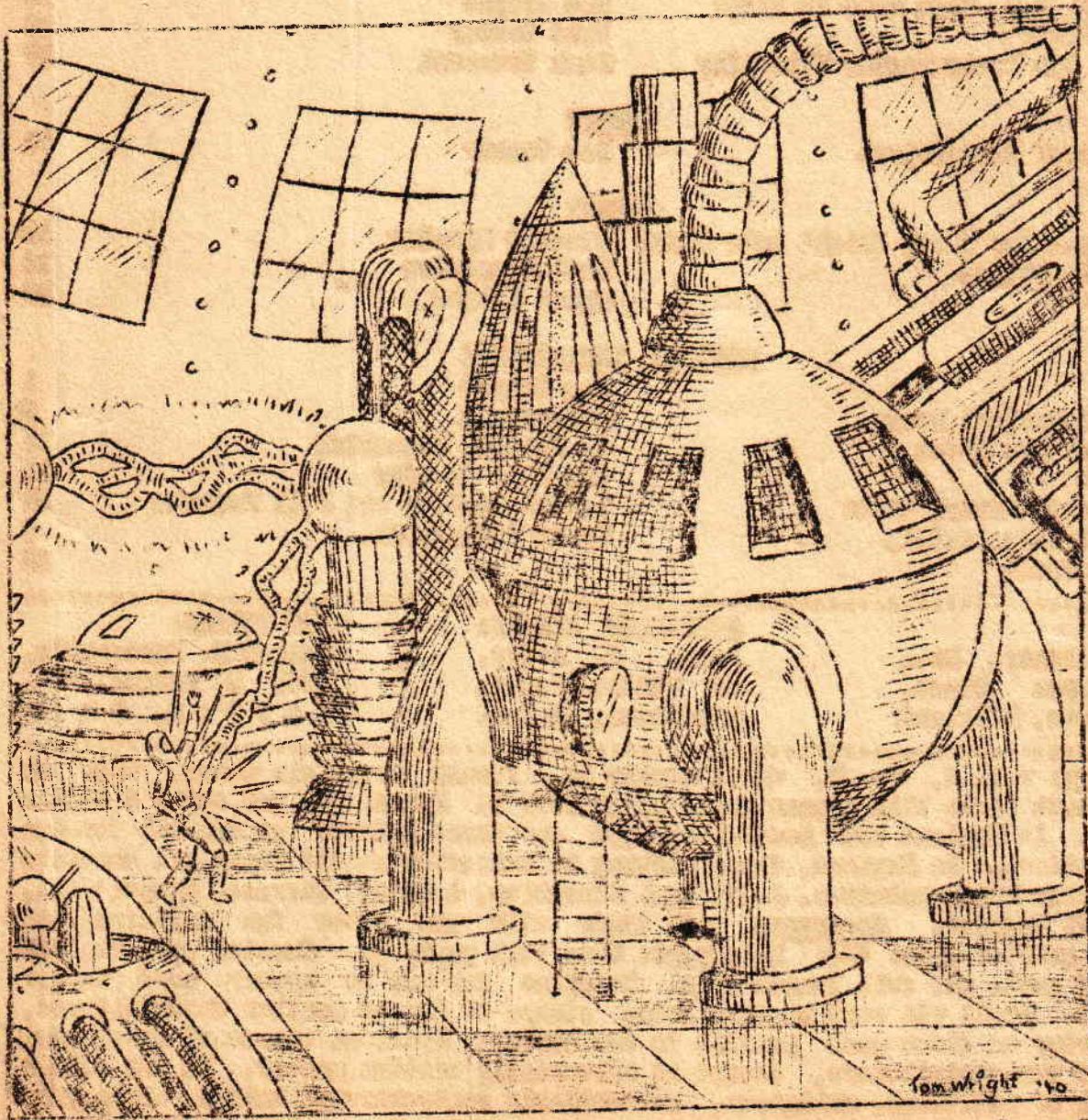


SPACE JAYS



Vol. 2 ~ No. 7 ~ ~ September ~ ~ 1940

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SPACEWAYS

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By Way of Introduction

For quite a while we've been contemplating such a step as this--using an editorial, or rather a number of editorials, that really say something, in preference to the old established plan of jabbering on for a page and saying very little in the long run. So, as an experiment, we're trying out a new plan this issue. The editorial has been expanded to two pages, and will be devoted to a few topics discussed at some length, rather than a page of everything under the sun. Just where we'll put all the stuff that formerly went on this page is rather problematical at the moment. Also, we're dropping into the safeness and security of the editorial "we". We used "I" for a long while, but the place out in the sun doing that was too blinding; once more, we bow to tradition.

This is just another indication of the trend: that every fan magazine editor, and probably every fan for that matter, eventually has to find a place where he may say what he wants to say. As Speer points out, he has his EAPA magazines, so does Rothman, Marconette has "Kaleidoscope", Miske uses "Stardust" and so forth. So this department will be devoted each issue to some comments by me (as "we") on various things--the pro and fan magazine field, perhaps material in Spaceways itself, forecasts of what's coming up in this magazine, a bit of sugar-coated publicity for persons, places, and things, disguised advertisements, and anything else we think of. Whether we continue this new idea depends on you readers--you make yourselves known through the ratings, and we follow. If this rates as high as, or higher than, the old plan, it'll be adopted indefinitely. If it doesn't--well, we'll know we weren't afraid to try it, anyhow. Let it be understood that all opinions expressed herein are mine--Warner's--and not necessarily those of the rest of the editorial staff.

One of the Above-Mentioned Advertisements in Disguise

The issue-after-next will be the Second Anniversary Issue of Spaceways. On occasion of the First Anniversary we didn't do much, if any, celebrating, because we've never felt it particularly inspiring that a fan magazine should survive twelve months. But when you get twenty-four months out of the way, and are still going strong as Spaceways will be come November, it's a little unusual in the fan field. Thus, the Second Anniversary Issue will be larger than usual, with the help of you readers. The AnIssue (as it shall henceforth be known; it's the influence of Ackerman, but we'll not do it any more, Mr. Koenig!) solicits booster and congratulatory advertisements from all the fans. They're available at the following rates: A dime brings you seven half-lines--lines halfway across the page, that is, which'll be plenty of room for expressing your felicitations. If you want to be even more helpful and really splurge by buying a big ad, they are available at our regular space-rates--see bottom of page 2. In response to our announcement last issue, we received quite a few ads, including a nice big full-pager. Of course, we want more, and the more you send, the bigger the AnIssue will be. The sky's the limit, and every cent received from the ads will go toward making that issue a real success. In particular, we'd be very happy to get some booster or display ads from science fiction's local clubs and organizations, either for the club as a whole, or a booster ad from each member of the club, all of that club's grouped together. We believe one copy of Spaceways often passes through a half-dozen or more fans' hands who belong to such local organizations; by buying space in that issue you'll be able to help us immensely and show that you like the magazine even though you don't subscribe.

As for what the issue will be like, by next issue we'll have some definite announcements to make. Suffice to say now that most of the material, except for departments and a few other things, will be by professional writers, and the best pros available, too. Material by several is already on hand, and we're going to put the screws on a lot more between this and next issue. You won't be disappointed in that respect. There'll also be some extra features, like a

FROM THE CONTROL ROOM

contest with original illustrations by Paul and Finlay as major prizes, a cover by a professional artist if we can find one who knows how to stencil a picture and is willing to do it, and any number of other things. Just wait. But please—if you've enjoyed Spaceways up to now, won't you let us have some advertising?

About Palmer

By now, everyone seems to have stuck in his two-bits' worth on the argument regarding the merits, or lack of merits, of Amazing and Fantastic Adventures—except us. We can't resist any longer, and so:

Let's look at the thing this way: consider what we know definitely. There are three main factors which by now have been pretty definitely established. One is: that Palmer realizes that a lot of the stuff he publishes is poor, and is quite willing to admit it. At least, that's more than certain other editors will do. Verification for this will be found in Mark Reinsberg's "RAP", and some other places.

Secondly, most fans agree that Amazing and Fantastic Adventures are not so hot. Tucker's recent poll, and articles in the fan magazines, make that clear. (By fans, we mean the 200-odd who are considered the most active ones.)

And finally, Palmer has himself said that he believes science fiction is headed for the same kind of a rut that Western fiction is in today, and there is nothing anyone can do about it.

There's a slight variance there. Palmer claims he is educating a new field of readers into the science fiction traditions by giving them poor, simple stuff to start off with. He will then improve the quality of Amazing, as the readers gradually become accustomed to science fiction. That's hardly staying in a rut. However, the more important questions are these:

If Palmer is sincere in his ambition, and not merely trying to keep some respect of the fans, is it worth it, and will it work? If the situation is going to stay like this indefinitely—a few good stf magazines, and a lot of horribly bad ones, it were better to return to the 1935 market, when there were only three stf magazines and all of them decent. For if there must always be a lot of bad magazines to educate a new big field later to read a few good ones, it would be best to go back to a small reading public and keep at least some respect of the general public for the pseudo-science field as was held in the past.

And just as important: will it work? In other words, is Palmer's basic premise correct or false, that it's possible to "educate" readers of science fiction? We have to wonder about that. There's no way of telling the ages of the readers of the poorer magazines today, of course. If they're 10, 11 and 12 years old, their tastes are very likely to change in later years. But if, for the most part, Amazing's reading public is in the age group from 18 to 25, will they ever want anything but hack work? If they aren't mature enough at that age to appreciate good stf, it's quite possible that they'll never want it. Furthermore, they might not want any better class, but they might tire of the present class, and then there won't be any readers. For the serious-minded men who constitute a large part of Astounding's buyers certainly aren't going to buy the poorer magazines that younger readers may get a bit of pleasure. In other words: reading preferences don't necessarily alter for the better; if they did, The Atlantic Monthly and Story would sell twenty million copies per issue. The question is: do those of the fantasy fan? It's too early to tell, yet.

