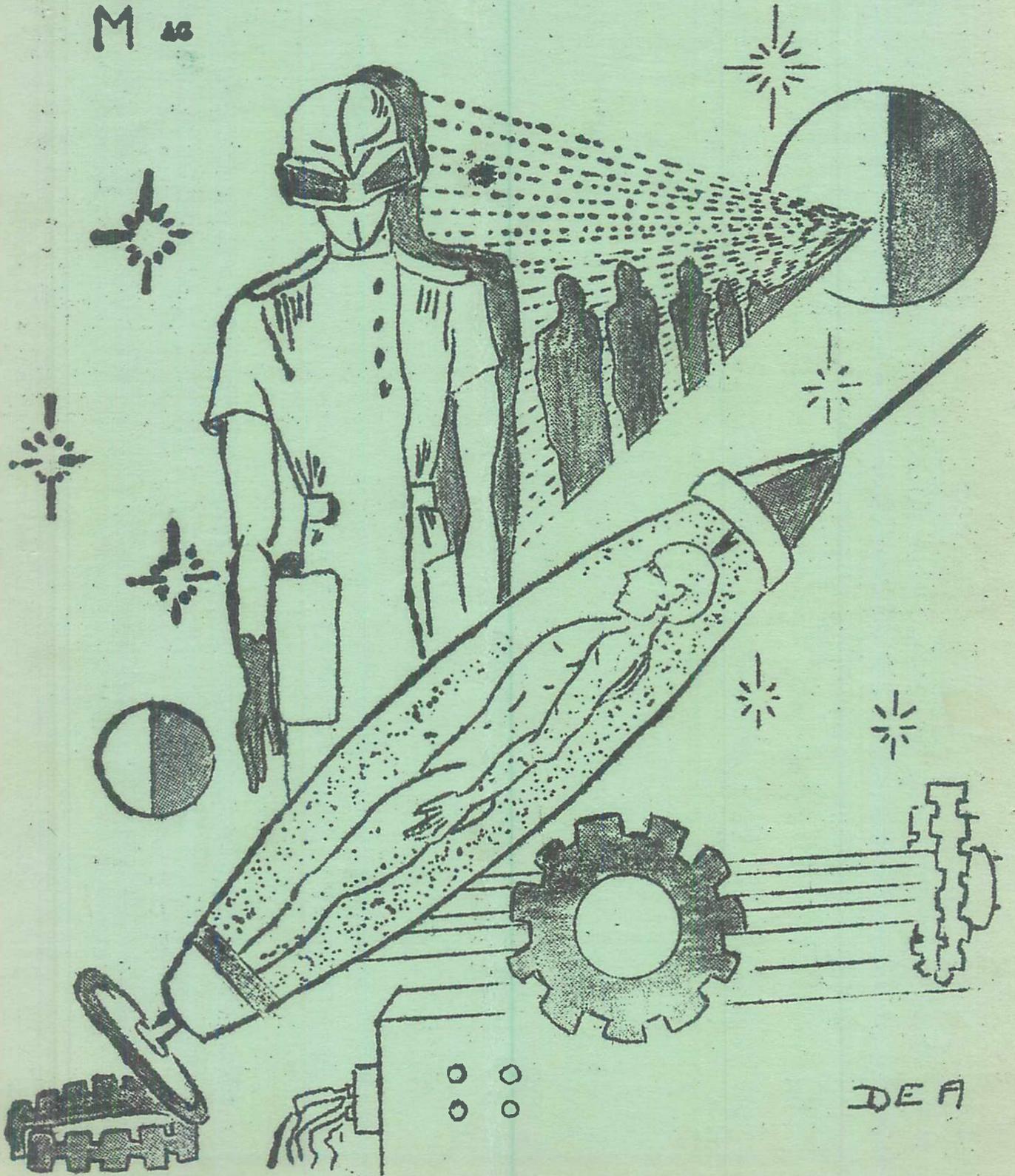


S TORY
M 48



[OMIC

E NCORES--a department where the editor
meets himself

by Ron Elik.

The doctor told me I wasn't dreaming---nor am I supposed to be color-blind, seeing colors where only white should be. Nor am I going mad(der). . . It must be that Elik has finally gone and bought a few reams of colored paper when my back was turned (which is hard).

You see, ungentle reader, there seems to be a paper shortage in a place called Lung Beach--no 8 1/2 x 11 white 20lb. mimeo paper to be had---so I had to buy some colored paper. Happy, Mittlebuscher?

Not only colored (coloured, for you Englishmen) paper but also a new ass't editor do we find in FANsm #5. I came home from a NAPA meeting the twelfth of April, and found a letter from a fellow we all know. . . . a genial chap who resides down South. . . a boy who seems to have had an idea.

Shelby Vick read a couple issues of Fsm, and decided that it was a shame I was using a "mish-mosh of stories & such from different fanzines each issue" instead of "why not dedicate each issue to one particular fanzine?" Further, "I'd be more than happy to take position of ass't ed and" help me out on certain difficult pieces of mimeo'ing.

Well, I liked the idea, I liked having Vick on my otherwise non-existent staff, and I liked the bit about him helping me on some tough mimeographing at times. The next issue (#6--July) will have the name Vick on the contents page--I'm tempted to put it on this--and will be an issue of reprints from the best of QUANDRY, so we decided.

Schedule for the next few issues I think might be interesting to some who might otherwise wonder where I am in the next six months:

VII#2, May 1954 (thish)

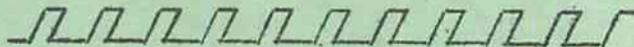
VII#3, July 1954 (Quandriissue)

ANNISH, Oct. 1954 (double ordinary size, conreports, et al)

VIII#1, Jan. 1955 (probably Le Zombie; no decision as yet)

VIII#2, March 1955 (maybe VOM, GORGON or anything else old)

I hope you don't mind the decreased publication--the annish will in all likelihood make up for it. Already Bill Reynolds and myself are lined up for con reports. I'll try to squeeze something out of the Balint, and talk to a few others twixt hither and con.



letters from my readers

A LESSON IN EOCENOLOGY

by

Noah W. McLeod, Box 56, Christine, North Dakota.

I received the current issue of Fsm today. Tell Bob Stewart that his portrait of Mr. Tarsoid eating the chocolate bar is priceless. He has the little fellow looking just as an Eocene Tarsoid should look. He must have used a Paleontoly book containing restorations of Eocene Period Tarsoids, or at least photographs of spectral tarsiers.

(Stewart didn't need books; he used a mirror--ed.) (Noah is the author of the story in which Bob's illos appeared.)

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(results of the voting)

art credits:

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FANTastic Story Mag is edited and published by Ron Ellik, 232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, California. It presumes to come out bi-monthly, the fifteenth of alternate months. Sub rates are 10¢ single ish, 3 for 25¢. Ad rates are given on request. Trades are solicited, if you have the stomach. Price in Great Britain, one issue for 1/- worth of science-fiction zines. This fanzine is a member of the N. A.P.A. and Project Fan Club; therefore all members of the Nat'l Amateur Press Ass'n. are getting it, and ads and plugs for PFC appear herein. Oh, shut up, Geis; I know that sounds silly. What would you say if you had ten lines to fill? Here and on the bacover I had space to fill; I certainly can't do what I did there. Oh, punsmanship, WHEREART THOU?

I should be ashamed of myself; me, who am done corresponded with Willis, Grennell and Woolston; me, who done swapped jokes with Rick Sneary, Jim Clemons and Warren Freiberg! (Sorry, Rick.) Me, I can't even fill ten lines intelligently. Look at the mess I made of those ten lines, will you? Ye ghods.

D

DECISION

IN

SPACE

S

--by
Terry Carr

"Hear you got a celebrity on board, Karl."

Morrow looked up from his beer. "Celebrity?"

"Yeah. You know, that ambassador--What's his name--Manning."

"Oh, him. He's the one who's going to Mars to meet Molovic, you know."

"So I hear," said the other. "You think it'll do any good?"

"Personally, no," said Morrow. "Say, play number ten, will you?"

The other, a large man by the name of Brent, rose and walked over to the ancient juke-box in the corner. After a few minutes he returned, accompanied by the opening notes of Space:

"Oh, space is cold, it's cold as ice, and the colonies are full of lice, there's nothing in space as good as home. So I'm rocketing--"

"You think those Redskies are gonna start a damn war?" Brent asked as he reseated himself next to Morrow.

"What do you think?" replied Morrow. "Why do you think we're sending Manning all the way to Mars to confer with Molovic?"

"Why?"

"Because we're not ready for a war and Molovic knows it."

"Cripes, we're ready for war!" exclaimed Brent. "Look at all the new stuff we've got!"

"How much of it have we got?"

"About seven new atomics, and a few other things, I guess."

"And how many are in production?"

