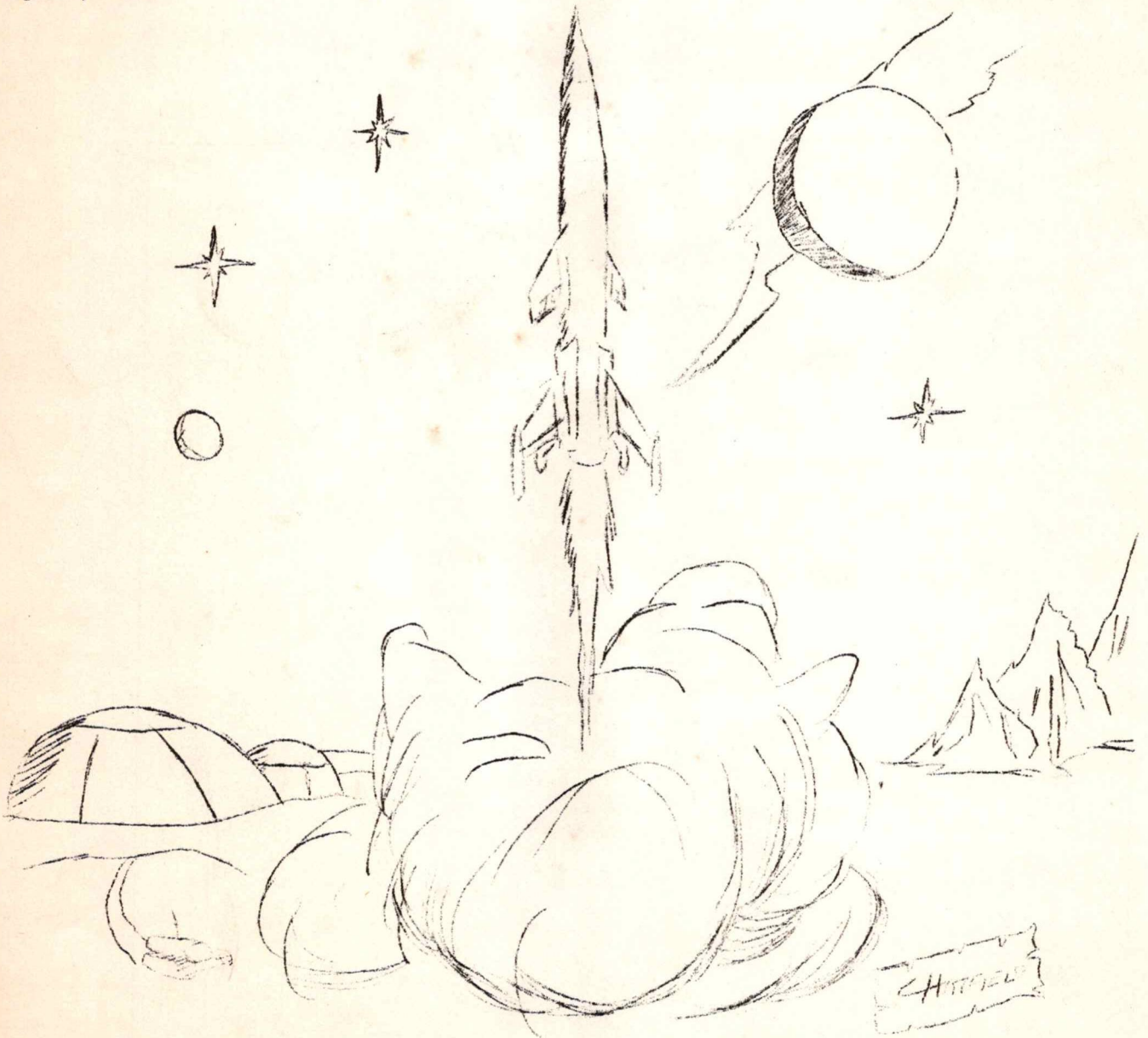


THE

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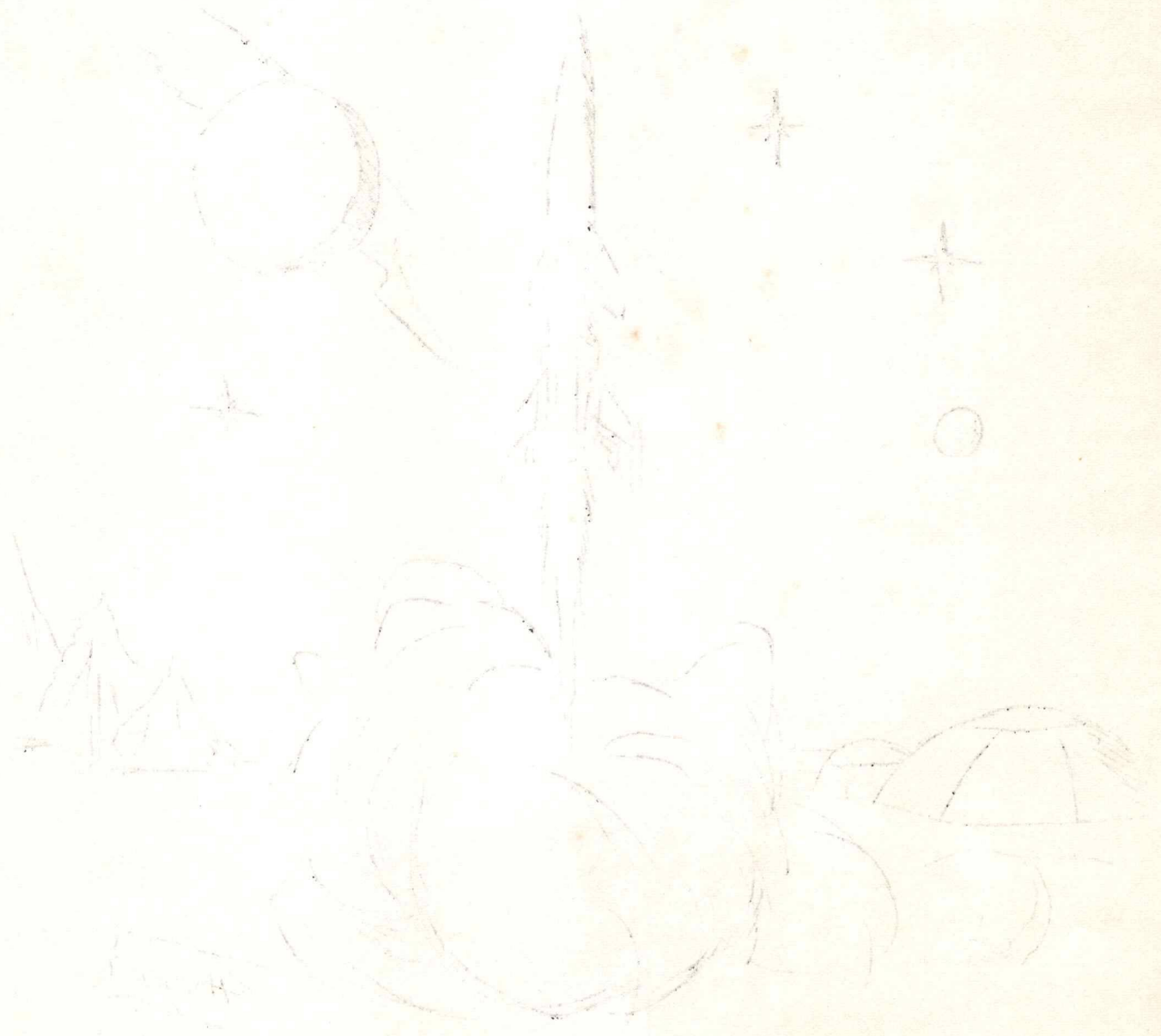
the official science-fiction fan magazine of the harry seldon foundation society
april, 1967 issue no. 1



THE

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the official science-fiction magazine of the Harry Nelson Foundation Society
April, 1967
Issue no. 1



Now that you've read the pilot issue of the Seldon Seen, the editors would appreciate knowing exactly why:

- You contributed. You thought you contributed.
- You are a professional that we want to impress.
- You are a friend of the management. An enemy?
- You are another fanzine or SF society.
- Ed Ferman is your boss.
- We like the color of your scales.
- You are a potential society member. Contributor?
- We think of you as a sex symbol.
- Your name is either Isaac Asimov or Ray Bradbury.
- You've been asking us to put out a fanzine since 1943.
- You just "happened" to run across a copy of this magazine.
- You just "happened."

.....

