

ASTRONAUT





STEIN SONG

HELLO, DEAR READER. We hope you are paying for this issue, or are intending to pay for it. But, if you can't pay, we hope you will at least send us a letter of comment on the magazine, or -- if a man (or woman) of leisure -- mail us a contribution in the form of an article, poem, or short story. In fact, we will even consider long stories!

Astronaut stands ready to make it very worthwhile if you do send us some suitable material. We are conducting a contest for outstanding manuscripts to be published in this magazine, and five book prizes are offered. First prize, for the best contribution (it can be an article, poem, or story) accepted by Astronaut is Edward Bellamy's classic, Looking Backward. Second prize is Mistress Masham's Repose by T. H. White. Other prizes include a Lovecraft pocket-book and a Merritt pocket-book, some middle-aged Astoundings (1939-40), etc. Each prize is well worth owning, and each will be awarded for a manuscript we consider well worth publishing. Send us your contribution today!

A second contest is being conducted for the best letters of criticism Astronaut receives. We have had some misgivings regarding our articles in this issue. Do they, or don't they, belong in a fanzine? If they don't belong, should we change the policy of the magazine? Answer these questions, and suggest ways of improving the mag without entailing too much expense, and for the best letter submitted we will award an original fantasy painting, 15" x 25", done in full color by our art editor.

Poll: We are curious to know what science fiction and fantasy magazines you readers buy regularly. Do you buy every copy of all fantasy mags? Do you buy second-hand issues? Do you buy stf books, new or second-hand? Do you look for your favorite authors when you buy a magazine, or don't you remember the names of regular authors? Do you have any preferences in artwork? Does the quality of the artwork affect your enjoyment of a story? Please answer these questions when you write. Results of this poll will be published next issue.

The mimeographing this issue is being done by our Assistant Editor, Tom Jewett, 870 George Street, Clyde, Ohio. In addition to running this magazine off, Tom has other duties which carry much work and little honor. In any case, our thanks to him.

For the benefit of new subscribers, this issue is technically Vol. II, No. 1. Previously, this magazine was called Fantasy Illustrated, and was a hectographed publication featuring full-color pix, rotten typing and format. Four issues appeared last year. However, this is Vol. I, No. 1 of Astronaut.

-- The Editors.

WHY IT HAPPENED

By John Speare

DO YOU REMEMBER an article by L. Sprague de Camp in Astounding Science Fiction for September and October, 1941? It was called "The Sea King's Armored Division" and described the "scientific age that didn't quite come off" -- the Hellenistic Age, which centered in the eastern Mediterranean region between 300 and 100 B. C.

That period of ancient history produced many ingenious inventions, most of them military, but while the spark of creativeness was present, somehow that spark failed to ignite a scientific revolution. Civilization had 2,000 years to wait before the present Age of Science dawned. Why? asks de Camp. Why didn't the Machine Age begin with the creative Greeks, instead of waiting two millenia? That question I propose to answer here.

First of all, the Scientific Age as we know it dates from the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. Some of the ground work was done previously, but little of a practical nature was formulated. The Greeks had a steam engine of sorts, the aeropile, but they never constructed machinery to be run by steam. Why?

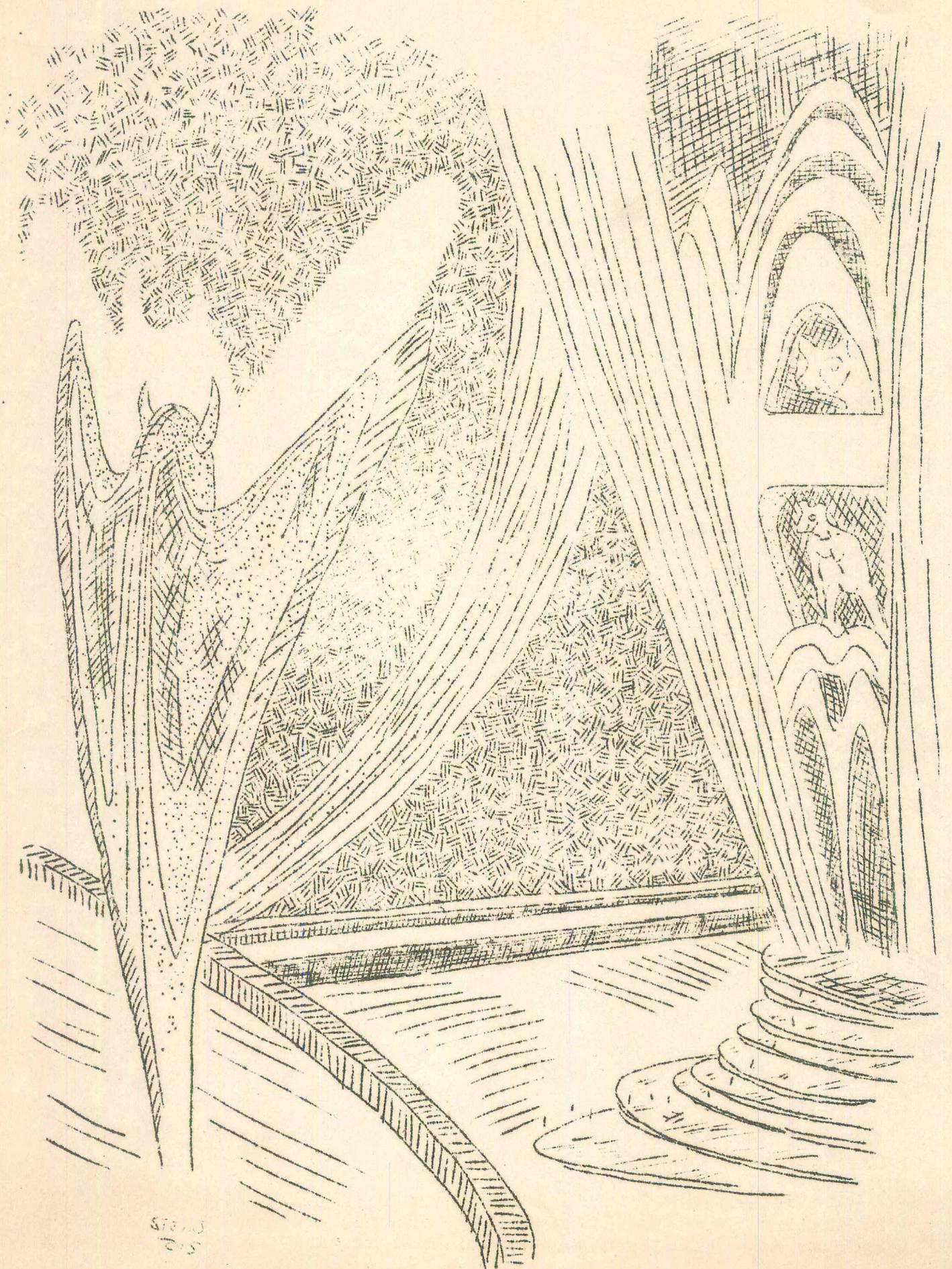
The reason is a sociological one. For one thing, the only persons wealthy enough to build a steam-powered loom, for example, were the aristocrats, and they looked with contempt on those who were forced to earn their bread by engaging in business or trade. Assisting those who worked for a living was beneath them. The few tradesmen of the day were in no position to hear about new inventions, nor were they interested in such things. No one wanted work-saving machinery in the first place. Slaves were available to do the heavy work for anyone who had any money at all.

