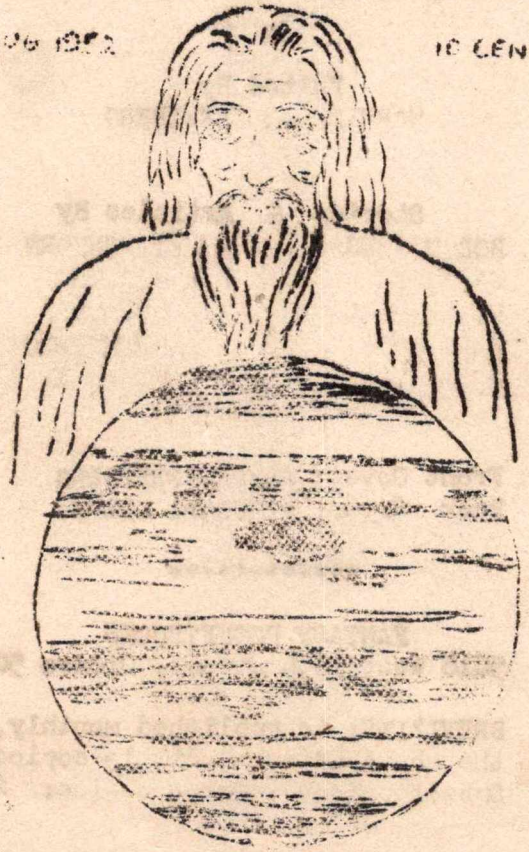
BREVIZINE

"STF STUFF"

AUG 1952

10 CENTS



August Ten Cents

— B R E V I Z I N E —

No. 1

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NEWS & VIEWS of STF

A N E E R I E V I S I T O R

(The following was sent to us by a competent fan writer who read a similiar account in the newspaper... Whether truth or not we give it to you in an amusement nature ## Ed.)

It hung downward by one slaw behind the chair, its fierce eyes fixed on the policeman while a curtain fluttered in the open window last night at 1977 Thorndike av.,. and a terrified woman watched from a corner of the one-room apartment.

Suddenly, policeman William Helan whisked out his blackjack and with a single stroke slew the "beast" that had startled Miss Mary Mason from her slumber. Then Helan and his partner, Len Irson, put the "body" in a paper bag and removed it to Summerville station.

And Miss Mason, closed her window on the night and any more wandering bats. * * * * * * * * *

A THOUGHTFUL ANTHOLOGY OF SCIENCE-FICTION

(The review below was done by Robert Hughes noted book critic, it shows what a none fan thinks of sf)

The Astounding Science Fiction Anthology. Edited by John W. Campbell. Simon and Schuster. $3.95.

In recent years there has been a tremendous surge of interest in science fiction.

Perhaps such writing is an attempt to meet the threat of a society accelerating toward an undetermined destination. Many of the stories---including the twenty-three in this collection---try to suggest new faiths, new ides to handle the powers of our technological culture.

In his thoughtful introduction, John W. Campbell Jr. points out that the engineering knowledge of how to build a base on the moon is at hand, but the political knowledge of how to handle the consequences definitely isn't.

(turn, please)

In Campbell's collection are stories of inventions that could lead to peace or destruction, such as "E for Effort", and stories of what our young species might become, such as "Late Night Final" and the ironic "Protected Species."

As an introduction to science fiction, this is a good book. For the real fans' libraries, it's a necessary item. A newcomer as an anthologist, Campbell was limited in his choice because most earlier collections have been made up of stories from Astounding Science Fiction magazine. * ROBERT HUGHES *

HOW TO START A FAN MAG by YE EDITOR

As Rog Phillips said in a late column, when you want to start a fan mag just don't sit around waiting for subs get to it. Well, that's just what we did and here's what we've come up with. Now do your part - send us some subs, and contributions. Help us make a go of it!

Ye Old Editor

STORIES AND ARTICLES

" G O I N G H O M E " by
David Ish . . . .

