

VOL 1

NO 2

ANNE SHAN



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Nov 1

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HIGH PRICES, POTATOES, etc.

A friend once asked me why I charged such high advertising rates. Well, with the price of potatoes and everything like it is, you've just gotta eat, you know. That is only too true, but it isn't the reason. . . In most cases, it costs more to get anything started than it does to keep it up. As the fanzine grows older and more learned in the ways and wiles of the world, slowly, but surely, prices will come down. (The 5¢ per word in classified ads was a typographical error. It's 2¢ per word) I hope conditions won't get so bad that we have to pay you for ads. Even if the 'zine just has 1 column, we'll just let it stay that way. Trading ad space (as suggested by Jim Schreiber) will be, in most cases, based on size of ad and not cost.

Not being a good judge of stories, I am unable to determine the exact quality of the story in this issue, "ID." All in all, it is good, but as for the aspects which only experienced authors and critics can detect, I am not in a position to judge it. To the average reader, it is a fine philosophical writing, which is so popular in many fields, including s-f. As for action and adventure, which typifies "space-opera," there is nothing extreme present. If Jim was striving for the surprise type of ending, he missed the boat; but, by the nature of the rest of the story, that was not, or didn't seem to be, the point at which he was aiming. If you readers have any comments to make, on the story or any other section of ALIEN, please feel free to voice your opinions.

More about sending in suggestions, etc. Just what do you want most in any fanzine? What type of material appeals most to you? Should we have fiction? Should the 'zine be all fiction? We will never know until you, the readers, let us know. If it is at all possible, give us an example of the type of material you enjoy. Then, if the majority of the readers who write in like it, then we will do all in our power to make the subject a regular feature. We want ALIEN to be: "Of the fen, by the fen, for the fen." It all, of course, depends upon you!

Well, my vocabulary is about used up, so now I'll take another month to try to think up something to write for the October editorial in ALIEN.

Stfasincerely yours,

Vic Waldrop, Jr.

Vic Waldrop, Jr.

THE CASE OF THE LITTLE GREEN MEN - \$2

by Mack Reynolds

A murder-mystery taking place at the next world science-fiction convention--several noted fan and pros introduced during the course of events. For those readers who don't like detective stories, the locale of the story will uphold your interest.

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"Many men had tried to solve the mystery of Dragon's Island--and lost their memories! Now it was up to Belfast . . . and Belfast had amnesia!"

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Simak's story of a desperate hunt, through time and space, for the most important/in the universe. /book

INVADERS OF EARTH - \$2.95

Edited by Groff Conklin

22 stories including Howard Koch's radio script presented in 1938 by Orson Welles, "Invasion from Mars." As the title of the book suggests, the stories all concern the invasion of Earth by beings from outer space.

THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH - Robt. Heinlein \$3

The second in Heinlein's future-history series, the first being "THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON." Includes 10 of Heinlein's outstanding stories, 6 from the slicks and 4 from the pulps.

All adult-stfers, move aside for Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, and his following of atomic-bearded neo-phen. I wonder who takes their s-f more seriously, the advocates of "adult s-f," or the advocates (who don't know what the word means) of Captain Video, et al. Most fan say they outgrow such programs, but they seek the same end in different ways. Of course, they are searching for escape; the neo-phen find it in Space Cadet, the older fan find it in Tales of Tomorrow, and, while it existed, in Dimension X.

Video refers to anyone who is thumb-twiddlingly crazy of television. In this case, s-f enthusiasts. (I meant crazy about tv.) (Margaret Hauser, please note!) The reason for omitting OUT THERE is because the author has never seen it.

Now, an evaluation of the aforementioned programs.

CAPTAIN VIDEO is a presentation of CBS every week-day afternoon. Captain Video is the hero in different series of adventures, each taking one or more weeks to enact. The program lasts 30 minutes, and provides the kids something to watch instead of tearing up Dad's or older brother's \$25 copy of SLAN. The program also provides the good background necessary for a mature understanding of "adult s-f." This, along with the Captain Video Ranger outfits that can be purchased in department stores, keeps the children out of mischief, and an interest in s-f which we hope will never die.

It's hard to tell which is the better of the two children s-f tv shows, Captain Video, or Space Cadet. The latter is a 15 minute program, and contains about the same quality material as (V. (Captain Video). There is more humor to be found in Space Cadet, since the ~~500x~~ ~~1000x~~ ~~3000x~~ cadets don't get along very well with each other. Space gas is the term referring to the same common element found in long-winded blow-hards. Hot air, of course.

And now to the aristocrat of t-v-s-f, TALES OF TOMORROW. This program presents very effectively stories by leading authors. Jules Verne's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" was presented in two parts recently.

(cont. on page 15)

LETTERS, YET!

Many of these letters have been taken from personal letters to the editor, and therefore, we will not stencil the whole letter.

Bob Farnum
104 Mountain View Drive
Dalton, Georgia

Dear Vic,

This is to acknowledge--with thanks-- your ALIEN #1. Will send copy of the Chigger Patch of Fandom as exchange for ALIEN #1. ((Ed.--Sorry for not typing name of your fmz in all caps. Oversight on our part.)) Good luck with same, but strongly advise eliminate all remarks re pornography. It smells bad in print and gives you a bum rep. . . Thanks again for A#1.

Sincerely yours,

Bob Farnum

405 East 62nd St.
Savannah, Georgia

Hi Vic!

Received ALIEN a few minutes ago.

Good. In fact, very, for a 1st ish.

Thanks for thgoboo on page 3.

I have 2 suggestions: (1) Better paper; and (2) Vertical Folds. I like your double columning, but I wish you would use more ink.

Hmm, maybe I should thank Lee for the-goboo--She's been plugging me all over the place.

Pretty soon, you will be getting \$1.00 from me. This "ALIEN CLUB" sounds too good to be true. Don't I have any duties other than that \$1.00?

CROSSWORD PUZZLE - very good. Am sending a copy of "STF-STUFF," my bew hektoed fmz. POEM - hmm, good.

Stefinishly,

CW (Charles Wells)

445 Wellington
Chicago 14, Ill.

'Morning, Vic,

Darn it, there's so much to cover, it's hard to say just where to start.

In particular, a lusty crew of glee for "ALIEN #1". The sardonic humor is worthy of a much larger audience. The failing of so many fan mags in the past has been their inability to laugh at themselves and to encourage others to laugh with them. Truth is that a sense of humor is a better indication of intelligence than most rigid I. Q. exams.

By the way, I'm surprised that Chuck Soulis failed to mention Heinlein's "Man Who Sold the Moon" in his list of recent Heinlein re-pubs . . . otherwise, I'd say he's made a pretty complete listing of the semi-perms.

And now to V. W., Jr.'s "After the Blast." Vic, that's one of those poems that epitomizes such a large concept that the reader feels a little inadequate after the first perusal, so he must read it again . . . and still again . . . and for a long time after, he can feel the terrifying awesomeness of its force pulsing through his startled mind. I imagine a savage being "buzzed" by a bomber might feel this way. Now I'll have to write to Florida to get the second part.

((Ed.--a few irrelevant personal paragraphs have been omitted here.))