The Industrial Revolution, when it finally did come, was the result of several coincidences. First, England's position off the coast of Europe had given it an advantage over other nations in the exploitation of the Americas. Similarly, she was the only nation equipped to challenge Spain's dominance of the seas, and thus protect her colonies. In the wars that followed, many Elizabethan sea-captains became rich by plundering Spanish treasure-galleons. Not of the nobility, these newly-rich men did not despise trade. Therefore, they built ships, hired men to sail them, and became progressive merchants.

Thus, when James Watt rediscovered steam power, there was a class of wealthy men who had a use for his invention and money to construct machinery to be run by the steam engine.

A second decisive factor was the recent abolition of slavery in England, and hand in hand with this was the passage of the Enclosure Act. The latter, enacted when raising sheep for wool was

(Continued on page 18)



ST 10
1915

Science Article

UNDISCOVERED WORLDS: LUCIFER

By Arthur Louis Joquel, II

BETWEEN THE ORBITS of Mars and Jupiter -- with a few minor exceptions -- are found the asteroids, or planetoids, as they should be properly called. These small bodies, or fragments of bodies, circle the sun as do their larger relatives.

More than fifteen hundred of them have been discovered since 1801, when Piazzi, mapping the stars in the constellation Taurus, noted a light which seemed to move, and proceeded to announce the discovery of a comet. Gauss, to whom Piazzi entrusted the development of his discovery because of his own illness, determined that the new body was really of planetary nature.

Here was a startling confirmation of the reality of the Titus-Bode Law of Planetary Distances, which had indicated that there should be a planet situated at almost exactly the distance where Ceres, as the new body was named, had been discovered. It also vindicated the judgment of Johannes Kepler, who had noticed, two hundred years before, that Mars and Jupiter were much further apart than mathematical harmony demanded, and who wrote in his "Mysterium Cosmographicum" the sentence: "Between Jupiter and Mars there should be a planet."

But hardly had the nature of Ceres been discovered when a second planetoid, Pallas, was discovered by Olbers. This created difficulties, for only one body was supposed to be located at that distance. As Lowell says, however, "the inventive genius of Olbers came to the rescue," and the German astronomer hypothesized that these two bodies were parts of a single planet which had exploded, and that other portions might be found by watching the two points where the orbits of Ceres and Pallas came nearest to intersecting, in the constellations of Virgo and Cetus.

Olbers believed that the destructive planetary explosion had occurred in one of these signs, and that the various parts must all in time return to the place of the cataclysm, unless perturbed by the other planets. His hypothesis seemed to be correct when, in 1804 and 1807, the planetoids Juno and Vesta were located. And as no others were discovered for almost forty years, the theory was accepted at its face value.

In 1845 Hencke, an ex-postmaster of Dreissen, located the fifth planetoid, which like all of those detected since then, was so small as to have escaped notice except by the most detailed search. And since that time these minute bodies have been located virtually by dozens every year.

When the planetoids began turning up in ever increasing numbers, some astronomers reversed their theory. The fragments were not portions of a vanished planet, they decided. Instead, these eccentric chunks of rock were the material from which a planet

should have been formed, but had been prevented from doing so by the gigantic gravitational pull of Jupiter.

There are arguments on both sides of this question, but the more recent astronomical works would seem to favor the hypothesis of the exploded planet. In "Between the Planets" by Fletcher G. Watson is an opinion given as of 1941: "... Any body solidifying in space under its own gravitational attraction will assume a spherical shape... We must conclude then that these little bodies are the whirling fragments of some celestial catastrophe."

Samuel Butler treats the subject at length in the appendix to his book, "Solar Biology". He says, in part: "It is the opinion of many that the material comprising the planetoids... is the fragments of a planet which from some internal or other cause has been destroyed... Isiah makes reference to Lucifer as having fallen from his shining position in the heavens... This would be literally true if the planet had been destroyed..."

"We are led to the conclusion that there may once have existed a planet that we shall designate as Lucifer, which occupied that position of the planetoids... The 'morning star' was vanished, and where once was unity, light and power, we now have but a confused mass of planetoids moving in eccentric orbits..."

In an article in "The Sphinx" for December, 1907, Anna Pharos says, "...we find traces of an appalling cataclysm ... in the fact of there being between Jupiter and Mars the ruins, fragments and debris of what was once a great world, a planet of our solar system."

"Now it must be that in the ancient days, when this wreckage was a great world, it must have had a zodiacal house the same as its companion planets of our solar system; and... when this planet in fury was dashed to atoms, and its god hurled headlong into hell, of course its place in the heavens became a waste, and its constellation became lost..."

