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Once did the galleon-moon one night capsize
In a cloudy tornado, and sink slowly down
Into our night-green backyard meadow here.
We boarded it, and under the glowing sails
We spent till dawn just sailing among the mountains
With lavender fans for oars when winds were still.

Editorial Comments

Perhaps some of our readers have noticed that we do not have a letter column. This is despite the fact that we do, once in a while, receive letters. It is my contention that, at least in fan-zines, the letter column should be held to things of interest to fandom in general. I would like to instigate one at this time though, on a subject that I feel should be, if it isn't already, of not only interest but importance to fandom - Dianetics. There are a lot of feelings flitting around on this subject and I'd like to offer two pages, at least, to it's sincere and mature discussion, pro and con. Let's hear from you -- criticism and comments on EUSIFANSO, too.

To fanzine editors: If you'd like some constructive criticism and free publicity on your 'zine, send it in to us designating what you want comments on: i.e. art, contents, (writing-delivery, etc.), lay-out or anything else. We'll do our best.

Also, let me, for a moment, draw your attention to pages 12 and 13. The story there-on isn't too good but it could be a hell-of-a lot worse. It's up to you to make it better and relieve it of it's unfinished condition. Just write an ending in 750 words or less and send it to us no later than July 20th. The best entered will be in the August issue.

I, among many others, received a card in the mail lately from Will Sykora with a well written if debatable article in reference to the July convention held in New York. His complaint was that any convention that lasts more than one day, other than the official World Convention, is a 'Rump Convention' and should be Boycotted. I can appreciate his ideas but at the same time I disagree. This convention, occurred in New York on the Fourth's weekend. The official convention occurs on the Labor Day weekend in Portland. I sincerely hope that next year, despite the fact that there will be an official convention, there will be a convention on the west coast, as long as it doesn't take place at the same time, so that I may attend rather than wait approximately three years to attend another. As to the number of days I can't see that that makes much difference except in the matter of how well heeled a person is.

D. R. Fraser

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EUSIFANSO

TABLE OF CONTENTS

article

The Coming of Hucksterism 4 Rick Sneary

fiction

To Hellandgone Adventures 6 Mugwump Tree

...and then? 12 Sandy

poetry

Neusbaum's Dragon 8 Rosco Wright

Three Planets 9 Emili A.

departments

News Notes 10 Sandy

Reviews 14 Vernon McCain

Cover Poem By Howard Bergerson
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The Coming of HUCKSTERISM!

by Rick Sneary

president - National Fantasy Fan Federation

The hucksterism I refer to is a type of salesmanship, but as it applies to fandom. For this is something that has come to play an important part in our hobby of hobbies - something we should all look at with question and shudders.

Back in 1941 Phil Stong edited the first big anthology from pro-mags. It was a straw in the wind. The first trickle of water over the dam. Since then we have seen the tide increase and continue to rise to heretofore unbelievable heights. Books and magazines are coming out so fast that it's next to impossible to buy them all, let alone read them. The pro-mag field has tripled in everything, till now there are an estimated 1000 or more different volumes a year, with 22 or more names.

All this because the great day we all dreamed of is almost here. The day the man on the street will pick up a science-fiction magazine and say: "That's pretty interesting. I believe I'll read some more."

Your science fiction publishers find themselves in what must be a unique spot. On one side they are faced with a mass of fans who will buy till their money runs out; on the other a larger group by far who, not knowing the wheat from the chaff, will buy anything that is made if it sounds good. So, the result is a mad race trying to get ahead of the other, or, as it is called in other fields, Hucksterism.

One cannot object to these dealers trying to sell their goods. We may shudder at some of the crud that is turned out under the holy name of science fiction by inexperienced publishers like Fell, but we cannot expect much better. For with the increase in popularity of science-fiction, as with mystery stories and all else, the overall quality will go down in proportion to the increase in quantity.

But we can object to them trying to run fandom. Or even dragging their feet thru it. A most glaring example of this is the last few conventions. They have become more and more of a pro show. It is only the basic feeling of fair-play by fans that kept this year's convention from being completely turned over to the pros. I hope that Portland will return to the "Convention For Fans" idea of years ago.

the coming of hucksterism

I see no reason why our conventions should be turned into one great advertising scheme to sell their books. Fandom is more like a lodge that gets together once a year to renew old acquaintance, and for the leaders to get together and plan for the next year. The main reason for them is to have fun.

