."

Santini listened to Mallinson lecturing on. "This calibration adjusts the field of the sled into the magnetic continuum of the temporal torque. The actual controls are operated by remote control behind the safty shielding, so that in the event Dr. Benteen and --oh yes -- Santini -- are incapacitated by shock, we can bring them safely back. This dial keeps the sled oriented to the magnetic poles of the earth."

"Why is that?" Davies wanted to know.

"In 500 hours, the earth will be several thousand miles further in its orbit in space. If the sled was freed only in time, while remaining fixed in this point in space, they would materialize at a point in the orbit which the Earth has left; 500 hours from now, this absolute point ---" he indicated the red-painted square around the sled, "Will be

empty vacuum. However, they will materialize at the right point in time and space, and their return can be adjusted to the motion of the earth during the fractional second they will be absent from this time. Do you understand?"

"Frankly, no," said Lieutenant-colonel Davies. Benteen smothered laughter, and tried to catch Mike's eye, but the boy was looking, with a mixture of apprehension and exhilaration, after Mallinson's untidy retreating back. He leaned over and advised, "Take note of what you see and hear, they'll want us to talk, afterward."

Mike muttered, "We'll be able to tell them more than the rabbit did, anyway."

Mallinson's voice sounded loud over the amplifier. "Thirty seconds to Pulse activation. Are you ready for countdown?"

Benteen stuck up his hand and waggled it in acknowledgement. The safty door was shut and sealed.

"Thirty seconds. Twenty-nine, twenty-eight---

The straps across Benteen's chest were uncomfortably tight, and he squirmed a little into a more comfortable position -- there wasn't time to adjust them.

"Fourteen, thirteen, twelve --" a reddish light winked on, and Mallinson's monotonous voice counted " nine, eight, seven..."

"Next stop is the middle of next week, " Mike murmured with irrevent glee, through the counting.

"Three, two, one, Zero..."

The red light winked once and vanished.

To the men behind the safty door, watching on the television monitor screen, the sled seemed only to waver a little, like a blurred image, and there was a little sound like a half-heard echo. Mallinson frowned at the monitor, jerking off his heavy glasses to rub impatiently at their lenses and peer through them again. He bent to check the activation control. Denning, fidgeting in his seat, glanced round at the military men.

"Is something wrong?"

Mallinson rechecked a telemeter relay before answering. "The test seems to have been a failure. Everything else we've sent into the distortion field has clearly vanished and reappeared." He bent to investigate the dials. "Prehaps the distortion is less in a large field --"

"What's happened?" exclaimed Cranston, jumping out of his chair,

"Look, look, Dr. Mallinson, I can't see Benteen at all --"

"GOOD GOD!" Mallinson struck down the deactivation lever and fairly flew out of his seat, clawing at the fastenings of the safety door, and running with clumping steps over the concrete. "Major Lawrence!" he shouted, "In here, quick!" He swung himself up on the edge, looking down at the slumped bodies.

Mike Santini was hanging limp in the straps, a sticky redness matting his hair; the crash helmet hung from torn webbing, and his mouth was bleeding. One arm dangled like a broken toy. He was just conscious, his eyes glazed with pain. Benteen, wedged in beside him, was not bleeding, and his crash helmet was in place, but one leg was jammed up at an unnatural angle and Mallinson could not hear him breathing at all.

"Hit us, " Mike said groggily, "--hit us."

Major Lawrence hoisted himself up beside Mallinson and looked quickly down at Mike. "Help him out," he ordered the two civilians, "He's banged and bruised, but not hurt bad. Let me get to Dr. Benteen."

They got Mike out of the sled. He could walk, unsteadily, and they hauled out a chair from the inner room and put him in it. Meanwhile, Mallinson and the Army surgeon laid Benteen on the floor, loosened his flying-suit, and removed the crash helmet. "Concussion, probably," the Major said in a low voice, "Good thing he was wearing that crash kit, or his skull would have crumpled like an egg. Better have him moved to a hospital."

The Lieutenant-colonel broke in, in sudden command. "You have an infirmary upstairs in the building. Use that. He's not going to an outside hospital until we know what's wrong -- and what caused it. For at least five hundred hours, I'm putting a government security clamp on this whole area."

Cranston melted out from under Davies' eyes, mumbling something about getting a stretcher down here, and the company doctor. While Major Lawrence examined Mike's elbow -- only twisted, not broken -- and applied first aid to the cut lip and forehead, Mallinson was examining the sled, frowning and jerking at his glasses.

"They went somewhere," Denning observed, "Whether into the future, or not I, I couldn't say, but they went somewhere."

"They must have," Mallinson looked down at the flat-stretched Benteen. "How long till I can question him, Major?"

Lawrence was looking for a pulse. "He won't be conscious for hours -- maybe never. He certainly won't be in any state to answer questions."

Denning, furious because his elaborate sideshow had been ruined, and he saw his chances for a sizable research grant growing dimmer by the minute, leaped at the chance to make Mallinson the scapegoat. "I can't consider you've acted in a responsible way, Mallinson! If it hadn't been for Santini's insistence on crash suits, there's no doubt we'd have lost one of our most valuable research men, and an innocent volunteer!"

Mallinson was too distracted to protest that Denning himself had arranged this spectacular demonstration. "Dr. Benteen assured me over and over that it wasn't possible for any physical damage to result from the torque field," he complained.

"Then why do they look like the tail end of a train wreck?" Denning demanded unpleasantly, "I don't suppose your guinea pig watcher, there, can tell us anything!"

They had gotten Santini out of the flying suit, and he looked remarkably young and battered in his undershirt. The surgeon had cleaned away the blood from his mouth, but his hair was matted and sticky with blood, and his eyes immense in the blackened sockets of two beginning shiners. He spat blood onto a folded gauze square and touched a broken tooth painfully. At Mallinson's question he dropped the gauze square to the floor, then bent to grab it, but the uniformed Major had already retrieved it and dropped it tidily into a wastebasket.

"I don't know, Dr. Mallinson. The red light went out, and something hit us -- I'm not sure, but I think I heard Benteen yell. Then you climbed up on the edge, and that's all, sir."

"There was no interval at all? Didn't you even see what you hit?"

The kid shook his head wearily. "Not a thing, sir."

The Lieutenant-colonel was looking over the sled. "You intend to continue the test?"

Denning's deep-set eyes sharpened a little-- maybe the research grant wasn't so far away after all. He joined the officer, who was looking carefully at the sled. "Hasn't it moved a little inside the field?" Davies asked.

"That's impossible. See ---" Denning pointed, "It's bolted to the floor."

Davies nodded. "You'll dismantle the sled?"

"No, No," Mallinson said quickly, "Whatever else we do, we mustn't move the sled from here for at least five-hundred hours. That's why it's bolted down -- to prevent it from being accidentally shifted or tampered with."

"I see." Davies broke off as the plant detective opened the door for the staff men from upstairs infirmary. While they loaded the unconscious Benteen on a stretcher, he asked mildly, "Are the outside staff men always allowed inside the safety room?"

"Of course not, but Dr. Benteen --" Mallinson began, but Denning, tagging Davies like a tail-wagging puppy, jumped in angrily, "Certainly not! Mallinson, see that a 24-hour guard is kept on the safety room from now on. Colonel, didn't you say we could have a military guard if necessary?"

"All right," Davies said, frankly bored, but Denning beamed triumphantly at Mallinson, who was looking as crestfallen as the barker of any

sideshow when the crowd has been rained out. Denning announced, "After all, we can't take chances!" He walked off victoriously, leading the military men into his fools paradise.

David Benteen thrust his head into the laboratory, and asked, "You still here, Mike? I thought the slaves had been locked out for the night!"

Mike Santini chuckled. "I quit at five-thirty, but my chimps get lonesome all by themselves, and I guess they think I'm congenial company. Coffee?" He gestured at a silex ingeniously rigged over a bunsen burner.

"Feeling better?"

"Sure." Mike touched, gingerly, the dressing on his temple. The genial young face was adorned with two really spectacular black eyes. "But what about you? Mallinson talked as if the funeral was already scheduled."

"They'er still X-raying my skull every hour on the hour," Benteen said, "but they put off the funeral for a while. Where'd you get the chimps?"

"Even a gorilla," Mike indicated the huge reinforced cage. "Dr. Mallinson sent them up. They're out opposite numbers. When the 500 hours are up, they're going to try the sled field with apes instead of humans ---the Washington Office nixed any more experiments with humans. I guess Cranston was scared spitless when he saw you covered with gore -- he must have been remembering that girl who died in the experimental lab in the Space Station, and all the fuss it made, coming right at election time."

"Heaven help Nebraska Electronics if they ever give chimps the vote," Benteen said.

"I don't envy them any." Mike poured coffee from the silex into a chipped china mug and offered it to Benteen; fetched a clear glass beaker, and poured more for himself. "Sugar's on the windowsill, if you want it."

"This is fine, thanks." said Benteen, and sipped absently. Mike put down the beaker with a glassy clink.

"Dr. Benteen, do you mind if I ask you some questions?"

"Go ahead. If it's classified, I won't answer, though," Benteen warned.

Mike asked, "when we traveled through the temporal warp, or whatever it was, our only sensation was shock-- we never knew what hit us. But was it OUR future we went into?"

"I don't understand --"

"Look. 500 hours means about 4 P.M. tomorrow. So at four tomorrow, you'll be at home--"

"Not a chance. The minute the time is up, we're going over to the pulse-projector, and see what happened."

"Well, then. You'll be in your office, and I'll be up here, or out with my girl, or in the swimming pool. But that's the time when we're on the sled. So were there -- or are there -- two of us, two of each of us, that is, in that minute?"

"Good, grief!" Benteen said, laughing. "I'll explain that one if you can answer this one. Use nice round numbers, and say the earth is 24,000 miles around, and turns at a flat 1,000 miles an hour. Imagine a jet pilot named Joe, who gets in his jet plane at Frisco at 4 in the morning -- it's 8 A.M. in New York. He flies to New York at a flat thousand miles and hour, and it takes him 4 hours. So when he gets to New York, it's just noon. When he gets up the next morning, instead of having a 24 hour day, he's only had a 20-hour one. Has he shortened his life by four hours?" Mike frowned over that, and Benteen pushed his advantage;

"To make it even simpler, say he does that every day for six days, going all the way around the world, so that he lives a succession of 20-hour days. Is his life going to be shorter than the average man's?"

I was Mike's turn to say "Good, grief!"

"Okay. Now let's say our jet pilot has a twin brother named Jim. He gets into his plane in New York at 8 A.M. -- the same time Joe leaves Frisco at 4 A.M. -- flies at the same speed in the other direction, arriving in Frisco four hours later -- 8 A.M. the same time he started, so next morning he's lived through a 28-hour day. Who's going to live longer, Jim or Joe?"

"Forget I asked," said Mike, "My head's spinning!"

"Joe and Jim are going to live exactly the same time, no matter what that time is called in the zone where they live," Benteen continued, "They might have trouble keeping their watches set, but their personal consciousness of time wouldn't change."

Mike puzzled over it a minute. "But wait. Suppose they both get killed at the same time -- simultaneously, I mean -- after three days of this. It's Joe who has the 20-hour day? Well, Joe will have lived only sixty hours after they started flying, while Jim will have lived -- what is three times twenty-eight? -- four, carry one -- eighty-four hours. A whole days difference."

"It sounds like the old joke about who's got the extra dollar," Benteen admitted, "but you can figure it out --" his coffee cup crashed suddenly to the floor.

"MIKE! that rabbit!" he yelled, "You only had two, didn't you?"

"Dammit, that was my only cup! What do you expect with rabbits?"

"Don't try to be funny. Look-- there -- THERE, good GOD!"

Mike spun around, wondering if Benteen's fractured skull had finally affected his mind. Then he saw it and sprinted for the gorilla cage, yelling, "Drop it! DROP IT!"

But the rabbit was already lying, a limp draggled fur rag, on the floor of the cage. Santini, his face screwed up in disgust, reached into the cage with a long pole and fished it out. "How the devil did that poor rabbit get in there?" he wondered aloud, started to drop the corpse into a disposal basket, then grabbed it up again. "Holy Saint Peter! Take a look at this, will you?"

Benteen back off a little as Santini thrust the still-warm corpse into his hands. He surveyed it with rising nausea. "It's pretty well messed up. Isn't it dead?"

"It's dead, alright. Don't you notice anything about it? Look, the way the skin's torn -- it's the same rabbit!"

"All rabbits look alike to me. Do you -- oh, good gods!" Abruptly Benteen caught his meaning. "Mike, are you sure?"

"Dave, I'll swear it's the rabbit we put in the pulse-projector field. And the gorilla cage is right where the field was set up."

"You're nuts." His face churning in disgust, Benteen realized he was still holding the bloody dead rabbit. He started to toss it down, then laid it gently on the laboratory table. He ran cold water over his fouled hands dried them on a paper towel and came back to where Santini was examining the stiffening corpse. "Mike, It's insane! the mathematics of continuity --"

"I don't know beans about the mathematics of continuity, and I don't give a damn about them," Santini stated, "What I do know is this; we've got a rabbit, on that table, that I buried once. I killed it myself." Abruptly, he shivered.

"Well, it's dead." Benteen touched the stiffening fur. "Wonder what you'd find if dug up the place where you buried it?"

Santini sat down on a lab stool, not deliberately, but as if his knees wouldn't hold him up any longer. "Here's something that makes your paradox look childish, sir. What if I had grabbed that rabbit away from the gorilla before the big ape had a chance to maul it?"

Benteen stared at the wall. "Don't ask stupid questions. Our Calculations --" he jumped up. "That's what happened to us!"

"What?"

"To us. In the sled. That's what we hit!"