It was once believed possible to locate the point where the original planet-shattering explosion occurred, by back-tracking all the planetoids to a common point in their orbits. But this task has been complicated to impossibility by the gravitational attraction of the other planets, particularly Jupiter, which has in many cases pulled certain asteroids far away from orbits which they may have been given by the cosmic blast which ripped Lucifer into thousands of pieces. This problem, and that of determining the original size of the vanished planet, must wait for solution until astronomical science has progressed far beyond the point it occupies today.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Between the Planets, by Fletcher G. Watson; Solar Biology, by Samuel Butler; The Evolution of Worlds, by Percival Lowell; The Procession of Planets, by Franklin G. Heald; "The Eleusinian Mysteries," by Anna Pharos, in "The Sphinx", December, 1907.

Article

ENIGMA

By Rupert Evans

AS AN AMATEUR HISTORIAN, one of my favorite occupations is musing over the careers of history's Great Men. From the earliest pages of recorded history, through the biographies of the world's most famous leaders, writers, and philosophers of all ages, I find a great and constantly recurring mystery that has never been solved: Does the man make the event, or does the event make the man?

Consider, for example, the life of Julius Caesar. He was a great carouser in his youth, apparently without a serious thought in his head, but -- when offered the opportunity -- his latent ability as a military and political strategist came to the fore, and he emerged as one of history's greatest figures.

Henry V of England had a similar career. Only when he received the crown did he break away from his drinking companions and apply himself to the affairs of the court, with such success that he became one of England's greatest monarchs, and the most successful military leader of his time.

Napoleon Bonaparte was a lowly captain of artillery when a coup-d'etat made him ruler of France and the terror of Europe. Including him as one of history's great men is perhaps open to question, but if we call a man "great" when he displays extraordinary ability in a particular field, we must include him.

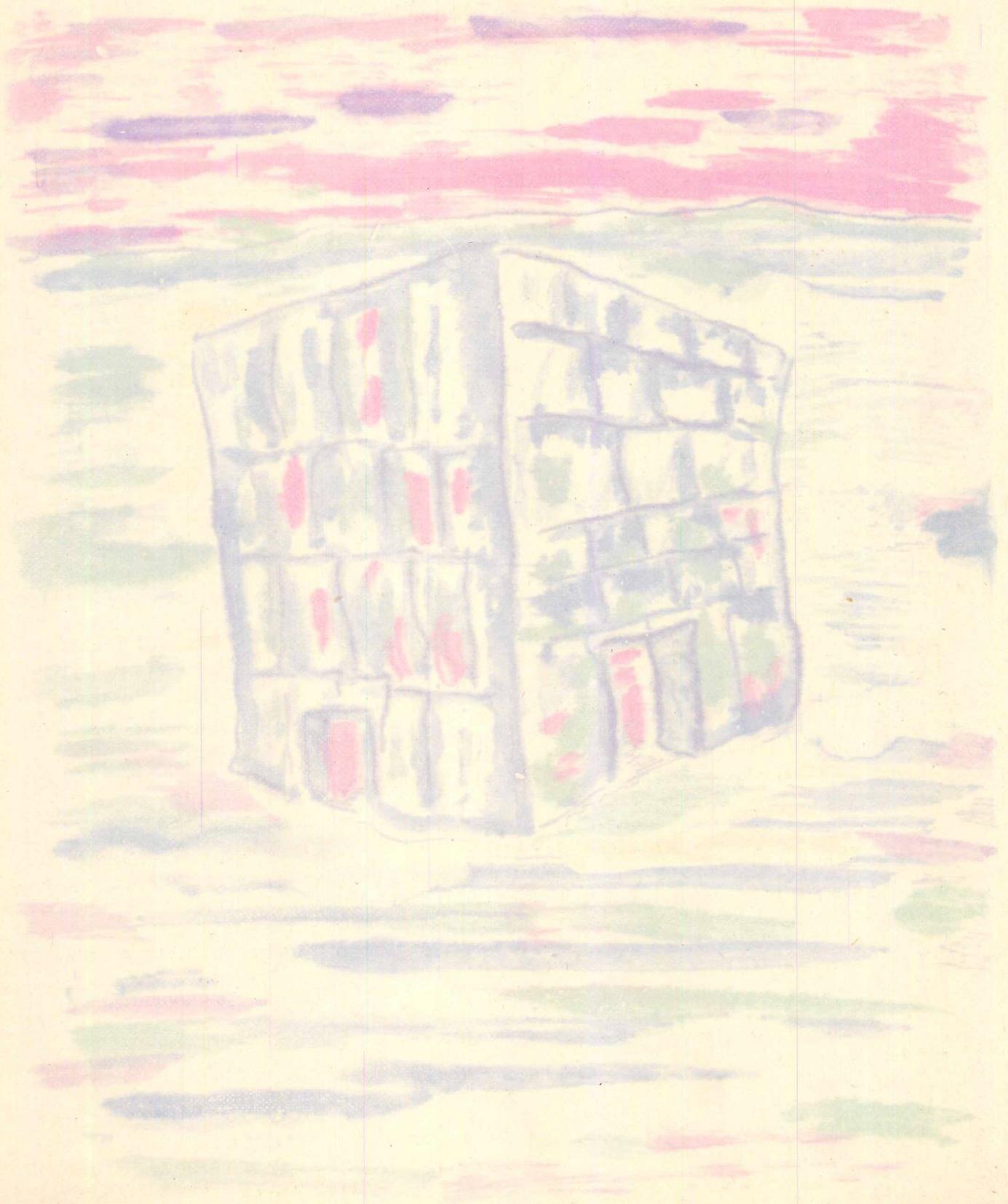
Andrew Jackson was a nine days' wonder in his time. The transformation of a military leader of great ability into an even greater statesman and democrat is not often made, but Jackson made the change with unusual distinction. During his presidency, the United States was the nearest it has ever been to a true democracy. Enterprise was truly free in his day.

Then there is the career of Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose tenure as assistant Secretary of the Navy and as Governor of New York State gave no hint of the greatness to come.

Last to be considered is the unusual career of the late unlamented Fuhrer of Germany, Adolf Hitler. As a corporal in the Wehrmacht during World War I, there was nothing very remarkable about him. Later, as an artist and as a wallpaper-hanger there was little to indicate those talents which were to make him the most feared man in modern history.

In each of these careers is embodied the enigma of greatness. We are left with the question: Why is it that these and other great men of history showed little or no promise of greatness at the beginning of their careers, but, when offered the opportunity, showed immense ability as military or political leaders?