"Plenty. Got a new plant in Mexico, for one thing."

"Let me tell you a secret, Bob. We haven't got a single item from that list of atomics into production yet. That plant in Mexico was just built---it starts production in December. All we have is a lot of the older weapons we stocked up on five years ago."

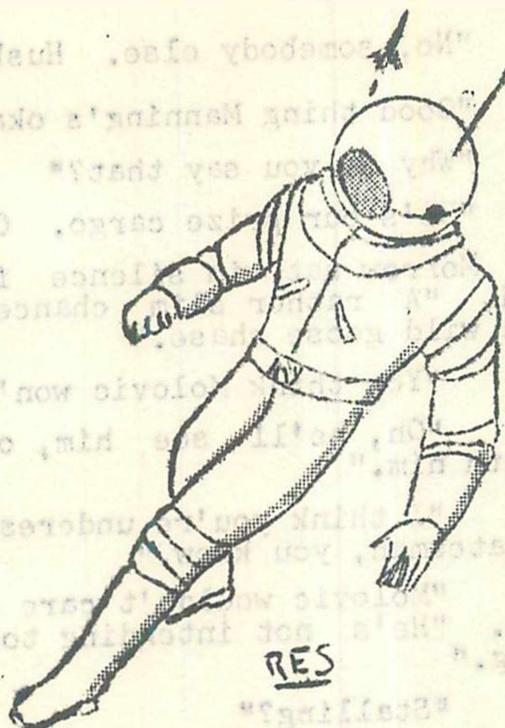
A female singer joined the first and the notes of their duet rasped out into the smoke-filled diner. "Don't go out into space. You'll find it's a weary rat-race. The Moon's a globe of desolation, and even worse is Venus Station, so--"

"That's another thing," Brent said, raising his voice over the sound of the record. "How long has it been that the big boys have been predicting a war? Almost a hundred years now, isn't it? Since 1930 or something?"

"Closer to 1950," Morrow said.

"Okay, that's still sixty years. Sixty years of scare, and still no war. I say the Redskies are bluffing."

"You tell that to Manning," said Morrow, rising. "See what he says." He turned and left.



Behind him he could hear the record blaring forth, loud and raucous: "So I'm rocketing back home to Earth, where the towns are filled with joy and mirth and I'm never going back out into space."

He let the door swing shut behind him and the noise from the record faded. Out on the field the crew of the Starquest was filing into the ship. Karl walked briskly until he reached the boarding ramp, then followed the others in. He headed for the Captain's cabin first, stowed his gear, and went to the control compartment.

"A little late, aren't you, Karl?" commented his co-Captain Jim Ridges as he entered the compartment.

Karl shut the door behind him and took his seat. As he fixed the straps he said, "A little. Ran into an old drinking partner."

In a few seconds the warning buzzer went off, signalling all passengers to fasten their safety straps. Two minutes until blast-off. They made a half-hearted check of the controls, knowing full well that they were in perfect order.

They sat in silence for a while, then a yellow light flashed on the instrument panel. A dial started spinning and at the proper time Morrow pulled the blast lever back. A deep rumbling filled the cabin, growing louder and louder as the ship picked up speed.

A deep red filled Morrow's mind, then suddenly it was bright and fiery, then it faded again and became black as he passed out.

Morrow, upon recovering, checked the passengers, seeing if they were all right. They were, all except one man who seemed to be short of breath. An appointment with the ship medic was made. Morrow returned to the control compartment.

"All okay, huh?" Jim commented as he entered.

"I think so," he replied. "One fellow seems to be short of breath, though. I gave him an appointment with Rowland."

"Manning?"

"No, somebody else. Husky fellow. Blond, broken nose."

"Good thing Manning's okay," Jim said.

"Why do you say that?"

"He's our prize cargo. Our last chance, you might say."

Morrow sat in silence for a few seconds, thinking. Finally he said, "A rather slim chance. If you ask me, he's going to Mars on a wild goose chase."

"You think Molovic won't see him?"

"Oh, he'll see him, of course, but he won't reach any agreement with him."

"I think you're underestimating Manning, Karl. He's our best statesman, you know."

"Molovic wouldn't care if he were Lenin himself," Morrow protested. "He's not intending to reach an agreement with him. He's stalling."

"Stalling?"

"Yes, stalling. I understand the East will be ready for war in about a month. It takes twenty days to get to Mars. All Molovic has to do is stall a couple of weeks."

"But--"

"Oh, it's a very pretty picture--enemy dictator ill, cannot return to Earth from vacation on Mars. Allied Ambassador rushes to his bedside for talks."

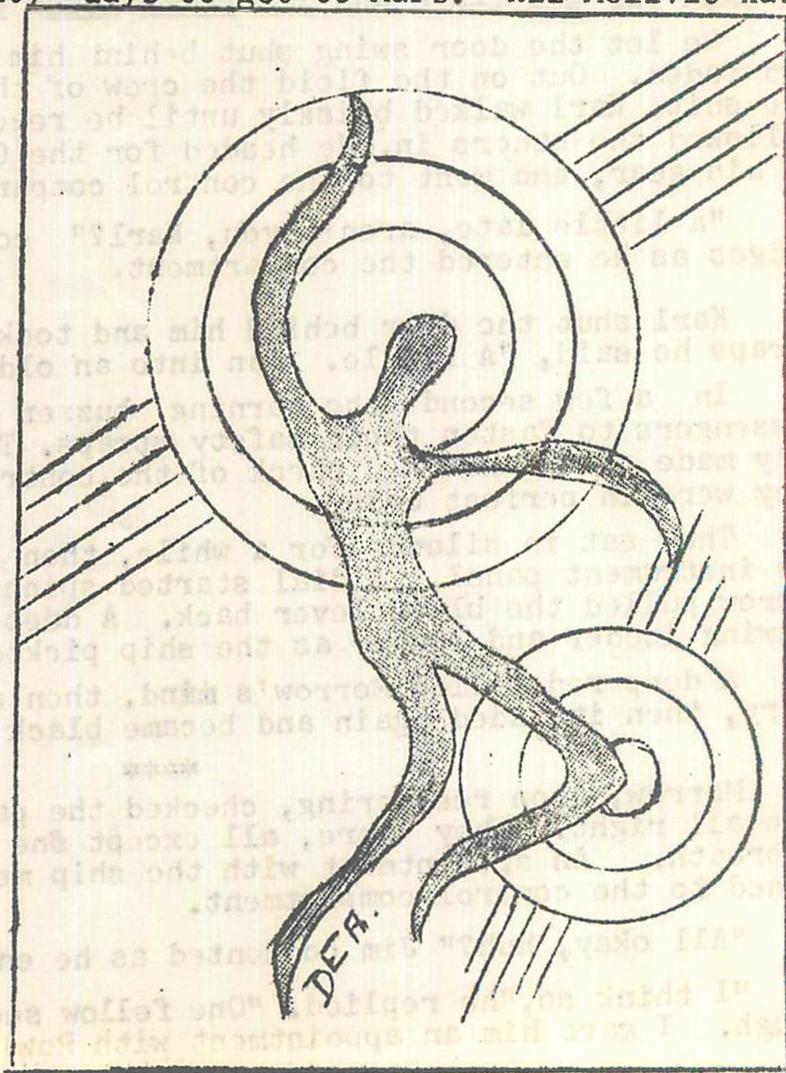
"How about that deal of Molovic being sick," Jim said. "You don't think he is?"

"Oh, he might be," Morrow said, "but I doubt it. If so, it's Martian Measles, which last one day."

"Let's change the subject," Jim suggested. "What are you going to do when you get back to Earth?"

"I'm not going back," said Morrow. "Why go back to Earth and land in the middle of a global war when I can stay safely away from it by staying on Mars?"

"You wouldn't be drafted, Karl. Spacemen are valuable."



"I know. But if another war breaks out the whole planet will be going up in smoke."

It was a little over an hour later when Rowland, the ship's doctor, entered the compartment. He shut the door behind him softly.

"How's our patient?" Morrow asked.

After an almost imperceptible pause, Rowland replied, "That's what I wanted to see you about. He's got space-sickness."

Jim, who had been checking readings of the dials, jerked his head around and exclaimed, "Space sickness? Good gravy, I thought all passengers were checked for that before they were cleared!"

"They are," Rowland said, "but this one got through somehow. It doesn't matter how he got here; the question is, what can we do now that he's on board?"

"The law says we have to return to Earth," Morrow said. "If we don't, every passenger and crew member on board will get it. It would be mass murder."

Neither of the two said anything.

"I know what you're thinking," Morrow snapped. "If we return to Earth it will be three weeks before another ship blasts off to Mars."

"That would mean war for sure," Jim said. "There wouldn't be any maybe about it."

