

EUSIFANSO



july 1951

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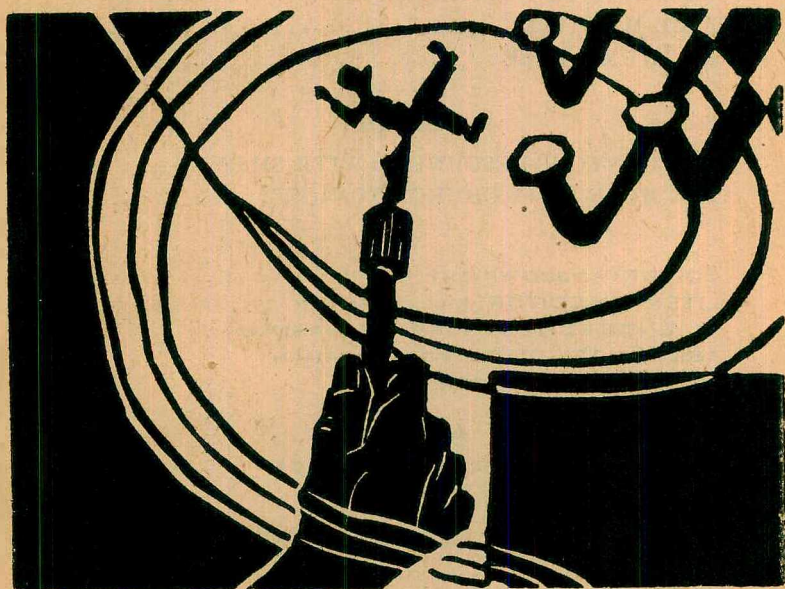
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EUSIFANSO: An irregular periodical sponsored by THE EUGENE SCIENCE FANTASY ARTISANS and the LITTLE PRESS of 146 East 12th Avenue Eugene, Oregon. It is published at intervals right on the interval and circulated thinly over the English speaking world. It goes primarily to science-fiction fans, a small but prominent percentage of whom couldn't find their niche in life with both hands and the aid of a lit candle. Contributions are welcome from all persons good enough and brave enough to stand the Fluorine atmosphere.

**THE
EDITORS
OVER A
BROILING FLAME**



by LEMUEL CRAIG

The proverbial blind men who saw and described the Elephant are herewith put to naught.

For some thirteen years now John W. Campbell, Jr. has been editor of **ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION** and has rolled up an enviable record for himself.

For years **ASTOUNDING** has ranked head and shoulders above all other publications in the field.

Anthologies gave only cursory attention to other publications.

Campbell proved that his reputation for having a solid scientific grounding was deserved when it was made known that he had participated in the Manhattan project.

Of the six top names in the field today, five,— Sturgeon, Heinlein, de Camp, van Vogt, and Asimov— were discovered and developed by Campbell. Only Ray Bradbury was sponsored by other editors.

As a result of these accomplishments, and his editorship of the nonpareil, **UNKNOWN**, Campbell has enjoyed a homage from fandom which has at times approached idolatry.

However, during the last year he has been subjected to a variety of attacks stemming from various sources and causes.

The controversial issue of dianetics alienated many of his followers. The proof that another magazine could top **ASTOUNDING** is demonstrated by H. L. Gold and his splendid **GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION**. This caused many of Campbell's strongest followers to smear him with undeserved criticism.

Street and Smith's policy toward authors, though of long-time duration, is only now beginning to be known in fandom, the most publicized being the Clement- "Needle" affair. Many a wide-eyed fan has been shocked to discover that Campbell is far from being on ideal relations with his writers.

More recently, it has begun to appear as if Campbell was deliberately campaigning for the title of 'most unpopular editor' with such actions as the recent blackjacking of British subscribers by the increase of annual subscription rates to ten dollars.

Admittedly Campbell can't be saddled with the entire blame for all the foregoing. His publishers never posed as being in the business for altruistic reasons. However, it becomes increasingly obvious that it is impossible to assess the the worth of an editor simply from the quality of his magazine. A good editor can be thoroughly hamstrung by certain pulp publishers. And even the worst editor can make a fair appearance if his publisher is generous enough in unloosing the pursestrings.

Only the most fanatic diehards will not admit that **ASTOUNDING** has slipped badly in the last year. But does this mean that Campbell is any poorer editor than he ever was? On the contrary it shows more clearly the effect extraneous matters have upon sf magazines and brings into clearer focus John W. Campbell's actual worth to the field.

A careful examination tends to indicate that the supremacy of **ASTOUNDING** over the years was due chiefly to two factors. Campbell's fertile imagination, from which the ideas for a great many stories stemmed which appeared in **ASF** but were written by other authors, more or less on assignment; and the cold bare fact that **ASTOUNDING** paid approximately twice as much as any other magazine in the field.

Campbell did a tremendous amount in raising the level of the field. It is far more mature than when he first entered it.

Personally I would like to see Campbell return to his old position as the top editor in the field. If anyone has earned it, he has. But I feel sure that as long as Campbell remains with his present publishers we shall see a magazine which becomes less and less distinguished as time goes on, chiefly because of Street and Smith's stultifying policy of keeping all reprint rights; something which is bitterly resented by many writers.