Let the fans, like the big lodges, recruit their members at home. We are not the 'United Pickle Packers of America' who have to sell ourselves to people. We can readily do without 'Miss Science Fiction' just as we can do without fireworks shot off the roof. If science-fiction is going to grow up and become worthy of the boom we have so long waited for, we not only have to grow up and put away the kid stuff, but we must be sure we aren't led around by the nose by a few people interested in us only as possible customers.

Let the conventions remain the property of fans. Let us put an end to the era of drunken publishers and cheap publicity. Fandom can be a lot of fun, and it can be something we can be proud of.

What do I suggest? I have a few personal ideas that might serve as a starter: for one thing, I certainly don't suggest we bar pro-editors and writers from the conventions. They will always be an important part of such meetings. But there are different kinds- editors like Gnaedinger and Campbell have been outstandingly friendly toward fandom. Writers like van Vogt, Keller and others have shown that they are as much fans as they are writers.

What I do suggest is that they become 'guests'. That they be looked up to and listened to but not allowed to run things. This is especially aimed at book publishers. There are a lot of ex-fans in this group and they know what to do to sell. Well, let them sell at home.

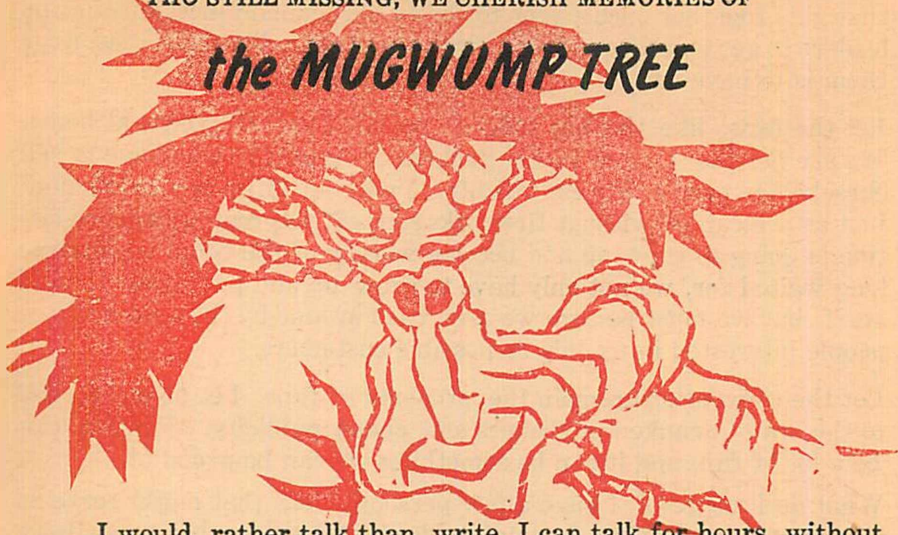
Put an end to juvenile advertising (in non-fan circles). This includes 'goshowowoboy' ism, Miss S. F. as well as others. It requires work but it can be done.

It has been suggested that someday the older fans will become the 'purists' in the field, much as the old jazz collectors in the jazz field. That we might someday be the ones who say what is bad and what is good. If this is so, can you imagine a group of old jazz men at a convention letting someone in to sell 'bop' claiming it good jazz? No. Well, why should we...?

Remember the cry Fandom For Fans and go out and chop down a pro!

THE FOLLOWING WAS FOUND IN MANUSCRIPT
FORM IN A FLOWER-POT AT THE E.S.F.S. HOME.
THO STILL MISSING, WE CHERISH MEMORIES OF

the MUGWUMP TREE



I would rather talk than write. I can talk for hours without much trouble but it is excruciatingly frustrating when I try to find a flexible branch with a twig capable of being used for a pen point. Well, I found one, or I wouldn't be this far. Ye Ed asked me to write about any past experiences I may have had as a science-fiction magazine publisher.