(Concluded on next page)



Regular Feature

THE FANTASY BOOKSHELF

Now on the newsstands is the first issue of the Avon Fantasy Reader, the first new American prozine since the war. Modeled in format after Rex Stout's Mystery Magazine, the mag is edited by Donald A. Wollheim, and presents a stellar lineup of reprint fantasy and stf. It costs 35¢ per copy and contains 130 pages.

The inclusion of A. Merritt's "Woman of the Wood" in AFR may be the reason for the current report that Avon will soon issue a Merritt short-story collection titled The Woman of the Wood.

Avon, incidentally, tells us that the following Merritt paperback editions are still available from them: The Ship of Ishtar, Burn, Witch, Burn, Dwellers in the Mirage, Seven Footprints to Satan. And last time we heard, Street & Smith still had all of the 1946 ASFs in stock, as well as all of 1945, except Mar. and Oct.

Arkham House continues to put out excellent material. This Mortal Coil, a collection of nine shorts and novelettes by Lady Cynthia Asquith, is just out (\$3.00) in a finely printed, handsome edition, and Dark of the Moon, a comprehensive anthology of fantasy poetry edited by Derleth will follow shortly. If you are not on Arkham's mailing list, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Arkham House, Sauk City, Wis., and ask for their most recent book bulletin.

Two recent additions to my magazine files are the new promag ventures from across the Pond, New Worlds and Outlands. The first, received promptly upon subbing through Ackerman (\$3.50 per year), failed to please; most of the tales were rather trite. Outlands—obtainable from Outlands Publications, 16, Rockville Road, Liverpool 14, England by sending an International Money Order for \$1 $\frac{1}{4}$ —is a cross between a stf and a fantasy magazine, containing a selection of off-trail stuff similar to that which was featured in the old Astonishing Stories. Either you like it or you don't.

-- R. L. S.

\$\$\$\$ ATTENTION \$\$\$\$

To whom and for what should money be paid, except for useful human work? (Charity, gifts, money-presents to helpless dependents like minors, aged, sick, will not be considered here as "payments".)

\$1.00 in cash will be promptly paid for every reasonable item you can mention.

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- p a i d a d v e r t i s e m e n t -

Article

A CALL TO YOUNG FANDOM

By Rick Sneary

SAY, YOU! Yes, you -- the young fan reading this. What are you getting out of fandom? I hope you answer, "A lot!" for you should. Fandom is big -- a wonderful place. Full of swell people. But there are many stumbling blocks in the way of new fans. They are there for two reasons: First, because of the neofan's natural lack of knowledge of what is to be done, and second, because of the unwillingness of a few unthinking older fans to help him learn.

Now, however, you and all neofen have the chance to be helped across some of these blocks. There is a new and growing club, called Young Fandom, which is run by, and for, young fans with less than three years' experience in the field. Members of this organization help each other in fan activities, and exchange suggestions for increasing the enjoyment of their hobby.

George Caldwell is the founder, and you can write him or me for further information. His address is 1115 San Anselmo Avenue, San Anselmo, California.

Young Fandom already has a constitution, and 15 members, and the first election of officers will be held sometime very soon, if all goes right. Our founder has gotten hold of a number of original drawings that have appeared in the promags, and these will be awarded to members submitting useful ideas. As yet, the club has no dues. A club organ has been arranged for, but for the time being, Caldwell's own mag, Lunacy, will carry club news.

We of Young Fandom wish to make it clear that we are not in opposition to any other fan organization, nor will we lure members from another club. I personally am a good NFFF member, and would not think of undermining that organization. Young Fandom exists for the sole purpose of assisting new fans.

We plan to help new fans publish their own fanzines by giving them the information and assistance they need. We plan to help the new fan meet other fans. A system for the facilitation of correspondence between young fans of similar "likes" is under advisement.

I would say something regarding the slightly new form of government under which we will operate, except that it might seem like bragging -- I suggested it. However, I will say that it assures that the best men get the best jobs.

So if you are a new fan, the place for you is Young Fandom. Being a small, homogeneous group, we will be able to act quickly, and perhaps, eventually, we will be able to make our weight felt in fandom. The fan that speaks for many speaks with power that even the editors might listen to. So, come one, come all, join Young Fandom!

THE END

Science Article

SUNSPOT SWEEPSTAKES

By R. S. Richardson

THERE IS A HOT CONTEST among certain astronomers as to when the maximum for the present sunspot cycle will occur. Interest is unusually keen, owing to the fact that two rival hypotheses are being tested. One is the old "superposition" hypothesis which attributes the rise and fall of sunspots to a big wave with a period of about 11.1 years, plus smaller waves which cause the irregularities in the cycles. The other is the so-called "outburst" hypothesis, which claims each cycle is a separate solar spasm which has no connection with any that have come before or will follow in the future. But disciples of the outburst hypothesis assert that each cycle has certain definite regularities that enable its course to be predicted after a few years have elapsed.

Here are the predictions of some of the foremost experts. Some base their figures on either the superposition or outburst hypothesis only; others use a kind of combination of the two. The ability to predict sunspot activity in detail would be of some commercial value, owing to its effect on radio and telegraph transmission, which may explain why some employees of the Bell Telephone laboratories have published some papers on the subject recently. Also, within the last two years, enormous and sudden bursts of energy have been detected as emanating from the sun on the 1 - 6 meter band. These indicate the temperature of the solar atmosphere at long wave-lengths is around 1,000,000K.

<u>Handicapper</u>	<u>System</u>	<u>Predicted Time of Sunspot Maximum</u>	<u>Probable Odds</u>
Waldmeier	Outburst	1947.6	0.8
Stewart	Outburst	1948.0	3
Stetson	? ? ? ?	1948.2	6
Clayton	Superposition	1949 (approx)	15
A. H. Shapley	Outburst (?)	1949.6	15
Anderson	Superposition	1951 (approx)	20

I consider Waldmeier of Zurich as an odds-on favorite owing to the extreme intensity of sunspot activity recently, which certainly gives every indication of a high quick maximum similar to that which occurred in 1870. Another inside tip which comes direct from the feedbox is that Waldmeier officially determines the time of maximum and the progress of sunspot activity itself, since he recently took over the head job at Zurich of determining the relative sunspot numbers, upon which practically all sunspot statistics are based. These were started by Professor Wolf of Zurich in 1849 and have been carried on by the Zurich astronomers without a break ever since. By consulting old astronomical records, Wolf was able to fix relative sunspot numbers as far back as Galileo's first observations in 1611. Somehow it doesn't seem reasonable that Zurich will put maximum over around 1951, although of course they can't change the number of sunspots counted from day to day.