With his reputation Campbell would undoubtedly have no difficulty finding half a dozen publishers willing to start a new science-fiction magazine. And probably any other publisher with an editorial vacancy would go all-out to secure Campbell. But Campbell elects to stay with Street and Smith. Why? I don't know. But it looks like he will remain a has-been as long as he does.

At present, the fair-haired boy, as far as fandom is concerned, is H. L. Gold. And deservedly so. One look at GALAXY will tell you why. But it is impossible to tell just how good an editor he is since he seems to have complete freedom in the magazine and pays higher rates than anyone else. Until Gold gets a poorer publisher or some other editor gets as good a one, there will be no standard of comparison.

However, it is possible to look over the editors of lesser magazines, assess the difficulties they must face, and see how they stack.

Undoubtedly the most heroic figure at present is that of Robert W. Lowndes. While Mr. Lowndes seems to have a great deal of editorial freedom, he is weighted down with such handicaps as standard pulp format, a 20 cent price tag on one of his magazines, the task of editing a whole chain of diversified pulps, and most recently, the somewhat breathtaking tidings that he will pay the fantastic sum of one half cent a word for stories.

(continued page 18)

VACCILATION

by Lee King

I entered my favorite restaurant and sat at my usual table eyeing the patrons speculatively. They seemed the ordinary run of the mill, but as I watched them I noticed one in particular. He was a man of middle age and he seemed to be worried about something, at least his actions gave me that impression. I made shift to engage him in conversation and after an exchange of a few commonplaces he told me this story ---

“You see before you an old and vaccilating man but I was not always so. I was once a scientist engaged in the study of the mind. I will not attempt to explain all the experiments we undertook; but the important one, at least to me, was in the line of electrical impulses of thought as generated by the brain, and their possible transfer and translation from one brain to another.

One day I succeeded — how I did not at the time realize, but I am as I am today because of that experiment! I had the head-set on one day, when I suddenly began receiving a flow of thoughts and ideas --I could not imagine from whence, as I had thought the machine was merely capable of the transfer of thoughts of one person to another through its headsets and now I was receiving thoughts while the other headsets hung empty on their hooks. I listened amazed and was completely lost in the flow of knowledge that was flooding my mind.

Did you know that the pyramids were built by machinery far beyond anything our present day science has more than wildly imagined?



How great was the mind to which I was attuned! I listened for hours. When at length I removed my headset my mind was awirl with a vast chaos knowledge -- but I was as I am today. I am unable to concentrate long on any one problem as another crowds in and engages my attention. Oh yes, I am able to solve them -- or would be, if I could concentrate on the problem long enough. Perhaps memory training ----

Yes, there was a mighty race in the days the pyramids were being built, they came from a distant planet to this earth and brought with them scientific knowledge far in advance of ours today.

Could it be that our machine was somehow attuned to the mind of one of these? I wonder... ?

He arose and started to leave. I called out "Wait! You haven't eaten." And he sat down again with a sad smile.

"Thanks," he said "My forgetfulness. I was thinking of a method for the control of gravity. I believe I can work out a means of nullifying it. What engineering feats could be performed..."

“Your dinner is getting cold.” I again reminded him.

“Thank you,” he replied, “I beleve I can build a machine that will tap the source of cosmic power. Just think - power unlimited...”

I asked him about himself, his name, where he lived, and such trivia. I learned that his name was Paul Richards and that he lived near by. When at length we separated it was with the understanding that we would meet again at a later date.

I was entertaining an idea concerning the possibilities of Paul's mind machine. Could I keep his mind on one track long enough to do any good. Could any mind absorb the knowledge he claimed the machine made available, and not become as Paul's mind so evidently had?

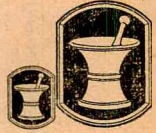
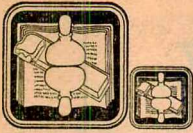
I wonder...

—Lee King

NOTE

On the opposite page are two poems from the booklet SPIRIT OF ADOLESCENCE. A beautifully printed volume with some very compelling and dramatic poetry. These two poems are by no means the best in the volume. The one entitled NOW THE CANYONS RESOUNDED WITH SILENCE inspired the cover for this issue and the other is printed for its 'different' quality. I sincerely recommend the book, not to those who 'love poetry' but to those of you who dislike or like individual poems. You won't like all the book- not unless you are preposterously omnivorous - but you will be surprised by a few of the poems. The book may be had at 146 East 12th Ave. in Eugene from Rosco Wright for twenty five cents.





NOW THE CANYONS RESOUNDED WITH SILENCE

Now the canyons resounded with silence
And the forest reflected the night,
And a star (too remote!) sped a shy lance,
Its wan glow our pathway to light.
It was time when our life had no purpose
And the cosmos was empty and vain
And the sun flickered out and usurp us
Did the night and the moon and the rain.
I recall you beguiled me to smile once
For your heart was a rose in the blight
When the canyons resounded with silence
And the forest reflected the night.

THE MOON IS MY CHURCH TONIGHT

The moon is my church tonight,
The ancient wold my altar.
O starry cross against the infiblack—
My mother's mind my bible.

BY HOWARD BERGERSON



the editorial IT

O.K. we will admit that the last issue was rather prodigious, as fanzines go; we will also admit that it wasn't planned as well as it might have been. This time we boast better planning and editing. Last time part of the contents were "edited" and the rest were assembled. As usual this issue is sure to be 'the last that will ever see the inside of a mail sack' so we want it to be the best. Our standards have risen. When we started EUSI we were able to pay absolutely nothing to writers, but beginning with this issue our rates have doubled.