We have spoken. Discussion is welcome.

In Conclusion

As usual, apologies for material delayed in publication. "The Fantastic Film" by Richard Karft, "More about Australia" by Bert Castellari, and "Oh, Zombie, Oh!" by Dr. Ackula were supposed to see print this time. And they do not. They'll appear next issue for sure. Also, "Micromegas" was to start this month and doesn't; Sullivan's article is more timely, and so that's seeing print first instead. "Micromegas" will start as soon as Walt is finished.

PAGES FROM MY DIARY

by

WALTER SULLIVAN

JUNE 3

Well, after five months I am going to be able to see some fans again. I am not sure whether I am happy about it or not. It has been five months since I have seen one of those strange creatures; last time it was Los Angeles, this time it is New York. From one extreme to another (in more ways than one). Well, I leave at six this evening, so I had better start getting ready.

JUNE 5

I arrived in Dayton about nine-thirty this evening and immediately started to look for Marconette. Before I started on that fruitless search, I sent a telegram to Tom Gardner warning him that I would be in Columbus at five-thirty tomorrow morning. I realize that it is an ungodly hour, but it just can't be helped. It's too bad that I did not get to visit Tucker. I have been threatening to do that since last June. I am determined, however, that I will get to his place on my way back. As I was saying before I interrupted myself, I started out to visit Marconette. Someone in the bus station told me that his address was twenty blocks east so I got hold of a street car and started out. I got off the car twenty blocks out only to discover that I was nine blocks from my supposed destination. There was no alternative, so I walked those nine blocks, and somewhere along the way I got lost. After going north, east, south and west alternately for about an hour and retreating from dead end streets, I finally arrived at 2907 E. 2nd Ave., which in my childish ignorance (maybe science fiction has dulled my already dull brain) I believed to be Marconette's abode. My boots were as heavy as hell and I was as thirsty as if I had just walked across the deserts of Mars. In keen anticipation, I knocked at the door and asked for Walter E. Marconette. To my utter horror, I was informed that no such person was known to exist and that it would be very much appreciated if I would get the hell away so that decent people could get a chance to take advantage of some well earned sleep. After that great shock, I was about ready to give up, when I remembered what one of Hamilton's heroes would do and trudged back to the street car. The conductor gave me a nasty glance as I entered mumbling under my breath about Marconette, fans and science-fiction in general. It was about midnight when I arrived at the bus station once again. Just three and a half hours until my bus arrived. What to do? I casually took out my little address book to look up Gardner's address and to pass some time when my eyes came to rest on something. I shot up in the air thirty feet, exploded like a Fourth of July skyrocket and swore at myself in four languages for ten minutes without repeating a word, which is quite an accomplishment. When I had once again pulled myself together, I glanced back at that page again and saw as before: Walter E. Marconette, 2709 E. 2nd Ave., Dayton, Ohio. I was so disgusted with myself that I wouldn't let me buy a science fiction magazine.

JUNE 6

After what happened last night, I am glad that I spent the money to send Tom that telegram. When I arrived at the Columbus bus station, I found him waiting for me. And at five-thirty in the morning! I was a bit dubious as to how I would keep going today as I was as tired as hell. Tom took me to his sister's place, where he is staying. While I shaved, he got breakfast ready, remarking that it was early for Columbus and that his sister and her husband were still asleep. After a good breakfast, Tom and I retired to the parlor to discuss things from women to science fiction. Naturally, we discussed the "good old days" when we were both in New York. I dragged out three stf books from my suitcase which we discussed and then Tom gave me his copy of "The New Adam" to read during the summer. Before long, Tom's sister and her husband woke up and came down to breakfast. The baby had gotten up a little before them and had been all over the place. We then went up to Tom's room and wrestled with his

PAGES FROM MY DIARY

trunk for a while. While this was going on, he showed me a picture of his girl friend. About that time, his sister stuck her head in the door and remarked on "that old hag". For a while I thought Tom was going to do something gruesome. Before we knew it, it was getting near time for my bus to leave, so we had lunch and Tom and I went to the bus station. He left me a few minutes before my bus left and I climbed wearily on, hoping for some sleep and still undecided as to whether I should go to Philadelphia or not. I later decided against it as I was already three days late.

JUNE 8

Well, since this was the second day I have been here and since I have so little time here, I decided that I would go visiting. With this in mind, I dashed out this evening to look for the Futurians. I looked in my little book and found the address in Brooklyn. I took a train at my place and then changed two or three times and finally got off at the station I thought was nearest to my destination. After I looked at a street sign and figured out that I was only twenty blocks from where I should be, I said to myself, "Sullivan, you get more feeble minded all the time. Why didn't you stay in New Mexico?" I walked those twenty blocks and at least an additional twenty more when I remembered something. I repeated my performance at the Dayton bus station adding some !:&@#?!'s for good measure. I had suddenly remembered that the Futurians were now residing on Bedford Avenue in Brooklyn. I won't relate the torture I went through on my way back home. My feet hurt so much that I thought Martian Gadzooks were using atomic disintegrators on them. I decided to buy a stf mag and after getting the odor of Amazing, which resembled that of a two week old dead rat, I found a newsstand and read my first stf mag in the last five months.

JUNE 11

When I went out in search of the Ivory Tower, I made sure that I had the address correct, but little good it did me. After riding on trains for an hour and walking for a quarter of an hour, I at last arrived at my destination. I knocked at the door, and before very long was confronted by "Doc" Lowndes. He stared at me for an instant and mumbled something about coming in. I had an idea he did not know who I was and it was confirmed when I asked him about it. I was escorted into a small room which contained the bulk of the Futurian book and magazine collection. There were books behind books and magazines behind them. The only other person at the Tower that night was Dirk Wylie, to whom I was introduced. Nothing of importance happened while I was there. Dirk found an interesting book and retired to another room. That was the last I saw of him. Doc and I naturally discussed the usual things, science fiction in general, happenings in New York since I was last here, and goings-on at the Tower. About ten o'clock, I made arrangements to return on Friday, as most of the boys would probably be there then, and departed.

JUNE 14

After the usual amount of time spent in getting lost and wandering around, I finally got to the Tower fairly early. I struggled upstairs and knocked on the door. I raised my gaze, expecting to have the door opened by Dirk. The door opened, but lo and behold, there was no one there. A bit confused, I lowered my gaze, and well! well!—what have we here? It was some little brat who informed me that no one was in but that they would be back soon. I entered and spent the next few moments viewing the books and wondering why I had not been able to find some of them. My thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of Jack Gillespie, who isn't very large either. He said hollo, and went into the next room. I am sure that he did not know who I was, and I don't think that he ever learned. In a few moments, he returned and asked me how long THAT had been there. I asked him what he meant by THAT, and he replied "the sleeping Kornbluth". About that time, Don Wollheim, Doc Lowndes and Johnny Michel came

in. We exchanged greetings and conversed on various subjects for a few minutes when were interrupted by Doc asking if we wanted to play a little blackjack. We all agreed, and the game started. In a way, it was like the auction at the LASFL meeting. It was long and drawn-out, but interesting. Mr. Lowndes seemed to have the goddess of luck on his side. Before long, he had three-quarters of all the chips piled in front of him. Before very long, Gillespie was cleaned out. As soon as this happened, our little sawed-off friend (wish I could remember his name) who had been writing a stf story since I had arrived and was still on the first page, asked if he could get in the game, since he had seventy-five cents. That was almost disastrous as the Futurians were on him en masse. They finally decided to let him keep his money. It finally came out that he had won the money by gambling in school, so he was permitted to enter the game of chance —we were all taking a chance while Lowndes was dealing. About this time, Mr. Kornbluth came out of his coma and entered the room. In spite of this, the game proceeded without anything unusual happening. Before long, our little friend left and Korny took his place. By this time, Doc had all but about twenty chips which were distributed among the three of us. When Don saw how low I was getting, he reached down and secured some spare chips which were residing near his feet. Lowndes couldn't see this operation as he could not see over his pile of chips very well. In spite of this, I was soon cleaned out only to be followed by Kornbluth. The game did not last very long after that, for Lowndes complained that Wollheim was cheating in such a way that anyone could see it. The rest of the evening was given over to an inspection of the house conducted by Johnny. The kitchen was the worst mess I have seen in ages, and reminded me of home. We listened to various recordings of which I liked the Russian best. The next few hours were spent in a discussion of many things. Among them were Anthropology, its rhyme and reason if any, Latin-American History and Politics, women, electrical apparatus, books, and other such subjects. About eleven, Johnny left and not long after, I decided it was time for me to make my exit.

JUNE 15

Today was the day of the big Queens SFL social. It will give me a chance to kill six dozen birds with one stone. I will be able to see nearly all the members of the Queens SFL at one time and not have to chase all over New York after them.

After little or no trouble, I found the place the social was to be held in, but the proprietor knew of no such goings-on in his place. Quite disgusted, I stopped outside of the place to ponder over the problem, when up walked none other than Paul with some gal. I wondered who she could be. His wife? No, she was too young for that, I thought. His daughter? Possibly. I joined them and we entered the establishment to see if we could find the social. After talking with the owner, and almost on the point of leaving, he came out with "There's a Will S. Sykora affair here tonight". "Well, well," said I to myself, "so the Queens SFL has degenerated to a Will S. Sykora affair." The three of us, Paul, the mysterious woman and myself, climbed up about three flights of stairs to the back of the building. After about half an hour of waiting in vain, Paul went downstairs for some refreshments, leaving the two of us alone. After talking for a while, the mysterious woman burst out with: "I'm the editor of those fantastic magazines". At last the mystery was cleared up; she was Miss Gnaedinger. After another wait, Sykora showed up only to leave shortly. Again we were alone. Not long after that, Dick Crain and Bob Studley walked in and things began to get interesting. Within the next half hour, numerous fans entered, most of whom were unknown to me. After the party had gotten started, the beer was brought out. I haven't seen that much beer since New Mexico.