"Look, if we go on to Mars," Morrow protested, "how long do you think we'd last? I don't think there'd be enough crewmembers left to land the ship."

"You're wrong there," Rowland said quietly. "We can isolate the man. That way the disease wouldn't spread so quickly."

"It's still murder!" Morrow said. "Everybody'd die anyway!"

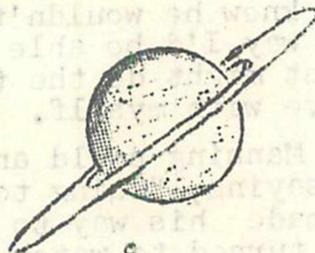
"You've got about an hour to make your decision," Jim said. "By that time we'll be going by the Moon. We can either put in at Lunar Base and blast back to Earth or go right on to Mars. It's your decision."

"Just remember," Rowland said, "either way you go it's murder. You can figure for yourself which way fewer people die."

"Okay, okay!" Morrow snapped.

Rowland shrugged and left. Jim stared at him for a minute, then went back to checking the readings of the dials.

After a few moments Morrow calmed down and started weighing the chances. If he returned to Earth--well, there'd definitely be a war, they were right about that. But in three weeks he'd be able to blast off for Mars and get away from it. If he went on to Mars he'd die.



RES

But maybe, just maybe, Manning would be able to avert a war. Was that enough of a chance to sell his life for?

It was murder either way, he reflected bitterly. One way a world would die and the other way a ship full of people would. In all likelihood Earth would die either way. But there was a chance.

Damn it, Morrow thought, am I so afraid to die that I'd kill the people of a whole planet to live? Even as he thought it he knew that that was not the reason for his hesitancy. Somehow the idea of a world dying seemed remote and unbelievable, yet the death of a mere ship full of people seemed imminent.

The trouble is, he thought, there's an unknown factor in it. I don't know for sure whether Manning will be able to stop the war or not. If I knew he wouldn't be able to, I'd head back to Earth. At least that way I'd be able to save my own neck. I'm not sure, though. Manning just might do the trick. God, if that happened I'd never be able to live with myself.

Maybe Manning could answer the question, he decided. He got up and left, saying, "Going to see Manning" to Jim as he went out the door. He made his way to the ambassador's room slowly. As he passed passengers turned to watch inquisitively.

"Mr. Manning?"

"Yes?" Manning had been reading a paper. He folded it neatly, laid it on his lap.

"I'm Karl Morrow, Captain of the ship. Would you come to my cabin a moment, please?"

"Certainly." Manning put the paper aside and rose. Before they had gone two steps, however, Jim burst from the control compartment.

"Karl!" he called. "Come here, quick!"

Morrow led the ambassador to the control compartment calmly, not wanting to excite the passengers unnecessarily. They entered and Jim shut the door behind them nervously.

"What's the matter?" Morrow asked.

"The East attacked," Jim said. "It just came over the radio a minute ago."

"They WHAT?" exclaimed Manning.

"Attacked. New York is completely covered with gas."

"I didn't think they do it so soon," said Manning. "We're ready for them, though. By now there must be enough atomic missiles on their way to the East to--"

Suddenly a child's voice came from the rear viewport:

"Look at the suns! There's two of them!"

-f-i-n-i-s-

In ancient Greek mythology there was a winged horse named PEGASUS which flew through the air as a bird. In modern American fandom there is a zine named PEGASUS which will fly through fandom. Try it from: Gilbert E. Menicucci, 675 Delano Avenue, San Francisco 12. 10¢ per

JOHN

W. A.

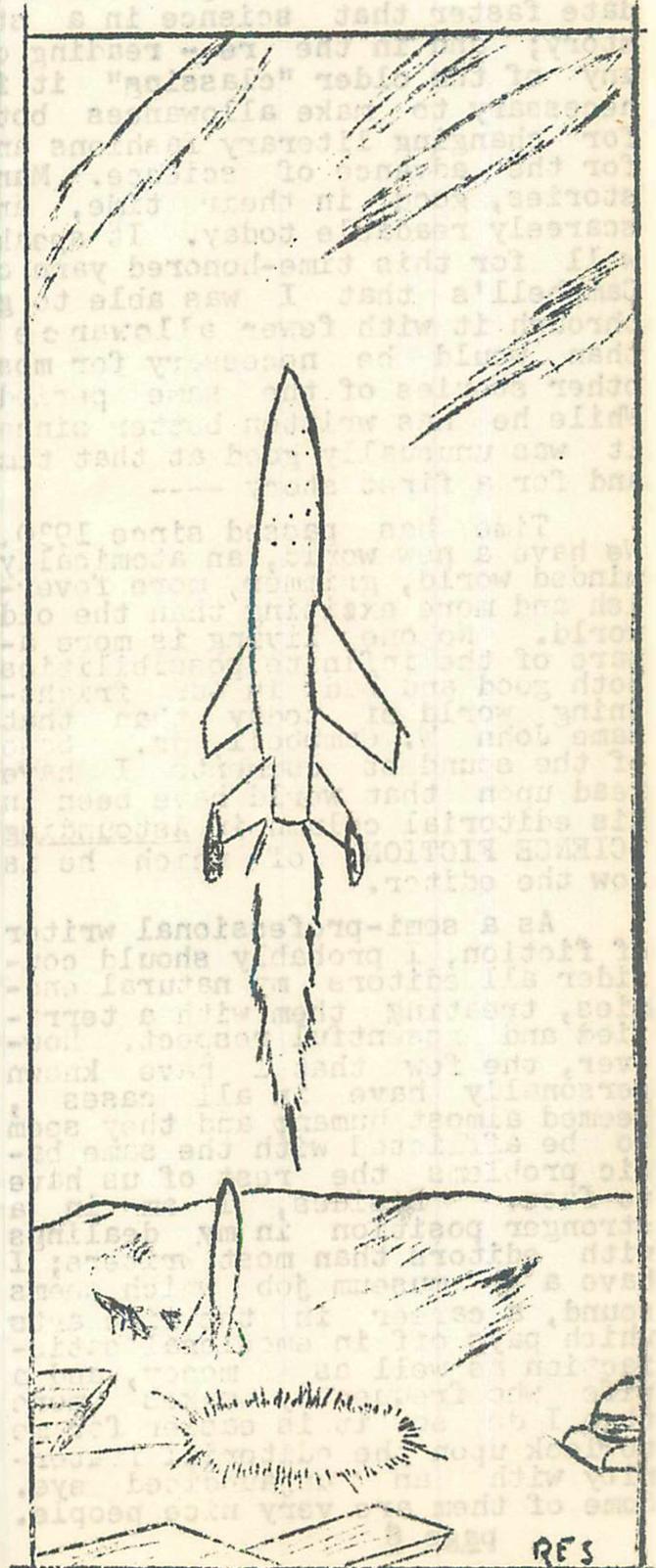
CAMPBELL, JR.

by Stanley Mullen

A VERY LONG TIME AGO, WAY back in the early days of Amazing Stories, a letter appeared in the reader's section of that magazine, signed by a name at that time unknown to me. The letter presumed to question certain scientific principles upon which a story had been based by one of the better-known s-f writers of that period. At the time I was shocked---not seriously, since that author has never been more than a conditional favorite of mine---but others who were less lazy than I, or more concerned, rushed into print with correspondence condemnations of the daring unknown who had presumed to question E. E. Smith on a point of science.

There was much whetting of knives, much stewing and fretting among the more fanatic fans, and many reams of paper wasted in bitter letters both ways. Memory fails me when I attempt to reconstruct, even feebly, that tempest in a teapot; probably exact details would be meaningless nowadays; and I am sure that no rancour lingers from so embryonic a feud, although it seemed deadly serious at the time. I took no part in the writing of letters to the editor; I am much too lazy in the first place, and too shaky on my scientific knowledge in the second; but I do remember that I was even then impressed by the obvious sincerity and deep interest shown by the unknown writer of that letter. His name was John W. Campbell, jr.

Reprinted from THE GORCON, VI#4,
dated approx. the middle of 1947.



RES

In time, a story written by Campbell was announced for a future issue. Again there was whetting of knives amongst the godly; but the story appeared, and it was good. The furors died away slowly. The issue was June, 1930, the magazine Amazing Stories, and the story, "When the Atoms Failed." I have just re-read it with special interest. It is still good. Nothing in the world goes out of date faster than science in a story; and in the re-reading of any of the older "classics" it is necessary to make allowances both for changing literary fashions and for the advance of science. Many stories, good in their time, are scarcely readable today. It speaks well for this time-honored yarn of Campbell's that I was able to go through it with fewer allowances than would be necessary for most other stories of the same period. While he has written better since, it was unusually good at that time and for a first story ----

Time has passed since 1930. We have a new world, an atomically minded world, grimmer, more feverish and more exciting than the old world. No one living is more aware of the infinite possibilities both good and bad, in our frightening world of today than that same John W. Campbell, Jr. Some of the soundest comments I have read upon that world have been in his editorial column in Astounding SCIENCE FICTION, of which he is now the editor.

As a semi-professional writer of fiction, I probably should consider all editors my natural enemies, treating them with a terrified and resentful respect. However, the few that I have known personally have in all cases, seemed almost human and they seem to be afflicted with the same basic problems the rest of us have to face. Besides, I am in a stronger position in my dealings with editors than most writers; I have a museum job which seems sound, a career in the fine arts which pays off in emotional satisfaction as well as in money, and a wife who frequently makes more than I do, so it is easier for me to look upon the editorial fraternity with an unjaundiced eye. Some of them are very nice people.

page 8

I do not know Campbell personally, and the sad extent of my business dealings with him consists of one rejection letter on one story, dutifully relayed to me by my agent. However, it was a nice letter---very friendly, commenting on the story in a manner which could not offend even a sensitive writer, even praising it within the limits of its field, which was the good old "thud and blunder" field. Receiving a letter of that kind, which took time to write, from a busy editor, was a very pleasant experience for me and I appreciate the thoughtfulness behind it. I mention this personal item merely as a sidelight on the character of Campbell; any editor who will take such care in dealing with an author whose name is unfamiliar to him must be a "regular guy."

The avid reader of serious science-fiction owes a great debt to Campbell, if only for his attitude of respect for reader intelligence. After a career of writing creditable science-fiction stories (not to mention a number of popular-scientific articles) he became editor of Astounding (always the favorite magazine of the adult scinetifan) and also (while it lasted) Unknown, later titled Unknown Worlds---the most grievously missed of all the wartime magazine casualties. Recently, he has taken over Air Trails, adding a small type "science frontiers" to its title, and is rapidly altering both the appearance and blatt of this magazine, with the obvious intention of enlarging its appeal for mature readers. The excellent article "New Paths to New Planets" in the current (Sept.)¹ issue is a good index of the changing slant.²

PPC:

SERVICEMEN CAN USE YOUR STF MAGS!

But postage is terrific on these items, even in large amounts.

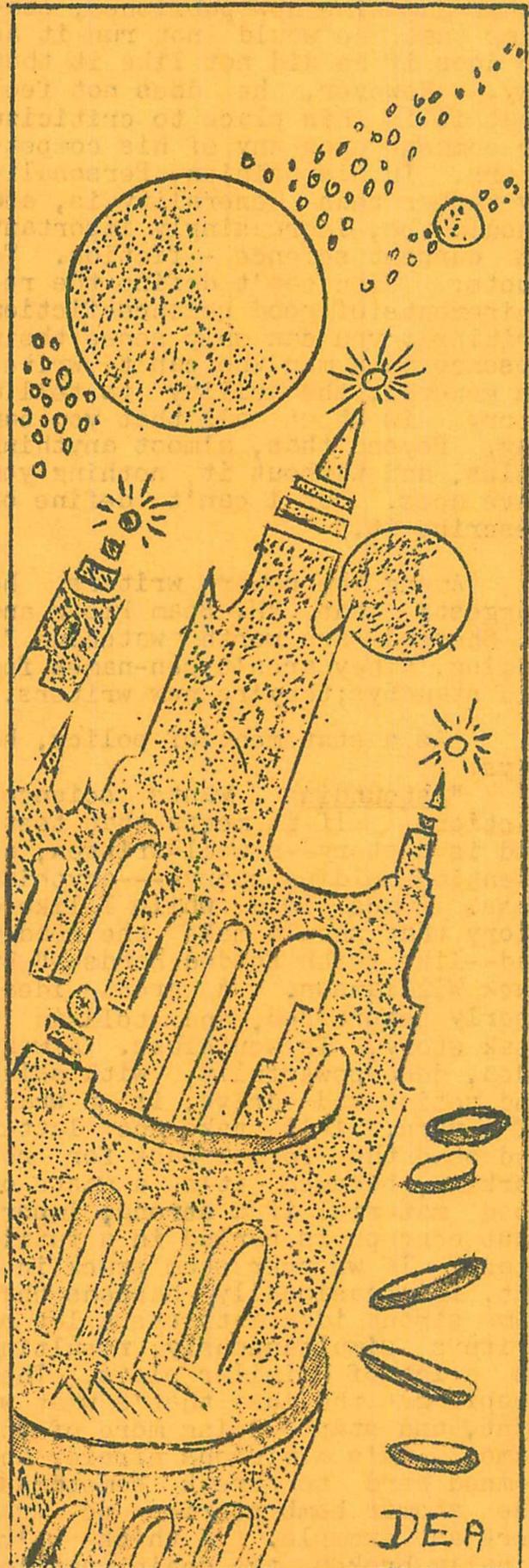
Why not write James V. Taurasi, 137-03 32nd Ave. Flushing 54, NY, who runs an organization for this purpose?

Under his editorship ASF has won for itself a secure place in the hearts of all true lovers of s-f. While its circulation may or may not be an indication of anything in particular, one thing is certain: The magazine numbers a surprising quantity of steady and devoted readers in its following. While other magazines of more juvenile appeal may have a larger circulation (I don't know) ASF is still the magazine most likely to be discussed wherever serious - minded science - fiction fanatics get together. There are many among its regular following who decry certain aspects of its policy, some who don't like its art work, some who resent its half pint size---but all agree on one thing. They like it better than any other of its kind, and they buy and read it regularly. ASF, under Campbell's editorship, has done all it could to deserve and maintain its position of eminence in its field.

Campbell was born in Newark, New Jersey, June 10th, 1910. His education was at Blair Academy, at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and at Duke University, much of his work at the latter two being of a technical nature. About 1922, he began reading H. G. Wells and Jules Verne (he is not sure which was first), with the usual result. One of his favorites among the "classic" writers of science-fiction is Rudyard Kipling ("Easy as ABC" and "With the Night Mail"), whose work in the field he considers better than Wells or Verne.

Then there's always the scientist who went mad when he tried to take a photograph of the earth from a V-2 rocket and it was spoiled when somebody moved. . .

"So he sat there drinking presidentes till he got the delerium trumans."



As might be expected, he admits liking aSF better than any other magazine now published, stating that he would not run it as he does if he did not like it that way. However, he does not feel that it is his place to criticize or comment upon any of his competitors. In his opinion, Personality rather than Generality is, and should be, increasingly important in current science-fiction. To quote: "You can't define the requirements (of good science-fiction writing); you can only sense their absence in a man who can't write. In general, the ability to tell a story is about all that you can say. Beyond that, almost anything helps, and without it, nothing you have does. But I can't define or describe it."

Among the newer writers, he suggests that "H. Beam Piper and E. Sherrid are worth watching", adding, "They aren't pen-names for old standbys; they're new writers."

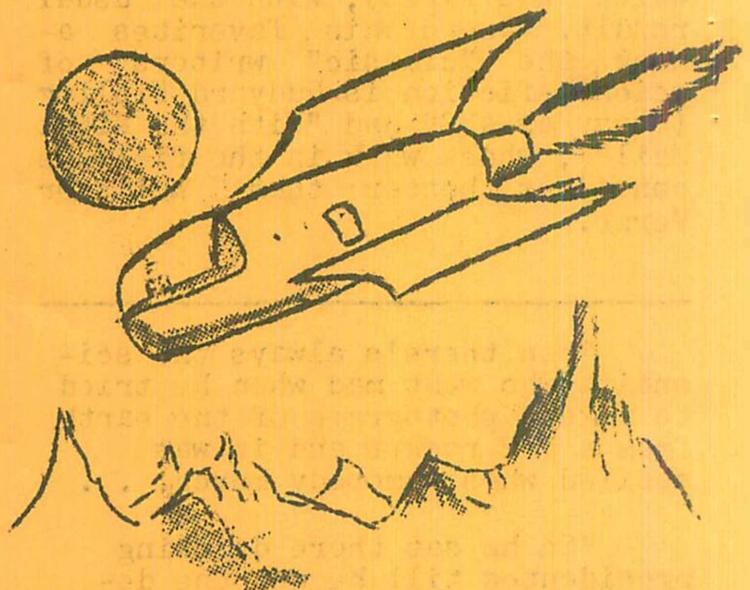
As a statement of policy, he says:

"Astounding wants science-fiction. If it meets that test, and is a story--a well-written, attention-holding story----anything goes. Once in a while I like a story that should make the reader mad--like "With Folded Hands--" by Jack Williamson. A great idea, poorly expressed, and told in a weak story, is worthless. A weak idea, done powerfully, with skill and action and drive, is a whale of a yarn. I'll take the latter and send the former back for reworking, because it's a waste of good material if a **strongly important** concept is buried in a futile story. If we ever seem stuck in a rut, it occasionally happens that some strong idea attracts a lot of writers simultaneously, resulting in a lot of similar plots. Then people get the idea that's what we want, and start doing more of the same. It's a vicious circle, and damned hard to break sometimes. The atomic bomb stories we ran were an example. I think we've finally broken the chain reaction of stories.