"Hit what? The cage? We weren't --" but Benteen interrupted excitedly "The sled, Mike! The Sled! We crashed into the sled -- bolted on the floor up there!"

"Now wait. You mean we hit ourselves coming back?"

"We've got to get up and see Mallinson! Bring the rabbit along -- better wrap it in paper, or something," he added tardily.

Hector Mallinson, factual head of the research division of Nebraska Electronics, was more than a little annoyed when they broke into his office and tossed a dead rabbit on his desk. Justifiably so, Santini thought, while Benteen, in technical language of which Santini understood one word in twelve, outlined the situation. He finally turned to Santini. "All rabbits look alike to me but if you say it's the same one--"

"It IS. I'm POSITIVE."

"Which means," Benteen insisted, "That we've got to move that sled! The spatial displacement within the torque--" the language became technical again. But Mallinson evidently did not agree.

"We can't move that sled without the Army's permission."

"Then call a conference, and get permission!"

Santini never knew how he happened to be present at the conference, unless to identify the dead rabbit once again. The language was a little less technical this time, and Santini understood some, not all of what was said. "The rabbits and the mice," Benteen insisted, "were simply placed on a plate within the pulse-projector field, not tied down. They moved forward in time -- into the gorilla cage. Evidently it was only for a fraction of a second, since the rabbit reappeared mauled, but alive. This time there was a full materialization, and the rabbit was mauled, torn -- and killed!" He gestured to the now-rigid corpse.

Denning pulled at a button. "I'm for letting well enough alone. You hit the sled, had bad bumps and bruises, but who knows what will happen if we move the sled? The rabbit was mauled because we placed the gorilla cage into the spot where we had placed the pulse-projector. If the test had been made in the safety room--"

"There's no analogy," Benteen protested. "The operative factor is the spatial condition at the moment of arrival. The rabbit was not enclosed in a solid object! We were -- and we'll materialize inside a solid object, unless that sled is moved! It may kill us, it might even cause a nuclear explosion!"

Denning shook his head. "Everything you've said convinces me that the death of the rabbit was simply carelessness. You should have warned Santini, or whoever is in charge of the lab, not to place anything on that spot for the duration of the test." He was grandstanding for the Army, and Benteen knew it. There was no use in saying anything more.

Outside Benteen began to swear, helplessly and monotonously. "I might convince Mallinson, but Dennig -- how can anybody be so stupid? I was a fool to agree to the big show-- just so he could show off to the Army. I feel responsible for you, too," he added, and Mike saw that the older Man's face was white and drawn.

"Don't worry about me. We did come out it alive. Only -- does this mean there'll be more of it tomorrow?"

"Mallinson thinks not. I hope to God he's right," Benteen said soberly "I'll go back and tackle him alone, after Denning's gone. I'm willing to stake my job and my reputation on it --" he laughed shortly, and completely without mirth, "One thing's for sure. If I'm wrong, it's the last thing I'll be wrong about here, because I won't have a job. And if I'm right, it's apt to be the last thing I'm ever right about."

"Joe and Jim," Santini muttered.

"You and your real live paradox!" Benteen suddenly exploded, "--and bury that damn rabbit, will you? Bury it for good, this time!"

This was the worst part of being a layman and a volunteer, Mike Santini thought. When something was going on, something that concerned you, you didn't know any more than they wanted to tell you.

He hadn't buried the rabbit. Instead he had done a meticulous autopsy on the animal, without finding out anything he didn't already know. White albino rabbit, in good health, recently deceased, cause of death a severed spinal cord, and broken vertebrae. He didn't know what he had expected to find -- traces of chloroform in the breathing passages, maybe. He examined the tissues, carefully, half expecting to find them the flabby tissues of an animal several days dead. On the contrary, the meat of the rabbit was fresh, the cells intact. It was a distinctly creepy feeling.

He was cleaning up the place when Benteen put his head in at the door. "Mike, come here a minute."

Mike asked, "What's happening? What did they decide?"

Benteen did not answer directly. He asked instead, "Can you handle a blowtorch?"

"A WHAT?"

"A blowtorch." Benteen gestured. "You know -- acetylene."

"Sure, my old man runs a welding shop, you know that," Mike began, then did a double take. "What are you going to do with a welding torch?"

"Nothing. If I knew how to handle one I wouldn't involve you in this," Benteen said tersely and literally. "Come on, I've got the stuff stashed down the hall."

Santini followed him, but as Benteen unlocked the room where, days ago, they had donned crash suits for the test, he balked. "You going to rob a bank?"

Benteen pointed. The crash suits and helmets were still hanging on their hooks; an acetylene torch and a welder's hood lay on the bench. "Get into your suit."

"I won't need it to use --"

"I said, get into it!" Benteen was already hauling on his own suit, and Santini stood looking at him for a minute, then slowly started taking off his coat. "Okay, but I'm not about to --"

"What you're about to do is to help me move that sled. And if we have to commit burglary to get to it, we'll burgle."

Mike flung his suit on the floor. "I don't know about you, but dammit, I need this job!"

"You need your neck, too," Benteen said grimly, "You're going to look a lot worse than that mangled rabbit of yours, in about--" he consulted his watch, "--an hour and ten minutes, unless you quit yacking, and get moving." He settled the helmet over his ears with a jerk. "I've talked to Mallinson until I'm blue in the face, but now the Army's taken over, and nobody's allowed in the safty room, even Mallinson."

"So--?"

Benteen hoisted the welding torch. "You bring the hood along," he directed, as they started down the corridor. "you told Mallinson that the last thing you heard on the sled was me, yelling."

Mike swung the blackened hood by its webbing strap. "Yeah, yelling."

"Remember what I said? Any words?"

Mike stopped in the corridor, trying to think; Benteen urged him on with a gesture. "We haven't much time. Can't you remember?"

Mike fell into step again. "seems to me it was something like 'Hurry and get it out!' or 'Hurry some---' nothing that made sense. Then something hit me."

"That proves it, because I didn't yell." Under Mike's skeptical stare, Benteen added, "I don't remember, I was out like a light, but there was a tape recorder in there. Mallinson's voice is on it, and the countdown, and what you said about the middle of next week. Then not another sound until Mallinson hauled us out and started yelling for the medic."

Mike's tanned skin slowly paled. "You didn't yell--"

"--and the others were behind the shielding. So what you heard was something one of us yelled about an hour from now."

"But if I heard it, why couldn't the tape recorder --"

"The subjective consciousness --" Dave began, then broke off, looking haggard. "You wouldn't understand anyway. Skip it. We're wasting time."

At the final angle of the corridor, a man in an Army uniform was standing before the heavy door; he looked bored to the eyebrows, and his jaw muscles cracked on a suppressed yawn.

"You again, Doc? I didn't know you in that outfit." Benteen hauled his priority pass from his pocket. "I have to get in there and supervise the end of the test."

The sergeant didn't look bored now. He looked persecuted. "I can't figure you," he said wearily, "This makes the fourth time. Look, I'm not trying to give you a bad time, but I've got orders. The gizmo in there is getting along fine, all by itself."

Benteen handed the welding torch to Mike Sattini. He said grimly to the sergeant, "I'm warning you, it's a matter of life and death."

The man started to laugh and stopped himself. "Come on, Doc, you're all worked up. Why don't you go and get some sleep?"

"I'm sorry about this," Benteen said, and abruptly brought up his hand, chopping quickly at the neck muscle. The sergeant blinked once and crumpled on the floor.

Mike laughed and Benteen turned on him furiously. "What's funny you moron?"

"Him. He thought you looked so harmless--"

"Hell with that. Get that lock loose before someone comes down here."

"Easier to get it off at the hinges." Mike demonstrated, while Benteen grabbed the sergeant's feet and hauled him aside. Mike asked angrily, "Did you break his neck?"

Benteen put a hand on the man's wrist, hunting inexpertly for a pulse. He finally let out a sigh of relief, and said, "No, thank God, he's just out cold. I just hope he stays that way until we get inside."

"Come help me shove on this." Mike had the hinges loose. They manhandled the vault-like door aside, and slid through. The safety room was cold and clammy. "I hope they take those hinges out of your paycheck instead of mine." Mike muttered.

"If you're worrying--" Dave checked himself. "They will. We haven't got much time, though."

"We won't even have that much, if that sergeant comes to, What now?"

Benteen tested the door to the inner part of the safety room. To his relief, it opened easily, and they stepped inside. The bolted sled stood squarish and innocent-looking under the pulse projector field. Benteen pointed to the bolts which fastened the device to the floor. Mike squatted to inspect them. "Simpler to get a crowbar and pry them loose."

"They'er screwed in under the plates in the floor." Benteen got down beside him. "We'd have to dismantle the whole structure. Can't you melt through the skid runners side of the bolting structure?"

"I guess so." Mike hauled the hood over his head, admonishing Dave, "Get out of the way, and DON'T watch. You'll have a worse pair of eyes

than I did, if you look into this flame!"

On the fourth he heard a noise, and jerked around to see the door thrust inward. Benteen was swearing helplessly, his eyes on his watch. As Mallinson and Denning broke in, he commanded tensely, "Keep On - get that last bolt loose!"

Mike watched the thin runner of melting metal glow white, thin to a narrow ribbon. The crackle and glare shut out Mallinson's angry voice until a new, louder voice commanded, "Get away from that sled, Santini! See this?"

The white fireworks died and Mike stood up, staring with shock into the muzzle of Colonel Davies' Army pistol, pointed so that it could be turned on Benteen or himself. He dropped the welding torch, which fell with a clang on the metal plates and slipped the hood back.

"The kid was only helping me," Benteen said, tightmouthed. His eyes were on his watch. Mallinson said through set teeth, "If you've ruined the test --"

Benteen began to edge toward the sled. Davies shifted the pistol to cover him. "Don't try it--"

"Shoot and be damned," Benteen shouted, "as soon die one way as another!" He lunged at the edge of the sled and began heaving. Three sides gave way; the fourth, its metal runner held by a narrow ribbon of metal, held and resisted as Benteen wrenched and heaved; Davies lowered the gun.

"The Damn fool knew I was bluffing," he said bitterly. "If I shot him we'd never know--" he jerked his head as a shrill siren began screaming overhead. Benteen, now heaving wildly, panted "500 hours -- can't get this side loose--"

Mike threw his weight against the sled. They felt the metal ribbon snap as the runner gave way and slid sideways. They heard Benteen shout "Hurry and get out of the way -- here it comes--" and then Mike's world turned over and went black.

Mike unfastened the belt he discovered strapped around his chest, and Benteen gave him a hand to step out of the sled. It had slid sideways several feet and was turned askew and blackened. Mike put his feet gingerly to the floor, and muttered in bewilderment, "Nothing hit us this time." He touched an intact front tooth. "What the hell!"

Davies' eyes were scowling, watchful, as Benteen laid his hand flat against the sled.

"No such thing as time travel," he said flatly, "It's just a disassociation of the temporal consciousness. I hate to think what might have happened if -- for instance-- Mike and I had been somewhere outside the building. It dawned on me that we had to be inside the field at both ends

of the experiment, or else. Before, the bolted-down sled --" he laid his hand on the blackened frame again, "hit the corner of this sled, at the split second when the runner snapped and we heaved it loose. So we took the whole shock of impact, but that was all. For a fractional second, there were two sleds, just as there were two rabbits, but normally they existed several days apart, and never could meet. They occupied roughly the same space, but not the same time. Now the temporal torque twist under the pulse projector, and the two sleds do exist in the same time. When I figured that out, I knew they damned well couldn't exist in the same space too -- and we had to move this one or get killed."

"I still don't--"

"Look. Two objects can occupy the same space, provided they'er not in the same space. You and me, for instance. We're here at the same time, but not in the same space."

Davies realized he was still holding the pistol. Sheepishly he put it away. "That still doesn't explain why you got bruised up the first time, and not this time."

Benteen sighed, "The clue is in the word torque. The time field twists, as I knew, but it doesn't twist and come back as I thought. It loops into a four-dimensional figure-eight, and the two sleds grazed one another in passing, because a corner of sled₂ was still in the space occupied by sled₁. It picked us up in passing, but now the figure-eight has looped around and we're back where we were before -- physically, that is."

He was confronted by a row of puzzled faces. "Not Clear? Maybe I can explain--"

"All I want to know," Denning demanded, "is this; did you really go back bruised, or not?"

"I don't know," Mike Santini interrupted, but I'm sure as hell not going back and find out!"

Benteen clapped him on the shoulder. "Mike had the answer all along. He heard me yelling as we passed by in time--but time-travel is associated with a dislocation of consciousness. Naturally we couldn't remember it until it happened."

Danning snapped his fingers. "I've got it!" he exclaimed, "The foods industry! Send young chickens into the future, bring them back all ready for the frying pan! When they show up, grab them again and send them around ----we'll experiment right away with rabbits! Santini, go up to the lab and get me--"

Mike and Benteen looked at each other in dismay.

"This," Mike said, "is where I came in."

Together, they headed for the door.

FILLER 97

Dear A. Grennell

Let's face it. If you put out a fanzine then it is to your advantage if your "readers" read it. I will confess to receiving magazines every now and then that--time being as short as it is--I merely scan and shudder over.

Let me hasten to assure you that this probably doesn't apply to your magazine. That seems to be the danger of making derogatory comments without naming names. Instead of making one or two people sore, you make scads of people worried or mad or both. But when a fan sends me a copy of their magazine on their own initiative, it seems rather callous and ungrateful to tear it to pieces. Gift horses and all that sort of thing.

But there are a couple of ways that you can make a magazine more readable. If you're already using the tips I'm about to let fall, then but nod sagely and ignore them. Let's discuss them, first as regards to presentation, and then regarding the material itself.