Nearly all evening, I was obsessed by a queer person darting hither and yon. I knew I had seen him before, but where? I asked someone his name. Stan Bachrach was the reply, but it didn't help much. Trying to forget it, I began to

(concluded on page 17)

THE HYPNOHORSE

by

F. E. HARDART

"Well, ain't this luck?" Bull Darrow muttered appreciatively to himself as his eyes fell upon the strange creature tethered outside the Interplanetary Police Post. In the murky Venusian night it looked like a cross between a duck and a horse. The odd creature was saddled and ready to travel.

Bull glanced furtively in all directions. He saw nothing moving through the swirling clouds of hot mist. With surprising speed for one of his bulk he ran toward the animal, untied it, and swung one long, powerful leg over its broad, flat back. His feet almost touched the ground. He pulled up his knees and pressed the heels of his rough brogans into the creature's sleek, hairless side. It lurched forward and sped away through the humid, odorous night as though it had the wings of Pegasus.

"Haw! Haw! Won't that cop be surprised?" Bull doubled over the smoothly running creature's back with bellowing laughter.

But he would not have been so quick to laugh could he have overheard the conversation which passed between the Interplanetary Officer and his friend when they discovered the officer's mount was missing.

"Wouldn't be surprised if Bull Darrow stole it," the officer said. "I have just received a short wave message from earth. They think he stowed away on the rocket freighter Anteros after holding up a radium dealer and killing the fellow. He didn't get any of the radium but he escaped."

"Going after him in a rocket ship?" asked the other man, who had just arrived from earth that morning.

"No, we couldn't find him in this fog. Anyway, he will soon return, probably crying like a petulant maiden and carrying my hypnohorse tenderly like a baby."

"Why? And why do you call that outlandish creature a hypnohorse?"

"Be patient and you will soon learn," the officer answered and chuckled to himself.

Out in the limitless expanse of fog, Bull had slowed his mount to a waddle. The lack of coordination among its four legs made slow riding bumpy. It would soon be morning, then he could find his bearings and head toward that small isolated trading post he had marked on the map in his pocket. It shouldn't be difficult to get supplies there for a price or at the point of his flame pistol.

He had heard that radium ore was plentiful on Venus. He should have no difficulty in finding some. By the time he had mined enough radium to keep him rich the rest of his life the Interplanetary Patrol would have relaxed their search for him.

He rode through the blinding, smothering blanket of fog thinking of how slick he had made his getaway from earth. He hadn't meant to kill that guy. Bull, for all his bragging toughness, didn't like to hurt people.

A figure appeared on the trail before him. Bull snaked his flame pistol from his belt and held it at ready. But the figure remained motionless, no weapon visible. It was now before the very nose of the animal. From a black hole in the man's chest blood saturated his white shirt front, from his lax drooping mouth gushed a flood of blood. Bull recognized the man he had killed



THE HYPNOHORSE

back on earth. A shudder passed through his massive shoulders as the animal seemed to pass effortlessly through the apparently rigid body. Then Bull gave a derisive shrug.

"Must be something in this damn sticky air causes things like that." He pressed his hard heels into the animal's soft sides and made it jump forward.

His mother had always been seeing apparitions like that. Gosh, if he had listened to her he wouldn't be a fugitive on this damp, wet sponge of a planet. His mother, even though poverty had forced her to raise her son on the east side of southern Manhattan, had tried to raise him properly.

He blinked his eyes and said "Whoa!" There before him stood his mother, distinct and life-like. She was reaching one red rough hand to pat his shoulder as she often had. Two big tears rolled down his rough, hard cheeks.

"Damn this wet, dripping place," he muttered through the lump in his throat. He thrust both heels into his mount so suddenly that the beast's all four feet seemed to leave the ground simultaneously.

There was a bog ahead. Bull had not seen it. The creature's fore-legs, in spite of its flat webbed toes, sunk deep into the green-scummed slime. Bull slowly, reluctantly slid his great bulk over one side of the animal. It tried to pull its forefeet from the muck but without success. Bull wrapped one long gorilla-like arm over its low front shoulders and tugged.

"Wouldn't be surprised if I've crippled the darn beast now. It'd be just my luck," Bull growled to himself.

The animal was out of the muck now, but it was down on its front knees. It seemed unable to rise.

"Get up, you dumb beast," Bull said not unkindly. Again he wrapped his long arm over its shoulders and helped it to rise. He led it forward limping, his great arm half supporting it.

"I'd kill you, darn you, and put you out of your misery but you know more about this swamp than I do. May the devil take me now if I ever get myself into a mess like this again."

Suddenly the ground opened up at the very tip of the animal's front feet. From it rose tongues of flame and nauseating, penetrating odors as of burning sulphur. A form floated up through the midst of the fierce flames. In his right hand he held a three-pronged fork which he pointed menacingly in Bull's direction. As the figure strode toward him he saw two sharp horns projecting from its head.

With a bellow of alarm Bull turned and rushed back the way he had come, half dragging, half carrying the animal with him. He stumbled on for minutes before the weight of the animal forced him to slow his pace. He would not look back. He kept his eyes staring straight ahead at the red light which rose through the mists in a column into the sky a considerable distance away. It was the beacon light at the airport.

Almost unconscious of the weight of the animal, he helped it along. Sometimes it led him as he closed his eyes to shut out the horrible figures which arose on all sides.

He made an incongruous sight as he stumbled into the clearing. His steps were dragging wearily, his head hung dejectedly as he helped the beast along. It was almost impossible to believe that a man could be so greatly changed in a few short hours. The animal was complacently allowing itself to be half carried with the one great ham of an arm around its middle.

Bull dragged himself before the Interplanetary Officer and his friend who sat talking before the door of the Interplanetary Police Post.

"I'm Bull Darrow. I killed—" he began. The officer merely nodded his head and snapped the handcuffs on the thick, strong wrists.

"Didn't I tell you he would return probably carrying the hypnohorse?" the officer said to his friend. "You see, this animal has the strange ability of catching the mental images thoughts produce in the human brain. By forces na-

(concluded on page 10)

MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES: WHAT MADE IT FLOP?

by
TOM WRIGHT

Starting the parade of science fiction magazines that now flood the stands was Marvel Science Stories. Until the time it appeared, the only magazines on the stands were the three originals: Astounding Stories, Thrilling Wonder Stories, and Amazing Stories.

The first issue could have been more rightly titled "Marvel Sex Stories", featuring a super-spicy novel by Henry Kuttner. Two sexy shorts by relatively unknown authors, but then in contrast to these was a very excellent novel by Arthur J. Burks, "Survival", claimed to be voted the best novel of the year. And it really was.

It is reported that the first issue sold better than any, the circulation slowly going down with each issue. Was it that the people bought the first issue because of the sex, or the other issues' circulation decreased because of the sex?

The second issue contained the sequel to Survival, Exodus. Also, another spicy tale by Hank Kuttner. The shorts were greatly improved with Williamson's "The Dead Spot" and Keller's "The Thirty and One". Cover by Paul—incidentally, Marvel brought back Paul.

Both first and second covers were sexy, giving no hint of good stf.

The third issue gives some hint of stf. Cover by Wesso. A very good one. Feature story, "After World's End" by Jack Williamson, was one of the best novels I've ever read. A truly Marvelous story. If Marvel had kept this standard it would have been one of the top stf. mags today.

After an almost perfect issue last time they handed us a rotten piece of drivel entitled "Tomorrow" by John Taine. It took me fully two months to wade through this boring novel that could have been fitted into a short novelette. Not that Taine isn't a good author; he is one of the best. But not here. You can't hand readers big names and expect them to like whatever they turn out. If this story had been about the size of "The Ultimate Catalyst" it would have gone over.

The next issue degraded to pure hack work as given by Kummer. One story, "Hour of Judgment", was good, though.

Why did it fail? Any stf. reader picking up the first issue and seeing that sex and reading the hack work in the fourth and fifth would not buy it with other good magazines out.

So what did Marvel do? Seeing the success of the first issue and wrongly thinking it was because of the sex, turned it into that future sex mag, Marvel Tales. It, as was expected, flopped.

If Marvel wants to enter again the stands and succeed, and it can, it will have to return to the high standard of the third issue, cut out all sex, take stories for what they are, not for their authors, keep a regular publishing date and quit printing 70,000 words of drivel that should be 20,000. Yes, Marvel was and could again be good.

.....
THE HYPNOHORSE
(concluded from page 9)

tural to them they can project these thought patterns before the eyes of a human, making him believe he sees what he is thinking. Sally here is very intelligent and has caught more criminals than I ever could. She knows that if she brings back her man she will get a handful of alum, and does she love it! I have a swell job here; all I have to do is sit and wait until she brings the criminal in."

Bull lifted his weary head and threw a disgusted glare in the direction of the hypnohorse standing on four strong legs impatiently stretching out its long neck and opening its mouth for the alum.

THE END

THE BOOK OF WERE-WOLVES

by

BOB TUCKER

Written by Sabine Baring-Gould, M. A., and published in 1865 by Smith, Elder & Company of London, E.

What strange and awesome tomes come to the light of day! Volumes mentioned only in the weirdest works of the darker writers! Volumes that caused you only yesterday to assure yourself they couldn't exist--and yet they do! Volumes you fondly believed were born only in the fantastic imaginations of compelling writers: but...???