All authors have favorite stories among their own works. Campbell "guesses" that WHO GOES THERE? is his---but adds that he wrote all of his stories because he liked the ideas, therefore he has no "top favorites". TWILIGHT, FORGETFULNESS, THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE, and THE ELDER GODS are others he mentions. In addition to his own name, and the well-known pseudonym of Don A. Stuart, Campbell has also used the pen-name of Karl Van Campen.

Outside of fantasy and science fiction (with both of which he is thoroughly saturated at the office) he reads little fiction at home--but is greatly interested in any well-written technical books which happen to be handy, especially any dealing with physics, chemistry and paleontology. Electronics, radio and photography are hobbies; and he has a Ham radio station under construction.

To round off the encyclopaedic-biographical data, it should be mentioned that Campbell has been married since 1931, and has two children, Philinda duane, and Leslyn Stewart.



RES

The executive ability necessary to edit three such magazines as aSF, Unknown and Air Trails is not necessarily synonymous with creative ability; but in such fine stories as WHO GOES THERE? and the others previously mentioned Campbell has shown his ability to write skilfully - constructed and highly entertaining stories. WHO GOES THERE? (Astounding, Aug., 38) under the Stuart pseudonym is a model of its kind---plotted carefully and written around a plausible scientific problem. It deals with the discovery (by a group of Antarctic explorers) of a weird and completely non-human monster, apparently dead in the age-old wreck of a space-ship. Actually the frightful being is merely in a state of suspended animation; it comes very much to life on thawing out. At this point, the plot takes an unexpected twist, which I will not spoil by revealing. It is currently available in Healy and McComas' "Adventures in Time and Space"---a very good anthology of first-class science-fiction, published at \$2.95 by Random House. If, after reading WHO GOES THERE?, you don't think it one of the very best short science-fiction yarns you have ever read, then you had better go back to the Rover Boys.³ Most of Campbell's more recent stories are grim, plausible, developing in logical progression from a single granted point of non-science (which is the final test of true s-f); they are definitely not the Superman type of story in which any kind or amount of non-science material is brought in at need to clear up a situation, just as the deus ex machina was used in classical drama.

FORGETFULNESS is a thought-provoking story which points out plainly that the unknown should never be taken for granted, while TWILIGHT poses dramatically the old, old problem of whether or not machines are an unmixed blessing. These are all available in current anthologies. THE ULTIMATE MACHINE is soon to be published by Hadley Publishers, who promise illustrations and a better format than

some of their earlier publications. Another Don A. Stuart story which I liked (not mentioned by Campbell) is ATOMIC POWER, to be found in Groff Conklin's anthology, "The Best of Science-Fiction," (Crown, \$3.00) to which Campbell wrote an excellent introduction.⁴

In addition to his fiction there are a number of interesting and informative articles dealing in semi-technical terms with scientific subjects. One series on aspects of the solar system appeared in Astounding in that period just before Campbell took over editorship of that magazine. More recently, a non-fiction book on "The Atomic Story" has been published by Holt, at \$3.00. It is, of course, a popular work on nuclear research, giving a readable historical account of our newest and most important branch of the physical sciences. As much of the actual knowledge of a science which remains largely empirical is given as the reader would be likely to understand. Naturally, since governmental security controls the actual knowledge, the reader must be satisfied with a tantalizing glimpse of disturbing facts and theories. So far, it is the best I have read of the flood of popular accounts which have come on the market since the atom made the headlines---and I believe that Campbell's version is solid-er, more considered, and less hastily slapped together than most of the others. It contains as much information as any such book can contain as long as the bureaucrats play at secrets and seem determined to use science as a weapon exclusively (whether through panic-fear or from the usual political dirty-dealing motives).

"You know about a Moebius Strip, of course. . .or don't you follow burlesque?"

Aside from this work, some of which seems to have been culled from his editorials, there has been little enough from his pen of late except those same editorials. Serious editorials of the kind he writes are all too rare in these days of editorial catering to mass hysteriae of one kind or another. Most of his are blunt and thought-provoking, serious comments on trends and still more serious warnings of a grim future to be faced in the near future if Man's social and psychological development lags too seriously behind his knowledge of the more destructive physical sciences.

To quote his opinion on the responsibility of the scientists in our politically and economically turbulent world:

"It's up to the scientists to see that J. Q. Public and his legislative representatives know what the situation is in regard to technology---but it is not up to them to enforce their own opinions on the public or legislatures. Physical scientists are usually poor psychologists, and much too logically minded to have sound judgments for legislating illogical, but good - natured, human beings."

He predicts that (quote):

1. Within a relatively few years---say 15--we'll learn what a proton and a neutron are. They're structures as complex as atoms, but the structure is unknown. When we know it---then we'll make matter do trick that will make uranium fission a penny-ante game.

2. Both from the deeper understanding obtained from that analysis of the nucleon, and from investigations on the new line opened up by the discovery of the relationship between gravitational fields and magnetic fields, we'll begin to have some understanding of gravity and a start at doing something about it within a similar period.

3. Those statements are based on the possibility that we won't have an atomic war. If we do, most advances will be made in medicine, bio-chemistry, the production of antibiotics, and other methods of fighting plagues and disease, while some real steps toward developing a more nearly sane, and better-balanced culture will be made. Right now, we have a culture that's all physical science muscle, and has a moron-sized brain in the psychology and sociology departments. We can blow up the atom, but we can't put a slightly cracked mind back together---nor prevent its cracking in the first place. (unquote)

In my copy of "The Atomic Story", Campbell wrote: "The more men learn about atoms, the more men must learn about men--or both men and atoms will prove explosive!"

Upon which sobering thought I will end this article.

--sm--

EDITORIAL FOOTNOTES:

1. Sept. 1947, the year the article was written; since the zine was not otherwise dated, I assume it to have been near the middle of the year.

2. Campbell is, from what I have heard, no longer ed of Air Trails.

3. WHO GOES THERE? is better-known to the crowd who reads this zine as THE THING, methinks.

4. All these books are not OOP, of course, but if you have them in your collection I think they would be worth your time to re-read.

PFc:

There are certain obligations a fan must meet--and not all of them can be properly taken care of with money. Like a favor you neglected to do, mayhap. USE FAN-WAMPUM TO CLEAR THESE OBS. Write Orville W. Mosher, 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas.



COLONY

By John G. Fletcher

The ship thundered down through the atmosphere of the small green planet.

It slowed itself with thrusts of the forward rockets, forcing the crewmen down hard into their padded bunks.

The ship inverted itself as it approached the ground. It stopped almost completely a few feet from the earth, then shuddered to the ground. The crew freed themselves from the belts of the bunks and donned their suits of protective leather.

The hatch shivered open, letting the men out into the darkness of night.

Five minutes later the atmosphere was determined to be breathable.

The men removed their oxygen suits with a sigh of relief.

The Captain spoke. "Now we'll start setting up a colony. First of all, I claim this planet for the Kingdom of Earth. Jameson, plant the flag in the soil on the top of that hill.

"Remove the bulldozer and other tools from the supply room. Start the building operations immediately.

"Harrison, come with me. We'll check the supplies we have with us."

The two men entered the ship again.

"Until we harvest our first crop we'll have to use the frozen food and reconverter." The Captain pointed to a small machine covered with transparent plastic.

"We'll sleep in the ship until we get homes built."

"Yes, sir." Harrison looked on with interest as the Captain looked through the cargo.

"Sir, what will we do for drinking water?" Harrison was puzzled.

"Don't worry, the government's thought of everything. They're so sure that the colony will fare well that they won't be back for seventy years."

"Yes, sir; but what will we do for water?"

The Captain didn't hesitate for a second. "We've got a water purifier just in case the water isn't any good to drink, but as far as has been checked the water here is better than back on Earth."

Relieved, Harrison followed the Captain around the room.

"I guess they have thought of everything!"

"You're darn right, Harrison, you're darn right."

Harrison thought for a moment. "I just happened to think of something, sir."

"Well, what is it?"

"What are we going to do for entertainment?"

"Son, we've got so many books and pocket-movies they'll never run out. Besides that, just think of the thrill of exploring the planet after we get our work done." The Captain was enthusiastic.

"Yes, sir.

"Sir," Harrison said meekly.

"What is it this time?"

"What about wild animals? Or intelligent life here?"

The Captain laughed. "Wild animals wouldn't get near enough to even be seen with all the strange things here. Intelligent life? Don't be silly. The government said to just kill off any life that was dangerous. Anyhow, they'd worship us. Think we're gods or something."