THE END

Page eight -- 8, that is....

Heigh-ho, and the top o' the page to you! This is your friend & mine, Tom Jewett, welcoming you to our little clambake and hoping you are enjoying yourselves. Of course, if you happened to get a badly mimeoed copy, why, dont fret -- so did everybody else.

When Redd sent me the stencils that awful day in the middle of May little did he know the fate awaiting them. For months they languished, dusty & unattended upon my closet shelf, whilst i, stinker that i am, took an un-needed vacation and let the stencils almost dry carelessly up. Then, midsummer, i acquired a bit of energy and began laying plans for disposal of the stencils. So i mimeoed over half the mag, 200 copies of each sheet, then the heat hit me, causing me to lose my stored-up energy. I used up all my vitamin pills, drank up all my Ovaltine, ate up every pack of my salted peanuts, and finally, just a quivering bundle of nerves, collapsed over my steaming mimeo drum!



It was horrible. Not only that, but i had "Page fourteen" printed all over my face. I had to retire to bed. It was almost Philcon time when Bob Stein, with dire threats of horrible bodily harm, forced me to continue mimeoing ASTRO. So here it is, served to you from my balky mimeo, spiced with flesh of my flesh, with the sweat from my brow, and very badly mimeoed. (Hope Bob doesnt want his mags back....) Anyhow, i hope you like the reading matter, providing you can read it. Providing it matters. Providing you arent too nauseated by the small drawings around here. I tossed 'em in just for laughs. I bet Boggs and Stein arent laughing.



I hope all you guys get yourselves copies of the PHILCON MEMORY BOOK, to the Philcon what the Combozine was to the Pacificon. If i can get me more stencils & paper quick enuf i will have a sheet or so therein. (What a way to advertise the thing. KM Carlson will hate me.) Oh well, as the postman said, after walking his dogs down to the instep, "To each his zone." Ahem.



Have you heard about YOUNG FANDOM? That new organisation for the younger fans? If you havent, and have been in fandom less than three years, switch on your hearing-aid, and give a listen: By merely sending fifty cents, cash, to Del Grant -- Box 14 -- Lewiston, Idaho, you will become a member for one year, recieve the monthly clubzine, and other benefits i havent space enough to mention. Write to Del Grant for further info. You wont regret it! --unpaid advt--

Article

ENIGMA

By Rupert Evans

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Henry V of England had a similar career. Only when he received the crown did he break away from his drinking companions and apply himself to the affairs of the court, with such success that he became one of England's greatest monarchs, and the most successful military leader of his time.

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Andrew Jackson was a nine days' wonder in his time. The transformation of a military leader of great ability into an even greater statesman and democrat is not often made, but Jackson made the change with unusual distinction. During his presidency, the United States was the nearest it has ever been to a true democracy. Enterprise was truly free in his day.

Then there is the career of Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose tenure as assistant Secretary of the Navy and as Governor of New York State gave no hint of the greatness to come.

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Кречер

Short Story

THE QUESTION

By Hal Byrne, Jr

"GOOD-BYE, DAD," he said, but he clung to his mother. Clung to her silently till the spaceship commander put a firm hand on the youth's shoulder and pushed him, not unkindly, up the ramp into the craft that waited with hot tubes.

He stood at the airlock hatch, unconsciously posed, a tall, eager-eyed eighteen-year-old with an awry crest of auburn hair, trying to be brave, as half of Regalsburg, Venus, waved and shouted their farewells to him. From the ex-swampbuster mayor of Regalsburg to the last red-lipped school-girl standing on the spaceport hardstands, the townspeople knew that some day they would acclaim this youth as one of Tellus' greatest sons. In a grudging, small-town way, they were already proud of him.

"Seems a shame to be sending him to Earth, Marty -- Karin," remarked the mayor to the stricken parents as the spaceship flared away and disappeared into the fog, driving steadily toward outer darkness and Mother Earth. "That boy's a born swampie."

"He's been appointed a cadet. He couldn't back out now," said Martin tightly.

"He's just at the age when he'd be some help to you out on the rocktree plantation."

"He's always been a help" said Martin, a trifle belligerently. "The boy's stronger'n I am, and no one can deny he's one of the smartest youngsters on Venus after he passed that Galactic Patrol examination with flying colors."

The mayor chuckled. "I was just tellin' the missus last night that no parent ever worshipped a son like you do, Marty -- unless it's Karin, here. Well, it'll be tough without him, but I expect you're right, Marty. Venus is too small for a young'un like him. He'll make his mark in the universe, or my name ain't Slappey."

Karin's dim eyes were still on the spot the fading spaceship had burned in the low-lying fog. Now, Martin took her arm, and her gaze fell to the mud of Venus as they walked rigidly toward their waiting airsled. There were tears clogging her throat, but they refused to rise to her eyes, and fall.

The streamlined flyer lanced away into the fog, radar-guided toward the rocktree plantation beyond the great swamps that circled Regalsburg spaceport. The woman was silent, while Martin soliloquized about the times he and his son had hunted pad-footed "widgies" in the steamy swamps below them.

Then, as Martin fell silent, the woman's own silence became
(Concluded on next page)

different, assumed an expectant, listening quality. It was as though she might be waiting to hear something that she had to steel herself to meet. Something that would come as sure as doom; something, perhaps, that was doom.

They were almost to the plantation when Martin spoke again.

"Well, Karin, we're all alone now."

The woman clenched her hands. Still waiting. . . .

Then, as a man says, "I'm tired tonight" or "It's good to be home" -- as unconsciously as that, from years of habit, Martin said, "What would you have done, Karin, if I hadn't been a man of honor and made an honest woman of you?"

The airsled was on auto-control, and Martin twisted in his seat to gaze into her face, white in the filtered light of the Venus-mist. Her eyes were like an animal's at bay.

