SPACE WAYS

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SPACEWAYS: vol. 2, no. 5, whole number 13. Issued entirely too often for those who dislike this magazine. Next issue will appear on or about July 5. Price: ten cents per copy; three issues for twentyfive cents. In England and Australia: 1/3 for three issues; no smaller foreign subscriptions accepted. Or trade for other fantasy matter. Subscriptions exchanged with fan magazines. Ad rates: quarter page: 35c; half page: 60c; full page: $1. Smaller ads: two and one half cents per full length line. Ads to appear in next issue must reach the Editor by June 15 to insure publication. When remitting for advertisements or subscriptions, send money by 1c or 2c stamps, well wrapped coins, money order, or check made payable to the Editor of this magazine. In other countries, send by International Money Order. Examine page 7 to learn whether your subscription has expired. No other notice is enclosed. Opinions expressed herein, except in editorially written matter, are those of the contributors and do not necessarily coincide with those of the editors. When submitting material, please enclose return postage if more than 3c postage is required. Do not submit material dealing with political, religious, or similar controversial topics. Spaceways is an amateur publication, and space-rates are not paid for published material.

FROM THE CONTROL ROOM

Am writing this after having finished "The Roaring Trumpet". Let me know whether I'm more charming, won't you, BT?

To begin: does anyone in the United States or England have copies of a fan magazine published by John Devern of Australia, entitled Science Fiction Review? Don't confuse this with the British news magazine of similar name, of course. Reason I'm asking: very few copies of it went out of Australia, and some fans down there are trying to find out who got those that did leave the Antipodes. Any information any of you may have about this would be appreciated, if you'll relay it along to me.

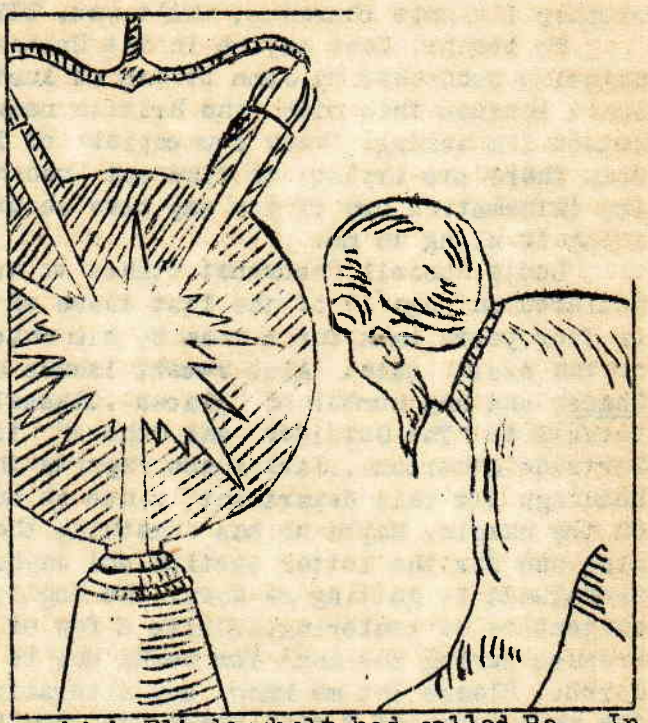
Louis Russell Chauvenet wishes to know since when Miske has been a poet, as declared on page 17 of the last issue of Spaceways. See Amazing Stories of three or four years back for a poem by him which appeared there. I'm too lazy to hunt up the exact date. Also recent issues of Fantascience Digest, Scienti-Snaps, Chaos, and any number of places...Russell also advises J. Chapman to read the preface to "The Outsider and Others" to see what Derleth and Wandrei think of Gertrude Atherton...Jack Agnew reports that it won't be well for us to use small headings for this department, since so much goes in here that I'll have to type on the margin. Maybe he has something there, but next issue I'm going to try it; also one for the letter section and maybe elsewhere...Don't think that British propaganda is getting me down; the English spelling of "humor" on p. 2 is due to exigencies of centering...Quite a few of Spaceways' readers will be changing addresses during the next few weeks due to college letting out, vacations, and so forth. Please let me know any alterations as soon as possible, in order that the next issue of S will reach you promptly.

Once more, many thanks to Charlie Hornig, ∅, and Mort Weisinger for the reviews of Spaceways contained in their fan magazine review columns. All are greatly appreciated, gentlemen, though requests for samples almost drive us to distraction at times when a new issue of Startling Stories appears...Humblest apologies for the footnote to "The Golden Road" last issue. Of course the dotters are supposed to be purty, not the scientists...With this issue, we succumb to the inevitable and begin underlining names of magazines. It's quite tedious sometimes when many are mentioned, but becoming necessary due to magazines like Fantasy and Science Fiction and the possible confusion with the words themselves...So far, five votes against Satyricus' return, and two for. Besides, of course, the Futurians' votes last issue. Final decision withheld...A few new readers don't understand the rating system. It's easy once you catch on. Just give each item in each issue of S a figure from 1 to 10, depending on your reaction. If you think it's swell, let it have 9 or 10; if awful, 1 or 2. And give in-betweens in-between figures. Don't merely list your ten favorite items in the issue or anything like that. And by the way, everyone please send reactions to this issue. It takes only a few lines and a postal, if you don't feel like writing a letter...The reprint first issue of Spaceways is consummated; plenty of copies may be had at 15c a throw. Cash only, no trades, and it's exactly like the original first issue except for the rubber-stamped words: "Second Edition; April, 1940"...By the way, have you subscribed to Stardust yet? If not, you've been 16 kinds of a Uranian so-and-so. Only 20c; for all the details, see the ad on page 25 and the folder enclosed with this issue...We point with pride to the fact that Eric Frank Russell's article, "Fort - the Colossus", which appeared in Spaceways a few issues ago, is to be reprinted in one of the snootier British pro publications, Tomorrow. (Not the late lamented fan magazine, of course.) I think this is the first time, or one of the first times, that an article from an American fan magazine has been reprinted in a pro publication anywhere...Do c Lowndes reports the reason Science Fiction Weekly doesn't review Fantasy News is because Sykora refuses to accept subs from the Futurians, or trade with them. That should have gone in the letter section, in reply to Miske's Stardust column last issue, but was crowded out...What'll be in next issue? Gosh, don't ask me; I'm only the editor, and how should I know? However, you may expect almost anything; before you start worrying about that, tell me what you think of this one.

L'SS

by

NORMAN F. STANLEY



At length everything was in readiness for the great experiment, and Gregory Flindersholt moved tensely about, intent with last moment inspection and adjustment. Nothing must fail him, he thought, as he stopped to gaze reflectively into the opalescence of the sphere upon which the complex maze of apparatus converged.

For it had been nearly a quarter of a century that he had spent with his researches to wrest from space its secrets, and it was five years to the day since first he had succeeded in weakening the transdimensional barrier. Then, as he would today, he had driven his powerful radio beams through, and found the world of Gaea—and L'ss.

L'ss was a Gaean, native of a world so like earth that Flindersholt in a moment of fancy had named it synonymously. Gaea was the third of the nine planets in the system dominated by the yellow sun which Flindersholt had called Ra. In this and many other respects it was indeed a second earth. Yet Gregory Flindersholt had never seen the lush greenness of this amazing world, nor beheld its sun or its lone dead moon; only through the word-pictures of the incomparable L'ss had he gained an insight into his discovery. L'ss, like all her kind, had sensory equipment capable of responding at will to a wide range of etheric vibrations. And so it chanced that on the day when Flindersholt's signals first came through, she had detected them, and sensing the intelligence behind them had been quick to reply. The result, an indefinable combination of radio and telepathy, had burst from the instruments of the astounded Flindersholt as—seemingly—English words! And in this manner L'ss of Gaea and Gregory Flindersholt of earth came to know each other.

The five years that intervened had passed swiftly enough, it seemed. Gregory, the recluse, had kept his discovery from the world of men to sit daily for many hours at his instruments, where once en rapport with L'ss he absorbed much of the lore of Gaea.

In this custom of his, then, lay perhaps the explanation of his nervous expectation as he made ready for this new experiment in communication. For Gregory Flindersholt, ascetic, prematurely aged savant that he was, had fallen in love! Yes,—unbelievable thought!—during those hours spent in mental contact, Gregory had come to love her, L'ss, denizen of an alien yet hauntingly familiar world. Nevertheless, there was, perhaps, a reason for this mad love of Flindersholt's. The voice, the very personality of L'ss brought back the sweet and the bitter of his memories of more than two decades past. Then she seemed almost the reincarnation of the Lisa of those brief months of happiness he could never forget. Yes, the association was a strong one, and the mental picture that Gregory painted of L'ss had come to be that faded one which was the only adornment of his severe quarters. The illusion persisted, for, strangely enough, any attempt that L'ss made at a description of herself or the inhabitants of Gaea failed utterly. The results were unintelligible.

With this reawakened love, there had come also an intense desire to Gregory actually to look upon L'ss and her world of Gaea. To this end, then, he had applied his every scientific talent; and finally there had emerged from his experiments the complex device in which the two-foot vapor-filled sphere served a

most central purpose.

But all was in readiness, and with a final hasty glance over the entirety, Gregory stepped to a high-tension switchboard. First, colossal forces must be exerted to break down the trans-dimensional barrier that had been erected when space itself was born—he quickly depressed a small lever. From an adjoining room came the dull thump of a massive coil switch. Simultaneously the transformers grouped against the farther wall moaned dismally while bus bars on stilt-like insulators coronaed hissingly as twice a million volts surged through the apparatus. Flindersholt tensely eyed a flaring red column as it began a slow climb up a barometer-like neon indicator. An atmosphere of intolerable strain was becoming manifest. In some extrasensory manner the impression gained was that of titanic force straining to the utmost against unimaginably stubborn resistance. But even the foundations of the universe must yield when certain limits are exceeded—with a bone-cracking snap the neon column dropped from the top to within an inch of the bottom. It was not, however, the apparatus that had failed, for on the panel there now burned a clear, cold pilot lamp. Though no other effect was visible, Flindersholt knew that once again the barrier was down. Swaying and gasping for breath, he clung to a table top. The sudden collapse of forces such as these could do inexplicable things to a man.