EUSI will emphasize art more than most fanzines, probably because it is easier for us to produce art. We like art and we would also like articles on art. If your items are short and good enough we will print them even at the expense of reviving this magazine.

Being printed in EUSI entitles you to: our regular payment for contributions; two free copies of the issue with your work; to being spread thinly over the English speaking world; to appearing in print in the offices of all the pro-mags; to be collected at the Library of Congress, and in the "Oregon Collection" at the University of Oregon, and in addition you may have the honor of having your thoracic cavity punctured by ye ed's caustic witlessness.

Some people are boycotting EUSI because last issue featured a Dianetics article in the back pages. In our goddamnedopinion Dianetics has as valid a place in sf as, for example, an attempt to build a moon rocket. However awkward the effort may be either case is an attempt to make real a dream of a better world.

I wonder... if you had a chance to go to Mars on the first space-ship, would you have the spirit to go, or would you slither up to the nearest newsstand to read about it?

—Ye Ed.

MONSTERS *of the* **FUTURE**

by **NORMAN E. HARTMAN**

“When Philbert stepped out of his new hydro-matic time he was immediately confronted by a huge dinosaur-like animal!” Does this sound just a bit similar to stories you have read about adventurers who bravely travel into the antedeluvian past and there combat huge reptilian monsters and save beautiful maidens? It should, since its counterpart may be found in numerous magazines from time to time. Another, similar type of story may also be found there; tales of travelers who go into the future and find that Earth has reverted to a lush tropical age of dinosaurs.

This latter type of story has never been quite as popular as the former, perhaps because while we are quite certain that there was once an age of reptiles, it is not nearly as certain that such a time will ever come again. Most people seem to consider such periods in Earth’s past as not-quite-respectable interludes whose main purpose was to prepare the way for the glory of MAN.

This attitude has never seemed exactly justified to me, since not only did the age of dinosaurs last about a thousand times longer than the human race has, but also the climatic conditions which brought about such an age were much nearer to being the norm for our planet than are present conditions.

Geologists and archeologists have gained from their research some idea of the climatic changes which have taken place since the creation. Willy Ley, in his beautifully written and extremely entertaining book 'Days of Creation', has given very good picture of what the climate was like at various periods in the past and what caused it to change. According to the theory which he likes best, most large changes in our climate have been caused by variations in the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, increasing or decreasing the so-called greenhouse effect. During cycles of volcanic activity the amount of CO₂ in the air would be increased by a very small percentage. This would cause the average temperature of the Earth's surface to rise a little. A total variation of nine degrees would be sufficient to cause an ice age.

By the time the volcanoes quieted down a tropic age would be in full swing and would remain that way until the luxurious vegetation and the erosion of the new rocks thrown up by the volcanic activity had extracted enough CO₂ from the air to drop the temperature to where luxurious vegetation was no longer possible. If the period between eruption cycles was long enough an ice age would result. The dinosaurs were lucky enough to live in a time when volcanic eruptions were violent and frequent, a period when, with only a few cool periods, a tropical age lasted for upwards of twenty million years. Several severe ice ages occurred at about the time that the dinosaurs finally died out, which was probably not a coincidence. Many signs point out the fact that we have about half way emerged from the last ice age. These ice ages had the effect of passing the torch to life forms not so violently affected by cold, such as birds and mammals — including man.

“This is all very well,” you may say, “but what does that have to do with the title of this article? Where do the Bems, pardon me I meant monsters, come into it?”

That is a very good question, as well it should be since I thought it up myself, and, since I asked it, I certainly should have an answer.

The climate of the world today is changing, and has been changing for quite a long time, as evidenced by weather records of the past few centuries, chronicles of the past few thousand years, and significant factors in the distribution of the ruins of past civilizations in Eurasia, Africa, and Central and South America. The temperature of our beloved (and somewhat battered) planet is slowly but definitely increasing; glaciers and ice caps are melting, temperate-zone plant and animal life is spreading further into the arctic zones, and tropic jungles are becoming more so. Volcanic action seems to be on the increase, with the concomitant increase in earthquakes. The temperate-zone type of civilization, with its aggressive drives, has its centers ever further north.

Archeologists have found remains of previous cultures in places which are today covered by dense and violent jungles. While it is possible that such conditions existed at the time that these cultures were flourishing, such a situation is not very likely. New civilizations are usually built in temperate or sub-tropical climates, where the will-to-do is not suppressed by enervating tropic heat. Who could do much building when his entire resources are devoted to beating back the ravaging jungle? Or, for that matter, where he must fight the inimical forces of an arctic climate. It seems fairly certain, as I said before, that these places had at that time a more temperate climate. Chronicles of the Greek and Roman eras, and manuscripts from the middle ages indicate that the climate has become more temperate since those times, but they are not explicit enough to be more than secondary evidence.

