

THE

FANTASITE



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AN MFS PUBLICATION

THE FANTASITE

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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

Gostacus; Doscii; Destinabat... Ross Rocklyne....5
Viewpoint..... Carl Jacobi.....15
Astronautics in England..... F. J. Ackerman...23

FICTION

The Immortal..... Duane M. Rimel...17

COLUMNS

Fan Scratchings..... Gordon Dickson...8
Sauerkraut und Gefiltefish.. C.J. Fassbeinder..11

HUMOR

The Great Eye-Am..... O. Migosh.....25
A Title-Less Tale..... Bob Tucker.....27

DEPARTMENTS

Fanta-Notes..... The Editors.....4
MFS Members..... Squanchfoot.....13
Among the Hams and Pros.....28
Fanta-Scripts..... The Readers.....31
Forecast.....24

ILLUSTRATIONS and Title-headings: Tom Wright,
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--Whole Number 11--

FANTA—NOTES

by

the editors

THE OLD Minneapolis Fantasy Society, as it was at its peak, can no longer be said to exist. A steady dwindling of active members has resulted since the start of the war, although activity was definitely on the upswing for a long period of time. Now, Sam Russell, Morrie Dolleas, and your Editor reside in California; Gordon Dickson makes the eighth MFS member to enter the armed forces; Arden Benson expects to be in California sometime in June, and--well, it's quite obvious just how depleted the once strong ranks of Minneapolis fandom are. Very few are left to carry on. It's difficult to prophecy whether or not the organization will survive; but the flame has been kindled, has waxed and waned, and still glows. We predict that there will be an MFS when normalcy appears once more on the horizon. At this time we're thinking of a record made at a past meeting: on the disc, among others, Carl Jacobi, Cliff Simak, and Donald Wandrei delivered messages to the MFS of the future--the group that will be in existence after the war. Like many an MFS member, we hope to be present when that particular recording is played once more....

Fantasite has struggled gamely along during the last two years, and finally our third anniversary is in sight. Plans for another gala issue to celebrate this occasion are rather indefinite, but we can promise an unusual issue. It might do to mention that our real anniversary date--November-December--is long past; but owing to a previously sporadic schedule we must perforce speak in terms of "Volume numbers" instead of time! Booster ads for this issue are now being accepted at 10c, while larger advertisements of a like nature may be purchased at the regular rates. Only restriction imposed: a fifteen-word limit on the ten-centers. Each individual ad will be greatly appreciated. The more we receive, the more we can put into the anniversary issue. Let's start the ball rolling!

Our former Assistant Editors, Manson Brackney and Gordon Dickson, chief go-getters and enthusiasts on the staff, are now serving Uncle Sam and consequently are unable to offer much more than moral support at the present; but they'll be back again in the future, you may be sure. We'd like to suggest that you obtain a copy of Br-r-rack!, Brackney's humor mag. Copies are obtainable from 1710 Arizona Ave., Santa Monica, California, for a three-cent stamp. It's a bargain!

The receipt of so many letters commenting on the last issue was gratifying indeed, and we hope that this issue will produce an even greater response. Such missives are extremely helpful in determining just what type of material you readers want us to print. Opinions do vary, of course; but for the most part it's easy to weed out undesirable types of material, providing enough letters of condemnation are received. Our policy is still a vague one, with no particular tabus or requisites -- best expressed in the words of Sam Russell: "...our only criterion is that the material be sufficiently intelligent, interesting, and well-written to induce us to take the trouble to dummy, stencil, and mimeograph it."

(Continued on page 26)

GOSTACUS BOSCH: DESTIMABAT

ROSS ROCKLYNNE

HIDDEN BEHIND the smoothly printed pages of the stf magazines which glut the newsstands, deep beneath the editorials, beneath the stories, beneath the illustrations, beneath the readers' letters, lies a vast tangle of effort and sheer bungling stupidity and heartache and scrabbling which the average reader does not begin to realize exists. One picks up a stf magazine and reads it with hardly an effort and does not stop to imagine that it is the result of an incredible spiderweb of motions and thoughts and emotions and discarded thoughts which never show on the surface.

As an author, I can best illustrate my meaning by revealing some small fraction of the unguessed-at events which occur beyond the pale of the reader. For instance:

Who knows what Unguh would say

To a friend with a birthday in view?

'Twould likely be something like "uggy-wug-wug",

So "uggy-wug-wug" to you!

For those of you who remember an ASTOUNDING story of mine called UNGUH MADE A FIRE, I drop an affectionate tear. The above quatrain was submitted to, and rejected by, the Buzza-Cordova Greeting Card Company, in slightly different form. Later on, I used it as the opening of the aforementioned story, which was rejected also. Much later, at the advice of an agent, I rewrote the story, discarding my beloved quatrain because the agent thought it silly. Perhaps it was. The story appeared "uggy-wug-wug"-less.

A story comes on the stands and the reader reads it and does not think: Maybe the author went through hell to write this story. Maybe he was desperate for an idea, and maybe, in his desperation, he sat down at the "typewriter" and began to type off his thoughts as fast as he could go, hoping to turn up an idea. Maybe he wrote gibberish like this:

....Should I lay this story in modern times on Earth or on another planet, or should I put it in the future when the imagination can be used more....Now in the canals of Mars the water flows toward the equator doubtless and so what lord I can type faster when I ignore punctuations on the hell with it all no I cant take that attitude. Monday morning I will go up to the mail box with a manuscript I wonder if there will be a mail box chock full of checks I don't think so into the darkness has already been rejected by pohl, undoubtedly, and the only place would be strange stories or maybe science-fiction tapping on this typewriter may so drive me into a stupor that a story will simply come popping out of this thing that I must call a brain what a hell of a brain no it is a very good brain so it is. I think that 1269 will sell that would be very nice so it would....

That was copied verbatim from the middle of a marginless single-spaced page and

should give you an idea of what Rocky was enduring that day many years ago; for, alas, the mad scramble did not result in an idea. But, again, copying verbatim:

....All we need is one idea, and build a story around it. Is there anything in gravitations, again? How about a jewellett no I want to right a simple short story of six thousand words Start off with the wittenberg ship zowing through space, what goes wrong? Wittenbergs--disrupt lead atoms into electrons and protons. The spherical field--it gets square, and so what? The anatherm tube--no heat tube gets hot?

Two people are searching for something u 235? what diamond, people angels, lodeatonesk heavy gas noutrons neutrinos angels asphalt uni mals, hot ice cold ice peace independenced clocks fans, they are searching for fans what kinds of fans, cop chases outlaw and find? Ship lands on earth it is inimical it is friendly it is disastrous it is nothing there are three men on the ship there are four men on the ship there are six men on the ship one has a disease, three has disease, nobody has a disease, there is not trouble, there is trouble, there is a girl mixed in, she is a time traveller, she asks our hero to take a little trip into the past with her, but like l sprague de camp she d oesn't believe in time travel, I mean he doesnt believe it, and like hypnosis he has no belief in it therefore he cannot time travel, there is an atom loose in the world it is causing all kinds of trouble you need a butterfly net to catch it, but a special kind of butterfly net to woven of vibrations and therefore you need a butterfly net to catch neutrinos which are holes in the ether, if you put two hoags in the water, eject water from them, they will find each other, where does that leave us, something is loose in the world you can only catch it with vibrations, therefore our hero scientist composes a butterfly net which is nothing more than a field of vibrations poised on the end of some instrument he makes, this ties in excellently with insanity. Allso ties in swell with insectologist, screwy guy. everybody scoffs at him, they know there are things loose in the world which are harming humanity, but how to catch them. Alien beings who drift around who cannot be caught with any device known to man, they settle in the back of the victim's neck, and they cannot be dislodged, and you just pass this butterfly net through the person in questions and you bring this creatureout. If you see on moving forward toward you you catch him with the butterfly net therefore our hero devolves into a professor of physics who hates physics, but loves to catch butterflies he has a large collection and people think he is a little bit screwy, the head of the university gives him calling down because he is making a jackass of himself, story open that way.

And, bigosh, the story did open that way, and if you happened to read "The Electrical Butterflies" in Fantastic Adventures, you'll see that it did.

All of which should prove something. But what? Ah, me, what? Never mind, if you can't figure it out for yourselves, suppose we got on to the next classic example of what goes on behind the scenes, back in the sweatshop where the author works and slaves, for hours and hours on end, on a story which is passed over by most with a mere expressive wrinkle of the nose. But this time, I am giving a verbatim series of excerpts from a single-spaced page which gave me real results with a plot that tickled me to death:

....What if they were stranded on that planet which formed the asteroid belt millions of years later? What if the doom that overhangs them is splitting up that asteroid toward the end of the story

the doom of the planet looks like their own doom too All is lost...

What about the law and the outlaw. When they are wrecked the cop has the outlaw in his hands....Girl is using experimental H-H drive ship. Somehow the gravitons thrust them back millions of years...Ship crashes...

Incidentally: While on asteroid, they discover a perfectly preserved human skeleton. Cop discovers a ring on the finger. Whose ring? The Plot: This could be outlaws ring. This proves to the cop, later on, when he sees the ring on outlaws finger that outlaw dies. If cop is vengeful sort, he will point this out to the outlaw. Maybe, while outlaw has both of them in his power, he coldly is forced to tell him the truth, that he is bound to die. Cop found proof. This all comes to him after they discover that they are on that planet which existed before the asteroids. Perhaps outlaw forces ring on cop's finger. It develops now that a planet is going to crash with this planet. Also that whoever is wearing the ring at the time of the crash--that person will be the skeleton cop found so far in the future. Good situation--a fight to make other person

And to put it mildly, that was only the beginning of "Time Wants a Skeleton", which appeared in Astounding. Little did the readers suspect that toward the end an unsuspected and totally hopeless time-traveling paradox made it imperative that I destroy and forget the story....but all I did was to correct the error with some superhuman re-writing.

Fascinating as many stf stories are, it has always been more fascinating for me to peek behind the scenes at times, and espy an author's mind at work. Long before I sold a story, I was that most frustrated of all creatures--a science-fiction fan who know no other science-fiction fans or authors. You can imagine what happened when Dale Tarr, almost as rabid a fan as myself, put in his illustrious appearance. Perhaps you can now imagine what happened when Charles R. Tanner similarly moved into my limited circle of vision. We three, for the first time having found kindred minds have not yet finished talking ourselves out of mile-a-minute conversations, and it has been years....

But I bring the subject up only to provide a smooth runway whereon I can gently slide away and out of this article, leaving behind me the wispy foam of a charming bit of nonsense. Tanner's mind is an emery wheel, constantly spinning, and one of the sparks which flew off, all unknown to the hapless readers who got no further than the printed word, deals with the translation into four different languages of the senseless title of a ten-year old story by Miles J. Breuer:

The Gostak Distims The Doshes
Le Gostaque Destimez Les Doches
Der Gostach Gestimmes Das Doschen
El Gostacco Destima Las Doscias
Gostacus;Doscii;Destimabat

I leave the placing of accent marks, the argument concerning the correctness of the syntax, with you, dear readers; and to Morajo and/or Forry, for no discernible reason at all, I leave the doubtless simple task of translation into Esperanto.

FAN SCRATCHINGS

BY GORDON DICKSON

HOW DO you like this guy Bronson? He packs up and goes to L. A. Not that we mind his leaving. Any guy can leave with our blessings if he throws us the kind of farewell party Phil threw. But this here Sharrock Kid has the gall, the unmitigated barefaced impudence to take Morrie Dollens with him. All right, Bronson, I can hear you way back here in Minneapolis, feebly protesting that we knew about it all along. So we did, but we understood that after a talk with Ollie, Morrie had seen the light. Moreover, if it wasn't a case of Dollensnapping, why weren't we informed of the hour and place of your departure until you were safely on your way? WELL?! Ah-ah--put down that pencil my friend. No one is sticking his comments in parentheses in our column and sticking an "Eds." at the end as if that made it all right. Go ahead and answer me if you want to--you've got a whole mag to do it in, but this column is to be furnished whole to the reader without censorings, cuts, or interjections. If I send you an issue of "Fan Scratchings" with doodlings on the margins, "Fan Scratchings" is coming out in Fantasite with every individual doodle--or else--Incidentally--

Ludowitz, old sprug, with regard to this "Eds." business. Stop reading "Fan Scratchings" right now and go hunt up the issue of Fantasite right before this one. Got it? Now open it to the 36th page--the last one inside the back cover--careful the back cover doesn't come off, mine did--now look down at the last two--no, the last three lines. "We wish to apologize to Tom Lud--..... The Editors." Now, Ludy, with a finger turn to the contents page. Does it say anything about editors? It does not! It mentions an Ed. and an Assoc. Ed. and a couple of Assts. Now when Phil wrote that apology he was hiding behind Brackney and us. Our strength is as the strength of tea because we drink pure beer and the same is true of Manse. Sam, of course, is pure brain and must not be considered physically. So Bronson uses us Assts. to put the "s" on "Eds.". Therefore, L., know that it is Bronson and Bronson alone who has at last come forth with an apology under pressure.