A moment sufficed for recovery and with ill-concealed impatience Flindersholt turned to his communication equipment. A low hum pervaded the room as banked tubes glowed dully. Gregory dropped quickly into a chair beside the globe.

"L'ss—L'ss!" he called into the microphone. For a moment all was silent and then—

"I am here, Gregory." A low feminine voice whispered from the speakers.

"L'ss," spoke Gregory, "all is in readiness!"

"I, too, am ready, Gregory." —What meaning those simple words expressed! If there was the barest chill of foreboding in them, Gregory did not notice it as he eagerly reached for the control panel newly set in place beside his desk. For a moment his hand hovered on a switch handle and then swung downward.

From triple tubes, three glowing electron beams flashed down corridors of Pyrex and Jena, past deflecting coils and anodes, to converge to a point of blazing incandescence within Flindersholt's sphere of fluorescent vapors. Three dimensional television it was, this latest triumph of his science: triple beams of cathode rays building up a stereoform image within the fluorescent sphere! Swiftly Gregory's hands moved over multiple focus and sweep controls and the beams fanned out to scan the entire volume of the globe. For a moment the fluorescent vapor roiled about in a riot of glowing color, and then with startling suddenness became crystal clear. Success! For within the sphere was mirrored a scene almost earthly in appearance—close-cropped greensward and in the distance stately structures gleaming with pearly iridescence in a morning sun. Nowhere evident was complex apparatus such as filled the laboratory of Flindersholt. They of Gaea, adept at all manner of mental phenomena, depended but little on such material aids.

"L'ss!" cried Flindersholt joyfully, "L'ss, I can see! Where are you, L'ss?" As if in answer to his query, there moved into the field of vision a—a beast! For a long moment Gregory's horror was masked by a refusal of his mind to believe.

"L'ss!" he cried in panic. "Where are you? I cannot see you!"

"I am here, Gregory," came the soft reply as into Flindersholt's unbelieving brain the monstrous truth seared. It was impossible, unpermissable, his mind vainly shrieked. "Not L'ss! Not L'ss, the kind, the gentle—this reptilian monstrosity—No!" But in the background, the subconscious, his scientific intellect, for the moment subjugated by emotion, knew and assimilated the merciless logic. Two worlds so utterly alienated could not be alike in every respect. Even under almost identical conditions there still remained many unpre-

(concluded on page 24)

ELEGY TO A PICKLED PIG'S FOOT

by

HOY PING PONG & MARK (HOP CHING) REINSBERG

"A bunch of the fans were whooping it up—
In the Malamooch League Saloon;
The guy at the battered, old space-o-phone
Was burping a crazy tune..."...The Neptunian Nectar with Cyanide fizz wasn't doing Manly Wade Pong's poetic instincts any good.

"Stop it, stop it, Manly! You're driving me batty with that senseless drivel," Hoy Ping protested vigorously. "If you can't do better than <u>that</u>, take a Bromo-Seltzer and sleep it off."

The poet rewarded him with a lusty belch, spouted merrily on. Then—of a sudden he was still: there, leaning nonchalantly against the rosewood bar was a beautiful Venusian trick, siphoning beer from a tub hidden behind the bar, by means of a long rubber tube. An old fashioned American wink caught her attention, and smiling fishily, she stood up and waddled away—causing the bar to collapse. It seems that she had stood there so long a couple of carpenters mistook her for a post and nailed some two-by-fours to her.

The bartender protested volumby, but as no one spoke Martian, it was disregarded for the nonce. The cute little trick gave poet Pong a sly flip of the lateral port fin and leaped into his lap much like a salmon leaping upstream. "Cheerio, old worm," she gushed fish fashion, "why'ncha come up to <u>my</u> pond some time?" The poet forcibly restrained a shudder. The cute trick mistook this for the chill in the evening air and gave him the hot foot. In her simple-minded way she felt she had staved off numbing cold.

Manly Wade, always ready to oblige, ignited a blow-torch and prepared to reciprocate. When he had halved the honors the air was dense with smoke, emanating from the charred remains of the erstwhile flipper, and the bartender announced in large Martian lingo-letters on his front window: "Fish fry tonight." Manly gurgled another tanker of fire-water and prepared to leave without paying the check.

He was accosted by Hoy Ping—before he could make his get-away—and Hoy faced his perverted relative angrily. "Manly, I'm revolted by your crudeness; I abhor your lack of tact and intelligence. The prophet who said: 'You can pick your nose, but you can't pick your relatives' must have had you in mind. The idea! Oh, Manly Wade, I can never forgive you for not tipping your hatt to that lady."

Pong hiccoughed ever so soberly. "That was no lady, you poor relative, that was my third divorcee. Not so bad, either, as I recall. But she had the damndest habit of frying worms with her eggs for breakfast, while I preferred bacon...but then, what's pork on the hoof is pickled pig's feet in alcohol—or is that funny? It isn't? Well, then, what the devil are you sitting around advertising your adenoids for? Think we like to stare into that Saturnian cavern? Close your mouth before your plates fall out and somebody starts a goldrush!"

"Pish-tush, my dear relative. Everytime I am forced to look upon your unbeautiful pan it behooves me to think of a remark once made by an earthian professor of Entomology..."

"What's that mean, Hoy?"

"He's a man who visits fans' homes searching for bedbugs...But as I was saying, he once remarked that all science fiction fans were morons."

"Hmmm, I am automatically excluded," Pong called back as he was escorted out through the swinging doors on the shoulders of two hefty Gray Lensman. "I never worked up that high..."

Manly Wade Pong didn't exactly enjoy his abrupt contact with the curbstone of a Martian gutter. "Don't have a mind like a drain pipe; come down to the sewer with me," echoed a voice from the city's drainage system. Hoy Ping was standing menacingly over the prone body of his aromatic cousin.

"Never has the respectable name of Pong suffered such humiliation in interplanetary society," Hoy shouted. "Never, in all the 452 generations of Pongs

ELEGY TO A PICKLED PIG'S FOOT

(including 57 varieties) was there one who could not hold his liquor. K i n g s, Emperors, Presidents, Dictators (Tucker—A. D. 1935-1936), Scientists, Financiers,—and now the only black sheep—YOU! No sane member of the Pong family tree would have anything to do with that overgrown sunfish you just murdered and you're no chip off the block. I give up! I, Hoy Ping Pong, declare you as unworthy of the Pong seal of approval as was the dastardly Tucker, hims e l f. Good-bye for ever, vulgar upshoot from the Neanderthal man!" (This needs life—insert stick of dynamite here.)

"Every fan to his own taste," Manly commented, "or the goof who reads Le Zombie."

Hoy Ping Pong: "Tell me, Manly Wade—oh, er, pal. Before I make up my mind to discard you, what ever became of that pretty blonde we met at the Space-rat's Dive?" (Dynamite blows up here. What fun!)

Exit: Hoy Ping, Manly Wade, Reinsberg, and Tucker after learning present address

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WHAT THEY ARE ABOUT

by

J. MICHAEL ROSENBLUM

II

REBELS TRIUMPH, by J. W. F. Hannay, p. Methuen. 3/6. 1933. Another American book published in this country, and very welcome too. It deals with sabotage & strike by the "Key Men's Council"; an organisation of some 15,000 experts; telephone, electricity, gas, water, etc., in favour of a more progressive system of social organisation. Of course the whole of the United States is soon paralysed but then things don't go according to plan. In the fate of one city in Texas we are shown how rioting & disease break out, mob-law rules & civilisation ceases. A plea for better things & yet a warning to those who wish to b r i n g them about by any means.

THE KINGDOM THAT WAS, by John Lambourne, p. Cherry Tree Books. 6d. A quiet little fantasy, for a complete change. An English hunter in central Africa is suddenly transported (how?) in time to an early age in the earth's history when all the animals lived more or less peacefully together. Man is the lowest of all creation, thought little of by anybody. We see how evil raises its head & bloodshed & flesheating come into being. There is a dreamlike quality in this novel such as one gets in Lewis Carroll's work & some of Lord Dunsany's purer fantasy. But it will not suit the "scientists" amongst us, only those who like now & then to venture into a complete world of makebelieve.

THE WEIGHER OF SOULS, by Andre Maurois, p. Cussell. 6/-. Another fantasy by this famous French writer, dealing with the rather bizarre central theme of trying to catch a soul this time. A doctor at a large hospital performs experiments with newly dead bodies in an attempt to find & measure the soul. Rather ghoul-like, nicely written; but for all that extremely unsatisfying to all except, perhaps, the lover of the pure macabre.

PRELUDE IN PRAGUE, or The War of 1938, by S. Fowler Wright. I am not quite sure whether this book is science-fiction or history. As it was written in 1932 perhaps the former category is still correct. A "warning" book, it deals with the rise of the Nazis, their secret rearmament & sudden attack on Czechoslovakia. An intelligent forecast, it has not come absolutely as Mr. Wright saw, but any further discussion takes us into the realms of present day politics. An interesting 'might-have-been'.

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It's stupendous! Once again Spaceways breaks all precedents; sets a new high for originality! We do now the most daring deed of 1940—by telling you that if your subscription to Spaceways expires with this issue, an X appears in the space to the left of this notice—the first time in history of fandom that such a daring deed has been done—with old-fogy magazines all putting the blank space to the right! Spaceways leads again! After this brave act, you'll surely send in your renewal now without delay

IS THERE SCIENCE FICTION IN NEW MEXICO?

by

WALTER SULLIVAN

For a long time, I was under the impression that New Mexico was a sterile field as far as science fiction is concerned. This disillusion has been fortunately destroyed for me. For a while, I was afraid that I was to be isolated in a place where science fiction was unknown and where fans could not thrive. This, however, is not really the case as I will endeavor to prove.

We all know (or should know) that Jack Williamson resides in the eastern part of New Mexico, but I did not know of anyone else connected with stf who existed here. After being here for about two weeks, however, I discovered that one of the boys who was staying at the same place I was (but who later left) was a lover of fantasy. Although he had never read any stf magazine, he had read many of the works of Verne, Wells and Burroughs. I have had in my possession for about six years a copy of "Seven Famous Novels by H. G. Wells" and have read about three of the stories in it. It took him just three days to finish it. When that was disposed of, he proceeded to make his way through my pro mags and even my fan mags. The other fellow who is staying here is a bitter enemy of anything fantastic, but still enjoyed a few items that I showed him.