In any case, now that you've read us, and have stopped laughing, perhaps you'd like to subscribe? Please? Subscription rates are 25¢ each, for as many future issues as you want, if you want any. Send checks to:

Sam Bellotto Jr.
190 Willoughby St
Box 10 E
Brooklyn, New York
11201

THE

SELDON
SEEN

SELDON SEEN

April, 1967

issue no. 1

WORDS OF THE MASTERS:

As this issue of the official magazine of the Harry Seldon Foundation Society of Long Island University is being put to bed, its editors see a great future for both the zine and the sci-fi club it represents. Honestly!

The club, for example, was founded by an astute young group of aliens disguised as human beings really out to take over mother earth, and hopes, sometime in the near tomorrow, to either accomplish this feat or bring to the University speakers (Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Guy Montag) and/or movies (The Day of the Triffids, When Worlds Collide).

The club is not a club of meetings, you see. Your leaders view nothing more disturbing than having weekly gatherings of twenty-odd people in a hurry to get home and watch Twilight Zone re-runs. So, in order to accomplish what a sci-fi club should do, meetings of the Harry Seldon Foundation Society will be a rare and ephemeral thing, like a day in June, if we may quote a famous possum friend of ours.

Instead, the Harry Seldon Foundation Society will host speakers. The Harry Seldon Foundation Society will bring "better" movies to the LIU campus. The Harry Seldon Foundation Society will exist to promote science-fiction. The Harry Seldon Foundation Society will overcome!

Which brings to our attention this fanzine, our official magazine. It exists to do what all fanzines do. 'Nuff said. If you don't know what we're talking about, get thee hence to hard labor on Dune World. But if you are one of the knowledgeable people, and you'd maybe like to contribute some artwork? stories? et cetera?, please send your stuff to: Sam Bellotto Jr./190 Willoughby St/Box 10 E/Brooklyn, NY/11201.

Or even better yet, join the Harry Seldon Foundation Society by parking your saucer outside the Seawanhaka Office, room 2I in the dorm, and dropping in to pay us a visit. We...like...humans.

*

*

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sam bellotto jr.
words

cab hatfield
art

stu brownstein
mart

larry hirshman
ads

STARTING OFF THIS ISH WE HAVE A VERY PUN-
NY STORY SUBMITTED BY STUART KING: It
was a bright sunny day when Hairy Stein-
berg received a telephone call from the
spaceport stating that an interstellar
liner had just landed and that part of
its cargo was an immortal porpoise from
a far distant star system. Since Hairy
was director of the Interstellar Aquarium, he was very interested in the strange
animal. He rushed to the spaceport to speak to the captain of the ship. The cap-
tain informed Hairy that, by means of various tests conducted, the age of the por-
poise was many millions of years. The captain also informed Hairy that this strange
animal would eat only one bird per day. This bird was very similar to the sea gull
found on earth.

TRANTORIAN TRIVIA

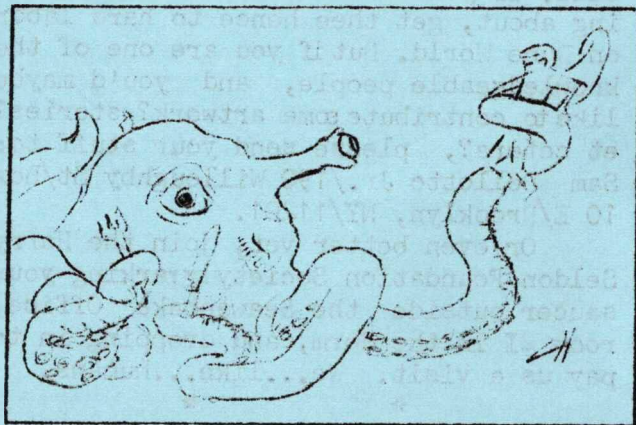
So Hairy took the porpoise to a special tank, and every day he would go down
to the beach and shoot a gull for the porpoise. About six months later while walk-
ing down the narrow road to shoot a bird for his porpoise, he spotted a lion com-
ing up the road. But it turned out to be a tame, friendly, kindly lion. After he
shot the bird and went back to feed the porpoise, he noticed the lion sleeping in
the middle of the road. So, Hairy gingerly stepped across the lion and went back
to feed the porpoise. When he arrived at the porpoise, two members of the space
police arrested Hairy.

The moral is that: it is illegal to transport a gull across a sedate lion for
an immortal porpoise.