Back to "ALIEN #1." Say Mr. Editor, what meanith this statement that "Since 1939, absolutely no progress in stf (something)"? If the last word, which was blanked out in my copy, referred to anything besides totally new concepts, I have to take issue. ((The word was stf Serial)) Certainly, "Day the Earth Stood Still" is a good movie, whether taken as stf or straight entertainment (Mom enjoyed it and she detests stf). True, the movie versions of "Things to Come" and "Man Who Could Work Miracles" were excellent productions of the '30's, but the '50's have had their share of up-to par shows. I understand Tyrone Power

(cont. on page 6)

(Letters, cont.)

has done a time-travel story recently. Maybe you got to see it, I didn't.

Take it easy, Vic,

George Riley

Ed.--Glad you liked A#1. Didn't Tyrone Power appear on Tales of Tomorrow recently, or on some suspense tv program. As a matter of fact, I think he was on several times. I hope George won't mind if I reprint a paragraph from his most recent letter from which the above and preceding paragraphs were taken. (He usually waits a month or two to answer your letter, then he writes a book practically.) A double-quote, to be exact:

"This, too, is a rough draft . . . early Sunday morning is unlikely to be the ideal time for poesy or masterpieces. Actually, I should've written a short stop-gap note as you did to tide the correspondence over until a more appropriate time.

"Just isn't in me, though. When I get ready to talk, nothing can stop me. A quote from Anderson's last letter: 'After the expressmen had staggered in with your last letter, and after my desk, on which they set it down, had been repaired, I managed to read it.'"

For all I knew, George might have been sent to the pen for stealing potatoes.

SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES
351 Fourth Avenue
New York 10, New York

Dear Vic:

...

Bert wishes to you and your magazine.

Sincerely yours,

Margaret Hauser
Editor, PRACTICAL ENGLISH

In closing, the editor wishes to thank all of you who wrote, and we hope that "ALIEN #2" lived up to your praise and expectations. And thanks to Jim Schreiber for the ego-bo in his 50-page imz, ETRO. If there is anything you especially like, or dislike, any ideas for improvements, columns, or the like, don't hesitate to write and tell us. Send all letters to: Vic Waldrop, Jr., 212 West Avenue, Cartersville, Georgia.

GAHAHAH! You should see the deluge of fanzines that, in one terrifying burst of strength, sent the helpless mailbox on the front porch tumbling down from the wall and through the tile and concrete. If the editors of FANTASY-TIMES, ETRO, STF-STUFF, MAD, & STF TRADER will send me a check for \$50 each, I will gladly and quickly forget the matter. ETRO will be charged \$100, since it had so many pages. Und now ve shall proceed to der fnzsz!

STF-STUFF: 2 cents; published weakly (at least that's what wuz writ on the cover) It's a FAPazine. Inside illo by Dave English. Hektographed. 2 for 5 cents. Send money to Charles Wells, 405 East 62nd Street, Savannah, Georgia.

FANTASY-TIMES: 10 cents; published two times a month. Whole No. 151 shows the new format of TWS. Reporters from Europe, Australia, and home correspondents. Ed

is James V. Taurasi. James and his FANDOM HOUSE enter into their 11th year of publication. Send your dime to FANTASY-TIMES, c/o James V. Taurasi, 137-03 32nd Avenue, Flushing 54, New York.

MAD: No Price Listed; this is ish #4. Dick Ryan, Editor; R. R. Lippincott, Associate Editor; cover and masthead by Davic English. Interior by Orville W. Mosher, R. R. Lippincott, Shelby Vick, Bob Silverberg, J. Youngfan, III (WHO IS THIS? Maybe Romanoff), and Jan Romanoff. MAD #5 will be the WILLISH! So send 25 cents to: Dick Ryan, 224 Broad Street, Newark, Ohio.

STF TRADER: 10 cents; bi-monthly, I suppose. This ish is for March-April. Volume 4, Number 3. Adzine. No stories, just ads. Three cartoons. First one, OK; Second cartoon, in poor taste; Third one, take-off on Charles Addams. You might find something you want, so send your 10 cents to Jack Irwin, Box 3, Tyro, Kansas.

ETRO: 25 cents; mimeoed every 73.05 days. O-O of the EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL RESEARCH ORGANIZATION. Cover by M. R. Cas is photo-offset. 50 pages. Editor: Jim Schreiber. Interior by Ho Braden, Jim Parry, R. A. Pape, Jim Schreiber, Bob Evans, Jr., Bob Bartlett, Sr., Bobby Pope, Martin DeWard, George Winship, Al Leabeau, and Ronnie Poland. Illos by Bob Bartlett, Jr., and Dick Anderson. Send 25 cents to: Chuck Taylor, 1521 Mars, Lakewood 7, Ohio.

AUGUST, 1952

THE ALIEN

Page 7

EDITOR Vic Waldrop, Jr.
 ART EDITOR Edith Rothrock
 POETRY EDITOR Joe Green
 MANUAL LABOR Vic Waldrop, Jr.
 * * * * *

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"ID"

by

JIM SCHREIBER

"Id, n. - that part of the mind from which instinctive impulses arise" - Webster.

He stood before the solar history class in his usual awkward pose. His remarkably lean frame was arched slightly forward to allow his knuckles to rest on the gleaming chromium desk top. His massive, high-domed head rested on a neck which looked too frail to support it. This shining head was tilted back at an angle which made the man appear to look down on all his surroundings. The scarlet, metallic cape that signified his classification was draped loosely over his narrow shoulders and swayed gently as he rolled back on his heels to more easily examine the class.

This was Professor Valon Ezir of the Institute of Historic Research and Education at Centropolis. He hadn't changed at all since I had last seen him on zero-three when he was head of the Eleventh Contact Expedition there. No, there was a slight change that at first wasn't readily noticeable. It was his eyes; they had a look that came only after many years of intense study that furnished him with a knowledge of solar history far beyond that of any man alive. He closed those pale blue eyes, took a slow deep breath, and began:

"Today we have with us a noted guest from the Bureau of Interplanetary Relations. He is Administrator Lac Ogron who accompanied me on my mission to planet zero-three in the year two hundred-thirteen of Central Control. He has come to lead today's instruction on the subject of inferior races in the solar system." Turning to me, he asked, "Would you like to start immediately or shall I first send for a collection of films taken by previous expeditions?"

I remembered that the class would adjourn in twenty-two minutes, so I replied, "In view of the time element involved, I believe it is preferable to start at once; but it is advisable to show the films at the earliest possible moment, for they are highly interesting, and at the same time, educational." With this, I rose from my chair and walked across the room to the large, flat-surface of the drawing-plane, where I turned to face the students.

They were all dressed in the sea-green clothing that signified their social position as students. Their contour chairs were at various angles according to each individual's taste. Some students had closed eyes, but it was easily seen that they were completely conscious of my presence by the expectant looks on their faces. Others were in upright positions, and had the same highly intent looks on their perfect faces. The atmosphere of the classroom was that of close cooperation, and, at the same time, of extreme individualism.