"And the lion shall lie down with the lamb", or words to that effect. M. Brackney in print is suddenly become so tame that a little child may feed him. When Manse received the November issue of Astounding through the mails he came raving over to us blasting sandstorms on Mars with every known law of science. Writing to Campbell, however, he is much more mild. I quote:

"I wonder though, Mr. Campbell (writes the gentle Manse) about the continual sandstorms. According to astronomers (Manse is, of course, no astronomer himself, but a lover of accuracy) the atmosphere of Mars is VERY MUCH less dense than our own--approximately twenty per cent, I believe (Whaddya mean 'you believe'--you know damn well it's twenty per cent or you wouldn't have quoted the figure) Could such an atmosphere be disturbed to such an extent....." (Listen, Manse, is Campbell the world's most renowned physicist, or does he suffer from a weak heart? You don't have to break the news to him gently. Campbell's a big boy now.

Fans and Fanettes (I understand there are two or three of the latter scattered around this wide world of ours) allow me to present a few excerpts from my little Live Oak, Florida pal--incidentally, I wonder what he looks like.

Quote: "Dear Messrs. Boggs and Bronson: the Great Science-Fiction Nibel (note the 'i'--put that pencil down, Phil!) has already appeared. Have you ever read the Ark of Fire? Therefore, Boggs, I'll excuse your ignorance." Now here Ray makes two



assumptions. One: That Boggs has not read Ark of Fire, and that if he had ~~he would~~ certainly pronounce it the great S. F. N. Two: That R. W.'s judgment of novels is infallible. God knows, if it is, a lot of good S.F. writers might as well quit the field, because no matter how well they may write in the future, their best efforts will already have been surpassed.

Quote 2: "I presume he was referring to me, Shaw, McNutt and Ludowitz (some drivel is interjected at this point by Phil). If he was, I beg of the gentleman (note the formality) to drop me a postcard, letting me know more in detail." Asking for a postcard was a tactical error. Samples of Sam's minute writing have led me to believe that a postage stamp would have been more adequate. Drop us a postcard, Ray, and let us know what you think of us.

This is adding insult to injury, Phil; now page 35-36 has just come off.

What do you mean by "too tragically true" Miller? Don't tell me something like that happened to you and you let a little matter of literary taste outweigh the natural advantages of the situation.

We are intrigued--with an accent on the "I"--by this guy Robinson. What is he, and if so, why? From "Via StfNash" and other sources we get the idea that he is a very nice little guy who gets hung up in the closet inside his coat by hurried hosts whenever he goes visiting. Once in the open, however, he talks straight from Webster and with an accent that defies imitation. His durability, however, is amazing. He is reported as having been:

1. Trampled underfoot in the rush--p. 14
2. Squashed against the wall of an elevator--p. 15
3. Squeezed tightly in between two husky fans--p. 15
4. Discovered hanging out a window--p. 16
5. Crowded in between two husky fans (again)--p. 17
6. Flattened behind a kitchen door--p. 17

Now look here, fellas, we realize that fun's fun, but what the hell-- After all he is human.

Pipe the cover illustration for the January Ascending--a spaceship with nicely ornamented ground feature camouflage.

Our last column aroused signs of life in two fans, to wit, Sheldon Araas, and The Fortier. You will find their opinions stumbingly expressed in the accompanying letter section of this issue. It's our custom to leave the icing to the last when we eat a piece of cake, so we'll devote ourselves to S.A. first.

I am in a position to state that the motivating force behind Shel's ill-nature is class hatred. Shel, mes amis, is a stinkin' engineer at the U. of Minn. and we are an Arts College man. The war between Institute and Arts is an old one and in Shel's and our's the case is further complicated by the fact that we are a writer of long standing on the Technolog, the Institute's official mag, while Shel, in spite of his 2.87 average and being a bona-fide engineer hasn't been able to get so much as a punctuation mark of his printed in that monthly. Shel has been under the silly delusion that he can write. Poor Shel, not even his best friends will tell him that even the most prettily-written lab reports will not sell to the editor of a sf mag. He keeps pounding them out:

Object: To prove that a Plutonian Pirate has no chance against an Earth Patrolman.

Theory: The Patrolman is twice as strong, twice as good-looking, and twice as smart as the pirate.

Calculations: $2x=x$

Conclusions: The Patrolman wins and gets the girl; who hasn't been mentioned up until now but was there all the time.

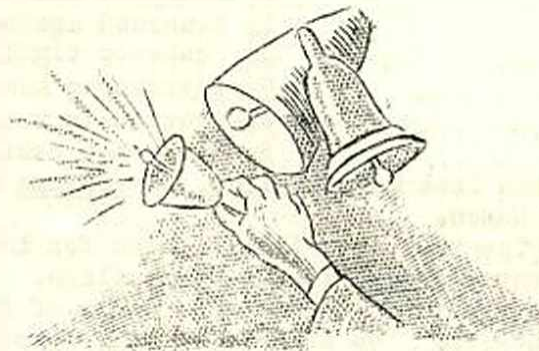
Vive Shel! Long may he wave.

And now for Joe.

Bless your little heart, Fortier, we can't help loving you even if you have had your mind poisoned by Ray. Washington. Any guy who can tangle up a sentence the way you do is priceless in this world where laughs have become only too few; and that sentence of yours in Hell Fire (MFS Bulletin No. 14), which begins "the mark of the

amateur, etc., etc." would sell to any third grade grammar book writer between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Why'd we have to lose you to the army, Joe? We're not kidding; we really are sorry to see you fade. You're the fly in the soup; the worm in the salad, the reason apartment owners don't like their renters to have dogs running loose around the halls, and fandom is going to miss you. Look at that same Hell Fire (MFS Bulletin, No. 14)--"Personally, I retch to think Bronson didn't approve of my last installment for his mag..." Now try to imagine anyone but Fortier retching all over the Bulletin. It can't be done, because Joe, in his own warped way, is unique. Now don't get all hot and worried, thinking we don't hate you, Joe, because we really do, in a fatherly sort of way. It's just that we're a little nostalgic, the way a farmer feels about his old Sears-Robuck catalogs when modern plumbing comes into the household. Tell you what you do, Joe; why don't you write a little book containing your opinion on each and every fan and organ of fandom, so that our grandchildren will have something to remember you by, long after your letters and colyums have gone into a school paper sale in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eighty-six? It's something to think about, anyhow.

THE BELLS ARE RINGING for the tenth issue of — *LYLDA!*



(For) GOLDEN ATOM is on its way again! THE VERY YOUNG MAN proudly presents the Winter, 1942 issue of GOLDEN ATOM (with Cummings, Lovecraft, Howard, Weinbaum, etc. --40 pages of surprises!) on his first furlough home! G.A. #10 also includes letters re the last issue of SPACEWAYS, last notes by H.P.L., and last unpublished bit by S. G. Weinbaum, "The Last Martian":

EUREKA!

WE'VE FOUND IT! In searching through a batch of old material, books, and magazines the other day, we came across some items which we had hitherto believed nonexistent: outdated, back copies from Vol. One of Fantasite. Here are the numbers and the prices: Volume One, Number Four (only one copy, with slightly off-register cover, otherwise complete and in good condition) ---35c; Volume One, Number 6 (two copies available, in reasonably good condition)---20c each. First come first served!!

CARLTON J. FASSBEINDER

THE PRIMARY fault with fantasy fiction columnists is that they are prone to sit down to a page of typewriter paper and commence to amble along until they are suddenly beset with an inspiration. The inspiration occurs approximately three-quarters of the way down the first page, and the columnist breaks into a sweat as he realizes that he has another whole page to fill before he can write the journalistic equivalent of "V For Victory", i. e., "thirty".

I want the scientifiction writers to note the ease with which this author has just got around the fault whereof he speaks. Having no idea to start with, he simply commenced lambasting those who write the same. This type of "lecturing" is sure-fire material for one who is temporarily stuck on a "purple patch". I have often wondered if Woodford and others (Frederick Palmer being a notable example) did not write their textbooks on the art of journalese not so much as a frank effort to instruct beginners--which only affords more competition--but because they, themselves were out of fiction plots. It all sounds like a school-day ditty composed by no less a person than Abraham Lincoln: "Abraham Lincoln is my name, and with my pen I write the same; I write it bold with slate and bead, and leave it here for fools to read".

Lincoln, of course, was not allowed, in later years, to write "How I Wrote the Emancipation Proclamation". Had he run out of bright sayings with which to fill text and fable books of a hundred lesser personages, he probably would have resorted to such tactics himself. We might then be plagued with material such as, "How to be an Honest Abe", notwithstanding that the Lincoln estate after the unfortunate interference of J. M. Boothe was something like \$200,000 in the black, though Lincoln's earnings as President were under half that figure.

Lest I betray my own dearth of material at the moment, in a subtle manner I shall simply proceed upon the present line of thought. Having nothing to write about, Fassbeinder shall teach others how to do the same. Supposing Bronson were to approach you and say, "Give me thirty pages of S&G". A less egoistic person would say "thirty" to begin with and go out and buy War Bonds. By the time you get through writing S&G, you cannot afford Bonds, you are buying huge quantities of phenol barbitol. Bronson is therefore a saboteur. (whisper, whisper, whisper.) Did you know that Bronson doesn't buy War Bonds? Did you know that he is in 4F? Did you know that he didn't volunteer for the Commandos? Did you know that Bronson once knew a Conscientious Objector? Bronson must be a German Agent. (His name is Teutonic!) Let's lynch him! Let's show that dirty yellow coward--etc., etc.

You will notice that Fassbeinder has used the "undue development" theme above. A minor point may be harped upon and extended into the ludicrous, until the desirable amount of space has been filled. A typical example of this sort of practice may be found in the headline story of a daily newspaper. Another example is a magazine called "Amazing Stories".

Another trick to filling a column is the use of the "unobstrusive subjunctive clause". Assuming you are composing directly on the stencil. (No fan editor would be guilty of admitting to this slovenly procedure, but we know it is done.) You suddenly discover that you have thirteen more lines to fill before you are

SAUERKRAUT
UND
GEFILTETISCH

at the bottom of the page. Furthermore, the last sentence in your story is really only worth about four lines. What to do? Throw in nine lines of sub-junctive clause, ending up with either a noun or a verb, or if you overrun your space after all, simply leave out the same. Readers will imagine that it is a composing error--such as continually crop up in our field of publishing. (One of my pet composing errors is accomplished by the numbskull who continues part of page 23 on the inside of the front cover. Whenever confronted with this sort of thing I lay the magazine down and never bother to finish it . . . unless it is some of my own material.)

Another bit of subterfuge along a slightly different line is in the matter of publishing date, or announced frequency of publishing time. We were discussing this problem one night with the editor. Question as to how often his Fantafright came out, he said, "I try to keep it a bi-monthly, but it only comes out about five times a year." An excellent psychological effect, in this case, is to call Fantafright a quarterly. Then Bronson could lean back in his hat with a satisfied grin on his face and say deprecatingly, "Well, you know, Fantafright is only a quarterly, but I usually manage to slip in an extra issue near the end of the year!" (Pouted pigeon effect, please.)

All in all the publishing business is one that lends itself well to minor bits of subterfuge. Perhaps that is why I find myself drawn to it. Put a new cover on an old issue and you can get a new-issue price for it. I knew a chap who put out a pseudo-pornographic magazine once a month for years. Each issue he changed the color of the skin on the demi-nude on the cover, and reversed the plates on the inside, but he never altered the stories. He had in succession on his covers a nude white girl, an Indian, a Chinese, a Malayan, a dark Spaniard, an Indian-Chinese, a mulatto, and a Senegalese. When he at last got back to white again, and was in despair lest he be forced to lay out for a new cover plate, I suggested that he call the second white printing an albino girl. I was thereafter Assistant Editor. We then had a series of albino-Indians, albino-Chinese, albino-Malayans, albino-Spanish, albino-Indian-Chinese, albino-mulatto, etc. When I suggested that he then go through the same combination, calling them Chinese-albinos, etc., he thought that was fooling the public a bit too much. He purchased a new cover plate and promptly went bankrupt.

And lastly a few words on concluding a column. You will note that I am still quite a distance from the bottom of the page, and yet there is no logical excuse for continuing further. I could write to the editor and ask him to throw in a filler, or dig up an old cut about so-many-inches long. However, that would take time and we have a deadline to fill. (No remarks.) Among the numerous methods of concluding the page is the pun, the good-advice, the let's-be-friends slant, in case you have been chastising someone, and the old, ear-worn skull-duggery of saying, "Now, in this article I have tried to show you that so-and-so and such-and-such...." and commence to re-state everything previously stated until the bell rings at the bottom of the stencil. (That's a very handy device, you ought to buy one.)