Recall that last year I articed an account of the strange "Book of the Dead", which was published in the Hedge Prize MSS maglet? Such a book actually exists, altho it is the privilege of but a few to see it. And now there comes to my attention..and my hand, a second dread book! A blood-red bound book with the startling title: "The Book of Were-Wolves!"

I have never been able to see or touch "the Book of the Dead"; but this other tome rests in eerie silence upon my desk. There...I reach out a timid hand to pat it softly, reassuringly; yes, it is actually there, under my cautious scrutiny, my eager yet trembling fingers. Not under glass, not buried in some collector's den, but here, on my desk! Do I glance fearfully around the room at the flickering shadows dancing on the wall at my unprotected back? Do I seem to detect a strange light, an unseen flame, emanating from the book? No. Not yet, but let the night grow older...

This book, containing 266 pages of blood, gore, victims, and strange incantations, must have been a sensation in its day: 1865. Imagine if you can such works being published and circulated, of such a nature, in that day, a day we moderns like to term a "dark age". Imagine the superstitious peoples avidly reading the book, ready to slay any starved and mangy cur that happened to beg at their door for food. The author does not treat the subject in any light vein; the book is deadly serious its whole length. I am not attempting to pass judgment upon the author, but the book, naming names, dates and landmarks as it does, impresses the reader that the author isn't exactly a doubting Thomas.

One chapter...but wait, first let me give the chapters in their order, and titles of same:

Chapter One: Introductory.

Chapter Two: Lycanthropy among the Ancients

Chapter Three: The Were-Wolf in the North

Chapter Four: The Origin of the Scandinavian Were-Wolf

Chapter Five: The Were-Wolf in the Middle Ages

Chapter Six: A Chapter of Horrors

Chapter Seven: Jan Grenier

Chapter Eight: Folk-Lore Relating to the Were-Wolf

Chapter Nine: Natural Causes of Lycanthropy

Chapter Ten: Mythological Origin of the Were-Wolf Myth

Chapter Eleven: The Maerchal de Retz: I: The Investigation of Charges

Chapter Twelve: The Marechal de Retz: II: The Trial

Chapter Thirteen: The Marechal de Retz: III: The Sentence and Execution

Chapter Fourteen: A Galician Were-Wolf

Chapter Fifteen: Anomalous Case—the Human Hyena

Chapter Sixteen: A Sermon on Were-Wolves

...And from these sixteen chapters are to be found the following sub-titles:

Definition of Lycanthropy; Behaviour in a Monastery; A Russian Receipt for Becoming a Were-Wolf; a Hungarian Bather in Blood; Sympathy between Man and Beast; The Connection between Soul and Body; Cemetaries of Paris Violated; Ghouls; Laws Affecting Outlaws; "To Become a Boar"; Cannibalism in Scotland; Transmigration of Souls; Eyrbyggja Saga; and perhaps a hundred odd more dealing with this and that saga, so-and-so's "confession", were-wolfism as practised in many countries—including America—, how some of these nasty gentlemen were

THE BOOK OF WERE-WOLVES

caught and executed, and so on.

The author seems to have had some difficulty in separating were-wolfism from plain cannibalism—in fact, I doubt whether that good person detected any difference at all. The book is over-run with cannibalism, evidence of same, people being caught, tried and executed for same, when the book was supposed to deal with were-wolfery exclusively.

And now that chapter I started to tell about a while back. It is named, quite aptly, "A Chapter of Horrors". I found this the most interesting chapter in the volume, not to mention the most bloody. Unwound here is the story of two men who had become were-wolves, and as such wandered about the countryside and forest killing and terrifying. Their adventures are recounted in detail: how they killed, what they killed, why they killed, what they did with the bodies during and after the...uh...repast, and how they seemingly delighted in "sweet virgins of a tender age", pouncing upon any stray child who had wandered too far from fire-side and father, rending and tearing the body for the vibrant warm blood, sometimes even "dissecting" the body for some particular inner organ that appealed to their slightly radical taste at the moment.

A frontispiece (the book's only illustration) is done by one Linton, and depicts a frightened and as-good-as-dead man lying flat on the ground just inside a forest, an evil-looking were-wolf standing over him, forepaws on chest, wickedly gleaming eyes glued to the pulsing throat of the man. Behind a tree in a lower corner are to be seen the skull and bones of a former victim. In the background the wolves are running. Aside, and personally, I would give just about one already-licked penny postage-stamp for the man's chances at the moment.

Quite a lovely and bizarre poem is to be found in its pages; many of the so-called weird poems found in Weird Tales have affected me much less than this one. It seems that one Pierre Vidal, something of a man-about-town in his local French province, is in love with Loba, or the were-wolfess, and his poetical tongue spouts to the world his love for Loba (who is a princess) and how she prefers his love instead of the ordinary men at court. According to a footnote, the poem has been taken from Bruce Whyte's "Histoire des Langues Romaines"; tom. ii, p. 248. The name of it is "A Tal Donna". Look it up if you are skeptical enough to be ambitious.

Now for the most interesting section, probably, to you, reader: how to become a were-wolf. I feel fairly safe in passing on the following information, knowing that this will appear before the eyes of intelligent persons, who, because of the literature they pursue, are fully aware of the dangers and pitfalls of heedless dabbling in black arts, and can conduct themselves accordingly. Following is the receipt as given by those clever persons, the Russians:

"Let him seek in the forest a hewn-down tree;; let him stab it with a small copper knife; and walk around the tree repeating the following incantation:"

(Note: I shall not waste space and time to give the "incantation" here, but suggest that the reader, if he wishes to try this method, do as bidden to the hewn-down tree and then stand and repeat aloud the first five columns of yesterday's Congressional Record, and then:)

"...Then he springs thrice over the tree, to run into the forest transformed into a were-wolf."

The author of this article can foresee that the above receipt will give the city experimenter no end of trouble, for no longer are forests to be found near large cities, and doubtless many of you will wish to experiment in the art of were-wolfery; so for those who have not a forest handy, I repeat an old Serbian formula:

"The power to become a were-wolf is obtained by drinking the water which settles in the footprint left in clay by a wolf."

—Perhaps city dwellers will find this method much easier than the long and tedious Russian method. However, let me again warn you of the dangers that accompany such escapades.

I...but wait...I thought I heard something at the window. Perhaps I had better peer under the stove too; no: no bowls of blood to be found there. In one of the "confessions" detailed in the book, bowls of blood were found under the kitchen stove of the suspect, not to mention odds and ends of entrails and other human appendages bundled up and stuffed in secret hiding places about the house, put there no doubt by the were-wolf and/or cannibal fearing a long hard winter ahead.

In reading these "confessions" I often shuddered. Not over them, nor the gory details they brought to light, but by the un-mentioned methods with which they were obtained. The thought often occurred to me that here was a poor devil, perhaps a were-wolf and perhaps not, made to "confess" to boost the preferred stock of some pompous village official in the eyes of his superstitious townspeople. Such "confessions" are linked in some vague manner with the reports of children burned at the stake for "seeing" elves, brownies and such. At least they link themselves together in my mind, and are classified under the heading "The Dark Ages". Imagine the beautiful romp some of our present-day dictators could have had, had they lived in those "dark ages": political enemies who professed to see "horns" on the heads of the fuehrers could be burned at the stake as cohorts of the devil!

Obtain, if you can, and read the book. But be sure to do so on an empty stomach, unless your will and constitution are quite strong. I loaned the book to near-by fan Roberds, and he returned it looking quite ill. I remarked to him that he appeared as if he could make use of some of the blood the book overflows with...in his veins of course. Of course, if you are already a were-wolf, this book has a fair chance of becoming your bible.

.....

Afterlogue: (Written some hours after the above) The author begs to report that both of the receipts for becoming a were-wolf are false, as he has just tried both methods, and cannot even conjure into being a sharp-clawed forepaw to scratch an irritating flea behind his left ear.

THE END

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TOAST TO THE SUCCESS OF THE FIRST FLIGHT INTO SPACE

by

VINCENT E. MANNING

The time is set,
The hour draws near
For the first attempt
To leave the sphere--
To leave Terra,
To flash into space!
To the ends of the universe
We turn our face--
To other planets!
Our hearts leap up!
To bon voyage,
To quaff this cup--
No turning back,
When once we start;
No germ of fear
Is in our heart--
To the unguessed wonders
We will pass by;
To unseen sights
Which meet our eye;

To un-dreamt danger,
To un-felt thrills;
To brave the unknown
We set our wills--
To an epic heroic
And history making;
To man's most adventurous
Undertaking!
To our success,
For the glory of men;
For Man's place in the sun
We shall help win--
To see the day
When cosmic taxies
Shall carry us even
To other galaxies!
Then drink up, Men,
Let's not delay--
Our course is charted,
The SKYWARD WAY!

THE END

WHAT THEY ARE ABOUT

by

J. MICHAEL ROSENBLUM

13

Ultimatum, by Victor Maclure, p. Harrap. 1/- . Known to you probably as "The Ark of the Covenant" under which title it has twice been published in U. S. A., by Hugo Gernsback. Last time was in Air Wonder Stories in 1929. The story of how the world was made civilised by a band of desperate men under a courageous leader, by means of a super-airship & sundry other inventions utilized to create a true peace between nations. Very interesting indeed.

Upsidonia, by Archibald Marshall, p. Hodder & Stoughton. 1915. 3/6. The title gives it away. Our poor bewildered hero stumbles into a land where everything is topsy-turvy. Everybody wants to be poor, servants are considered better than their masters, people want to give their possessions away, and so forth in a crazy nightmare of satirical longing. Whilst the ridiculousness of the whole work is quickly made manifest, it certainly gives the reader furiously to think—after all, is our system much less silly?