He looked out of the ship and saw the earth; and there were tears. Tears streamed down his face and fell to the floor.

"Good by, Earth," he said, "Good by, Earth - - forever. Poor Earth, I'll never see you again. I've lost you and won the stars."

He looked at his watch. Any time now, and earth would disappear like a grain of sand on the beach blown away. And the civilization that caused this also disappearing. And out there would be nothingness; only an empty void. But he would be alive - - somewhere out in space with the rueful memory of the planet that was about to die. To himself he would have the stars; and the stars are like dust. From one star to another he would roam, but never again would he see Earth. The green hills; the rolling seas; the huge skyscrapers; the flat plains, and oh, all the other things that Earth held.

(turn, please)

He glanced out and saw Earth for the last time. Suddenly before his eyes, it exploded into a radioactive hell that lit the heavens like a torch. A nova, that would burn for another million years.

The last one. It wasn't like it was supposed to be; it was almost comical to be the last one alive. It was almost comical - - but not quite. He went to the suspended couch and lay down for a long, long rest.

* * * * * * * * *

For years he had sped through space, trying to forget. But he longed for Earth; just to see it once more, or perhaps to lay under a tree on some grass. Oh, to see the blue sky again; and to feel the touch of a hand. He knew all these things once, but now they were but dim memories. Skies, grass, trees, all devoured in a flaming ball, destroyed by mans own selfeshness . But if he could see Earth once more.

* * * * * * * *

He entered the solar system he had left so many years ago, and passed on to the flaming globe that had once been his home. Closer he

came now; Saturn; Jupiter, the Toids, Mars! The heat was stupendous. His ship was hot and the metal scorching. Closer he came, almost dead from the heat.

He put the ship in high, driving it for the very heart of the burning Earth. A smile broke on his dying lips as the brilliance blinded him. Yes, he smiled. The hills; the seas; the mountains; the plains; and oh, everything that Earth held. He smiled, yes he did smile. He was going home. *DAVE ISH* T H E E D. INTERRUPTS . . .

You have just read one fan editor's opinion of the last man. We give to you another "last man" opinion by another capable fan editor and writer. Let us now which opinion you like, and why. By the way ...let's here from Mr. Ish and Mr. Ebel in some future issues. Contributions & subscriptions are always welcome. And now to Mr. Ebel's last man opinion. Take it away . . . .

(turn, please)

" N I G H T F A L L " by
Henry Ebel . . . . .

The last man sat on a barren, wind-swept hillock. He sat with his flimsy garments wrapped tightly about him, in a futile effort to lessen the pain from the icy, biting cold. With deeply sunken eyes he gazed about him at the scene of utter desolation that greeted him.

His thoughts ran wildly. Now to the glorious free days of his childhood, then to his wife...Marie...His cracked lips uttered the name, and through his eyelids, he could see her, her smiling face beckoning to him. So real did she seem, that he opened his eyes as if to find her there but what he saw, was the same as what he had seen for these....how many months had they been, two? four? a thousand?

Again his mind filled with vauge memories. Memories of stern faces, of men in strange uniforms, and memories of pain and suffering and the cries of the anguished. Memories of running, fleeing, memories so far distant now. And running through a dense leafy forest, and

the shot, and Marie falling - never to rise again. And the cave, the deep dark cave. How long had he lain there in a coma? A week? Then, stumbling out and seeing . . .

Time was a thing of the past. Now there was only light and darkness; sleep and wakefulness. Roaming over rocks and hills, rocks that cut. His hands, bleeding...gnawing at shrubs for nourishment. Even shrubs were disappearing. Vaguely he remembered...No animals, no carbon dioxide, no plants.

He was becoming drowsy...His body felt numb. The thin acrid air bit at his nostrils. He saw the sunrise, bright as no sun had ever been, and now he saw the sunset. He had chosen correctly. There was nothing to live for. To huddle in the cave, trying to conserve the little warmth his body retained. No there was nothing to live for.