However, my favorite method is to end up with an old joke. No matter what people say, they will remember a bad joke long after they have forgotten all the good ones. If they cannot recall the issue of the magazine in which a given story or article appears, they will always explain, "The one with the horrible pun: you know what I mean." Therefore, lest you forget, let me recall this gag: "Who was that woman you were eating with last night?" "That was no woman, that was my knife."

MFS MEMBERS

as seen by Squanchfoot

Here I go again. Let's see, last issue I promised you all the inside scoop on this guy, GORDON DICKSON. The full name of this interesting MFS fan is Gordon Rupert Dickson. Gordy is 19, and is in his fourth year at the University of Minnesota. He's approximately six feet tall, weighs around 140 pounds, wears glasses, and has light, curly hair.

Like most fans, Gordy is a friendly chap, and an all-around good sport. One can't help but like this cheerful fellow, with his ever-present sense of humor, and his amazing knack for liking the things you like.

He'll be delighted to spend an evening seeing "The Barber of Seville", or quick to respond to a suggestion to take in a burlesque performance. Or he'll drop in for a chat upon a moment's notice, anytime; that is, providing the homework isn't stacked too high upon his desk-top.

Dickson has been an enthusiastic follower of science-fiction for six years, and over that period of time his enthusiasm has steadily increased, not waned, as is the unfortunate case with so many prospective fantasy followers. Dickson's first contact with another fan came about when he met Manson Brackney, a fellow student, and the two of them have been well-nigh inseparable ever since. Together they attended their first MFS meeting, and added their names to the club's growing (and--shall we say glowing?) roster. That evening of their first s-f club-meeting penetrated. It was then that Manson and Gordy met some of the authors whose stories they had been reading for so long: Clifford D. Simak, Carl Jacobi, Donald Wandrei, Oliver E. Saari... On that evening their passive-fan natures crossed the hovering borderline into active fandom.

Gordy has written for Spaceways, Tycho, The MFS Bulletin, and The Fantasite, and although he will probably swipe my favorite bone for saying so, is a nice target for fanzine editors in search of good material. In the fan field his likes run to "Fan Scratchings", the MFS, The Fantasite, Br-r-rack! His favorite fan list is composed mainly of MFS members at present and Frank Robinson (by reputation). Dolans represents the acme of fan illustrators to Gordy.

In the pro field Gordy likes Astounding, Unknown, Planet, and "any of 'em he can get his hands on". His science-fictional tastes aren't at all fussy; he just likes the stuff, although I suspect that he does draw the line when it comes to the Ziff-Davis catalogs. Likes Van Vogt. Has a poor memory when it comes to author's names, for the most part.

He likes straight science-fiction best, pure fantasy next, and then the weird and outre. Top-ranking s-f tales with him: "Final Blackout", "Slan", Lensman yarns, "Last of the Asterites",

Johanny Black stories, and "Cosmic Engineers".

Gettin' Personal: His favorite brand of cigarettes -- Philip Morris. (On Hallow'een night, way back in 1942 the MFS threw a combination meeting-surprise-party at the Russell abode in honor of Gordy's birthday. Everyone presented him with a pack of Philip Morris cigarettes, and the resultant pile made quite an imposing sight. Someone, however, had evidently procured an alien pack, and Gordy detected the faux pas. His first comment on being presented with the gifts was "Who brought the Old Golds?" That query has gone down in the MFS book of Famous Sayings by Club Members.) He likes to indulge in an occasional beer or Cuba Libre. Finds the opposite sex to contain a lot of nice people. Is a Christian. Likes cats and dogs. Will not grow a mustache because it tickles so when the wind blows. Expects one day to write textbooks for the courses in science-fiction that University English Departments will have to give. Is a good writer. Has a fondness for cowboy songs, especially "Strawberry Roan", and likes to play his guitar--or is it a ukelele or something? Dislikes Fortier and Sheldon Areas.

Gordy has an unprecedented love for the movie "Things to Come", and will, we fear, never go to his grave contented unless the MFS decides someday to rent the film and give it a showing. He's been propogandizing for just such an event for the last year or so.

Uncle Sam has first claim on Gordy despite the protestations of the MFS, so one of these days he'll doubtless be joining Brackney in the U.S. Army. Oh, yes, he's a Corporal or something in the Reserve Officers Training Corps.

Well, my little word sketch is just about finished; there isn't much more about Gordy that I can tell in this brief biography. However, I heartily suggest that if you don't get to meet him personally in the near future you come to the gala World S-F Convention which will be held after the war. Everybody will be there, even old Squanchfoot, himself. And, incidentally, fans, if any of you have canine science-fiction enthusiasts in your families, won't you please bring them along? I'd appreciate it tremendously.

MFS BULLETIN.....

There is definitely a lot of news going around today, and if you want to keep up with it we suggest that you try the MFS Bulletin which presents fan news from all over each week in its neatly mimeographed pages. Each issue contains from four to eight pages. The contents include short columns, features, and news items distinctively presented. Two copies for 5c is without a doubt the lowest subscription rate in fandom. Why not try a copy? Write to: John L. Gergen, 221 Melbourne Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota. The MFS Bulletin is an MFS Publication.

VIEW POINT

This paper is not a criticism or a condemnation of all science-fiction-fantasy fans, but it is a criticism of a great many of them. Youth, lack of maturity may account for part of their attitude; no doubt the present condition of this torn-asunder world plays another part. But taking fandom as a whole, I have come to the conclusion that a good fifty percent of it needs a few lessons in the craft of fiction writing.

I am quite aware that during the last few decades or so creative writing has cast aside many of the shackles which governed it for so long. A few years ago a reader could pick up a story, read it, and accept it for what it was. It had a beginning, a middle, and an end. It had characters and a background, and the characters moved across the stage until their mission was fulfilled when they quietly departed. Furthermore, a story was judged for its skill in writing, in suspense, in development. Characters might have been "typed" to a certain extent, but at least they were sincere, and whereas diction and syntax may have been flowery, studded with Stevensonian rhythm, still it was good diction.

Today, one might say writing has paralleled the development of art. Who hasn't gone to a modern art gallery, seen some horrible painted monstrosity with armless hands, rectangular flowers or fruit and caricature faces and heard or read later that it was "the soul of the thing, not limited to a photographic outline of the thought itself"?

But just as cubism and its related types have passed into the limbo with all other trickster methods, so too has the new writing front advanced toward an acceptance of the methods of the masters.

To draw another parallel: Some of the early music composers were ridiculed when their compositions were first presented to an uneducated public. The fact remains, however, that these composers, removed though they were from the fields of their predecessors, did not violate the accepted laws of harmony.

What has all this to do with science-fiction? Perhaps not a great deal. But the point I'm trying to illustrate is that an off-trail story in itself does not constitute a valuable piece of creative writing. Nor does a badly told yarn with a theme that has the universe as its scope rate a world of praise as so many fans apparently think it does.

Science-fiction is unfortunate in that it must satisfy two thirsts: the one for reading entertainment, the other for technical truisms. If you are an amateur or professional geologist, for example, and you detect an error in a certain story and you forthwith condemn it, you are being unfair. For just as most geologists are not scribes, neither are most writers geologists. The writer is attempting first of all to capture your eye and hold it for the half hour or hour it requires to read his written words. If he succeeds in doing that, he has accomplished the greater part of his mission.

This brings forward the obvious statement that there are two types of writing, "commercial", and what for lack of a better term we might call (next page)

BY CARL JACOBI

"artistic". All science fiction today, or at least practically all of it, is commercial. That is, it is written for a market, for financial remuneration. In most cases it is written for an editor who serves a publishing house, who in turn caters to the dictates of his reading subscribers. If the average fan would only remember this, he would be a little less severe with some of his criticisms and less glib with others.

Now commercial writing is written primarily to entertain. In some cases, of course, this motivation has been amplified to thrill, to startle, or to horrify. But sheer entertainment is its principal feature. It stands to reason, therefore, that a writer who is dependent on his manuscripts for his bread and butter must remain--shall I say, conservative?--and follow the dictates of his editorial purchasers.

"Yes," the fan will say, "but why doesn't he write exclusively for magazines X and Y? Both of these books publish the better things. Why must he turn hack and turn out this balderdash?"

The answer is, your full-time writer can't afford to serve only two editors. He can sell them an occasional story, and he frequently does. But since he is living in a society where everything has a monetary value, he must write where his efforts will go rewarded.

Show me a writer whose fiction appears regularly and consistently in a dozen or more magazines, and I'll show you a writer some fans take a keen delight in burning in effigy. Show me an off-the-trail story with a cosmic theme and a unique approach, and I'll tune you in to applause from coast to coast.

Are these fans to be censured for picking out hack material? Certainly not, if they can also discern material which is not merely fantastic.

I remember when I was in high school a fad of wearing one ear-ring which suddenly appeared in the feminine student body. In a few short weeks there was hardly a girl in school who didn't amble between her classes with a single pendant hanging from the lobe of one ear. The fad lasted a month. Today we have ear-rings, but, praise be, the girls wear both of them.

And so with creative writing. If one is an ultra conservative or a modern, a realist or a romanticist there are certain requirements he must follow. This does not mean a sneering villain and a bronze-faced hero, but it does mean a skeleton or framework that constant usage has made correct.

The fantasy or weird fan is in some respects more observant from a literary standpoint than is his brother, the science-fiction fan. Again and again I've seen a poorly written, poorly constructed science story rated "tops" simply because it had a new theme. Again and again I've read unfavorable reports from readers regarding a story by a prolific author that was beautifully written and adroitly handled in development, simply because it was conservative. The weird fan on the other hand, bothers little with this line of thought. He is interested in effect, and he appreciates all the little skillful additions which go to throw an intellectual spell of escape entertainment over him.

Hugh B. Cave (have you read his book, "Fishermen Four"?) once gave me an amazingly simple platitude. Said he: "Writing is the art of omission; not commission." And so it is. Any fool can turn out reams of copy on one subject, leaving nothing to the imagination. The true craftsman uses only what he needs, leaving the reader's intelligence to fill in the remaining details for himself. Clifford D. Simak's stories illustrate this point clearly. Utilizing abrupt transitions, one after another, he blends the whole into a smooth and complete unit.

A great many fans, of course, are skillful critics, which is why the magazines publish their letters. They analyze a story for its story value, and their comments both aid the writer and the editor and also pave the way to a better, finer fiction of the future.

THE IMMORTAL

May 3, 4055 A.D., San
Francisco, State of
Republica, United Nations of
the World.

DUANE
W.
RIMEL

I, Ralph Carver, 417-A,
of the Historical Society,
present herewith a manuscript
found last year in the ruins
of Hampden, a small cultural center of
the pre-war period, located in the
south-east corner of the once-famous
state of Washington, United States of
America.

Many inquiries have come to the
Foundation regarding the nebulous "im-
mortality" experiment of Dr. Emanuel
Rocknester, who died September 3,
1954. Historians will remember that
seven men spent their lives watching
and caring for that eighth wonder, Mr.
Charles Bonner. The last of the seven
(all names were lost) or "Guardian of
the Prodigy," must have perished dur-
ing the bombing of the Northwest by
the Asiatics in 2440.

And now we have a message from
the very mouth of the "experiment"! If
we can believe it, this being survived
the war . . . however, I am getting
ahead of the story.

All credit for the discovery must
go to Dr. Horace Mueller, 508-A, my
superior in the Society. I have mere-
ly revised the manuscript, which, due
to the warped education of the writer
and the antiquated knowledge of the
Twenty-Fifth Century, was quite morbid
and unintelligible.

Notes By Mr. Charles Bonner.

Have you, my Ruler, ever doubted
my undying faith? Have you ever
thought I would question your great
wisdom? I hope you will forgive me....

I feel that I must record cer-
tain impressions, for a strange
fear has risen to smite me,
and it leaves me no piece of
mind. I cannot write to you;
that is forbidden. You write
and speak only to me. Your
words are my law. I have lived
at your command, and I shall
do so always.

When I entered the gymnasium af-
ter dinner, I saw a slip of paper on
the floor. I picked it up, found
that it was covered with printed
words in English, resembling the les-
sons you teach me on the Screen of
Knowledge. This was different, how-
ever. On that slip were words entire-
ly new to me--words that have never
flashed across the metal screen.
Strange words . . . later I will write
them.