Now, by your leave and my leaves, let us return to Lemuria, and not the one that sliver-off-an-ash-sprout, Richard Shaver, cooked up. Rather I mean the genuine Lemuria. It was there that a printing company and I started a science-fiction pulp which we called WAY-TO-HELLANDGONE ADVENTURES.

It was a money maker from the start and at that time I deemed it expedient to make money.

Of course, we always gave the fans something for their money. That is to say, we always printed our women in pink-ink so that the readers could see what they were getting. You know: concrete evidence of value received to cement friendly relations.

To indicate the degree of shrewdness that governed the editorial staff of WAY-TO-HELLANDGONE ADVENTURES may I point out that we made it a point to feature more art work than text - for the simple reason that over ninety percent of our readers were illiterate.

We did well on WAY-TO-HELLANDGONE ADVENTURES until a competitor, OTHER ANGLES MAGAZINE, started printing their cover 'space-girls' in three dimensions on a pliable plastic. Sales for Mugwump Publications dropped for that month: and then I came up with an idea that saved my bark. For the next issue WAY-TO-HELLANDGONE ADVENTURES featured a battery in the backbone and was thus enabled to boast cover-girls that were not only three dimensional but also warm-blooded.

Then OTHER ANGLES MAGAZINE tried a new angle. They installed a robot mechanism and had their cover-girls wink glass eyes at the customers.

That hurt Mugwump Publications for an issue, but I had more than one trick between my leaves. The next month WAY-TO-HELLANDGONE ADVENTURES came out wired for sound and with flexible lips on cover-girls who murmured in best Lemureese: "Way-to-hellandgone Adventures! A ticket to way to hell and gone! Buy me, only two-bits!"

Just as sure as I've lived with my abberations for eons, Mugwump Publications made a fortune that month!

But about that time OTHER ANGLES MAGAZINE became downright unfair with their competition; they increased the format of their magazine to five by seven feet and featured cover-girls that were not only three dimensional, flexible, sound equiped, and warm blooded, but life sized.

Ah, but that was a blow below the bark, but, by the rings on my trunk, I had a better idea. I began to make arrangements for mounting real live 'girlies-of-tomorrow' in the covers of WAY-TO-HELLANDGONE ADVENTURES but about that time the LOCAL LEMURIAN LEAGUE OF WOMEN LEAGUERS leagued all science-fiction publishers into the Pacific. Pan! it was cold.

And that, my friend, is my Lemurian publishing history. Now of course...oh, I won't have time...so, until I lose my shade...

I remain your
MUGWUMP TREE

The Mugwump is still missing and the staff of EUSIFANSO can't spend the rest of their lives looking into flower-pots. Can any of you John Carstairs or Magnus Ridolphi help us? Sherlock Holmes is dead and EUSIFANSO is a monthly publication. Send your gems of detecting wisdom to the Mugwump Tree, 146 east 12th, Eugene.

POETRY IN FANTASY
Neusbaums Dragon
by Rew

Poor Findly Neusbaum, grown child,
 Was fond of stories told
 Of scaly dragons roaring wild,
 In trousered knights of old,
 And sturdy swords so sharply filed.

On streets of sober Alderdale
 With gesture, glare and vow,
 He sagely spoke of the "Sacred Grail"
 And cursed both plane and plow,
 While hotly stretching olden tale.

But if sent to the corner store
 For one lone cake of yeast,
 His spouse, long suffering, swore
 He sought the "questing beast"
 And not a single item more.

Poor Findly Neusbaum sick with chills
 And tired of bearing the gaff,
 Set out across the purple hills,
 Dispite the mocking laugh,
 To change his boasting word to skills.

Thus finally on a mountain spur
 Poor Findly limp and saggin'
 Just stumbled thru the spruce and fir
 And grabbed a tail a'waggin'
 About a quarter mile of dragon.

Poor Findly roped it with his blouse
 And led it home by dark
 Then tethered it beside his house,
 And urging folk to hark
 He fed it statues from the park.