Martha Brown M. P., by Victoria Cross, p. Lauria. 3/6. An 'orrible book probably produced to relieve the pent-up emotions of a purveyor of purple passion. In the future women have completely ousted men from all 'manly' positions and the book is simply a portrayal of England of today with women occupying the places of men and vice-versa; even to the possession of 'masters' (is that a suitable term?) by successful ladies. Very little that could be considered thoughtful in any way. Let this be a warning to you!

Rinehart, by Thomas F. Tweed, p. Arthur Basher. 1933. This book is the original story of "Gabriel over the White House" and deals with a new President of the United States of America whose name forms the title of the work. Almost immediately on assuming office, Rinehart suffers a motor accident and is affected mentally. From a normal human lovable humbug politician, he becomes a superman, who, after a period of mental digestion of facts, puts U. S. A. on a sound basis in every way, becoming a benevolent dictator in order to do so. Not satisfied with this he brings about world-peace and universal disarmament and the book finishes with his faithful secretary who loved him as an ordinary human, allowing him to die, rather than return to his original mentality and undo his great work. The author, who shows great insight into political affairs in general and American ones in particular, was at one time secretary to David Lloyd George. The book is a good example of sociological science fiction applied to our present-day world.

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TO DON A. STUART

by

EARL SINGLETON

(These lines contain the titles or references to titles of all Stuart's stories.)

When dusky Twilight sprinkles all the sky
 With jewels borrowed Out of hovering Night,
 And in a shimmering Cloak of dreams bedight
 Sinks softly into sleep with but a sigh—
 When vast Machines about me sound their cry
 Of Blind Rebellion at kind Friction's right—
 When cyclotrons Invade the Atom's might,
 And court there Knowledge that can never die—
 Then I Escape—Eliminate today,
 And follow after in the realms you bless;
 A star shoots by: and Who Goes There? I say—
 You are not gone, Don Stuart; for unless
 The Elder Gods should someday fade away,
 Of you there can be no Forgetfulness.

THE END

THE OUTSIDER

by

FRED SENOUR

I saw a rather different motion picture the other day. It was called "The Outsider". Almost fantasy, I'd come nearer to comparing it to the stories featured in Unknown. It deals with a man who succeeds in curing a girl, injured in an accident, by means outside those recognized by the physicians. Anyhow, it did start me to thinking further along a line I'd been considering for some time.

First of all, I'd better say a few things about myself before I go ahead. First became interested in stf and fantasy through Burroughs' Martian stories several years ago. My first stf magazine was an old Clayton Astounding, the issue containing Ernst's Red Hell of Jupiter some time in 1931. Since that time I have been successful in getting an entire collection of all the stf magazines, and I truly think I can say that I'm fairly well acquainted with the pro field. One other thing. Though living in Rochester, I'm an Indiana fellow, graduate of a midwestern University with major in chemistry—and a few other sciences thrown in for good measure.

As far as my actual participation in fan activities goes, they are practically nothing. The only true fan I'm acquainted with is Farsaci, whom I met several months ago after I came to Rochester. I've followed the fan field through the pro magazines and in the last few months through quite a few of the fan mags well enough to have a pretty good general idea of events that have occurred and are occurring. So I'm going to mull over a few ideas from the view of the "Outsider". Give me a few more years and I probably wouldn't be able to do that, but now—

Fan feuds—that is one of the things that has hit me right between the eyes. I'm not mixed up in them, nor do I intend to be. To be strictly truthful, I probably will be. Why? Why are there such things? Maybe I'm an idealist and all that, but it seems to me that feuds of this sort are merely a waste of energy. Nothing is settled, and everyone, stf most of all, comes out the loser. Stf is a new field, a broad field, and there should be and is room for everyone in it, regardless of what ideas he may personally hold. Stf is an attempt to describe the future, and the future must necessarily be described in terms of the present.

Today we are living in a rather upset world. This and that ideology is struggling to gain the upper hand. It is important, tremendously important; but is that any reason why stf should be made to suffer? We have had stories in which socialism, technocracy, democracy, etc. have been pictured as being the basis of the future governments. And so it should be. To me at least it seems that science is and should be uppermost in stories of this type. In other words, regardless of what the future is, if mankind becomes united enough to progress, the form of the government will mean little, so long as it is a logical, scientific and truth-seeking government.

That is one phase of the fan feud. Another is the one presented by the "Star-Treader" in a recent issue. Fandom as a whole isn't a compact unit. It is a bunch of guys interested in stf, who are working for a common goal, but who are pulling in all different directions to get there.

There are fan mags galore, and only a few really good ones; I'll agree with Mr. Miske on this point. It would be better for fandom in general to take a few good ones and support them. Support them wholeheartedly, regardless of whatever personal differences may exist. And differences will exist simply because we are human, and our ideas are not all the same. But a united fandom would go far in helping stf to grow.

To those of you who have delved very deeply into any science, the scientific method is a good example of the point I'm trying to make. First of all facts are obtained, then they are classified, and finally conclusions are drawn. These conclusions may or may not be correct—depending upon further facts which may be brought to light. In short, the true scientist will make certain a thing

THE OUTSIDER

is a fact before he will assert that it is true. That's a lesson that I would like to see taken to heart by every person. If we could only realize that maybe the other fellow could be right, a great deal of the trouble in the world could be avoided.

There is another word for it—broadmindedness.

As an example of this take Palmer and Amazing. First of all, I would like to say that I don't care much for Amazing and Fantastic myself. My tastes run more to Astounding SF. But I would be the last one to fail to recognize that Palmer has been accomplishing something. He has, definitely! See Reinsberg's article. It really appealed to me as a real masterpiece of analysis.

Or take Campbell and his analysis of the voice of the fan field and the great silent audience. For that audience is there whether you of the fan world want to recognize it or not. I was one of them, though more rabid than most for many years. Their wishes have to be met, and in many cases they don't coincide with those of the fan world. In short, it isn't always the loudest cry that represents the voice of the majority.

You may ask then, of what use is fandom as it now exists? One thing and one thing only, I would say. All others are merely a corralary to it. That one thing is: the advancement of stf. How? In many ways—introduction to new readers, fan groups, raising of stf itself to the level of a real and worthwhile literature. And none of these can be accomplished without cooperation on the part of all fandom. Energy wasted in fan feuds isn't going to help reach the common goal. Instead it is going to do exactly the opposite. It is going to attract unfavorable attention to stf, and give it a handicap to start out with.

But enough of all this. I sincerely hope that I haven't inadvertently hurt anyone's feelings in this article. It isn't aimed at anyone, but is a viewpoint of a fellow that really likes stf, as entertainment and as a branch of literature that is too seldom thought-provoking but could be made much more so.

THE FISHERS

by

DAMON KNIGHT

Along the ways that once were streets we rowed,
Between the crumbling walls, night-dark and drear;
And fished in silent waters, murky-clear,
For relics from the ancient ones' abode.
With sluggish, stealthy grace the waters flowed
Around our net as from its sunken bier.
We raised, in bony arms tight-clasped, a spear.
We tore the prize from outraged hands, and rode,
In silence, on the agitated waves,
Far from the place. And now, with all our lust
For riches gone, the memories will not fade.
A little thing: a smell from damp sea-caves—
Upon an empty road, a puff of dust
In air—And suddenly, we are afraid!

THE READERS ALWAYS WRITE

(concluded from page 24)

Paro, Rajocz, Widner, Speer, Long, Wright-Fortier, Freehafer, V. Manning, Chauvenet, Ackerman, Swisher, Brown, Miske, Crutch, and Brazier. 21 sets came in this time, which is one under last issue's mark. Let's have more next time, eh? Just rate each thing in the issue as you liked it—if you think it swell give it 10; if terrible, 1. In-betweens get in-between marks. See? A few brief comments: Cadrell's cover had a higher rating than any cover so far. Authors' Aid, for the four installments, rated compositedly 6.9. And next issue we'll have a lot of statistics on the eight issues rated thus far. HEY! If the word "expired" is in the space to the right, your sub has done the well known thing. Be a good fellow and renew soon, won't y.o.u?

WHY MAN CAN NEVER MASTER TELEPATHY

by

JACK TOWNSEND

Why are men not psychic? They have the most highly developed brains on earth, as well as the power to reason.

Reason: the solution lies there!

Telepathy, we are certain, exists in animals. Explorers have seen one animal give warning of danger to an entire herd simultaneously, by no visible or auditory means. This is a sure sign of the psychic force existing in lower minds. They can reason only to a certain degree, so this force abounds in their brains. They do not think of telepathy as impossible. It is as natural to them as speech is to us.

To prove my point, I tried an experiment, the details of which follow. From a pack of playing cards, I took four sixes as well as the same number of sevens, shuffled them and then, with the backs toward me, tried to get a mental impression of the foremost card.

I guessed the first to be a six, which was correct, and the next to be a seven, which was wrong. Then under the impression that the next two were sevens, I found they were actually sixes.

Instead of trying to receive the delicate mental impressions, I unconsciously reasoned that four of the same sort were very unlikely to turn up together.

Man is master of earth but he will never be master of telepathy.

THE END

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NOTES FROM MY DIARY
(concluded from page 7)

talk to Bob Studley, and it suddenly came to me. Bachrach, of course, the Convention last year. I had also met him at the space and time exhibit at the fair. When I mentioned the incident to him, he remembered also. We talked about Washington, Speer and finally got down to archaeology. Then he sprang it on me. Unfortunately, I can't say anything about it, but if it is true I want to be in on it. None of A. Hyatt Verrill's stories could surpass it in interest. Perhaps someday I shall be able to write up that trip. If I'm not mistaken, there was supposed to be some dancing at the social. The only ones I could see dancing were Sykora and his wife-to-be and Bachrach and some gal. Most of us were gathered in small groups here and there discussing stfal topics. The most interesting was the one around Paul and Miss Gnaedinger. We discussed everything from Paul's early career in illustrating to writing and the Futurians.