"They've thought of everything, hmm?" mumbled Harrison.

The Captain's chest expanded by about three inches till it seemed he was literally going to burst with pride. "Everything, son."

They walked around the room, studying for a few more minutes, till the young crewman asked another question.

"What will we use for vehicles for traveling and exploring the planet?"

"See those metal spheres over there?" The Captain pointed to three shiny globes.

"Yes."

"They're anti-gravity ships. We can go anywhere, anytime in one of those."

Harrison smiled slightly. "I see, I see."

"The government has thought of everything." The Captain turned and walked to the bunk-room. "Let's turn in. We've got a long day ahead of us tomorrow." He rang a bell that informed the men that it was time to rest.

During the long hours of the night on the strange planet, Harrison tossed and turned, trying to sleep.

But something tried to force itself to his consciousness.

"Is it water? Food? Transportation?" He riddled himself till he nearly screamed.

Suddenly he realized the impossible situation.

He sat up on the edge of his bunk and fumbled for a cigarette. Lighting it he fought for his strength that seemed to be slowly ebbing away.

He took a long drag on the cigarette and extinguished it on the cold metal floor.

Standing up he pulled his nerves together and walked forward to the door. He pushed it open and proceeded to the Captain's Quarters.

"Captain?" Harrison knocked softly on the door. Then louder.

A disgruntled voice sounded from inside the cabin. "What is it?"

"I'd like to talk to you, sir."

"Oh, can't it wait till morning?"

"No, sir; I mean, yes, sir--but. . ." Harrison was pleading.

"But what?" The Captain was angry.

Harrison stammered for the right words. The door to the cabin slid silently open.

"Com on in, if it's that important to you. Sit down."

"Thank you sir. I have a few questions. You said that a ship won't come for seventy years; the home planet is too far to reach by radio; it would take twenty years for the message to just get there; we've not enough fuel to make a hyper-jump. . ."

The Captain nodded his head. "That's right, but don't let it worry you. We probably won't be alive by the time the ship comes, but the government has thought of everything."

Harrison objected. "But they haven't, sir."

"Oh, and what haven't they thought of?"

"Nobody will be alive when the ship arrives. The colony will be dead, no good."

The Captain thought for a moment. "I'll be damned, you're right. And I thought they forgot nothing; not a stinking thing."

"Only one thing, sir. They forgot to put women in the crew."

THE G HOST H UNTER

by Ron Ellik

This column got quite a good reception last time. From the next issue on, of course, it will take on a different aspect, dealing with the history of each fanzine, rather than each item. But I'll keep it on if for no other reason than that I like to talk.

DECISION IN SPACE, by Terry Carr, has little history. It appeared in VULCAN, Terry's fanzine; I liked it, and wrote Terry; here I am reprinting it. Just like the average story. But Carr himself does have a bit of history. He's been fanning away now for several years--the first I heard of him was a letter in a '49 or '50 SS. I hear from Boob Stewart and Don Wegars that Terry's collection runs about 2000 mags---not the size of someone who is new at the field, I would say.

Terry's mag, VULCAN, is now the OO of the Golden Gate Futurians, Terry being editor, responsible to the club. He has also edited NON-SENSE, runs at present the Fanzine Material Pool, and has worked on many of the San Fran fanzines, and contributed to almost all top mags in circulation. He's a Sixth Fandomist by time-measurement, but has expressed no opinions on the subject that I can remember. His "Fact Critturs" have appeared in a good half-dozen zines, and all the faneds are leaping for them. Maybe someday in Fsm.....

JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR., by Stanley Mullen, appeared in Stan's fmz. THE GORGON, one of the best of the Fifth F'er zines. It was a large sized zine---the SFB of the ditto. It was 2-dimensionally the size of GEMTONES, but ran about 60 pages or so per ish. It always had a great variety of fantasy and horror material, with columns by Forry Ackerman and many others, not to mention Stan himself, who has since become a feelthy pro. . .his only appearances I can find off-hand have been in PLANET and ROCKET STORIES (the all-spaceopera zine that ran three or four issues last year some time.)

LAST VOYAGE was discovered in 2000 A. D. by ye ed amongst a batch of other mags borrowed from the Stanley of Woolston several months ago. I wrote to the editor, but 'twould seem he moved in seven years or thereabouts. . .fans are such unsettled creatures. But I sent a card to an address I found in a 1949 SS under the name of Kennedy, and back several weeks later came a note saying that the JoKe was answering my card on his Christmas vacation--he's now a gob.

Damn' passifen.

Other than that there's little. Just new material. See editorial.

I still need addresses... ..

Those of the following would help muchly:

Stanley Mullen
Herman King
Thomas H. Carter
Gertrude Voorhies

and Charles Hansen

SO TELL ME ANOTHER:

The

uperManCon--a preview peek

by Peter G. Taylor

I'VE BEEN OUT AMONGST SHOPPING CROWDS, been borne hither and thither (mostly thither) in and out of shops I had no intention of entering, been slashed by umbrellas, battered by parcels of extraordinary sizes and shapes, been trampled on, lifted up, thrown about, blared at by folk accusing me of pushing-not forgetting the other odd million behind me---and finally crawled home with a developing feeling of persecution mania. BUT - I got what I see about to purchase--a brand new guaranteed, unbreakable, everlasting zap-gun water pistol, a truly deadly weapon that could only have come from Isher. And with that I'm all set for the SUPERMANCON for '54.

As I said in #3, the Northern and the Southern fen are constantly trying to do one better than the Jones, that is, each other, tho' neither will admit it openly--just subtle hints via each others' fanzines and other more artful practices---but I'd better wait till next issue to give a socio-unlogical breakdown of London fanac.

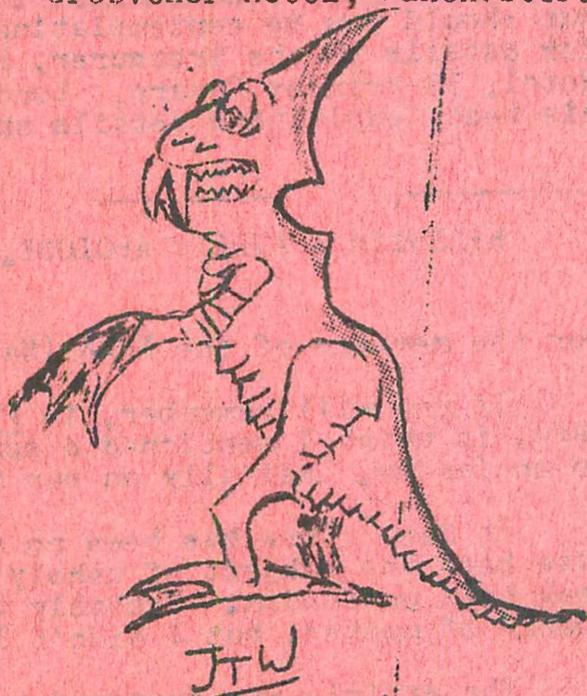
I'm straying a little from what I wanted to tell you about so herewith a few details about the SUPERMANCON for '54. It is being staged in Northern England, in Manchester (hence the "Man" syllable), the organizers modestly hope that it might succeed in a super style (hence "Super" bisyllable) and that it should be a most enjoyable con (therefore, beloved reader, the last syllable "con").

The SuperManCon, as the Northerners are prone to call it, is dated for the ___ and ___ of 1954 in the _____ hotel, yet another to be laid aside as a war-scarred edifice symbolizing the ardent cause of bonhommie du Fandom.

ed's note:- June 5th and 6th,
Grosvenor Hotel, Manchester.

One of the main items composing the program will be an entirely unrehearsed and spontaneous trial of H. J. (Bert) Campbell, ed of Authentic Science Fiction, who recently returned from his successful tour of the States. The charges against him aren't known to any except the organizers, but if past events are any criteria it'll be a whacky affair. John Russell Fearn will be there to give a talk on himself, and promises to answer any questions that members of the audience care to fire. That, too, looks like another intimate revelation to succour the fiendish curiosity of fens . . . me, too.

There will be a number of overseas fen attending if all goes well, including a Mr.&Mrs. Dick Mason from somewhere in the States.



Mr. Mason being a schoolmaster has caused a bit of a sit as it means that many fen are dragging themselves off reading sf to put some serious study into their Second Primuses, and attending classes under Terry Jeeves, who is also a fan-cum-schoolmaster.

Then there is Nic Oosterbaan, from Holland, who aspires to edit a Dutch sf prozine. In his capacity as self-styled Dutch representative he has also attended the Loncon held in Whitsun last year. For France there will be Marc Thirouin, one of the very few actifen in that country, although sci-fic is becoming more popular and respected by French publishers.