While at dinner one evening, we were discussing classes and women (as we often do), and I casually mentioned the young lady discussed earlier and that the account of her was written by Farley. To my utmost astonishment, one of the other boys at the table mentioned that Farley was one of his favorite authors along with Binder (there's no accounting for some people's taste, is there?). It finally came out that he had been reading the pros and had a small collection at his home in Tucumcari. As soon as the meal was finished, he dashed over to my cell and looked over what I had, putting in his bid for my volume of Wells (that was six months ago and I haven't had a chance to read it myself). We have worked out a system by which we alternate in buying the pros, thus saving quite a bit of money. Unfortunately, he likes most of the poorer publications. I am afraid that he is not the kind that can be made into a fan.

While visiting one of my friends one evening not so long ago, I remakred on her poor taste in literature as evidenced by numerous copies of western and detective magazines. Before I could open my mouth to tell her what she should read, one of the boys who was playing bridge broke in by mentioning that he usually reads the fantastics and went on to mention such things as Amazing, Wonder, and Marvel. My surprise was not complete, however, as one of the other boys (of whom I had never suspected it) mentioned The Blind Spot as being a very interesting story. That had me stumped as I have not read the story myself. Unfortunately, neither of them was a New Mexican. One came from New Jersey and the other from Rochester, New York.

I have run up against quite a bit of science fiction at the University also. At the present time, I am auditing a course in Utopias in English Literature. It consists of analysing the various types of Utopias as set forth by writers from the time of Plato to the present. So far, we have gone through Plato's Republic and are now working on Moore's Utopia. Among the other works to be examined are Campanella's City of the Sun, Bellamy's Looking Backward, and the works of Shelley, Wells and others including Karl Marx' little contribution. In the regular English course I am taking, we have read Poe's The Tell-Tale Heart, The Devil and Daniel Webster, The Fall of the City, and Green Pastures.

You would be surprised at the great amount of stf that pops up during the Anthropology lectures. So far, we have discussed Tarzan, King Kong, Son of Kong, Alley Oop, and the origin on man on Atlantis, Mu and moon. The prof has brought in to class copies of Merritt's The American Weekly, which contained some articles on Anthropology.

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The third issue of Horizons, now out, contains fourteen large hektoed pages. In this issue are to be found "The Time Spiral", by Jayne Ellis, and "The Space-Man Strikes Back" by Vol Molesworth, in addition to a readers' section. The cover's by W. E. Marconette, and subscription price is 15c per two copies. Why not send?

RAP
by
MARK REINSBERG

(While this article is more or less of an "advance rebuttal" to the "long critique dealing with Palmer and his two magazines", mentioned by Mr. Miske in his "Stardust" column for April, 1940, as to be among the contents of his next column, the reader should bear in mind that I am not merely anticipating the views of JCM, but also that I am now writing a long-contemplated defense of the "new regime", of Palmer, Amazing and Fantastic Adventures; an article I knew I would some day have to pen, for the benefit of that large portion of the fan field which seems to have formed very definite opinions, one way or the other.)

"I maintain", the editor was telling his interviewer, "that two hundred fans can not be taken as a cross section of the general reader-public. That what fans express themselves as wanting in a science fiction magazine is quite often just the reverse from what the average reader of pulps will pay fifteen or twenty or twenty-five cents for."

Those words were spoken a long time ago, as fan history goes, but they hold even more true today. I remember that "interview" well. The "new" Amazing—the June, '38—had just "hit the stands" and exploded like a bombshell in the midst of a smug, self-contained, self-satisfied science fiction fandom. Noting the Chicago address, I immediately seized the heretofore non-existent opportunity to meet an editor, and rushed down to Ziff-Davis' offices. And thus I first met Raymond A. Palmer, by chance securing the first Chicago interview, which was later to be the stimulus for my "Amazing News" column in Fantascience Digest, marking the dawn of my career in fandom.

Palmer was cooped up in a two-by-four office, then, his desk piled high with manuscripts, all of which had to be read by him, and all but two or three of which were foredoomed to rejection. His worries included the immediate necessity of finding artists who could draw at least passable science fiction scenes. Every move he made was closely watched by the "big boss"; every story accepted had first to run the gauntlet of uninspired "higher-ups", who knew neither science fiction nor of its traditions. Nor cared a whoop about fandom, other than in terms of circulation. In short, Ziff-Davis had a "dud" on their hands, and if the magazine wasn't an immediate success under its new ownership, it was to be dropped—positively and conclusively. Palmer would be out of a job; the field would have been minus first one magazine, and then, as time wore on, Marvel Science Stories would have—as it did—disappeared, leaving TWS and Astounding the dubious honor of sharing the minute niche in the pulp field known as the pseudo-science or science fiction circle.

The fan field would have continued its parasite-existence, deriving whatever support and new blood the two pros were wont to permit. In all probability, there would still be those two s-f mags today! It is no secret that publishers are in the business to make money, and the success of one magazine in a field previously thought unfertile, is a "come-on" signal, a green light for increased magazine traffic. But had there been no success signs among the s-f mags, would publishers have risked real money in the issuance of more magazines devoted to that type? No! They wouldn't have had the courage to try something different. Would Thrilling have had the courage to put out Startling, and later Captain Future? Would Street & Smith have attempted Unknown; would we have Science and Future Fiction today? And Dynamic, yes, and even Famous Fantastic Mysteries?

But, I've digressed. I mean to point out the probable results if Amazing hadn't been the success it became in four issues. A success which paved the way for the "great avalanche" of 1939-40.

During many long discussions following that original interview, Palmer outlined his theories regarding the formula for a successful publication. "Why", he began, "was the original Amazing under Gernsback so popular? Well, for one thing, there was no competition. But neither was there a field. What did Gernsback do? His early issues fell back on the accepted classics, which no one could object to. Then, after a gentle introduction to the mysteries of Wells,

RAP

Verne, Poe, and Cummings, his policy changed. Gradually, he gave the public a never type of s-f. Creating the demand first and then satisfying that demand.

"Through 1927, he fed the public milk and honey, but less and less honey as time went on. By 1928, he had educated around 90,000 readers into reading, liking and accepting the type of science fiction he wanted them to read. Moreover, his authors had been able to develop with the slowly changing standards of Amazing, until they were entirely capable of writing exactly what Gernsback knew the public went for.

"Wonder Stories and Astounding were outgrowths of that original successful Amazing, as were the Annual and the Quarterly. But progressively, the editors of these new magazines, and even Gernsback, became less the pioneer in the field and more the editor who strove to get the best results out of the already-existing field. As a result, the new field of readers, who had brought about three new magazines during the Depression period were over-catered to. For a new magazine doesn't necessarily create a new group of readers to buy it; it draws heavily on the already existing field, correspondingly weakening the other publications also drawing on that field."

Those weren't his words, but they summarize his views. And it was just this situation Palmer realized when he took over Amazing. Teck Pubs' AS had failed simply because it wasn't good enough or popular enough to divert the readers necessary to the support of itself, away from TWS and Astounding. In other words, only 22,500 of those readers would buy the magazine every month, in addition to one or both of the others. A great number of the sum total readers of science fiction bought all the s-f mags, but the majority, being restricted in either pocket or taste, were content with Astounding and/or Wonder.

Don't forget that Astounding under Clayton had faced that situation, which, to a lesser degree, caused its discontinuance. And Wonder had folded up in early 1936 because of that situation. But the editors of the new forms of these magazines had remedied the ailment by making their magazine good, so good as to swing the balance of readers into their fold. Tremaine, to be sure, did a little pioneering. But he didn't start from the bottom.

Palmer did; and he also went out of his way to please the fans. He's a fan too—but fandom chooses to forget. His first move was to satisfy that inconsequential group numbering 200, but making more noise than 200,000!

What of the back cover—the "gift" to the fan that eliminated a big source of revenue and entailed artist expense as well as cost of making another set of color plates? The Correspondence Corner, almost a free advertisement to every reader for the asking? The "Meet the Author" section—the photographs therein? What of the first large size format since Wonder gave it up in favor of the cheaper, more popular "pocket-size", in Fantastic? (A side-light on that: fans who "know so much more about putting out a professional publication than do the editors"! Fans who unanimously declared themselves for a large-size magazine, who "just knew" every other reader would agree, would have a hard time explaining the public's rejection of the large size Fantastic. The fans let themselves be heard through noisy, voluminous letters, but the average reader doesn't write; he just doesn't buy. And that's a far more reliable barometer for reader-opinion than any number of fan like and dislike notes.)

And that isn't all Palmer's done for the fans. What of the publication of "New Adam" at the insistence of the select and elite? A venture that has yet to sell 100 copies to fans. How about the Paul back and front covers; the cash contests, benefitting both author and reader? The gifts of free drawings to fans. The support of the New York Convention in 1939, the even greater support on the Chicago 1940 S-F Convention.

Sure, Palmer's printed a lot of hack stories. Every day he rejects yarns simply because they're "too good" for his readers. But the policy he's been carefully adhering to is sound. It's bearing fruit today. He gave the magazine a distinct juvenile appeal in the early Ziff-Davis numbers, because he wanted to! He printed pulp trash—knowingly—because he wanted to! He introduced the

RAP

"ordinary" story titles because he knew what he was doing; published simple science fiction tales, overladen with menace—and story.

Why? Because he was and still is introducing a whole new field of science fiction readers. Attracting them by lurid covers and "menace" titles away from the Mystery and Western and Love and God-knows-what-else fields. Those fields can spare a 100,000 less readers, and science fiction can use them.

So, if you're a fan and you're dissatisfied with the stuff printed in Amazing and Fantastic, read some of the real old-timers in the early Wonders and Amazings. The chances are, you'll turn away in disgust at the simple plots, the corny situations, etc., in those early s-f yarns. But you loved it then! And your tastes have matured through long familiarity with every possible plot or situation encountered in the average story.

This new group Palmer is "educating" into advanced science fiction, is eating the stuff he's giving them with relish. It's simple stuff, but they probably couldn't stand "advanced" s-f at this stage of the game. Yet, little by little, the quality of his stories is increasing. The average reader is unaware that what he's reading is advanced material over the tripe he was first introduced to, but it is. At the rate Palmer is going, in another year they'll all be "caught up" and ready for whatever new type of science fiction the trend indicates.