Suddenly I realized that I was staring at them and they were waiting for me to begin, so I signaled the Professor. He moved a small, white dial on his desk, and the light being radiated from all the surfaces of the room dimmed to a soothing pearl gray. The students all lowered their chairs to a semi-horizontal position and relaxed completely so that they might fully comprehend my meaning. Throwing the switch on the drawing-plane, I waited until its surface emitted a soft blue glow, and then started the summary:

"In the year One of the Central Control this planet sent out its first expedition into interplanetary space. This success came about through the discovery of the Gravon principle in the year of Central Control, -1, by Scientist Alton Roc of the Institute of Tracto-Dynamics. The application of the principle decreased mechanical difficulties easily a thousand times.

"Reports brought back by the First Observation Expedition confirmed the

now, these life forms were not only intelligent, but also had a human form.

"Back on this planet, great controversy arose as to whether we should attempt communication with these beings whose exact nature was unknown. To prevent unrest among the population so soon after its establishment, Centrab Control decided that actual contact would not be made for a period of one hundred-fifty years, starting the second year C. C. It was also decided that every three years an organized Observation Expedition of Central Control would make a close survey of conditions on that planet without contact, and return with a complete report. Many private expeditions were formed under careful supervision by Central Control, expeditions that brought back volumes of extra details which were of great value to the Scientists and Logicians.

The progress of that alien race is recorded in full and may be studied at any time in the Library of Historic Data; these records are the largest such collections in existence. I have with me a copy of an original document from which I shall later read a few excerpts.

Now I shall give a greatly condensed history of zero-three and its inhabitants: Zero-three is like our own planet in many ways; it had two main land masses, polar ice caps, deserts, mountains, jungles, and all the other common topographical features of our planet.

The plant and animal life was, in general, very similar to ours, but the single species of intelligent life was, as we discovered, of a lesser developed type." I took up the drawing-cylinder, and proceeded to draw the outlines of two human-like forms, one much taller and bulkier than the other. "This," I said, looking once more at the students, "will give you a rough idea of how their physical structure compared with ours. As you can see, they were easily fifty percent taller than we, and their torso and limbs were a great deal thicker than our comparatively frail ones; but these are minor details, for all internal organs were identical to ours, with the exception of the brain, a vermiform appendix, which our own ancestors possessed, and other insignificant differences."

Reaching to the top of the drawing-cylinder, I threw the clearing switch and the figures on the plane's surface vanished instantly in a flash of yellow light. I then drew the front and side view of two skulls, one of which was easily recognizable as being a fully developed specimen of our race; the other looked as though the top had been bent and flattened by a powerful press. I continued:

"It is easily seen, students, that the two views on the right are not normal according to today's standards. This skull is of the average size and contour of the persons on zero-three. The total brain capacity is about half that of one of our adults, and it is noted that the social segment of their brain was proportionately much less than ours, and also, less than the amount needed to counteract all the primitive instincts which made them revert to savage barbarianism. These human-like creatures were never able to solve their social problems as our remote ancestors did, because of the inability of their brains to expand beyond a certain point.

"In the far, distant past of this alien race, they were identical to our own ancestors." With the drawing-cylinder, as I talked, I was making a rough sketch of a hairy ape and a diagram of its skull. "They were common ape-like primates, which evolved naturally from that form to our closest non-intelligent ancestors, which, for simplicity, I shall call homo-ignoramus. But on zero-three, this evolution was, by some fault of nature, much less perfect than ours. This greatly retarded brain expansion. Possibility was, the greatest handicap of that race was that faulty evolution, and was the only factor that led to their complete self-destruction.

"Their scientific development ran almost parallel to ours, and in some

expedition that these creatures had flown a heavier-than-air craft of a crude type. Later expeditions reported an unusually rapid development of aircraft and also all types of weapons by the major nations.

"You see, they still hadn't conceived the idea of a Central Control of a workable type, and, as a result, banded together into separate governments, such as those from whom we are descended had done. These states were in constant agitation, and wars were taken to be common occurrences on most parts of that alien globe. The governments would send populations into savage battle over trivial matters--to be slaughtered. Madmen gained control and new, horrible weapons were devised which could kill or maim thousands in a single instant. Savagery and hate spread about the entire planet, so most of them came to despise fellow creatures. The outcome was that two great powers finally got control of all the other states and became two dictatorial war machines, with the masses reduced to the automaton existence brought about by the absolute statism conditions. Atomic weapons were used to devastate and contaminate wide areas of once-productive land. Our ancestors had atomic weapons, too, it is true, but they compared to these weapons as a hand lighter compares to the solar-concentration furnace. The plague and famine of biological warfare ruled from pole to pole, but still the two war states continued the senseless massacres.

While this tempest of greed, hate, and insanity swept zero-three, Central Control was trying desperately to decide upon a proper course of action. They realized that space travel would be achieved in a short time by that race with the proper harnessing of atomic power--if they survived the war. This was a threat to our security, for our production of weapons had ceased in the remote past. It was thought that these barbaric warring powers could easily have defeated us if they knew of our existence. Many of us looked upon these creatures as our younger brothers, of whom care needed to be taken. Those who felt this way were in favor of contacting these people before the period of non-contact was up, and of showing them how to settle disputes without bloodshed; but, it was unsure how they would react to the intervention of a superior race, so Central Control decided to contact them only after the perfection of an ultimately superior weapon. The use of this weapon would have been the first such action in six hundred thirty-seven years, but it was decided to be the correct course in view of the circumstances.

"Alton Roc again became the most important of the Scientists for his application of the ever useful Graven principle in the solution of this problem. The weapon produced caused the very atoms of a bombarded material to become charged, and as a result, the opposite charges would repel one another and cause the matter involved to disintegrate instantaneously; and, the loosened atoms would change the molecular structure of surrounding matter, and the proportion was sufficient enough to magnify the original destruction to the sixth power. What made this weapon even more practical was the fact that it could be easily combined with the space drive mechanism which used a variation of the same principle. These disintegrators were essential equipment on all ships to zero-three thereafter, and the Security Patrol that was then established uses them still as their only offensive weapon.

"After the testing of this weapon, Central Control prepared to send out a Contact Expedition prepared to enforce peace on zero-three armed with the new Graven-Disintegrator. This fleet set out for zero-three on the thirty-sixth day of the year one hundred sixty-one of Central Control, but never arrived at their destination. When they approached the planet, suddenly their instruments and all electronic equipment refused to operate. They were without a means of communication, had no light or heat, and could do nothing to change the course of the ships from the elliptical orbit about the alien sphere. This orbit brought them within two diameters of the planet, and swung them out to a distance of three diameters at its extreme. At closest proximity, all men in the crews of the fifty space craft would become violently ill, and in a few instances, fatally so. Slowly, the heat was dispelled, and the crew operated the air purifiers manually.

A system of connecting lines was devised for inter-ship transportation and communication; as a result, all ships worked together on a huge radio transmitter that could be worked by manpower. A complex crank system was rigged to supply the power necessary for the radio, air purifiers, heating systems, and the other bare necessities. The huge cranks were turned by five shifts of men, one shift being composed of the crews of ten ships. This much manpower hadn't been used on any single project since ancient times. The message was received, and a rescue party was immediately dispatched. As the rescue party approached the orbit of the stricken expedition, their own instruments started to fail. Rather than attempt an impossible rescue and endanger their lives, the party returned and left the thousand-man fleet to their ultimate fate--death.