As the night progressed, more and more people began to leave, and more and more beers began to disappear into Studley. After about number twelve he was beginning to feel happy, and had to be held down. After a few more, Bachrach and I took him into a two by four wash room, took his shirt off him, and nearly drowned him in the sink. It didn't do much good as he made as much noise after as before. (That reminds me that I promised to mention his name about a dozen times in this article, so here goes: bobstudleybobstudleybobstudleybobstudley bobstudleybobstudleybobstudleybobstudleybobstudleybobstudleybobstudleybobstudley.) Before we left I had made arrangements to have Studley visit me the next day, to visit Giunta the day after, to see Studley on Thursday for a visit to the Newark SFL and to visit Taurasi the day before I left. At Studley's request, I accompanied him to the train with Hoguet. The evening was far from dull. We got on the wrong train and Studley and Hoguet were fighting all the way. When we got to Union Square, I abandoned them like a rat and went home. I knew there was no use going on the way we were.

That was the end of the first week in New York. I hope next week is as interesting, but not so hectic.

END OF PART I

(Part two of this article will appear in the next issue of Spaceways.)

STARDUST
by
THE STAR-TREASER

Comrade Sykora hasn't been sending me my copies of Fantasy News of late, and I don't get MN&V, so perhaps I'm dealing with something no longer news. Anyhow, Bill Hamling writes to tell me that Palmer is buying a trilogy of short novels (novelettes, more properly) from Edgar Rice Burroughs, for appearance in Amazing. The first of these has been written and is called "John Carter and the Giant Men of Mars" (sounds like one of those "Tom Swift" tales). It runs to about 20,000 words and will appear in the January, 1941 Amazing. After Amazing has published all three, they'll appear in book form, 'tis said.

Hamling also adds, "Burroughs received 2c per word. E. E. Smith only rates 1c per word! (Whether you believe it or not!) Pardon us, Bill, while we smile at your naivete. There are a number of things of which you're not aware, apparently. Burroughs used to get 4c per word for his bedtime stories; he's come down slightly. A. Merritt, for example, gets several times as much as Burroughs and never has (nor probably ever will) had a rejection. Burroughs gets 'em by the dozen from the s-f mags (his stuff is too juvenile for all but Palmer's rags). About Smith: Since Palmer never has had and never will have a chance to consider a Smith yarn, he can hardly have anything to say about what Smith receives for his stuff. Campbell does that, and you can bet he pays more than a cent p. w. Burroughs couldn't give his stuff to Campbell.

Also from Hamling comes more news of the so-called Amazing Quarterly, which, contradictorily, is allegedly a one-shot publicity affair. It will be 420 pages of entirely reprint stories, seventeen in all, and apparently pretty bad ones from Palmer's advance warnings about how the fans will dislike 'em. It will appear soon and the price will be a quarter. No reprinted EESmith yams in it, either.

Jack Williamson is in Los Angeles for a while, and says he's having a swell time with the LASFS bunch there. He's contributed a long autobiography, "Exploration: Third Planet", to Bizarre. 'Twill be in that magazine's second issue.

Incidentally, everything about Bizarre is definite now. First issue will be distributed the first of October, on time. Format as described last Stardust, printed, with book paper, color cover, etc., and the cover by Hannes Bok. Bok does an interior, while Marconette has a beautiful full-page spread that proves him one of the best illustrators in the fantasy field. I know certain fan artists, like Jenkinson of Stardust, have been praised extravagantly, but Marconette is really as good as even Finlay--judging from this one drawing, that is. Wait'll you see it! It illustrates H. P. Lovecraft's story, "The Thing in the Moonlight", while Bok's is for the original ending to A. Merritt's "The Dwellers in the Mirage". (This is one of the finest bits of writing Merritt has done. If you can read it without a lump in your throat, you're a sadist.)

E. E. Smith has "The Open Mind in Science Fiction", a long article inspired by Kalotsky's "science" article in the current Fantastic Adventures (August). Campbell-Stuart has written "To Write--Be Wrong!", about authors' styles and such things, with some absorbing angles about the inside of writing and editing. Hannes Bok has contributed an autobiography which is called "Strange Vision". Forrest Ackerman's "Imagi-Movies" column will appear in Bizarre from now on, and Harry Warner's Stardust-like column, "Fantasy Footnotes", will continue, in a big size. Walt Marconette will do his Kaleidoscope column, and another, different edition of Stardust will appear in each Bizarre. This is a specialized thing dealing with items about famous fantasy personalities, and is all different from the Spaceways versions. Editorials, forecast, ads, and a readers dept. round out an incomparable magazine. By getting the four most popular living authors of fantasy fiction (all right, Lovecraft's dead--so what?) for our first issue, Walt and I have set an unbeatable mark!

Williamson, Keller, Cummings, REHoward, Rocklynne, Tanner, etc., have already sent us material for the second and future issues (yeah, and I know

STARDUST

Howard's dead too). Time permitting I shall do more in my series of biographies, Weinbaum possibly being next. And all the top-flight pros are just waiting the go-ahead to do material. Honest!

Sales of the first Lovecraft memorial volume, "The Outsider and Others", have virtually ceased. The deficit is standing still at over \$600. which is a tidy sum. A. Merritt recently bought two copies of the book and called it "cheap at twice the price". The New York Herald Tribune called it "The equivalent of four or five novels", and recommended it warmly. Farnsworth Wright, now passed on himself, said it was "the best \$5.00 worth of reading one could invest in". Fellows, there'll never be a more worthy project for you to support than this. If you can in any way do it, send your \$5 to Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin, for a copy of this big, beautifully printed and bound book illustrated by Virgil Finlay's best work.

August Derleth's "The Sandwin Compact", a Lovecraftish tale which should be in the next WT, is the only one of his stories now on hand at Weird, and it's a moot question whether he'll do any more for that magazine, although probably only Seabury Quinn has sold WT more stories than he. That's both because of the inconsistent editorial policy of the new editor and the magazine's payment terms, which call for payment on publication. He's sent Editor McIlwraith "Come to Me", a rather fantastic yarn which he supposes will be rejected "because of the Christ-motif". Wright once rejected, for similar reasons, the only devil story Derleth ever wrote, a tale called, comfortingly enough, "He Shall Come".

Derleth has written twenty books, including those (a half-dozen or so) to be published this year. About ten more are almost ready for publication after 1940, and ten more are well-started. He has now written over 2000 short stories, poems, articles, reviews, plays, etc., of which about 1000 have been printed thus far, in over 200 markets. Derleth, Ray Palmer (you remember Ray?), Bobby Bloch, and Lou Sampliner (yeah, who's he?) visited Frank Lloyd Wright, world-famous modernistic architect, recently. Wright lives fairly close to Derleth's home.

Occasionally I get enthusiastic about something, and Polaris, Paul Freehafer's great magazine of material macabre, is one of 'em. If you don't subscribe to it, you're missing one of the best bets in fandom. Every issue contains at least twenty pages of the most unusual and splendidly-done weird material, mostly good, really strange fiction that you'll like whether you read Weird and Strange or not. It's very well mimeographed and uses exceptionally good artwork. Only a dime from Box 234, Payette, Idaho. Really, you can't go wrong on Polaris. It's a thing of beauty.

A few words of advice to people who don't know what they're getting excited about.....I get hot under the collar when I'm accused of attacking Bob Tucker or anyone else. Any criticisms I make in this column are absolutely impersonal, including that of Palmer, incredibly enough. Tucker and I are good friends, and always have been. I enjoy and subscribe to Le Zombie, tho recently it stank unmercifully, as I said, and as Bob apparently realized, since he's changed the magazine greatly. The typing, grammar, spelling, and general format also were extremely bad. They've improved greatly in the last couple of issues, and I hope I'm responsible for that, for it's to the benefit of LeZ. In the meantime silly people like Damon Knight and jealous ones like Tarr and Korshak should be better informed before they get nasty. Two can play at that game.

And how does Mr. Korshak like the new Bizarre? Or is he madder than ever?

Every time I get this far through Stardust, I wonder why I write it. Do you wonder too, dear reader?

I'd like to insert a word of praise for Eron, the artist appearing in Pohl's pubs. I don't know who he is, but that boy really has what it takes.

To prove my broadmindedness, I point out to you that Science Fiction Quarterly has appeared. When SF comes out, I shall have been completely wrong about Charlie Hornig's magazines. Ah—but what of the next issues?

By the by, I see that Strange appears to be wobbling. Just the beginning,

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dear reader, just the beginning.

Art Widner and the Stranger Club are hectoing Fanfare from now on. They have, through Earl Singleton, an MIT hecto available which will do 400 copies. As Art says, "Count 'em!" The next issue will contain an unusual article, "Outside", by your correspondent, and the cover is based on it.

Hannes Bok was in Vermont on a farm until the first part of August. The farm was, so help me, owned by Dr. Jeremy Blood! Shades of WT! Hannes is now back in N. Y. helping Mrs. Farnsworth Wright get re-located. Hannes was a very good friend of the Wrights and felt the late editor of Weird's death very deeply. He has sold drawings to FEM and Strange, I'm told. Bok is, to my mind, as good an artist as any of the older ones, including the great Virgil. I feel the styles of Virgil and Bok are so different as to permit no comparison of the two, however. Mr. J. Campbell is missing the surest thing I've ever seen if he doesn't got some of Hannes' work for Unknown. The strange grotesquerie of Bok's artistry is ideal for that magazine. If you'd like to see his work there, or anywhere else, for that matter, write and let the editor know about it.

The artwork in the pros has always been a great mystery to me, and I presume it's the same with most of you. Thus a few words about it.