That is why I advocate the "Palmer regime". His is the hard and thankless task of carrying out a long-term policy, designed first for immediate results to his Amazing and Fantastic, and second for a bigger, better science fiction field. He hasn't brought science fiction down to the common masses, he's brought the masses up to science fiction. And they're still on the way up.

Behind the scenes, Raymond A. Palmer is conscientious, hard-working, y e t always ready and willing to take time out to visit with some fan on a pilgrimage to his office, even though it often means a corresponding over-time session in order to finish up the day's quota of work. He regards fans and fandom highly; he advocates and supports all their constructive activities; he's a fan himself. But he refuses to accept a few letters from disgruntled cranks as a cross-sectional opinion. And I, for one, believe he's right.

And now, Raymond A. Palmer edits three magazines, has a special New York representative, a first reader and a second reader, a private secretary. He drives around in a 1940 Buick. All these things attest to the soundness of his theory—now an established fact—and his great abilities in editorial work as well as in writing capacities. And personally, Ray is very human. He likes praise, sincere praise; he doesn't love criticism, but if it's constructive, he'll give you the best audience a fan could find anywhere. And, if necessary to defend his policies, he'll argue any point to its bitter end to prove he's right. If it's one of those rare instances when he's wrong, the fan often leaves the office with an original drawing as a prize of war. In spite of Ray's rocky career, he hasn't lost his ability to laugh at and with the world.

Yes, I advocate Palmer because he, if anyone, gave the pro field a new lease on life, by introducing the desperately needed "new blood". Moreover, he predicted the flood of new s-f mags that followed the return of Amazing. He's indirectly made the fan field stronger through making the pro field what it is today. For a larger pro field means a bigger field for fandom to draw its new blood from, also. This has contributed greatly to the independence fandom enjoys today, of its ability to continue without being a parasite on the pros.

This article will probably go against the grain in fandom, but I believe the days are over when a celebrity has to die before all his achievements and contributions to the field are recognized. Homage to Palmer now, when it'll do him some good!

.....

Crowded out once more, but positively to appear in the next issue of Spaceways—"Letters Through the Ages" by John Burke, and "The Adventures of A. Skeleton" by James Tillman. Plus many other articles and features, and selected fan fiction

SOME NOTES ON THE VOMBIS

by

ROBERT W. LOWNDES

Inasmuch as of late the term "vombis" and associated terms, such as "vombicism", "vombitation", and "vombic" seem to have crept into vogue, perhaps a few stray notes on this little-known entity would not be amiss here.

The vombis has been known to adepts, occultists, and un-numbered victims for many centuries before the dawn of recorded history. Alhazred makes mention of them in "Al Azif", known to lovers of weird fiction as the terrible "Necronomicon", and still further mentioning of them, by name, may be found in V o n Junzt's "Nameless Cults", though in this case the distortions of the pirated translation are more than apparent to anyone who has read the original. As to the Golden Goblin edition, perhaps some of my readers can tell: I have not seen a copy, but it is possible that the vombis was not expurgated. The "Song of Yste", however, is quite definite, although it suggests far more than it states. (That is the trouble with these books. One reads them thinking to glean a great mass of chilling and unholy knowledge. One does, but in so doing, you find constant references to other works, and other characters, most of whom are entirely unknown, and where you started desiring knowledge of one thing, you finish thirsting for more data on a dozen. Thus the student is sent from source t o source, and there is no end. I thought I would be content with the "Necronomicon" and even more so when I found a copy of the "Song of Yste" before I had read the former: now I find that, with a long row of forbidden books and mss. across my shelves, I have only begun my collection of the unknown and forbidden books. There is much more truth than poetry in a sonnet I read some time ago in an amateur publication: I think the title was "Les Livres Damnees", but the name of the writer escapes me at the moment, unfortunately.) Other sources which give more or less detail are "Thingse of Eville" of Tyr Jalnaak, "A Dissertation Upon That Which Stalks in the Night" by Pere Ereville, a really delightful, and quite priceless little volume, and the outright sensation-mongering Night Book of Jaques Mosqueau. I shall attempt to give a brief summary of the essential factors about the vombis and will also give a brief definition of the more commonly-used terms among the devotees of vombicism. Perhaps some of my readers have further sources of information and can round out this article with more definite statements than I can make at the present time.

The vombis is an entity of intelligence fully equal, if not superior, to that of man, of a composition as yet quite unknown though some have made guesses, and possessing the ability to change form at will. So excellent a likeness can the vombis assume to <u>any</u> object or living thing, that, except in cases of active malignancy, it cannot be detected. One might scoff at this, and say, by virtue of this statement, the very typewriter on which I compose this article may be a vombis. The truth is, that, for all I <u>know</u>, this typewriter <u>is</u> a vombis; my only reason for doubting it is, that in all the years I have known it, it has never acted contrary to the mechanical nature of typewriters.

It is, of course, much more romantic, and offers a great field for spine-tingling fiction, to depict the vombis as aping only life-forms, rather than inanimate objects. But the facts will not agree with the writer of weird tales, for the vombis may just as well be the table on which the unsuspecting farmer places his evening meal, as the lovely stranger who comes to his door, or the unseen thing scuttling around in the dark of night between the walls. Pere Ereville tells of a vombis which passed as a tree, as well as vombi in the form of rocks and swords. And one writer whose works have come down to us tells a tall tale of an old Roman swimming-pool, the water of which was in actuality a vombis. Despite its humour, deeper study into the subject will show that it is not impossible.

It is this which has led students to make such a high estimate of the intelligence of the vombis, for it is difficult to believe that pure instinct could make a creature assume the forms, and not merely the outer forms, of artificial objects, in place of aping only natural animals, birds, or fish. That

SOME NOTES ON THE VOMBIS

the vombis has often caused great terror and havoc in entire villages, and that, during the Dark Ages, it was often known to pose as a vampire, may not necessarily prove it is by nature malignant, as far as man is concerned here.

And there are a number of things which lead one to ponder: as far as is known, no vombis has ever been killed. The form which it took appeared to have been slain, at times, but in every case this form has disappeared before the natural period of manifest putrefaction and dissolution set in. In the great majority of cases of vombicism, the maurader, or marauders, have merely vanished as suddenly and inexplicably as they appeared. For the most part, people have thought them demons, ghosts, elementals, goblins, etc., which were properly exorcized and the Church, in those days, always fostered this belief. It is only upon very rare occasions, such as in Pere Ereville's book, which was brought to light some twenty years after his death, and printed and circulated privately, that the question of vombicism in these demoniac cases has been raised.

The "Song of Yste", however, takes precedence for the scope, magnitude, and grim, cosmic horror of its suggestions. Reading these, one ceases to wonder why the Church so bitterly hounded the Kirkas, who translated it from the original into the Bizantine Latin, for the concept of the vombis strikes at the very heart of religion. It is no less than a suggestion that the vombi are superhuman entities, well aware of man's existence, who are using man merely as a means of amusement or experimentation. It is they who have been the sources of all of man's legends and fairy tales, and they are what men have described as demons, ghouls, werewolves, vampires, elementals, and wizards. Demoniac possession, they suggest, is merely the intrusion of the vombis upon a living mortal; wizards actually evoke vombi, rather than what are called familiars; those unhuman humans who were the most dreaded and cruel sorcerors of the olden days were men into whose minds vombi had entered, so that their thoughts, desires, and outlook was no longer entirely human. Further things that the "Song of Yste" mentions are too soul-shattering to describe here.

(I might mention, that the "Song of Yste" is, roughly, the writing of some nameless man, or men, handed down from the preglacial ages. Whether one man composed it, or whether it was the work of many, the philosophy of an entire culture, we do not know. Nor do we know just what "Yste" stands for. It might have been a word to signify a certain type of knowledge, or person; it might have been the name of a particular individual, or group, or culture; it might have been the legends of a nation come down in fragmentary form. At any rate, these writings are entailed in what is called the "Song of Yste", but the book consists of, in addition to these, commentaries and parallels added by the Dirkas. The actual "Song of Yste" is in one type of print; the Dirka commentaries in another. One might add, too, that without the Dirka commentaries, most of it would be entirely vague and ambiguous, and some totally un-understandable. The style of both the translation and the commentary, despite the oftentimes revolting matter, is vivid, charming to read, and mystic in tone. Some places where the subject matter is more palatable it becomes a thing of beauty; it is always a thing of art.)

As I stated above, I shall close this note with a brief dictionary of well-known terms in relation to the vombis. Here they are.

vombic	weird and sinister, pertaining to the vombis, unpredictable
vomb	to impart a shuddery feeling, to fill with nameless dread, to arouse terrifying suspicions, to make one feel as if one were in direct contact with a vombis
vombitate	to go around in doing weird sinister things
vombitation	the act of vombitating, actions without apparent human motives
vombulation	a vombic manner without action
vombulate	to put on a vombic attitude, without actual doing anything vombic
vombification	the act of vombing, or vombifying; "vombify" being much more commonly used than "vomb"

(continued on page 15)

STRANGE AVATAR

—Being the Visit and Colloquy of One Ambrose the Ogre with H. Warner, Jr.—

Harry Warner put down the copy of Weird Tales he had just finished perusing and gazed off into a space that was denizened with those amorphous gentlemen of such singularly peculiar diversions, that are so rife in the late Mr. Lovecraft's opera. For a few minutes he was steeped in the tenacious atmosphere of that last, queer tale. Then, suddenly, a premonitary shiver dissipated the atmosphere that the tale had engendered, and he looked up, dreading, yet not knowing what would greet his gaze.

The door had not opened, for the invariable squeak it made could not have escaped Spaceways' sharp young editor. But nevertheless, there stood a figure, whose bizarre aspect brought the cold hand of doom to his furiously beating heart. Even now, as it moved toward him, the younger Mr. Warner perceived the strange, shambling gait it affected; the black, shrouding cape that completely enfolded the powerfully-built body; the medium stature of the visitant, which withal was as menacing as an extra foot could have made it; the long, slouched hat that amply concealed the wearer's countenance; and the great members, gloved, and appearing more like the tentacles of an octopus than human arms.