"A close study was made of the phenomenon with all the research materials available. The trip to zero-three had been made many times in the past and nothing like this had ever happened. Observation disclosed only these facts: The disturbance was of a type that can best be described as a kind of ray; the radius of the disturbance was 35,000 kilometers; the type of the ray is of unknown type and origin; the center of the disturbance was at the geographical South Pole. The volume and intensity of the disturbance diminished in direct proportion to the square of the mass. It was calculated that it would be safe to touch the surface of zero-three at any point in twenty-seven years. The ray killed all life forms within the zone of fatality. These, students, are all the facts we could gather with all our technical apparatus.

"Central Control ruled that any point within 100,000 kilometers of the planet was out of bounds until the first of the year two hundred-five, C. C., twenty-nine years ago. They, at the end of that time, sent the first successful Contact Expedition."

I threw the clearing-switch on the drawing-plane, and crossed the room to the desk on which rested the books I had brought from the Bureau headquarters. Taking up a small, tan-bound edition, I stood directly over a black square space on the floor near the desk, and touched the corresponding black square button on the desk top. A beam of reading light lanced down from the ceiling and rested on the book as I held it before me.

"This," I said, "is a translation of the only non-technical explanation of the unnatural phenomenon that took place on zero-three. It is a diary of one of the men who caused the unintentional annihilation of life on that planet. I shall read only the most important parts, for the time covered equals eleven of our years. The first entry I shall read corresponds to revolution thirty-two of the year one hundred-sixty, C. C. It reads:

"Bec Rurn, Als Zmib, Yok Hirt, and I have at last laid the cornerstone of our lab. The entire structure should be complete in five months if there are no serious interruptions. Since the equation is already formulated, all that remains is the construction. Als is in charge of construction, Ben has material authority, Yok heads defense and manpower, and I take care of other details that arise. We must succeed!

"R-92, 160 C. C. - The central radio transmitter was completed.

"R-93, 160 C. C. - The largest flight of rocket bombers we have yet seen flew overhead today. We were correct in choosing this spot. The natural covering of the jungle is the best possible camouflage. The defense guns are ready when needed and could have blasted the entire flight to atoms, but we must remain hidden until the last possible moment. Bec has all the hydrogen we need, and the first of the Iridium shipments has arrived on the backs of native slaves. We still have two months' work before our main building will be finished and work can be started on the cosmitron.

"R-94, 160 C. C. - Bec has started to prepare the ultimatum which will be sent out upon the completion of our project.

"R-17, 161 C. C. - The cosmitron is finished, and the first myriagram of hydro-iridium has been put in place for bombardment. The generators will be started at midnight, and in no more than five hundred hours, this planet will have peace once more.

"R-22, 161 C. C. - All is prepared; the transmitters are all in place and waiting; our stockpile of hydro-iridium bombs totals one hundred fifty, easily enough to compel both powers to surrender; the rocket launchers are already centered on their objectives. All that needs to be done is to put the "demonstration bomb" in place. Bec has almost finished the ultimatum.

"R-36, 161 C. C. - The men are tense at their posts. Fifteen extra bombs were made in the past few days to relieve the tension of doing nothing. The cosmitron is being hooked up to furnish power for the launchers and radio as a supplement to the generators.

"R-37, 161 C. C. - Tomorrow is the day of destiny. None of us have slept for thirty-six hours. The text of Bec's speech is as follows:

"ATTENTION . . . Leaders of the central powers, heed my words. This is an ultimatum, an ultimatum that cannot be neglected. If all aggression upon this planet is not terminated within the space of twenty hours, we shall be forced to totally annihilate all inhabitants of this planet. The organization which I represent is the CENTRAL CONTROL PEACE COMMITTEE, and you shall see that it is capable of enacting its purpose very efficiently, though forcefully. Efforts to locate us by triangulation or any other means would be futile, for this message is reflected to you from the ionosphere, through which this particular communication wave cannot pass. If, by chance, any attacking force locates us, the entire force would be destroyed, and, at the touch of a button, all your centers of production would be vaporized. My organization has weapons far superior to any you could produce in the near future. Your most intelligent action would be the immediate halting of all warfare. In five hours, have representative observers located at a position two hundred miles from the South Pole, approximately due south of Mount Kirkpatrick. The time and place of a meeting of your and our representatives will be set at a later date. Central Powers, this ultimatum holds your fate. It is peace at our terms, or total annihilation! To reply, direct your communication on a frequency modulation wavelength to Proxima Centauri, and we shall receive your message. This message will be repeated every half-hour on all frequencies until the time of detonation. I, as a representative of the CENTRAL CONTROL PEACE COMMITTEE, hope, for your own wakes, that you will comply with our requests as quickly as possible."

"R-38, 161 C. C. - As I write, I am sitting before the panel that controls all the offensive weapons of our committee. I hear the last few words of the ultimatum coming from the wirecorder as the time of detonation approaches. Confused, excited communications between the Powers have been heard frequently since the first broadcast, but none directed to us. The thin, red line rotating on the chronometer has only three revolutions until I must press the button which holds the fate of this world. Sweat streams from pale faces as the men crouch about the dimly lit panel in anxiety. It seems foolish that we all have the fear we do for we hold the key to eternal peace. I tremble as the seemingly eternal seconds. Each second makes one more hair bristle on my head. . . 40 . . 30 . . 25 . . . I have to stop waiting and concentrate on the time, the time to unleash the greatest force in our history . . . 13 . . 11 7"

I, Lac Ogron, closed the small tan-covered book, and pushed the small square on the desk once more. The reading light vanished. "That" I continued, "was the last thing ever written by a person on zero-three. The bomb unleashed the unpredictable force that led to the death of the first Contact Expedition and all other life within a radius of 35,000 kilometers. That unknown ray did, indeed, bring about an eternal peace of which even the keeper of the diary didn't dream; the peace known only in

"This concludes today's instructions about inferior races in the solar system: Thus it is seen that the final outcome of any race depends, to a very great extent, upon the relative development of the brain segments, rather than other physical features. Let us be thankful that our ancestors were finally able to solve their many complex problems, so we could arrive at the level of civilization reached only by Central Control."

I stepped over to Professor Ezir just as the bell, signaling the end of the class, rang. The professor and I stepped aside to allow the class to file out. As we gathered our materials to the Bureau, Valon let out a short, unhumorous laugh. He squinted slightly and said, "Iac, I never realized the full implications of what you have just related now. Imagine, just one freak mutation led to the annihilation of all life on an entire planet." I threw my gold and silver cloak around myself, and turned to accompany Valon. As our steps resounded along the hall, I answered, "Yes, Valon, we waited too long, and, as a result, millions of lives were lost. They were an interesting people, those of zero-three. What was it they called themselves-- Earthlings?"

"Yes, Earthlings," returned the Professor, "but let us hope we are not too late to prevent the same thing from happening to our inferior brothers on zero-four, or, as the Earthlings would have called them, the Martians."