First, I wonder how that piece
of paper (very inferior quality, too)
ever found its way in here. Nothing
like that ever happened before. It
has troubled me exceedingly. I look-
ed overhead and saw a long, inch-wide
crack in the ceiling of the gymnasium.
The paper must have fallen through it.
Mustor, was that break in the masonry
caused by the terrible tremors which
have shaken this place? Since my last
Sleeping Period there have been two
trembling shocks, as if the very
Earth were going to shatter. What can
it mean? I wish I could ask you;
however, in due time you will tell me
on the Screen of Knowledge. [Prob-
ably a television screen for educa-
tional purposes. R. C.]

That slip of paper . . . I have
it before me now, puzzling over the
cryptic words. Evidently it is a
corner torn from a larger sheet.

"Aug. 20, 2440 (P) Honolulu,
Hawaii--Last of the Asiatic Air Fleet

speeding eastward. Destruction of the U.S.A. inevitable--"

Very little of it makes sense. "Aug." appears to be half a word; I can merely guess at what it represents. The number twenty is familiar. Twenty what? Sleeping periods? The larger number baffles me; likewise the symbol that follows it, Honolulu--the name of a far island city. The word came up in my lessons on various races of mankind. The Hawaiians are small dark men who play stringed instruments. I don't like the steel guitar and ukulele. I prefer the grand piano in my music room.

Master, is the U. S. A. being destroyed? Why should the Asiatics wish to murder us? Why do nations battle, killing the young, strong men, leaving the old and crippled to hatch more mischief? Why do men fight one another? I do not want to kill you, my Ruler. You are the only person I have ever known. Always I see your splendid image on the wall before me, but never have I seen you. I realize, of course, that few men have the privilege of viewing others, so I feel no malice. Only the animals mingle--Gods such as you, and even your humble servant, cannot break the Laws. You treat me well, and I worship you....

I should go to my music room and practice the Prelude. The sombre music of that great masterpiece thrills me. However, I do not feel like practicing now. These strange events have disrupted my schedule. You have given me no instructions since I took my last meal from the metal chute. Why haven't you spoken, my Ruler? Your behavior frightens me.

A study of my likeness in the mirror before my desk reveals a troubled mind. You tell me I should never worry. How can I help it? Usually I can inspect myself and find a great improvement. Now I see a change for the worse! Without your help, Master, I cannot fight this awful situation.

Again the earth trembles. Surely the Asiatics are destroying us.... The rumbling draws nearer. God! A

great crack runs across the ceiling of my study . . . what has happened? Master,

Lapse of time indicated. R.C.
I am afraid . . . bits of masonry are falling on the floor -- the crevice in the ceiling widens! A shaft of strange, white light stabs the floor . . . white radiance slicing the blue of my chamber....

Master, why are you silent? The metal screen is blank. No words of instructions issue from your image on the wall. Its mouth is open, but you say nothing. Master--if only I could speak! I am afraid . . .

A great hole yawns in the ceiling of my study! A huge boulder lies on the floor amidst a heap of debris. The blue light of my chambers has dimmed, gone out. Never have I seen such a hideous change . . . the awful white light floods the entire room, nearly blinding me.

A while ago I looked upward through the gap in the ceiling and saw a tremendous ball of fire. Can that be the Sun? Man cannot see the Sun and live--yet I am alive.... Master, where are you? I need your guidance as I never needed it before. My reason is tottering on the brink of a great abyss. Awful secrets are trembling at the rim of my soul--terrible secrets I think I should know, but do not....

Now I hear strange, guttural voices. How odd--many voices at once. Only the animals mingle, yet these creatures are babbling and snouting, creating a horrible cacophony that grates my nerves. Their speech reminds me of your voice, Master. They aren't very polite.

Hideous animal screams and cries of agony waft into my room from outside. I wish I could look out there and see. But I'm afraid of the great red orb in the sky--it might see me and destroy me. Anyway, I am forbidden to leave these rooms....

I looked into the mirror a while ago, but saw no improvement. Dark

circles under my eyes, great muscles sagging. The reason is clear....

Master, the metal screen is blank. You have not spoken since my last Sleeping Period. What shall I do? I am desperate. The food canteen is empty; I am getting hungry....

Master, I am horribly afraid. The strange white light is failing--I think it is going out! What then?

Over in the corner is a bizarre specimen of humanity. Perhaps it isn't human at all. It fell through the hole in the ceiling. It is not a man, so it must be an alien creature. The thing is rather beautiful and frail, lacking muscular development. It wears folds of colored fabric which are ripped and torn, revealing satiny white flesh. The creature appears to have been hurt, but I cannot mend what is broken.

I was startled when it plunged down from above, struck the heap of rubble and slid to the floor. Luckily the pile of slabs and masonry broke its fall, or the thing might have been fatally injured. It lay there a long time, not moving. Amazed, I ran to inspect this alien. I can say quite frankly that it gave me a hideous shock, for outsiders are utterly unknown to me. It lay on its back, mouth hanging open, a trickle of blood on its forearm. I tied a strip of cloth about the arm, but there are some terrible bruises I cannot remedy. I am no doctor....

The creature has long, silky hair that is almost red, if you can imagine such a thing. Its face is soft and lifeless.... I cannot explain why, but I lifted the creature from the floor; it weighs scarcely nothing! As it lay in my arms it quivered suddenly and raised its head. The eyelids opened slowly, it stared around dazedly, as any human being would, I suppose, under similar conditions. Then it saw me.

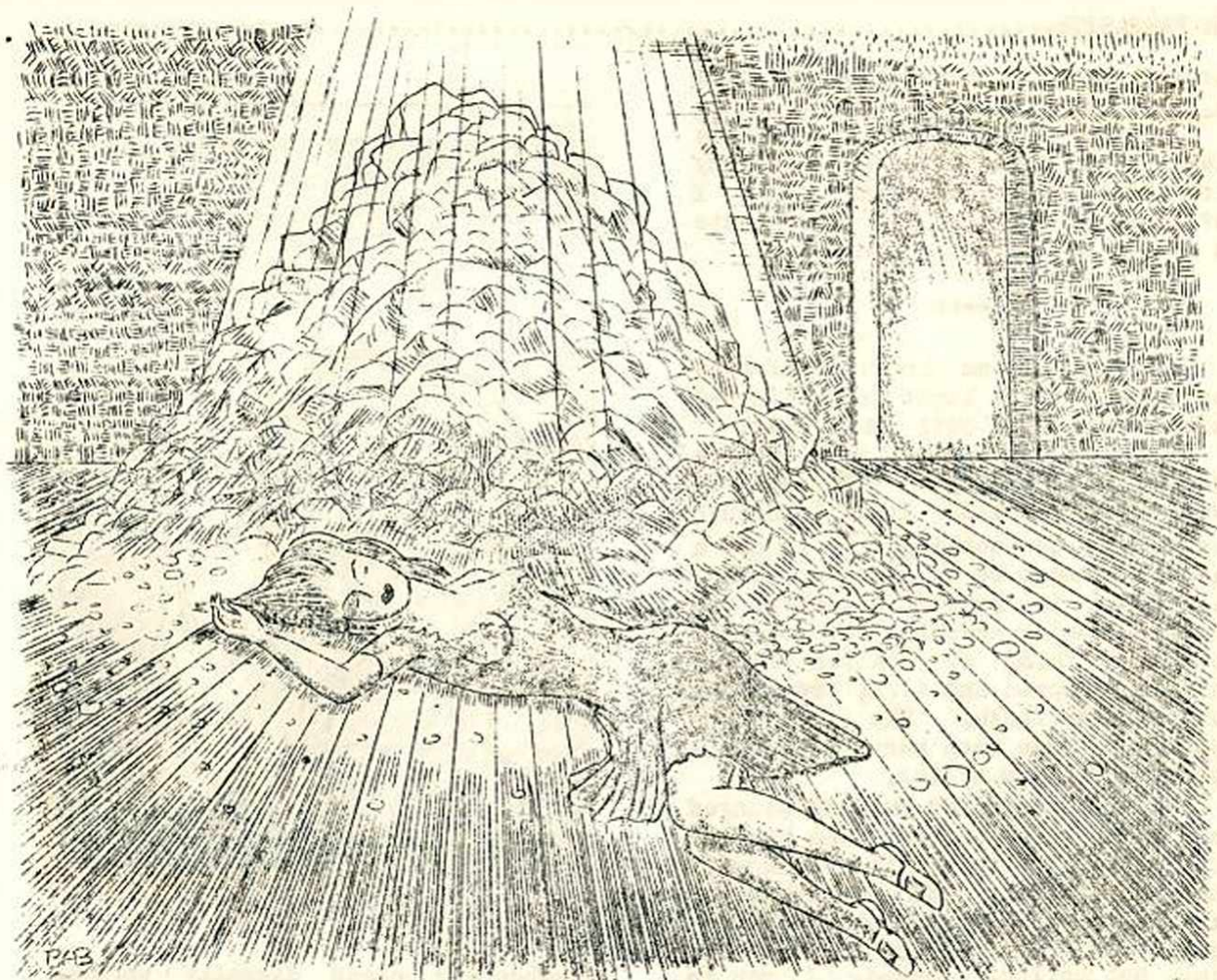
The greenish eyes widened with terror. The crimson mouth widened and a blast of hideous sound shook my



chamber and echoed dismally through the long corridors. It fought to break my hold, face convulsed with horror; then it fainted, went limp in my arms. I carried it to the far corner, where it lies now.

Master, it is afraid of me. Why? I have not harmed it. Perhaps the thing is an oriental--perhaps the sight of an educated man stunned it. You have told me, Master, how ignorant are the orientals, how cruel and barbarous.... Yet, that creature does not seem to possess cruel qualities; it is too weak and helpless. This unusual situation has aroused within me strange passions and a singular suspicion.

A living, breathing creature so different it might be from another planet. Perhaps that is the answer. I think I shall try to help the poor thing. Obviously it will soon need food, and so shall I. The canteen is empty....



FOLLOWING AN awful darkness, the great orb in the sky moved upward and grew brighter, and I can see well enough to write....

Weak from hunger, but must keep writing . . . writing, or I fear I shall go utterly mad. A train of hideous revelation has marched before me since I wrote last. Master, I am losing faith in You . . . how blasphemous that sounds! But you have deserted me in the time of need--I am doomed to starve in this empty pit. The ceiling is over fifteen feet high. I cannot get out, unless....

The strange red-haired being came to life suddenly not long after the eery white light crept into this chamber. It sat up and looked at me, rubbed its eyes as if to clear them of a bad dream. Then the creature got to its feet, unsteadily, and came toward me. Those green eyes stared in the oddest manner. And Master, it spoke to me!

That is an awful atrocity, but I am telling the truth. Guttural English, but intelligible.

The creature asked my name. Imagine such ignorance! But I suppose orientals do not know such things. The whole world has heard of Charles Bonner, the mastermind. Few men know the tremendous secrets I possess.

I replied, and the creature laughed--laughed in my face! And Master, I loath mockery. I leaped to my feet and slapped the thing across the mouth. It fell, still laughing hysterically. It lay there shuddering with mirth, its life ebbing. It is weak; so am I, but stronger than that miserable wreck of tissue. I repeat, Master, this creature lay there and laughed and uttered the most terrible blasphemy. I cannot believe what I heard. Always you have told me the Truth. Why should I have listened to that monster from the outside? But I did.

It said (Heaven forbid!) that I was the laughing stock of the age . . . the standing joke. It said that I was supposed to be immortal. Of course,

Master, isn't every human immortal--every one who was placed on this Earth in the Beginning, by the God, your own father? That is the way things are; that is the way they must be. The being said "she" had lived twenty years. What fantasm is that? Years--what are they? It said a year is composed of three hundred and sixty-five days. Days.... I have never heard such utter nonsense. All humans live as I have lived--in blue-lighted houses. The Gods, like you, Master, watch over us, feed us, and teach us. This creature is mad, mad....

It said that I have lived over five hundred years! Years, days--bosh! Time is not chopped into units--it is a long, steady stream wherein nothing that is immortal perishes; and I am immortal. This thing must be a semi-civilized animal that haunts the jungle. It cannot be a human being. Finally I slapped it shut and dragged it around the boulder and debris, into the same corner.

The great rumblings in the earth have ceased. No longer do I hear the screams and moans of the dying, but often strange odors drift into this chamber. What has happened? Have the Asiatics destroyed everything? Many savage animals must have been slaughtered in that war.

The strange creature is unconscious. I am growing very hungry. I am weak . . . terribly weak. Again the red flare in the sky is dimming. I have abandoned my plan for escape; the sun would surely destroy me, and I cannot see in the awful darkness.

Master, what shall I do? You have forsaken me. Am I to perish in this once splendid home, now transformed into my own tomb?