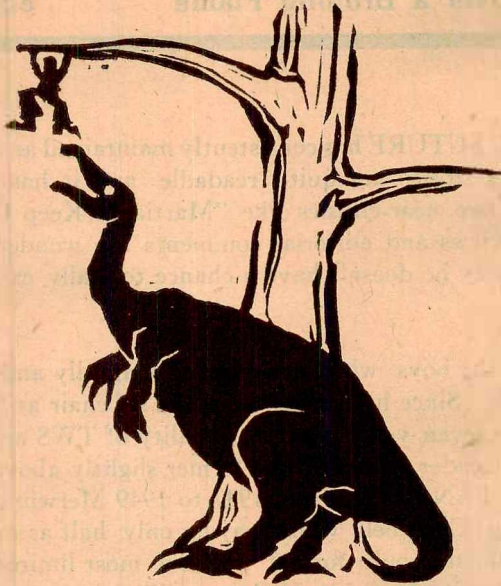
Current studies of the weather of the past few hundred

years show definite trends toward a warmer climate. The north and south polar ice caps have receded measurably, and glaciation is suffering a strong decline. Human civilization seems to have started near the eastern end of the Mediterranean, a sub-tropical area. Since that time the initiative has passed into the hands of people who have lived further and further north. Southern Europe, then Northern Europe, America, and now Russia seem to have taken the initiative in world affairs. Who will be next?

Since before the time of Krakatoa the volcanic activity of our little globe has shown a slight but definite increase. Not long ago an entirely new volcano pushed itself out of the earth in Mexico. Even more recently another semi-dormant crater, somewhere near New Guinea, (if I remember correctly), has come to violent life. The portion of the Western American earthquake belt which extends from north of Seattle to south of Portland has, in the last fifty years, changed from a fairly stable area to one where violent quakes may be expected at any time, though it is still not nearly so bad as southern California. Indications from other parts of the world tend to show that this trend is duplicated elsewhere.

The present high consumption of natural hydrocarbons would be sufficient to liberate a significant amount of C O - 2.

I said earlier that men work best in a temperate climate, tho it is true that he seems to be able to exist almost anywhere. If the climate of the world returns to a state comparable to that of the Permian and Mesozoic eras, it is only to be expected that Man shall suffer for the change. If, in the next ten or twenty thousand years, a new tropic age develops, human beings may find that their culture cannot stand against the ravages of tropical conditions, tropical vegetation, and the molds and fungi which flourish in hot dank surroundings. A second factor, which will become important only if Man's technological civilization is over-



thrown, will be the rise of new species of animals designed to operate in a lush tropical era. Dinosaurs. Perhaps not the same ones who were before, but their prototypes developed from today's fauna. Super versions of lion and tiger, serpent and lizard, elephant and rhinoceros. If men's minds can defeat the rampant vegetation and insect life of such an era, the animal life will be no problem, but if their machines should fail them they must die or revert to deepest savagery.

Perhaps after the next ice ages proto-chimpanzees may dig up our bones, and wonder.....

—NORMAN E, HARTMAN

Yet, withal, **FUTURE** has consistently maintained an adult slant. Most of its stories are quite readable and it has even published one or two near-classics like "Martians- Keep Out". Lowndes' book reviews and editorial comments are wonderfully readable. It's a pity he doesn't have a chance to really exercise his talents.

Another of the boys who has struggled manfully and well is Sam Merwin, Jr. Since his accession of the stf chair at Standard Publications seven years ago, the quality of **TWS** and **SS** has soared. This reader still rates the former slightly above the **MAGAZINE OF FANTASY**. From 1947 to 1949 Merwin came close to matching Campbell while paying only half as much! And this with standard pulp format and the most limited authority of any editor in the field! Understandably the magazines have slipped recently, due to the high powered competition for top stories. There is good omen in the fact that Merwin's authority was recently expanded. Recent issues of his magazines show it.

Another editor working with a not too liberal publisher is Jerome Bixby of **PLANET STORIES**. He shows great promise but it is still too early to assay his worth.

Boucher and McComas seem to be successful, though not sensationally so, at what they are attempting with the **MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE—FICTION**.

Ejlar Jacobson made **SUPER SCIENCE** one of the leaders for a while but since the field got crowded and competition rough he seems to have lost interest. While he still gives us a good magazine, Jacobson would not be missed from the field.

Perhaps the editor who deserves the most condemnation is Ray Palmer. No one has more authority than he, being his own publisher. In the early days of OTHER WORLDS he promised to produce an outstanding magazine. And he delivered. For about three issues, approximately a year ago, OTHER WORLDS was the most exciting magazine on the stands. Every issue was chockful of surprises, innovations, and editorial frankness. But now the magazine is becoming more and more reminiscent of the Palmer AMAZING. Practically every issue succeeds in being duller than the last. There is no observable reason for this. Palmer pays slightly above average rates and the only explanation for the acceptance of many of the stories he prints would seem to be that the writers are old pals of his, from Z-D days, to whom he just can't bring himself to say no.

Palmer is a wonderful publisher. In fact, I'll go out on a limb and say that he is the best publisher in the field. No one else has such a vital interest in Science-Fiction. He was the first man to successfully set up a science-fiction magazine publishing company.

I emphatically hope that he will continue publishing. But, unless he can keep those habits he developed while editor of AMAZING STORIES from cropping up, I would advise that he hire someone else to edit his magazines. I have no doubt that Bea Mahaffey could do a better job than he is now doing. However, she is still somewhat inexperienced and probably a better bet would be some older hand in the field such as Bixby, Tremaine, or Lowndes, provided they could be hired.