First there's the matter of paragraphs. Try to break your copy up into appetizing "bite-size" chunks. There is something very formidable about huge blocks of solid type, with the edges going clear out to the sides of the paper and no "land-marks" to guide your eye to the next line.

The tendency for the average reader--and most readers are average readers--is to read to the end of the line, skip back and make a false start at the beginning of the same line. This annoys most readers and the slight saving on paper does not begin to offset it.

If you use the popular 8½ X 11 size paper, a single column page has lines anywhere between 6" and 7½" wide. Very few books have lines this wide and most of them that do run 6" columns will "lead" their lines---that is, put a thin extra space between each line to keep the reader's eye from repeating like a phonograph needle stuck on a faulty record.

So break your copy up into paragraphs, if you can conveniently do so. Then allow at least an extra half-space (a full space is better) between each paragraph. Typing in a format such as the one used here reads most comfortably if you don't use much over 8 lines to the average paragraph.

Isolation gives a one-line paragraph added emphasis.

But don't overdo it.

That looks silly.

It isn't mandatory to indent for each fresh paragraph if you allow a full space between each one. But it does look rather nice and it lends that neat "professional" touch. It's customary to indent five spaces-- that is, to make your first letter on the sixth space in.

Let me set forth my own personal views on justified margins. I do not claim this to be a Universal Truth; just my own opinion. But I don't recommend justified margins in typewritten copy. And I'll tell you why.

Copy produced on "letter-press" (such as a conventional printing press) leaves the printer no choice. He has to justify, because he has to "lock-up" his type in the forms to keep it from falling out when the press is in operation, and it must be clamped in from both sides as well as from the top and bottom.



But the printer has something you don't have on your typewriter (unless you have a \$2,200.00 Varityper). The printer has spaces of several different widths and he can use all of them to achieve even margins without sacrificing the uniform appearance of his copy. I should qualify that statement. He can if he is a good printer. There's more--- Much more---to setting really good copy in movable type than merely arranging the letters in proper sequence.

But most fans set up their fanzines on a typewriter; a machine that allots exactly as much room to the normally chubby letters like "m" and "w" as it does to the humble comma. Most "office-model" typers and some portables are capable of half-spacing, but two words half a space apart look too closely related for comfort. You can justify with one and a half spacing ~~but~~ that takes a certain amount of concentration, as well as being bad for the nerves.

Some justified typing is better than others. But even the best of it suffers to a lesser degree from the maladies peculiar to the species. For one thing it becomes necessary to hyphenate words very profusely---sometimes at a place removed from the normal "breaking-point" between syllables. A word continued on the next line interrupts the smooth flow of reading. They are better avoided if it is reasonably practical.

Furthermore, even-edging frequently suffers from "gaposis"--to borrow a word from the Sanforized people. It displays what printers call "lakes and rivers". These are areas of light appearance where a lot of extra space on adjacent lines clumped together.

The trick, of course, is to spread your extra spaces from one line to the next. Best bet is to type up a "dummy", preferably on "Ezerace" or "Corrasibile Bond" or some similar paper that lends itself to easy erasure. Then if an offending word sticks out too far, spaces are filled in with red hyphens, (if you use a two-color ribbon) to avoid confusing them with bona fide hyphens (Hi, Walt!).

Then in retyping, you can spread up to six extra spaces across the line without having to use more than two between any pair of words. Six is the most you'll ever encounter.

But with so many better things to do with your time, why bother with even-edges? Some of the finest fanzines that fandom has ever seen had copy with right margins as shaggy (Hi, Fred!) as the edge of a pre-war issue of AMAZING.

And now, having dwelt briefly upon the paragraph and the margins, let's take a look at the sentence itself.

- Beware of four things:
1. Long sentences.
 2. Long words.
 3. Excessive commas.
 4. Excessive adjectives

Generally speaking, if you can't read a sentence out loud in comfort your reader will find it indigestible to read to himself. WRITE THE WAY YOU TALK. The words of a given sentence pile up in the readers mind like concrete in a wheelbarrow until he reaches the end, extracts your meaning and dumps it into that vast bin that holds every other sentence he ever read or heard. Don't overload the wheelbarrow.

You needn't confine yourself entirely to short sentences--by no means. The important thing is the average length of the sentences you use. Roughly, they shouldn't average much over twenty words. If a sixty-word whopper is necessary, offset it with a few shorter ones.

The topic is too big to cover here but if you're interested in the subject, I'd recommend a book called, "The Technique of Clear Writing", by Robert Gunning. I borrowed a copy from a library, then found it to helpful that I bought a copy.

A "long-word" may be considered to be any word with more than three syllables. Here again it's the over-the-page average that counts rather

than the individual line or sentence. If a big word is necessary, and if you are sure you are using and spelling it correctly, (This is ever so important!) then use it. But if you know a shorter, better known word that carries your meaning just as well, use that instead.

Mark Twain had the right idea when he said, "I never write 'metropolis' for a quarter when I can get just as much for 'city'!" (I doubt if he ever got as much for "City" as did Clifford Simak, but that's irrelevant.)

Whoever edited the collection of Clemensiana called, "Mark Twain in Eruption"-- a delightful book incidently-- I think it was Bernard DeVoto, mentions that little rewriting was done except to expunge whole bushels of commas. Commas were more popular in Mark Twain's day but the modern trend is away from them if they are not absolutely essential. If a comma's absence won't alter your meaning, then leave it out.

Adjectives-- the hack-writer's dearest, staunchest, truest, most beloved friend. For an adjective is a word, and all words bring the same rate. A chap named Roget (ROGG-ay, not Ro-ZHAY) wrote a book just chock-full of synonymous adjectives. Comparitively few writers today suffer from the dread scourge of adjectival diarrhea although reading some of Sam Merwin's works one finds he was subject to occasional mild attacks.

An occasional adjective is necessary, even beneficial. The sentence you just read would be quite indecipherable without the adjectives it contains. The key-word here is moderation. Examine each adjective before you drop it to the paper, and ask yourself if the sentence can get along without it?

But shun the practice of laying a string of adjectives in front of every noun. Don't say, "The dead blue-black, metallicly-glinting, scarbold shaped, atom-driven, gigantic, Collosal, gargantual, extra-solar spaceship ..." when you can substitute, "the black spaceship..." You may kid yourself into thinking that you've imparted a lot of infomation to your reader in a few words, but the sober truth is that you have bored hell out of him, and very likely lost him as well.

I'm not going to say much about typographical errors, strikeovers, and things like that. The less you have of them the better. Now I'm aware that some people wouldn't notice a typo if it spat in their eye. They leave the proof-reading to the reader and the readers love it. But before you remove the stencil or master from the typewriter, it is good practice to read it over, slowly and carefully and do what you can to correct the most glaring errors in spelling and sentence structure. Nothing looks more awkward than a word or phrase unintentionally left out or misplaced.



The reason for re-reading it before you take the work out of the typewriter is because that is the easiest time to correct it. Once it's out of the machine, it becomes quite hard to wipe out the mistake and type in the correction without it being terribly obvious.

All of the foregoing applies pretty much equally to anyone who tries to set up pages for publication and some of it's possible interest to those who write for other's magazines. I assume that you know about that or that you'll learn.

But the point I wanted to stress is that there is something besides reproduction and subjectmatter to be considered. There is that quality called "readability" that is as hard to define as it is important.

I think I can safely say that nobody makes money publishing an amateur magazine. Even if they cleared enough to cover their materials, they'd never begin to get an adequate return for their time.

Most fanzines are produced in hopes that everybody who gets a copy will read it and comment on it. Certainly if the recipient doesn't read it, the chances the chances that he'll comment on it are cut way down.

So I hope that you may find something in this article, some fresh aspect that will better help you make your writing and publishing output just a little bit better. I've scattered a few good and bad examples of what I was talking about through these pages. How many did you notice?

---DAG---

-oO()Oo-

MOUNTAIN'S MEMORY

The last romantic stood upon a mount
And pondered now the cliff that lay so near.
The lonely knight in dusk stood near machines
And listened for the voice he'd never hear---
The voice of chivalry searching for the voice
of a peer.

The rules of chivalry clung like chains
That pulled him to the edge.
He fought against their mighty pull,
Then smashed them with a sledge....
And chivalry was dead.

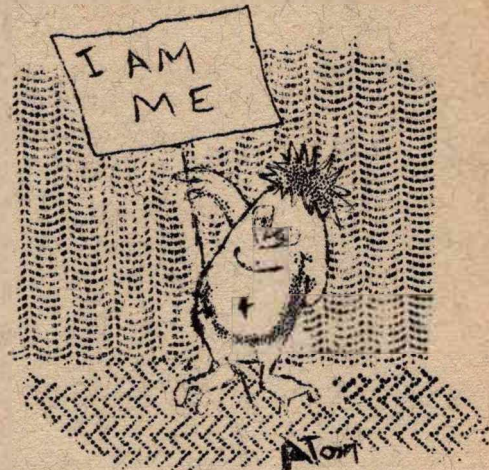
Now often in the glow of dusk
In museum dusted halls
A blacksmith searches battered chains
To try rebuilding walls---
The walls of castles, cisterns, moats;
The walls to capture echo's sound;
The walls erected on the mound
of the chivalry of man.

--THOMAS B. HAUGHEY--

FANDOM & QUALS IDENTITY

by

BETTY KUJAWA



Ever since answering Earl Kemp's "Why Is A Fan?" questionnaire, I've been trying to get straight, if only for my own satisfaction, just why I fan?

One of the main reasons seems to be "Identity". Gentlemen readers try, if you please, to put yourself in the female role for a moment or two-- married femmefans you will know what I'm trying to say.

Upon marrying, even in mid-20th Century America, the woman, to some degree, ceases to be the individual she previously was. From then on (and let's take my case here) she is, "Mrs. Gene Kujawa" or "Gene's wife" and it's, in my locale, "Gene & Betty" never "Betty & Gene".

Any opinion or expressed idea of state gets, at best, mild prefatory notice. (Exception: Being amid the remnants of the "Rat pack" of my single and school days.) As a wife in the eyes of our groups (business, social, and most importantly, the world of skeet shooters), I am an adjunct, not an entity.

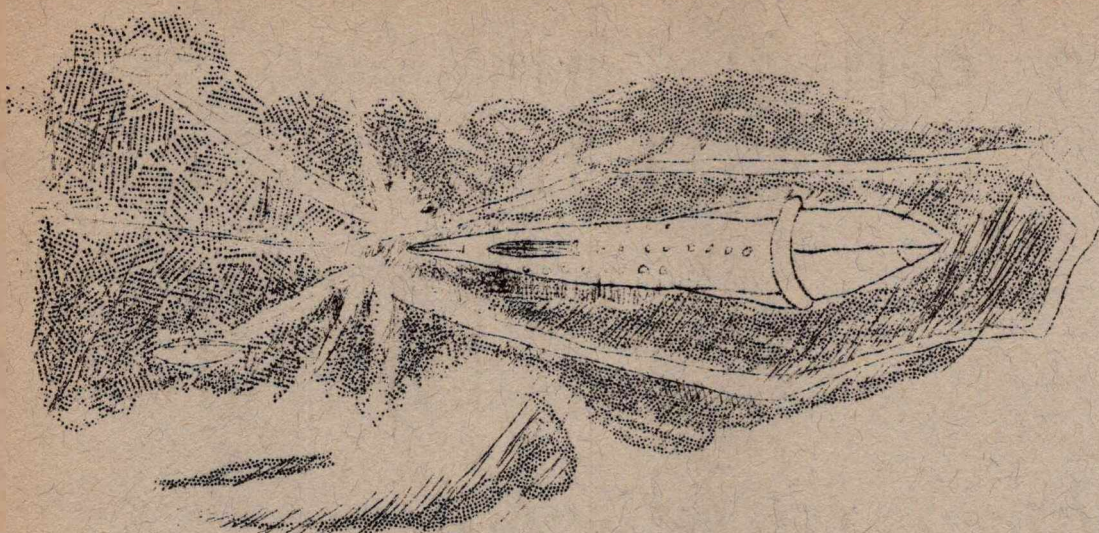
Due to my upbringing, and education this is often a bitter pill to swallow. I love my big ol' husband deeply and fiercely, but I do miss being an entity in my own right.

In fandom nobody knows Gene, (well---maybe a few) no one gives a hoot that he's a VERY Big Gun on the Skeet Field, or a gad-about in his airy-plane. Many don't even know (or care) that I'm married, or how old I am ** I still say she looks 23 and at the most 25 and pretty---PAH** or what I look like--etc &ct.

In fansom I'm accepted as a fellow fan who also happens to be a female. Here I'm "Me", Not someone's accessory. And it's mighty dern fine folks to be thought of as "Betty Kujawa" ---Bless you all.

Mayhaps there is a parallel among the male fen. The one from large families or who are employed in industries? where their identities are overshadowed by older brothers or the daily impersonality of Big Business.

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This brought to mind our Kindly Editor & Publisher, Phillip A. Harrell, That charmin' Southern gentleman. And I mean Charmin', having been a welcome guest in his home I can vouch for his warmth, enthusiasm and hospitality -- an extremely likable guy.

Now Phil has an older Brother who, to boot, played, goshwowboyoh-boy, in Woody Herman's Orchestra, until he had to stop to attend college to get his Master's Degree. A noteworthy attainment that certainly must impress many who meet the Harrell Boys. As a Jazz Buff it surely impressed me, By Golly!!

But that's rough on Phil -- somewhat like it might be to be, say, the kid sister of Liz Taylor in other circles.

Now in fandom Phil is our Harrelling Bem---here there is no older brother he never catch up to in age and like that--Phil is a person, NOT a kid brother.