---the end---

EDITOR'S NOTE—Any events in the preceding story similar to events appearing in other stories are the products of the author's mind, and not the editor's.

THE ALIEN SCIENCE-FANTASY CLUB

Here is your chance to get, FREE, the Galaxy Novel of your choice. It's simple. If you are among the first ten to join the club mentioned above, you can have just that! Even if you aren't among the first ten, here's a list of what you'll receive:

1. The aforementioned Galaxy Novel offer to first 10
2. A list of reduced subscription rates on most promags.
3. Membership roster, replenished at short intervals
4. FREE ad space for two issues of the O-O

There aren't many members at present, so you stand a good chance of getting in on the Galaxy Novel. Just fill in the coupon at the bottom of this page, and mail to:

THE ALIEN SCIENCE-FANTASY CLUB
c/o Vic Waldrop, Jr.
212 West Avenue
Cartersville, Georgia

\$1 PER YEAR-----1 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE O-O-----ALL AFOREMENTIONED EXTRA OFFERS

THE ALIEN SCIENCE-FANTASY CLUB

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

I'm interested in ALIEN, so send me all I need in order to join.

GIVE THIS ONE TO A FRIEND:

THE ALIEN SCIENCE-FANTASY CLUB

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

I'm interested in ALIEN so send me all I need in order to join.

S-F VIDEOTS (Cont, from page 4)

C. M. Kornbluth's "The Little Black Bag" was another recent attraction.

The program is on thirty minutes each Friday night at 8:30 D. S. T. sponsored alternately by Kreisler watch bands and Masland carpets. Remember these names and help support the program.

TALES OF TOMORROW is presented on the ABC television network.

Anyone who has anything more to say about tv stf programs is invited to send in a short article on the subject. Mail them to the editor whose address is listed as the return address on the outside.

S T F is SCIENTIFICTION. Hugo Gernsback

ATTENTION MEMBERS OF THE "ALIEN SCIENCE FANTASY CLUB," HERE IS THE LIST OF REDUCED SUB RATES ON MOST PROZINES;

Name of Prozine	Length of Sub	How Often the Mag Appears	Original Price	New Price
AMAZING STORIES	1 Year	Monthly	\$2.50	\$2.00
ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION	1 Year	Monthly	3.50	2.90
FANTASTIC ADVENTURES	1 Year	Monthly	2.50	2.00
FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE	3 Years	Quarterly	3.00	2.95
FATE	1 Year	Bi-Monthly	1.50	1.35
GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION <u>NOVEL</u>	1 Year	Bi-Monthly	2.00	1.80
IMAGINATION	2 Years	Bi-Monthly	3.00	2.65
MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION	1 Year	Bi-Monthly	2.00	1.75
MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURE	1 Year	Bi-Monthly	3.50	3.15
MARVEL SCIENCE FICTION	3 Years	Quarterly	2.50	2.40
OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES	2 Years	Bi-Monthly	3.00	2.50
PLANET STORIES	1 Year	Bi-Monthly	1.50	1.40
THRILLING WONDER STORIES	2 Years	Bi-Monthly	3.00	2.95
WEIRD SCIENCE	1 Year	Bi-Monthly	.75	.70
WEIRD TALES	1 Year	Bi-Monthly	1.50	1.30

These listed reduced subscription rates on most stf prozines are for "ALIEN" members ONLY, and all subscriptions should be sent through Vic Waldrop, Jr., and NOT through the magazine publishing house! Thank you.

Send all poetry to: Joe Green, 823 Magnolia Avenue, Panama City, Florida, and specify, please, that the poem is for consideration for "THE ALIEN," because Joe also handles poetry for Shelvy's "CONFUSION."

The editor of "THE ALIEN" is said to be recuperating very nicely after a week at the GEORGIA BOYS' STATE. He sought the nomination on the Federalist ticket for Attorney General, but was defeated by Bobby David.

W A W
WITH
THE
CREW
IN
'52

In the issue of Collier's for June 28, the Ray Bradbury story, A SOUND OF THUNDER appeared. It concerns a group of men who go back sixty million years to kill dinosaurs. All collectors of Bradburyana, please note!

IT'S HOT IN GEORGIA

SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER CONTEST !!!

I know that all of ALIEN's readers will hate me and demand their money back for this, but, it's too late now!

As most of the readers of SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER know, there is a BIG contest underway. In the July issue of SFA, he gave all fmz publishers an excellent suggestion. So, here is some free publicity for SFA:

The contest is a subscription-getting one, and with an extra--special prize to boot. In order for me to get into the running, I am putting this ad in here. If you want a subscription to SFA, just fill in the coupons at the bottom of the page, and along with \$1 (one dollar) mail to:

SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER
1745 Kenneth Road
Glendale 1, California

My name is filled in on the coupons so I will get credit for the subscription. Before you get too riled up over my audacity to pull such an unheard-of stunt, remember, unless you subscribe to SFA or are a trading editor already, you can't enter the contest. The purpose is to get new subscribers. A "new" subscriber shall for this purpose be defined as one who has not previously been a subscriber since the November, 1951, issue.

You know, I may even try a contest like this (the prizes may not be as big, though) to recruit new subbers to ALIEN.

FOR YOU:

Here's my \$1. Please list me for the next 8 issues of SFA. This subscription was recruited by VIC WALDROP, JR., so give him credit in the subscription contest. He is a trading editor of THE ALIEN.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

MY SIGNATURE _____

SIGNATURE OF ONE TO WHOM CONTEST CREDIT IS TO BE GIVEN:

Vic Waldrop, Jr.
Vic Waldrop, Jr., editor of ALIEN

FOR A FRIEND:

Here's my \$1. Please list me for the next 8 issues of SFA. This subscription was recruited by VIC WALDROP, JR., so give him credit in the subscription contest. He is a trading editor of THE ALIEN.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

SIGNATURE OF SUB RECRUITER vic Waldrop, Jr.

SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER

This, stfen, is THE stf advertising fmz! A beautiful photo-offset job, 40 or more pages, and cover by Morris Scott Dollens. For only 20 cents, you can read interesting and informative articles, and/or find a place to sell your stack of pros, or to add to your present collection. Advertising rates are rather high, yet the editor says he still loses money. The adzine was once known as FANTASY ADVERTISER. Don't delay; sub today (see page 15). The latest issue (July) has part two of Arthur J. Cox's interesting article, "DEUS EX MACHINA: A STUDY OF A. E. Van VOGT."

LATE ARRIVALS

FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION---This is a new prozine that just hit the stands a few days ago. The cover is a color version of the illo appearing of page 35 of the mag. The mag has only 52 pages, but is very big in the other proportions. The editor is one, Walter Gibson, who wrote the feature story, as did del Rey for his SPACE. The 6 stories are: Gibson's THE DAY NEW YORK ENDED, Bruce Crandall's THE SECRET OF THE LOCKED LABORATORY, Wallace Smith's THE LOST CITY OF THE SKY, Phyllis Kaye's THEY DIE ON MARS, George Moffat's THE NUDE IN THE MICROSCOPE, and G. A. Lacksey's THE BLACK PLANET. The prozine is published bi-monthly at 25 cents by SUPER SCINCE FICTION PUBLISHERS. OH NO!