All the comments about Palmer go for Bill Hamling except that he is a slightly better editor than Palmer. The sad thing about all this is that both Palmer and Hamling seem to be extremely likable people and it's a shame to have to say such unkind things about them.

One editor is at present doing an even poorer job.

During his early youth Don Wollheim was one of the country's most enthusiastic fans. Like Lowndes and Palmer he managed to make a place for himself in fantasy publishing before the war. And he turned out to be a highly competent editor. Witness the prewar COSMIC and STIRRING, the wartime Pocket Book anthology and the early issues of AVON FANTASY READER.

But evidently fantasy lost its luster for Wollheim. It would appear that editing has become a chore through which he moves mechanically simply because it is the way he has made his living for years.

Most of the stories he publishes seem to appear only because of the name value of the writer. No discrimination appears to have been used in selecting them. One is tempted to wonder if Wollheim even reads them before publishing.

While his rates are not high they are still about average; but the quality of his magazines comes close to hitting rock bottom. And yet the entire Avon magazine field is built around Wollheim's editing. It would appear to be an ideal company for an enterprising editor.

The nostalgic fan who remembers Wollheim's past glories can only wish that someone would offer him a highly profitable job in some other field, thus making everybody happy, and possibly opening up a position for some more enthusiastic man with Avon.

Another editor recently in the field was Damon Knight. Knight is the only one who could yet be compared to Gold. He had a very similar setup with Hillman Publications to the one Gold enjoys with World Editions. Rates were very good, second only to those paid by GALAXY. But the magazine folded rapidly, an event deplored by many fans, but eminently justified in this critic's eyes, even though he mourns the fact that it was a wonderful story market.

WORLDS BEYOND was appallingly edited. The layout was mediocre, the paper stock varied horribly from the type of


magazine it was supposed to be. The covers were unattractive, despite the use of Calle on the first issue. The reprints were almost universally unreadable. Many of the new stories were little better. Because of the high rates he paid, he did get much good stuff, most outstanding being the Merrill and Tucker items in no. 2.

However, this fan can only rejoice to hear that Knight has now abandoned editing for writing. Most good editors are poor writers. But anyone who can turn out two gems like "To Serve Man" and "Not With a Bang" in one year, definitely shouldn't be wasting his time editing. Knight's editing talents can be summed up by observing that not one story he printed could compare to either of these two masterpieces he wrote himself.

There are other editors in the field. But chiefly they have been hired for certain specific jobs (i. e. Howard Browne, of AMAZING, and Dorothy McIlwraith, of WEIRD TALES) which they do competently but in an undistinguished manner.

I would also make a bow in the general direction of John Carnell, over in Britain' who does an extremely nice job with NEW WORLDS. Anyone who hasn't seen it should attempt to get hold of a copy.

To sum up, taking into consideration their handicaps, it would appear that the editors doing the best jobs currently are, in order, Gold, Lowndes, Merwyn, Campbell, and Bixby. We shall mercifully refrain from recapitulating on the ones making the poorest showing.





TIME MACHINE

by WILLIAM K. GRANGER

Steff Mandron glanced at a nearby clock. The lines of worry etched on his young, strong face grew deeper. The words "diabolical" and "inexorable" flashed through his mind. Without analysing why, he knew the words had something to do with the face of the clock.

Time was running out for Steff. Time, that essence of fluidity, which no man, as yet, could either slow or accelerate, was the most important variable in the problem he faced. "Another twenty minutes or so," he muttered to himself, "another twenty minutes or so and I could whip this machine. But damn, they'll be here in less than five minutes. Five lousy minutes." It was his own fault. He had set the time himself. He should have said, "I'll tell you when it's ready." But no, he had to leave himself wide open by setting a definite time. "Eight o'clock sharp," he had said.

Too late to back out. He couldn't change the course of events now. They were on their way to this room right now. He couldn't even contact them to stall their arrival with a plausible excuse or an acceptable lie.

Actually, Steff had but one alternative— to get this machine going. Grimly he bent to the task. Three minutes now. Why the hell had he put himself in this spot. There were some people in the world who were familiar with the principles involved in machines such as this. He could have asked for help. Help had been offered. But, no, not Steff Madron. He must be proud. Proud and independant. What did he know about optonics, electronics, audiotonics! His specialty was biology, and a far cry the inside of frogs' arteries, the proboscis of butterflies, and the quadruple winging of the coleoptron were from the staring, buzzing, glowing glassencased anodes, electrodes, and burning filaments he now faced.

He recalled the gray suited, thin haired man who sold him the last piece to the machine. "I understand your problem," he had said. "This should make it work. And you'll never regret your time and effort, believe me. A simple twist of the wrist and you move backward in time, a twist in the other direction and you recover your movement in time. Am I right?" Steff had mumbled something in answer and left hurriedly to catch the last transport to his home.

Now he wondered, how smart do some men get? Just by one purchase the gray suited man had computed Steff's entire purpose. And Steff couldn't even compute where the part fit into the complex electro-mechanical monstrosity that stood before him.

Steff fingered the long narrow strands of perforated plastic that lay entangled almost maliciously around his feet. He remembered having read once that when a condition of the fourth dimension existed solids could pass through solids. He looked again at the tangled maze. Apparently the fellow who knew so much about the fourth dimension was way ahead of his time. Surely solid strands of plastic had passed through other solid strands of plastic right before his eyes.