The sun had set, and with its setting came the cold. The icy winds whistled ever so louder over the barren plains. There was no

feeling in his body. He seemed far away from it. His eyes misted and he seemed to see beyond, for a smile, faint as it was, lit over his face. Once again his lips silently formed . . . Marie . . .

His eyes cleared for a moment, and he gazed upward at the stars. They appeared so far, so bright. Oh, God, if there was one, why had he been so cruel. Why did Marie have to die? Marie? Soon, he thought, he would see her. She would be waiting for him till the end of eternity if necessary, but he knew that she wouldn't have to wait till the end of time. He would meet her. Even if she was in the farthest corners of the Universe, he would find her. He would hold her in his arms, toy with her lovely gold hair, and then kiss her. Marie . . . Then his head slumped forward . . .

The wind rushed through the plain, raising the dust and the decayed shrubs. Then suddenly all was quiet. The wind ceased to moan. The sun went down. Only darkness resided.

* HENRY EBEL *

EDITORIAL OPINIONS

H. L. Gold editor of Galaxy Science Fiction magazine, recently remarked to the press:

"All our writers seem to think we'll be traveling to Mars before the century is out. But that's not very sensational when you consider that plenty of hard-headed engineers think so too."

LETTERS, QUOTES & ADS

Edith Ogutsch-Thanx for your letter. I'd like a copy of your mag---specially if it contains those names.

Incidentally, I spout S-F poetry once in a while - and have lots of it lying around doing nothing. If you could use any?

Enclosed find 10¢ for the magazine. -41 08 42nd Street, L.I., N.Y.

Winchell Graff-Enclosed is my 'revenge' at you -- in form of my own brush and ink original . . .

(turn, please)

-Could you use an artist? - or do you print by mimeo? - I can really draw much better than my envelope sketch, when I try.- - - - -
300W.67St., NYC, 23, NY

Gregg Calkins-(A plug*Ed.*) Oopsla! is now working on its third issue, which will be mailed the 25th of this month. As a change from other mimeo editors I've got a standard mailing date.-7610akley,Salt Lake City 16, Utah

(The Editor Yaps-) Now Gregg we've given you a plug, how 'bout given' us a plug in the next ish of Oopsla?

Caldwell Reid-...Send me, readers, your version of "what's best around here" in the food and/or drink line and I will put 'em together, mimeo the result, and your copy of this cookbook will come to you with my compliments and best gourmet wishes for a good tour, ala S.F., of course. - P.O. Box 349, Magnolia, Mississippi.

(turn, please)

Mabel Folz-I am writing to you as I feel as though I am very close as a friend, after reading former publications of yours. I only wish that you make a go of your new publication. Please do not print my address. Thank you. - Chicago, Ill.

(...And a Word From The Ed.) Ted E. White of 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va., wrote to me, in answer to an ad of mine, and let me know that he had a lot of comics... he'd like to trade for different ones, or buy some from comic fans. He says he's most interested in the ones in the "Superman D-C Group."

The following "letter" is from our staff artist, who is also a member of the family, he gives his opinion on this mag...and with bated breath I eagerly listen . . .)

A.A. Freiberg-I think your fan-mag is one of the greatest of its kind for orginality, however (Here it comes-Ed.) but its fiction stories deal too shortly with its charctors (The master speaks-hear this Ish & Ebel--Ed.) thereby taking some of the graphicness from it. Cicero, Ill.

* * * * * * * * *

DISCUSSIONS

WILL SOIENCE FICTION DIE ? by N. Hirschhorn

What I shall say now, is merely an opinion and you can take it as such. I believe that in the years to come, science-fiction will die out!

Now I know that it is a brash statement to make, but here are the facts: Many rocket experts say that we shall reach the moon in ten-to-twenty years. Our iron bounds of gravity shall finally be broken, and we shall escape from the clutches of Mother Earth.