I quickly hasten to add I meant NO implications of jealousy or dislike on Phil's part. He is obviously quite proud and affectionately disposed towards his brother.

To wind this rather (Rather??) unimportant, conjecturing of mine up let me salute any others Out there in Fandom-Land who, like me, have found a niche as a person in their own right---aint it nice tho', to be individuals again?

THE END.

** Now all this individual has to do is figure out what to do with 7 unused lines....PAH**

I am trying to supplement my Fanzine collection with as many "Old" fanzines as I can get. By this I mean as far back as possible and as far up as '55 and I set that date as I have most of them after that. Contributions appreciated, I'll refund the Postage if sent Educational Matter rate.... it can be done you know. Address out front.

W I S C O N S I N

D I A R Y

by August Derleth

8 FEBRUARY: After dinner tonight at the Madison Inn-with Rikki, Ron and Donna Hering- went around to the Memorial Union to listen to an excellent concert by Rudolf Serkin, who emerged from the wings like an overgrown gnome from some Austrian folk tale, and played an all Beethoven program - three sonatas in the order of their composition, which made the program of greater interest to me. Serkin gave himself into it, as it were - humming the theme now and then, and flinging himself about before the keys as the music possesses him. Some part of the audience gave him a standing ovation, but not all; it did not match that given not long ago by Emil Gilels. One concert-goer, sitting not far away in the lower balcony, said reflectively to his companion that Serkin was "so good in the soft parts." which, I suppose, reflected the popular reaction.

- * * * * *

9 FEBRUARY: Nema Dwyer wrote from Missouri today to inquire whether anyone of whom I knew called a Handkerchief a "hankicher". I could not recall doing so. "My Grandmother Eppler used to say, 'Even if I can't change my dress every time I'd like to, I can always put on a clean apron and hankicher.' I don't hear that word any more." Nor many others common four decades ago she might have added. A good deal of the color of our native language has vanished.

Paul Meyer came into the harness shop this afternoon and asked Hugo Schwenker how much he wanted for his handmade bedstead and chest. "Make me an offer," said Hugo. "well," said Paul Judiciously, I might go as high as \$240.⁰⁰" Hugo fell back against the workbench and clapped one hand theatrically to his temple. "Why that would hardly pay for the lumber I used," he said. "Well, how much would they be worth?" Paul wanted to know. I said that the two pieces were worth, at current prices being paid for handmade furniture, in the vicinity of \$1,500.⁰⁰. Paul was incredulous. When he went out, I have no doubt, he was still convinced that he was being led up the garden path.

Ben Thiede backed a load of wood into his yard today as I went by.

His beard, I saw, is flourishing. It makes him look like a patriarch of the hills, all iron grey, come down to the plain to see how the unrepentent were fairing

-****-

10 FEBRUARY: A bald eagle made its way leisurely up the Wisconsin this morning when I drove into Sac Prairie for the papers. No other bird was in sight against the thin falling snow. It flew at rooftop level, impressively large, and was an immature bird. The Wisconsin itself was filled with floating ice; mild weather, combined with the changing level of the river, had broken loose much of the ice covering the stream, opening the river once more.

Took time today to judge the annual poetry contest of the Wednesday Club of St. Louis, finding almost a dozen poems by seven poets worthy of commendation. But how many people seem to be writing poetry, even in face of the fact that there is no room to publish even the most meritorious of the poems!

Late tonight the countryside, especially near the river, glittered and gleamed with a thick hoarfrost. Trees rose all in spectral white out of fog pouring up from the river and spreading over the land nearby. The moon shone low in the east; its light, and that of the streetlamps, made the trees seem all crystal, unreal, and unimaginably beautiful.

-*****-

11 FEBRUARY: The morning mail brought in a not entirely unexpected letter from a lady in West Allis, who had written me first a fortnight ago, as do wouldbe writers from time to time. At that time she was "doing an article" on me and could not find just what she wanted to know anywhere, and would I answer the many questions she set forth? I replied, directing her to any volumn of "Who's Who in America" since 1932, and to various other reference works; most of the information she wanted could as readily have been obtained from her local librarian. But this was only my correspondent's opening wedge. Back came another letter - like her first, signed only in type, not in holograph - and generously sprinkled with capitals, building up to the significant paragraph, in which she was, "being bold enough to enclose small pieces of my poetry" and added that my "comments on the work would be appreciated, if you WILL!" I was not surprised to find the "work" mawkish slush, doggerel at best, and I made - considering its low calibre - relatively kind but honest comments. People of this stripe, however, demand nothing less than un-stinting praise. Her reaction came in this morning. "You were unnecessarily brusque and rude. I am appalled at your manner," and referred to me as "your majesty." it did not seem to her presumptuous to ask me for criticism in the first place; it never occurred to her that I might have better things to do with my time than to read the dreadful bilge she turned out; it did not strike her as necessary to ask whether she might send something for my reading. Such people are unaware of being discourteous, presumptuous, inconsiderate, and arrogant, and usally go right on writing sentimental sludge and thinking of themselves as un-appreciated genisese.

12 FEBRUARY: Watched a sunrise this morning - stealing time from THE IRREGULARS STRIKE AGAIN - all mengenta and old rose under a descending cloud bank moving in from the west. The sun rose red, shone for but a litle while, and was then engulfed in clouds, out of which a light snow began to fall in the still morning air.

Yes, Virginia, There Is A Fantasy Magazine

BY
ROBERT COULSON

Of all the science-fiction and fantasy magazines which have ceased publication, the one which caused the most anguished wails among fandom is probably UNKNOWN. Even now, 19 years after its demise, you occasionally see wistful appeals for revival, and every new fantasy magazine is compared with it, with the underlying hope that -- maybe -- here is a replacement.

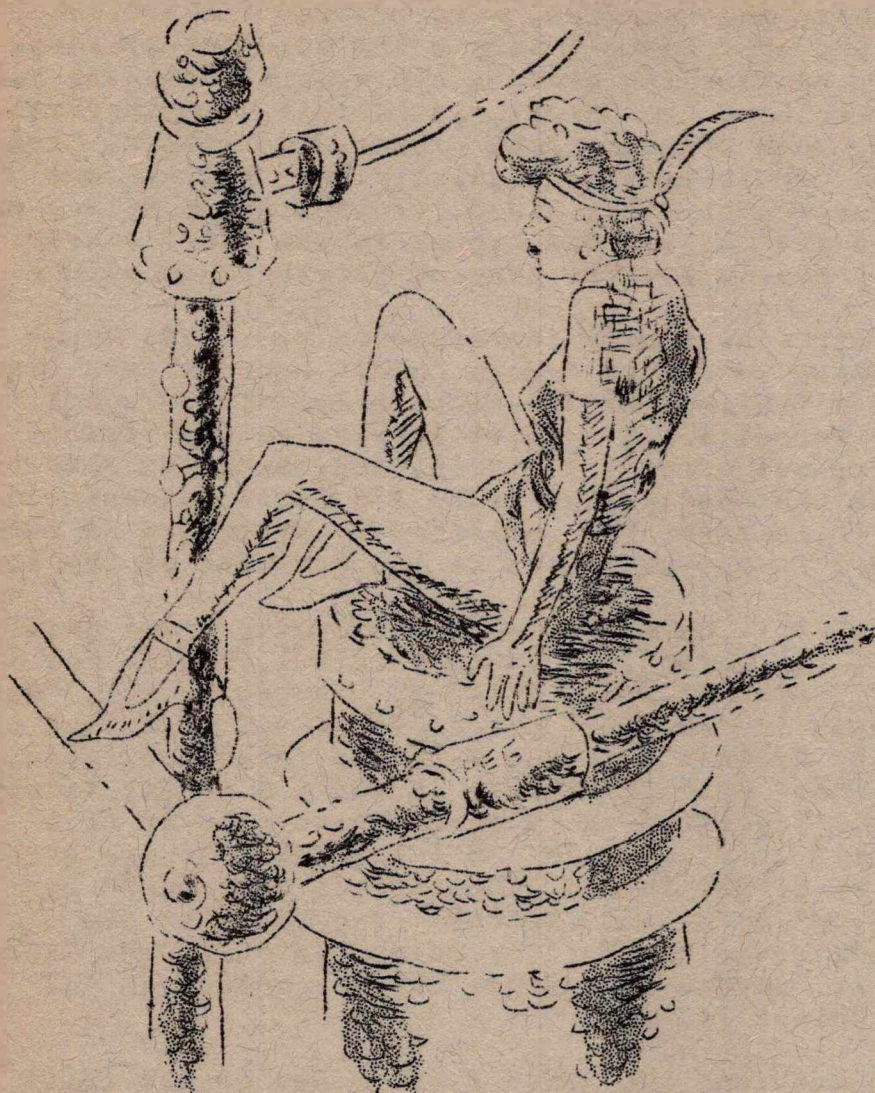
When H.L. Gold started BEYOND, fannish excitement was at its peak. Here, at last, would be a new UNKNOWN. Ten issues failed to produce anything resembling UNKNOWN, and the disappointment was bitter. At the same time, Lester del Rey was editing a magazine which was a pretty good substitute, under the title of FANTASY MAGAZINE, and later, FANTASY FICTION. Unfortunately, it lasted only four issues, but those four were probably the nearest thing to a reincarnation of UNKNOWN that we'll ever see in this country. Even F&SF (which also started life as THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY) has been touted as the "modern" version of UNKNOWN by some fans, but I suspect that this is rationalization. F&SF does publish good fantasy, but the overall "personality" of the mag is original and like nothing that appeared before (though a couple that have appeared after have imitated it).

However, kiddies, do not despair. There is a magazine being published today whose stories are as close to the flavor of the old UNKNOWN as one could reasonably expect. (After all, even the original UNKNOWN would have changed somewhat in nineteen years -- even as its companion magazine has done.) Unfortunately for American readers, the magazine is published in England and is not widely available in this country; you may have difficulty in getting it unless you subscribe or know a British fan who is willing to do you favors. The name is SCIENCE FANTASY, and the title probably comes closer to describing the contents than does that of any other stf publication.

The first issue of SCIENCE FANTASY is dated "Summer, 1950". It contained ninety-six digest-sized pages, and sold for one and sixpence (21¢) and was edited by old-time British fan Walter Gillings. One of the more interesting innovations was the inclusion of what appears to be a British fanzine, SCIENCE FANTASY REVIEW, as a feature of the Professional mag. SFR #19 was included with the summer issue and #20 with the second issue, dated "Winter 1960". The fiction was not particularly distinguished, though at least one story from these first two issues has been anthologized, and a couple were "first British publication" of stories

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previously published in United States magazines.



Various troubles caused a long delay between second and third issues, and when the third issue finally appeared, it was in duplicate form of the other Nova publication, NEW WORLDS (their odd large-digest size, Ninety-six pages, two-shilling/28¢ price, and edited by Ted Carnell.) The special features disappeared & never returned on a regular basis. In general, the change was an improvement. Covers by Regina Bull & Gerard Quinn considerably more striking than those of the earlier issues, interior artwork had similarly improved, and the fiction was far superior to previous issues. However it was not yet the #1 fantasy magazine it became later. Some fantasy was used, but mostly there wasn't much difference between the stories published in SCIENCE FANTASY and those in NEW WORLDS, and what difference there was was in favor of NEW

WORLDS. Still, those early issues make good reading, if you can get copies.

Publishing difficulties created another gap between the sixth and seventh issues. Starting with #7. Published in 1954 the magazine has been on a regular bi-monthly schedule--issue #45 arrived here just a few weeks ago. Issue #7 introduced the format of 128 digest size-pages for 2 shillings. The page count was dropped to 112 with issue #36 and interior illustrations discontinued with issue #22. "Guest editorials" by various writers were used for a time, and recently Sam Moscovitz's series of articles on Science-fiction authors has been appearing. Otherwise, you get a cover, fiction, and a few house ads; no editorial, no features, no illustrations, and no outside advertisements. Editor Carnell believes that fantasy devotees are interested in fantasy, not outside distractions. His idea seems to be successful.

The influx of UNKNOWN-type stories came gradually. For that matter, there were always a few items in the mag that would fit UNKNOWN, but

the number gradually increased. The best known British authors, Clarke, Wyndham, Russell, Christopher, and Chandler, were writing for better paying American markets, and sent Carnell only a few original stories. Carnell solved the problem by bringing along a new crop of authors; E.C. Tubb, Brian Aldiss, John Rackham, Ken Bulmer, Lan Wright, J.G. Ballard, Alan Barclay, John Ashton, John Brunner, John Kippax, and others. Brunner, especially, developed the ability to regularly turn out stories to the best that UNKNOWN ever published. Aided Principally by Bulmer and Tubb in the longer lengths and Ballard and Kippax in the short stories, his writing is the primary reason for the present greatness of SCIENCE FANTASY.

The first Brunner story that really impressed me was "This Rough Magic". This novellette about voodoo in modern London made an even bigger impression on me than I realized at the time. A few months ago I started looking for it to reread it. I started looking in the issues that were about a year old, and gradually worked back, becoming more incredulous about the time that had passed since I'd first encountered it. I finally discovered it in Issue #18 published in 1956. Five years later I remember it better than I do the contents of the last ANALOG.

Other novellettes and short novels of equal or nearly equal quality followed. "The Kingdoms Of The World", by Brunner in #21, "Reason For Living" by Bulmer in #25, "Earth Is But A Star" by Brunner in #29, "Destiny Incorporated" by Kippax in #30, "The Bones Of Shosun" by Bulmer in #31, "City Of The Tiger" by Brunner in #32 (This was later reprinted in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE) "The Whole Man" by Brunner in #34 (A sequel to "City of the Tiger" which was not reprinted in FU or anywhere else in this country) "Echo In The Skull" by Brunner in #36 (Reprinted by Ace novels) "The Castle of Vengeance, by Bulmer in #37, "Enchanter's Encounter" by Tubb in #38, "The Sound-Sweep" by Ballard in #39 (reprinted in the latest Merril Anthology), "Strange Highway" by Bulmer in #40, "The Gaudy Shadows" by Brunner in #41, "Beyond The Silver Sky" by Bulmer in #43 and "The Map Country" by Bulmer in #45.

Now, (as anyone who has read the above stories can easily tell) my favorite fiction is adventure fantasy, that catagory of stf which includes "The Slaves of Sleep", "The Well of the Unicorn", "The Heads of Cerberus", "The Book of Ptath", etc, and I tend to consider this the "UNKNOWN-type" Fantasy, UNKNOWN did publish a considerable amount of it. Naturally, UNKNOWN published other types of fantasy, and, Naturally, so does SCIENCE FANTASY. The overall impression received from the two magazines is remarkably simular.

A complete collection of UNKNOWN is, rightly, regarded as somewhat of a prize in science fiction circles. I don't have one, and I wish I did (especially since I have spent long hours reading Gene DeWeese's Complete, bound set.) but I do have a complete collection of SCIENCE FANTASY -- and I wouldn't trade, binding and all.

---RSC---

In case anyone is interested after reading Buck's article it's:
"Published Bi-Monthly by : Nova Publications LTD; McClaren House,
131 Great Suffolk Street,
London, S.E.1, England.
Great Britain and the Commonwealth, 6 issues 14/..U.S.A.6 issues \$2.50
Both Post Free.

What's Wrong With Fandom?

BY

EDWARD WOOD

Fandom of the period of the early 1960's has a number of virtues, it's fan magazines are many, a large number of them are neat, regular appearing periodicals filled with engaging chatter. But it suffers from a number of sins, the chief being that of self-induced ignorance either of its own past or that of science-fiction.

The fan cannot write articles about science fiction/fantasy because his knowledge of them is extremely scanty, if in evidence at all. He can not or will not fill the gaps in his professional magazine collection if indeed he still reads any of them at all. Therefore the original reason for science-fiction fandom's existence (I.E. a love of science-fiction) is lacking.

The fan says he is only interested in fandom, yet he will not buy, beg, or borrow such necessary items as Moskowitz's THE IMMORTAL STORM, Eney's THE FANCYCLOPEDIA, the better fanmagazines of the past such as FANTASY MAGAZINE, RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, etc. for the most part. I do not suggest that fans steal, because a fan who would steal is less than a dog.

The new fan wants to come into the field and with witty nothings so capture his fellow fans that he is a supposed "Big Name Fan". Pift & Tush, the best fans, and by those I restrict the meaning to those who still maintain some contact with science-fiction, have been around for decades, and will continue to be around for decades to come when the "bright comets" of the 60's have gone to their well deserved oblivion.

I don't care how neat, how well produced, how beautifully written a fanzine/magazine is, if it contains only aimless topical chatter, it will not survive as being important in the collective memory of fandom. And don't ever believe that fandom forgets. It even remembers the smallest of faults.

The fan that says, "I am ignorant, teach me." is the salt of the earth, there is hope for him. The fan who says, "I am ignorant, and proud of it." is a lost soul. He is guilty of the sin of vain pride, and is it not written that pride goeth before a fall?

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---EW---

What Price Entertainment?

by

MICHAEL W. ELM

It is very fine to speak of the purpose of science-fiction. And try to show what stf should accomplish, and what its shortcomings are, and how it failed to live up to certain standards. It all depends on what some people mean by purpose. What image they have in mind when they speak of standards. The main thing, it seems to me, is to speculate on the whys and wherefores of these terminologies, and to wonder just how wainly they conform to still another term---Entertainment.

Some savants would have it that science-fiction has taken the road downward. Not in a way of common disappointment, but it has betrayed itself at the very alters of Science itself. It seems they feel a simple science-fiction story does not justify itself.

"They do not know that science-fiction is educational first, and foremost, because it always aims to instruct."

This is Hugo Gernsback talking.

One may twist a word or two and it seems some guy in Bible Class is talking. Everything must be just so. The rules are down, and they make up the gospel.

"Science-fiction," the publisher says, "unfortunately has degenerated away from the classic concept of the genre with its strong emphasis on science." only the underlining is mine.

You can see Mr. Gernsback is not fooling with any tolerance of real red-blooded stories. He seems to think maybe some readers are in the soft-headed class. That unless we swallow a good dose of Science, we are ninnies. That means me and you.

The immediate reaction might be an outcry. That we like stories because they give us a thrill. So, okay science, but we just can't palm him off. Mr. Gernsback just isn't a babbler. Nor does he really think we are ninnies -- I hope. He's just a little strong-handed.

Who's this guy Gernsback?

Old readers will recall him easily as something of a cross between a prophet, a genius, and a wily publisher. A magazine experimenter with

platinum-lined ideas. He started off AMAZING STORIES. He's still publishing. Anyone knows he's the father of modern science-fiction. Without his early support, his consuming interest and hunches, and his commendable drive, it's just about impossible to imagine what form of Science-fiction we'd enjoy today.

This is to introduce him to newcomers. We also want to take issue with some of his remarks. They are taken from his address to the Science Fiction Society of M.I.T.

Perhaps it's significant that he addressed a technical student body. These fellows don't have their heads in the clouds. Their feet are solidly on the ground with calculus sticks in their jeans.

He's not addressing the average stf fan. Some of them might boo him. The average fan likes a few calories along with his psi tidbits. (It doesn't take much to satisfy the tech student. He's joy-drunk with his own mathematical formulars. I've had occasion to talk to some students, and some engineers; they are distinct bores.)

If some student takes issue to this it can't be helped. Science-Fiction isn't written for the elect. It may be written for those who like science, but there must also be a distinct story.

Gernsback says that too many publishers mistakenly classify stf in their minds exclusively as entertainment.

Well, they'd better have entertainment, otherwise they won't have much audience. The publishers aren't mistaken, they know what the public wants, and their out to make a buck. If the reader doesn't want to be overdosed with science---he simply won't buy.

Gernsback says of the form--"they do not know what it tries to accomplish." I don't see myself that it should be dedicated to any special mission. (Anything with a message can be a bore, and this intrudes on another's ground. I mean the Bible.) STF delves in fiction with a science background, and that seems enough to me. It IS mainly entertainment. Just as detective fiction is entertainment. The genre has no special mission.

Even great novels have missed a step sometimes because they will be overloaded with doctrine. Evidently Hugo Gernsback seems to feel his form is superior. It seems an attempt at real elevation.

Also, it will not accomplish as much as he thinks it will. Perhaps, as an audience, he envisions some remote society, with an antiseptic core, which will eat, drink, and sleep science. Perhaps some aeons from now it will not be remote, but it will take some time. An observation will show that comic books enjoy great popularity. I'm speaking of adult readers too.

Again..." a vehicle for the communication of ideas." Okay, that's fine. OLIVER TWIST did just that. It created a reform in the child industry racket, but the book accomplished this because it was human and dramatic.

If I am to understand correctly, Gernsback doesn't care much about human values, not if it interferes with science, and there some writers make a mistake, perhaps many writers, without some characterization no story, or rather hardly any, can really rate.

Right now the general public doesn't give a hoot for Science--Fiction. Some time ago the newstands broke out with a rash of stf zines. It doesn't seem there will be an early happy return. (Twilight Zone notwithstanding) Talk on the subject of Stf, and Joe or Bill will merely give you a stare. The road to popularity won't be achieved if we maintain too much stiffness in our tales. And stiffness comes from too much science.

Some don't care to win a common audience.

ASTOUNDING (or rather its metamorphosis ANALOG) has gained new plaudits....with an anemic kind of audience. I've been told that its erotic rites now has the technical tribe in true enthrallment. It seems its stuff is determinedly aimed for the egghead. (the term egghead is a happy one, it leaves the true intellectual to his own field.) Their dry comments can be read in the back pages, via letter columns. It seems Mr. Campbell has an obvious purpose, that's to weed out engineers from other readers among his fans. It seems he's not interested in naive converts.

It would seem this conduct should win Gernsback's approval; it seems to come closer to his own idealizations. I have no quarrel with either gentleman or their peers, when they are so ready to solidify the position of science-fiction with true quality.

But I thought the purpose was to enlarge a readership body. Make a more massive appeal.

Sure, stories must be based on science.

But don't forget drama. Even robots can be individualized. Just don't permit robots to write them. Guys with too much scientific knowledge can be boring. That is, if they don't watch their step. One safe bet is extrapolation. Here is a method that works for topic themes or themes that require more extraordinary scrutiny. Extrapolation - - is one of the highlights of science-fiction writing.

Here I think Mr. Gernsback will agree. I hate to disagree with him, but there are more points. We will take these as they come along.

There are some inherent things to consider. Gernsback speaks of Prophecy. No denial there. Indeed this is the unique property of Science-Fiction. It is undoubtedly the best qualification stf has to bring it to real prominence in literature. Gernsback himself is full of bright foresight. His knack for bold thinking was the main reason AMAZING caught on. No question but the man gushed with prophecies and ideas. His novel RALPH 124C 41+ (One To Foresee For One Always), written a half-century ago, must have made a big impact. His novel indicates a few marvels to come and he didn't prophesy in vain.

But again one is forced to ponder on more terminology and take issue.

"Note that I emphasize the word science. There are still not more

than a dozen good real science-fiction writers in the world even today."

While I can admire his many accomplishments, I don't feel it obliges me to total agreement. There must be more than a good dozen today. Some just don't produce enough. (they can't make a living.) He cites some names to bolster up this remark. I will not follow suit, keeping this bias under wraps; but some on that list won't get my unstinted praise. They serve and suit with purpose, but they just don't whet the appetite.

I must fall back on repetition. Less Science. More action.

Other writers will serve the purpose for straight science. Jeans and Eddington will still serve.

I still like his old slogan, "Prophetic Fiction is the Mother of Sober Fact." But in my mind it does not cloud the issue.

The one I like best though is his: "It must mirror the present or future in acceptable and plausible scientific terms." Trouble is most writers don't share his talent for prophecy.

He's stated he had a formidable editorial staff, Professional men who passed on stories, so the stories could be the best. Laudable to the nth^o. However, I suspect, these savants let many a dry tale get the OK verdict.

One other remark I wish to dwell upon. Gernsback indicates how the best stf writers, those with important or original ideas, soon run out of such ideas. They don't last long. Many of them drift to other literary fields. Yep, I can see the mortality rate is high. (1) there are few Vernes, Wells, and/or Poes. (2) They drop out also for economic reasons: Gernsback states that most of the stories -then and now- weren't masterpieces in English. Well, style does rate second. Mac Phillips, once editor of ACE Magazines, told me his desk would consider a script that had a strong story or plot - in preference to one that glimmers with style. "I wish you could see some of the beautiful stuff that comes in." he wrote later. "Unfortunately the beautiful stuff gets nowhere."

On the other hand let's consider Verne's "Purchase of the North Pole." The novel had everything. That is, its style was enough, and more, to impress those who are all-out for good profound style. He had enough characters to fill three books. Each character was fully in the round, all interesting. His ramifications, as the story progressed, as the Polar cap was melted, were many and original. All this narrated in good literate language. For a modern author, A. E. Van Vogt, in SHIP OF DARKNESS, has produced something to consider. A really outré output. The motivations of his people (two million years hence) were eerie, complex and arresting. Van Vogt handled his story with graceful styling. It goes to prove - good imaginative science-fiction can be rendered in first-rate style.

Gernsback seemed to have laid down some stern laws. Yet he allowed his pages to be filled with many a thriller. In the light of subsequent adventures, his hero-scientists, shorn in some cases of innate fears, often aglow with a reckless spirit, found themselves in experiences that could only be called thrillers. Perhaps Gernsback himself is too imaginative to take his own remarks with stern seriousness. All in all, one's

That is off to a good pioneer. Modern stf must acknowledge its greatest debt to him.

In his speech, the famous pioneer went on to condemn the shortsightedness of our government in allowing the Reds to beat us in space exploration. The theme of this essay does not care to amplify this in any manner. In essence naturally everyone agrees.

He ventured an opinion that in the USSR, stf will not be read primarily as entertainment. I can't quite follow his thoughts here. Unless the communists branch out in science-fiction. With their penchant for properganda, for extolling machine and dynamo, this will be a dreadful consequence to consider. I am still left behind with this reasoning. I can see...that the Reds certainly stress the science in science-fiction. THAT they can have. It would be curious to see what our belligerent rivals would achieve in this fictional field, and how close to the mark Gernsback's prophecy.

The great founder says that Stf is the domain of youth. It is amazing how well the youngsters carry the ball. The point is, that they will not stay long in the field. Maybe the new crop will be lured from M.I.T. Gernsback hints at such a development, points out that their Science-Fiction Society has sufficient enthusiasm to produce something. He lauds their interest - he must seek a fountainhead - and a certain differentiation is almost plain. The differentiation he makes automatically between this group and fan clubs scattered throughout the country. Here is some benediction, and if all comes true, one can only hope for the best.

What's best for science-fiction is a sense of rightness. If this form is to rank as literature it had better beware of pedantry. After all, how can it claim to be literature?

Mr. Gernsback speaks always of science, its technology, and so on. He doesn't have a single reference to psychology; to neural factors. Nor to sociology, that I recall. It's apparent that the strides here have not been shadowy, but significant. It takes brains to build a machine in the first place. Does that make a technical brain superior to a literary one? Granted this may be confusing, insofar as it requires an intellect for any mental effort. We've got the fruits of tech achievement. Television...there's a form for degeneracy. Others, just as much a pest as are a boon to civilization. And in the future (can we avoid it?) more types of corruption. The machine is fine, but let's not become mechanical ourselves.