Fourth dimension— time changes— tiny drops of perspiration began to appear on Steff's forehead.

Steff jerked himself erect, listening. The faint rumble of footsteps walking out of cadence, followed by a firm knock at the only door to his room, fell upon his ears. Too late, not enough time. Critical as this instant was, Steff was struck by the irony of the situation. Here at his disposal was a machine to manipulate time, but he didn't have enough time to start the machine manipulating. Well, God knows, he had done his best. But the best wasn't good enough now, not nearly good enough. Well, he'd face their scorn as best he could, but there would be no excuses. He knew that.

A deep sigh of resignation escaped Steff's lips. He stood facing the door, erect and, he hoped fearlessly. "Come in," he said, quietly.

The door knob turned quickly, the door was thrown open, and in walked the three grim faced men. Steff quivered inwardly. Two of them he knew well. Fraternity brothers at college. While he had dabbled with salamanders and toadstools these men had been learning the laws of Faraday, Engers and Einstein. The other man was a stranger to Steff, but he could assume that he was in someway associated professionally with the other two scientist.

Once inside, the men stopped, closed the door, and quietly surveyed the room. One by one, and in ominous silence, their eyes stopped searching whenever their glance took in the machine at Steff's side.

The smallest of the men, the one whom Steff knew to be the most brilliant scientist of them all, looked at Steff through narrowed eyes. "Is everything ready?" he asked quietly.

"No," replied Steff, firmly, and then he blurted, "and I don't know when it will be ready. I've tried everything I know but still can't make the damn thing work."

"Not at all?" asked the second scientist.

"Not at all," answered Steff. "At least not at all right now."

Slow smiles lit the faces of the three men. The third man, the stranger, laughed, a short, unkindly laugh.

"Well, Steff," said the small scientist, "I'm sorry, of course, but I guess this means that we won't have to----- er that is, we won't get to look at those movies you took during your vacation through Yellowstone Park this summer.

—William K. Granger



WORDS WORDS WORDS _____

PHILLIPS 1:15

Eusifanso recieved today, it shows very great improvement! It is colorful different and very interesting. Eusifanso is now better than the Fanscient, size is just right and the use of color helps greatly. I strongly favor the experimental magazine, for as you have proved, it is likely to be original, unique and never tiresome. Ghod deliver us from ruts. We need more fearless experimentalists of the right kind. We have to many hopeless idiots who will not change.

I am very glad you speak out boldly in "Consequences". Your observations reveal clear and sound thinking. I fully agree "A world crisis is upon you." Oriental philosophers have for several years known about the Terrible Aspect of Life, but it seems the Christian barbarians know nothing about it; they are very likely to find out soon!

RALPH RAYBURN PHILLIPS -ultra wierd artist- 1607
12th Ave. Portland, Oregon

MAHAFFEY 1:16

Just received Eusi No. 3 vol II. You're doing a fine job - it looks great.

BEA MAHAFFEY, Managing Editor: OTHER WORLDS,
1122 Ashland, Evanston, Ill.

FRASER 1:13

As much as I hate to say it you didn't do a good job. You did a beautiful job. It's a damn good thing the mag changed hands. Unhappily the people around the Tower didn't seem to agree with me. If you would like to send me about 25 or 30 copies I'll put them on sail around the bay area. There are two or three fanzines on newstand sales around here but their sales aren't, except for the Rhodo-digest, too good I guess...I was reminded to mention to you the main failing of Eusi: proof reading and correction.

D. R. FRASER Limbo Tower, 638 Oak St. San Francisco, Calif.

WILLIS 4:7

Many many thanks for the offer to send us GALAXY. We would very much appreciate it if you would and we think it's damned nice of you to suggest it. SLANT was really started so we could get science fiction to read from America but the subscription business doesn't work out too well. People have the habit of sending you crud like FANTASTIC ADVENTURES or AMAZING that they don't want themselves, and what we do get of the better class magazines is pretty inadequate. After an issue I mean, we get a few, but then we begin to miss copies until the next.

WALT WILLIS, editor SLANT, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, North Ireland

EDITOR 4:28

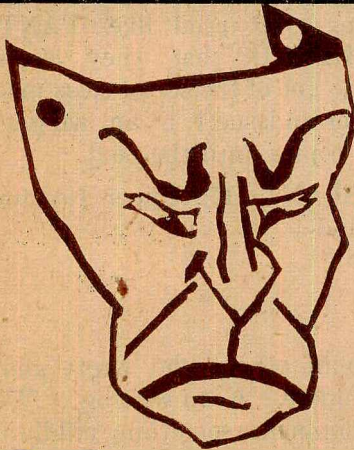
And many thanks to all others who wrote and whom we regret being unable to quote. Keep writing. We have hopes of developing this column into something mildly uproarious -- that is if all you nice people will carefully make the right kind of blunders in your letters. Rew

Memoirs of 146 E. 12th

I'll always remember the disappointment around here just before the NORWESCON when we got a card from Rick Sneary saying he couldn't stop in to see us since he had promised his good friend Len Moffet that he would protect Len's fiance, Mari Wolf, from all ravenous wolves between Los Angeles and Portland.