While such horrible explanations for the appearance of the figure, as the manifestation of one of Mr. Lovecraft's gentle friends, raced through our editor's mind, he found himself paralysed with fear.

When Mr. Warner's visitant reached the desk which separated them, he halted. For a moment there was silence; then:

"Who-oo- are y-y-you?" gasped the editor of Spaceways, making an ill-concealed attempt at nonchalance.

From the very depths of the stranger, it seemed, came the booming, strangely alien reply: "I am Ambrose." This was said as though it were the éclaircissement of the whole affair and precluded any further discussion.

This confused Mr. Warner so that for a moment he couldn't think of anything else to say. Then Ambrose broke into his thoughts.

"I am the servitor of a reader of your magazine. Any special—" and the intonation that was given this word disconcerted the head of Spaceways no end "—business my master requires done, is executed by myself.

"I am an ogre.

"As I happen to be an ogre, and my master a venerable vampire of some three hundred odd years' accomplishments, we get along quite well. Anyone that displeases the master is subject to a visit from me. That probably explains the mysterious disappearance of the author of "Wow!"—"

At this juncture, the younger Mr. Warner found it very difficult to restrain his optics from a swift voyage across the room and his tongue felt altogether too large for the precincts of his mouth.

"Oh, yes, he was a very tasty morsel—after the master had finished with him!"

An inarticulate gurgle issued from the general direction of the guiding hand of Spaceways.

"But, to the purpose of my visit: my master is anxious that I convey to you his desire to have a good argument with somebody; business has been so quiet lately that we're getting hungry!"

Our editor, at last, managed to speak. "Do you—does he always—eh—finish an argument like—eh—like that?"

"Why, of course; how else would you end an argument? What are arguments for, but the 'conclusion'?"

Mr. Warner merely gulped.

"A good prospect seems to be this individual Widner, whose letters we have seen in your columns. As a matter of fact, I was going over to see Widner after my visit to you."

The editor of Spaceways reflected how he would miss the amusing letters of reader Widner, but Ambrose, as though reading his thoughts, continued:

"But of course, Widner will not be 'concluded' for a while: first, we shall

STRANGE AVATAR

have to draw him into an argument. The master has a sneaking suspicion that he is a vampire in embryo, trying to lure some innocent reader to his doom, so we shall have some rare sport. Just think of his surprise!" A series of noises followed this, that, although they bore no remote resemblance to a laugh——uttered by a human voice!——they had the same effect: for the blood in poor. Mr. Warner's veins was instantly metamorphosed into ice water.

"We would like you to convey to a certain ghoul by the name of Oliver—the pet of one Henry Kuttner—our wish for a nice, little, friendly chat. Also, a familiar of Mr. Kuttner's, named Leslie Croutch, I am led to believe, has a pet that he calls "Ole Mule". These gentlemen, we believe, are also a pair of monsters, waiting for the unwary."

The editor of Spaceways by this time had reached a state wherein he was no longer capable of being astonished: he was so numbed with the monstrous revelations that these new ones seemed merely commonplace.

"This is the message we would have you disseminate, Mr. Warner. In recompense for this service, we will let you exist until such time as the channels of distribution your periodical afford are no longer needed. Au revoir." And with that, the sinister visitor swung around; ambled toward the door; disappeared—despite the fact that the door was still closed.

Spaceways' editor was found, late that evening, in a state of unconsciousness; and, upon the summoning of a physician, it was revealed that as nearly as could be ascertained, he had suffered a mild concussion. He has improved since then, and, it is to be hoped, will have recovered sufficiently to produce the next issue of our magazine by the time it is due.

Your correspondent, who for obvious reasons prefers to remain anonymous, has taken great risks in writing this warning; but hopes that he will have put on their guard those worthy monsters mentioned above.

.....

SONG OF THE GODS

by

C. S. YOUD

High in the air they hover, the masters of the sky,
Watching the earth below them, watching the clouds go by;
Watching the apes in the forest,
  And the birds at their fluttering play—
Counting the twilight shadows
  That fade and vanish away.
In close array they cluster, with pinions beating slow,
Singing their song of triumph where the winds of evening blow,
And mortals beneath them hear it,
  As they toil their lives away;
Hear it, and breathe a blessing:
  "The gods are merry today."

.....

SOME NOTES ON THE VOMBIS

(continued from page 13)

vombosia	an indescribable malady, seemingly without cause, and having vombic effects upon the victim
vombitoria	a vombic collection or repertoire
vombitude	the degree to which any person, place or thing is vombic
vombosis	an examination into, or evaluation of the vombitude of any vombitoria, evombification
evomb, or evombify	to determine the vombitude of anything described as "vombic", to hold a vombosis
evombulate	to give a vombic meaning to anything heretofore not considered as vombic
devombulate	to divest of vombic meaning

(concluded on page 16)

AUTHORS' AID

by

HOY PING PONG

(Part three of a series designed to bridge that major pitfall in the young author's career: an original title. Inspiration for this chapter and the concluding one was derived from the 1939 Yearbook, the index of science fiction. HPP)

m

Machine that (Thought, Vanished, Runs on Gas Pills, —quick! Where?)
Man Who (Solved Death, Came Back, Died Twice)
Maiden (Voyage, of Jirbu, —I Doubt It!)
Missing: (Millions in Radium, —what did you lose?)
Monster (from Nowhere, from Amazing Stories, —run quick!)
Moon (Pool, Metal, Heaven, Shines on pretty Red Wing,—and from Dr. Swisher's mammoth files, the following have been used: Moon Beasts, Conquerors, Crystals, Destroyers, Devils, Doom, Drug, Era, Heaven, Hoax, Madness, Maid, Master, Men, Men, Menace, Metal, Mines, Mirage, Mistress, of Arcturus, of Delirium, of Doom, of Intoxication, of Mad Atavism, People of Jupiter, Pirates, Plague, Plot, Pool, Rays, Strollers, Tragedy, Venture, Waits, Weed, Woman. Not much room for originality!)
Mummy (of Ret-seh—boy! Didn't that stink!)

n

Night (-gaunts, Flyers, Is Usually Dark, where were YOU on the—)
No (Help Wanted, More Friction, —Ice Today, Bud! Scram)

o

Outlaw (of Saturn, of Torn, is a form of crook, how about you?)

p

Phantom (Drug, Enemy, Island, Werewolf, —it's darn hard to see 'em)
Pink (Elephants—Kuttner sees 'em, do you?)
Planet (of Eternal Night, of Knob-Heads, —must be earth, eh?)
Prison (-er of Mars, of Time, —lack of freedom abounds there)

q

Question (is Answered, —wish I knew the guy, I got some to be—)

r

Radio (Man Returns, Man Will Come after Yours if You Don't Pay!)
Return (from Death, -ed from Hell—bet he looked awful)
Revolt (of the Robots, of the Scientists, —does Palmer like this!)
Revolution (on Venus, on Saturn, —comes the—!, —beware of the reds!)

s

Science (and Dreams, and Truth, Island, —what sins are committed in thy name!)
Secret (of the Buried City, of the Pyramid, of Satan, —let's spill yours)
She (Walked Alone—probably had B. O. or wouldn't neck)
Silent (World, Is the Clock, —whattsamatter, it run down?)
Space (Rating, War, Visitors, Wreck, Station, —lotta room out there)
Strange (Creature, Gateway, Visitors, —but I don't remember you)
Star (Crash, -Bright, Dust, Treader is a brother-columnist)
Synthetic (Men of Mars, Money, —hey, you can't pass that stuff!)

(to be concluded next issue)

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SOME NOTES ON THE VOMBIS

(concluded from page 15)

prevombic — referring to a conception of horror; a strangeness; before the vogue of vombicism

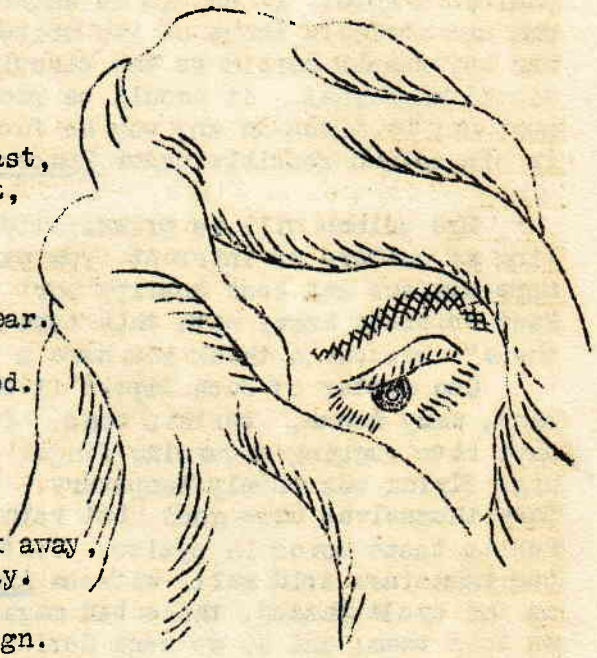
vombique — precious, a term of contempt for would-be vombicism, puerile attempts at horror, etc.

vombitor — a devotee of vombicism

le vombiteur — (for those who prefer the French; see vombitor)

(Note: "Les Livres Damnees" was originally published under the title of "Forbidden Books" in D. A. Wollheim's The Phantagraph, June, 1937; a revision was printed in the first issue of Strange, under the title of "Les Livres Damnees.")

BRIGANDS OF THE DEAD
by
LEWIS B. MARTIN



The light from the moon cast an eerie glow,
  On the haunted graveyard far below,
And above the trees, on midnight wings,
  Rode legions of dead and nameless things.
The ghouls looked up from their stinking feast,
  The silence was broken by a growling beast,
The werewolves howled in frenzied delight,
  The zombies laughed out into the night.
To mortal eye and to mortal ear,
  These sights and sounds would accompany fear.
And all night long the hosts of the dead,
  Did feast and drink from where all men fled.
Soon in the East came the light of dawn,
  And the luster of stars began to wane;
The vampires left for their boxes of earth,
  The zombies fled; gone was their mirth.
The werewolves transformed; the ghouls slunk away,
  The graveyard was still at the break of day.
For twelve hours more men are masters again,
  But when darkness falls, the dead will reign.

.....