Suddenly, her lip curled, and she laughed -- horribly. "For nearly nineteen years you've asked me that, Martin," she said in a rough, choked voice. "Day and night you've asked and asked and asked -- but you've never got an answer, nor did you expect one. You thought there wasn't any answer. What, indeed, is there for a poor sinful girl to do if a man of honor won't make an honest woman of her? Man of honor! Honest woman!"

Again she laughed. "For nineteen years you've bragged that you made me an honest woman. But you've patted yourself on the back for nothing. Get this, Martin, our marriage didn't make an honest woman of me. But now, at last, I'm ready to be one! I'm ready to answer that question you've asked so smugly for so long."

Martin raised his voice desperately in incoherent protest, but her words went relentlessly on.

"If you hadn't made me an 'honest woman', Martin, I'd have told the world that I was married to my son's father. For my baby's sake, I'd have sworn I married his father -- before he went to space with the pirates and never came back."

Martin's voice was hoarse. "Karin, you're crazy! The boy is my son!"

"Is he, Martin? What a wise father you are."

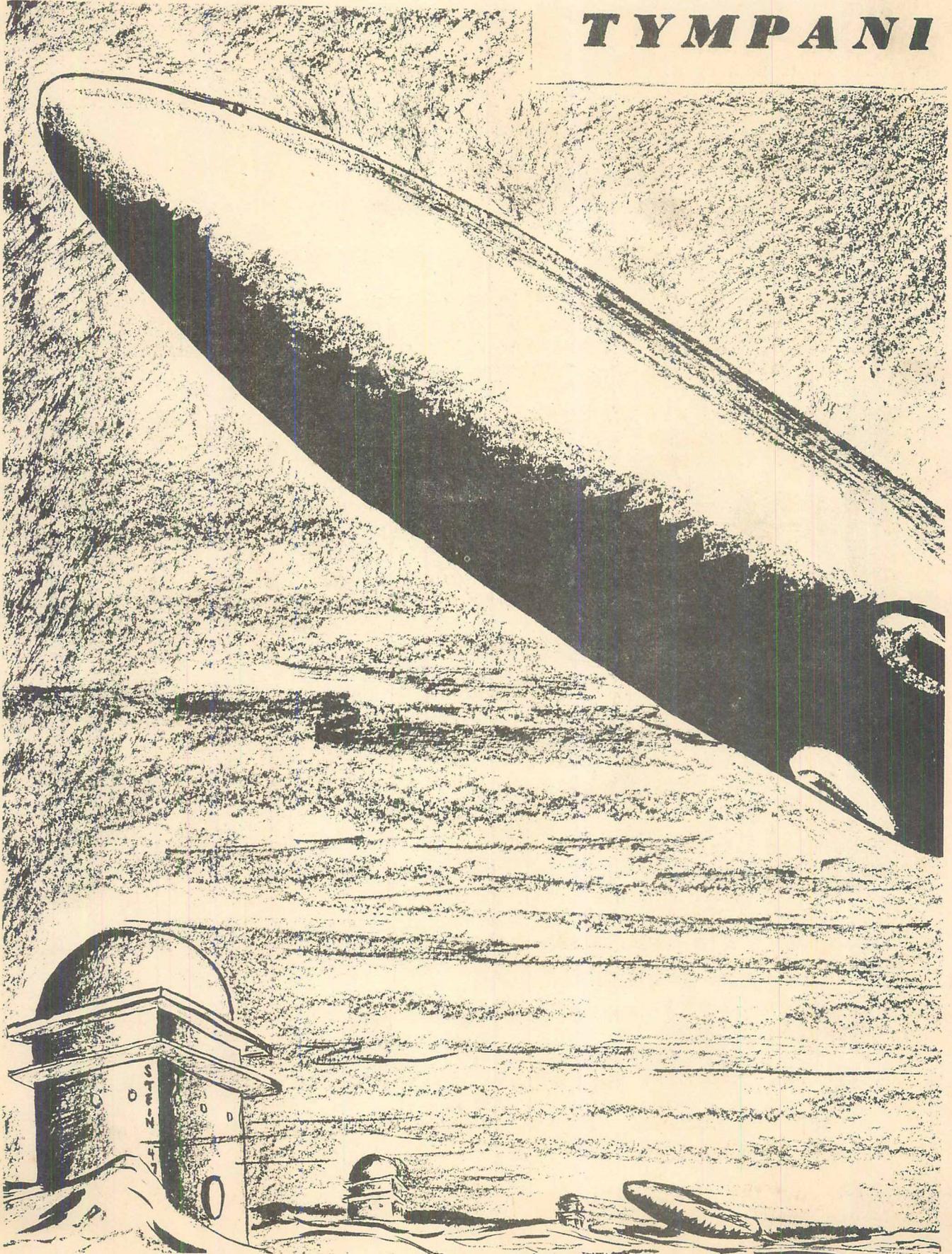
"Stop it, Karin. You've lost your head because you had to part with the boy. Listen to me. He is my son. He is my son!"

Karin made a gesture as if she were divesting herself of chains. She lifted her chin in a new, free movement.

"Martin Kinnison," she said slowly, "how will you know that Kimball is your son? How will you ever know?"

...ooOoo...

TYMPANI



TYMAYE

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Letter Department

VOX BOX

VAN'S COLYUM!

((EDS. NOTE: For the information of those who did not read Fantasy Illustrated #4, in that issue appeared an article on "Fantastic Smells".))

Fantastic smells: there must be already an immense literature. Classification and registration of our books unhappily is still very poor. In our million volume Milwaukee library, I couldn't even get a reference to works to Human Energy, the only cause, true cost, reasonable exchange value, just price and final purpose of all useful goods and services. But re smell literature, I am reminded of Kurd Lasswitz, one of our top classic science-fictioneers, who described interplanetary atom-jet travel, synthetic foods, "feelies" (touch movies), disintegrators, the "retro-spectif" (catching and returning from space the light-rays of past events), gravity control, et al, in 1902 in On Two Planets; also in 1878, invisibility, earth-center tunnels, scientific prophecy, smell-pianos, organs and smellitoriums! A jealous lover secretly mixes and exchanges the gas-tanks for Miss Ozodes' (the smell-artist's) symphony, thus leading to her public disgrace, expulsion and death. Zwibelzin, and dozens of other new smells and flavors are mentioned here.... Personally I'd contribute a horrible mixture of stale cabbage and impure naphthalene (from packing trunks -- just moved to new quarters) that has persecuted me for weeks; the heaven-filling aroma of a Brazilian coffeeshop in Santiago, Chile (after a dose of laudanum) -- super-coffee -- the first Havana cigar, the first hot rum-grog. Alas, cigarette-inhalers are forever banned from this paradise.