I'll never forget the time we got mad at Sandy for being so asinine and threw him out the dining room window into the alley onto a passing garbage truck. I'll never forget the look of disgust on the garbage man's face when he threw Sandy back. And to add insult to injury he wouldn't pick up our garbage for three weeks.

I fondly remember the time Norman sent a manuscript to COLLIERS, inclosed an envelope addressed to BLUE BOOK and asked COLLIERS to forward it. He got back both rejection slips in the same envelope.

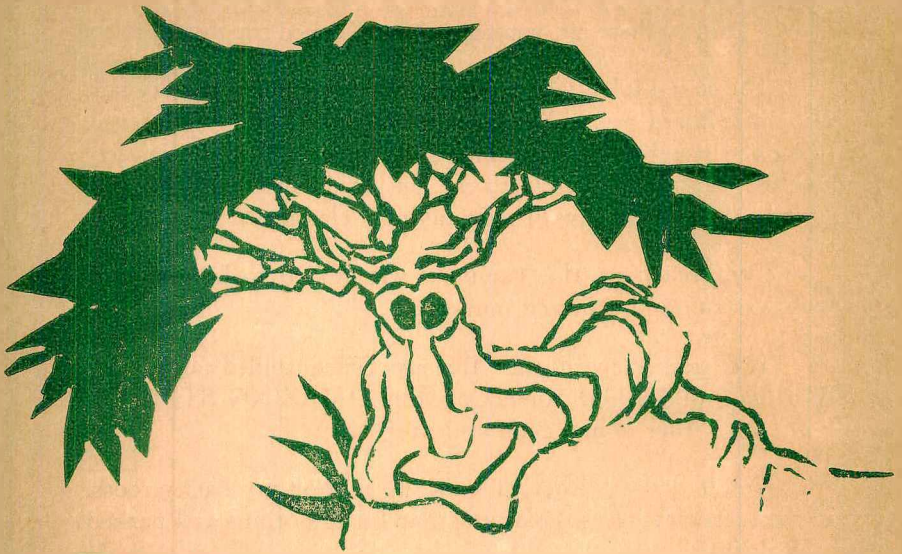


J. SMILEY GRINN

says:

SINCE JOINING ESFA I'VE
LOST
MY ULCERS
MY SOUR DISPOSITION
MY MIGRAINE HEADACHE
AND MY JOB

E.S.F.A. meets 2nd tues. each month ph. 5-5774



Ye Goode Lorde !

Ye Mugwump Tree

Returneth !

“Good lord!” exclaimed the second 146’er, “Where have you been?”

The Mugwump Tree who had just squeezed through the door at 146 East 12 th, parked his trunk in the vacated maroon chair, stretched his roots toward the fireplace and warmed his leaves as he said dryly: “Well, I suppose it happened because I decided to go the draft board.”

"Yeah? Where did you bury them?" asked the third 146'er.

The first 146'er just grinned; the Mugwump tree began: "The draft board was worried, even disturbed, at my presence. In fact the selective service man shuddered and enthusiastically urged me to go immediately to the University of Oregon Biology Department and get myself painstakingly classified.

Upon reaching the campus I was guided to Deady Hall which was tall and thin and mud-green.

The secretary in the Biology Office smiled and said: "What can we do...Oh! Something from AMAZING STORIES! Won't you slither in and communicate?"

Now I don't slither, I walk upright on my trusty roots, but the secretary was so charming that I said nothing as I parked in the rickety chair.

"Now, what can we do for you?"

"I want classified."

At that moment, Dr. Head, the head biologist stuck his head out the door of his inner office and said: "Hummm."

The head head withdrew, but not for long, for almost immediately he returned to add: "Now let me see. Yes. It looks as if you come under the auspices of the plant kingdom. I think we should send you to Dr. Botony and let his "Ferns, Mosses, and Whatnot" class classify you."

"Thank you" I said with forced cheerfulness, not wishing to brutally insist that I was animal. "And, pray tell, where shall I find Dr. Botony?"

The secretary sweetly replied, "It's down at the end of this creaking hall, but do be careful where you step. This building simply must last another year. Pray tell."

Her instructions were not scientifically accurate. Down at the very end of the hall it said "Ladies" which I knew very well was no synonym for botony so I doubled back until I heard, through a keyhole, the sound of a bright young man saying: "I classify this, Simper-simpliee Simpsenii. Why? Because, because being a plant it can't be very bright: being a moss it can't be very complex. So, what nobler thing can I do than name it after my esteemed colleague at the next table?"

Gathering up my leaves and various stray twigs, I walked into the room.

A new species!" chorused four young men. Two older men in the room, sitting by their tables, merrily smiled and said not a word until one said to the other, "I don't care about having human qualities imparted to trees but when one walks into my lab I've got to be open minded about it."

A tall, dark, skinny young man rose from his chair, extended his scalpel and said, "I'm Don Rumford Hyphen Simpson. What are you?"

"I am the Mugwump Tree," I answered and informed him "I came here to get properly classified."

"You've come to the right place," said Rumford Hyphen "You can get classified almost any place but to get properly classified requires the expert services of Dr. Botony's students, of which, I am a shining example."

"Now, let's see," muttered Rumford Hyphen examining his dissecting set. He looked up, "Mugwump?"

"Uh, yes?"

"Let's see. Yes. Yes. You certainly have a mug on you. Stand back from the book case before you close it please."