JOHN RUSSELL FEARN SAYS
by
LESLIE A. CROUTCH
2

Well, readers of Spaceways, here's some more personal jottings by your old friend, John Russell Fearn. Naturally, I haven't told all, as much of the letters are personal, and mustn't be repeated. But those parts in quotation marks and between the dots are for you, dear reader, for you:

"...After trying 10 weary years to sell a yarn," Fearn writes, "and then getting a letter from old Doc Sloane of Amazing offering me $100. for my 2-part serial, Intelligence Gigantic, way back in '32, I nearly went nuts! After that I never looked back—but gosh, it was a hard grind until then...

"...Our English mag New Worlds—s-f of course. Editor Carnell wants stuff, especially around 5,000 to 10,000. You must get the English slant. In a word, this means be long winded, very careful, and don't pile your science on too thick. The mag will be a monthly, no. 1 appearing at the end of April. (Since, the chances for this magazine's appearance have become very slim, due to the war conditions. It is washed up for the time being, at least. HW)

"...Revolt of the Scientists was not too hot. It was originally 18,000 words, and RAP cut it to 13,000. If it jerks, that's why. The nauseating side of baccili travel never occurred to me. Maybe I'm cold blooded. Some guys think so. But it was unique. Yeah. But the best yarn I ever wrote, in my personal belief, was Summons to Mars. And, for toughness, Master of the Buried City. For headache, the Mathematica stories. For downright screwy science, The Blue Infinity and Brain of Light..."

That is all this time in direct quotations. But, I got this following stuff also from the same letter. He dislikes being called "John". Likes "Jack" better. Owns a Pathe Vox 9.5mm talkie projector and has Metropolis in his home library—talkie version. Is 32 this June, which, he says, puts him out of the infantry if he is called, and journalists over 30 are supposed to be reserved, exempt and what not. Well, that is all this version. Not much? Remember, letters only once a month at the most, so I'll keep you up to date, if he says anything I think will interest you, and if you still want to know. Cheerio, gates, next time we'll congregate!

STARDUST
by
THE STAR-TREADER

(Editor's note: It should be understood that the opinions expressed in this column are strictly those of its writer, and not necessarily the editors'. Also, the references herein to the circulation figures, etc., of the various professional magazines, it should be realized, are based solely upon conjecture and must not be taken in any way as fact. Mr. Miske is allowed the widest latitude in his column feasible under Spaceways' policy; any rebuttals will be printed.)

The column will be principally devoted this time to discussion, consideration of matters of interest from past columns, and generally to material of a more serious and less gossipy sort than usual. It's something of an experiment. Past editions heavy with this type of thing have ranked pleasantly h i g h, so there's reason to think you have a liking for it.

One matter of such import it dwarfs all others is with us this time. For many, many moons, certain fans, foremost among whom was correspondent Miske, have been wagging a warning finger at the various pros, and warning them their high flying was purely temporary. That is, they weren't selling well because they themselves were good, but rather because anything fantastic was the rage. Public taste moves in cycles. Fantasy is/was at the top of the cycle. And even bad magazines sold well—witness Amazing. The point is, however, that as soon as the cycle passed, those bad magazines were going to get it in the neck. Thus we told them; and so we were derided. To be a fan is to be futile—your opinion immediately becomes useless. Any pro editor will admit it. Ah yes.

But, children—we were right! The cycle passes, the magazines start gasping, and with this broadside, I inaugurate the "I told you so!" attack.

I trust no one is so juvenile as to believe Fantastic Adventures went small-size and bi-monthly because the large size was driving away buyers, as Palmer would have one think. It got into trouble because it published the worst bastard "science-fiction" I've ever seen. You won't see it around much longer, I'll venture to predict. Also, you might ask Palmer how Amazing's circulation is coming along. It isn't large size—but I'll bet you Palmer isn't sleeping well these nights.

I personally doubt that Science or Future Fiction will ever each see another issue.....(Censored! HW) Too, Hornig's publishers were of the shoestring variety. They paid only 1-2c. per word on publication, the lowest rates of which I have knowledge.

Campbell wouldn't admit it, but I'll bet you Unknown's circulation rise has been slowing. Astounding? The only fantasy publication capable of coming through a 1933-like low with flying colors. It came rather close to following the advice of the fan prophets. And Campbell's right about departments—they appeal chiefly to the juvenile, transitory reader who shifts his support constantly—s-f today, the funnybooks tomorrow.

Of the Standard Publications, only Wonder will really last when the full fury of the storm breaks, I predict. Captain Future.....will certainly go, Strange is almost as bad (may go horror story), and Startling could, with better novels, stick it out.

Planet Stories will certainly go. The sexy Marvel Tales, which I don't read, can't last, I feel. If Superscience comes through I'll be surprised. However, I can't be definite about this, for I have been unable to buy it anywhere in Cleveland. Astonishing's ten cent price may help it, but I doubt it—tho advertising in Popular's huge string of pulps would help.

Weird Tales will have some tough sledding, but as long as the new editor doesn't get any worse brainstorms than those manifested in the July number, it'll definitely emerge as strong as ever. Famous Fantastic Mysteries hasn't gone bi-monthly just because of the new companion magazine. No, sir—the point is that both FFM and Fantastic Novels will be on the stands for two months, which is supposed to help sell them. I dunno personally. FFM's circulation has

STARDUST

perhaps been dropping, but it's better for my taste than even Astounding, and should be all right. I wonder about the advisability of mixing science, weird, and fiction, though. Fantastic Novels should really go over—provided the public likes novels, and I think they do.

So there you have it. They'll be falling right and left soon, and I can't say I'm sorry. I hope Wonder and Amazing go too, personally. They deserve it. Editors and publishers have shown both hypocrisy and stupidity. They deserve no better, excepting Campbell and Wright, the former of whom has no worry to speak of, while Wright had the misfortune to publish a weird magazine, always a precarious venture.

Incidentally, don't kid yourself that future editors will listen to fans. No—single readers' opinions have no weight, naturally, while those of fandom, the only concerted voice, for some reason are never considered, because "they don't follow those of the general reader". Remember that bit of wisdom, comrades, as you compare your slipping circulations to that of Astounding, the opinions of whose editor most closely parallel those of the fans. Bless me if I ain't happy!

Sales of the first Lovecraft Memorial Volume, "The Outsider and Others", have been falling, before they could afford to fall if the two other volumes are to appear. The deficit is under $700., but only a dozen orders (perhaps less by now) are coming in each month. I realize $5.00 is no easy sum for lots of us to save, but the Lovecraft book is worth a little—or a lot of—hardship. Get it if you possibly can, and persuade everyone else to who can be persuaded.

As the result of items about me in recent issues of various fanmags, I have been the recipient of a number of threatening letters. Threatening to brain me, that is, if I don't come clean, as Bob Tucker put it. So help me, children, the only literature (all right, Kuttner!) I've ever sold is a couple of poems. I'm not a "professional writer" as was reported. I'm listed as (there's some sort of central agency) a free lance, but I'm not—mainly because of J. W. Campbell. What can you do with a guy who keeps rejecting your stuff 'cause it "has an idea, but it isn't developed", and then, when you turn out something in which "the writing is good", tells you but "it can't carry the idea"! As to my writing "Stardust", popular song of ten years ago—I'd retire and live on the royalties if it were so! Popular music was once my hobby, so I can speak authoritatively. Melody to "Stardust" is by Hoagy Carmichael, whose later songs include "Little Old Lady", "Heart and Soul", "Two Sleepy People", "Blue Orchids", and many others. The lyrics are by Mitchell Parrish, who could write beautiful poetry. The poetic (and fantastic!) lyrics to "Stairway to the Stars" are his, also "The Lamp is Low", "Deep Purple", and many more. "Stardust" is probably the most popular modern pop song ever written—and is beautiful.

I've also received a few letters about the fanmag item I ran last time. Larry Farsaci says he wouldn't call Stardust a fan mag (I agree, to a certain extent), and wants to know why Golden Atom was omitted from my list of the top pubs. I haven't read it, to tell the truth, but I haven't heard any raves about it, either, tho it seems well-liked. Art Widner wants to know how I can consider The Tucker "unfit" to publish a fanmag, in view of Le Zombie's popularity. Well, I like LeZ too, but wouldn't it be a 100% improved if the typing and grammar were better? Bob is funny, but that's the only attribute he has as an editor, outside of lots of friends. Possibly all the fellows I mentioned could publish good fanmags—some of 'em have, but they can't, I insist, be really good till they're readable. So there! Incidentally, few things in fandom are more fascinating than Comrade Tucker's use of the apostrophe. He never uses it except in the possessive pronoun "its"—where it doesn't belong!

The June Scienti-Snaps deserves a plug. 'Twill be dedicated to the late Howard Phillips Lovecraft, greatest master of the macabre. There will be "The Very Old Folk", a long story by HPL; "H. P. Lovecraft: Strange Weaver", a biography by him whose words you have read; "The Nightmare Lake", a new, very long poem (66 lines) by HPL, guaranteed to be his best published work, and other material by Keller, Williamson, Warner, Marconette, Charles Tanner, and others.

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It'll be a twice-as-big-as-usual issue, still a dime per copy, tho.

H. P. Lovecraft's "Shadow over Innsmouth" may still be sold to FFM. The situation is now thus: FFM would pay the 1-2c. per word Lovecraft's executors previously demanded as a minimum, but since then the latter have decided (I'm the nasty little devil who convinced 'em) the full 1c. per word should be paid since it wouldn't be a reprinting of the yarn. They don't care to sell it for less. Incidentally, a copy of this strange story in book form, illustrated, can be had from the Visionary Publishing Co., 5000 Train Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for $1.00. Very few are left.

Wish I'd published the Palmer publications critique last edition. It ties up so beautifully. Here you are, tho.