I think the trend toward psychological investigation is a healthy thing.

It is mechanics some youngsters thrive on. In his speech the great editor lauds the technical equipment they have by referring to their talent. It depends on how one interprets talent. It doesn't to be the sure-fire incubator for a story-telling. In this case it might be a happy world at that. Engineers writing about other engineers.

In this case I had an interesting conversation with a fellow at an Eastern technical college. He wasn't quite sure why he attended. He confessed his prime interest was English. As we discussed ideas, I saw he had plenty of them, and was quick to give solutions to imaginary problems - such as bemuse one tinkering with a science-fiction theme - but the plotting knack was beyond him. He knew science well, he liked writing

enough, but he couldn't bridge both. As a Tech student he was an exception. There are several morals. I'll stick with one. Don't talk about writing too close within the stink of experimental labs.

It seems stf has more to learn from the writers.

It is psychology that makes any kind of story tick. Think it over. It will be interesting to see what form the stf type will take in the future. I think it will be on safe grounds regardless of its psychological daring. But I feel it won't win a larger audience when the old scientist takes out his pipe, stops the story, to ramble on dully for two or three pages.

= A D D E N D A =

There's been some hogwash lately, by editors and writers alike, about the wonderous art ability of Frank R. Paul. I fail to be moved by this adulation. This illustrator's work impressed me as stilted. As being stiff and corny as that done by Dick Tracy's creator, and THAT's pretty corney.

Back in the early thirties AMAZING was some magazine to behold. (& something to hold in one's hand. Quarto-sized and a half-inch thick.) It had, in addition to shorts, man-sized installments of serials. (In spite of Gernsback's credo: the authors' imaginations ran roit. There was Smith's "Spacehounds of IPC" and Williamson's "The Green Girl".) For the Information-minded were several service departments, conducted by various specialists along the levels of aeronautics, astronomy, chemistry, biology, &c. One gained much inside dope on new developments. They were an interesting and useful feature. For the masthead there was an illo of Jules Verne lifting some sort of tombstone, and this isn't sarcasm. The masthead was dignified and distinctive. There were a few poor features, but not many. Principal among them was the art work of this guy Paul.

If he was such a superlative brush man, why didn't he put perspective into his drawings? His people were grotesque, and unhuman, clumsy gnomes with veined foreheads. His machines - well, maybe he never drew

any two space craft, alike as he boasted, but this could hardly be termed a sensational coup. For the most part his craft could be envisioned by any high-school junior. Some of his types did resemble watermelons. In general his machines were simply an awkward mass of coils, tubes, and protruberances. Like everything else his machines were not convincing, merely repellent. For the fastidious reader his work simply aroused distaste. Latest examples of his work can be seen on front/back covers of the special April 1961 issue of AMAZING. It seems the editors derived a special satisfaction from his work because it was swathed in nostalgia. For this reader the work was swathed with something else; plain boredom. Nostalgia was the last thing aroused by this over-rated artist.

Then came Wesso, and later Morey, an immense improvement. Here at last was slick, smooth, evocative work. Wesso's work in particular was outstanding. His coverwork had a finery, a certain translucence that should have been the envy of Paul. His covers had color and drama, and captured the true essence of far-off places and wonders. Of today's artist, only the inimitable Virgil Finlay can be ranked in his class.

In those days AMAZING had a stable of scientist-writers. These worthies did pretty fair work - within limits. As practicing biologists and doctors (this seemed to be their predominant professions) they were literate enough and displayed an easy facility with words, as to be expected of a professional class, but they worked in a very simple vein. They put their treatises into thin dramatic form. There was no multiplicity of interest in their stories. Their emphasis was not on suspense or mounting action, but on scientific corroboration, and succession of dull details, and they read drearily more like lectures than true entertaining fiction. They were peculiarly lifeless and dated very easily. (And yet they reappear today in the guise of CLASSICS. Apparently the editors in their willy-nilly selections from old archives, assume that age alone gives a yarn the unassailable badge of class.)

These one-gimmick tales just don't have enough to vault them into the upper echelon. Mere writing itself isn't enough. Although in Poe's case that might seem to be true. But the author's work was imbued with more than surface writing, and surface writing is the rust that gathers quickly on all story types - science-fiction included. Most fiction written ten years ago is already dated.

Today's editors delve too persistently into a mawkish or dry past for bony, creaking material. Far better to forget all reprints. Some work, hot off the press, has about it an immediate stamp of charm, class, and invulnerability. The aforementioned tales didn't have class then, and certainly haven't class now. It seems strange that one should be offered substitutes, when what we want are better and fresher stories. That with the current crop of Science-Fiction (& Fantasy) having not the best quality, and with the current trend of psychological exploration pointing to adult satisfactions, we should now contend with shopworn stuff.

It would be much better for present editors to go even further afield, even into avant-garde, than ramble along old ruts, and foist upon us this mildewed literature.

One might mention, in passing, other mishmash: such as articles

of only semi-importance, which stress some current topic, that may possibly interest the occasional reader, but certainly will not offer to the more sophisticated fan any great excitement, because he's only restless with the present or close future, and his imagination is stirred only by more awesome grandeurs to be found in the far-distant future. Let us dispense then with over-long fillers that belong in the supplements. Here is one who reads enough about stratosphere shots, and space platforms in the daily press, and whose eyes brighten only when he hears talk of parsecs; and I hope there are ayes.

We can do without lukewarm eassays. Without so-so timeliness, and this might include other articles whose text is saturated with technical doubletalk. That and other things; let's have a clean sweep.

Book reviews are enjoyable - but I think few books warrant long, wearisome scrutiny. Particularly textual books. Keep them short, snappy as a garter, otherwise give the reviewer a sweeping job. We must always keep in mind that the average fan is not too ecstatic about clinical text, more enthusiastic when drama takes prominence over class room goo.

Cartoons are also objectional, some few are witty; practically all are sloven examples of art. They make the format look frowsy, detract from the story (or perhaps they were put there to take our minds off of a poor story,) and in general, aside from using up good space, are not at all in keeping with a psuedo-science book.

Covers are too often irksome. Always they get noisily grandiose. Garish is the better word. When they achieve a certain attractiveness, the art editor succumbs to voodoo, and must stick pins into a careful edifice; the art editor, not content with happy success, takes a new step toward deterioration; the art editor must emasculate the entire cover. Altering the shape of cover-title, depart from an appealing type of art work, and restore the whole business to a familiar routine. The zine purchaser again feels self-conscious lugging under his arm a gaudy unwholesome cover.

There are enough bad aspects to today's publishing; always will be. One reason: The house boys will not let a good thing alone. There are some good things, and shall be, but the purpose of this essay is not to softsoap or flatter. It is to show again there are cracks in the mirror on the wall. Will this article wreak some changes? Let us hope so, and let us not be too fatuous to expect change and miracle.

Yes, there are good things. I will mention Sam Moskowitz, his work exemplifies non-fiction writing on a warm popular plane. A good stylist. Too bad most writers aren't like him, as most articles bear little resemblance in popular appeal and warmth; even in significance.

The trend toward fantasy reached it's curly-haired end when WEIRD TALES ran out of steam. Why did W.T. fade? we will not go into this, but elaborate on today's trend in that field. Fantasy today loses it bearings. In part, I think today's fantasy writers are too clumsy to sustain mood. The mood of atmosphere; tension, menace. In order to sustain belief in a difficult, sometimes arch field, one must depend on style. It is prime ware that seems absent today. Are fantasy writers, of the caliber of Lovecraft, and Blackwood lacking today? I don't think so, but they seem

in hiding. Most then depends on the careful prose, and that brings us back to Poe.

The man drank, some say he took dope, maybe that's the difference. But he performed well because he had style. He backed up his hallucinations with the proper phrase, the unerring phrase. His work good enough for permanence; a writer's writer. Poe's credentials are obvious. He was fastidious and far-reaching in his again perfected prose. An implausibility, in his hands, became an eerie and convincing experience. Writing that goes beyond the surface. So today's authors (and editors) can learn something from the imperishable master; a little better styling; a little more awareness.

Mainstream? Sociological awareness? I think it was all there. I think it was there in the wicked ivory gleam of his prose.

Fantasy and stf editors bow to their own credos. All well and good. Perhaps, with their eyeshades nicely adjusted, they bow to a reader's credo; let's hope so. Ther's another culprit to consider - the author.

Reader's can't always sigh for a masterpiece, but the author should use more muscle. Work a little harder. Forget television, the dull, easy style, and the tinfoil goals. Maybe the editor will play ball. He's got bunions, and maybe he's lost another clip; maybe he even has sympathies.

What's gone well before will go well again; editors follow that credo. Trouble is, they don't look far enough. What junk worked once will will work again. So the editors think. They could be near-sighted, and maybe reject what's good for them. Prehaps the author has nothing hot to offer, are the editors really to blème? Maybe, but it's up to the reader to decide. Me, I'll still give the editor a chance, but he'd better hurry.

--+=--

--MWELN--

P R O M E T H E U S , E T C E T E R A

A few maturing faster
Went outward once before
As we go now.

Some other day or lack of one
Will see our meeting. Then
We will know,

Fearing the answer.
Did you go there
Bringing fire?

We saw too many die
For lack of a dream
So helped a few mature.

Most died but one,
You have grown.
Fire? Oh no, we gave you war.

--E.E. EVERS

The Enigmatical Lovecraft Reviews

by
Thomas Dilley

Upon reading a number of articles which have recently come to hand, one might well conclude that a certain amount of hypocrisy exist among the fanciers of the writings of Howard Phillips Lovecraft. Throughout a number of these "essays" upon the eminent supernaturalist's works, there run two separate and utterly opposed currents of opinion. One of these currents is certainly justified in the praising of certain literary powers of Lovecraft's; the other stream consists, strangely of declaiming and belittling of those of the late master's works which show the greatest evidence of these very literary powers.

An excellent example of this sort of built-in self-opposition of opinion exists in a "Recapitulation of all Lovecraft" published not too very long ago. The author of this recapitulation lauds Lovecraft for the meticulous composition of his tales, and for the care he used in establishing the bases for the moods and events contained therein; yet later in the review, this "recapitulator" brands *AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS*, probably Lovecraft's most painstakingly constructed story, "too tedious". Other, more mollified criticisms there are, too which, in the same vein state that though *Mts. Of Madness* contains a great quantity of material usefull to the Cthulhu Mythos, the story itself is too diluted by this Mythos material to be as effective as it might. Your present "reviewer", however, does not believe this to be the case. It is true that of slightly more than 102 pages of the *STRANGE PORTS OF CALL* printing of this novel, some twenty-four are used to establish the setting, mood, and forebodings, that nearly sixty-six more are concerned with the discovery of the devastated camp and with the wanderings in the ice-enclosed city, and that only the last one-tenth of the book actually deals with the major horror, and its effects, but there is reason to believe that the first ninety-two pages do not dissipate the horror of the last ten, but rather are responsible for the horror's presence.

There are specific reasons for nearly everyword in the story. At the outset, Lovecraft must have established that in order to make his horror most convincing he would have to remove his reader from the ordinary paths daily traversed. The reader has passed the corner of Fifth and Main countless times; he knows that there is no nameless terror lurking there. The omniprescent human, "It can't happen to me" attitude dictates that all great horrors must take place in those places unknown to the general reader. For many years, the graveyard, not too familiar to too many, was used as a setting; remote Africa has long been popular;

the underground cave, crypt, or even subway tunnel, has witnessed countless scenes of terror. If an everyday setting it to be used, it is at the very least converted into, "Something...somehow...different" by the fall of night. Lovecraft, then, decided upon little used (by mankind & fiction alike) Antarctica for the events of Mts. of Madness. It was then necessary to transport the reader from the present geographical location to the region of the Polar Continent. The most logical means for effecting this mental was, of course, the describing of an actual physical journey, which description Lovecraft gives us early in the story.

The reader may find himself impatient with the relating of the preparations for the expedition; he is anxious to get down to events; but he would, in an actual exploration attempt, find much more impatience with these same preparations, and the few pages describing the outfitting and sailing of the Miskatonic University's ships really mirror reality; they lend an air of greater plausibility to the tale at an early stage. Our squirming reader may also object to the section concerning the details of life on an ice-expedition, but there is no better method of projecting the psyché of the reader into a setting than that of giving him the details of existence in that setting.

Your "reviewer's" latest reading of Mts. was not accomplished in one sitting, and one discontinuation of reading taking place at the end of the "Life of the ice" section, he found himself hard put to bring back total realization of his actual surroundings. There was for some minutes a very strong impression that a great waste of snow and ice lay outside. so effective was Lovecraft's literary acclimatization technique.

Entering the extensive section concerning the wanderings in the age-laden city, we also find very little writing which could truthfully be considered superfluous. The repeated foreshadowings of what is to come, and the re-emphasizing of the fact that but for the coming "Starkweather-Moore" expedition the happenings would remain secret may at length tend to be a bit tiresome, but the supposedly "tedious" relating of the Old Ones' civilization is a very essential part of the story. Lovecraft had taken on a tremendous task: to describe a horror so immense that it must be isolated from mankind by gulfs of time, thousands of miles of distance being altogether inadequate (hence the narrator's fear lest the things be loosed upon man by his own prying).

This horror was created by a race half-vegetable and all alien. Lovecraft might have used this race itself as the ultimate horror, but instead apparently decided to capitalize upon the feeling that an intelligent enemy can always be faced if not beaten, but nameless and nearly mindless onslaught cannot be met with craft and cunning. This feeling, so very successfully used by Hodgson in his fungus stories, evidently led Lovecraft to the conclusion that the Shoggoths must be the last horror.