The standard price with all the fantasy pulps except the four Standard publications (TWS, Strange, Startling, and Capt. Future), is \$5 per drawing—a niggardly sum, it seems to me. Standard, paradoxically, pays the unstandard sum of \$7.50 per drawing. The manner in which artwork is bought varies, but most magazine publishing firms have an art editor who passes on the drawings used in all the company's magazines. After he's okayed an illustration, the editor of the magazine it was done for has to pass it. In the case of the Standard art editor and Mort Weisinger, managing editor of their fantasy mags, the matter of getting together seems to be very difficult; and consequently an artist often does a batch of drawings only to see them not used (leaving him unpaid) because the two editors can't agree about them. Sometimes an art editor or supervising editor forces the individual editor to use a certain type of drawing, as with Hornig and the voluptuous dames who decorate the covers of his magazines (hey, isn't that a lulu of a Binder cover on the S F Qtly.?). Someart editors, such as the Street & Smith gentlemen, take advantage of the situation to insult capable artists the fans demand. For example, Finlay and Bok don't appear in the S&S pubs mainly for that reason, tho Finlay is far and away the most popular artist in fantasy while Bok has reached a ranking among the first five artists in a mere six months' period of activity.

An artist wanting to contribute work to Standard has to copy the story, or the portions he thinks might give the opportunity for an illustration situation, while sitting in the office. Whatinell an out-of-New York artist does, I don't know.

It seems to me that some of the ghastly illustrations appearing in the fantasy magazines today could be done away with if the choice of artwork could be turned over completely to the editors of those magazines, so that they could do only what the readers desire, not some half-baked art editor.

.....

PS by HV: Word has just come from France that will I'm sure be of interest to the readers of Spaceways in general, and certain ones in particular. G. H. Gallet, who was to edit the French pro. stf magazine which never appeared, came through the Battle of France safely, although he was in the Pocket at Dunkirk, and almost had to wade halfway across the English Channel to reach safety on a rescue boat, which took him to England. Then he returned to France, and is at present still in the French Army. He requests that I inform correspondents of his that circumstances do not permit him to write many letters at present, and please to be patient until he is able to write. His new address, for the benefit of those who wish to contact him once more, is: M. d. L. Georges H. Gallet, 720 Compagnie du Train, Plaisance du Touch, Haute Garonne, France.

THE END



JACK F SPEER writes: The cuts heading various departments help the appearance immensely, but that'sn atop Control Room is not so hot. Re Control Room: The music you got was probably from Rothman and Perdue in conjunction. They get together at one or the other's room at midnight with some exotic foreign wine and bat out whatever dopey things that come to their minds, and send them to this victim or that. If you're rating Control Room, give it 7; for editorials and future issue line-ups are pretty boring stuff, no matter what you can do with them—otherwise Control Room this time would probably rate higher.' ''Several defects I'd like to point out in Lowndes' latest: One is the misspelling of words here and there, like "grievious" and "longevity", and doubtful use of such "big words" as "nascent". Another thing is his failure to indicate at the beginning which of the proper names refer to persons, which to cities, and which to countries. And finally, in his striving after the atmospheric effect, he sometimes goes a little too far. One feels that a few sentences might have been better if not introduced by conjunctions. His overuse of the lily in describing the maiden is another. And he has transposed word order just a bit too much in such phrases as "could pierce not". One feels that "could not pierce" would have been better.' ''However, for all this, his story is pretty passable. Say 7 on it. Incidentally, it might be interesting to ask readers just where on the globe they think of such stories as this occurring, and in about what century.' ''....Joe Gilbert's article is a little treasonous.... (An) element Joe doesn't mention, I don't believe, is that of the scarceness of metropolitan cities in the South, which serve as natural breeding ground for fan activities. Suppose there were as many fans per million in the country as there are per million in New York City or Los Angeles? See? However, 8 to Gilbert.' ''Ditto to Letters Thru the Ages.' ''A Skeleton thingus interesting. However, I'm not certain that Burroughs thot of Pellucidar as surrounding the hollow center of the earth. You remember that Innes never circled Pellucidar; also that the ground became steeper as one went toward the edges, and that overhead was a great sun, apparently set in the solid rock of the other side of the bubble. I get the impression that Pellucidar was supposed to be a colossal round bubble within the earth, but all lying between the surface and the center. I may be wrong; I rather doubt that Burroughs had a quite clear idea of the thing. Incidentally, 8 to Tillman.' ''....Surcease a little empty: void of meaning and not much variety in rhymed sounds. The first line, too, stumbles very badly, and one doesn't pick up the idea of the hexameter for some time. The heptameter in the last two lines has a nice swing. 6.' ''....I rather question Misk's analysis of the stf craze as passing to funnybooks. They began to rise at the same time that stf pulps went into increase; their long-continued advance upward is due to the incredible market for them, which publishers have scarcely been able to believe. I predict a down-drop of them soon, too. As for me being in heaven, tho, I can't attempt to keep up with the comic magazines; it's no fun when it becomes a job of gigantic proportions, involving much expenditure of time and money.' ''I think the "social significance" that Campbell objects to is social significance that contradicts the pre-existing prejudices of the readers. It seems to me that his socially significant stories up to now have in general agreed with public opinion: down with dictatorship, stay out of war, keep

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the roads rolling, etc. The same is true of "Trends", for that matter; the essential idea was one that the readers agreed with without trouble."'" It looks like the cycle of robot stories has now passed, and the new wave will be future-men. Already we have the New Adam, But Without Horns, and the new story forecast for next Unk. not to mention the various supermen that are thrilling the comics readers."'" 9 for Stardust."'" I beg to diverge from Damon. While it is true that every fan's his own boss, isn't it also true that he owes it to other fans, just a little bit, to build up the repute of the science fiction fan in the eye of the public? It also seems to me just a little bit inconsiderate of any fan mag editor to keep a sorry magazine going largely on the subscriptions of the "completist" fans, for purposes of exchange with good fanmags, and what support may be attracted by a few good features which he has corralled. If a magazine is published at the editor's expense, he has a pretty good right to put in it anything decent that he wishes to publish (as FAPA, and free distribution with other fanmags, like Looking Ahead); but it seems to me that the editor who charges money for his fan magazines is duty bound to give the subscribers the best available, and not just the worst he can get by with."'" Korshak.... shows his lack of familiarity with fan affairs when he implies in his letter that Miske publishes no fan magazines. How about Scienti-Snaps and Chaos?

PAUL VOGENITZ writes: The first misprint that I have ever noticed occurs on p. 10, line 2. "Gedächtnis" is the proper spelling. The literal translation of the title is "World without Memory".

LARRY B. FARSAKI types: Miske is still about the only sore-thumb with his half-baked opinions. He'd be all right if he'd stick to the news, and brag, if he must, only when he has something besides ego. As for his condemnations of Amazing and Fantastic Adventures about which he always seems to take so much pride on: he'd sound much better if he'd merely admit he's just one who has outgrown them as most of us have. I'll bet he'd rave about them if he were a few years younger and had less stf reading behind him! (And Palmer's magazines are to exist solely for 12- and 14-year old boys? HW)"'" Another suggestion is that he be sure about facts first before talking so authoritatively. For example: H. P. Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith were not "brought to fantasy" by Mr. Wright; they were there long before Mr. Wright was the editor of Weird Tales.

Joseph Gilbert

JOSEPH GILBERT writes: After coaxing down my ego from the chandelier, where it sprang when I first unleashed it to write that piece in the last Spaceways, I glanced around, and felt both sheepish and pleased to discover that time had wrought quite a number of changes in the Southern Scientific Fictional Situation. For one thing, South Carolina, unless some drastic things occur, will not be the science fiction mecca of the South in the future, as my article would seem to suggest. Lord knows what's happened to Miller—I certainly don't. He hasn't written since last February, and I'm afraid that I'll have to give him up for lost. And while McQueen is one damn nice person, he has too much intelligence or something to get mixed in fan flamboozlings."'" Which seems to dispose of South Carolina, rather effectively. At least, I have the consolation of being South Carolina's most prominent fan!"'" To continue with Time's revision: Sehnert has started a chapter of The Science Fictioneers in Tennessee, called, rather appropriately, The Tennessee Fictioneers, and it shows real promise of going places. Also in Tennessee is Fischer, whose value as a fan no one can honestly deny. Lastly, but most certainly not leastly, is Jim Tillman, who, tho not a Southerner completely, takes a place with Shepard in the history of Southern fandom. So it looks as tho Tennessee will be the Alpha and Omega of Southern Sciencification in the future. I predict, too, that Townsend of North Carolina is a chappie who's really goin' places in the near future. Likewise, Hanson in Florida, shows promise."'" Considering all this awakening activity, and in addition, the group trip that a group of us Southerners will make to the Chicon, if nothing goes wrong, it looks as if the South won't do so badly b. it-self, after all."'"....Lowndes' When Sthamee Wakes, was quite good on the

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whole. I have a bone to pick with Doc over it in private, however. This type of Lovecraftian atmosphere fantasy is devilishly difficult to write. Takes patience, a large vocabulary, and an ability to use it effectively."'".....The Standardization of Science Fiction would seem to make RAP out as something of a Judas. Weisinger is in the same boat. For that matter, Campbell and Pohl are the only ones who have ever kept faith."'".....Don't like Niske's Duncanish viewpoint on most things, but Stardust was all right. I agree most emphatically with his denunciation of the comic books, Amazing, and "But Without Horns—". The latter exuded an odor of putrescence that will forever remain as one of my worst olfactory experiences. One of Campbell's few mistakes."'"Judging Wollheim's signature from a graphological viewpoint, I would suggest, most urgently, that he consult a psychologist as quickly as possible.