Mysterious Semantics, the science of meanings, boils down to terms of matter and motion, or matter only, if we consider that motion is just a quality of matter, which either moves or doesn't, and that direction, for instance that of humanity towards the conquest of nature, is just a quality of motion. A price of \$10 is hereby offered for any word, term, concept, idea signifying anything except matter and motion upon close analysis. Remember, that God, if we believe in Him, is only known to us as the creator of matter and motion and their qualities, and that the soul, spirit, heaven, the transcendental, and "im-material" merely describe some imaginary refined "super-matter" and its functions.

At last, March Amazing Stories brings us, as "Titan's Battle", the abridged translation of A. Doebelin's remarkable work, "Mountains, Oceans, and Giants", copyright 1921 -- also in our library. Don't miss it. There you have, maybe for the first time, the astounding wealth of words, terms and ideas of real 20th-century language. Your flesh should creep.

(Continued on next page)

With the atom bomb's 2,000,000 horsepower seconds per pound Uranium, distributable by jet rockets at 5000 miles per hour, mankind appears doomed to self-destruction, unless brain fission keeps pace with atomic fission. Our immense danger lies in the hundreds of millions of unthinking workers, 9/10ths of whose brain-power is kept paralyzed by overlong hours of dull, plodding mechanical drudgery, and whose labor-power can be marshalled and driven by equally unintelligent, unscrupulous leaders, politicians, and "statesmen" at any time into fratricidal and suicidal war. Our only defense and salvation right now is the Social Cyclotron, shown in a former issue of F. I., built out of 20 million parts (5 million personal, 5 million social, and 10 million data out of raw Nature); its marvels and miracles so far brought only blank stares and catcalls from the nitwits, yet its use alone can speed our thoughts into practical social consciousness. Its main feature is the sinus curve of optimum human functions. Human thought functions best only at highest speeds of the whole organism, and this can be regularly produced only when human work is conducted strictly along the gradual ascents and descents of the curve, with the necessary pauses punctually observed, in the rhythmus of 2, 3 and 3 workhours, with an absolute 8, or still better, 7 hour limit (2-3-2). Neither the sloth of our leisure classes nor the monotonous mechanical speedup of our industries can produce this result. The race is on between chain-reactions in the public brain and those in the elements around us. Which will win -- Dominion or Destruction? WILLIAM VAN OPPEN, 1428 W. McKinley Ave., Milwaukee 7, Wis.

WHAT'S L. S. DE C. BEEN DOING?

Dear Mr. Stein: Thanks for your note of the 3rd. The reason for my non-appearance is that since I went on inactive duty from the Naval Reserve a year ago, I've been fully occupied with a big book on magic, witchcraft, and occultism in Western civilization (provisional title, Round About the Cauldron) which is now mostly done and which will be published by Holt sometime next year ((1947. ED3)). When it's finished, I expect to do some fiction again. I have had a few small things published, including a story in a recent Wonder, and an article on lost continents in last May's Natural History, which was written up in Time, and reprinted in a couple places. L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP, 135 Lansdowne Court, Lansdowne, Pa.

BRITISH STF "SAME OLD STUFF"

Dear Stein: New Worlds will never set the world on fire at this rate. I agree with your suspicions that the thing is probably a collection of rejections slapped together.

And that's too bad, because if British stf must stand or fall by this sort of representation, I predict it will fail. I had hoped perhaps that a new stylistic trend might be found in the yawns, but it's the same old stuff, only watered down. And each story seems to be set in the old familiar pattern. . . a "mystery"

with a final "pseudo-scientific explanation" as the point of the yarn. I'm inclined to be harsh because I am so genuinely disappointed in what they've put out here.

Well, this is probably the last you'll see of me for at least six months. I have, after a lot of stalling, finally decided that I am going to work on my novel evenings. There is no other way to do it except to definitely start and keep plugging. And I want to get some book-length stuff out this year. So I'll work evenings from now on and try to turn out at least two books. May not be successful, and a hundred unforeseen things can come to interfere. . .but at least I'm going to start. So from now on until late summer, anyway, no more meetings or social life. And if I can really get something done, it's worth it! ROBERT BLOCH.

NEW WORLDS' EDITOR ON BRITISH STF

Dear Bob ((Stein -- not Bloch. EDS)): Many thanks for a welcome fan letter from America. Even though you had plenty of legitimate complaints, I still enjoyed hearing from you.

Right off I must say that I agree with practically all your reactions to New Worlds, but can promise you now that I haven't been waiting for readers' letters to come in before doing anything about rectifying those editorial errors. I feel proud that you rate the mag better than most U.S. mags with the exception of ASF. At any rate, I feel we haven't done badly in two issues, considering all the circumstances this side of the Pond. The next issue (running late, but should be out end of Feb.), will justify your faith that New Worlds has "possibilities".

Those first two issues were the best of a very bad odd million words which have been kicking round this country for the past few years. Obviously, there couldn't be anything outstanding in them. (with the exception of "Living Lies" and "Three Pylons"--oh, and Brody's little short, "Foreign Body", which was a good idea. Rates second in the line-up, by the way.) But as from the next issue, the stories have been specially written or chosen. You'll see a pretty big difference. Watch Brody, too. He's one of my brightest finds as an author and has turned in a couple of beautiful futuristic atomic yarns. Aiken is coming in with some good stuff, too.

Art work -- not even I could sleep nights worrying over that defect. Seems like the few fans over here who could draw were shy. I kept rooting around, until out of the blue an artist who is a reader of fantasy wrote me a critical letter. The outcome of that is star artist Cyril Dennis comes up with most of the interiors in No. 3 -- and they're good. He's got a touch of Schneeman about him. And Harry Turner has just returned from India and will be featured in No. 4, probably doing the cover. So don't worry about the art work. JOHN CARNELL, 17, Burwash Road, Plumstead S. E. 18, England.