At this point, if he had left things at a conflict between two competing horrors, one omnipotent and one mindless, the reader's relief at the defeating of the former would undoubtedly remove some of the terror of the latter, and lessen the effect of the whole story. To avoid weakening the impression, Lovecraft sought to have the reader identify himself with the all-knowing Old Ones in order that the amorphous blight which destroyed them might appear all the more horrid. The

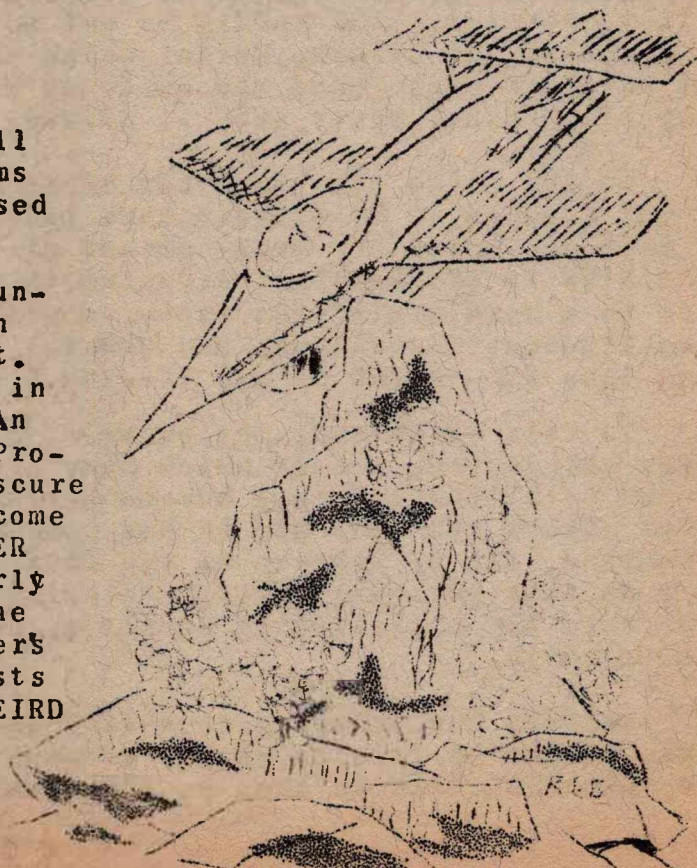
great author established this reader-identification in the manner recently advised for establishing friendships with foreign countries: that of familiarization with the other group's history, mode of living, art, and custom. About the only thing omitted was language, which for fiction is obviously impractical-- and even at that, there are a number of passages referring to the "musical piping over a wide range" used by the Old Ones for speech. This establishing--so necessary and so well accomplished-- of the Old Ones as "our side" is most evident on page 155, at that point in the story where Dyer, the narrator, expresses deep sympathy for the eight ancients, who returned to the dead city, and trying to find other fellow-beings, found doom. Dyer concludes:

"...poor Lake, poor Gedney...and poor Old Ones! Scientists to the last--what had they done that we would not have done in their place? God, what intelligence, and persistence! What a facing of the incredible, just as those carven kinsmen and forbears faced things only a little less incredible! Radiates, vegetables, monstrosities, star spawn-- whatever they had been, they were men!"

This establishment of sympathy, and the preceding establishment of the Antarctic setting--no matter how many pages they consume--are basically necessary to the existence of the climactic catastrophe in the tunnel, the effect of which, not even this short novel's most relentless critics have dared to deny.

Fortunately enough, the criticism of this particular work, though unwarranted, has taken no more harmful form than that of a few paragraphs of writing here and there; the story itself has not been rendered too unavailable to those who would evaluate it for themselves. Through the agency of the August Mr. Derleth, of Arkham House:Publishers, its appears in a book, which though out of print, is still not totally out of reach, and seems to have the favor of being purchased by a number of libraries.

Other of Lovecraft's works, unfortunately, have had visited upon them disfavor of a more cruel sort. Not decried, they are rather kept in obscurity and are not reprinted. An illustration is "Polaris", which Professionally, saw only a single obscure printing in WEIRD TALES, and has come to light since only in THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS, which tome is now nearly as fabulous and unobtainable as the NECRONOMICON. Indeed, your reviewer's copy of the story "Polaris" consists of one he typed from a borrowed WEIRD TALES.



"Polaris"'s sufferings, it seems, are also due to some sort of "literary hypocrisy" the praises of Lovecraft's great descriptive powers, and of his way with words when creating a setting and a mood are chaunted again and again, but the story, which is very nearly pure description goes unnoticed. Meanwhile something such as the "The Cats of Ulthar" recives the favor of reprint, giving the impression that many Lovecraft fanciers are mainly concerned with a great deal, which they would have us believe they hold not to be the main element of supernatural writing. (And as an incidental note, the sympathy for cats, which animates "ulthar" is much better represented in the novel DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH.)

Another very, very short sketch of Lovecraft's which has been relegated to a part of a page in BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP, but which represents probably the most concentrated dose of the power of imagery to be found anywhere, is "Memory". This half-page work has more power per word than practically any other piece of description in existence. Happily, this item at least, has prospects of becoming once again available for general enjoyment, as it has been announced in a recent Arkham House bulletin as being part of a new Lovecraft Collection.

A work not quite so disregarded, but rather disavowed, and disavowed probably more inequitably and universally than anything else in all Lovecraftiana is the novel DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH. Lovecraft readers generally seem to dismiss this fantasy more or less as a 30,000 word lapsia calami; they suffer it to exist only because it "ties up a few loose ends." and is an undeniable part of the Randolph Carter series.

It is declaimed as not being effective in its presentation of the fantastic beings and places it involves. There seems a distinct possibility, however, that KADATH is not so much a fantasy of thing and place as a fantasy of person, Carter being the person. If this be the case, the novel is quite good and quite an "effective" fantasy indeed, A fantasy of personal power and, at points, personal arrogance.

We are given the character of Randolph Carter, an individual whom we may suppose to be without much influence or position upon earth, as he does not spend any great amount of time there. We find that he has long been in the habit of escaping to a dream-land where he is able to rise to a more gratifying state of existence merely on the basis of his intelligence, experience, and general worth (admittedly a fairer system than that from which he was fleeing.)

In this dreamland, for example, he can pass through the wood of the Zoogs unmolested, a feat which many other dreamers can not duplicate; he can tell "three dreams beyond belief", and enter the city of Thran, which others can not; and he has many other particular privileges in this dreamland, all by virtue of the fact that he is an "experienced dreamer". In this personal fantasy, conditions of existence attach many powers to the abilities of Carter's which are of little use among men on waking earth.

Besides the powers gotten from experience, Carter possesses an immense number of friends in the dreamworld, most of which he causes to be very much indebted to him; he has tremendous "pull" here. (A thought

usually, I should imagine, quite prevalent un nearly everyone's own private, unpublished, unwritten, personal fantasy-daydreams; it is pleasant to imagine oneself with vastly extensive influence, with persons or even millions of persons who can be called to do one's bidding; and as long as Carter stayed in the realm of the personal fantasy KADATH, he had this influence.) His befriending of cats, which gained him no power in the waking world, actually saved his life in the dream world. His later uncovering (quite by accident) of the Zoog war-plot so greatly brought him into the cats' favor that he could be assured of having them at his disposal at any time.

How one might glory in the thought that the furry legions, fighting tooth and claw on the hidden face of the moon, leaping thence to any desired spot on dream-earth, were doing it all for him! And how Carter might have found power in the thought that he could expect the aid of a ghoul even unto the death. First because of his having been, on earth, the friend of the then-obscure, later very prominent Pickman-ghoul, and second, because of his great service in engineering the campaign against

the moonbeast. He was considered a leader, and rode in a position of importance when with the ghouls. Their entire army was at his disposal.

With such power, one could overcome nearly anything in dreamland; with the ghoul-granted password to enlist the aid of the most dreadful night-gaunts, one could certainly overcome anything in dreamland, and might even flaunt Nyarlathotep himself, for the night-gaunts owed their allegiance to more lordly Nördens. Such feeling of allegiance, power, and heated exuberance over all this, however seem more or less reserved for the Robert E. Howard variety of Character, ("The fiend be praised, we'll pen the perfect rime!") for Carter receives his concessions quite coldly, taking them for granted, and being rather demanding at times. Then at times rather arrogant. He has much the attitude of a kind who is certain he is ruling by divine right.

After a fashion, he is. For it is his dreamworld, designed for his particular abilities and



experiences; it is not at all illogical that he "has pull" and "knows the ropes". But at last there comes a time, in the boundless room atop the peak at Kadath-in-the-cold-waste, at which his friends, his legions, are swept away, and at which his vast experience is transcended, dispelled, voided. At this time, he receives the best personal-fantasy compliment of all: the glorifying of his intrinsic worth as the individual who is Randolph Carter.

He is told that he has created a place from his dreams alone, a place better than any in earth's dreamworld, a place for which the Great Ones, the gods of earth, forsook their splendrous palace at Kadath. He is portrayed as a person who has surpassed gods; if this be not great fantasy, then what is? Kadath is not a fantasy whose purpose is to create a wonderland at which all may marvel, but rather a fantasy whose purpose is to create a world and a state of living in which anyone able to identify himself with Randolph Carter can be nearly omnipotent and revel in it! It is the ultimate gafia; it is the world's most elaborate Walter Mitty.

Contary to seemingly all opinion, there are no shortcomings in the telling, in the describing, or in the writing. There are horrors which are not convincingly horrible, but there is a purpose in their weakness. Making these things realistically terrifying would create a contradiction in the story, for by design all of them are either vanquished or befriended in the end. There are supposedly resplendent cities which do not really sparkle; but these are actually intended to be no more than tinsel and glass, just as the horrors are intended to be no more than literary rubber spiders, for at last Carter discovers what King Kuranos had known for sad ages: that all the "wondrous" shadowy show, all the great self-value of a personal-fantasy dream-world is really nothing at all; that it is but delusion and dream indeed.

Carter, in true WIZARD OF OZ-type ending fashion, at last finds true worth and beauty to be obtainable in the enjoyment of what is, rather than what might be, and consequently returns gladly to his beloved New England.

Had Lovecraft made the cities really seem as beautiful as they were fabled to be, Carter would have been left with the wish to return "someday". Had the horrors been made truly realistic, he would have been drawn back to them by the same macabre fascination which almost made him follow Harley Warren to nameless doom in "The Statement of Randolph Carter". As if to prove that man can not live in dreamworlds, Lovecraft showed the dreamworld to be utterly empty, and left all possible feelings of wistfulness and nostalgia on the side of good old New England. In doing so, he left KADATH a masterpiece.

The logic behind every literary characteristic of KADATH would seem uncanny, were it not for the knowledge of the fact that Lovecraft seemed in the custom of going to any lengths to perfect all details of a story. In reading this novel, one may well be baffled by certain inconsistencies. There are points and nebulous concepts, which, upon reflection, defy resolution entirely. Because of this, reading KADATH and attempting to view it all rationally can be maddening in the extreme. This perplexity is perfectly fitting for a story of a dream quest, for what

is more maddening than trying to make sense out of a dream?

Thus ends Kadath. But would seem that although the dreamworld is dissipated, and proven worthless, the personality of Randolph Carter is not destined to disappear quite yet, for in "Through the Gates of the Silver Key" Carter is involved in the most expansive "great value of the person" concept yet: that of the existence of one identity in all time, all space, and all dimension, with only a bit apparent to the conscious.



In KADATH, Carter has foiled a god. In "Silver Key", he is a god, or a part of one (or possibly the god is a part of him). "Silver Key" is yet another Lovecraft story which has been slighted on a grand scale. It involves concepts ---Science-fiction Concepts--- which are immeasurably vast ---monstrous---as much of a sudden shock to the mind as the ending of Scheckley's "Leech", and "Silver Key" also leaves a great deal for the reader to speculate over besides; one is sent thumbing through volumes on mathematics to see if maybe, just maybe... Yet "Silver Key" (to your reviewer's knowledge) has not seen its surely deserved appearance in a large scale paperback science-fiction anthology.

This is the old, old problem with Lovecraft though; the masses, and the mass media ignore him. Inexplicable as this is, it has become too obviously true to be incredible any longer. Still incredible is the paradox among Lovecraft fanciers: they praise Lovecraft's writing techniques, disparage or disregard the greatest examples of these very techniques. They say he is the greatest writer of the supernatural in his own time. Further, they say that he is the inspiring source for most good supernatural-fiction writers today, and that he, himself, was a greater author than those he inspired. Yet these fanciers find "faults" in Lovecraft's writing, and proceed to attack his works with so much conviction that they must feel themselves capable of improving upon it, in which case it would follow that Lovecraft be counted inferior to at least one author of today--the one who is able to correct him. Obviously, then, these people are misled in their analysis, or they do not consider Howard Phillips Lovecraft THE major author of horror and fantasy of his

and of succeeding generations. It would, of course, be insane to expect a unified opinion on Lovecraft's writing among all his fanciers, but the picture does look rather puzzling when each critic can not agree even with himself on the great author's merits, one can only suspose that THAT is too much to hope for.

-----Thomas Dilley

A S E A R C H F O R T R U T H

A star became tired of traveling
According to mathematical plan,
And began to think of unraveling
A problem that had long puzzled man.

Where is the boundary of the universe?
is it round or square?
Are we sure it is there?

The star ventured far while searching space,
Wondering with its quizzical mind
Where, or when, he'd discover the place
Where God has finally drawn the line.

He'd find the boundary of the universe
Whether round or square
He was sure it was there.