Although he is a frequent visitor to the British Isles Dr. Paul Hammett hopes to be an unofficial representative for Malta. Paul might make a find BNF, except for the fact that his work doesn't permit much time for fanning. Natch, the Harp, the White, Fansman Bbob, and George Charters will be scraping the mud of Oireland off their boots to swell the distinguished ranks. (Since when is Willis distinguished? Or did you mean that the Walter is a swell, not distinguished?--ellik.) A special party will be organized by Vinç Clarke for those travelling from London and the South, which will travelling by coach or train, which will be a great boon for those fen who aren't accustomed to long-distance travelling and getting around Manchester. And it should also give the neo-fen the chance of getting to know the bunch that they should be loyal to through the thick and thin of debates, seshes, and con-siting for the following year.

Some brilliant soul on the convention committee had a bright idea that really should be history-making in the way of publishing. All of the faneds are given the opportunity to choose the best MS submitted to them for printing in their zines. They then print enough copies of that one, or maybe two entries to cover the number of people attending the con. When the SMC committee has received all the printed material, it will be made up into a colossal fanzine--or, better yet, "combo-zine" --copies of which will be distributed to all attendees.

I believe that the entries will be judged for their merit, but that's all that I know of it at present.

That's all I know about it to date, with regard to the program, but should you be contemplating making it over here to attend, send for details to the Treasurer, Brian Varley, residing at: The Balmoral Hotel, 33 Princes Square, London W., 2, England, and he'll try to do his best, explaining details and travel.

--pt--

HEREWITH A PUBLIC APOLOGY. . .

. . .by Ron Ellik, speaking unofficially for the members of the NAPA (Natnl. Amateur Press Ass'n).

If you will remember, in FANsm #3, there was a 3/4 page ad for NAPA, in which I mentioned a spread which LIFE Magazine was goind to do on fandom, basically on our membership and (hah) organization.

To date there has been no such article in the magazine, and I have been the subject of unholy jibes and insults for pulling such a weak hoax on fandom. Probably LIFE did a roaring business this last couple of months, but I didn't like it at all.

The article was supposed to appear. I had nothing to do with any hoax, if there was one; if it appears now I hope they forgot to mention my name.

reprinted from 2,000 A.D.,
July 1947, VI#1, by per-
mission of the author.



AST



VOYAGE

--by Joe Kennedy

A **WELL OF FINE MIST** was hovering over the spaceport, carrying with it the fresh smell of damp grass. Along the corridor of water that separated the port from the city itself, two or three rocket-boats were drifting lazily, carving yellow streams of light in the blackness of the river. Pete didn't notice them. His eyes were turned to the east, toward the pencil of radiance beaming steadily skyward.

In three minutes, the evening Venus rocket would take off. Idly Pete wondered who'd be on it. Johnny Travis, the chief pilot. . . maybe a few of his engineers. . . one or two bored diplomats on their regular visits to the Venus Council. . . carefree vacationers going to the second planet for the first time, maybe some young honeymooners, a few business men, making the voyage just from curiosity.

Bitterly, Pete kicked the turf with his good leg, watched the grass fly and the dirt puff up in little wisps. He swore silently, to himself. Why couldn't he be on the Venus rocket? He probably knew more about astronautics than any of the passengers. . . maybe as much as some of the engineers. All his life, he had longed to go to Venus --to see the Earth vanish to a glittering pinpoint behind him, deep in the sea of space; to see the stars as they really looked, beyond the thick, milky clouds of Earth's atmosphere; to watch another world swim lazily into the vision plate, beckoning, inviting visitors to new and strange adventures--

Damn it! A film of angry tears was clouding Pete's eyes. No, he told himself grimly. He'd never get to Venus; he'd never even get to the Moon. For the medics had examined his leg only last week, said it was a miracle he was able to walk---but they'd told him he could never leave Earth. Six months ago, the accident had taken place. Pete had been barely sixteen then. Ever since he was a green kid he'd worked around the spaceport---shining the control instruments, helping pilots out of their pressure suits, even scrubbing rocket hulls. For the love of rocketing was a fire that burned deep within his veins. And he knew he'd be glad to do anything, as long as they let him work at the spaceport, as long as he could be near the rockets he loved. Someday, he had hoped. Someday when he grew old enough he'd become a spaceman. That was the ambition that kept him going, the goal that glowed in his heart day and night. Until the accident.

He'd been down in the take-off pits in the middle of the field, and he hadn't heard the warning gong until too late. The pilot on the take-off had seen him, just in time, had swerved his ship desperately ---but not enough to avoid Pete completely. The flame from the rocket blast had seared Pete's leg almost to the bone.

If you dread the coming of Christmas it may be
that you're a santaclaustrophobic.

At first the doc said he wouldn't live. They didn't tell Pete, of course. . . . When he heard how bad it was, Pete gritted his teeth and told the doc to stop hanging around---he was going to get well. He'd be a spaceman yet! And anticipation of the day when his dream would come true was what made Pete Barker live.

Pete's laugh was short and tired. Even though his leg had miraculously healed, even though he could walk, the medics said he could never be a spaceman. Only those in perfect health, 100% tops, could become full-fledged rocketeers. Only those who could pass the stiff admission physical exam, the ones who must withstand the terrific acceleration in the pressure control cabins, who had to go through the wrenching, twisting hell of alien gravities--only those could venture into space as pilots and engineers. Pete knew the authorities would never change their decision on him. He wished, for an instant, that he had died that terrible day six months ago.

"What's the matter, fellow? You look as if the world's ready to come to an end."

Startled, Pete looked up. "Oh," he said lamely. "It's you, Johnny. I was just waiting here. . . . waiting for the rocket to take off."

Johnny Travis grinned, eased himself down on the grass beside Pete. "Yeah," he commented. "Is that all you were thinking about?"

Pete's eyes blazed. "What the hell does it matter?" he said angrily. "What does anything matter any more? I--"

"Okay, okay, old timer," Travis snorted. "No offense meant. Look," he cried pointing. "The rocket's going up!"

Pete's gaze followed the other's pointing finger. A blaze of scarlet flared abruptly in the east, close to the horizon. For one flaming instant, the rocket was outlined against the night sky. Then it coughed menacingly, roared a challenge to the stars, and shot in a sweeping arc into the air. Its glowing trail faded into the blackness of space and, as suddenly as it had appeared, the ship was gone.

"Y' know," Travis mused, puffing reflectively on his pipe, "I've seen that rocket go up hundreds of times. And, yet, every time I see it, it gives me a thrill. 'Sfunny, somehow."

Pete nodded slowly. "I dunno. It's the same way with me. It's just one of those things you can't explain. Every time I see that rocket take off I think of all the guys who died last century, just so people could travel through space. And I think of those first scientists who must have been dreamers, too. People thought they were crackpots back in the 1930s. I wish some of those dried-up skeptics could be here now to see that rocket go up!" He paused, uneasily.

"Go on, kid," Travis prompted.

"Awww, I was just going to wish for something impossible. I was about to wish I could make the trip to Mars or Venus--like you."

Travis was silent for a long moment. "In a way, Pete," he said finally, "you're pretty lucky."

"Lucky?" Pete's voice held disbelief. "How?"

"Who kidded Courtney's goat?"

"Just this. Rocketing is work sure--tough, sometimes dangerous work--but it gets in your blood. Every year I take two weeks vacation with pay, and every year I look forward to that two weeks. I tell myself I'm going to have me a fine time, and forget the rockets and the trip to Venus every night, and the sweat and the grease and the scorching jet tubes. But I can't forget it, Pete. I'm in misery---during that two weeks, wishing I was back in the rocket on the way to Venus again--and cussing myself for a fool.

"But I can't help it. All the other rocket men are the same way. When you start making space flights, you can't quit---you can't forget that moment you break through gravity and spin out into space. You tell yourself it'll keep on forever--that you'll be making trips until the day you die. But it doesn't work out that way."

"What do you mean?"

Travis shrugged. "Once you've reached 36 you're finished. Done. Through. Washed up. They hand you your 'good-bye' papers and two thousand credits and make you a speech about how sorry they are to see you go. Hell! They might just as well cut off your head! For the rest of his life a discharged spaceman feels like a bird with his wings clipped---longing to be in space again, but knowing deep inside that he'll never rocket any more--no, never again."

Travis paused, knocked cold ashes from his forgotten pipe. "So you see, Pete, in a way you're lucky. You'll never have to know that bitterness eating away inside the brain. You'll watch the rockets longingly, maybe, but you'll stay on Earth until you die. And in the end you won't have any regrets."

Pete turned to the other. His eyes looked puzzled and curious. "Johnny," he asked, "how come you weren't on the Venus rocket tonight?"

Travis turned away---almost too suddenly, Pete thought. "Wish me a Happy Birthday, kid." The chief pilot laughed bitterly. "Congratulate me. I turned 36 today."