...ooOoo...

WHY IT HAPPENED
(Continued from page 4)

more profitable than tenant farming, it made the people who had been living and working on the lands of the nobility leave the farms and go into the cities.

Here, at the very critical moment they were needed, were the workers that the Industrial Revolution demanded to run and supervise the new machinery in the mushrooming industries. And these were not slaves, but freemen, who demanded wages for their labor.

The incentive of money-for-work made these freemen laborers work even harder than slaves. But it was also the sight of the payrolls that made the factory owners invest ever more heavily in labor-saving machinery and new inventions calculated to save him many man-hours every month. Thus it was this reservoir of free manpower, as opposed to slave labor, that "made" the Industrial Revolution and the present Age of Science. Odd, isn't it?

THE END

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

Astronaut accepts advertisements for ANYTHING, provided they are accompanied by the necessary cash. A full page ad will cost you \$1.00, parts of page in ratio. Classified ads of just a few words will cost 1¢ a word. We also gladly trade ads.....

FOR SALE: Hectograph machine with hand roller and ten gelatin rolls, \$20.00. Machine stands about 4 feet high, and is in good working order. You pay express costs. Bob Stein. (address below.)

WANTED -- THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS!

For a copy of H. P. Lovecraft's The Outsider and Others, published by Arkham House in 1939, I offer the following books in trade:

THE TIME STREAM (Taine)	SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME (Wells)
FRANKENSTEIN (Shelley)	THE WORLD SET FREE (Wells)
THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT (Sheriff)	SHE (Haggard)
TALES OF FANTASY AND FACT	INSIDE ASIA (Guntner)

PLUS: the following Merritt pocketbooks: Seven Footprints to Satan, Burn Witch Burn, The Ship of Ishtar, Dwellers in the Mirage, Creep Shadow Creep; PLUS the four Teck Amazings containing E. E. Smith's Triplanetary; PLUS the following pocketbooks: Out of This World (anthology), Rocket to the Morgue (Holmes-Boucher), To Walk the Night (Sloane), Donovan's Brain (Siodmak), and the famous Rebirth by T.C. McClary; PLUS all these Lovecraft publications: The Weird Shadow Over Innsmouth (and other stories), The Dunwich Horror (and other stories), The Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft, and Supernatural Horror in Literature!

NOTE: Many of these items are also offered on a Trade-A-While basis elsewhere in this issue. This transaction, however, will be permanent, and takes precedence over the Trade-A-While plan.
ADDRESS: BOB STEIN, 514 West Vienna Ave., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin

HOW ABOUT IT?

I have a number of Science Fiction and Fantasy books in my collection that I wish to keep, but am tired of reading and re-reading. Since the public library has nothing to offer, and pulp fiction no longer satisfies me, I am fresh out of reading matter.

Do you find yourself in the same position? If you do, here is my proposal: Let's temporarily trade books! You send me a s-f book, and I'll send you one. When we are both through reading, we will trade back....We will trade nothing extra valuable, such as The Outsider, and will restrict membership in this Trade-a-While "club" to fans of known integrity. No one wants to get his book back tattered and torn -- me least of all. But for all of those who are honest and dependable, here is a list of books that I am willing to trade temporarily:

Lost Worlds (C. A. Smith)	After Many A Summer Dies the Swan (Huxley)
Marginalia (Lovecraft)	The Best of Science Fiction
The Time Stream (Taine)	Adventures in Time and Space
Deluge (Wright)	The Books of Charles Fort
The Iron Heel (London)	Caesar's Column (Donnelly)
Supernatural Horror In Literature (Lovecraft)	She (Haggard)
The Dunwich Horror (Lovecraft)	Odd John (Stapledon)
Best Supernatural Stories (Lovecraft)	Before the Dawn (Taine)
Slan (van Vogt)	Seven Famous Novels (H.G. Wells)
The Croquet Player (Wells)	The Great Fog and Other Weird Tales (H. F. Heard)
Pacificon Combozine	When the Sleeper Wakes (Wells)
Looking Backward (Bellamy)	A World Set Free (Wells)
Donovan's Brain (Siodmak)	Frankenstein (Shelley)
The Moon Pool (Merritt)	The Wonder (Beresford)
The Mysterious Island (Verne)	Mistress Masham's Repose (White)
The Hopkins Manuscript (Sheriff)	Best Ghost Stories (M.R. James)
Jurgen (Cabell)	Night Unto Night (Wylie)
The High Place (Cabell)	Winter's Tales (Dinesen)
Rebirth (McClary)	25 Stories of Mystery and Imagination (Stong)
Kamongo (H. Smith)	

ALSO A LARGE NUMBER OF NON-STF WORKS, including Plato's Works, The Human Mind (Menninger), Conditioned Reflexes and Psychiatry, (Pavlov), Theory of the Leisure Class (Veblen), History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, The Human Body (Glendening), Whither Mankind? (Beard), The Mind in the Making (Robinson), The Loom of Language (Hogden-Bodmer), The Praise of Folly (Erasmus), New Frontiers of the Mind (Rhine), Origin of Species and Descent of Man (Darwin), You Are Younger Than You Think (Gumpert), German Psychological Warfare (Farago), The New Veteran (Bolte), Procedure Handbook of Arc Welding, Design and Practice, The Devil's Dictionary (Bierce), The Prince-The Discourses (Machiavelli), Away From It All (Belfrage), History of the World (Wells), The Smyth Report, The Naval Ordnance (U. S. Navy), Principles of Criminology (Sutherland).

WRITE TO ME -- TODAY!

BOB STEIN, 514 W. VIENNA AVE., MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

ASTRONAUT

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ARTWORK

Cover and Interiors by Bob Stein

CO-EDITORS

Robert L. Stein
514 West Vienna Ave.
Milwaukee 12, Wis.

Redd Boggs
2215 Benjamin St. NE
Minneapolis 13, Minn.

ASSISTANT EDITOR TOM JEWETT

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670 GEORGE ST
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