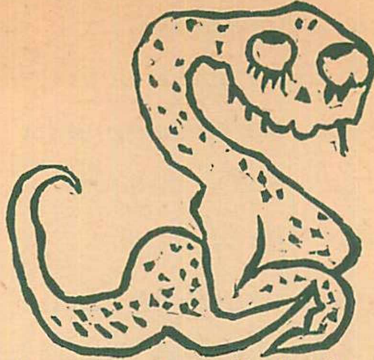
Three Planets

by Emily A.

Mars is the ultimate past, a planet cold and dead;
 A volume tightly sealed- printed but never read...

Terra is the present- vibrant, warm, alive;
 Busy humans teeming, like bees within a hive.

But Venus is the future, beyond its veil we sense
 Utopias yet to be, milleniums lofty, immense.

NEWS
NOTESBY
SANDY

It is hoped that the above pictorialized Miss 'UI UI' has served as a reminder, to those few who have not already done so, to join the NORWESCON COMMITTEE. Membership is only a buck and you DO get your bucks' worth even if you cant attend. Send that 'lonesome traveler' to Ruth (oh, that woman!) Newbury, bx 8517 Port.

The next meeting of the Eugene group will feature a discussion and question-answer period on the fact-or-fantasy of dianetics. There are currently four members undergoing dianetic therapy. What are our readers doing or thinking about dianetics?

In issue (issue what? Issue feelin' good? Not after that.) number six, of Eusy, we had a feature article, by Chick Derry, (Derry what? Derry write another one? Quiet, you.) accusing the American Rocketry (why rocketry? [To think the editor lets me get away with this]. To get the apples off, Stupid.) Association of being a fraud. Under (the spreading ches...Shutup!) the circumstances we thought it only fair to give the 'national director', Clyde Hanback, a chance to say something in defense. We sent him a copy of that issue, with an invitation to write us, at the address given for the A. R. A. in Washington D. C. We recieved it, a few days later, with the post office 'No Such Person At This Address'. Where do we go from here?

The National Fantasy Fan Federation recently completed a poll, taken among its' members, on favorites in pro and fan science-fiction. In the pro class, tops were:

Editor: J. W. Campbell Jr. - Writer: Ray Bradbury - Artist: Virgil Finlay

In the fan field, top honors went to:

Editor: Arthur Rapp - Writer: Redd Boggs - Artist: John Crossman.

How do they stack up with your ideas on who's best?

Look for the rejuvenated Marvel Science around August first.

What's happened to Ronald Friedman and his 'Science-Fiction Weekly?'

I hear, and gladly too, the Canadian Rocket Society is planning on having a manned moon-rocket (single-step!) in operation by 1960. Good news if they can do it...but what has happened to the American groups? The British beat us all hollow (what? Hollow, hollow! Oh, hi! How are you?) on the jet-car...are other nations also to beat us to the moon?

All current and future fan-zine editors and publishers take note. The Little Press, owned by the president and a member of the Eugene group and printers of EUSIFANSO, will do a two color cover for as low as \$1.50 for the first one hundred. See their ad on the back cover. Save a lot of money- head-ache; and give your 'zine a nice front.

I'd like to issue an invite to all you thousands of happy people. I'd like to so I will. If any of you hapless creatures run onto any tender little morsels of news, of general interest to fans, how about sending them in to me?

It may still be news to some of you that there are three new pro-zines on the way. One is printed by the Gnome Press and is edited by William Tenn and the other two are edited by H. L. Gold. We don't know the names of any of them nor the publishers of the last two, as yet. For this information we give due thanks to Jimmie Tarausi's Fantasy Times.

Fantasy Times just announced, with illustration thereof, that Super Science is changing its' name format. The new one really looks good. Especially since they've dropped 'The Big Book of Science-Fiction' tag-line.

I found this a couple of issues back in one of the finest fanzines on the market, outstanding in its field, Fantasy Advertiser, and couldn't pass it up:

To an amoeba sex
 Brings no frustrations.
 His love life's simpler
 Than a crustacean's.
 In the depths
 He calmly sits;
 Laughs at Freud and
 Simply splits.