Light-years vanished as he searched the sky,
But at least he saw, on a cloudy shelf,
Another star that was passing by ---
And found that the other was himself.

But the boundary of the universe
Neither round nor square,
In Fact, it was not there....

----Ray Schaffer, Jr.

This poem was given to me by a friend of mine, he said that it was at least 10 years old, so I decided that as it was that old I'd be safe in using it. If anyone out there knows the address of Ray I'd be much indebted to them if they'd let me know it so I could send him a copy of my zine and mayhaps get some more poems. Can anyone out there in the reading land help me?

P*L*U*G* P*A*G*E in which I give some deserving people plugs & credit and a little attention that they deserve.

A*N*N*O*U*N*C*I*N*G* THE READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR.

The guide will be a mimeographed booklet dealing with the planets Barsoom and Amtor --Mars and Venus-- as visualized by Edgar Rice Burroughs in a total of some 14 novels. The main feature of the booklet will be a 15,000-word study of Barsoom by David G. Van Arnam. This study already exists in the form of mimeograph stencils and needs only to be run off. It is to illustrate the Van Arnam study that Larry Ivie originally drew his map, which has already been printed and is being held in stock. However, the author and the artist differed on certain points of Barsoomian mapmaking, and so the booklet will also contain supplementary material by Ivie, supporting his map.

The booklet will be published in June, 1963. Surely no sooner, possibly later because of prior professional and personal obligations of Dick Lupoff. There will be, because of the expensive printing involved, it will be necessary to set a rather high price on the booklet: \$2. per copy. A maximum print run of 200 copies is anticipated, and orders will be filled on a first come sequence. The preceeding was copied from a mimeoed sheet explaining in more detail READER'S GUIDE, but my space was limited. So....Send \$2.00 cash, check, (To Richard Lupoff NOT Reader's Guide) or Money Order to: RICHARD LUPOFF--210 E. 73rd St. New York 21, N.Y.

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enough said?

- - - - -
Support the Neo-Fan Fund Remember the Neo you save may be yours....
contact HARRIETT KOLCHAK - 2104 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia 30, Pa.

- - - - -
There is still time! (I know there was some doubt in some of your minds as to it but I think it is safe to say that Time will be with us for some little while yet, I know I've got some captured in my writst watch) but it IS running out so real quick like if you haven't already done it send \$3.00 Membership fee and registration fee (you ARE coming AREN'T you!) to BILL EVANS, 2151 WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION, P.O. Box 36, MOUNT RAINIER, WASHINGTON MARYLAND, like you do want to be in on the big Hugo giveaway, and able to say " I Belong!"

- - - - -
B2A//QWEZ/WQWZ//XN//6A *sigh* Oh Well..... It was a pleasant thot anyway.

- - - - -
At least we can still put S.F. back in the '64 Con...'64 FRISCO OR FII

Titles for the Dumont Art folio as they appear are:

TITLE PAGE.

1/ CENTER OF COMMERCE "TOMORROW"

2/ SPACEPORT SCENE

3/ POLICE STATE

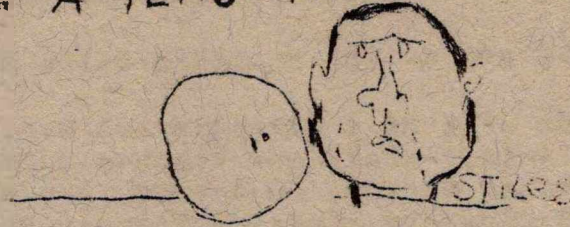
4/ ROOM FOR ONE MORE

5/ SOMEWHERE

6/ MAN OF TOMORROW

7/ STRUCTURE.

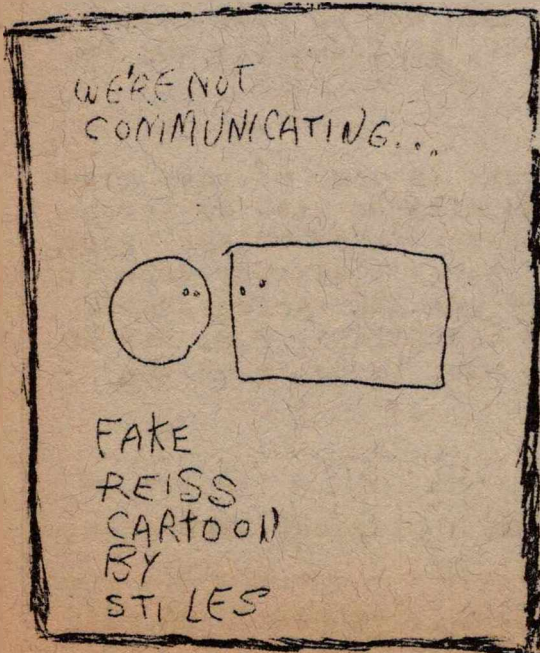
THAT'S NOT REISS 1660-THAT'S
A PERSIMMON!



The artfolio was created especially for Dianoura by Tim Dumont at my request. It uses 8 electronic stencils and #24 & 28 lb. paper in order that I could strip the pages more effectively. The complete black was used and obtained by very slow turning of the mimeo and a silk screen, so much for people that say you can't get a complete black with a mimeo. So you can stop telling me it's impossible to do this Folio now. I did it.

I printed it like so so that the entire folio can be taken off and framed if one feels so inclined. Or if you'd rather I'll sell you another complete folio for 25¢, which I think is reasonable enough after all it cost me \$40. just for it alone.... and Tim donated the illos.

* * * * * * * *



I don't know when the next issue of my zine will be out, Next time I get enough letters to fill a letter column (Yes, I'll have one next time) and material to fill a zine. Now that I have a file I won't have to worry about misplacing my contrubitions anymore.

I'll say Hello to Harry Warner, Jr. here because, this zine reminds me of his letter in which he says the main fault of VENTURA was length. Well, here's that Fault again...Dian, like Venny just grew. This issue, with Art Folio was just going to be a slim, leasurly 35 pages, and I was going to have it out a couple years ago....Oh well, see you next ~~monster~~ ish.

1961 - JF

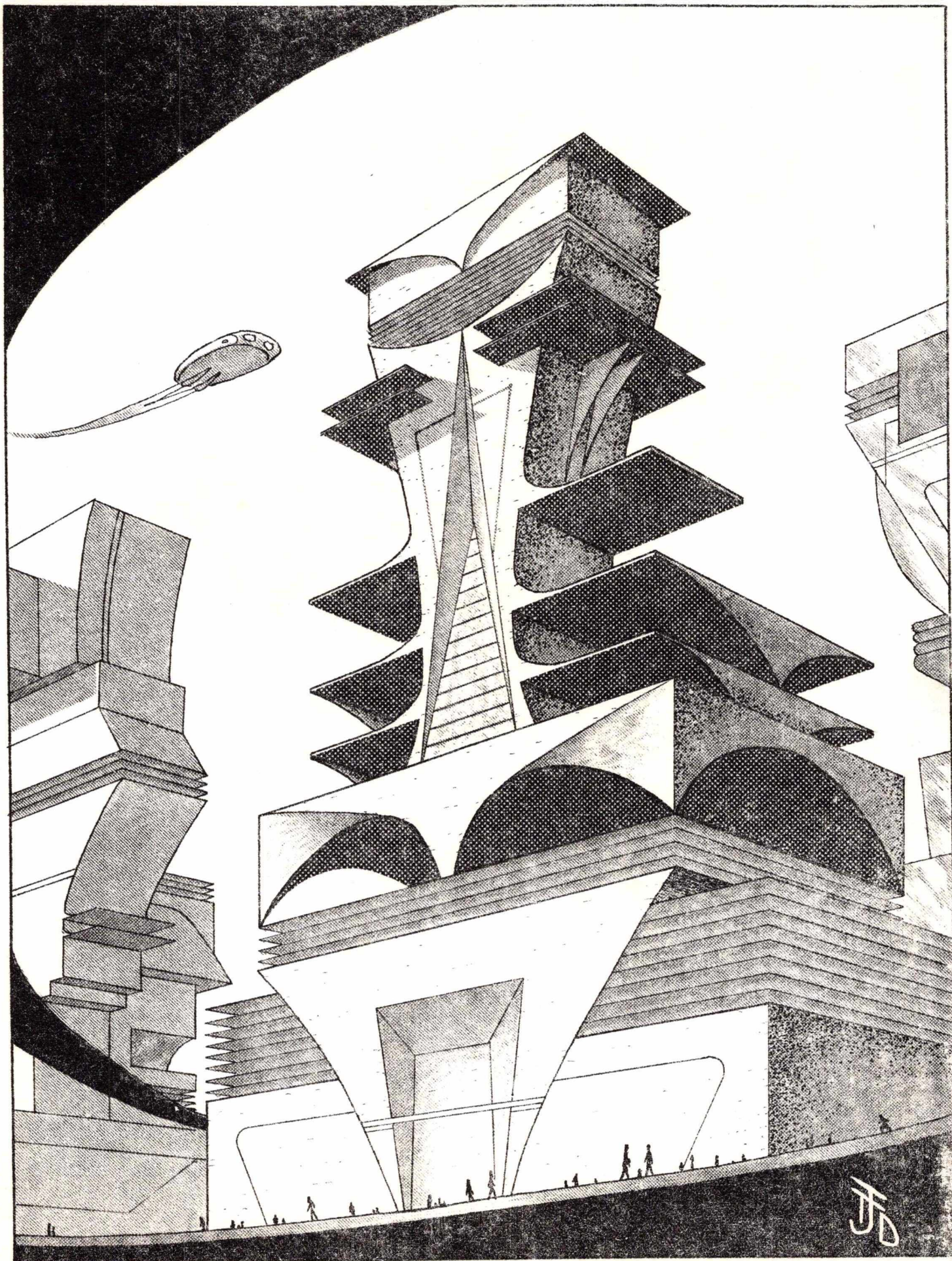
D U M O N T

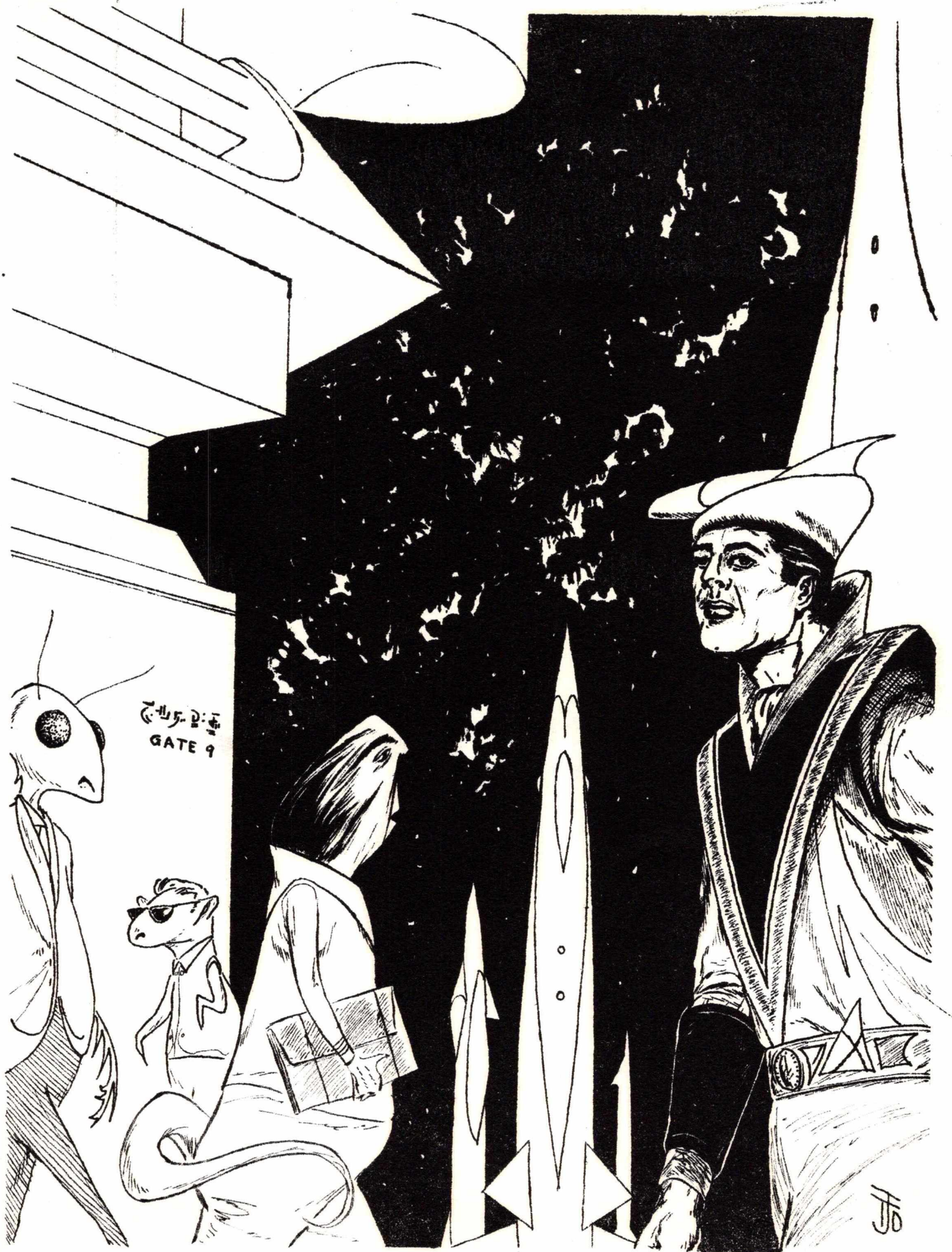
the world of TIM

SHOWCASING . . .

DIANOURA Special Feature
Seven - Page Art Section

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