ROCKET TO THE MORGUE---This is a REPRINT of a detective-stf novel by Tony Boucher. In the story, no super-gadgets are involved, but several fen and pros are, though, Wild Bill Runcible (Ye gods!) is only one of the fen. If you've read CASE OF THE LITTLE GREEN MEN, it's almost like this, and vice-versa. RTTM exignt originally appeared in 1942, under the pseudonym of H. H. Holmes.

It seems that the editor has committed an abominable faux pas by offering to pay \$ \$\$ for material. He has been called stupid, and other such terms, so he is calling "Uncle!" Sorry to prospective contributors, though.

MAN WHO FALL IN TUB OF OPTICAL GLASS MAKES A SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF.

SAY, HOW MANY WERE GOING TO ST. IVES?

SCIENCE-FICTION JOURNAL

Actually, it's the JOURNAL OF SCIENCE-FICTION, bu it is still a fine little photo-offset fmz. It has a fmz format, but does not follow fmz standards in that it doesn't believe in fan fiction, poetry, and, the essence of fandom, feuds. The JSF is vanguard of Chicago stf, having originated with members of the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club.

The editors are Charles Freudenthal, Lester Mx Fried, and Edward Wood. JSF is published 3 times a year at 1331 W. Newport Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois. Issue #1 contains material by Martin Gardner, Ray Bradbury (reprint), Edward Wood, Robert Bloch & Fritz Leiber (reprint), Capt. K. F. Slater, Charles Re-cour, Ted Carnell, John H. Pameroy, and an anonymous piece de the decline of the pulps. (The cover is a picture of David Stone's now-famous portrait of H/orace/ L/eonard/ Gold.

The price of 25 cents per copy, so send your money to:

Mr. Charles Freudenthal
1331 W. Newport Ave.
Chicago 13, Illinois

On the tv program, TALES OF TOMORROW, Friday night, June 27, the S. A. Lombino story, APPOINTMENT ON MARS was presented. It concerns three Earthmen who finally land on Mars. One incident leads on to another, and finally, all three are killed at each other's hand. While the camera showed them on the ground, dead, two voices, off the set, spoke about how easy it was to eliminate the Earthmen. Then they departed to the rocket ship. They were never seen.

The editor wishes to make personal apologies to three California boys whom he has unknowingly offended.

In the latest SCIENCE-FICTION QUARTERLY, editor Robert W. Lowndes is sponsoring a big, new contest. Aside from giving originals to the best letter-writers in each issue, the grand prize in this contest is the original of the cover by Luros. Get S-F QUARTERLY now!!!!

EVEN MORE FANMAGS

ATTENTION MEMBERS OF ALIEN:

The following have not received the Galaxy Novel for being among the first 10 to join the ALIEN SCIENCE-FANTASY CLUB:

(please contact president immediately)
BILL BERGER, 912 E. 140th St, Cleveland 10, Ohio

LEE HOFFMAN, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Ga.

SHELBY VICK, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida

CHARLES WELLS, 405 E. 50th St., Savannah, Georgia

THE ALIEN desires to have representative correspondents from all different clubs and all sections of the country, and abroad. Those interested, please contact, as soon as is possible, the editor. Also those who attended the SOU-WESTERCON are requested by the editor to send in short accounts of the con. The one who sends the best (based on accuracy, technique, and humor) will be awarded some sort of prize. The prize won't be earthshaking, probably a couple of books. Please limit the accounts to 2 or 3 pages at most. Mail all entries to the editor marked CONTEST. Address is listed as the outside return address.

MORE FANMAGS

Conn Fan--0-0 of the CONNECTICUT SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE (C. S. F. L.). Volume 1, Number 1. A 5-page 0-0, only for league member and others interested in the league. Free. Mimeoed. President, Ron Rentz; Veep, David Bates; Sec.-Treasurer, Matthew Stavola; Official Editor, Charles Lee Riddle, RFD #7, Norwich Connecticut.

QUANDRY #21--15 /6. Mimeoed every month (Hoffmanian calendar). 22 pages. Ed is Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Jawcha (Georgia). Age, 19. Female. Assistant, Charles Wells; Senior typewriter, Underwood; mimeograph, Demarzule; part-time kibitzer, Bob Tucker; Assistant p.t. kibitzer, Robert Bloch. In the UK; 4 for 2/- to Walter A. Willis
170, Upper Newtownards Rd.
BELFAST, Northern Ireland

H-Y-P-H-E-N--2 ishs for 1 US promag or 1/6. Published by WAW between ishs of SLANT. No. 1 contained material by A. Vince Clarke, Walt Willis, W. F. Temple, Peter Ridley, Bob Shaw, and James White. Cover by Shaw, depicting bum (WHOOOPS! I mean stfan) in worn chair, in an even mor worn room, unshaven, with beer bottles lying around, reading DIFFERENT, With typer are stf books in spider webbed corners. Title of picture:
"WE ARE THE BUILDERS OF BRAVE TOMORROWS,
"WE ARE THE DREAMERS AT LAST AWAKE"

F O R S A L E:

1 Keystone 16mm movie projector, and 5 or 6 100' films. When new, projector retailed at \$30, and films are valued at over \$10. Good buy for only \$25. Projector is 4 years old, but in excellent condition. The wind-rewind spring was removed because it wound film too tight and caused loss of lower film loop, resulting in shaky picture on screen. FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!

Also for sale are 86 or 87 SCIENCE NEWS-LETTERS (non-stf) valued at over \$20. All different. Only \$15.

Those interested in both FOR SALE offers, please contact:

OR
EITHER
Vic Waldrop, Jr.
212 West Avenue
Cartersville, Georgia

L. Sprague de Camp's ROGUE QUEEN has appeared just recently in pocket book form. 25¢ from DELL, No. 600.

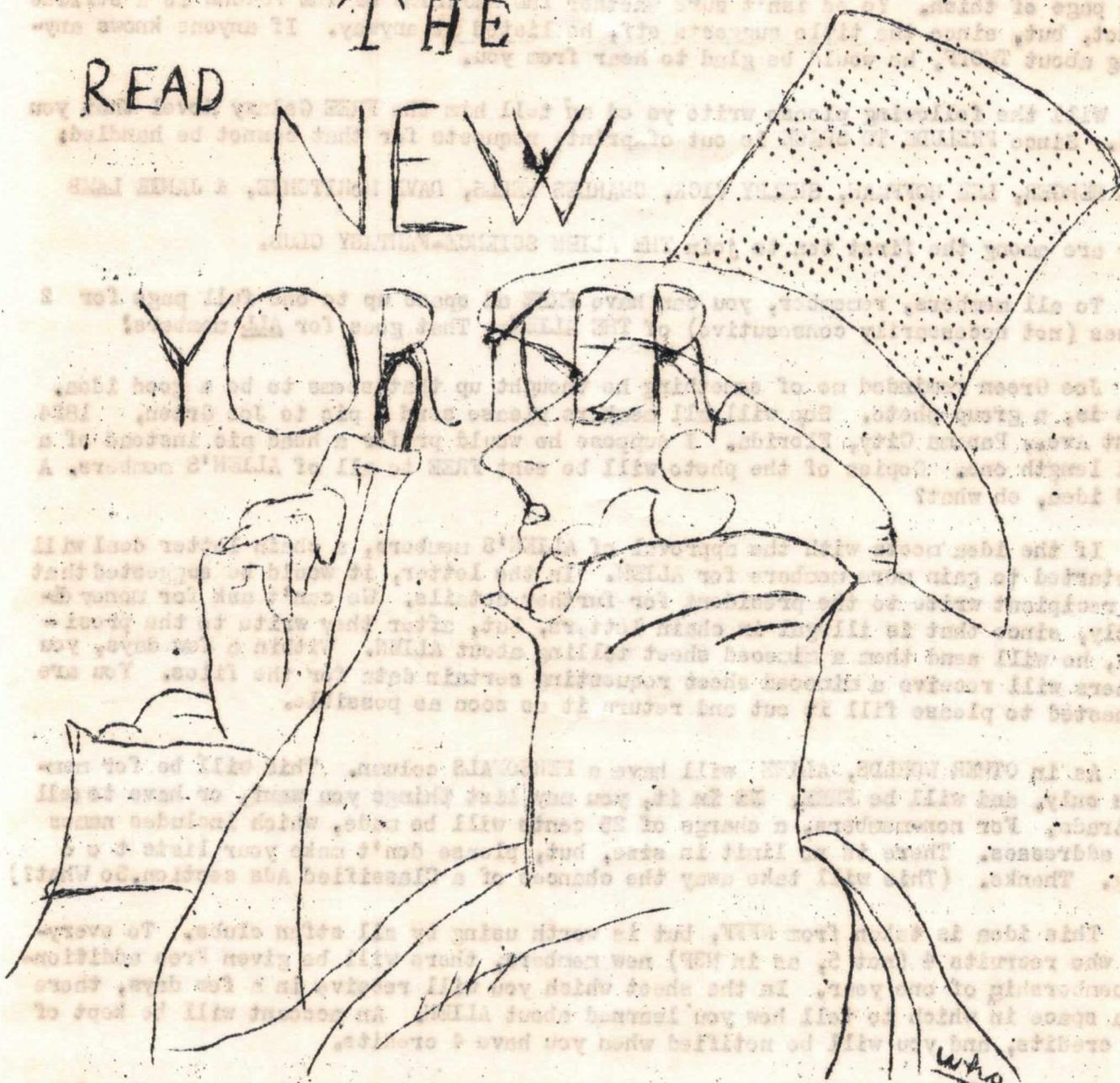
Don't forget! We will give your book a free 1/2 page ad plus review in exchange for the book. (books from \$1.50 to \$2.50) For books \$2.51 up, we will give 1/2 page ad plus review plus smaller space in as many issues/it takes to complete the price of the book. 1/4 page ad plus review for all pocket books.

your address. ---Vic

FANDOM'S TRAILING SWAMPZALE

READ THE NEW

YORKER



who

"WHAT? YOU DON'T BELONG TO 'ALIEN'?"

* CHANGED FROM NSF FOR LOGICAL REASONS.

ALIEN CLUB NEWS

by
Vic Waldrop, Jr.

The list of reduced sub rates on most prozines for club members is listed on the 15th page of this. Ye ed isn't sure whether THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURE is a stfzine or not, but, since the title suggests stf, he listed it anyway. If anyone knows anything about TMOTF, he would be glad to hear from you.

Will the following please write ye ed an' tell him the FREE Galaxy Novel that you want. Since PRELUDE TO SPACE is out of print, requests for that cannot be handled;

BILL BERGER, LEE HOFFMAN, SHELBY VICK, CHARLES WELLS, DAVE McRITCHIE, & JANIE LAMB

They are among the first ten to join THE ALIEN SCIENCE-FANTASY CLUB.

To all members, remember, you can have FREE ad space up to one full page for 2 issues (not necessarily consecutive) of THE ALIEN. That goes for ALL members!

Joe Green reminded me of something he thought up that seems to be a good idea. That is, a group photo. Soq will all members please send a pic to Joe Green, 1824 Grant Ave., Panama City, Florida. I suppose he would prefer a head pic instead of a full length one. Copies of the photo will be sent FREE to all of ALIEN'S members. A good idea, eh what?

If the idea meets with the approval of ALIEN'S members, a chain letter deal will be started to gain more members for ALIEN. In the letter, it would be suggested that the recipient write to the president for further details. We can't ask for money directly, since that is illegal in chain letters, but, after they write to the president, he will send them a mimeoed sheet telling about ALIEN. Within a few days, you members will receive a mimeoed sheet requesting certain data for the files. You are requested to please fill it out and return it as soon as possible.

As in OTHER WORLDS, ALIEN will have a PERSONALS column. This will be for members only, and will be FREE. It is in it, you may list things you want, or have to sell or trade. For non-members, a charge of 25 cents will be made, which includes names and addresses. There is no limit in size, but, please don't make your lists too long. Thanks. (This will take away the chances of a Classified Ads section. So What?)

This idea is taken from NFFF, but is worth using by all stfan clubs. To everyone who recruits 4 (not 5, as in N3F) new members, there will be given Free additional membership of one year. In the sheet which you will receive in a few days, there is a space in which to tell how you learned about ALIEN. An account will be kept of all credits, and you will be notified when you have 4 credits.

Joe Green's address listed on page 15 has been changed to 1824 Grant Ave., instead of 823 Magnolia Ave. All poetry contributors, please note!

Edith Roebuck was art editor pro tem this, but just because she was to have done the cover. The cover this was to have been in photo-offset, but Joe Green came to the rescue of dwindling funds by getting up a stenciled cover. A photo-offset one would have ye ed in debt for ages. Next ish's cover will be lithographed by Master Monster, Lynn Hickman. Variety is the spice of life!

See youse kids next ish!

Vic Waldrop, Jr.

SUBSCRIPTION EXTENSION

This is a note to members of ALIEN. If you contribute any type of material for this fmz, for each article, your sub will be extended for one more ish. Lee Hoffman joined the club, ergo she was entitled to receive 6 ishs of THE ALIEN. She also contributed to the first ish, ergo she will receive 7 ishs in all, unless I get more material from her. In shorter phrases, you will receive a contributors copy plus your regular sub. Ye editor.

 Somebody asked me to mention something, but I'm darned if I can remember either whom or what it was all about. Maybe if you write again and restate your request I can get it in A #3.

 In reviewing MAD, I suggested that maybe Jan Romanoff was J. Youngfan, III. Will L. H. please forgive. Heck, I didn't even know it was you till C. W. told me.