--Joke--

The Analytical Lavatory:

Results of the Voting

Some (like Chuck Lear) claimed the Paul&Carrick story last ish to have been little short of a recently-discovered Poe story. Others (like Ted White) used the depths of profanity and said it should have been printed in (shudder) Brevizine. Then there were others (like Burton Beerman) who merely asked if T. Carrick was a penname for Terry Carr. All sorts of reactions.

But what really got me was the reaction to CRIME STALKS THE FAN WORLD by F. Lee Baldwin. 66 2/3 % voted it first place, 33 1/2 % voted it last place. Exactly, too. So it came in second. Ye ghods,

<u>Item</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Place</u>
THE SHIPS OF ISHTAR by G. Gordon Dewey	2.33	1
BUBBETTE AND THE MARTIAN by Noah W. McLeod		
CRIME STALKS THE FAN WORLD by F. Lee Baldwin	3	2
GENESIS OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS by George Wetzel		
WERE-WINDOW by Stephen R. Paul and T. Carrick	3.5	3
JIGSAW PUZZLE (the fanzine reviews)	4	4
BRITISFNEWS by Leonard Gleicher	5.68	5
IF (poem) by W. R. Kaufman	7	6

CO MIC ENCORES (cont'd from page II)

And a Lesson in Trilbyology

by

Peter G. Taylor, 42 Geneva Road, Brixton, London S.W.9, England.

It seems a heck of a long time since I last wrote to you, but herein is a column I started doing last January but which never got finished for one reason or another until tonight. You can use it, of course?

Natch, a trilby is a hat, don't you have the damned things over there? And why cut a lump out of my MedCon report where the shop-keeper took the water-gun purchasers back and showed 'em a tap where they could fill up?

Am going into the Forces tomorrow, the 22nd of March. So keep hoping I can get to the SuperManCon in time to give it a write-up for Fsm.

(Hats we got; trilbies? Hain't no sech animal. The error in your erudite con report was all mine; pure carelessness. Sorry--ed.)

Reprints from a Reprint-Zine, eh? How Do I Get Out of Here?

by Robert E. Briney, 2637 Orrington Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Liked #4 of FANsm very much, mainly on account of the two articles by Wetzel and Dewey. Wetzel's was, as usual, surprisingly erudite and perceptive--if you discount his execrable grammar and abominable spelling, about which I have called him to task more than once. Some of his conclusion are a bit far-fetched, and his fondness for the perpendicular pronoun is noticeable, but all-in-all a valuable piece of Lovecraft research. By the way, you---who reprint from other people's mags--will find yourself reprinted from in this particular case; since this article will be a part of the commentary volume of the Lovecraft Collector's Library.

(Glad to hear it, of course. You fen out theremight be interested in contacting Bob in re SSR Publications, which outfit does a lot of fan-pubbing in the semi-pro field. Full-length (60,000 and up word) now--else the Lovecraft Collector's Library, and quite a bit else--ed.)

The Fanzine Review Column in Review

by Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska.

The fanzine reviews would, I believe, read better if they were all by the same reviewer. With several reviewers, it's hard (almost impossible) to try and draw any kind of comparison between the various zines. For example: Zine A appeals to its particular reviewer and gets a favorable review while Zine B doesn't appeal to the one reviewing it and gets an unfavorable sounding review, while the two zines may actually be equal. This way a fan who wasn't personally acquainted with both zines in question gets a somewhat distorted picture. I may be all wet on this, but that's the way it impresses me.

(In the first place, the reviews are stopping right now; the only new thing I will have in future issues will be the English column, and I'm not sure if this will be steady---I thinkkso, but I can't be sure. As far as distorted viewpoints go--what difference does it make? Maybe I am only expressing that emotional immaturity we talked about, Bob, but I don't think fan reviews make much difference. A faned will send his zine for a trade anyway, good or bad review, most of the time. A subber just doesn't hold that much sway over a reviewed ed.--ellik.)

"Even if my zine hadn't been mentioned I would have liked your zine."

Notice: White on Colored Paper

by Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia.

That Nelson fellow's going to hafta pay a lot for the Nov ish of SPACE for, as I recall, September saw the folding issue. . .

WERE-WINDOW was unreadable. I couldn't stand it. Typically typical of Brevizine. You are insulted, I'm sure. . .

Still no review of ZIP! I'm gonna stop plugging you if this don't see an end soon!

No--you drive. . .

(Nelson tells me (I don't read SPACE) that the Septish had the first installment of Pohl Anderson's serial, and he wants the second and final part. I don't know about it folding.--ed.)

BOOTS, BOOTS, MARCHING UP AND DOWN AGAIN, BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS, B
by PFC Claude Raye Hall US54100511, 517th Medical Co (Clf) (Sept),
APO 42, c/o PM, New York, NY.

(ed's note:- This letter was sent to Orville Mosher, who asked me to print it so that Claude might get more help thanjust Orv's.)

Dear Orville;

I'd always intended to write you on one pretense or another--but in a typical fannish fashion just never got around to doing it. I was in the process of building up the fan situation in Texas at that time. When the Army surprised me with orders for Europe---I naturally had to forget about a few of my fannish activities.

Thanks for the info on the fan-club in Korea---but don't send them any letters asking them to expect me to any group meetings. I'm stationed in Germany, and bus-fare is a bit high across two continents.

As for the prozine situation over here--it is not worth CENSORED! Galaxy is the only zine I can find on the Px stand. I've subbed to a couple of others and was going to sub to more---but the Army has my pay records all messed up and I could afford no more.

I've never despaired too much over the prozines, tho. It's fanzines that I'm worried about. My parents have forwarded a few on to me--just enough to whet my appetite. You know how fanzines are--

Do you know of any stfans in Germany? I'm situated in the Bad Kreuznach--which is about 10 or 12 miles from Bingen on the Rhine.

(Well, I'm sending Claude my zine, the poor boy. . . How's about the rest of you putting out one more copy each ish and sending it to the above address there? He'll appreciate it, I should hope--ed.)

"Omar? 'E wrote the H'Odyssey, didn't 'e?"

"I can see some justification for Milwaukee,
but why a Weega?"

"I guess we'll have to judge Abraham on his own
Merritts."

oh, please turn the page; there's much more, y'know. . .

EH?

by

Leonard Q. Gleicher, 1 Tenterden Gdns., London NW4, England.

I want to correct an error I made (in SO TELL ME ANOTHER, last ish --ed.). Pete Hamilton, jr., is yed of Nebula, not Pete Campbell, who is just a faned.

As for Larry B's short. Theoretically anyway, a rocket should be able to take off under water and, being airtight, the only way water could get in would be via the rocket tubes, and that would give 'em enough time to get into space suits. (Ahhhh, yer all wet. . .--ed!)

V. Paul Nowell: Thank you, kind sir. A bouquet to you for liking Pete's and my "column". Aside to Ron: What's the EH? for? I think it's good, so does Pete; otherwise we wouldn't write the damn' thing.

(True enough, Lenny, the column is interesting. The EH? tacked on the end of Paul's letter in #3 was his own. You see, old chapple, the ish he was commenting on was #2, which hadn't your column in it. But however, I had it listed on the contents page in hopes you'd get it in in time. Paul was trying to be funny.--ed.)

IT GRUE, AND GRUE, AND GRUE. . .

by

Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Copy of magazine arrives, showing, on cover, a picture of a man about to stomp on a space ship. I presume from the general tone that it is none other than our old friend FANTASTIC STORY MAG, right? (Give that fan a lead-plated Dewey campaign button while I finish this stencil--ed.)

Now I feel like an old fan! Yup, they are starting to anthologize tales I read when they first appeared. ASTEROID was in the first issue of VEGA I ever received, and that, in turn, was the first ish of a fanzine I received in the current seige of fanning. So it is a sort of landmark. Incidentally, soon after this story was published, Lear seemed to sink out of sight and vanished into the great outside world of non-fans. At least I never heard from him again and Joel says he didn't eigher.

MEDCON OR BUST: Pete Taylor did a nice job on this and I really liked it a lot. As for the tape session that went a-gley---that was cut here in my basement as narrated in Grue #18. As for the speaker sounding like an infuriated Donald Duck, they should have let it run its course . . .that was only Bloch, choking on a beer-cap which he was removing with his teeth...we went on in a more sober vein after just a bit.

(Chuck Lear writes yed that he is now at the University of California, at Berkeley, studing Engineering, and hopes to build a rocket. Hs is still a fan at heart, but says that, with all his work in college, he has no time for more than a few correspondents.

(Will relay your communique to the Lopsided Leerer of London--town and let him know that he should obtain the tape for a future London Circle meeting.--ed.)

As Lewis Carrol said in "Alice", 'Start at the beginning, and when you come to the end, stop.' THE END.