Raymond A. Palmer, better known as Rap, has been managing editor of Amazing Stories for well over two years. When he took that post, he had been an author and fan, involved in such momentous projects as the publication of Fantasy, for many years, and was well-liked by everyone. Any mistakes he made were sure of being received tolerantly. He began with bad artwork and stories, but a revived atmosphere plus several innovations, of perhaps doubtful worth. The stories became worse, but Amazing's circulation rose. Rap rode high. It became evident that commercialism was his only worry. In Amazing, Kummer, Repp, Ayre, etc., were "great" authors, while in FA a spicy taint became obvious: brassiereless bosoms in many illustrations, for example. Of the ten most popular s-f authors (see last issue's "Control Room") only one has appeared in the Palmer Amazing and there only once. Palmer, foolishly, appealed to the juvenile reader, always undependable, instead of the adult person. He changed titles to original wonders like "War with Jupiter", "The Raiders from Mars", "Invaders from Sirius", etc. He insisted upon strictly formula yarns—"tried and true" stuff, for those mentally under ten. He started an award system, presumably to see what the readers preferred—then, for example, tho FAKummer stories consistently ranked l a s t, bought more and more from him. For an example of what Palmer's stories do to an author, compare Robert Moore Williams' present tales with his 1938 (first) efforts, which regularly ranked first (never far beneath) in Astounding and TWS. Yet Palmer said, in an editorial, "in 1938 we couldn't buy Williams' stories!" Now that RMW's a potboiler, Palmer'll take everything he writes!

His latest trick, and one he's proud of, is to shove a cover drawing before some hack's nose and say, "I want a story written around that scene within 48 to 72 hours". That's a great way to insure good stories and good writing. Marvelous.

This sort of thing could go on endlessly, but what's the use? It's obvious Palmer's a pathetic flop, and the pleasant thing is that he's finding that out, as I said in an item further back. One thing I must mention, however—Palmer has an assistant who selects the manuscripts, an art editor who handles the drawings, and a superior who gives these underlings' choices the final approval or veto—so what does Palmer do besides write the editorial and play on the bowling team? There's something rotten at 608 S. Dearborn.

Jack Williamson drops me a card bearing the sarcastically sad lines, "The 'adult and good' story for Campbell has been temporarily shelved—under the suspicion of being neither!"

To my correspondents: I am forced to cut drastically my too numerous activities, therefore correspondents, etc., will kindly look tolerantly upon my tardiness in contacting them.

.....It would really pay to distribute Superscience and Astonishing here.....we do have a l 1-2 million population, after all.....Incidentally, Mr. Pohl's worshippers (Mr. Pohl is also known as Foo) can find a picture of him on page 14 of the 1940 Writers' Yrbk., th you're warned that his feet are more prominent than his face.....I'm glad to see him giving Marconette a chance to show his stuff. How about Baltadonis, etc.? O—and Taurasi.

How's a guy gonna be the Westbrook Pegler of s-f when Warner cuts 30% of the column each edition?

THE READERS ALWAYS WRITE

Norman F. Stanley

NORMAN F. STANLEY writes: I always like the bibliographical articles. Chauvenet's "Gleanings" especially interested me. Among them I notice "A Houseboat on the Styx". I have never read it, but I do have a copy of its sequel, "The Pursuit of the Houseboat". I rate it as the most unrestrainedly amusing tale I've ever encountered. Devotees of Doyle should particularly appreciate the manners in which the late Sherlock Holmes applies his deductive genius to the service of the "Associated Shades". The pirates are an amusingly crafty bunch, too, but pathetic beside Holmes. I'd certainly like to get hold of the original story if it's anything like the sequel. Incidentally, re "White Magic", Seaton's "red paint" was used to ward off ultraviolet rather than infrared light. Maskelyne's preparation would be an improvement.'''''And speaking of fantasy novels, perhaps someone in the audience can supply me with information about a story entitled (I think) "The Man Who Rocked the Earth". A tale of atomic power unleashed by a particularly mad scientist, who forthwith proceeds to do things like stopping the World War, flooding the Sahara, and tilting the earth's axis. A variant of the usual theme in that the wonder-worker is killed off without being personally introduced to the reader. It has been quite a few years since I read this, but I still remember it as about the best of its type, and I'd like to get hold of it again. The name of the author eludes me. Authur Train (of "Mr. Tutt" fame) once collabbed on a book of this same title, but whether it's the same story or not, I can't say. I also have a vague notion that the story had a sequel. Can anybody give me the "low-down" on this?'''''The "Star-Treader" interests, as always. A bit opinionated, to be sure, but what columnist isn't?

From PAUL VOGENITZ: Just received the April issue of Spaceways yesterday. Haven't had time to read it carefully over yet, but it seems to be the best ever.....'''''Why don't you tell some of those bellyachers about typographical imperfections to stick their heads under water three times and pull them out twice? I buy the publication for its contents, and not for its set-up.'''''More power to your elbow!'''''I just learned from the April issue of Astounding that the creator of Buck Rogers has passed on to his next reward. Whence cometh such another? Mr. Campbell surely deserved credit for his selection of a symbol to head the obituary—a mere eclipse of the sun.

C. S. Youd

C. S. YOUD writes: A GhuGhuist Passes passed me with full honours. I could have wished for a little more emphasis on the satirical side, but anyway it was a praiseworthy job. As First High Missionary (and Inductor of the Golden Shekels) of GhuGhu I pronounce official approval, while reserving the right of the Ghurch to disown the Purgatories described by Stinson.'''''.....Now for Tarr.'''''At the outset I would like to point out that the verses that have been printed in Spaceways were written some years ago (none later than 12 months ago). They represented an out-look on my part which is completely changed today, and, in fact, I have written only two sonnets in the last six months. But I can't agree that "atmospheric verse" is inadmissable; if it is, much of the best of Tennyson and—today—Ezra Pounds would be disqualified. Surprised to note that, after all that slating, my verse came in 5th and Boyer's 10th out of 18 items rated. Seems not everybody agrees with Tarr.'''''.....Fans Are the Brightest People! Are they really? Take my own case. Through my entire school career I attained blissful mediocrity, except in sport. At that I was lousy. No, Lakewood, I know too many intelligent people outside fandom to be taken in by your little puff. Still, I'll give you 4 for pleasing my self-conceit!

John Hollis Mason

JOHN HOLLIS MASON writes: One of the most interesting features, for me, anyway, in the tenth issue was Gleanings. I had had an idea somewhat similar but through ennui never brought it out. Chauvenet is doing well; I should like to see him continue it as long as possible. If one can make contributions to Gleanings as one can to Stardust I would like to mention a few stories that have always remained with me as thoroughly entertaining: When Chauvenet men-

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tioned G. K. C.'s "Napoleon of Notting Hill" I was expecting to see him mention another of Chesterton's superlative tales, and one that I consider, for sheer intriguing and entertaining reading, has been surpassed by very few writers today or any other time: "The Man Who Was Thursday". I can truthfully say that I have never read a more interesting yarn. It certainly deserved inclusion in Gleanings. It is one of those all-too-rare tales that keep you guessing for the entire duration of the story, with never a lapse or a place where you could possibly find your interest beginning to lag. I suppose one could say that it isn't exactly fantasy, but it is so unorthodox and peculiar that I'm sure every fan would forgive that. I thoroughly agree with Chauvenet's comments on Kipling's beautiful little tale, "The Brushwood Boy", but was surprised that he didn't mention "They" by the same author. Although, of course, he probably read the one singly, whereas I perused both in the one book. "They" is also a wistful poignant little piece, and if Chauvenet hasn't read it I would advise him to try and get it as soon as possible, for I know he would enjoy it as much as he did "The Brushwood Boy".

John 9B

JOHN F. BURKE, fresh from a distressingly unpatriotic attack of German measles, gets the following in just in time: "Authors' Aid" amuses me. When all's said and done it's rather silly, but it makes me laff, so why worry?''''Visit to LASFL good—I always like chatter about the doings of fans, and the ground some of the Americans cover makes our little one-day hops of 450 miles here and there seem very puny indeed.''''Stardust as usual, provocative. The Wright news is surprising, and Miske has a right to crow. Incidentally, I see that of late he has been criticising Campbell, and I hasten to point out that he's behind the times. As Sam Youd, Roland Forster, Dave McIlwain and (I think) L o u Kuslan will testify, I was pointing out just those faults and more besides as far back as the middle of 1938. It's only that the tendencies I spotted then have become so pronounced of late that they've been seen by others. My more subtle and analytical mind...well, anyway, there it is.''''"Elder Height" too obviously copied from HPL. "Relativity" is by far the best poem in the issue—it's fluent and clever.....''''Guy Amory, whoever he may be, seems to be afflicted with the desire to imitate James Thurber, and though he does so quite passably I can't say I'm very enthusiastic over the result. Reminds me of t h e Runyon imitations in Gargoyle.

Jim Tillman

writes: Sam, methinks Campbell has the better of you. There are four other readers of stf here at Madison C. Schmidt knew two at Purdue. My father reads it. And that makes seven. Attend: None of these seven is in any way interested in fan mags. Attempts have been made to introduce them to each of them. Four out o f five are not particularly interested in the departments: the pair at Purdue are not included, as Mel didn't say whether or not they liked them. The same f o u r out of five aren't greatly concerned about paper, illustrations, and smooth edges. Strange, isn't it? They want good stories. O. K., define a good story. No, Sam, I don't think that the fans' tastes are exactly like those of the regular reader. I will say this: the fans' tastes may be very much like those of the reader who reads every issue of a s-f mag he can get his hands on. Such a reader may become a fan. But, I doubt very much whether the main part of the circulation of the pro mags is composed of this type reader. If it were, all the mags would have pretty much the same circulation.''''This won't sound very complimentary to science fiction, but I'm afraid that a largepart of this circulation is composed of grade school and early high school kids, who read it solely for the blood and thunder. They constitute the same class who scream for movie serials like Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars, etc. Are fans' tastes like theirs? Does this class save each issue? Would they be greatly worried over departments?''''I agree, tho, that Astounding is too typed. How about a little change there, Mister Campbell? And don't make Unknown all the same.