After the Moon has been conquered, Mars, Venus and all the other planets shall follow. What then will happen to stf when man's dream of reaching outer space is fulfilled? There won't be stories of mans' yearning to reach the planets. There won't be stories of hypothetical discoveries because by that time, we will have discovered them.

Of course there will be stories of the planets as there are westerns today. Stories with space-tanned heroes capturing a desperate space-

pirate or love and intrigue in the caves of Venus, etc. But the fact is that no one will consider these stories sf. Not the non-fan, or, if there are any left, the true blue fan.

The non-fan cannot consider these stories as s-f. His vocabulary tells him that science-fiction is just a collection of stories which are all far-fetched. You have probably heard a non-fan say "It's scientific hogwash," or, "They are stories of things that are far from happening, and probably will never happen."

Now picture yourself as a loyal fan in the future when all the planets have been reached and explored. Now honestly, could you really read stories of love on Venus, or of gangsters on Mars, etc. ????

With true stf as of today, every story guesses at what is up there beyond our atmosphere. Stories that give us happy pictures and sad alike of the life beyond us. And all these stories cannot be duplicated when we have finally broken loose, because we shall see, hear, smell. We shall know our future on

the planets because we shall live on them.

I know I couldn't read them and enjoy them as science fiction, because the thrill of wondering and guessing would be lacked.

Now, I haven't overlooked the point that there are billions of stars in this super colossal universe of ours. Up to the time we reach the first stars, sf shall exist, but quite meagerly so, since there will only be stories of the stars which you must admit would get quite boring. Then when we do reach the first stars, the thrill will be lost again since we will know what in general will be instore for us.

I for one, sincerely hope that science-fiction will never die out. That it will go on, inspiring men to perform seemingly impossible feats and to go on making all the strange alien worlds seem friendly as our own.

SO HELP ME RAY BRADBURY!

* N. HIRSCHHORN *

THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER

" J U P I T E R " .... is the largest planet. Never closer than 367 million miles to earth, it takes 11 of our years to circle the Zodiac. Light and dark belts parallel to the equator, in the planets' atmosphere, slowly change. The great red spot, 20,000 miles long, seems more nearly fading, than (as first thought) permanent.

Four of the moons, large and bright, have diameters of 2,300 to 3,200 miles. They revolve around Jupiter in 2 to 17 days and may easily be seen with field glasses. Often one or more are eclipsed by Jupiter or pass before it, throwing small shadows on the clouds. The other eight moons are less than 100 miles in diameter. One, very close to Jupiter, revolves at over 1,000 miles a minute.

Jupiter, fastest-rotating of the planets, turns in less than 10 hours. This speed has produced a pronounced flattening at the poles.

The temperature of Jupiter is close to minus 200 degrees F. Ammonia and methane gases are in the

atmosphere, but no water. Ice may exist on its cold, barren surface."

* ZIM - BAKER *

Quoted from the Simon & Schuster pocketbook - "Stars". Pages 118-119. This handy book costs only $1.00.

POETRY

"D A R K M U S I C" - Todd Conwell

* * *

As I walked through the forest depths,
On a cold and moonless night.
I heard the sound float through the fog;
Bringing dread and a nameless fright.

The murmer sounded like woodland nymphs,
Singing to the pipes of Pan.
Sending a message of evil far,
Out across the darkened land.

I listened there for a long, long time.
To a sound that jars the mind;
Asound so laden with evil import,
That it ices down the spine.

(turn, please)

I ran in fear back the way I'd come,
To my cabin in the dell.
And barred my door against what I knew
Was music from the pits of Hell!

* TODD CONWELL *

EDITORIALS (Quotations)

FANTASTIC STORY
Sam Mines

"It is intriguing to realize that Man has never known a normal phase of the earth. Man is a phenomenon of the Ice Age. There have been four of these glaciations in our globe's history, spaced about 250,000,000 years apart and each lasting for a very short time- - perhaps 30,000 years."