Reflection in the mirror now shows strange, almost ghastly deterioration. What is happening to me? Never have I looked as depleted as I do now--never in all my life. Eyes are glaring, red balls; teeth long and yellow, face shrunken....

My fingers weaken as I write. I must have food. That creature is made of flesh and blood. It is weaker than I. I must have strength and

food--perhaps I can escape. Some equipment in the gymnasium. But what if I should? Lost in a cold, hideous world of light and darkness.... I must have food. Master, you are accursed!

I tried to build an avenue of escape, using chairs and implements from the gymnasium. My strength gave out. That has never happened before--Why should I leave? My Master is gone; soon I, too, will go . . . where?

Another great darkness has passed, and the creature in the corner is growing cold by inches. The poor thing whimpers now and then. I wish I had some food--for it and myself. I know I cannot last much longer.

I have been thinking about what this pitiful creature told me. Years, days-- I wonder if I am the "joke", the "successful scientific and biological experiment" of the age? And I wonder if I am abnormal--if other humans mingle freely. I think it would be rather pleasant....

I must do something to keep my mind occupied--keep it off that hideous problem. When I finish this chronicle I shall place it in a brass cylinder I have been keeping in my work shop. I shall seal it and throw it through the great hole in the ceiling; granted I have enough strength. Why I am doing this I cannot say precisely. Maybe someone, like this little creature, will find it and gain thereby.

Again my thoughts turn to that thing in the corner. The blood is yet warm . . . I am hungry. Should I? It's going to die anyway. I might as well live for a while. I cannot bear the thought of dying.

Great God! I looked in my mirror again and noted a terrible transformation. My hair is gray . . . white. Eyes are mere holes in my skull . . . skin drawing tight over my bones . . . whole body shrinking, shrivelling....

I have changed, suddenly, to a hideous monstrosity. First the cylinder . . . Master! Master . . . save me. It is the end....



ASTRONAUTICS in ENGLAND

Forrest J Ackerman

Rocketry came to the fore on the British scene in 1933, when the British Interplanetary Society was formed to study the science of space-travel and convince the layman of the possibility of the conquest of "the void" via rocket. Though many members were engineers and scientists, technical training was not a requisite, only imagination and enthusiasm for the subject being required.

The BIS was conducting original research into every aspect of astronautics, from rocket-motor design and the ever-present fuel problem to orbital theory and actual astrogation. Meetings were held periodically, talks and lectures given; from time to time the apparatus that was constructed by BIS' Technical Committee was demonstrated. The results of the Society's work were made available to domestic as well as foreign members by its journal, published, I believe, semi-annually, at 6d, and similar to our American journal in size and appearance.

Interesting to note is that from Pres., Prof. A. Low, DSc, through V-Ps Cleator and Johnson, Treasurer Clarke, Organizing Secretary Smith, and Publicity Director William F. Temple, the Council of the BIS was composed either of authors or of avid readers of that special brand of literature based on the extrapolation of present knowledge, known by the coined word combination "scientific-tion".

Supplement to the journal was the monthly Bulletin, with general interest articles by experts in every country.

Known English organizations included the London Branch of the BIS, the Manchester Interplanetary Society, and the Paisley Rocketeers' Society, the latter in Scotland.

Three types of membership were open in the BIS: Active at \$2.50 a year; Associate Membership at \$1.75; and Associateship for 75%.

The BIS had designed a cellular rocket claimed capable not only of escaping Earth but of landing on Luna--and returning. Ninety percent of its mass was fuel. It was to weigh a thousand tons, of which but one or two would be the payload. Problems of temperature, gravity, food, atmosphere, exploration--all were planned in detail to take two, or possibly three, men to the moon...and bring them back alive. The avowed object in designing the spaceship was to bring spaceflight into the realm of practical engineering.

The Society concentrated its attention on the task of meriting a reputation for sound scientific work. There was a Technical Committee whose purpose it was to produce jet-propelled vessels capable of travelling in a vacuum. Rough tests were made of over eighty suggested fuels, solids being favored because no method had been found to use liquid in the special cellular construction. Re motor design, the Sanger theory of jet propulsion, with slight modifications, was shown to correspond with practical results. As to make-up, the BIS snip was divided, in plan, laterally into steps, higher being smaller than lower. Each step divided longitudinally into cellules, larger steps at the bottom containing fewer celluloses than smaller steps at the top. Each cellule a complete unit, comprising a motor with its load of fuel. Firing electrically controlled. Each cellule detached directly fired so heat could not penetrate adjacent wall and prematurely ignite another cellule.

I have one report of an experiment in Calcutta, India, where a rockettrain of three compartments was built and launched, successfully going "a considerable distance". (Continued on next page)

THE GREAT SCIENTIST wanted to see what was at the End of Everything. That question had always intrigued him. He knew there must be an end of Everything, far out at the edge of space--and there must be something there.

Now, at last, after years of working on the problem, he was going to achieve his dream! He gazed fondly at his Machine--of shining metal and glass and levers and tubes. He had just completed it. He had just tightened the last screw into place. Now all that was left to do was to enter it, and go speeding on his Ultimate Adventure. He was not afraid; he knew the machine would work.

There were more than Universes. There were Cosmuses. All the Cosmuses together were contained in the final Space. There could be nothing beyond that. This Machine would send him bursting out of each succeeding Cosmos, each one acting as a tremendous catapult to hurl him outward to the next one, until . . . finally he would reach a point where there simply weren't any more. Then he would be at the End of Everything.

Now was the time. Without a quaver--for he was a brave man--he stepped into his Machine, closed the door, pulled the lever, and--

Whoosh! He was gone. In about one second he had left his Planets and his Solar System and his Galaxy and his Universe and his Cosmos, and was looking back and seeing his Cosmos fade away into a little pinpoint. He wasn't really He any longer, but rather he was a lot of Atoms, or Pure Force, or Essence of Light, or Something Like That, speeding along; but yet he retained his identity and his original ambition, to see what was at the End of Everything.

Ever outward he went--out and out and out. With the swiftness of light he went--swifter and swifter and swifter. Speed piled upon speed, acceleration multiplied upon acceleration with ever mounting fury. (Next Page)

THE GREAT EYE-AM

by
O. MIGOSH



At last he noticed something. Space seemed to be getting narrower! There was no doubt about it. He was no longer speeding outward; but he had reached a sort of tenuous boundary, and he was speeding along it, following its curve. And it seemed to curve in upon itself sharply. For a long time he hadn't seen a single Cosmos anywhere, so he knew, now, that he was fast approaching the End of Everything.

Now he was slowing down. That tenuous but invisible something still bound him in, narrower and narrower, and beyond it was Nothing--not even the blackness of Space, nor the emptiness of Space, but merely and irrevocably Nothing! Finally he was moving so slowly and was so crowded in by the End of Space, that he had to get down on his hands and knees and crawl! He was beginning to be disappointed. There seemed to be nothing here but Nothing!

But then he saw Something. Just a little distance away. He crawled toward it faster, excitedly, and then saw what it was--just a little hole! His heart was pounding madly. Here, he knew, was the Very End.

But what was it?

My, but that little hole was fascinating! He came nearer to it and nearer, until he was just a few inches away. Dared he look? But why not? That's what he'd come clear out here to the End of Everything for.

Wonderingly, he put his eye to the hole and looked.

All he saw was a great, horrible Eye, very close, staring right back into his own. Then the eye winked at him.

It was awful.

FANTA-NOTES--Contd. from page 4.

A fan-mystery that has never been solved is the famous "Kamis Lessur Enigma". Some time ago, various members of the MFS received strange letters from a tongue-in-cheek individ-

ual, "Kamis Lessur", of "Arkham". About the time of the perpetration of this hoax--which lasted for several months--a number of equally screwy missives were received from "Melvin Moron" and "Jean Genius". It was later discovered that Manson Brackney was responsible for the latter, but the identity of "Melvin Moron" has never been definitely established. Mr. Lessur still remains undetected. To further complicate matters, letters with an authentic ring were received from a "Michael B. White". Suspicion arose from the mis-spelling of the name "Michael", and later Mr. White's non-existence was verified by the return of several letters sent to his address which were marked "No Such Address". For a while Gordon Dickson was suspected, as he had been caught in a pre-arranged trap. He was handed a piece of paper and a pencil, and then told to write the name "Michael". He spelled it wrong and we thought we had him. This proved to be another false alarm, however, as later evidence in the case revealed. A great deal of sleep has been lost in fruitless attempts to solve this puzzle. Although no one else agrees, we still think that Ardon "Buns" Benson is the culprit behind the Lessur hoax...

One of the most industrious s-f authors we know is Carl Jacobi. He works full-time in a Minneapolis Defense Plant, does a lot of writing on the side, and still finds time to write articles for The Fantasite! Carl has written for over 45 different magazines, including Canadian and other foreign publications, some of which have translated material by him.

Acknowledgment: To Bruce Yerke, Mel Brown, and Morojo, of the LASFS, our thanks for the assistance they rendered on the publication of this issue. Running 250 copies of a magazine this size is no small amount of work!

--PHIL BRONSON.



"It's like this," the Sane Scientist said to his awe-struck assistant. "Ever since I was a little tot I've been crazy about King Arthur and his Knights! In my boyhood, instead of playing cops and robbers, or cowboys and Indians like the other kids, I played knights and dragons."

The assistant opened his mouth.

"Don't laugh," interrupted the Sane Scientist. "It was real to me. My broomstick was a dashing white charger, not a cow-pony. I slew dragons, not Indians. Well, when I grew up the love of the literature stayed with me; I became something of an authority on the period."

"And--I became fixed with an obsession. I wanted, somehow, to get back to those times! With the coming of the rocket and atomic power I realized myself several steps nearer my dream, for the sciences developed in allied fields to those two steps opened vast new fields to me. Yes--I experimented with time-travel!"

"Until at long last I succeeded in converting that tiny rocket speedster there into a potential time-travelling craft."

"With this tiny phial of time-travelling powder which I hold in my hand, I shall journey back through the centuries and actually visit King Arthur and his glamorous Knights of the Round Table!"

The Sane Scientist was as good as his word. He entered his small ship, waved the assistant back to safety, and called goodbye. He emptied the contents of the phial into the sand in the combustion chamber, pulled the switch, and vanished into space and time.

The good knight St. George rode stolidly along in the warm English sunshine, his white shield glistening in the reflected sunlight. Behind him on the horse's rump joggled the fair Lady Gwendolyn, wishing mightily for springs and upholstered rumble seats.

"Look, look!" she cried suddenly, pointing into the sky. "Another one, good sir. And what a fiery beast it be!"

"Slip down, fair one," cried good St. George. "Ah, but I am fair weary of slaying the critters--still, morris England must be rid of the varmints. I go into the fray! Look, even now it has landed. See the fire from its nose!"

"Yes," cried the Lady Gwendolyn. "And how the huge round eyes gleam with inner light! Look yon--I see a man's face mirrored therein."

"Avast!" roared the good St. George. He brought into position his gleaming white shield to blind his opponent, and raising his wicked lance into striking position, charged the fiery monster. With goodly judgement he aimed at the large eye showing in the side--the eye that mirrored the clean-shaven face of a man.

When it was all over, St. George and the Lady Gwendolyn strode casually from the portlock. St. George spat.

"A rather crummy job, this. Did ye note they used common sand for power? Early 21st Century model, I'd say. Remember the one I bagged last Tuesday? Mun, what a sweet job that was. It had inertia-drive!"

AMONG THE HAMS AND PROS

HAMS

VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION,
#26. Ackerman and Morojc.
I dunno about any of you
fellows, but these ghod-
awful fotografic covers
are rather nauseous to me.

I like to see faces as
well as the next guy, but one would think that Ackerman, Morojc, or whoever perpe-
trates the things on fandom would have enough sense to arrange the pics neatly, and
with some semblance of order. You know what the inside stuff is: general feuds and
commentaries via letters. A very excellent Wright drawing inside, executed in Finlays
best manner, is an eye-catcher and very well done.

BY: MANSE BRACKNEY
RAY GRUMBO
JOHN GERGEN



THE ACOLYTE - #2 - 10c per, 4/35c - Francis T. Laney, 720
10th St., Clarkston, Washington. I think that this is un-
doubtedly the finest of any of the recent crop of fanzines
to appear--materially, though not always formatically. At
least the mimeographing is clear, and easily readable.
Personally, I think that right-hand-edges would be a very
worthy addition, and perhaps what could be termed a gener-
al "toning down" of the entire magazine. I delight in deep
and heavy reading, just as you, but it tends to become a

little boring when one has to wade through quite a few pages of such material. That
is not a squawk--it's a suggestion for improvement. While material does not necess-
arily have to be on the definitely humorous side, it can be "light reading", which
is sometimes more pleasurable. The two pieces of fiction, and the long article by
Laney on the Cthulhu mythology are excellent, and very well worked out. However,
the six-and-one-half pages of description, and general laying-out of the nature and
character of the Lovecraft entities and creatures can become too heavy, all of which
prompted the above remark.

FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST - Vol. 3, #2 - Rosenblum from England. The appearance of this
fanzine continues to amaze me. I didn't expect an English fanzine to publish iss-
ues so often, or quite so interestingly. I think any of the US fanzines could easily
take to heart the lesson of ambition, fortitude, and--uh, perseverance. This issue
contained the startling news that the Britishers were planning to hold, and might
have by this time, a Midlands Stf. Con. Congratulations to the fellows, if they
managed to do so.

--JOHN L. GERGEN.

PROS--

FUTURE FANTASY & SCIENCE-FICTION--Feb. '43. Some of the fellows say Future is slip-
ping, and I might agree with them just a little. However, I liked this issue a lot,
with the exception of the Bok story, which I did not bother to read (and I have no
intention of reading it). Pearson's and Cummings' (!) tales take the honors in the
sciencefiction, and "Too Perfect", "When You Think That--Smile!", and " -- Does Not
Imply--" are excellent fantasies, the latter being a weird.

--John L. Gergen..

STARTLING STORIES--January 1943. This is the first issue of the magazine that I've read since 1939, and I think I'll continue to read it because I've found in it the solution to a jaded scientificfictional appetite. The cover this time is another of the monstrosities that made me shy away from the mag for so long. The lead novel "World Beyond the Sky", by Robert Moore Williams, is a fair story of two universes with all the usual bloodshed and a pretty girl. The hero and others enter this second rate Utopia and with the aid of some of the inhabitants, overthrow the tyrant in control. Rather entertaining, and, take this as you will, reminiscent of a Cummings opus. "Forgotten Past", by William Morrison is the current revival of the old plot of the fellow who, by the use of a machine he has invented, sees his own death. Rating: one aspirin tablet. "The Man Who Was King" by Nat Nitkin is the space-opera of the month, and the only really poor story in the issue. Best among the shorts is "The Gladiators", by Walt Dennis and Ernest Tucker. An interesting story of gladiators in a future world and how they obtain their freedom. I won't say a word about this "Sergeant Saturn" who has befouled the pages of what could become a first class mag.

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION--January 1943. It would seem that this is a special time-travel number, what with five out of eight stories concerning time-travel in one aspect or another. Without a doubt the best story in the issue is Van Vogt's "The Search". It's a time-travel story with a new angle and a punch. "Elsewhen", another time-travel story, rates second place in this fine issue. A scientificfictional murder yarn--but good. Third place goes to Ross Rocklynne for his "Backfire". A clever little tale of social conditions in the future, and how one loquacious individual from the Twentieth Century almost disrupts an entire civilization. Jameson's "Barrius, Imp." ranks next. "Time Locker", by Padgett, is an amusing tale with a whacky inventor, a shyster lawyer, and a novel ending. "The Cave", by Miller, is a well written story which would have been much better if it were longer. Last, but still a good story is "Nothing But Gingerbread Left", an unusual tale of how a simple little rhythm rhyme can upset the best laid schemes. I reserve my judgment on Will Stewart's sequel to "Collision Orbit" and "Minus Sign". "Opposites--React!", even though it starts out as one of the best of the last year may end up a fizzle, in keeping with the more recent serials. I hope not.

--MANSON BRACKLEY.



LE ZOMBIE--January 1943. Fourth Anniversary Issue! 45 pages! Two litho-covers, by Dorothy Les Tina, and Ronald Clyne! Chain-Letter Dept.; Long Letter Section; Tucker Humor! D. B. Thompson, Harry Warner; Walt Liebscher; Brazier; Blakely; Bridges; Fanzine Yearbook for '42!!!! This is the best single item I've seen in ages, without exception. You've simply got to have a copy. Yes 45 pages of stuporpendous-Tuckerama neatly mimeed on yellow mimeo bond. Orchids, a case of Mattingley and Moore, and Lumarr to Bob.

--RANDOLPH TELLYNISH.



ASTONISHING STORIES--April, 1943. Bradbury, that industrious up-and-coming young author cops the honors with his short story, "Subterfuge", in this issue. Tucker's short tale, "Exit", ranks next in line, despite a timeworn plot. The old-plot idea applies to Bradbury's short, also, but heck! there aren't any new plots! The rest of the stories in this number are only mediocre, but enjoyably reading nonetheless. We suggest you grab up a copy of astounding. The fun departments alone are worth more than the price of the mag.

--RANDOLPH TELLYNISH.

AMAZING STORIES--May, 1943. Cover by McGauley--another depiction of the "Mac" girl who still can't compare to Finlay's femmes. The stories don't seem to improve, but Rocklynne scores with his "Warrior Queen of Lolarth"(B). "Priestess of the Floating Skull" (Ye Gods! what a title) barely rates second. Wish that Amazing would stop overworking the word "Priestess". "Bridge of Banishmont" and "Adam's Eve" are vaguely interesting, while I don't care to do more than mention "The Machine", by Williams. Amazing is slipping, and unless they get Binder and Finlay back, they're goners as far as I'm concerned. AMS has the most uninteresting readers' section in existence.

PLANET STORIES--May, 1943. Cover is quite good, if you're willing to overlook the worn-out "heroine-hero-ungly-monster" theme. At least Rozen's human figures are well proportioned. Most interesting and well-developed story this time is "Alcatraz of the Starways" by de Pina and Hasse; good characterization and nice handling of the emotional sequences. Rocklynne's "The Sandhound" is good for second place, followed closely by Bok's "Stranger from Space". Other yarns by Hamilton, Gold, Brackett, etc. have their individual merits, but failed to register with me as being worthwhile. "The Vizigraph" remains the best letter section of the lot.

--RAYMOND GRUBBO.

MASS--

THE ACOLYTE--Spring, 1943; Volume 1, Number 3. 10c per, 35c for 4 copies. Francis T. Laney, 720 Tenth Street, Clarkston, Washington. Gather around you fanzine friends while I discourse on a fan mag what is a fan mag. Laney scores again with the third issue of this nifty number, which features an exceptionally attractive linoleum block cover by Duane Rimol. This magazine is neatly reproduced and set-up, and presents twenty-nine pages of mature articles, fiction, and poetry for your pleasure. Of particular interest is "Poetry and the Artistic Ideal", being the body of a letter by H.P.L. While I confess that most poetry is beyond my unsympathetic soul, I found most of the verse in this number enjoyable. Rimol's "Music of the Stars" absorbing, and in true Lovecraftian vein, but a trifle weak owing to the overworked plot-idea employed. I could go on and on, but since our esteemed Editor has decreed that space is valuable, I'll slip away with a hearty recommendation for this magazine.

BR-R-RACK!--Volume One, Number Two. Published by Manson Brackney (now in the armed forces, I understand) of Minneapolis. Copies available for a three-cent stamp thru The Fantasite. Well, slap me down and call me "Happy"! If this isn't the doggondest fan mag ever to deposit its hilarious pages within my overburdened mailbox! It's an unpretentious, raucous, sportive little hoyden of a mag, overflowing with self-claimed "corn". This second issue is a burlesque of one of the old Fantasites, and contains eleven pages of rollicking satire, and un-subtle, but good humor. You'll clasp your sides over Arden "Buns" Benson's "The Ice-Cream King", and his satirical "Monsters of the Void", not to mention "The Dice King", and other delightful items.

DAWN--Spring, 1943, 15c from Tom Wright, 3618 Maple Avenue, Oakland, Calif. Welcome back to the fold, Wright! This 28-page mag is a thing of beauty, with several wonderful lithographed illustrations, and some dandy two-color mimeography. The contents aren't quite in keeping with the trim format, unfortunately, but worth reading despite this drawback. Perhaps the lack of outstanding material is due to the fact that only Northern California writers are represented. We suggest a bit more variety next time. "Lament to May", and "Window in Space", by Fortier, and Smith, respectively, offer pleasant reading, and three articles, by Fortier, Watson, and Miller are okay, if nothing sensational. Try a copy, if there are any extras left. A mag like this is a rarity in these troublesome times.

--Randolph Tillywisa.

FANTASITE Scripts

JULIE UNGER It's impossible, but you've done it again! FFF again awards its bi-monthly award to Fantasite for being Fantasite--congrats. Current issue really up to snuff--just the type of stuff for the typical fan. Best item in issue: "Via StfNash". Fanta-Notes next. As to FFF--it will keep coming even if I'm the only one who buys it. Am not interested in quality of paper or right hand edges--all I'm interested in is for FFF to appear once a week, and I don't care how it shows up--as long as it shows up!

SHELDON GRAAS The cover on the November issue is good. Not unusually so, but definitely good. Art Osterlund has the difficulty to be measured against the unusually fine cover on the preceding issue. "The Captains and the Kings Depart" fails as a story as a result of Yerke's evident love of atmosphere. It is a hunk of effect, not much more. "Recommended Reading" is good, and I'm going to get a hold of "that Thayer book" at the first opportunity. My only gripe is against Tucker for giving away the end. "Take a Break" is good, very good; the writing is as fine as the news contained therein. If we could get something like that every issue--but then, that would be too much of a good thing. "Via StfNash" made my mouth water. I envy every mark in the dust on the StfNash's hide. I miss out on everything--everything! "Flans a La Convention" doesn't help the matter any either. Why didn't you put the two articles close together--side by side--though? It would have made the comparison of notes much easier. Squanchfoot on Manse is excellent; I've never read or heard a better description of the editor of Br-r-rack!. Donn Brazier's "A Few Moments of Idle Thought" is just that. Interesting to a psychologist, no doubt. "Among the Hams and Pros" is as usual.... And now to get down to the one part of the issue that really soured me. It's that Fan Scratchings column by Dickson. It starts no place at all, and it ends God knows where. I can see some reason for open criticism, but none for egotistic gripings. The intention of this column to conduct safe, long-range warfare with fans in a poor position to retaliate while soft-soaping the tougher members of the home crowd, is only too plain. It isn't news, it isn't criticism, it isn't anything but Dickson wasting good typewriter paper. The attempts at humor are so feeble, they don't even register until you've read the column twice, and the "we are not modest" is a weak attempt to obviate a colossal ego. If this is the best Dickson can do in the way of writing, he had better go back to scribbling D themes for the English Department in the stilted English that part of the University glories in. ((Whow! Fan Scratchings can't be as bad as all that now, Shel! Oi Weh! it gives dissension in the MFS yet! Eds.))

FRANCIS T. LANEY The cover on #10 is the best technical job of mimeographing I've seen yet, though I've seen a lot better pictures. Yerke's story dropped me off--either I'm too utterly dense, or else he didn't make things plain enough. Also (first typo I've noticed in Fantasite, too), Foster must have been a scrambled mess with "his high forehead covered with nervous sweat and his blue eyes"! ((....."his blue eyes, hard and grim" was the intended meaning, of course! Eds.)) Tucker was okay, although I could wring the lad's neck for giving such a detailed tip-off on "The Greek"; if I ever get that book I'll lose the shock effect of it. This sounds, incidentally, like a darb; I'm putting it down in my little notebook as one to watch

for. "Fan Scratchings" will pass, though the best thing in the column was the back-scratching triumvirate. Dickson has a good point in intimating that fandom should retrench for the duration; I think the reason for all the flare-up is that guys figure they're on their way and might as well do a few things they want to before the draft gets them. Your long work on travel and exploration makes me wonder how I'd do on such a jaunt--if I get a few drinks I'm all for sitting for hours listening to some unknown sax man or pianist or blues singer. In the Ham-frying and Pro-poling contest, I differ with you violently on Bok's "Sorcerer's Ship". With all its faults this is one of the two stories I've seen in the last three or four Unknowns that I liked at all. (The other was Leiber's "The Ball and the Hole"). I don't like much dialogue, and I don't care a whoop for the alleged humor in some stories. Give me a lot of descriptive build-up and atmosphere, and the characters can be dead-mutes. I'll grant I'm behind the times, but I never was much on keeping up with the fashions. Word Tales, though, gah! Brackney and I didn't see eye to eye on the December "Future", either; I liked "The Leapers", because it is remotely Lovecraftian--and "The Creator" because it was subtle, not all drawn out in microscopic detail. On the rest of the issue I'll echo his long-drawn-out-scream, and throw in a horrible ghoulish minor discord for him, too. Letters are good (I would say that, bein's how mine leads off!), and I too wonder what happened to Mr. Smith. Oh yes, I note what you say about all the classical music lovers among fans. Way, oh why, are there so few jazz-hounds in fandom? Bill Evans is an Ellington worshipper, Henry Ackermann likes big swing bands (and has about 400 of their records to balance off 100 classical discs)--but otherwise, the unholy triumvirate of Laney, Baldwin, and Rimel are the only jazzmen I know of in fandom. We dote on Earl Hines, Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Lux Lewis, and a whole host of such-like. Baldwin will listen to classical if he has to, but Rimel and I find our musical heaven in an unarranged jam session (and to hell with the name bands). This has a lot to do with stf and fantasy, doesn't it? In spite of the retraction of the plagiarism charge, Spoco Tales still has a noticeable odor. I wish I had the dough to spend on "Acolyte" that "ST" must have cost--I believe I could do better even with my lousy old mimco. The last I heard from Ludowitz, he was projecting a "zine with the ancient and honorable title of "Phantograph"--shades of the good old days!