From BOB TUCKER—no complete signature available: Cover: 9. Positively

your best yet; keep Wright, get Knight, be right! Contents page: 8. I wish to see (free of course) the contents page to match this one in neatness and sheer eye-appeal. Control Room: 6. Not your usual charming self, Sir Harry—s'matter, have a nasty cold that morning? If so, try Beezilbub's Pills (plug). Siege of Althor: ?. Have not read it, so you may attach for me whatever figure others average it. The Golden Road: 8. Everyone who exclaims "I just don't understand poetry, but I guess this is okay" shows his ignorance. Behold mine! Authors' Aid: 7. Oh! goody-goody, I love this chap. Visit to LASFL: 10. Ten-high, this ace report. Back yard gossip of this type always honey on my waffle. Am fervantly awaiting next issue to discover what brand of fumigator Pogo used to clean out the boodwar! Stardust: 6. Still down, for my money—or exchange, rather. I like to throw in plugs too, but dammit, advertisements in a gossip and comment column don't settle well. Elder Height: 5. Are you Geo. Lunn? What They Are About: 7. Always reliable, always interesting. Clarification f o r Campbell: 8. Despite the fact that Moskowitz said some things that were close to my heart, is not your policy: "Once to every man"? (Only on really touchy things—see vol. 2, no. 1, p. 3, paragraph 5. HW) Tale of the Tortletwitch: 9. I didn't have to wait to have this grow on me! It exploded with all the force of the little Martian's pill. Amory is as good as—sssssshhh! Relativity: 5. Are you Paul Vogenitz? JR Fearn Says: 7. Disagree with you that Polton Cross is probably the pen-name under discussion; believing the actual pen-name to be one we not only haven't guessed, but little suspect! (Ayre? HW) To Oil: 5. Are you Earl Singleton? The Readers Always Write: 6. Yeah, they do, but not about Spaceways. The Voice of the Imagi-Nation will be sueing you soon for trespassing! Golly, I almost forgot Subtle Function: 9. Wow!!! Boring from within! SPYS fomenting revolution! (That is a carbon-copy 4SJ pun.) Hot stuff boss! Pass out the guns—line forms on the right! Ads: 6. Blank Rear Cover: 0. You can't be Lunn, Vogenitz and Singleton too, can you? Sort of "Thrice in Rhyme"? (Oh Gawd what a horrible pun! Call Ackerman! Seldom does he publi s h one as STARTLING as that!!!) (I wrote that editorial after reading Captain Future; anyone would have felt bad after that! HW)

From R. D. SWISHER: How about getting all yer friends to participate in the secret campaign by sending a 1 1-2 cent stamp to Mort Weisinger for the free life subscription to TWS as described in Snide?....If enough write in maybe Mort will take the hint about giving away your magazines for 3c.

From JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.: One item for "Clarification for Sam Moskow—itz". He insists that the fans' desires and the readers' desires are always one and the same—as in the case of the long and loud cry for large-size science fiction magazines?

Paul Freehafer writes: It seems that something in a n issue must irritate me before I can bestir myself to write a fan magazine. SaM and some of your readers' letters supplied the incentive this time. I said much of this before, but...Why do some fans assume that their own personal dislikes and likes are those of all other fans, or of the majority of the readers? Most of my correspondents feel as I do, that Astounding is tops, and that Campbell's selection of yarns is nearly perfect. But others of my acquaintances think that Thrilling Wonder leads the field, and there are undoubtedly many who feel that Amazing is unbeatable—though I've never met any of 'em. So why aim brickbats at any magazine—it must serve a portion of the s-f reading public or it would go broke. I think there are plenty who like and will continue to like Astounding. If I'm wrong, it'll be to the regret of both Campbell and myself—Campbell, because he'll either have to change his policy or lose his job, and me, because I'll lose my favorite reading matter. If you want to try and persuade a magazine to change to your particular favorite type of story, well and good; but don't assume that it will suffer any if it doesn't.''''Concerning some other letters: The reason that "Venerian" isn't used is obvious. Pulp magazines are (believe it or not!)prudish. Junk like Marvel can be printed, but thepulp s cover their shocked ears at a sound even resembling the word "venereal". The whole thing's more than a little disgusting...I'll bet Lew Martin a penny that

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Kline's "The Malignant Entity", about which he unearths a fact or two, was not written for the June '26 Amazing, but appeared originally in the Weird Tales Anniversary Issue of '24. I.....can't check, but that's the way I remember it.

POLL RESULTS: Some of you may have heard rumors of a feud in New York City among members of the QSFL and the Futurians. We report they are based on fact; they've even gone so far as to besmirch these poll results by means of mass ratings from both sides. However, it won't happen again. Both sides have vowed not to send so many hereafter, and the QSFL boys didn't send at all last issue. For this reason, there will have to be two sets of results now. After each item in last issue are listed two averages. The first of these is always the set minus the Futurians' slightly biased (not to exaggerate) votes; the second in parentheses is the average of all, including the Futurians' ballots. Clear enough?"'' To prevent anything like this happening in the future, however, I'm forced tomake the following ruling: beginning with this issue, only one set of ratings will be counted from each copy of Spaceways mailed out. This means that I want everyone to vote in the future as in the past—provided you get the magazine through buying or exchange. I think that's the only fair thing to do; hope you'll all understand that a ruling like that's best. Now the ratings: 1st, and setting a new all-time high: Visit to LASFL: 8.6 (7.8). 2nd: Stardust: 8.5 (6.6). Tied: Subtle Function: 8.0 (8.6) and Authors' Aid: 8.0 (7.2). Letters: 7.6 (6.7). Control Room: 7.3 (6.6). JRFearn Says: 7.0 (6.0). The Siege of Althor: 6.7 (5.4). Golden Road: 6.6 (6.6). Contents page: 6.3 (6.3). Tortletwitch: 6.1 (6.6). Cover: 6.1 (5.5). What They're About: 5.9 (5.8). Illustrations: 5.9 (5.5). Elder Height: 5.2 (4.1). Relativity: 5.1 (4.1). To Oil: 5.1 (3.6). Ads: 3.8 (4.3). The issue as a whole rated, sans Futurians, 6.78—the highest since the poll system has been in effect. Quite a few records broken, in fact. Besides its being the highest ranking issue and Sullivan's article higher than anything previously, Stardust hit a new high for both itself and any feature at 8.5. The cover tied with last issue's for the favorite so far. More voted this time than ever before, 33. So, thanks to: Tillman, Brown, Croutch, Tucker, Reinsberg, Goldman, Singleton, Agnew, Madle, Wright, Mason, Martin, Baltadonis, Miske, Widner, Freehafer, Hamling, Schmidt, Rajocz, Wollheim, Wilson, Cohen, Lowndes, Michel, Pohl, Gillespie, Kornbluth, Kirstein, Robins, Evans, V. Manning, Chauvenet, and Swisher. Please rate everything in this issue—and get your name here!

.....

L'SS

(concluded from page 5)

dictable factors governing the course of organic evolution.

For a brief moment the monstrous frame housing the soul of L'ss stood in hesitant bewilderment, somehow sensing the turmoil in the mind of Gregory. Then the swaying neck reared back as the image in the sphere apparently gazed out and upon the horror-stricken Flindersholt. An almost human frown of concentration crossed her features, as by power of mind alone she peered across the gulf.

Gregory, drawn to the sphere by some horrible fascination, saw a shudder of untold revulsion overwhelm the image of L'ss.

"Oh, horrible! Horrible!" came her voice laden with ineffable sadness, as, with typical femininity, she turned to hide from her gaze the staring Flindersholt. With that the spell was broken. Giving vent to a hoarse, sobbing cry, Gregory flung himself back from the televisor.

Broken in spirit, his beautiful illusion shattered, he stumbled unseeingly across the laboratory. It was tragically simple, the accident. Blundering aimlessly into the massed apparatus he slipped and grasping for support found only the gleaming buses. The transformers shrilled in a dirge of death as Gregory tensed and stood there rigid and pale-faced, a thin curl of smoke trickling from his tight-clenched fingers. For a moment he stood, his countenance frozen in its mask of horror. Then came the clatter of an overloaded circuit-breaker and he slid to the floor, his features relaxed into the barest suggestion of a smile.

Within the sphere, the image of the grief-bowed L'ss faded and died.

The Comet is now out, with its super second issue! The only hectoed mag you don't have to wreck your eyes reading—and beginning with the third issue, it'll be mimeographed! The second issue contains art that is art, in four colors. It features paste-in photo, and is mailed flat in large manila envelope. Great articles by F. J Ackerman, Bob Tucker, Mark Reinsberg, Jim S. Avery, and the funniest article of the year by Hoy Ping Pong. That's only a sample of what's in store for you! Just send a dime to Tom Wright, R. F. D. no. 1, Box 129, Martinez, California—and say that you saw the ad in Spaceways

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COSMIC TALES

Sam Moskowitz calls it a super fan mag. It's 30 pages, with material by Keller, Warner, Moskowitz, van Houten. Yessir, you've got a treat coming! 15c per issue—25c per two—75c per six Richard B. Crain, 1734 Willow Ave., Weehawken, N. J.

Have you seen the rejuvenated Scienti-Snaps? No? Well, you've really missed something! Material in the brand - new issue by Keller, Tanner, deCamp, Merritt, etc.—and this kind of quality every issue! It's one of America's oldest and best fan magazines. Only a dime, from 2709 E. Second St., Dayton, Ohio. Called the neatest fan mag out!

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Fanfare is back! After its first ill-fated issue it returns, with the financial support of no less than fourteen fans (members of the newly formed Stranger Club), and it's bound to go places! 10c a copy—3 for 25c—from Box 122, Bryantville, Mass. Send now!

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Try a different fan magazine—Pluto. A dime brings you the 2nd issue, mimeoed in 4 colors of ink, featuring stuff and things. Lit., Sci., & Hob. Club, Decker, Ind

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STARDUST

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THE CYCLE OF AGE—by ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS! (What will the world be like a thousand years from now? And what of man with his many trials, wars, and hatreds? Read this engrossing story of an age that spans a thousand years. You'll never forget it...)

THREE ERAS—by WILLY LEY! (Willy Ley, the world's foremost authority on rocket and space flight, presents a long, illustrated article on the three eras of astronomy. Mr. Ley discusses space flight, its problems and possibilities. The astronautic theories and their import are made clear...But read it!)

CRYSTAL OF DEATH—by JACK WILLIAMSON! (The story of a strange voyage to a forgotten land—where men were monsters, and death their God! Read this hair-raising fantasy story, of a group of men who found a terrible secret...and its ancient curse!)

IT'S THE STRAIN—by CHARLES R. TANNER! (A satirical comment on science fiction by a well known author.)

MEET THE FAN—with W. L. HAILING and HARRY WARNER, JR. (STARDUST's new fan department, in which each issue prominent fans are presented, with pictures and life histories.

Plus all the regular departments and features. A three-color cover by a new, talented artist.

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