ROBERT W. LOWNDES writes: "L'ss" was fairly good, but has Erle Korshak and others forgotten the immortal "Bright Illusion" of C. L. Moore? I agree with Star-Treader on Farnsworth Wright: despite his oftentimes shabby treatment of Lovecraft, and eccentricities in general on the question of authors, Weird Tales under his leadership was perhaps the finest fantasy pulp ever. However, the magazine was not entirely free of commercialism—or, rather, commercial advertising, injurious to truly weird fiction...I cite the many detective tales featured and the catering to the sex-sensation readers. (This may sound odd to Niske to be coming from me, inasmuch as we have had so many arguments in the past on the subject of eroticism. But, believe it or not, Jack, I do maintain that sex-sensationalism has its place, and object to it out of place. We disagree, of course, on the precise locale of the boundaries. To be more specific: while I enjoyed the erotic covers on the old Weird for their own sake, I deplored most of them in that they were not weird. Brundage's anatomy might be termed irregular, but it isn't weird the way we lovers of the fantastic enjoy weirdness.) Also check Star-Treader to 18 EESmith decimal points on Fantastic Adventures and Amazing. And it is really sad that some of his predictions on the pros aren't turning out that way—yet.

Harry Schmarje HARRY SCHMARJE sez: Korshak says that "L'ss" is outstanding fan fiction. Sorry, but I thought it was punk. "When Sthanee Wakes" was fair. I've never seen a really good piece of fan fiction."'"Aside from the story, "When Sthanee Wakes", the July Spaceways is swell. For a better mag, leave out the story, print all good articles, no poetry. Was sorry to see Pong's feature end. Cover was nice.

W. LAWRENCE HAILING writes: To Don Wollheim: First of all, it might interest you to know that until very recently, Amazing & Co. had no less than four readers. Sometimes even five....Even though you don't believe, I happen to know! And you ask why he needs any readers since he uses the yarns he himself writes, and thereby fattens his purse. For your information, RAP does not get paid for the yarns he puts in Amazing, etc. He writes the stories on Company time, and thereby comes under his salary (which I have reason to believe is substantially over the 60 per week mark), so you are wrong on another score."'"Continuing on this reader business: you say that Amazing needs no readers because a lot of stories are done on order. Very true about the order part, but not about the other. The readers are kept busy, and a lot busier than some of the other pro stf magazines...."'"Now to the climax: You say that War with Jupiter was rushed to Palmer's office by Mark because RAP was sadly in need of a story and subsequently would buy anything. Well, my dear fellow, I don't know where in Hell you ever got that information from! If you would like the true story, here it is: I wrote the yarn during the Christmas holidays of 1938. I revised it over New Year's (the original edition is much different in length, etc., from the published version) and sent it in myself through the US Mails the first week in January of 1939. For six and a half weeks I heard nothing. Then one day Mark called me up on the phone and told me Palmer had just bought the yarn! The check came to me on the 18th of February. A very big rush order, don't you think? Incidentally, this yarn was bought at the end of a long de-

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bate. It seems that Ralph Milne Farley had a yarn similar to mine in RAP's office at the same time. The question revolved around which story should be bought. The answer is obvious. This proves incidentally that RAP cares nothing about names; a fan has as much chance as a pro! So I have this much to say, Don, whoever told you the things you say is a damn liar. Palmer has all the manuscripts he wants. He can have more if he wants them. I might add that the only reason Vern went to New York as a special rep. was that Palmer wanted to keep the tiers of bum yarns from coming to Chi. from N. Y. Now that a rep. is in N. Y. handling the cream of fiction Ray can concentrate as he wants on Mid-West material.

From R. D. SWISHER: We'd enjoy very much seeing the score of "On Reading the...Duncan...". Why not reproduce it in an early issue? ('Twould exhaust completely my already-frazzled patience, to stencil the lines of the staves. If anyone wants it, though, send a sheet of music manuscript paper and a 3-cent stamp and I'll copy it off. HW)

FRANCIS V. PARO reports: Just read the reprint issue of S today. I am not surprised at Spaceways' instantaneous popularity. The issue for a first—or any—issue was darn good. I especially liked the biography and Pong's bit. He has my curiosity aroused—darn him. I hope some kind-hearted soul will tell me who Anthony Gilmore is before I kick the bucket....."Did not read Long's serial for fear I would never see the 2nd ish. Is it possible that you may reprint that issue also? (Which is a sugar-coated way to lead up to say that: if you would be willing to buy one or more copies of a reprint of the second issue of Spaceways, drop me a postal. Don't send money, and that doesn't apply to those who've already asked for a reprint of that issue. If enough response comes, it will see another edition. And in response to Francis and others who've asked, the following back issues are available: whole number 1 (reprinted) 15c; w. n. 2—none; wn 3—25c; 4—none; 5—20c; 6—20c; 7—20c; 8—none; 9—none; 10—15c; 11—15c; 12—15c; 13—20c; 14—10c. Only a few copies left of most; strictly first come, first served. HW)

PAUL FREEHAFFER warns: That method of notifying subscribers of expirations is still flirting with the post office officials. I think Chauvenet has an ingenious system, by pasting in stars. Different colored stars can indicate various things, and so far as I know it doesn't violate any regulations. Also Tucker's stickers aren't a bad idea. (But we've come through with a stroke of genius! It's safe from now on; details of our new process are available to fan magazine editors who'll buy a booster ad in the Anniversary Issue and enclose \$5 to cover mailing costs. HW)

POLL RESULTS: First, there's another poll going besides Spaceways'. A. L. Widner is conducting it; at present, he's discovering the top fans, pro authors and illustrators. Up to the minute results are: Authors: Campbell-Stuart: 661; Weinbaum, 595; EESmith, 516; deCamp, 415; Wells, 349; Lovecraft: 347; Merritt: 341; Williamson: 318; Keller, 223; Taine: 208. Fans: Ackerman: 345; Tucker: 287; Lowndes: 225; Warner, 201; Moskowitz: 200; Wollheim: 157; Wright: 90; Fortier: 89; Swisher: 88; Madle: 85. Artists: cover: Paul, 161; Finlay: 103; Rogers: 101; Wesso: 86; Brown: 66. Inside: Finlay: 190; Paul: 128; Wesso: 89; Bok: 71; Dold: 51. All-Around: Finlay: 167; Paul: 152; Wesso: 99; Bok: 58; Cartier: 51. Send your votes for 10 fans, 10 authors, & five each division of the artists, to him at Box 122, Bryantville, Mass. More results next issue of Spaceways.

Room forbids anything but concise ratings of our own poll. Results: Stardust: 8.35; Letter section: 8.33; Palmer reprint: 7.8; Control Room: 7.4; Dept. Headings & Southern Stfhal Situation: 7.2; Cover: 7.1; Letters Through the Ages: 6.9; When Sthanee Wakes & the ads: 6.7; What They're About & Is There Stf in Ut-ah: 6.3; Interior illustration: 6.1; Surcease: 5.9; Adventures of A. Skeleton: 5.8; Authors' Aid: 5.7; In Rec. Rel.: 5.5; Roundel: 5.4; I Go On Forever: 4.7; & issue as a whole: 6.57, which is second highest for the seven issues the poll's been going. Thanks to: Senour, Hamling, Farsaci, Vogenitz, Wollheim, Lowndes,

(concluded on page 16)

BIZARRE!

We are pleased to announce at this time that Scienti-Snaps, one of the oldest and best-known amateur fantasy magazines, will assume a deluxe, greatly-enlarged printed format with its October issue.

Scienti-Snaps will change its name to Bizarre. The new magazine will be twenty-four pages of the finest material imaginable. Each page will be nine by six inches, with one-third again as much wordage as the average professional magazine.

The covers will be of heavy, durable, white stock, and the interior stock will be absolutely the highest grade eggshell book-paper. Our typeface will be Caslon, famous for its neatness and readability. The edges are trimmed.

The cover design will be in three colors, by a famous professional fantasy artist. Hannes Bok will probably do the strange illustration on the first issue. Also, a startlingly original cover arrangement never before used on any magazine.

Bizarre will be illustrated with bordered, full-page drawings. The bulk of the magazine will be informal articles, columns, departments, and (auto)biographies, but different, unusual fiction will be used in each issue. All your favorite authors, as well as the more talented fans, contribute to Bizarre.

Famous fans Jack Chapman Miske and Walter E. Marconette are editors of Bizarre, and their names are your guarantee of satisfaction. They published Scienti-Snaps for two and a half years, evolving it from a tiny hectographed publication to the new, beautiful Bizarre. The new Bizarre will rise far higher with your support.

It is still too soon, as these words are written, to be able to give the entire lineup for the first great printed issue, but these are definite:

The Thing in the Moonlight.....by H. P. LOVECRAFT

What was the thing he saw?

To Write—Be Wrong!.....by JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.

Mr. Campbell is editor of Astounding and Unknown.

His pen-name is Don A. Stuart. It's about writing.

The Dwellers in the Mirage (end).....by A. MERRITT

The original ending to the peer of fantasy authors'

classic Argosy story. Printed by special arr'ment.

An Unnamed Article.....by EDWARD ELMER SMITH

Dr. Smith's contribution is not yet finished.

Fantasy Footnotes.....by HARRY WARNER, JR.

News and notes on fantasy topics.

Imagi-Movies.....by FORREST J ACKERMAN

All about fantasy movies, by an insider.

Stardust.....by THE STAR-TREADER

You can read your favorite column in Bizarre, too.

All different from the Spaceways editions!

Many more columns, departments and features in the October issue. For issues after the first, we have already such distinguished authors as David Keller, Ray Cummings, Ross Rocklynne, Robert Howard, Henry Kuttner, Jack Williamson, and many other favorites.

For a pleasant surprise and guaranteed enjoyment, send \$1.00 for six issues, 50c for three issues, or 20c for a sample copy of Bizarre. Order immediately and you won't miss any issues. Send to: