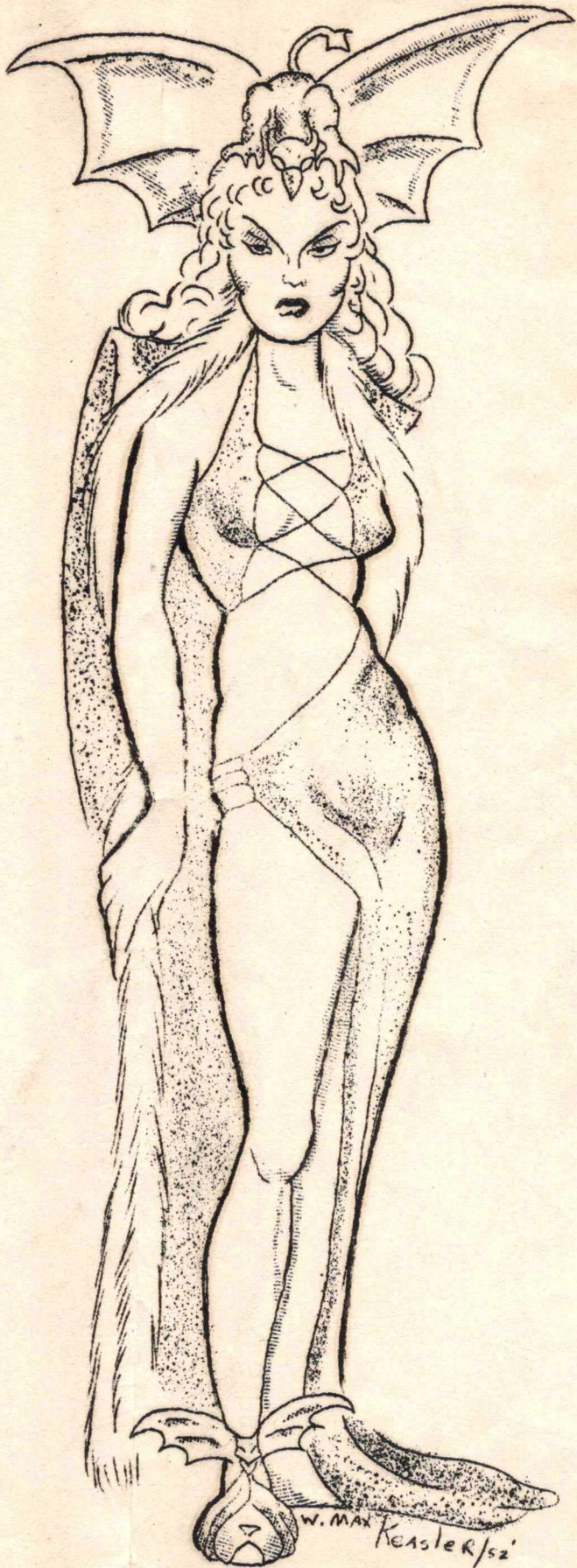
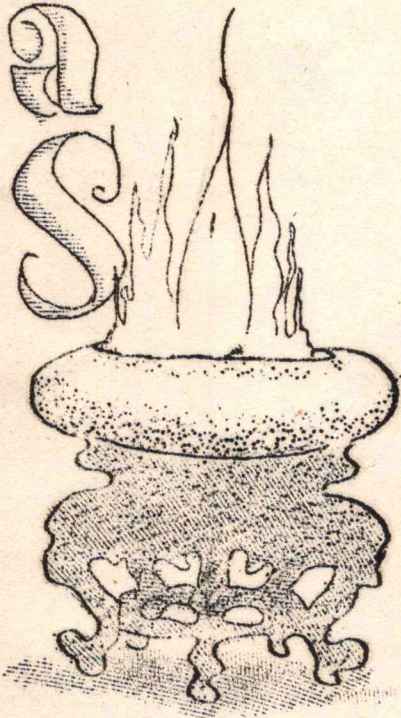
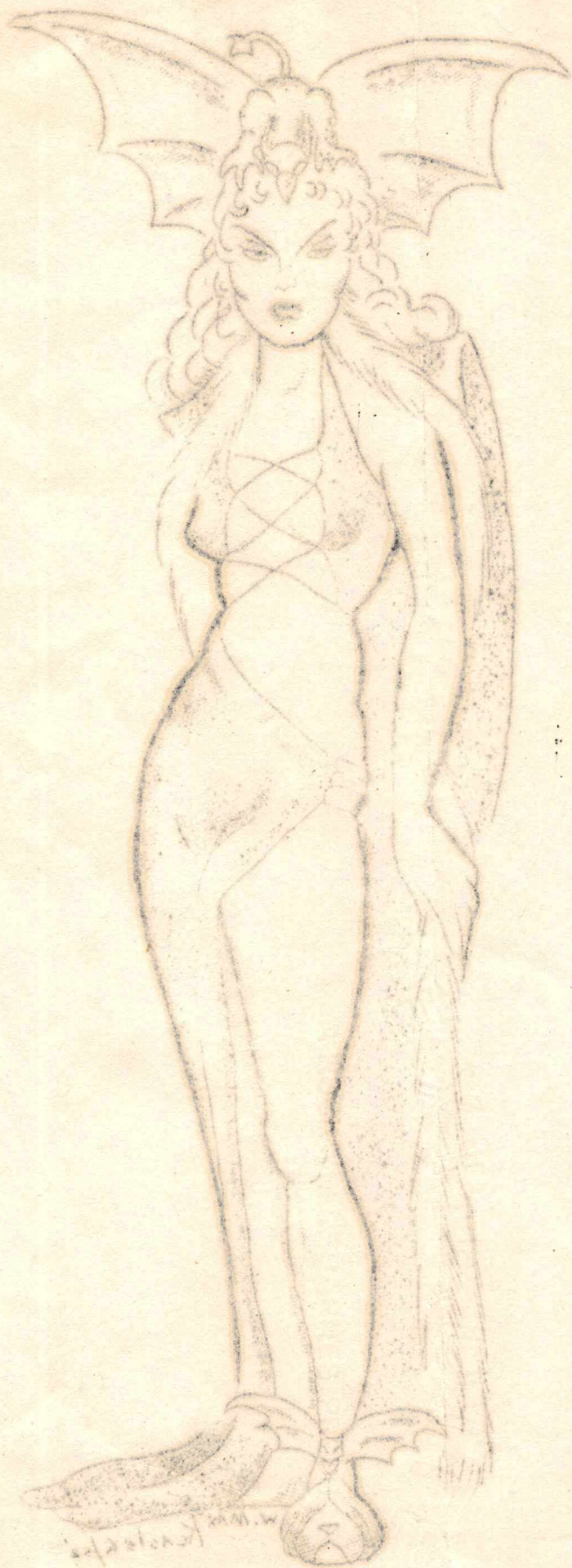


Fantasia

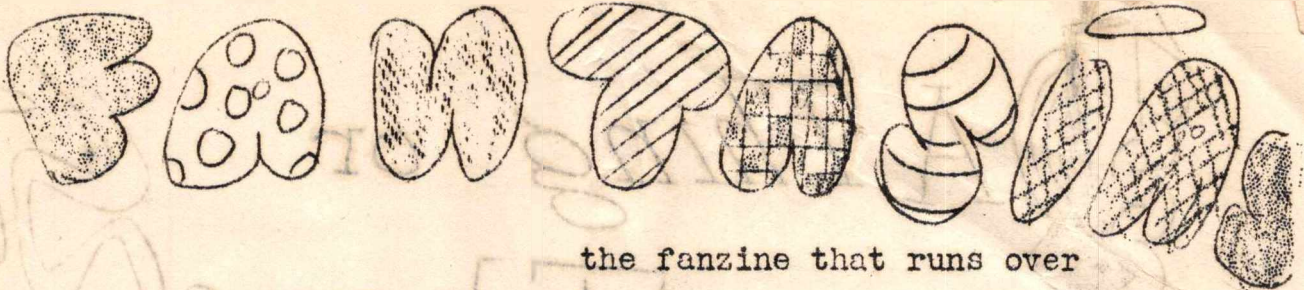




Wm. Knapp

Faint vertical text, possibly a title or name, written in a decorative, stylized font.





the fanzine that runs over

April

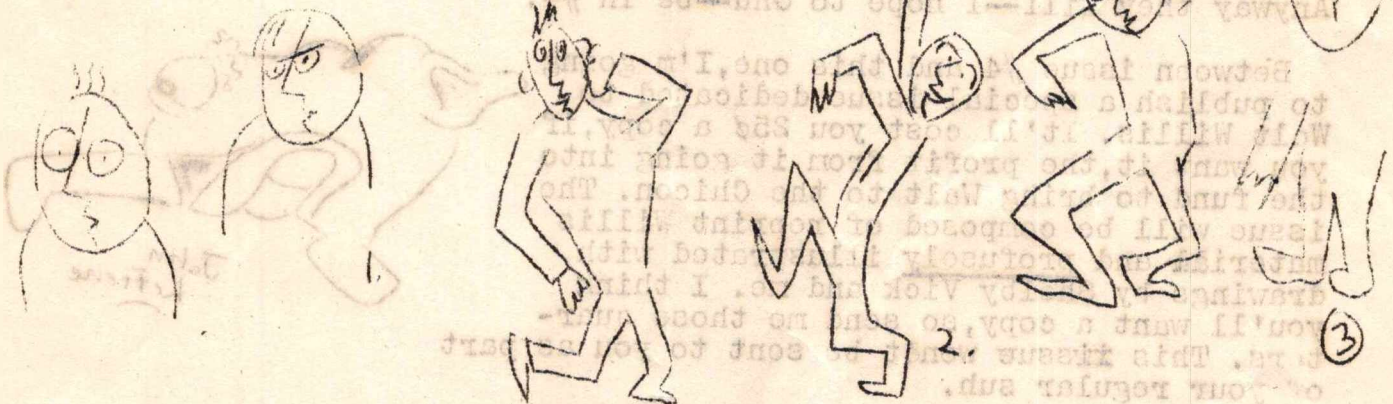
#3

1952

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small drawings by William Rotsler,
John Letrene, and de

¿Túo Ud. el soy hoy? "Túe el mis hoy."



FANTASIAS is published (haha) somewhat quarterly by—oh, who is that fellow now; I know it as well as my own name—David English (heh, heh) at the sign of the raised Umbrella. It is published— That raises an interesting question, why is it published? (hee hee) Material welcomed unless it is non-fiction, in which case it is more than welcome. All opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or Pedro Rodriguez Faraco; however, most likely they are, since I hold the blue pencil; in which case, still, Pedro should be absolved from all share or blame. (oh! aren't we too damned funny for words!) Single copies 10¢; 4 issue subscriptions for \$1.00 (after #6, I may wish to show a profit (hoochoo)).





A Thing or Three

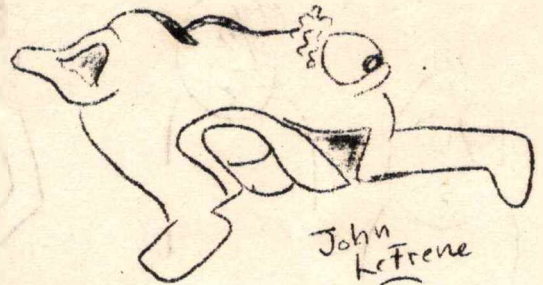


The hardest thing about writing an editorial is deciding what to write first. Many fanzines have given up editorials because of this problem. Several editors have gone to an untimely fannish death from fretting over this. However, I don't worry about this at all. I start off with the second thing.

In this case the second thing happens to be making whatever appologies there are to be made. It seems that one thing that should be apologized for immediately is the paper. I had hoped to return this sort of paper to its accustomed station in the bathroom. But, alas, it was impossible. For anything better, they want two dollars a ream. And I wouldn't pay two dollars a ream for anything. Most particularly when I didn't have two dollars.

Also I promised, in inducing some of you to subscribe, that this issue would feature a fanzine history by Dolor de Cabeza. However, Dolor hasn't sent me the thing yet, so how can I publish it? I cannot. Too, there was a small matter of a much-touted story by Gilbert Cochran which I was to publish here. Sent it to Henry Chabot for an illustration. Ain't seen it since. But don't fret overmuch on this. They'll probably both arrive tomorrow. Anyway they will—I hope to Ghu—be in #4.

Between issue #4 and this one, I'm going to publish a special issue dedicated to Walt Willis. It'll cost you 25¢ a copy, if you want it, the profit from it going into the fund to bring Walt to the Chicon. The issue will be composed of reprint Willis material and profusely illustrated with drawings by Shelby Vick and me. I think you'll want a copy, so send me those quarters. This ~~issue~~ won't be sent to you as part of your regular sub.



I had hoped to bring you this issue by a special new publishing process, but, unfortunately, it was impossible. The process was not as fully developed as I thought. What was this process. It's called paperless publishing. Not using paper, as you might know, would certainly cut down expenses. Well, anyway, I ran off about a hundred without postage and mailed them, but no one seemed to like them. No letters of comment came, no subs resulted from the sample copies, no nothing. Maybe they weren't delivered since I didn't put stamps on them. But they should have been. I asked the mailman how much postage I'd need on them, and he said since it was printed matter, none. I really wish those of you who got copies would write in and give me your opinions, because even if it isn't neat, it sure is cheap.

(His nose was so long it was (continued on page twelve)7

(2)



TEK

3



greater love

by Bill Venable

POP JORDAN WAS SHOWING ME THE HOUSES. There were two of them, and they stood at the crests of fine rolling lawns in a nice residential suburb. And I asked Pop how it was that they were both so exactly alike, like twins, almost. And of course Pop had to tell me the whole story, and so I am putting it down here....

* * * * *

It all began, I guess, when Pop was made Construction Engineer on the newest, highest skyscraper in New York City, about twenty years ago. Pop had just graduated from technical school, and it was his second big job really. And so he was mighty proud of his building as he saw her climbing, girder by riveted girder, toward the Manhattan sky. How he coddled her, and how he ruled with an iron hand over the workmen who climbed on her construction-steel frame, but all the while instilling them with that love and pride for what they were building: and, incidentally, the same sort of feeling toward Pop himself....

Well, the building was a two-year job, and Pop loved every minute of working on her. He supervised all the other supervisors, and all the vice-supervisors and assistant-vice-supervisors, and personally instructed the workers on every job no matter how simple or incidental. Of nights he pored over the architect's drawings and structural blueprints familiarizing himself with each and every rivet and joint of her.

He watched her grow: the skeleton shot up, and on it the sub-skeleton. And the skin of fine white stone and shining steel and chrome and clear glass. Tier on tier, and storey on storey, level on level, up 125 floors above Broadway. And he watched her innards take form—oh, most delicately, for a creature of her size. They installed generators in the sub-basement, run off atomic power, the first of their kind. And the arteries of pipes and wires spread out and up, ever upward, 1250 feet above sea-level. The elevator shafts and the polished, noiseless cages that slid smoothly in them. All of it, he watched it all grow, and he knew it, and he loved it. It was, in its day, the mightiest building and the mightiest machine ever produced by the hand of man.

So when it was complete and the time for occupancy arrived, he set up offices on the 125th floor as a consulting construction engineer, and settled down to the life of ease the building had made possible for him.

They were good days and good years, enthroned there in his airy tower 1250 feet above the vulgar hustle and noise of everyday life. Living in a different world of chrome and glass and the smooth humming of electricity along the arter-

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ies and vains of the building. Business was good and he built a legendary reputation; working all over the nation: supervising the construction of the Claremont building in Chicago, and the Golden Gate Tower in San Francisco, and the Ohio River Mart in Pittsburgh--but ever he came back to his tower, the one he had built in the very beginning.

The city changed outside the huge plate windows of Pop's office, and the skyline shifted as newer and bigger structures arose on the island and dominated the metropolis, but Pop wouldn't have traded his first job for any six of the newer structures. He would sit in his plush office, and look out to where the 'copters buzzed among the building tops and the steel traffic ways stretched like strands of a giant web from building to building, and think to himself that they didn't build now like they used to in the old days....

And on one of these fine, lazy days, Mr. Wyclif, the owner, walked into Pop's office to say that he intended to sell the building and Pop must vacate. He must have expected trouble because he had brought with him a lawyer to explain the whole thing to Pop according to law.

Pop jumped to his feet.

"Sellin' the building! What in hell's name for?"

It was going, the lawyer, explained, to be torn down and a new 250 story skyscraper erected on the site.

Pop put his foot down. Hard. And on the lawyer's toe.

"I'll be damned if you are!" Pop shouted. "Why, this here's the best buildin' in the city of New York. Besides, when I build something I build it permanent!"

The lawyer rubbed his toe and explained in a very carefully controlled voice that if Pop didn't control his temper, he could be sued for assault and battery and that if he refused to vacate immediately, he would be evicted by court order. Mr. Wyclif looked uncomfortable.

"Sue me for salty batteries, will you?" exclaimed Pop. "I'm never leaving my building to be torn down!" And he kicked over the chair with the lawyer in it and stalked out in a rage.

"Trying to make me leave you, huh?" muttered Pop as he let himself down in the automatic elevator. "Goin' to tear you down, are they, old girl?-- But I'll not let 'em." And the elevator responded with a throaty hum as it let him off at the first floor.

Pop went home and wracked his brains trying to figure a way out of the mess. As far as was practical, there was none. Mr. Wyclif had the law on his side, even though a rather discomfitted law at the moment. And the assault and battery suit worried Pop. He didn't want to go to jail. Pop thought about it for a while in an attitude of gloom and finally staggered off for a few hours sleep.

He had been in his tower office about an hour the following morning when the telephone rang and it was his secretary in the outer office. Mr. Wyclif and his secretary were in the outer office, and would he see them please? Yes, Pop would see them. The lawyer walked warily in behind Mr. Wyclif and sat down uncomfortably in a chair in the far corner of the room. He wasn't

taking any chances with Pop. He rumaged around in his oversized brief case and threw a paper with an official seal on Pop's desk.

"That," he snapped is an order for you to appear in court a week from now."

"For not vacatin' or for knockin' you down?" Pop inquired dubiously.

"For both," replied the lawyer coldly. "There are laws—"

"Yeah," said Pop. "More's the pity that meathead stumblebums like you can take advantage of 'em."

"I shall," intoned the lawyer, "add slander and defamation of character to the charges as soon as I get back to my office. You'll not get away with this." He rose and edged toward the door. Mr. Wyclif rose too.

"Probably not," said Pop sadly. He got up and opened the door for them. "Well, goodbye, gentlemen."

The lawyer stuck his nose in the air and marched out of the office, followed by Mr. Wyclif. The edge of the outer office rug abruptly turned up, and both men went flying.

The lawyer picked himself and his briefcase up off the floor. "I'll remember that, too," he snapped, while he and Mr. Wyclif waited for the elevator. Presently the cage came up and they both shot downward like a flash.

Well, thought Pop, guess I may as well pack up and get out too. He ambled morosely back into his office, and cleaned out his desk, packing what he wanted to keep in a small travelling bag that he kept there, and throwing the rest into the disposal unit. He zipped the bag closed and went out and rang for the elevator. One came up and Pop got in and rode down to the street floor, feeling very, very sad.

When he got out on the street floor, there was a crowd of personnel groped around one of the shafts. Pop set his stuff down and wandered over to see what the trouble was.

"Two guys stuck between floors," said a florid faced young man on the edge of the crowd. "Cage won't go up or down."

"What!" exclaimed Pop. "Ridiculous! I supervised the elevator construction myself. Can't do that."

"Did, though—listen!"

"Help," cried the lawyer's voice. "We're stuck!"

Pop strode over to the door. "Oh-ho! It's you, eh?" he said.

"Jordan," shouted Mr. Wyclif. "Your damned building is going to pieces already."

"No," said Pop. "Not going to pieces." And it wasn't. Pop knew. The building, that legendary machine, was alive. It was on Pop's side. It was trying to help him: it didn't want to be torn down.

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"Get us out!" yelled Wyclif.

"Well now," shouted Pop, "I don't know if I can."

"Hell you can't," cried the lawyer desperately. "You built the thing."

"So, I did. But there's conditions to be met before I can get you out."

"Eh?" yelled the lawyer.

"My hands are tied," replied Pop. "You see, I'm a criminal. I've committed 'salt with batteries. Now, if the suit was to be dropped—"

"What!?!?" the lawyer screamed.

"That's not all," consoled Pop. "If the building wasn't going to be torn down—"

"What??" shouted Mr. Wyclif.

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can do, then," said Pop. "Good day to you gentlemen."

"Wait!" screeched the lawyer. "Jordan, you can't— It isn't human!"

"An' a happy New Year," shouted Pop, beginning to walk away.

"Stop," howled Wyclif. "It won't be torn down—"

"How about...."

"Alright, alright," yelled the lawyer. "I'll drop suit.—Now get us out of here!"

"Wait a minute," called Pop. He pulled a piece of paper out of his travelling bag and scribbled on it with his pen. Then he took out a ball of string and tied the paper on it. He hooked the pen onto it and lowered the works into the shaft.

"If you gents will sign your names, I'll have you out in a jiffy," he called.

"Shylock!" screamed the lawyer. Pop heard the pen scratching. He pulled up the paper and inspected the signatures.

"Get us up!" shouted the lawyer

"Okay," said Pop to the building. "Let 'em up."

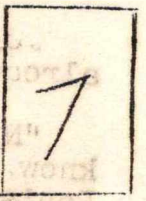
The cage rose noiselessly, immediately.

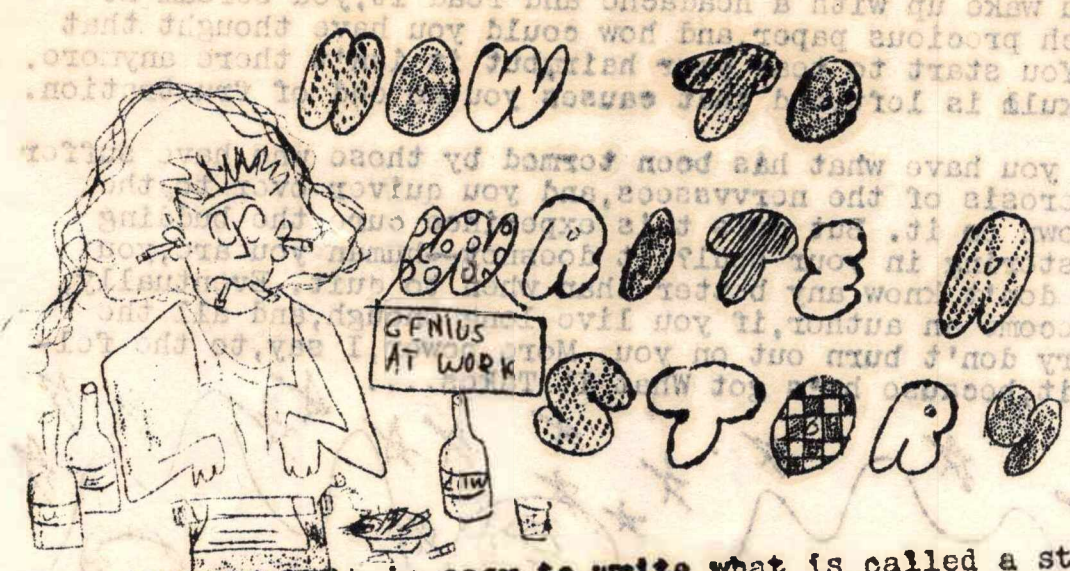
* * * * *

"And she was so grateful for me savin' her and for comin' to life, that she gave me a little present," said Pop to me. "Y' see, there was a male buildin' next door, and she was a female—but we never expected anything like this." He gestured toward the houses....

"No," I breathed.

"Yep," said Pop, happily. "Twins."





by
Edward
G.
Seibel

Do YOU think it is easy to write what is called a story? Then it is obvious that you have never written one, because it is not an easy task. Too many things are required, including among them a set of iron nerves—nothing less will do—, hair of steel wire, and a vivid imagination. This latter, however, is not so necessary as the others, being as anyone can purchase it in a bottle—which is what I suspect certain authors of doing. Literacy, however, doesn't seem to be too important*, and if your science is a bit awry, that's all right too because the general reader doesn't know the difference—sometimes.

Of course, a bit of learning never hurt anyone, and if you want to sell any of your concoctions to the more intelligent magazines, you should have a few excellent words of sufficient length whose meanings are somewhat vague to you but not to the readers, so they can comment at length on your mental capacities. This makes for a lot of publicity for your ability to write. And some science thrown in here and there is good too—if you want to write about the moon, well, everyone knows there are clouds covering the surface, or something. I forget, but never mind, because after the readers have read the story, they'll tell me whether I'm right or wrong.

All you need for characters is an all-around bad-guy draped in robes of blackest black—a sinful monster that you envy in his uninhibited activities, especially as pertains to, ah, ah ha ha— The hero, of course, is always dressed in a spacesuit of the finest metal, covering him up to his very chinny, chin, chin—no, that was somewhere else, I think—the heroine of course runs around in a breathtakingly scanty suit designed to give her a cold and cause you to run short of breath. That she's in disparity with the knight in shining armor means nothing: Who cares, except a few old fuddy-duddies and other organizations designed to quell all such vicarious activity.

While you sit there, do you wait impatiently for ideas to flow into your head? And sit? And sit, and sit? In a few moments your special hair comes in handy, does it not? But even such good hair doesn't last long; that is why I have on foremost authority that most authors who write are bald; if you're bald, that's a sure sign of genius. I think. After you've pulled all your information out, you then turn to your next consolation, which soon puts you in a euphoria of feeling yourself a genius with thousands and thousands of good ideas. S.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: There is at least one famous writer who can neither read nor write, but who dictates his stories to a secretary.

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you clutter up good typing paper with your happy ideas, and the next morning when you wake up with a headache and read it, you scream at the waste of such precious paper, and how could you have thought that crud was good? You start to tear your hair, but it isn't there anymore. Only a smooth skull is left, and that causes you no end of frustration.

By this time you have what has been termed by those who have suffered from it, quiverosis of the nervvssees, and you quiver over to the bed and flop down on it. But does this experince cure the budding young genius fostering in your soul? It does not—human you are, you know, and humans don't know any better than when to quit. Eventually, of course, you become an author, if you live long enough, and all the factors necessary don't burn out on you. More power, I say, to the fellow who can do it, because he's got What It Takes....



!BUFFLOCON!

From a letter from Joe Fillinger:

"Now a wee bit about the Bufflocon: It is to be held May 3rd & 4th. First plans were to hold a 3 day affair, but ~~most~~ $\frac{1}{2}$ of the prospective attendees would have been unable to get there for three days anyway. Movies will be shown both days, for those interested. We are not going to show the shocker type that flooded the screen a few years back. FANTASIA is a possibility. Fairly certain are a couple of short films on the V2 rocket, from Bell Aircraft. At present I can only give an approximation of hotel accommodations. The approximate rate is \$3.50 for singles \$2.50 for doubles. On this we have to know if you wish to double up. We will let everyone know definitely about this as soon as our committee in charge turns in their report. When you let us know definitely that you can attend, we will reserve a room and save you the trouble of finding one yourself. A large attendance has been promised, but we need you to make this convention a real success! We guarantee a good time. If you don't have one, it will be your own fault...."

For more information write to: Joe Fillinger, Jr., 148 Landon St., Buffalo 8, N.Y.

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FORTISSIMO

By Eva Firestone

ANIMALS: Have you heard about the bird gangsters in Great Britain? They steal milk. It started back in 1921 when a certain species flew around puncturing tops of bottles left on porches. Today there are at least eleven more species in this racket. It has been said that some of them follow milk carts and open bottles while the driver is making a delivery.

And then there is a cat named Jiggs who lives in Brazil, Indiana. This cat, when dining on cheese, uses the last scraps to smear his face—then waits outside a mousehole. The aroma entices unsuspecting mice right into his paws.

Does anyone remember the report, May 4, 1950, The Sunday Times, New York, about the winged cat of Madrid, Spain. What happened to it? This Angora, one year old at the time, was examined by doctors who declared the wings were real. Formed by a type of cartilage, they were ten-inch fur-covered wings sprouting from the middle of her back and folding neatly over each side.

ICE CUBES: All of you probably have read or heard about the huge cubes of something having the appearance of ice, which fell at intervals from the sky over England. Last year came the report from Sgt. Hal Shapiro, then in Alaska, stating that in February (1951) there were icicles clinging to the roof edge of Hangar No. 1, twenty five feet long, which broke into cubes as large as two feet square when they crashed to the ground. It

HIGH LIGHTS—AND LOW: Grand Rapids, Nov. 20, 1950. (AP)—Red flare seen shooting over Traverse City last week. It was spotted by two conservation department workers. A search revealed no clues. Last Saturday night a similar flare was reported shooting over Northern Michigan. Some people said it was red. Two observers described it as "a tadpole with blue-green head, and a red tail." Suffolk, Virginia, March 13, 1951 (AP)—Reports of a mysterious light on the highway reached the sheriff's office. Deputy Sheriff Hurley Jones went out to investigate. On a dirt road through a wooded area, Jones reported finding it. He stated that it had the appearance of a single automobile headlight about six feet off the ground, and always faded out before passing—and there was no car on the road. It is still unfinished business for the sheriff's office.

REPORT FROM A PHYSICIST: "The atoms in your head are exactly like those in a stone." On well-stf readers aren't like other people.

OLD NEWS BUT WORTH REPEATING: Oxford, England, January 6, 1951 (Reuters)—

George de la Warr, mechanical engineer, claims to be able, in years to come, to focus his camera on the past and produce photographs of great historic events. His instrument, product of twelve years research, is based on the theory that every event that has ever taken place still has its trace somewhere in the form of energy waves. George de la Warr claims his apparatus can catch these radiations of the past and register them on a photographic plate. He told Reuters his equipment is still in the early stages of development. De la Warr, 46, is an associate member of the institution of civil engineers and a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts. He is working with his scientist wife and two other scientists in a private laboratory here

not horse or man....

Jake Tool, the village drunkard told
With drooling lip, of having seen
A thing not either horse or man but
both,
Was hooted at for having such a liars
spoken,

And Alden Sims received a mental drubbing too—
His was the place, here Jake would pass to
swear

He saw the creature, set a trap,
And would have had it, only someone loosed
the snare

But since Jake's nightmare rides no more,
Curiosity and wonder dims,
Finds vaguely odd the disappearance of
the girls

Who worked till lately for old Alden Sims.

—Genevieve K. Stephens

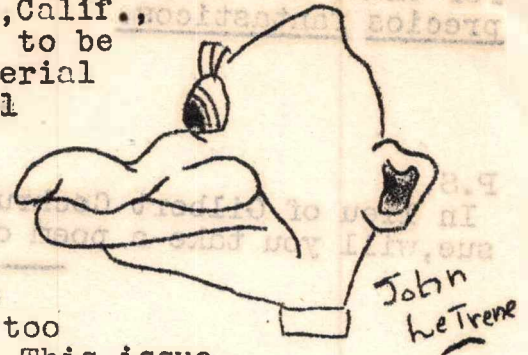
A stove-in freighter, Lucifer's Bride;
Bound for Pluto—death along side.
In the beginning, a queen of space,
But there was evil under the grace.
She pulped her crew on her maiden run,
Headed her course straight into the sun.
Outwitted there she bided and waited
But space men knew her evil fated.
Two on this trip, three on that,
How many maimed, only God knew that.
Now a freighter with a scurvy crew
And suicide fluid to run her through.
Bootleg stuff that corroded and ate,
Leaving her worse than pirate bait.
One more trip and the old galls done;
Lucifer's Bride on her last bad run.
Off course a little, but let her ride,
Time to correct it—space is wide.
And no one knows what happened then
But she headed off on a fatal bend.
Off on a tangent to kiss the sun,
Lucifer's Bride took the Glory Run.

—Genevieve K. Stephens

lucifer's bride....

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Edward Ludwig, 1942 Telegraph Ave., Stockton, Calif., writes that he is getting out a fanzine; it's to be called fantastic worlds. It will feature material by fans and pros. They're paying for material at 3 to 10 dollars per, The subscription price on this mag is a dollar a year or a quarter a copy. It sounds like its worth that.



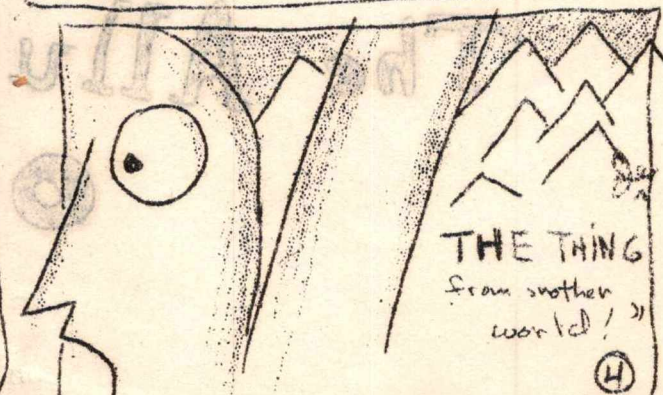
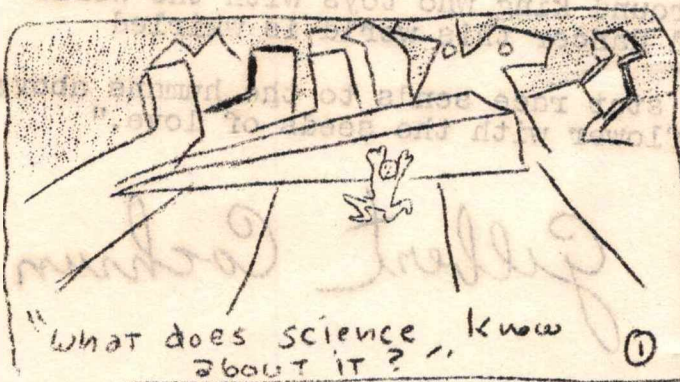
Say, look, in future issues, I don't want to depend too much on fiction, since it would be too much of a good thing. However, I may have to. This issue has depleted my supply of non-fiction. So how about some of you who can write articles doing so? I can't, so don't look at me as though you expect me to write the issue myself.

There is some good fiction planned for #4. There's "Fear of Eternity" by Neal Clarke Reynold and possibly a story by Richard Alexander Kirs. In the issues to follow will be "The Day of Judgment", sort of a companion piece to "Fear of Eternity," by A.C. Catania, and "Martian" by Toby Duane, and "The Success of Sweet" by Bill Warren. There's also poetry by Orma McCormick and Isabelle Dinwiddie. And this will be complemented by a lot of fine articles by various people on various subjects, which I'm sure I'll receive.

I want to get a good supply for the future so that I can stencil it and run it off in a leisurely manner way ahead of time during the three month interim between issues.

Does anyone know the address of Jerry F. Cao? His copy of #3 was returned.

Also, do any of you have copies of the Mexican promag, Los Cuentos Fantásticos for sale or trade. If so, let me know what you'll take for (over)



for them. But keep the price low, since I want cuentos fantasticos, not precios fantasticos.

fannishly.

P.S.:

In lieu of Gilbert Cochrun's story, which I couldn't publish this issue, will you take a poem of his instead?

He was billed as the worlds greatest manâ dancer
He really was an impealing and alluring prancer

Wealthy ladies would follow him from city to city
Monks learning of him exclaimed: "A pity on a pity."

His act on stage was a movement of ravished feet
Gave feminine eyes a very exotic sating replete

In a dressing room the Bold Bare Duchess of Spain
Said: "Oh greatest of dancers immunize me to pain

But in the duchess's strong and rapturous embrace
Of the human man there disappeared every trace

And there was revealed a man from an alien star
And he said; "Dear Duchess, we must travel very far. #

A flying saucer carried the lovers to Agharti
Tibets underground capital of the diletante

There the underground king who toys with the world
Said: "Duchess and Dancer this world is whirled

By the magic the stab race sends to the humans above
Causing them to flower with the seeds of love."



Gilbert Cochrun

The Allure

One Follows

I
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AVE YOU EVER been in a situation that seemed familiar? Did you ever have the feeling that "I've been here before?" And have you ever wondered if you could have gone through a similar experience in some strange, previous incarnation.

Could be. This feeling of remembering is not uncommon as a basis for science-fiction stories, or at least as a bit of salt-and pepper added to the main plot. People have been known to make a great deal of it.

Suppose you've never been outside of New York state in your life, though you've driven around a bit, and then you suddenly take a trip to Ohio. There you are, breezing merrily along the road where you've never been before, and all at once you say to yourself, "Hey! My gosh! I've been here before. I've seen this place before!" And you begin to wonder...

Well, you probably have seen the place before. The world is a big place and a big red barn is a big red barn, a tiny townlet is a tiny townlet, and a double curve in the road here is just like a double curve in the road back there. Of course the place is familiar! Most things in our environment are familiar to us, more or less.

Now let's take a more severe illustration.

Bob notices Jane at a dance and is favorably impressed. They begin to have chance meetings now and then, and Bob decides to ask Jane for a date. Well, let's see. The Town Casino is a nice place; he'll take her to the Town Casino. Slowly, in his mind, he formulates the idea of how the date will progress. He goes around for a couple of days, day-dreaming of this date. Perhaps one night he actually dreams that he and Jane go to the Town Casino and talk about this and that....

Meantime, Jane has noticed these chance meetings with Bob, and she too is favorably impressed. "Maybe he'll ask me for a date," she hopes. Sure, maybe he'll take her to the Town Casino... And she dreams about this possibility, as people will.

Then Bob approaches her and asks her for a date, and sure enough, they go to the Town Casino. Maybe Bob happens to mention that he dreamed he took her to the town casino. Hey! Well, what do you know? They're soul mates! It's telepathy, clairvoyance, the works!

And the conversation goes along, and Bob, having dreamed this, mentions something he also said in the dream. If he has any reasonable idea of the kind of girl Jane is, the conversation too will follow the dream pretty closely. Well! This is some-

by TOBY DUANE ~~~~~

thing! Bob takes her home after a while, but during the whole evening both Bob and Jane are haunted, not to mention intrigued, by the conviction that both of them have done this before!

Well, they did! They dreamed about it for quite a while.

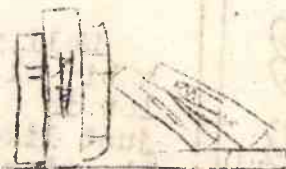
Next time you think you've done something before, try analyzing it before jumping to the conclusion that you've gone through this in another incarnation.

Hey...I've got the feeling I wrote that once before; maybe as Shakespeare, or Milton—



BOOK REVIEWS

BEYOND THE END OF TIME
Edited by Frederick Pohl
PermaBooks, Garden City,
New York - 35¢



Personally I've always had a fondness for anthologies—as long as they don't contain the word "Best" in their titles (the editor's ideas and my own invariably conflict). Therefore I may be forgiven for saying that I liked this book.

My one complaint about the book is the introduction—too short, and obviously slanted at the previously non-science-fiction reading audience, it contained the usual drumming for science-fiction as "prophetic." About the most asinine reason I can think of for either reading or writing science-fiction.

Beyond the End of Time contains such names as: Asimov, Kornbluth, Leinster, Bradbury, van Vogt, H.L. Gold, Wright, and others, possibly lesser known. It contains a good selection, nineteen stories in all, from all the major magazines in the field. Moreover it includes a mood-piece by Bradbury that I think is one of his best: "There Will Come Soft Rains." Most readers are probably familiar with the story of the house of the future after an atomic war had wiped out humanity, but it's still well worth re-reading. And, myself, I'd like to see it in any anthologies that I might buy in the future.

The Asimov selection, "Heredity", is probably the poorest in the book, and, considering all the excellent work he has done, certainly isn't a fair selection to introduce him to new readers by. A pair of twins are separated at birth, one to be raised amid the highly developed earth civilization, the other on primitive Ganymede, as a scientific experiment, and without the knowledge of the other's existence. At twenty five they are introduced on Mars and given joint control of a major business concern. The conflict, what there is of it, lies in the Earth-twin's dependence on machines and the Ganymede's reliance on himself. After a boring series of events, they reach a mutual understanding of one another's excellences, thus presumably proving that mankind needs both the primitive and the machine culture. The climax, for me, comes when the Ganymede twin comes up with an ignorance of practical leverage. How primitive can you get!

One of the most charming stories, I thought, was Murray Leinster's "The Lonely Planet. Alyx was a planet-wide mass of protoplasm, a single organism entirely covering a planet, with the potentialities of intellect but without the need for the development thereof. After its discovery by mankind, it is immediately enslaved and set to work for the benefit of mankind and the corporation that controls it. During this enslavement, it gradually develops intelligence on a scale commensurate with its size. Considered a potential menace to mankind because of its abilities, the Space Patrol sets out to destroy it. Alyx, however, foils the attempt and escapes from its orbit to wander through the galaxy, pursued by the Space Patrol, who by now are in a state of panic at the thought that Alyx will probably destroy mankind. The catch is that Alyx lives only to serve mankind and cannot exist without human companionship. Eventually Alyx leaves the galaxy, rescues an intergalactic expedition and continues onward with such members of the expedition that wish to accompany it, living in the paradise it creates for them out of itself. And they all lived happily ever after. Very good story.

Beyond the End of Time is well worth the thirty five cents it costs. I recommend it highly, either as an introduction to science-fiction or for aficionados who want to renew their acquaintance with stories they have either forgotten or missed.

—Walt Klein

THE BEST SCIENCE-FICTION
STORIES: 1951, edited by E.
F. Bleiler and T.E. Dikty,
Frederick Fell, Inc., \$2.95

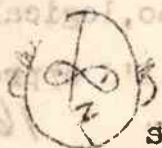
This is probably the best of the Bleiler-Dikty anthologies to date, but as usual the stories contained therein are not all the year's best; most are, but there is always the inevitable few included to round out the roster of authors. The introduction runs to long and pointless extremes expounding the theology of s-f plot analysis. Such discussions never fail to bore the casual reader, especially the non-fan. Nineteen stories and nineteen authors are represented, a majority of stories coming from no one magazine. The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction, easily the best mag out in this reviewer's opinion, is represented four times, as is Galaxy Science-Fiction, which has risen in a short time to be one of the finest literate space-opera magazines published.

It's hard to name the best story in the book—my choice would be "The Box in the Forest", by Ray Bradbury, a story of a fugitive scientist and his wife seeking refuge in present-day Mexico from a totalitarian future. Second place would probably go to Frank M. Robinson's "The Saha Claus Planet" for its bizarre culture theme, a plot which has always fascinated me. In nineteenth place comes Fritz Leiber's horrific "Coming Abtraction", 1984ish sociological soap-opera, slightly on the phantasmagorical side.

The dust-jacket is juvenile and poorly drawn, as Fell's usually are. If a sincere attempt is being made to aggregate the year's best science fiction, why not obtain one of the year's best drawings for a cover?

All in all, however, it would appear that the anthology, which also includes such immoral stories as Bretner's "The Gnurrs Come from the Woodwork Out", MacLean's "Contagion", Mattheson's "Born of Man and Woman," and Long's "Two-Face", deserves a place on every fan's bookshelf, regardless of how many of the stories he has already read.

—Alan M. Grant



smirk



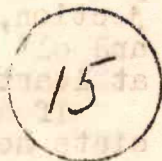
grief



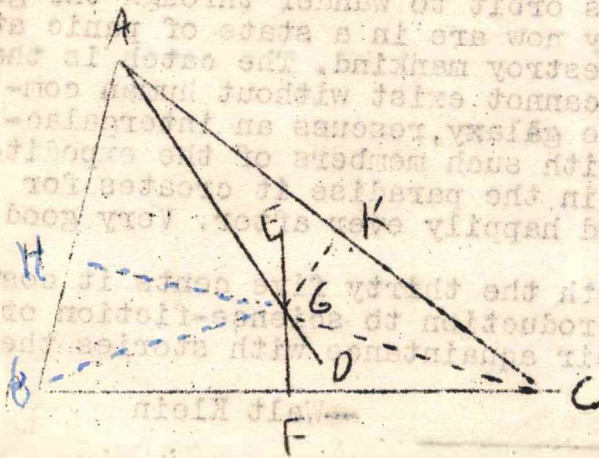
evil
laughter



agony



So There Then, Euclid!



Given: Triangle ABC with side AB unequal to side AC; line AD the bisector of $\angle BAC$; EF the perpendicular bisector of BC

Prove: $AB=AC$

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1) AD and EF intersect at G. | 1) Given: $AB \neq AC$ / If they were equal AD and EF would meet head-on. / |
| 2) Draw BG and CG, | 2) Only one straight line can be drawn between two pts. |
| 3) Draw GH perpendicular to AB and GK perpendicular to AC | 3) Construction. |
| 4) $BG=CG$ | 4) Any pt. on the perpendicular bisector of a line is equidistant from the ends of the line. |
| 5) $GH=GK$ | 5) Any pt. on the bisector of a \angle is equidistant from the legs of the \angle . |
| 6) Therefore triangle BGH is congruent to triangle CGK | 6) Hyp. and legs of rt. triangle = |
| 7) Therefore $BH=CK$ | 7) Corresponding sides of congruent triangles. |
| 8) $AG=AG$ | 8) Identity |
| 9) Therefore triangle AGH is congruent to triangle AGK | 9) Hyp. and leg of rt triangle = |
| 10) Therefore $AH=AK$ | 10) Corresponding sides of congruent triangles |
| 11) Therefore $AB=AC$ | 11) If equals are added to equals, the sums are equal. |

I was reminded of this geometric oddity by James Lewis' startling algebraic proof that one equals two (in Bob Silverberg's Spaceship), and thought I'd publish it here for your amusement.

In case you're wondering just why the thing works out the way it does, it has to do with the fact that AD and EF would actually intersect outside of the triangle if drawn accurately. However, you can yell all you want about that: it won't do you any good. In order to use that objection, you'd have to explain what you mean by "outside the triangle", and ol' Euclid, it seems, never got around to defining that. So, logically at least, AB is both equal and unequal to AC.

If any of you happen to know of anymore stuff like this, I'd appreciate hearing from you. -de.

Justice

by Robert
Fultz

SHE SAT IN a little rickety rocking chair, a woman not yet old, and crooned a low lullaby to the baby in her lap. A woman not yet old, no more than thirty-five, probably, but looking ten years older than that. Her eyes were dull, she stared vacantly into a corner as she rocked and hummed.

A rusty little iron stove stood in the middle of the room, cold. There was no coal, no wood, nothing to burn in it. Here in the tiny settlement, in the middle of the prairie, wood was scarce. Coal, hauled by mule team, or, more often, by plodding oxen, was a precious commodity, not to be shared.

If she thought of Franz, her husband, drinking whiskey in the warm interior of the one saloon of the settlement, she gave no sign of it. She held the baby in her lap, rocking, the chair making a creaky-creak sound in the cold silence of the room.

Outside of the little shack, the snow swirled ever higher, always deeper, it fell gently, whitely, out of a white silent sky, like a benediction. It billowed against the shanty, caressing the single window's only remaining pane of glass.

A quarter mile up the "street", now hidden under two feet of snow, was the main part of the community. Franz Burgher had built his shanty away from the center of his village for his own unfathomable reasons. At this moment the big, coarse-featured Franz was swaying toward the door of the saloon. His little money, from the sale of his last half-rank of firewood, was spent for the whiskey he continually craved. He opened the door, muttering to himself, looked with bloodshot eyes at the whitened and lurched out into the street, into the gathering dusk.

One of the men sitting around the stove rose, went to the door left open by the drunken Franz, and closed it. He came back to his seat, and, as the others looked up at him, shrugged his shoulders, then sat down.

Inside the shanty, the cold had started to seep in and the woman roused out of her vacant unseeingness to give a stupid glance at the rusty stove. Suddenly the door was wrenched open and her husband half-walked, half-fell into the room. The woman stood up in terror, the baby in her arms. She was dread-

fully afraid of the man. She cringed back into the corner, looking fearfully at him.

He stood in the middle of the room, his eyes not yet adjusted to the dark interior of the shack. When he became used to the gloom, he saw her and began cursing her in thick, brutal German words. He came over to her and stood swaying while she looked at him. Her silence infuriated him and he raised his fist as if to strike her down. Her eyes were pools of fear, but she could make no sound.

But he did not strike her; slowly he lowered his arm. He looked over at the rickety wooden rocker. He grasped it by one of the uprights of the back and dashed it against the wall. The little shack shook as if a gust of wind had hit it. The chair shattered. The woman held the baby tighter as the drunken man, continuously cursing, moved toward her with the shattered upright in his hand.

His intention was clear to the woman. She closed her eyes and her lips moved wordlessly. She waited, praying, for the blows.

But then, even through her closed eyes, she saw a radiant glow. As she opened her eyes, she saw the club drop to the dirt floor. Her husband was standing rigid, inside a ~~glowing~~ white ball of pulsing light. As she watched in horrible fascination, the ball seemed to expand to the wall, nearly reaching her and the baby. She felt an intense cold as the glowing light pulsed out at her, but it receded inward, toward the man standing so rigidly in its center.

It contracted until it contained the rigid figure and seemed to take on an added luminosity. Around its edges, tiny white flames seemed to trickle and leap, and it thickened, solidified, until the horrified woman could barely discern the figure it contained. The cold became more intense.

Then it began to fade. It shook, wavered, tried to reassemble and finally faded out to reveal the man standing, his eyes staring, wide-open. He fell and lay stiffly on the floor.

She knew that he was dead.

She ran, screaming now; she wrenched open the door and floundered out into the snow. Holding her baby, she stumbled the quarter mile to the first houses of the settlement and pounded on the door, collapsing across the sill when the door opened.

A Miracle in Fandom!

The Crusade to clean up fanzines has been so tremendously successful that we are pleased to announce: WE consider the matter a closed deal.

(By the way, if you haven't seen the latest issue of SCIENCE AND CULTURE MAGAZINE, you might like it. 15¢ or \$1.00 for six.)

Stanley E. Crouch
Holly Circle
Sterling, Virginia

18

* * * — Mrs. M. Dominick — * * *
 P.O. Box 175
 New Brunswick, N.J.

Unknown Worlds*British...mint 35¢ each Winter-1946. Spring-1947
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idiocy



defiance

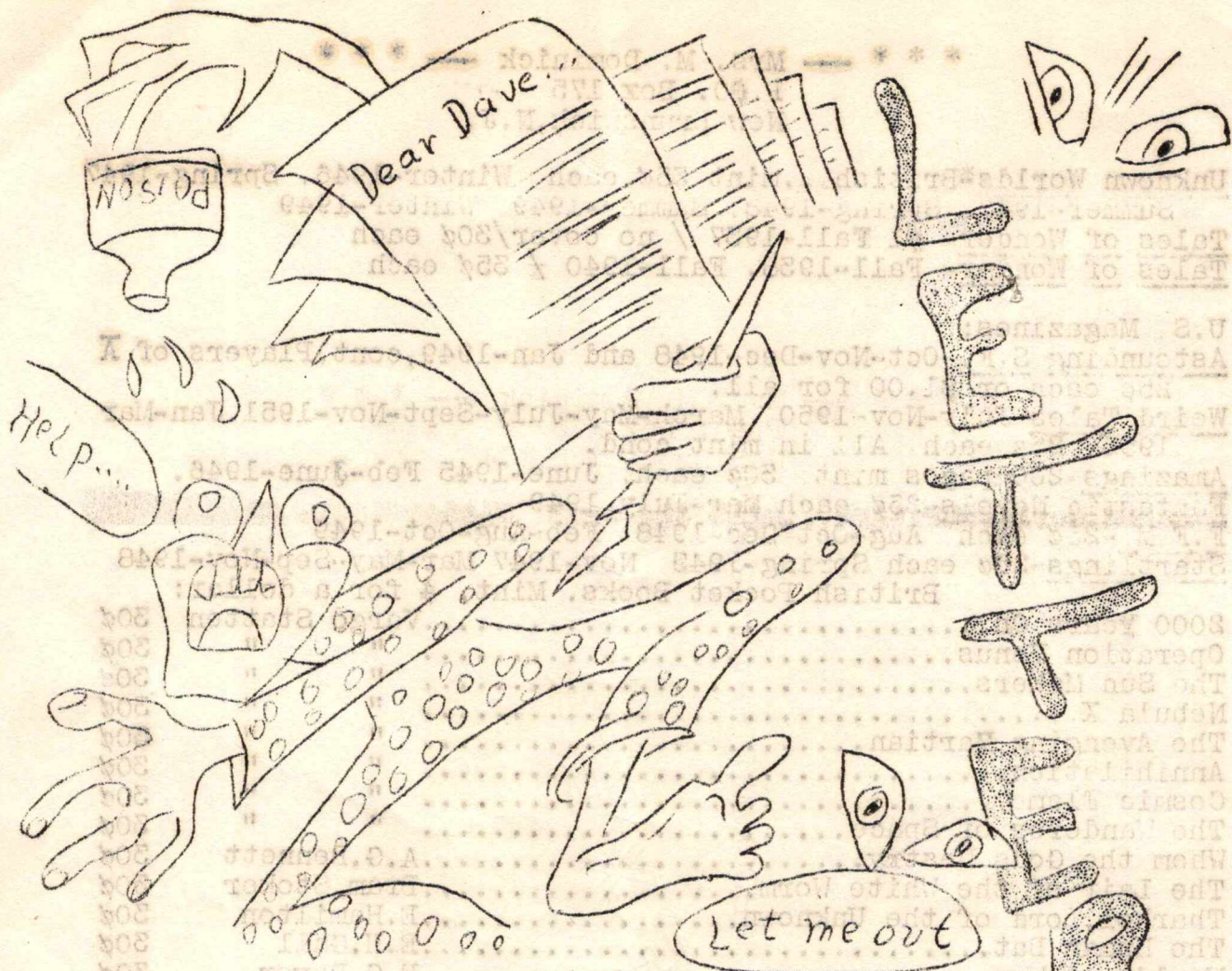


squint



surprise!





How do you like the heading we have for this department? Cute, huh? DEA drew it, in case you don't recognize the style.

Actually, though, the drawing is accurate—and I'll tell you why as soon I repair the "a" I just chopped out of the stencil. Don't know my own strength I guess. There. Now, as I was saying, it's inaccurate because the letters I've received could hardly be symbolized as the sword-pen and poison armed chimera of the drawing. Most of them were very kind. Here, let me show you a few of them—

Dick Ryan, the noted MAD-man has this to say:

....Venable's article was interesting. There seem to be a few prime movers in fandom while the rank and file are willing to sit around and be dictated to. And Oliver's story was better than most fanfiction. Notice he sold a piece to Imagination, too I got quite a kick out of Pope's piece, though I had the feeling at the time that I was reading Popular Mechanics or something. Your cartoon set it off perfectly. "The Girl Who Abolished the Universe" would have been better with a little more organization.

There'll be more from Ryan in a little while I think. He has an interpretation or two of the poems in the last issue.

Now we will hear from Richard Alexander Kirs. His letter will appear on the next page as I don't want to spoil its effect by dividing it.

Here it is

Ooooo-eeeeee! Walla walla walla!!

Orgie porgie stf and fun,
Down with girls, their stockings run
David English, thing or three,
Why did you do this to me?



And for this
I'll have to
send Ruslev
a free copy
of this mag
And I don't
even know
what it is!

Fanzines stink and so do I, but just the same, dear dave-pie, when such a one as yours I see, pip pop bim bam—cowboree!! Paper splendid, illos too, but someone's nuts and I mean you! Big name stf fans make me retch, so here's a smalltime stfan's sketch....

Honest to god, that's what he said. I didn't believe it at first myself, but there it is.

J.W.Espley, a British stfan writes:

As a S/F Reader you may have mags of and P/Bs of Weird, Fantastic or S/F which you have finished reading and would be prepared to send to British fans. These fans would be glad to reciprocate by placing a credit with me in your name to the extent of one British Pub for one American. I am in a position to obtain any British Pub you may want, either magazine or pocket book. You would of course send your requirements with each parcel. Your requirements would be dispatched immediately to you. All P/Bs and mags should be in good condition as the ones I send you will be as per publisher

For any of you who are interested in obtaining the British mags and P/Bs, the address is: 1 Gorsebank Rd., Liverpool 18, England.

While I happen to be thinking of it for some reason or other, I want to thank Shelby Vick for sending me the shading screen which he sent me; whenever you see shading like this: [diagram], or this: [diagram], you know who it's there because of.

Well, RJBanks' letter in the last issue sure stirred up a lot of excitement.

Three letters.

Russell Watkins wrote:

I followed R.J.Banks' advice and I am very delighted to see that you have/cleaned up your mag of its filth. Believe me, he's right and you'll have a much better zine if you continue to 'watch' it. I'm sure you remember me as the instigator of the CCF. Tho' it could not continue as an organization it did do a lot of good by spreading the idea around that fan editors do have a responsibility to fans and their subbers. All fanzines are strictly independent but after all, they do sell (most of them) and that's why the fans who buy them should have a say-so in their makeup.

I can't agree with you, I'm afraid, Russell. I believe that fans publish fanzines for the pleasure of it (they must since they certainly can't derive any profit from it). Therefore they should be allowed to publish just what they please. If any reader objects to the policy of any magazine, he is certainly in no way forced to buy the magazine.

In Fantasias I would like to publish any material that pleases me, no matter what the reader's reaction is liable to be. If you readers don't like that idea and want me to begin publishing only what I think you will like, you'll have to pay me fifty cents a copy for this mag; because I'm damned if I'll do that for free.

Taking a stand opposite that of Watkins, we find Ken Krueger: 21

Received the #2 ish of FANTASIAS today. Read it today and was promptly aroused to write and express my ire at the asinine attitude affected by some of your readers. Especially that of my esteemed colleague, Mr. Banks. I don't know what's the matter with some of these guys. I had to go scrounging through a fmz pile taller than I to find ~~the~~ ~~first~~ the first issue to see just what the "crack-up" gag was.

I'm revolted by it. These guys who want to "clean-up fandom" should start with their own crabby little minds. For god's sake pass over the stuff if you don't like it. To stress filth breeds filth. What the /!!!/ issa matter? (This is one letter that will never see a letter section in tact) /Keerect!/
11 31 0741

And here's the third. From Walt Willis, the non-perpendicular fan: If I can find it. Oh, here:

...I am weeping hot, bitter tears that I didn't get No.1. "Expose of femfen, bad taste, pure filth"...what have I missed? This is a nother English injustice to Ireland, and if there is any more of it, I shall revolt. In fact, many people think I am revolting already

I'm glad I can't send you a copy of #1 Walt, since there are no more. Just as well: you'd only be disappointed. Why, I didn't even notice that "Femfen" was filthy until Clean Mind Banks pointed it out. You have to be mighty sophisticated to be a Censor these days.

Now that the purple dawn of F has been dragged to light, let's look at the mail about those poems. You may, or may not, remember that I asked youse people to interpret the verse in #2. I'd read somewhere that a piece of writing could mean many things to as many people and wanted to see what things. First, from Dick Ryan, we hear:

...."Not In Red Flame:" To me this is an expression of the horror of being the last man alive. Before total annihilation is complete, the instruments that cause it will have broken down for lack of manpowerx to operated them. And this one individual, who may not be the last one alive in the world, but feels he is, is faced with a solitary, lingering death. "Where Shadows Meet:" I really couldn't say what this means, unless the poet has suffered some great wound and is wallowing in self-pity. "Identity:" Rather good. Man and Machine, I would say. In the midst of ever-expanding technology, man tends to forget that the machine is his own creation, and personifies it. First time I ever tried to interpret a poem. On paper, that is.

Of "Identity", Russell Watkins says:

....It was superb. What was it trying to say? Well....I would say it predicts man's future with religion. In other words, Machado thinks, (I don't) that man will consider himself a god eventually. Sort of an atheistic viewpoint. Am I right, Machado?

I really expected more than those two letters. Dunno why I didn't get more,--unless everyone was as cynical as J.T.Oliver here:

I don't know what the poems mean. Maybe they don't mean anything. Ever considered that possibility?

And with that, we shall bid goodbye to our letter hack friends, and to the editor, who, one might think from his lengthy comments, is trying to write the damn thing himself. --One more word and I run off the

(13)

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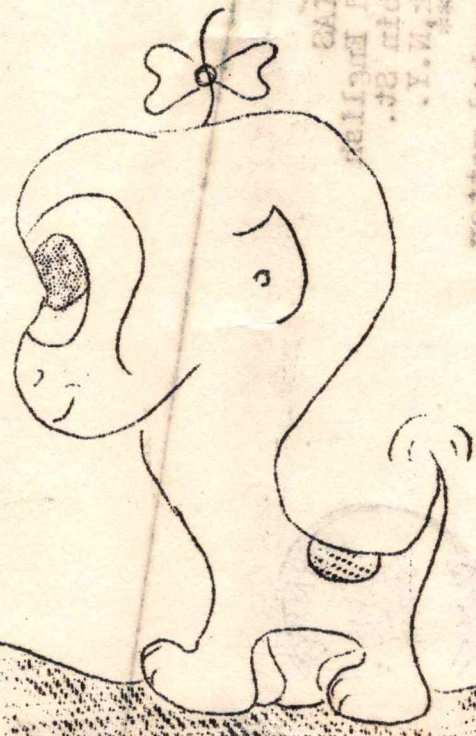
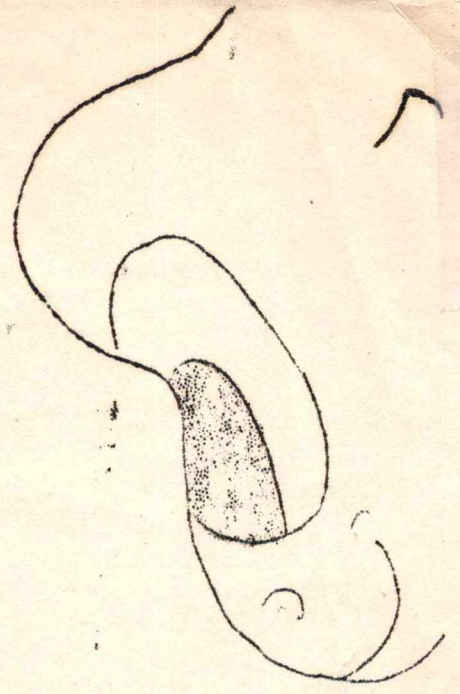
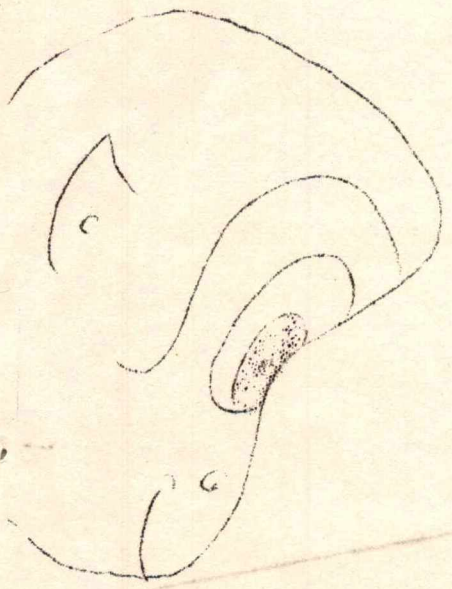
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