...and that's it for now. sandy

There are two reasons why this little episode is titled as it is: (1) I couldn't think of a decent title and (2) it's up to you, the reader, to finish it. I don't know what the ending is. Do you? It's up to you. All you potential Bradbury's write up the second and final part to this thing and send it to us no later than July 20. There is no prize other than having your name and something you've written in print. The only sticker is that it will probably be re-written to a certain extent so as to have some continuity in writing style, etc. with part one. So come on and try. It won't take very long, especially since it shouldn't be over 750 words.

sandy

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...and then?

part one by sandy

"Where is that boy?" This is Mrs. Jane Martin talking to the front door.

"Billie!"

"Oh, let him alone, Jane. He'll be along by dinner-time. He always is." And this is Mr. Martin talking to a news-paper.

"Oh, I know, but I'm always worried when I can't see him around someplace. Anyway, I've been worried ever since that odd looking man moved in next door."

This brought about a spasm of happy laughter from somewhere between the newspaper and the back of the over-stuffed chair. Jane looked at the chair as if it had suddenly decided to become a fourth member of the family.

"Well," she added somewhat belligerently, "I don't care. I don't like his looks. He looks like he might be crazy...or something, and boys are so susceptible to...things."

The chair still chortled to itself as it read the paper and Jane went back to the kitchen, banging things just a little too loudly.

She was gathering air for another country-side broadcast for Billie when the back door slammed with the noise that innavoidably accompanies the meeting of a child and a door.

Jane sat down in the living-room and waited for her son.

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad." It was a very small voice for some reason.

"Sit down, William."

With every Mother and her child it's always William, never Billie, at a time such as this.

...and then?

“Well, what have you done this time?”

After answering his greeting Father returned to his paper. Like most Dads he didn't especially enjoy the period of interrogation he knew was coming. But he wasn't reading the paper so diligently held in front of him.

“Well?” His mothers' tone made little Billie look around him quickly for the fire-breathing dragon that would eat him if he didn't answer her. And truthfully...for isn't it true that parents can read your mind and tell right off when your lieing?

“Nothin'.”

And then it all came out with the speed and half incoherent wordage that children use when they are excited.

“I was playin' an' the black man was there and he said I could have one if I wouldn' drop it or nuthin' an' you said not to take things from people I don' know an' I didn' mean to do nuthin' bad.”

He took a breath and looked at 'Mom' with an expression that said 'See, everything's explained.'

With the look of the patient parent Jane started the business of deciphering.

“First, who is the 'Black Man'?”

Little Billie looked at his mother with astonishment. Why just everyone knew who the Black Man was.

“He's the man with the hair on his face and the long black coat an'...”

“Do you mean the man who just moved in next door?”

“Why, sure,” came from Billie.

This time Janes' question was tinted with nervousness.

“Did you go in his house?”

“Sure. He said I could if I didn' bother him, an' then he give it to me.”

Finally, Bill Sr. decided to join the conversation.

“Let's see what he gave you.”

“I rolled it over from the Black Man's house but I didn' bring it in 'cause it's awful heavy an' I was scared I'd drop it an' he said I musn't drop it or somethin'l happen.”

Poppa sighed and stood up.

“O. K. son. Let's go have a look at it.”

And so Sr. and Jr. went out to the back yard with Mother right behind them.

(To end in the August issue)

...and then?

pro-con on pro-fan
REVIEWS

REVIEWED BY

E. S. F. S. ers

ROGER DEBAR VERN MCCAIN ROSCO WRIGHT ED ZIMMERMAN

SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER

JULY

Bob Tucker, box 260 Bloomington, Ill.

Good news, good book reviews, nice layout except for the article by REDD BOGGS taking off on Campbell etc. Boggs maintains Campbell is the best editor in sf; Campbell is in a rut; Campbell should be fired. That is a purely personal opinion which can be countered with equally valid opinions that Campbell is still publishing the best sf available today and trying to do better. Redd, the quality of a magazine depends upon reader demand, writer output, publisher's regulations, and editorial skill. I contend, Redd that you are hardly in a position to weigh all four of those factors against whether or not Campbell should be allowed to earn his bread and butter at a job he likes and at a job which he has accomplished wonders and at which some people still think he is doing quite well. Dammit, Redd, get valid evidence before you start the ball rolling to crush a man!