MRS. MILES BECKER Commenting in brief on my first Fantasite: a most interesting gentleman on the cover. His face is fascinating, and I keep studying it. Tigrina's soul-mate, no doubt. Fan Scratchings and Gordon Dickson I like. The pen sketch and word sketch of Bruckney don't match. He looks so serious and intellectual (the kind I like) and apparently is juvenile and corny. I most emphatically do not like Russell's ad. 343 E. 80th St., Chicago, Illinois.

ROSCOE E. WRIGHT The Nov-Dec. Fantasite was excellent from the devilish front cover to the fellow on the back. In particular, I believe His Satanic Majesty's face was well done. StfNash: the "Rambling Wreck" from Minneapolis was one of those bombastic and interesting bits that lighten one's mind. The brewers should be jubilant every time a STFvention is held. ((Heh, heh! Eds.)) Bob Tucker's column comes next. It was funny too, though a bit too spicy in one place, but let's not split hairs. Among the Hams 'n Pros by Several Guys very interesting as usual, and more or less intelligent. But then I delight in reading material by fellows I almost agree with. One point on which I disagree is the comment on F.B. Long's "To Fellow Knowledge". I'll admit that it was complicated, but it is still one of Astounding's best con for the year. Odd Tales should give you geniuses something to drool over. ((Oh yes! And of all the MFS "geniuses", not one was observant enough to see through the hoax! Eds.)) They can come right back at you with their own column. Provoking, isn't it? A Few Moments of Idle Thought is some good reading to take up that spare time which some people try to make other people (whom they want to impress) think they don't have. T. Bruce Yerke's yarn, like all the others I have read in Fantasite, possesses a pleasantly restrained atmosphere. MFS Members: your little pooch introduced what seems to be a swell fellow. Think I'll look into

"Br-r-rack!". By the way, those little cartoons were amusing, contrary to tradition, and the note about Ludowitz was pleasant to read. There is nothing like learning you have misjudged someone and that they are much better than you thought they were. R. R. 1, Box 175, Toledo, Oregon.

SGT. LYNN BRIDGES Seems funny to be commenting on an August-September issue of a fanzine on Thanksgiving Day, but I just got the mag yesterday. It had to go all over the southeast before it finally caught up with me. Fantasite is the first subscription magazine I've seen for some time, and one of the best. Hope you can continue it without too much trouble. With the exception of the FAPA, the fanzine business seems to be about finished. That Dollens cover is as good a piece of work as I've ever seen on a fanzine. It's somewhat reminiscent of those symbolical covers on the old Amazing--early '33, I think--but in my opinion is a much better job than any of them. For that matter, the artwork throughout Fantasite is excellent, and there should be more of it. So far as the material goes, it's entirely adequate, quite a bit above average. There's nothing which can be really called outstanding, but there's nothing which isn't good either. One trouble--a lot of the stuff contained in the columns is considerably out of date. It may be that I received my copy late or you were just that much delayed in finishing the issue. ((A little bit of both, no doubt. Eds.)) Best liked were the regular features such as "Among the Hams and Pros", and "Fanta-Notes". But the rest of it wasn't bad either. It was more than welcome to one who's had little contact with fandom for months. Sorry I missed seeing you fellows at the Midwest Conference a couple of months ago. I was at the first one of those meetings, of course, and I'd have liked to have been at this one, but it just couldn't be arranged. I'm trying to get back into things having to do with fandom, but there are few facilities and practically no time available. I'm attempting to continue my FAPA mag at least, and managed to get a page or two in the last mailing. Any future fan work, of course, is doubtful; but I'm going to do my best. 873rd Chemical Co., Herbert Smart Airport, Macon, Georgia.

JOE FORSTER The latest Fantasite is a mighty fine fanmag, well-worth the classification as one of the two bests. Which is best, I do not know, but I do know that Tycho may someday crowd into this holier than holy circle of fanmags including thou and Nova. ((Are you listening, Editor Gergen? Eds.)) Ah! a very nice cover as far as mimeograph covers go. This Osterlund is one imaginative guy and whoever cut the stencil did a better-than-average job. Those little cuts in green all the way through the issue: I do hope you perpetrate many more of these annoying little things. The rest of the art for December rates just so-so. Yerke's fiction, despite the fact that I wish to compliment Tubby in some fascinatingly insidious manner does not raise the level of Fantasite one whit. Tucker's reviews were a bit more intriguing than usual. You know, I don't really dislike book-reviews; it's just that I'm annoyed by the lengthy run-of-the-mill. I believe that a review can be distinctly fascinating and can be told in approximately one or two hundred words, all to distinct advantage. Blakely's "Take a Break" was cleverly written, but he failed to put across very much that hasn't been expressed many times past--and to better advantage. Incidentally, we've missed Doug at our latest G.G.F.S. meetings. His plugs for the M.F.S. were so inspiring in the midst of heavy business sessions! Some later date, at some later place, I'm going to take this monstrosity of evolution called Dickson, place him firmly in the clutches of my infernal machine, then dissect him bit by bit to see what makes him tick--thereby creating a hell of torture for what I consider to be the worst columnist since Schmarje! ((You and MFS fan Sheldon Aruns should get together! Eds.)) "Via StfNash". Ah! Hurrah! A thousand Gabrielistic huzzahs. Praise the Lord and make the first edition. Bronson made it and did a remarkable job. Such a time as was pictured. This article brought back certain undying memories of the Dunvention. To have been there, just to have been there, that's the idea the write-up aroused. Best of the issue and one of the very best of the year, that's "Via StfNash". ((If you could see me now, with a modest blush, and a coy smirk adorning my features. PRB)) Squanchfoot interesting again. Brazier

noticed because of the locally colorful topic. "Among...etc." not much worse than last time; what's wrong? You seem to have lost a certain vital spark that made this department a real success: maybe you need the old gang of reviewers.... ((Maybe so but with Gilbert in the service, and Jenkins apparently inaccessible, such is highly impossible. Eds.)) But I did get an unprecedented chuckle from Manson's comments on Amazing Quarterly. Ain't it the truth! Leibscher was rather repetitious of your own article, and he lacked the enthusiasm despite some swell incidents. The editorial was good, as ever. I love your policy of letting any fan raise any kind of mailable hell within your pages.... New address: Pvt. Joe J. Fortier, TS, AAFTC, Pawling, New York.

MELVIN LYON I intended to write you a letter about the latest Fantasite, but I find that I have, in my absent-mindedness, misplaced it. Three outstanding things I do remember about it though. First, and most important (to me), is the excerpt from my note in the letter section. All relatives and schoolmates were treated to an exhibit of my name in a magazine. Congratulations were extended by all but an unmentionable worm who said that anybody could write to a trashy magazine (meaning any and all stf mags, and anything connected with stf). He was duly reprimanded and cussed out. ((These worms are most annoying people; something should be done about them. Eds.)) The other two were the accounts of the Michiconference. Although both were excellent, I enjoyed "Via StfNash" more because it was longer. The cover was very good, although quite a letdown, of course, after Dollens' super-colossals. An interesting item is the fact that after reading the red print in "Fanta-scripts", the print in my schoolbooks looked positively green. 133 E. 4th Ave., Escondido, Cal.

LT. DONN BRAZIER Just received the August-September Fantasite; what a mag! The cover is, without even a second thought given to its competition, the best I have ever seen. Mood--it drips with sinister mood; composition--perfect, and even the three small spaceships are absolutely perfectly arranged. ((And after all these praises in this and the preceding issue, Morrie Dollens still modestly insists that his litho-cover "...wasn't really any good." Eds.)) And now for the contents: Not up to par. "The Ice-King" was a synopsis of the story. For instance, rewriting the fourth paragraph, I might write it something like this (who the hell am I, Robert Heinlein?): *** "A few sleepy villagers in the market place watched the sleek, high-powered automobile roar down the street, screaming to a stop at Mayor Lundberg's house; then they turned back to their shopping, disinterested. Five soldiers wearing steel helmets and with rifles ready leaped from the car and took their posts, facing the circumference of their guard circle. A black-uniformed young officer stepped from the car and swaggered up the stone steps of the house. The soldier preceding him threw open the door. **** Mayor Lundberg stood inside, submissive. "I am Johann Fochner, Civilian Administrator," the German spoke sharply, with harsh accent. His face was stern, and his lips cruel and thin. "Heil Hitler!" he said harshly. *** "We will cause no trouble, sir," the mayor said meekly. *** "Ach, goot! Now bring some wine, dolt!" That's the idea, hastily written. "The Ice-King" would make a good story if written; the trouble is that it isn't written; it's a story retold. Similar to having a movie related to you without gestures or quotes. Boggs excellent. Farsaci's article: too much space in the mag for the interest developed. All right for an avid collector, but who is? That is, beside Farsaci? 91st Service Squadron, Hunter Field, Savannah, Florida.

CPL. DOUGLAS E. BLAKELY Just received the new Fantasite. The mail is so very slow here. The ish: Cover, okay, but of course, we miss Dollens, peer of all fuz artists. I'll not delve into each article and story this time, and the reason for that is following this letter. ((Short story, by Doug. Eds.)) Anyway, the new ish was up to standards. Miss a story by SDR this time. Tucker good. Who is the new Squanchfoot? You can tell me, I won't breathe a word. Hq. Btry., 2nd Bn., 6th C.A., Fort Cronkhite, California.

ART SAHA I guess a few comments re Fantasite Vol. 2, No. 4 might be in order, and since you claim you can read any type of scrawl, I'm tempted to take a chance. Well, sir, it's this way: The covers aren't bad at all this time. In fact, I might say they're rather good. This is the first time I've seen Osterlund's work. Has he done any other fan illustrations? ((Yes, in Tycho, 10c from 221 Melbourne Ave., SE Minneapolis, Minnesota. Art Osterlund is a chap with real artistic ability, and the mimeo medium really doesn't do justice to his fine work. Eds.)) "The Captains and the Kings Depart"--now what in blazes is this story (?) all about? I'll be damned if I can figure it out. I read it over twice and it still doesn't make sense. All I got out of it was tick-tock, ding-dong, beep-beep!! When I get around to it, I'm going to round up a copy of "The Greek", as reviewed in Tucker's "Recommended Reading", and find out for myself about this Age of Reason. Have you fellows got your harems figured out yet? ((Mais oui!!)) I'm going to start planning pretty soon, now. To Corporal Blakely: Thanks for the info on army life as concerns a stfan. When and if ole Uncle Sammy calls me in, I'm really going to shed bitter tears at the thought of leaving my collection. You know, a stf collection is really precious to a fantast. Whenever some of my non-stf-reading friends ask me why I save all those old magazines I just say "it's my hobby", and let it go at that. After all, what would mere mortals know about the great dreams of we super beings? "Fan Scratchings"--O.K. How about starting a feud with someone? I love fan-feuds. They give me such a lift (even more so than Camels or Luckies, or whatever it is). "Via StfNash"--"Plans A La Convention"--takes me back to the time I attended "The Third Annual Convention of the Royal Order of High and Mighty Garbage Collectors". There was a blonde there whom I met and we (well, why go into that?).... ((Figurative tearing of editorial hair.... Eds.)) Seriously, though, I like articles of that nature. It gives me a kick to read about fantravels, Cons, etc., never having attended on myself. M. F. S. Members--pleased t' meetcha, Mansy! Brazier--at the moment I'm neither in the mood nor do I have the ambition to think up anything to say, so I'll shut up. Hams and Pros--why should I agree with our reviewers' opinions? After all, I got ideas of my own concerning the mags. Haven't I? Fanta-Notes: I love the classics, too. My favorite is "...Mistah Fi-ave by Fi-u-v-o...". What's yours? 2828 1/2 Third Avenue, East, Hibbing, Minnesota.

CARL JACOBI Received the Fantasite and enjoyed reading it. The cover perhaps was a bit more commercial than those of the past, but that very fact impressed me. The mag is getting more professional each issue, and I'm anxiously waiting until the time comes when it will be mimeo-printed a la Dollens. 3717 4th Avenue, South, Mpls., Minn.

