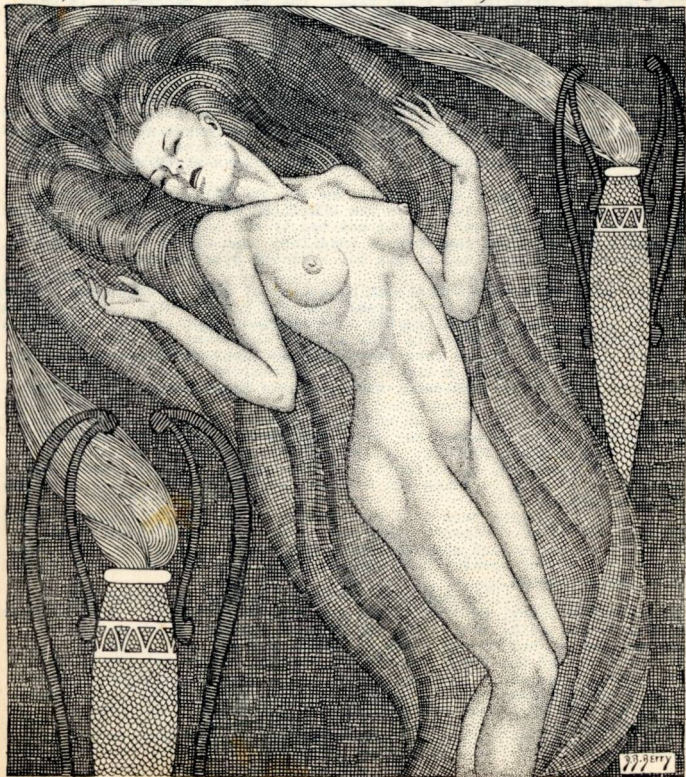


the FANSCIENT

25 ¢

No. 7

SPRING, 1949



33-BERRY
777

After closely examining the evidence, I've come to the inescapable conclusion that I'm nuts! "True," you may say, "But why bring that up now?" That's easy enough; I've just been going over the contents of this issue. In this, a more or less ordinary issue of **THE FANSCIENT**, there is (or are) not one, but three separate and distinct items, any one of which would rate individual publication as a fanish reference work.

To begin with, there's the Murray Leinster bibliography in **AUTHOR, AUTHOR**. Going back over thirty years and covering magazines from **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING** to **WEIRD TALES**, the work it represents is terrific. Without the help of Darrell Richardson and others it would have been impossible.

Next, we consider the **CHECKLIST OF BRITISH PROZINES**. The 187 items there really took some digging out. Ken Slater provided the backbone, of course, then we went to work over here. Other checklists were gone over, catalogues and ads were culled. Rumors were traced down and mail planes filled the air over the Atlantic as queries and answers sped back and forth. Finally the dope was all assembled as it appears on pages 8 - 10. If we've missed anything, it's sure been hiding. When we planned it, I thought it would take about a page. Just look at it now.

The final item in the why-the-hell-do-I-let-myself-in-for-these-things category is the **CHECKLIST OF FANTASY BOOKS IN PRINT** department. It involved sending out thirty-odd cards and letters to assemble the material just before deadline; then with a few publishers not yet heard from, I had to dig out probable data on them.

And on top of all that, there's a scintillating galaxy of your favorite fan authors and artists. The way I knock myself out for you 200-plus lovely people who've laid dough on the line for this peerless fanzine, not to mention the editors, fan and pro; Big Name Authors and other cultural hitchhikers.... Here I could have scattered the three above items out over a year and got a rep as a big-time fan journalist. Shut the door, Jaephus. The draft is blowing thru the hole in my head.

As you may have noted, the price goes up with this issue. It's partly the result of increased postage and other costs and partly to put **THE FANSCIENT** on a little sounder footing. At the old rates, even if we sold the entire 500 we print, it wouldn't meet our costs. With the new rates we hope to be able to bring you more and more stuff we've been planning for some time.

I'll take this opportunity to invite all you West Coast fans to the first Northwest conference which will take place on the occasion of the second anniversary of the **PSFS**, on Saturday, April 23. Any of you out-of-towners that can get here, drop us a line and let us know you're coming.

On the back cover you'll find an ad for Doc Keller's new story, written around the **FANTASY POSTCARDS**. When he wrote saying he was going to tie the ten diverse subjects into one story, I had my doubts, but he did a really remarkable job of it. If you're saving a set of the cards for your collection, better get the booklet. It makes a nice album for them as well as a nicely illustrated story.

Somehow we missed putting in an ad for the **CINVENTION**. If you haven't already, send your buck to Don Ford, 129 Maple Ave., Sharonville, Ohio for membership.

Volume 3,
Number 1.

the FANSCIENT

Whole Number 7
SPRING, 1949

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25¢ a copy

6 issues for \$1.00

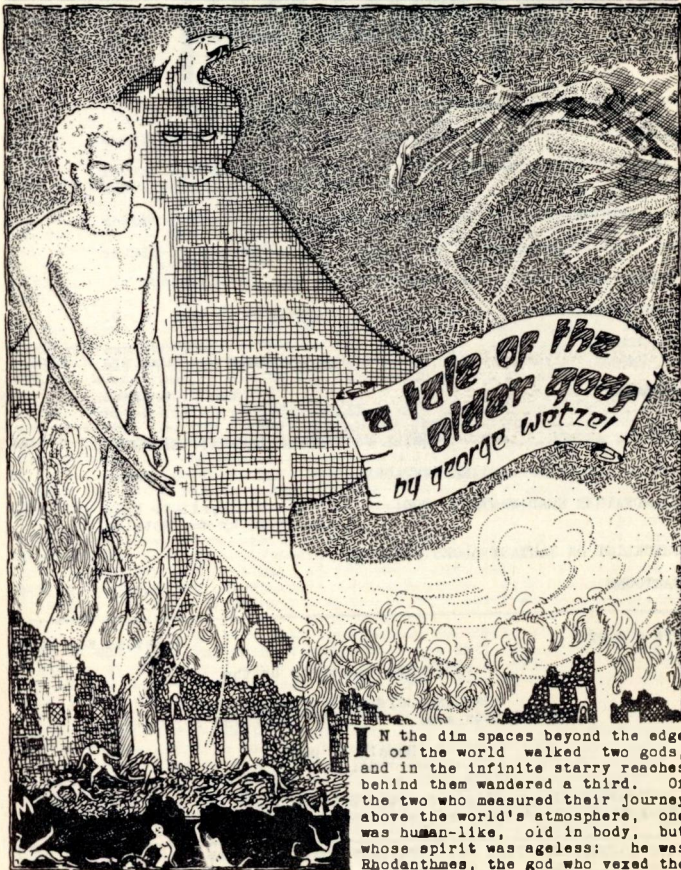
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Donald B. Day,
Editor

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BACK ISSUES: See Page 23. FANTASY ADS, laid out: \$2.50 page: \$1.50 1/2 page: 75¢ 1/4 page. \$1.00 Charge if we lay out. Write for layout size.



IN the dim spaces beyond the edge of the world walked two gods, and in the infinite starry reaches behind them wandered a third. Of the two who measured their journey above the world's atmosphere, one was human-like, old in body, but whose spirit was ageless: he was Rhodanthmes, the god who vexed the



brings all such palaces, towers and temples to ultimate dust in short days, while I must grind them beneath my feet for untold centuries."

In his wrath, Rhodanthmes looked closer at the wreckage wrought by the usurper Tanhk, and saw that that unseen god had pilfered one more of Rhodanthmes' powers; for on the wet sands lay men in awkward slumber, broken weapons and smoke about them. As Rhodanthmes studied this scene, a look of triumph spread over his face—there was one power he still retained full possession of which the marauder Tanhk could never claim.

"This scene is charged with a poignant sadness," spoke Rhodanthmes, "And many may think it will endure long in the memories of man. But there is no immemorial mark on the cosmos, for here both the Ocean and I will efface the impress of these motionless symbols from our sands."

And having said this, Rhodanthmes and his nebulous and sinister companion resumed their journey, following in angered curiosity the spoor of Tanhk which seemed to have spread like an infectuous growth; because everywhere upon the world below during the day all mankind was in dispute; mountains, valleys, shore and seas were fought over until they all possessed one prevailing color. But there came a time at dusk when all boundaries and dominions ceased to be, and, ironically enough, became the empire of a shadow that hushed all the earth with his tattered cloak.... THE END.

vain and great with his sand. His companion was but a dense darkness with but a suggestion of human form: he was Kul, the god whose comings and passings held stealth greater than that of the infamous felon of ancient Bagdad. And the last, the more distant god; he was but a vague shadow: of this god none knew his name or cared to know; for he was the poorest of all the gods and accepted eternal charity from Xanphcyon in the manner of receiving the Bright One's cast-off tattered raiment. The discerning could easily see the light that filtered through his tattered cloak.

An invisible but spiritually depressing aura pillared up from the world below and when they read this phenomena, Rhodanthmes and Kul gazed down.

"Tanhk has passed here before us," muttered Rhodanthmes and he pointed down to where the immense footprints of that god had leveled great cities to rubbish and where in other places, they were a trail of blood and mangled forms across desolate plains.

"Eons before, I trod slowly," commented the venerable Rhodanthmes to the eternally silent Kul, "Over the cities of Thebes, Babylon, Ys, Ptolemais and Rome, wearing their ruins smooth and level with my incessant tread. But Tanhk, who aspires to my dominion,



To discover the strange worlds created by E. R. Eddison is the experience of a lifetime. Of Eddison's four great novels, *THE WORM OUROBOROS* is head and shoulders above the rest. With its sorcerers and soldiers, magic and monstrous creatures and the wars of two great kingdoms of the planet Mercury, it is truly a CLASSIC OF FANTASY.



by
O. G.
ESTES.

The BRITISH Prozines

by Kenneth F. Slater

The editor of *THE FANSCIANT* writes and asks me to produce a short article and a large listing of British magazines, within the fantasy and science-fiction field.

It would be much easier to produce a short listing and a large article, as the production this side has been very spasmodic. The better magazines can be easily listed, but there have been many one-shots, usually undated and un-numbered, as well as numerous partial reprints of American magazines. However, I have listed all I know, and with some additions by the editor, the list should be at least reasonably complete.

Our most famous magazine was, of course, the *TALES OF WONDER* which was in production as early as 1937, lasting thru the early part of the war (which started for us in Sept. 1939). Fourteen issues were published before, in 1942, the paper-shortage killed it. The last issue was overprinted on the cover, telling its readers that it would be back after the war.....but we doubt if it will ever be revived now.

In 1938, *FANTASY* appeared for the first time and ran for three issues before it too collapsed due to the war. Since the war, Walt Gillings brought *FANTASY* back into the field and *NEW WORLDS* made its appearance. A well-produced one-shot, *OUTLANDS*, was put out by the Science-Fantasy Publications of Liverpool. *NEW WORLDS* made three issues and then its publishers failed due to the collapse of some subsidiary organizations. But *NEW*

WORLDS has not collapsed; Ted Carnell, the editor, bought the rights to the title and then went looking for finance. He found it in the pockets of the British fans and so *NEW WORLDS* will be with us again—this time to stay, we hope.

That tells you about the leading magazines that have existed this side of the water. Now for a few comments on the other stuff. The main reprints are of *ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION* and *UNKNOWN WORLDS*. The Street & Smith mags have been reprinted over here by Atlas Publications ever since Sept. 1939. It may surprise some American fans to see *UNKNOWN* still listed as a reprint, but as you will see from the Checklist, the British edition appeared less often than the American and, in addition, one British issue contained only about half the wordage of an American issue. Up till two issues ago, everything was fine; but then Atlas reached the end of the field and turned back to pick up stories they might have missed—and started to reprint their own reprints!

A source of confusion to collectors is the numbering of the British *ASTOUNDINGS* and *UNKNOWN*s. High volume numbers appear before low volume numbers and in the case of *UNKNOWN*, issues dated from five to seven years apart bear the same volume and number. The reason for this is that originally, the British edition bore the same numbers as the American issues with the same cover. This got completely out of hand when publication became irregular and numbering was

abandoned from 1943 till 1945 when a new series was adopted, going back and counting the first British issue as Vol. 1, No. 1. While the numbers shown in the list may appear cockeyed, they are correct.

And now the other "stuff"—I say stuff advisedly because although some of the material is good, for the most part, the printing and makeup is not so good. In fact, it has frequently been terrible. Because of the paper shortage, there is no return of unsold copies. Every-

thing a shop buys, it MUST sell or lose on. So the publishers help by publishing oddments of booklets usually undated, which the dealers can carry for ages.

I am sorry that I can't give you more definite information about a lot of these items, but I have personally never bothered to buy most of them. I've borrowed other people's, because the average price has been 40¢ and I have seen better fanzines at 5¢.

Capt. Slater's list has been added to from all available sources, particularly the FANTASY FOUNDATION and NFFF Checklists, in an effort to make it complete. There may be a few items that are not magazines, where possible, publisher's dating and numbering has been shown. n/d means undated issue; n/# means unnumbered issue. We've tried to make this complete and error-free. If errors are found, blame—The Editor.

A CHECKLIST of BRITISH SCIENCE-FICTION and FANTASY MAGAZINES

AMAZING ADVENTURES Hamilton & Co., London.

No definite data available. Believed to be one issue n/# n/d 1946.

AMAZING STORIES (British Reprint Ed.) Ziff-Davis, London.

1946 No 1 n/d

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION (British Reprint Ed.) Atlas Pub & Dist. Co.

No 2 n/d

1939

	23/6	24/7	24/8	24/9	24/10	24/11	24/12	24/1	24/2	24/3	24/4
1940	24/9 Je40	24/6 F140	25/1 Bh40	25/2 Ap40	25/3 My40	25/4 Je40	25/5 J140	25/6 Au40	25/7 S140	25/8 O140	25/9 N140
1941	26/9 Je41	26/6 F141	26/1 Bh41	26/2 Ap41	26/3 My41	26/4 Je41	26/5 J141	26/6 Au41	26/7 S141	26/8 O141	26/9 N141
1942	28/9 Je42	28/6 F142	28/1 Bh42	28/2 Ap42	28/3 My42	28/4 Je42	28/5 J142	28/6 Au42	28/7 S142	28/8 O142	28/9 N142
1943	30/7 Je43	30/4 F143	30/1 Bh43	30/2 Ap43	30/3 My43	30/4 Je43	30/5 J143	30/6 Au43	30/7 S143	30/8 O143	30/9 N143
1944	31/7 Je44	31/4 F144	31/1 Bh44	31/2 Ap44	31/3 My44	31/4 Je44	31/5 J144	31/6 Au44	31/7 S144	31/8 O144	31/9 N144
1945	4/9 Je45	4/6 F145	4/1 Bh45	4/2 Ap45	4/3 My45	4/4 Je45	4/5 J145	4/6 Au45	4/7 S145	4/8 O145	4/9 N145
1946	5/2 Je46	5/1 F146	5/1 Bh46	5/2 Ap46	5/3 My46	5/4 Je46	5/5 J146	5/6 Au46	5/7 S146	5/8 O146	5/9 N146
1947	5/8 Je47	5/5 F147	5/1 Bh47	5/2 Ap47	5/3 My47	5/4 Je47	5/5 J147	5/6 Au47	5/7 S147	5/8 O147	5/9 N147
1948	6/2 Je48	6/1 F148	6/1 Bh48	6/2 Ap48	6/3 My48	6/4 Je48	6/5 J148	6/6 Au48	6/7 S148	6/8 O148	6/9 N148

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES (British Reprint Edition) Ziff-Davis, London.

1946 No 1 n/d

FANTASY (prewar) George Newnes, Ltd., London.

1938

1939

No 2 1939

No 3 1939

CHECKLIST OF BRITISH FANTASY MAGAZINES

FANTASY (postwar) Temple Bar Publishing Co., Ltd., London.

1946

1947

1/2 Apr '47

1/3 Aug '47

1/1 Dec '46

FIRESIDE GHOST STORIES World's Work, Ltd., London.

1938 (?) One issue only.

FUTURE (British Reprint) Gerald G. Swan, Ltd., London.

1948 No 11 of SWAN AMERICAN LAGS series. n/d

FUTURISTIC STORIES Hamilton & Co., Ltd., London.

1946 (?) n/# n/d (Nov.?) Contains 3 short stories.

1947 n/# n/d " 1 story, DARK ASTEROID.

GHOSTS AND GOBLINS World's Work, Ltd., London.

1938 (?) One issue only.

NEW FRONTIERS (An occult mag.)

1946 No 1, 1946

No 2 1946

NEW WORLDS Pendulum Publications, Ltd., London.

1946

1947

1/1 1946

1/2 1946

1/3 n/d

OCCULT SHORTS Gerald G. Swan, Ltd., London.

1946 No 1 n/d No 2 n/d

OUTLANDS Outlands Pub (Science-Fantasy Publications), Liverpool.

1946 First issue, winter 1946

PENDULUM FANTASY SERIES Pendulum Publications, Ltd., London.

1946 No 1 (Jinn and Jitters)

PENDULUM SPACE TIME SERIES Pendulum Publications, Ltd., London.

1946 No 1 (Wings Across Time) No 2 (Other Eyes Watching)

SCIENCE FICTION (British Reprint Edition)

1939

1/4 Oct '39 1/5 Dec '39

SCIENCE FICTION LIBRARY

1944 (?) n/# n/d

SCOOPS C. Arthur Pearson, Pub. (Juvenile level fantasy)

1934

1/1 Feb 10'34	1/6 Mar 17'34	1/11 Apr 21'34	1/16 May 26'34
1/2 Feb 17'34	1/7 Mar 24'34	1/12 Apr 28'34	1/17 Jun 2'34
1/3 Feb 24'34	1/8 Mar 31'34	1/13 May 5'34	1/18 Jun 9'34
1/4 Mar 5'34	1/9 Apr 7'34	1/14 May 12'34	1/19 Jun 16'34
1/5 Mar 10'34	1/10 Apr 14'34	1/15 May 19'34	1/20 Jun 23'34

STRANGE ADVENTURES Hamilton & Co., Ltd., London.

1946 n/# n/d (Nov.?)

1947 n/# n/d Contents: 1 story, THE GREEN DIMENSION.

STRANGE TALES Utopian Publications.

1946 No 1 n/d

No 2 n/d

SWAN AMERICAN LAGS Gerald G. Swan, Ltd., London.

1948 No 11 n/d FUTURE (Other Nos. were Western & Detective)

SWAN YANKEE (SCIENCE FICTION) (WEIRD SHORTS) G. G. Swan, Ltd., London.

1942 No 3 n/d SWAN YANKEE SCIENCE FICTION (early 1942)

No 6 n/d SWAN YANKEE WEIRD SHORTS (" 1942)

No 11 n/d SWAN YANKEE SCIENCE FICTION (spring 1942)

No 19 n/d SWAN YANKEE WEIRD SHORTS (May 1942)

No 21 n/d SWAN YANKEE SCIENCE FICTION (July 1942)

(Other numbers in this series were different types of magazines.)

TALES OF TERROR World's Work, Ltd., London.

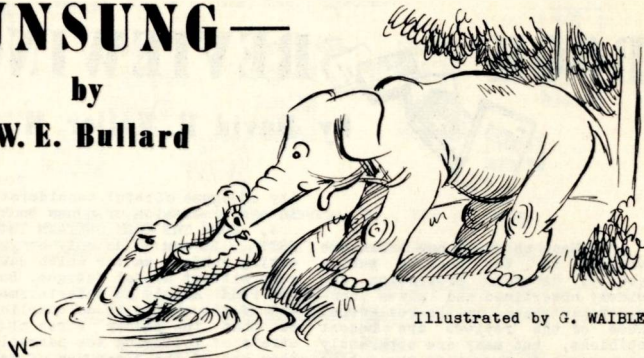
1938 One issue. (Believed to be others but no data available.)

TALES OF THE UNCANNY World's Work, Ltd., London.

1938 Two issues. (No further details available.)

UNSUNG—

by
W. E. Bullard



Illustrated by G. WAIBLE

ONE of the better science-fiction writers has so far been unproclaimed, perhaps because he has not recently appeared in any of the zines, fan- or pro-. Then too, his principal audience has been the pre-stf age group and its parents. We refer, of course, to H. Kipling, the author; and to his "Just So Stories" as examples.

Let us examine the evidence. Here is a series of well-written, interesting pieces based on close observation of nature. Each seeks to explain some contemporary phenomenon. The explanations are rigorous; and it is surely an accident that they are incorrect. Nature, however, with a multiplicity of choices available, does not often pick the most logical, and therefore is inferior to authors.

In the story of the Elephant's Child, with his 'satiable curiosity and his host of intolerant relatives, we have a good combination of scientific observations from natural history. The reactions of our here, "Elephant's Child", as portrayed are pure psychoecology—

one of the most integrated of the sciences. The results of the contest with the Crocodile provide the fiction. The superb style, the fine perception of beauty, the exquisite choice of words—all are obvious in the lyrical alliteration: "—the great grey-green greasy Limpopo River all set about with fever trees."

These days, of course, good writing must have Social Significance. Kipling does not fail us there. His theme in this first story is the importance of the family unit and of relations within that unit. The measure of the success of his treatment of the subject lies in the fact that it goes far beyond the plot of his story. It reaches the audience itself, and draws closer the reader parent and the listener child. What other stf author can make this claim.

We come next to the story of how the Rhinoceros got his skin. Here the subject changes; we find this drama based on the clash of two singular alien cultures. With uninhibited imagination, the author

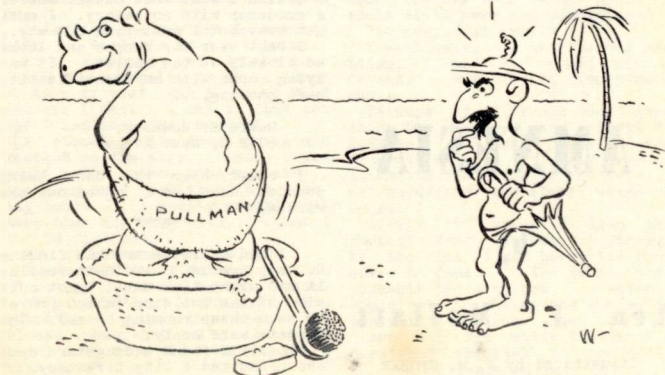
places the action on a teetotally uninhabited island. Completely impartial, he has us sympathizing at one stage with the Parsee, finally with the Rhinoceros. There is a thread of humor that holds the attention, and a delightful charm in the descriptions. Who could but thrill to the hat which gleamed in the sun with "more than Oriental splendor"?

The science is again biological; but then, stf of late has been leaning too strongly on the physical—meta, para and A. If we remember that Kipling wrote before the time of great mechanistic advance, a whole generation ago, we should be able to excuse his preoccupation. The fiction lies in the sanitary habits of the Rhinoceros and the number of buttons on his ulster. The literary quality may be overshadowed by the plot; but the workmanship is obvious. The moral is stated directly: "Them that takes cakes which the Parsee bakes," etc. There can be no quibbling here.

Labor relations are an age-old

problem, as Kipling shows us in the tale of the Camel and his hump. The diversity of interests that make him a great author are apparent here, as he turns to a sociological science. There is a minor weakness in this work, involving a semantic confusion between "hump" and "humph". Of course such false to facts identifications can ruin a story, but in this case, so well is it exploited, it makes the plot. The fiction correlates supernatural occurrences with the everyday trivia, giving no valid explanations. As every fan knows, there is always a logical explanation for the supernatural. Again, we must remember the times and the relative degree of enlightenment. It is possible, tho doubtful, that the author is referring to an early appearance of the flying discs.

One thing may be said for all these stories; that their length is compensated by their brevity. They are to be particularly recommended for that quiet (?) evening at home with the kiddies. You will love them even if they don't.





AMNESIA

by

Len J. Moffatt

Illustrated by J. M. HIGBEE

I stared down at the dead man sprawled on the floor. Beside him lay a revolver—still smoking—and his wallet—which must have dropped from his pocket when he fell.

I was trying to remember. I had two distinct impressions but no complete memory of what had happened. I couldn't remember my name. I didn't know where I was..

But the two impressions:
"I had killed this man!"
"After shooting him, I had dropped the revolver!"

No memory. Amnesia. Why had I killed him? Who was I?

Evidently the shock of committing the murder had jolted my mind. I looked around me. It was a dingy little room. One door which must have led to a hallway. One window and outside of it a rickety fire-escape.

Someone was coming. I could hear the footsteps on a stairway. Now the feet were tramping down the hallway. Someone must have heard the shot, waited fearfully for a few minutes, then decided to investigate.

I didn't want to be caught there. A murderer with no memory. I must get away; but I must find out why..

I bent over the corpse and looked closely at the wallet. It was lying open with an identification card showing....

David S. Howkson,
6732 N. West Avenue

I could hear the door being pounded down as I moved out the window.

I had a little trouble finding N. West Avenue. I didn't realize it was night time until I got outside of the building (which proved to be a cheap rooming house). The streets were empty.

Finally I found a drugstore open and consulted a City Directory. I

discovered that N. West Avenue crossed the street I was on, just four blocks away. But the sixty-seven hundred block was at least ten blocks east.

There were a few cars moving up and down N. West Avenue but I didn't see one bus all the way.

By the time I reached the sixty-seven hundred block I was rather tired.

And all the time I was trying desperately to remember!

6732 proved to be a small bungalow set well back in a large front yard. I crept up to the house and peered into the front room thru a window from which streamed yellow, artificial light.

A woman was moving about inside. She was plump, thirtyish and she looked as tired as I felt. A small bandage over her left eye stood out in the bright light of the room. She seemed to be walking about aimlessly as tho she were looking for something to do, something to occupy her thoughts or...

I decided she was the dead man's wife. I wondered if she knew me.

If I summoned her to the door would she recognize me as an enemy or as a friend? But I had to find out who I was... I had to find out why I had committed murder!

I stood on the front porch and knocked on the door. Lord, I was weak! The shock...the amnesia...the long trip here from the rooming house.....I really needed rest more than anything else. But I had to find out.

She didn't come to the door

I summoned every faltering ounce of energy in me and knocked again.

"I'm knocking," I thought, "I'm knocking at your door. Answer it! Please answer it! I'm a murderer and I must know who I am and why I killed..."

Finally the door opened. She stood there staring wide-eyed at the darkness, trying to see me.

"Who's there?" she asked, tiredly, and then again with a touch of fear in her voice, "Who's...there?"

I tried to speak to her and my voice seemed weak and far away. Again I strained and managed to ask:

"Are you Mrs. David Howkson?"

"Yes..."

"You don't know me?" It was a plea. She had to know me. Someone had to know me. I felt so tired and so...so shut in. I felt as tho I were carrying some great burden. The burden of amnesia and more...

"I can barely see you," she said, "Your voice seems familiar; if you'd only speak louder..."

She leaned out of the doorway towards me and I moved closer to her, putting my face close to hers....

Terror filled her wide eyes. Wildly she screamed, "Y-you... y-you..."

The door slammed shut and I heard the key turn in the lock. I could still hear her screaming.

"Go away...go away!"

I went away. I had learned one thing. I was an enemy, not a friend. But I still didn't know why....

Perhaps if I found out more about the murdered man, David S. Howkson. I could learn no more from his wife. I would have to return to the scene of the crime... as murderers are always supposed to do.

Slowly I wandered down the street. Weary, so weary. Perhaps by the time I got there the body would be gone. The police were probably there by now. Maybe I would have to follow the corpse to the police station. How....

And all the while the two big questions throbbed in the back-

(Continued on Page 26)



*Will F. Jenkins
"Murray Leinster."*

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

WILL F. JENKINS
<MURRAY LEINSTER>

For close to thirty years, the name of Murray Leinster has been synonymous with entertaining reading to fantasy readers. It is only in the last few years, however, that it has become generally well known that "Murray Leinster" is a pen-name of Will F. Jenkins, whose stories have appeared in *COLLIERS*, *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST* and other slick magazines as well as all of the better pulps.

William Fitzgerald Jenkins has been writing ever since his teens. He started to use the "Murray Leinster" name because George Jean Nathan flattered him, as a kid, into thinking he should save his own name exclusively for Nathan's highly sophisticated and generally high-hat magazine, *THE SMART SET*. By the time he found out his mis-

take, "Murray Leinster" was a trademark he couldn't afford to throw away so he used it until he began to write for the slick magazines. They preferred to use a name not so well known for boss-opera, detective stories, adventure stuff and—perhaps—science-fiction.

Mr. Jenkins' home, "Ardudwy", in Virginia, dates from Colonial times. In Gloucester County, thirty miles from a railroad, it used to be owned by the first man to be hanged in the state of Virginia.

The most fans know his work well, few know anything of Will F. Jenkins himself, so it is with pleasure that we now hear from him.

There was a time when I thought that to be asked to write a biographical sketch of myself would

be wonderful. I thought I was glamorous then. Now I don't feel that way, so I'm going to give the

vital statistics and spend the rest of what space is allotted me, urging a stunt I think fans and fan magazines could do for fun and the greater glory of science-fiction.

I was born in Norfolk, Virginia. My great-great-great-great-great-great (seven greats) grandfather was a Colonial Governor of North Carolina, and in the family we insist that he was the Governor of North Carolina who said to the Governor of South Carolina that it was a damned long time between drinks. Historically, there was no South Carolina at that time, but we consider that he was talking to himself. My first writing was published when I was thirteen years old, at seventeen I began to sell fillers and epigrams to *SMART SET* magazine, and at twenty-one I became a free-lance writer. I have been on just two payrolls since. One was the Committee on Public Information in World War I, before I got into the army—I was fabulously underweight—and the other was the Office of War Information in World War II.

Altogether, I have had something like twelve hundred stories published in magazines ranging from the *TEN STORY BOOK* (when I was eighteen years old) to the *SATURDAY EVENING POST*, *COLLIERS* and *AMERICAN* with most other magazines in between. I've had eighteen books published, have two more under contract, have had about a dozen movies produced and have seen my work published in eight languages and Braille and—this is the payoff—consider that I may have turned out as many as six honest-to-god good yarns in my life. Some people may cut it down to four, but I hope it's six.

For the rest of the statistics, I have been married to the same wife far longer than is considered respectable these days, go to the

Catholic Church—not early mass—on Sundays, have four daughters, a house my seven-times-great-grandfather might have had a drink in, and am trying to make it seven good stories before I die, and if possible, eight.

Most writers of science-fiction don't write anything else. I do. I had pretty well established markets for other types of fiction before I did "The Runaway Skyscraper" for *ARGOSY*, around 1918-19. I had always been a fan, but I was afraid I couldn't do it myself. I got away with that, and have been writing science-fiction ever since. I'm an incurable gad-gateer, and I like enormously to set up a theory and then track down its consequences. The result is the type of story that fans have read under the Murray Leinster signature.

That trick of theorizing and then trying to see what the theory implies is responsible for nearly all my science-fiction. I think that "Sidewise in Time" was the first of the parallel-time-track yarns to see print. I am inclined to take credit for another genre of "Proxima Centauri", which I think was the progenitor. I think that in "The Morrison Monument" I wrote the time-travel story which should have ended all time-travel stories, but didn't, and I think I am not sure—that in "Symbiosis" in *COLLIERS*, (a Will Jenkins yarn) that I did the first biological-warfare yarn. But such matters are only curiosities.

Science-fiction, however, is more than a curiosity. I believe that it contributes definitely, if indirectly, to the progress of science and the pattern of the future. There is a good deal of evidence that it presaged, if it did not traceably produce, the devices and happenings of the present. In my own yarns, for in-

stance, I find that in "Terror Above", in *COLLIERS*, was explained the necessity of Giant Bombing Planes and the theoretical advantages of blockbusters, years before either were produced. In a yarn called "Morale", the tank-plane combination, which made the German Blitz in World War II, appeared in detail, years before the Germans used them. In the same yarn, the LST was plainly prefigured. In "Preview of Tomorrow", in *CORONET*, I actually happened to describe with some particularity a super-sonic rocket-plane and the ending of the war in an atomic explosion in Japan.

I could extend that list from my own work. Taking in other writers' stories, I could carry it on indefinitely. As far as I know, there is only one modern device of great importance which was not old stuff to science-fiction readers when it was first described as working. The exception was the electron microscope, and I think it's an exception solely because it doesn't lend itself to fictional use. And there is my point for this article.

Right now, the prophecies in which we sci-fi addicts take such pride are made only by people who can both dream up gadgets and write readable fiction. But there are people who can dream up gadgets but not write hot action. They could write pseudo-factual articles which would be fascinating, but there is nowhere where such articles would be welcomed.

That's where I think the fans and fan magazines could come up with a contribution to the future. Why shouldn't there be pseudo-technical as well as fictional data on the future? Kipling's accompanying magazine departments and advertisements to "With the Night Mail" are a perfect example of what I have in mind. Commercial magazines won't touch the stuff.

There's no regular source for it, but fan magazines could develop it. Read Kipling's stuff and you'll see what could be done. A fan magazine could duplicate—save for gossip columns, for example—an issue of *SPACEWAYS* for 1967, and might feature besides its advertisements, an article like "So You're Going to Mars" which would be a chatty, non-technical account of space-ship routine as a passenger sees it, with advice on etiquette, space-sickness, the space-port regulations and so on. There could be an article on Mercutian artifacts from the twilight zone, a blistering discussion of IFC rulings on salvage, perhaps some vox-pop letters, and that sort of thing. The advertisements ought to be good sport too. Just how would the rest resorts in the Halmas—"the only hills on Mars!"—push their wares? And how would the space-suit makers—for private space-yachts mostly—describe their competitive features? What would they be advertising that simply doesn't make sense to us now? Your grandfather, if he'd seen only fifty years ago the regulation advertisements of a television set, neatly equipped with what he'd think was a framed picture, simply couldn't make head or tail of the advertisement. Radio would not mean a thing. He wouldn't believe in a dishwasher ad and a "deep-freeze" would be quite cryptic.

A single issue like that ought to be fun. But what might be called a pre-print policy needn't go that far. A pre-print of a travel article, "The Cities of Titan" from *HOLIDAY* of July, 2042, would be alright as a feature in itself. *THE NATIONAL ASTROGRAPHIC MAGAZINE* should have some swell stuff—non-fiction—in almost any issue from 2021 on. And if space could be found for book-reviews, one would like to get a look at

"Modern Tube-Room Practice" even in a review, with comments (the book will be published by Spaceways Publishers, Venus City, 2038, Cr 2.50 post-paid to Earth) on the newest dodges in emergency insulation for the high voltages they'll be using and what to do when your fuel polymerizes.... And even the digest magazines ought to yield some good stuff, too. I heroically refrain from suggesting that pre-prints from a digest magazine would be predigested. But most readers would like to see at least extracts from "Space Drives and the Limit of Speed", the classic by Titlow. And by all means that misprint in the third chapter, which instantly gave Faussin the

How about it, fans? Can you do it? If you've got any ideas in line with the above suggestions, write them up and send them in. If we get enough good stuff, we'll devote all or part of a future issue to it.

—The Editor.

INDEX to SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES by WILL F. JENKINS

Title	Magazine	Date
Devil on Apur, The (Off-trail)	Adventure	Oct. 1947
From Beyond the Stars	Thrilling Wonder	June 1947
Logic Named Joe, A	Astounding S-F	Mar. 1946
Logic Named Joe, A	Astounding (British)	Aug. 1948
Man who Blew Up a W. The	Blue Book	May 1939
MURDER OF THE U. S. A.	N Argosy	
MURDER OF THE U. S. A. (Book)	CROWN PUBLISHERS, N. Y.	1946
MURDER OF THE U. S. A. (Pocket Book)	QUINN PUBLISHING CO.,	1947
Preview of Tomorrow	Coronet	1944
Symbiosis	Colliers	June 14, 1947
Terror Above	Colliers	(?) Early '40's
Web, The (Off-trail)	Good Housekeeping	Sep. 1944

SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES under the name of MURRAY LEINSTER

Adapter	Astounding S-F	Mar. 1946
Adapter	Astounding (British)	Aug. 1948
Beyond the Sphinxes' Cave	Astounding	Nov. 1933
Black Galaxy, The	Startling Stories	Mar. 1949
Boomerang Circuit, The	Thrilling Wonder	June 1947
Borneo Devils	Amazing Stories	Feb. 1933
Challenge from Beyond, The	Fantasy Magazine	Sep. 1935
(w/Stanley G. Weinbaum, Donald Wandrei, E. E. Smith & Harl Vincent)		
City of the Blind, The	Argosy	Dec. 28, 1929
Crime on Tristan	Argosy	Nov. 14, 1936

The FANSCIANT

germ of the first working faster-than-light drive, should be included.

Do you see? Kipling had a good trick in "With the Night Mail", and it's time it was used again. Fan magazines could do it. And it wouldn't necessarily be only a stunt. John Campbell, Bob Heinlein, Isaac Asimov and some others may not go into details, but they'll assure you, as I do, that not all dream gadgets of science-fiction have stayed dreams.

For the hell of it and as a completely possible contribution to the pattern of the future, won't somebody try this trick?

Please!

—Will F. Jenkins.

WILL F. JENKINS Bibliography

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De Profundis	Thrilling Wonder	Min. 1945
Disciplinary Circuit, The	Thrilling Wonder	Min. 1946
Earth Shaker, The (4 parts)	N Argosy	Apr. 15, 1933
End, The	Thrilling Wonder	Dec. 1946
Eternal Now, The	Thrilling Wonder	Fall 1944
Athical Equations, The	Astounding S-F	June 1945
Extra Intelligence	Argosy	Nov. 30, 1935
Fifth-Dimensional Catapult, The	Astounding	Jan. 1931
Fifth-Dimensional Tube, The	Astounding	Jan. 1933
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Fourth Dimensional Demonstrator, The	Astounding	Dec. 1935
Friends	Startling Stories	Jan. 1947
Ghost Planet, The	Thrilling Wonder	Dec. 1948
"—If You Can Get It."	Astounding S-F	Nov. 1943
Incident on Calypso	Startling Stories	Fall 1945
Incredible Invasion, The (5 parts)	N Astounding	Aug. 1936
Interference	Astounding S-F	Oct. 1945
Invasion	Astounding	Mar. 1933
Ju Ju	Thrill Book	Oct. 15, 1919
Laws of Chance, The	Startling Stories	Mar. 1947
Like Dups	Thrilling Wonder	Apr. 1946
Lost Race, The	Thrilling Wonder	Apr. 1949
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Mad Planet, The	Argosy	June 12, 1920
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Mad Planet, The	Tales of Wonder	Apr. 1939
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Man in the Iron Cap, The	N Startling Stories	Nov. 1947
Meanless Worlds, The	Thrilling Wonder	Feb. 1947
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Morale	Astounding	Dec. 1931
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Murderer, The	Weird Tales	Jan. 1930
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Oh, Aladdin	All story	Jan. 11, 1919
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Storm That Had To Be Stopped, The	Argosy	Mar. 1, 1930
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Things Pass By	Thrilling Wonder	Sum. 1945
Thousand Degrees Below Zero, A	Thrill Book	July 15, 1919
Tight Place	Astounding S-F	July 1945
Time to Die	Astounding S-F	Jan. 1947
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Assignment on Pasik	Thrilling Wonder	Feb. 1949
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Gregory Circle, The	Thrilling Wonder	Apr. 1947
Nameless Something, The	Thrilling Wonder	June 1947
Seven Temporary Moons, The	Thrilling Wonder	Feb. 1948

This bibliography covers only the science-fiction and fantasy stories of Will F. Jenkins and is believed to be complete in those fields, which account for approximately 10% of his published work. It was assembled from the files of Donald B. Day and Darrell C. Richardson with additional material supplied by Ted Dikty, Stanley Haynes, G. Mel Lee, Gene Sylvester, Forrest J. Ackerman and Mr. Jenkins.

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ILLUSTRATION for PROXIMA CENTAURI by MURRAY LEINSTER. O. G. ESTES.

This is one of the illustrations drawn for the forthcoming Murray Leinster book, "Sidewise in Time", which will be published by Shasta in May. It was omitted from the book as being too gruesome.

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No 3	Cov-Day. AA-E. E. Smith, Ph. D. Ladd, Keller, Day, Klingbiel, Baldwin, Moffatt, Phillips, Waible, Higbee	.25 ea.
No 4	Cov-Waible. AA-Jack Williamson. LEGEND OF INTER-PLANETARY-Neil R. Jones, Moskowitz, Carson, Berry	.25 ea.
No 5	Cov-Photo of JAEPHUS. AA-Keller. EXTRAPOLATION by Henry Kuttner + Miles Eaton, Day, Grossman, Waible	.25 ea.
No 6	Cov-Ruth Newbury. AA-Ray Bradbury. SEVEN AGES OF FAN by Robert Bloch + Berry, Eaton, Ladd, Phillips.	.25 ea.

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GRANDFATHER Read FANTASY, Too!

by THYRIL L. LADD

Personally, as a reader of all types of bizarre fiction, I have found much of my greatest pleasure among those books of fantasy and scientific fiction which were issued back before 1900—when grandfather was enjoying them as something new.

This is meant in no way to belittle or disregard the many excellent stories which are being written today, but it seems to me that the fantasy reader who confines himself entirely to the 20th Century output of fantasy, has denied himself some very real fun.

What makes these old-timers so fascinating? Probably a considerable list of reasons could be compiled, but I think—perhaps more than anything else—they were so good because the writer of that day had one object which he felt was more important than anything else—to tell a good story! With these writers of the 90's, the tale was the thing, and they were not afraid to let their imagination have full play, and they packed their stories with thrills.

Too wild? Too much sword-play, blood-spilling or scenes of peril? I think some of our present-day writers practice too much restraint in this direction. Surely many of the pieces acclaimed as classics (The Odyssey, much of Shakespeare, etc.) indicate that the greatest of writers have always realized that life has many grim moments, and that people like to read of perilous situations.

Lack of skillfully created atmosphere? These writers did not need carefully prepared introductory matter to create a malignant or tense mood. They simply let that all develop as the tale itself progressed, and they soon had

the reader tensed to the atmosphere of their tale, without preliminary paragraphs so much like an announcement—"This will be told in an atmosphere of horror."

There isn't space, and it would be a task savoring too much of statistical information, to proceed with any long list of the thrillers of Grandfather's day, but we can comment on a few of them.

H. G. Wells, of course, entertained Grandfather with his excellently constructed novels, fortunately still well-known today. But so did others, whose tales are, probably, not so well known. How many readers, say, have thrilled to the exciting adventures of the men who find themselves at the lost monastery in Albert Clark's "The Finding of Lot's Wife," (1896), where the final climax comes in a huge cavern where stands the salt-figure of Biblical fame?—and all around the gleaming white statue men kneeling in awe—dead—frozen in the very attitude in which they first saw the salt statue of Lot's Wife—frozen in death by its powerful allure. Men from every

chapter of civilization—Saracens, Crusaders, Savages, Knights in armor, Romans in plumed helmets. Indeed there is power in this old tale.

Can any more potent monster of the sea be conceived than the mailed vessel in Mae Pemberton's "The Iron Pirate" (1897), or a more fascinatingly bizarre situation than when the storm-lost U. S. Naval vessel (driven into the Antarctic) meets the full-sailed craft of 16th Century England, with its crew all bedecked in the raiment of the day, and unaware

of the progress the world has since made—as told in Edward T. Bouvel's "Centuries Apart" (1894).

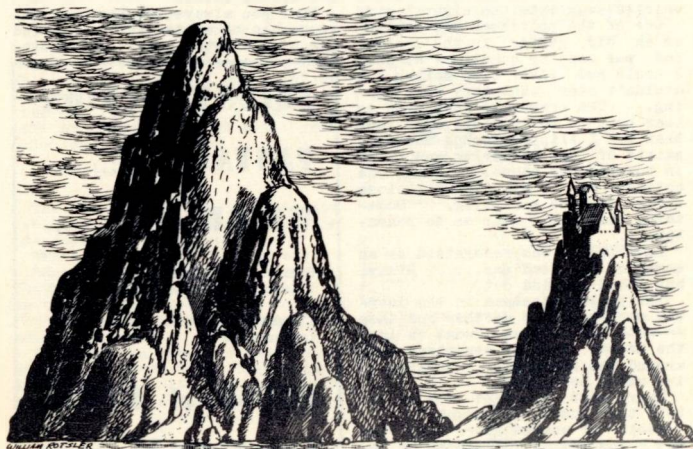
To mention a few more:—think of the great cities; the strange machines of the people of the inner world found by the explorers in William R. Bradshaw's "The Goddess of Atvatabar" (1892); the curious death-loving race in James de Mille's "A Strange Manuscript Found In a Copper Cylinder" (1888); the revolt of the downtrodden, the pile of skulls in Ignatius Donnelly's "Caesar's Column" (1891); the strange tube-trains and submerged St. Louis in "A.D. 2000" (1890) by Lt. Alvarado M. Fuller; the weird sorceries and necromancies in Mrs. Richard Greenough's "Arabesques" (1872); the evolution of man as a creature with wings, in "The Secret of Apollonius Septrio" (in Leonard Kip's "Hannibal's Men and Other Stories", (1878); the hieroglyphic

records of the mighty lost civilization, as found carved on the walls of the secret room in the Great Pyramid, and told in Louis Lombard's "The Vicious Virtuoso" (1898).

There are many, many more! The complaint is heard that the science is inaccurate. Consider, please, the date of the tales. Also decide whether to read for the pleasure of reading or to deliberately hunt for flaws. The old time writer did not care too much as to accuracy of his scientific data, providing his tale was appealing and smoothly told.

Our present-day fantasy writer offers us much, and I read and enjoy his work. But it is a disfavor to oneself to ignore and pass by those many marvelous tales which gave Grandfather so much exciting reading.

THE END.



AMNESIA (Continued)

ground.
"Who?" "Why?"

It was still the middle of night but a small crowd was gathered outside of the rooming house. The sirens must have attracted them. They were dressed and half-dressed, mumbling to each other, shivering in the night air, quietly curious as to what had happened.

Four white-clad men came out of the house bearing the sheeted body on a stretcher. They were followed by several men in plain clothes (the Homicide Squad, no doubt) and two bored looking reporters. One of the reporters was screwing a new bulb into his flash camera.

The stretcher-bearers deposited their burden in an ambulance which whirled away into the night.

One of the policemen had cornered an old gaffer in the doorway and was popping questions at him. I could see their lips moving but couldn't hear what they were saying. The crowd was straining to hear too, but with no more luck than I. I slipped around the outskirts of the gathering and crept in towards the house. If no one noticed me I might get close enough to hear something. Something that would help me to remember....

But if I was recognized as an enemy of the dead man.... Risky, but I had to find out.

The plainclothesman in the doorway was joined by another and they—with the old man—went on into the house. The two reporters hung around the front door, talking to the other policeman.

There must be some way to get into that house, I thought.

Fool! Of course there was. The way I got out. The window to the murder room! If it wasn't guarded. It wasn't!

The two detectives and the old man were talking right outside the doorway to the room. They were probably going to come back into the room at any moment but I had to listen. I got behind the half-open door and heard....

"....like I said, a really nasty man," (it was the old man speaking) "In this hotel business, I've run up against all kinds but this fellow....Wal, I'll stick my neck out and say his kind is better off dead. Drunk. Always drunk. And mean drunk, too. Came here to sleep it off. Hear tell he beat his wife when he did stay home. Just plain no good. Had money too.... Ain't that life for ya? A louse like him has money left to him and he spends it on liquor and God knows what else. 'Ya know something else? His wife had to work for a living...mighta starved for all he cared!"

"But you always let him have the room when he wanted it?" inquired one of the detectives, sarcastic-

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AMNESIA

ally, "Especially if he had some of his money with him...."

"Naturally!" snapped the old man, "Them as pays, gets! This ain't the waldorf, ya know. Say, you're not trying to pin this thing on me, are ya? I wouldn't kill nobody for love nor money, no sir! Why, listen here...."

"Take it easy, Pop," said the other detective, "Nobody is trying to pin anything on anybody. We just have to ask a few questions for our report...."

They kept on quizzing the old man but it all adued up to one thing. The dead man was a stinker. In

killing him, I had rid the world of a louse. His wife would be happier without him. His friends—if any—would breathe a sigh of relief at his passing. Yet—it was murder. And I still didn't know why I had killed him. If I knew who I was, it would probably give me the answer. Perhaps a friend or relative of his wife, acting as a self-styled avenging angel. No.... She feared me too. Well, a guy like that has a lot of enemies. I was probably one of them and finally got so fed up I lost my temper and shot him. But which one? Who? Why?

The old man was gone now but the two detectives still stood outside the doorway to the room.

"What do you think?" said one.

"Same as you," replied the other, "But maybe we better not spring it on the newsboys yet. Best to wait for complete fingerprint and autopsy reports."

"Ah, it's an open and shut case! But I got more time than money. We'll wait and let the reporters wait. They aren't in any hurry anyway. Who ever heard of the dead character?"

"Yeah, and better off dead, as the old guy said. Say, you're pretty sure of your deductions,

chum. Never want to be too sure about anything in this game."

"Thanks for the kind advice, 'teacher dear', but it's so damned obvious! There lay the corpse. There lay the gun. We took the corpse's fingerprints. We checked the gun for prints. Only one set of prints on the gun. Not just on the trigger, but all over the gun as tho it were handled a lot, which it probably was while he was trying to make up his mind whether to go on living or do probably the only decent thing he ever did—commit suicide...."

"SUICIDE!" The word shocked my thoughts into action! Memory came flooding back....and with it a strange sense of freedom!

The burden of amnesia and the other, heavier burden were gone.

Thus came I here, for I am no longer earthbound... THE END

TRIPLE HORROR BILL



BOOK REVIEWING (Continued)

material.

7. THERE SHOULD BE NO UNNECESSARY AND OBVIOUS "PADDING" TO GIVE EXTRA BULK. Any tale told in 40,000 words can easily be "blown up" to give extra bulk and a novel of 80,000 words produced. This brings only deleterious results to the narrative and extra cost to the publisher and purchaser. If such enlargement has been done to a previously published tale it should be mentioned by the reviewer.

8. THE DESCRIPTION OF FORMAT IS IMPORTANT BUT SHOULD NOT OVERSHADOW THE MERITS OF THE NOVEL. A Hercules in rags is far better than a dwarf in court costume. Profuse illustrations, expensive bindings, lavish dust jacket, cannot make a brassy novel pure gold. Some day the publishers will realize the importance of bringing out a fine novel simultaneously in two forms; one of a very limited edition with fine paper and good binding for

the collector and one in a cheap edition, even imitating the French publications which simply use a good paper cover. Thus the reader could buy at low cost, determine which books he wants to keep and have them bound in uniform style.

9. THE REVIEWER, IF WORTHY OF THE NAME, MUST CONSIDER A BOOK OBJECTIVELY. Unfortunately some seem unable to do this. They are prejudiced, for or against the author, publisher or even the plot before reading the book. Of course, the personal opinion of a good reviewer is valuable but only in proportion to his literary standards of honesty.

10. NO BOOK SHOULD BE REVIEWED UNLESS IT IS READ CAREFULLY AND COMPLETELY. The professional expert called on to review a book a day simply cannot do this. Hence the blurb, a chapter or page chosen at random serves their purpose. But those who write reviews for fanzines can carefully digest a book and decide on its merits before rushing into print. THE END.

MEMO

From the Editor of

the FANSCIANT

To: RELUCTANT FANZINE PUBLISHERS!

You've thought of publishing a fanzine. Maybe you have no mimeograph--maybe you don't like mimeoed mags--maybe you've got no mailing

list--or maybe you're just stopped by the thought of all the damn work of putting out your own zine. LAYE3 WE'VE GOT THE ANSWER YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

Here's the pitch: IF enough of you are interested, we can regularly put out a combination zine, made up of a number of individual fanzines, which we can mail out with THE FANSCIANT. It will be lithoed, the same page size as THE FANSCIANT, and in this combozine, anywhere from 2 pages up will be YOUR fanzine. All You have to do is lay out the pages, ready to photograph. We'll do the rest--litho, fold, staple and mail to a minimum of 250 interested fans. If you desire, anything from 8 pages up can be bound separately. You can write, illustrate or just sound off in general. The cost--not much, probably around \$2.00 a page. If interested, write and we'll work it out.

Don Day

Checklist of FANTASY BOOKS In Print

This checklist, a service to book-collectors, will be a regular feature of future issues of THE FANSCIANT. As far as possible, this list will be complete and correct, assembled from material furnished at the last minute by the publishers themselves. Due to starting difficulties, information did not arrive from some publishers. These have been indicated with the symbol, "*", and the information assembled from other sources, possibly with errors or omissions. In the future, only information direct from the publishers will be used. If we have missed any publishers, let us know and we will furnish the forms for future issues. An asterisk (*) preceding a title indicates it is in short supply and will probably be out of print before the next issue.

ARGUS BOOKS, INC. , 3 West 46th St, New York 19, N. Y.	The House on the Borderland and Other Novels (anth)	5.00
The Circus of Dr. Lao	by William Hope Hodgson	
by Charles Finney	The Lurker at the Threshold	
H. P. L.: A Memoir	by H. P. Lovecraft & August Derleth	2.50
by August Derleth	Nights Black Agents (anth)	
Pilgrims Thru Space and Time	by Fritz Leiber, Jr.	3.00
by J. O. Bailey	The Night Side: Masterpieces of the Strange and Terrible (anth)	2.50
Supernatural Horror in Literature	edited by August Derleth	2.50
by H. P. Lovecraft	Not Long For This World (anth)	3.00
ARKHAM HOUSE, Sauk City, Wisc.	by August Derleth	3.00
The Arkham Sampler, 1948 (4 iss.)	Revelations in Black (anth)	3.00
ed. by August Derleth	by Carl Jacobi	2.00
Best Supernatural Stories (anth)	Roads (ill. by Virgil Finlay)	2.00
by H. P. Lovecraft	by Seabury Quinn	5.00
Carnacki, The Ghost Finder (anth)	Skull-Face and Others (anth)	
by William Hope Hodgson	by Robert E. Howard	3.75
The Clock Strikes Twelve (anth)	The Sleeping and the Dead: 30 Uncanny Tales (anth)	3.75
by H. Russell Wakefield	edited by August Derleth	3.00
Dark Carnival (anth)	*Something Near	3.00
by Ray Bradbury	by August Derleth	3.00
Lark of the Moon: Poems of Fantasy and the Macabre	Strange Ports of Call: Masterpieces of Science-Fiction (anth)	3.75
edited by August Derleth	edited by August Derleth	
The Doll and One Other	This Mortal Coil (anth)	3.00
by Algernon Blackwood	by Cynthia Asquith	
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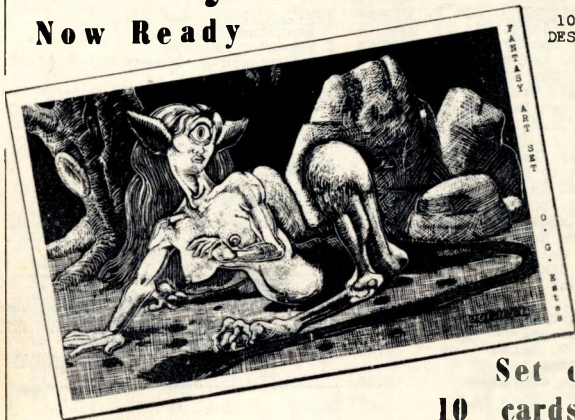
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