REW

NEKROMANTICON

SUMMER

Vol. 1 No. 2 published quarterly by Manly Banister, 1905 Spruce Avenue, Kansas City 1, Missouri.

Little can be said for this semi-professional zine. It's by far the best on the market, at least as far as presentation goes. Art work is excellent thruout, the stories are far better than some printed by WIERD. If you don't already have this, and enjoy wierd, by all means get it.

E.Z.

AMAZING STORIES

AUGUST

Amazing may be going slick this Fall but until then it's remaining the Dreadful-Dreadful of science-fiction. As usual, the one thing that makes this magazine worth the purchase price is Rog Philip's fine 'Club House'. For my money the best fan column in any pro-mag. There's a disappointing Fredric Brown story in this issue.

V.L.M.

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION

JULY

A typical issue of ASTOUNDING, which means sf of high quality by top authors. McCormack's "Skin Deep" and Russel's "Exposure" are the cleverest in the mag. But everybody reads ASTOUNDING anyway.

V.L.M.

OTHER WORLDS

SEPTEMBER

This issue of OTHER WORLDS, in my opinion, is the best one so far. The cover is very good, but why are those oversized mosquitoes shooting at the Christmas tree ornament? Interior art, despite being by Malcolm Smith, is good. This includes, being good, the stories themselves; a weak vVand, as usual, good departments. Palmer will have a fine magazine when he gets over his 'Colossus' hangover from AMAZING. A large bouquet of Pansies to Clive Jackson for his 'Swordsmen of Varnis' and it's senselessness. I enjoyed it.

P. S. FLASH!!!! My spies have reported that Clive Jackson did not write 'Swordsmen of Varnas'. The story was first published, as was 4e Ackerman's 'Atomic Error', by SLANT and was first written by Geoffrey (rough as a) Cobb. Or is there a pseudonym loose around here somewhere?

R.D.

PLANET STORIES

FALL

It is a tribute to the other s-f magazines that Planet can consistently remain a substandard magazine and still publish as many good stories as they do. This issue is perhaps a shade above average though containing no 'Mars Is Heaven'. The novel, a spacer, is nicely handled by Coppel. Pick of the issue is Abernathy's 'Strange Exodus'. I'd advise you to skip Anderson's 'Star Ship' a surprising item to come from one of Astounding's most subtle authors.

V.L.M.

SUPER SCIENCE STORIES

JULY

The lead novel this issue was entrusted to John D. MacDonald who delivers in workmanlike fashion. But this is a disappointing issue to come from what I consider one of the top four magazines in the field. There is nothing outstanding in this issue and Roger Dee's 'Last Return' is an incident for incident rehash of a plot that is getting extremely thin. Eilar Jacobbson must have been a bit too lavish with story payments in recent months resulting in this economy issue.

V.L.M.

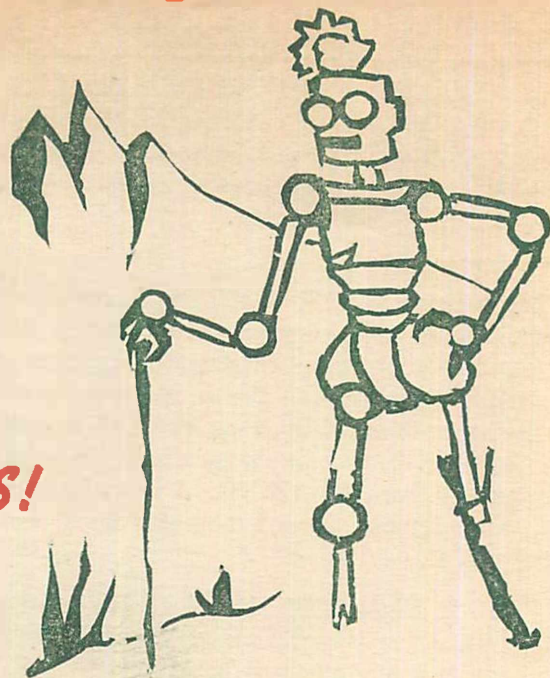
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advises



Haddum Clink

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