Rumford Hyphen chipped off a piece of my bark and looked at it under the microscope.

"This is interesting," he said and immediately picked up a machette from a collection of gymnosperms and swung it at me whacking a chip out of what can best be described by the last syllable of my first name.

This he examined as he began to voice his thought processes: "Let's see. Yes. Tree. That's 'aroboris'. That's definite. We may have to amend it of course but tentatively it's final for all classification down to 'genius'." He looked at me with mild distaste and continued, "Mouth? Yes. That's 'oris'." He looked at me with greater distaste and added, "Ventris? Yes, that's it. Aroboris oris-ventris, Simpson, 1951."

Rumford Hyphen there upon proceeded to make himself look proud but as I felt that my classification had been shabby, to say nothing of hasty, I gently tapped him on the clavicle with a branch and said in brotherly tones, "I beg to inform you that I was not always in this shape."

"I should hope not," Rumford Hyphen replied "Get your branch off my clavicle."

"That isn't what I mean," I protested—getting my branch off his clavicle and putting it back among my leaves.

"Then what do you mean?" asked the brilliant young man.

I told him: "Back ages ago, in fact before man became so busy he didn't have time to do anything but count time, there was, on a certain primitive planet, beside other items, a bucktoothed monster and myself.

Now this bucktoothed monster had peculiar habits. That is to say he once approached vegetarianism but that was the time he ate the first vegetarian.

Of course this bucktoothed monster wasn't exceedingly intelligent, so it is not surprising that one day when I was strol-

ling across a meadow in the shape of a man, the bucktoothed monster dropped his lower jaw and took ravenously after me.

This frightened me because, from time immemorial I had known that the only way for me to be killed was for me to be eaten and digested. I had an aversion to being eaten and digested so when I turned and glimpsed the bucktoothed monster bearing down on me I cogitated a micro-second, recalled that the bucktoothed monster deplored vegetables, and immediately assumed the form of a tree. Of course I couldn't completely change from my human shape in the time allotted me, nor could I stop the jaws from clamping down on me.

However, the bucktoothed monster quickly went, "Sput-ooooe!" Thereupon I landed astraddle a pile of rocks and the bucktoothed monster went off into a range of mountains to sulk.

Unfortunately the dreadful incident frightened me so much that I've never been able to change my shape from that time to this."

"Ah-ha!" chortled Rumford Hyphen, "a false tree! That makes you Pseudo-arboris oris-ventris, Simpson, 1951. A. D."

Classified, I left Deady Hall and went back to the draft board.

The creatures of 146 cut loose: Asked the first, "Well, did you get drafted?" Said the second, "Got anything to read?" Said the third, "Most things are built of concrete and steel these days. Why don't you get a job making shade?"

The Mugwump Tree told them, "No heart—I'm 4-F."

—ye biographer

PRO-VIEWS



edited by

*BILLI
HARDEN*

The June issue of IMAGINATION was edited, as usual, by a very good s-f editor, William L. Hamling. But for some reason the mag was just not up to snuff, to use an old term. As far as your reviewer could see, there were just two outstanding pieces contained in the issue, and neither of those was especially good. We speak of DOUBLE IDENTITY, by Charles F. Myers and HELL'S ANGEL written by Robert Bloch.

To be more specific about our opinion.... Myers has presented a light, mildly interesting tale of a fictional character who exists not only on paper, but in real life. It is slightly confus-

ing in places, and manages to leave the reader with a neutral reaction. Which is more than can be said for the other noteworthy tale.

HELL'S ANGEL lays claim to this distinction only because of the reaction it produced in your reviewer when read. Perhaps it is the result of being written to fit the cover picture, which, though painted by Hannes Bok, is not so hot either, or perhaps it is just the type of material treated. In any event the story is far below standard. The mixture of fantasy and s-f that was attempted produced a flop, in our estimation. HELL'S ANGEL is a good example of what happens when a thin, very weak plot, is used as the vehicle for an overload of detail. Of course, these are the opinions of your reviewer, and are not in any way shape or form to be confused with those of other fans. Who knows? Someone may like it.

* * * * *

Chad Oliver, Evan H. Appelman, and C. H. Liddell have scored high with their contributions to the June issue of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. The three stories, THE BOY NEXT DOOR by Oliver; TWAS BRILLIG by Appelman; and ANDROID by Liddell, are outstanding pieces in a generally fine collection.

Two, THE BOY... and 'Twas BRILLIG, lean toward the fantastic. They manage to do this, however, without the impossibility of situation sometimes found in this type of fiction. "Android" leans far in the other direction. It is concerned more with the world that might be, under the supervision of a group of near human in android form. Together the three make up a good trilogy of f and s-f reading.

—Billi Harnden

THE LITTLE PRESS

In Eugene almost everything reads Eusifansol 4 1

LAST WILL AND TESTIMONY DEPT.

ESFA (and will the Eastern Science Fiction Association please forgive us for having the same initials? We didn't mean to.) meets the 2nd Thursday of each month, 8:00 P.M. at 146 E. 12th Eugene, in spite of the notice to the contrary on page 28.

Vernon McCain is the new president and wishes to have it known that he has nothing to do with Eusi.

Good news! Begnining next ishue Billi Harnden has promised that shə will prUfe—rede Eusi.

A. Men



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