IMAGINATION
Bill Hamling

"Madge is sure reaching round the world. In this issue you'll find letters from readers in South America, England, South Africa, Europe, and Canada. This makes us pretty happy because it shows that Madge's popularity is extending all over the globe. (We've even got a

letter disguised as a story pertaining to the planet Mars!)"

AMAZING STORIES
Howard Browne

"The ladies and gentleman of the press were introduced to a science-fiction television series---one that'll have Mom and Pop shoving Junior away from the set so they can get a better view. It's entitled 'Tales of Tomorrow', will be on the network (ABC) weekly, and judging from the first of the series, shown a few days after the press party, is the best thing of its kind to be beamed into the country's front parlors."

TYRANN
N. Hirschhorn

"Norbert Hirschhorn and Henry Ebel apologize to Henry Ebel for not making it clear that he was, is, and will be, co-editor of Tyrann."

(turn, please)

FUTURE
Robert Lowndes

"There's one important thing about 'prophetic works' which has been overlooked: to be worthy of consideration at all, a prophecy must be made before the event it is supposed to foretell. Elementary, you may say: oh, but of course! Yet, very few of the most famous works of 'prophetic revelations' can qualify on this ground!"

OTHER WORLDS
Ray Palmer

"Recently we've been hearing a great deal about something new to free people, and by free people we mean Americans, called 'thought control'. We'll admit that it has been rather loosely used, and that it is not an actuality, as the term might have been implied by certain newscasters. But the important thing is the fact that it has been used!"

SOL IV
Dave Ish

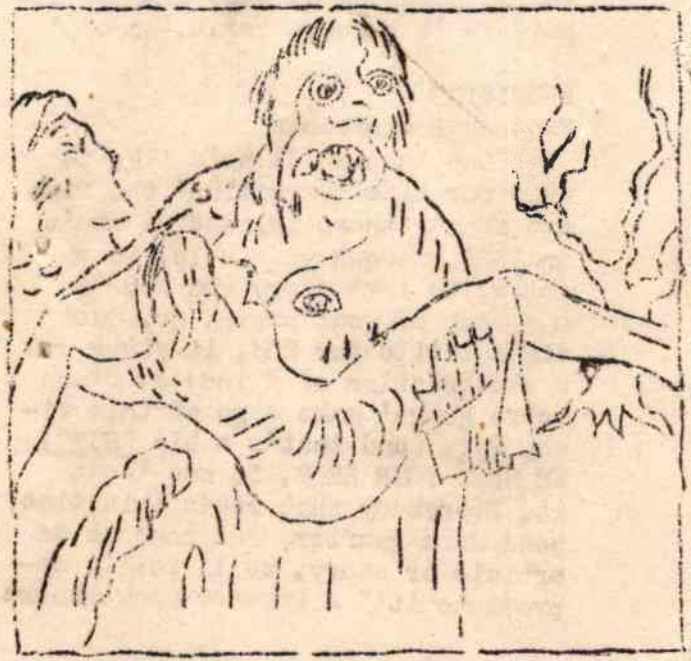
"Would like to mention in this last minute, last word that Sol is

not alone in putting out a Wallish. Oopsla and Mad both intend to publish one soon. Mad, (Dick Ryan, 224 Broad Street, Newark, Ohio) is going to have it's Wallish in July and is going to be according to its editors 'a rainbow issue.' Luck!"

BREVIZINE
Fantasy Pocketbooks

"One last word: We'd like to make our zine 'Brevizine' the finest fanmag there is, and we can't do that without your help. So why not write that story you have in the back of your brain. Or, just dig a little for 25¢, it gives you a subscription of 3 issues. C'mon we're gonna' make a go of this zine, BUT, (and that's a big "BUT") WE NEED YOUR HELP. So how 'bout it. Everybody that reads this zine, send us a quarter, and concoct an article or story. We'll really appreciate it!" - Fantasy Pocketbooks

[redacted]



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