H. LOREN SINN I herewith object to Cpl. Blakely's disparaging remarks about army gag mags on sale in post exchanges. I'd rather read a gag mag than a sci-fic any day. In fact, I will go so far as to say that if I were in the army I wouldn't go to the slightest trouble to look for a newsstand carrying sci-fic. Rather read a sports mag any day. ((After these surprising comments, we would like to know--providing you're serious--by what authority you profess to be a fan?! Eds.)) Main trouble with Fantasite is the fan angle is too much a repetition of what has already appeared in the MFS Bulletin. ((We don't follow you, Sinn; why not clarify your viewpoint? The MFS Bulletin is a news sheet, and has nothing to do with The Fantasite, other than being an MFS Publication. Eds.)) None of the articles were any good, and I failed to understand Yerke's story. Probably read it too fast. Only interesting things were the ads. ((Contributors to Fanta-Scripts have all the right in the world to kick and gripe; we don't object in the least to this; but for heaven's sake if you don't like something, please state the whys and wherefores of the matter. It is a constant source of irritation that fans continue to write in stating that they don't like this, and they don't like that. How are we supposed to give you what you want to read if you won't tell us? In short, we want letters that say something. For example, take the letters of Warner, Laney, Fortier, Brazier, and so forth. Eds.)) Carnation, Route 1, Washington.

MR. JOHN CHAPMAN Thanks aplenty for the Number 9 Fantasite which caught up with me a few weeks ago, along with Gergen's MFS Bulletin. Hope you got ahold of one of my more recent AFO's and have shipped No. 10, providing this hokum (?) about your moving to L.A. hasn't altered the schedule. ((Well, as you can see, I have moved to L.A., and the publication schedule has been slightly altered, but we'll keep the issues coming. PRB.)) Of the whole issue I like Morrie's cover job the best--really a magnificent piece of work. But still second to the Annis cover. Sam's story I recall at a past meeting, but I'm going to save it for another juicy reading--best bit of Russell prose in some time. Enjoyed all the reviews, especially the Saari-Brackney-Bronson department and Samuel Davenport R. on MFS Notes. One thing I would like to see: Another photo page such as the one in the Anniversary Number. ((O.K. Watch for the ann-issue, Eds.)) Been having a good time in the various book shops of India, picking up British mags, foreign remakes of Astounding and even some current newspaper fantasy--as yet no priceless, out-dated copies of Fantasite. At last I know what it's like to be in a fan-magless country! Hello to all the MFS'ers, and let's hear from you. ((And let's have him hear from you others, too. How about it, you fan editors? Eds.)) 37277732, 491st Bomb Sq., 341st Bomb Group, APO 631, C/O Postmaster, New York City.

CHARLES E. BURDEE, JR. Have had a look at your mag, "The Fantasite", and like it. It beats me how you fellows can turn out 36 pages for a dime and break even. At these rates profit is impossible, it would seem. ((Pal, you don't know the half of it! Outside of Bob Tucker's Yearbook (which actually made a profit), and Warner's now defunct Spaceways (which broke even), we don't know of any fanzines which didn't operate in the red. The average issue of Fantasite costs anywhere from \$15 to \$25; you can imagine what the production of this issue ran up to! Eds.)) I find your MFS publications to maintain a high standard. 1057 S. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

FRED MORRIS H. EVANS Have just finished reading the two issues of Fantasite which you sent me, and while still in a rest area and able to, I wish to write and tell you how much I enjoyed them. That was an excellent fantastic cover Dollens drew for the Aug-Sept. issue. One of the best I've seen. The inside illustrations were good too. I liked the way you followed Russell's description of the "Ice-King" in the illustration for that story. The story itself was a very good one. How the fans do like to censure Amazing Stories! As in those amusing items, "Alas, Poor Yorick!", and "When Sleeping Beauty Spoke". One thing about Amazing: it does have the best back covers of any fantasy magazine! Fantasite certainly prints many articles and columns of outstanding merit. I refer in particular to "Forgotten Mysteries"--fascinating; makes you wonder--"Fantasiana"--hope to see this column again; "Among the Hams and Pros"--would like to see parallel reviews, however. "Recommended Reading" interesting. Found "Squanchfoot's Diary" enjoyable; more please (of Hyman Tiger?) ((No, Cpl. John Chapman, now in India, Eds.)) "Alas, Poor Yorick!" one of the best serious articles I've ever read. However, I don't agree with Boggs that every physical frontier on this planet has been thoroughly exhausted. There are still mountains that have never been climbed and out of the way places about which we know next to nothing. Maj. Det, 2nd Bn., 164th Inf., Force 6814, APO 502, C/O Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

HARRY BRACKNEY Will M. Bronson and the boys please note that I, the victim, am not seriously offended by that little doped cigar in Michigan. That little bit of skull-duggery was enjoyed. I believe, by all the Minnefans present; indeed, I am surprised that they could successfully keep their sides from splitting in a roaring laugh at me. No boys, I didn't mind: I'm glad to see you like to have a bit of fun at times. Anyhow, it didn't affect me much. No, not at all--I just nearly passed out while those movies were being shown. But I got over it. ((For your information, Harry, the "fixed" cigar was presented to you after the movies at the Tomkins residence. PRB.)) In the Hastings Conference a gag? Sounds like typical Brackney. ((We assure you that the Hastings Conference was an actuality. For proof, we offer two or three hundred feet of movie-film shot of the affair by Morrie Dollens. Eds.))

Really, I like that guy! As to the convention writeups, thanks for not mentioning that I smoke excessively. ((Don't mention it. Eds.)) Locally, I am a "stoker" Levine and I certainly enjoyed that convention! Now, Walt, did I really appear so, as you say "sophisticated"? I hope you were merely saying that, for I am the typical hick-fan. Can't you forget those horrible stickers I had a year or so ago? 318 Stewart Road, Muscatine, Iowa.

JACK SPEER ((With some comments on two issues of Fantasite from 1941!)) Goldstone's Hell Fire, or was it Fortier ((Yes, Fortier. Eds.)), has a lot of good sense in it, but Rothman's objections were well taken. In further objection, let me point out the unwisdom of using, in trying to convince people of something, premises to which they don't agree. Joe was trying to convince us that we should boycott bad fanzines, so he brings in his pet hate, VoM, which most of his readers think is swell, and thus kills his argument. The bracketing of me and Wollheim in "the Wollheim and Speer variety" shows a laughable unfamiliarity with his subject matter. I wouldn't be seen in a fotograf with the W, unless there were lots of other people in it too. The advice to the Dixie boys was well taken (or given). One bad feature which you possess is the over-long letter column. Things like Bill Brudy and the egg-bender are okay, but your readers (most of 'em) aren't half as interested as you are in the comments on your previous issues. Any idea that you will publish all letters of comment is insanity. ((Letter of the Bill Brudy type--those that are really interesting--are the variety that we strive to present; but very few, unfortunately, send in such missives. You're wrong, Jack, when you say that most of our readers aren't as interested in the letters as we are. A great majority of said readers have time and again expressed their approval of longer readers' sections. Eds.)) I cannot understand LCSmith's saying that Poe remains virtually the same thru all editions; he is example number one of writers who revise their stuff every time it's re-published. Hell Fire is no better, possibly worse, in its second number. The report that Singleton is not in Washington, and is active in fandom, is utterly false. The statement that many stfans have sworn off buying or reading stf is exaggerated; a few have, but nearly all still read Campbell. In Great Britain, of course, it's different, partly because they can't get much stf there. And partly because they feel no obligation to keep talking about stf when they're more interested in other things; if the term "stfan" no longer fits them, they don't care--that's a dictionarian's worry; they'll do what they please if it hurts no one. The sticky, sentimental piece with which Joe closes the column might have been of a little interest if written up differently. But Joe is dramatizing himself. Incidentally, the excuse that the column must be anonymous because its written by more than one person ((Which it wasn't, we believe! Eds.)) won't hold water. Regret that I can't join in the discussion of whether X's claims at Jack Speer were biased, because I didn't know X was slamming me, and never got an issue or a page from the thing. However, something ought to be said about the complaint that so-and-so makes a statement without giving reasons for it. You can't give reasons for everything; you'd take up all your time giving reasons. If you think practically everybody will agree with you, or if you think the reasons are self-evident, you omit them; then, later, if somebody objects to the statement, you can take up the argument if you wish. Lowndes' listing of FSNY achievements contains some items of doubtful value (the fact that they've edited several pulpy--and one or two good--stf pro mags, for example), some very hazy and debatable points (that they've always championed square shooting), and omits the detrimental activities, which are what Hell Fire referred to. 3423 Western, N. W., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU HAVE READ AND ENJOYED this issue of The Fantasite, we suggest that for further entertainment value you try some of the other MFS Publications: TYCHO, The MFS Bulletin, Wacky Tales, Br-r-rack!, Mutant, and The Fantasy Critic. These magazines are not to be equaled for quality and quantity, and the reader is always assured of his money's worth in each individual case.

PAUL FREEHAFFER Never was a fan letter written under more unusual circumstances. Ordinarily you can sit back at a safe distance, sass the editor, and give his magazine what-the-hell, all with the utmost impunity. But I'm stuck here with Editor Bronson sitting opposite me very grimly, a dangerous-looking gun in his hand, saying: "Freehafer, I need another page to fill out The Fantasite right away, and you're going to oblige--or else!" So if I say only nice things about The Fantasite, you'll know why. Really though, writing to The Fantasite is a pleasant duty and one I ought to indulge in more often. The comings and goings of fans are still of utmost interest to me, so naturally my favorite items in the last issue are "Via StfNash" and "Flans a la Convention". Probably such goings-on must seem very silly to the ordinary "sane" citizen, but for the fan, whether or not he could be present--ah! Generally I'm a pretty quiet and retiring sort of person, but I remember with a great deal of joy Reinsberg, dressed like Buck Rogers (or Buck's younger brother), making a resounding soap-box oration in front of the Hotel Chicagoan--or five fans stretched out on a rug on the sidewalk in front of the Denvention's official home--or the Polcat doing a masterful Russian dance on a Chicago street corner. Don't fans have fun? The more such articles the better, and if any of youse guys disagree, I'll put on my glasses more firmly, stand up, and defiantly say it again.... What is going to be done about the "MFS Members" department? Admittedly there must be a limit to the number of Minneapolis fans. Perhaps now that the LASFS has practically absorbed the MFS, or vice versa, the department could be expanded in a westerly direction. That would make the life of the department practically unlimited: with so many fans in the army, and the army moving them back and forth across the country continually, almost every fan has been, is, or will be a member of the LASFS.... I will pass over "The Captains and the Kings Depart" very quietly. Bruce usually turns out some very good material, and possibly this means something too--but I'm damned if I know what!... Tucker, as usual, turns out some excellent reviews, though I can't quite share his enthusiasm for Thayer. As far as I'm concerned Thayer is the one thing horribly wrong with the Fortean Society. Fort was a brilliant man with an excellent sense of humour and a cutting style that could dig into sore spots of men's "knowldge" that long needed lancing. But I am digressing.... I'm sorry, Phil--it's been so long since I've done any writing to fanmags that I've quite lost the knack. So I'll rave on regardless of former issues of The Fantasite or any other artificial form of restraint. Warning to those poor deluded readers who have managed to wade thus far: Stop! Anything might happen from here on. The management is not responsible for accidents--don't stand up while going around the corners! ((That last remark is gruesomely suggestive of Paul's masochistic predilection for that most efficient of suicide mechanisms, the roller-coaster. EDS.)) Perhaps I might join the rest of you fans by the Wailing Wall and shed a few tears over the sad fate of science fiction in war time. Astounding and Unknown are the only bright spots in a world of woe--ghu help us all if anything happens to them! Authentic information says Super Science and Astonishing have folded, FFM is certainly staggering badly (I hope it isn't a sign of a fatal wound), and Doc's magazine looks pretty shaky. As for the rest, I don't particularly care. Weird under the present regime might just as well pass out of the picture (s'all right, Bradbury, I like your stories anyway), and if anything I'd be quite cheered up if something horrible happened to Palmer's twins. But I'm a pessimist--I look forward with nausea to the day when the only "science fiction" on the stands will be two-inch-thick copies of Amazing and Fantastic Adventures.... But enough of such gruesome thoughts. Have any of you read the new novel by Vardis Fisher yet? It's another of the stories about primitive man, but a bit on the realistic side. Reviewers have taken a great deal of delight in pointing out the resemblance between prehistoric man as shown by Fisher and the unfortunately-not-prehistoric Hitler and his gang. But don't let that get you--it isn't just propaganda, but is a story that is somewhat unsettling to the stomach but well worth reading.... And there you are, Phil--a horrible way to finish an issue of a good mag like The Fantasite, but you asked for it!