 Here are the names and addresses of the members of ALIEN:

1. Joe Green, 1824 Grant Ave., Panama City, Florida
2. George Riley, 445 Wellington, Chicago, Illinois
3. Jim Schreiber, 4118 W. 143 St., Cleveland 11, Ohio
4. Earl Downey, Rt. #2, Gadsden, Ala.
5. Bill Berger, 912 E. 140 St., Cleveland 10, Ohio
6. Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Georgia
7. Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla.
8. Charles Wells, 405 E. 62nd St., Savannah, Georgia
9. Dave McRitchie, 321 Woodmount Ave., Toronto 6, Ontario, Canada
10. Janie Lamb, Heiskell, Tennessee
11. Lynn A. Hickman, 239 East Broad, Statesville, North Carolina

MEMBERS OF ALIEN (cont. from col. 1)

12. Raymond Washington, Live Oak, Florida.

 SO I GOT ANOTHER FANMAG: SHADOWLAND

This is a hektoed member of the 58th FAPA mailing, edited by Sam Martinez, Box 4251 Tulsa, Oklahoma. Ish #3 contains stuff by Fred Morgan (cover), William Clyde, Sam Martinez, Tony Lubowe, Orna McCormick, Bob Farnham, S. M., Don Womaski, W. Clyde, and letters from the readers. The price per ish is 10c, no sub price listed. Interior illos by Sam, I guess. ~~It~~ is 32 pages.

 Thanks to STARTLING STORIES for not going into too much detail about the faults of ALIEN #1. But, they didn't go into much details about the good points either, that is, if there were any.

 THE MAGAZINE OF

FANTASY &

SCIENCE FICTION

IS NOW A MONTHLY

 Could someone please give ye ed Anne Shan's address.

V. W.

The Weavers of Dreams

A new column, like a new baby, is a matter of pride and joy... and lots of work. You have to feed the ego of your contributors, walk the floor holding a poem in your arms and wonder whether or not to publish it, change the diapers of rejection to the cleanliness of unruffled feelings, and watch to see that your column doesn't get spoiled. Or rotten might be a better word. Since I publish the material of other people I can always sooth my feathers, if the column isn't too well received, by saying that, "Well, I didn't write the junk!" But do you know, it isn't true. A column depends on interest to maintain its appeal, and interest can be centered on the efforts of ed. himself as well as his contributors. Which is to say, a column that starts on the bottom can receive praise just for becoming better, despite the fact that an opposing column's first effort was better than anything yet published in the new column. You can always give a fellow honest praise for trying.

"Weavers" is short of reserve poetry just now, and all contributors are urged to submit poems for inspection, especially the other members of Alien. As you know, Vic Waldrop pays 10¢ per four-line verse, if I accept the poetry. If I don't feel it is suitable for publication I'll be glad to give criticism's and suggestions for improvement if you wish, but its only fair to state that the criticism might be worse than the poetry, as I'm only an amateur myself and have had only a small amount of verse published, and that not in a nationwide magazine, just a southern journal. But I'll certainly do my best.

I hope to see you next issue, and remember, this column needs poetry! Please send all contributions to J.L. Green, 1824 Grant Ave., Panama City, Fla. And just think—ten cents per verse!

Here's a refreshing treatment of an old theme.

Nightmare

In dreams he wandered far below the shell
That covers this old weary earth of ours,
And here he found strange forms of life,
Beings owning weird, uncanny powers.

Castles loomed before him of crystal rock
That ceaseless dripping waters here had made.
Amethystine columns; sculptured jacinth,
Chrysolite and the greening-blue of jade.

Standing on the brink of an ebon lake
He saw the nameless life that roiled below,
With ophidian scaly coils that writhed
And jaws agape, to seize some quaking foe.

-23-

A huge black panther trod with velvet feet
In the dust of that fearful cavern floor
And the thick and breathless silence shuddered
When it gave voice to an unearthly roar.

And as it sprang he struck it in his dream
Then found himself upright upon his bed,
And lying there beside him, straight and still
He saw the body of his wife - now dead!

Isabelle Dinwiddie

There's something compelling, something fascinating, about travel-
ing, if you do it in a big enough way.

Distant Song

Oh, youngster, listen to my words,
I'd not lead you astray.
I'm but a skipper, old and torn,
Waiting my dying day.

Oh, its many a sight I've seen, my lad,
And many a deed I've done,
And many's the day I've plied my trade
'Neath the rays of an alien sun.

True, I've seen Venus--I've also seen Mars,
And Pluto's not strange to me;
But, they're only beginnings, I tell you, boy,
For yonder's the Galaxy.

Mira, Aldebaran, hear those names!
Vega, Capella, and all,
And far and away the littlest yet
Is this spark that we name our Sol.

Why, when you've seen nevae and nebulae, too,
And galaxies thousands strong,
The puny bonds of this land, our earth,
Are naught but a distant song.

And, yet, its a song you will ne'er forget
Tho you roam to the furthest star;
Its haunting memory follows me yet
As its followed, both near and far.

And, so, son, its fine to escape the bonds
That bind you here to earth.
Roam far and wide, with never a thought
To the tiny land of your birth.

But, mark you, lad, where e'er you go--
No matter where you roam;
The grandest spot you'll ever find
Is this one--this place called Home!

Gregg 'Goshwowgeewhizboyoboy'
Calkins

There are two sides to every question. Sometimes, tho, one side is sadly neglected. A.A. Henderson writes of such a 'neglected' side.

Wolfpride

Dogs! Curling their tails and groveling in the dust;
Dogs! My distant cousins, long removed by blood and
Farther yet by choice; things of selfish, pampered lust,
Who live and die and never know the touch of nature's hand.

In the forrest white
I hunt by day and night;
The cold clings close around
The frozen, silvery ground;
I suffer, hunger, and fight
Starvations ancient might;
For I am Wolf, and free
To seek my own wild destiny.

And in the springtime, ancient aphrodisiac of earth,
The pack breaks up and, two by two, seek shelter, hidden deep
Within our forrest mother's heart; and soon the joyous mirth
Of pups at play disturbs the mountains in their timeless sleep.

Rabbit, woodchuck, squirrel and deer
I hunt; they flee in panicked fear
And then I batch and slay and eat
My fill of warm and savory meat.
High and long and fierce I sing
My song of death; some forrest thing
Has fallen to the hunter's might,
And mate and pups shall feast tonight.

There are two sides to every question. Sometimes, tho, one side is sadly neglected.

A rich life, a good life, of freedom, meat and playing with my pups,
Until the long awaited winter comes, and Father Frost's cold breath
Cuts short our revelry; the game grows scarce, and he who sups
From nature's bounty must be strong, or feel the clutch of death.

Into a pack we band
And roam the ravished land;
He who disputes our might
Will be packed bones tonight;
For slaughter, death and fear
Have made us masters here;
No servil, whining dogs are we;
We have Wolfpride, and dignity.

And in the springtime, ancient aphrodisiac of earth,
The pack breaks up and, two by two, seek shelter, hidden deep
Within our forrest mother's heart; and soon the joyous mirth
Of pups at play disturbs the mountains in their timeless sleep.

Rabbit, woodchuck, squirrel and deer
I hunt; they flee in panicked fear
And then I batch and slay and eat
My fill of warm and savory meat.
High and long and fierce I sing
My song of death; some forrest thing
Has fallen to the hunter's might,
And mate and pups shall feast tonight.

A rich life, a good life, of freedom, meat and playing with my pups,
Until the long awaited winter comes, and Father Frost's cold breath
Cuts short our revelry; the game grows scarce, and he who sups
From nature's bounty must be strong, or feel the clutch of death.

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