SORRY 'BOUT THAT. NEXT, ANYWAY, WE HAVE A LITTLE THINK PIECE SUBMITTED BY MEMBER
JERRY ROSENSWAIKE: Dr. Homer Newell says it might come from the remnants of dis-
integrated comets. You would think that the Associate Administrator for Space Sci-
ence would know better.

Every day 3000 tons of dust are dumped on the earth. Newell says the cele-
stial dust is from comets breaking up, but there ain't that many comets breaking up
to do all that dirty work!

No one in officialdom will say that some of the dust is from flying saucers or
other alien spaceships, but the proposition isn't "far out." The stuff must be com-
ing from somewhere. So why not flying saucers? Dr. Newell shook his head, "No, it
couldn't be that." Why? The space man from Washington shrugged uncomfortably.
"No, it just couldn't be that."



WHICH BRINGS US TO A FINAL NOTE ABOUT SF
CONS TO BE HELD: In New York, April 29
and 30, the 10th Annual Lunacon will be
held at the Roosevelt Hotel, Madison Ave
at 45th Street. Guest of honor will be
James Blish. Tix are \$2.00 at the door

And Cincinnati will host the 18th
Annual Midwestcon, June 23-25, at the
North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Road, if
you can afford the trip. Or charter an
Unidentified Flying Orb.

Hitch-hiking has always been an extremely popular form of traveling, ever since the first cave man stuck his thumb out as another cave man passed by him on the first wheel. Stowing away has also remained prominent among modes of conveyance. But with the condition old Terra is in today, one can't always be certain of his hitch-hiking or stowed-away passenger, as this little story shows....

THE PASSENGER

by Sam Bellotto Jr.

The rocket stood like a silver needle puncturing the night sky. The wind, cold, brisk, brushed the glaring metal back of the huge craft and swept to the ground to carry the smell, the feel, the essence of the rocket to the small man who stood by and watched it. The time was fall, October 27, and the world was in a state of hurry.

"Something wrong, mister?" The freshly cleaned guard flipped a bit of lint off his navy-blue lapel as he approached the man.

"No," said the man. "I'm just watching the rocket. It's going to take off today, isn't it?"

"Yep." The guard spat something at the pavement, and unconsciously ground out with his foot what he spat.

"Where's it going?"

"The rocket?" The guard tugged at his chin. "Where do they all go? Out there, past the sun, the moon. Getting kicks chasing the tail of a comet."

The man said, "People ride in it."

"Yep," said the guard, "people."

A minute later the guard turned to the man and asked, "Why you interested?"

"Maybe," said the man, "I'll go for a ride."

At the ticket window, that was exactly what the man asked for. A ride. The old man behind the ticket window, looking like a sparrow some god had reincarnated as a human being without altering the face too much, barely looked up at the man and said, "Dud, you ain't going to get any ticket for that flight. She's an experimental ship and nobody goes anywhere near her but the crew."

"Then I'll sign on with the crew," countered the man.

"Yeah," scoffed the ticket taker and went back to his men's magazine.

Outside, in the great fenced-off landing grid, the iron rocket smelled the smell of the cold inviting unknown, a metallic diverting with his nose the sea before he leaped into its dark folds. The belly of the great ship growled and the rocket strained at its tethering cord, its leash to keep it from running away too soon.

Inside the rocket, three men swathed in costumes of shining aluminum strapped themselves against their foam-contoured chairs and faced the one window—the rocket's eye—that let them stare out at what lay ahead of them. As the countdown re-

ceded past ten, the several stars that blinked in the vast upside-down ocean seemed to be winking knowingly at the three spacemen, as if the stars and the spacemen shared some special secret.

The permanently pressed guard sidled up to the ticket window and puffed out a few wispy billows of yellow smoke. "That man," the guard noted, "the one that wanted to board the spaceship. You seen him?"

"Uh-uh," grunted the ticket man shaking his head. "The guy probably wandered off somewhere. Those nuts come around all the time. But they get discouraged after a few minutes and wander off."

"Strange fellow, though," said the guard.

And night was turned to noon for an instant behind the guard's back as the bellowing spaceship chased itself into the thick sky with a tail of fire. But the guard only gave the launching perfunctory acknowledgement through the ever-awareness of his senses. And the ticket man didn't even bother to notice that a ship had sailed away.

"Passing orbital velocity," said the first spaceman.

The second spaceman disengaged his harness, quickly, and turned to an instrument of tubes and wires and dials and moved them, quickly, with practiced fingers. The machine made all sorts of wonderful noises as he did so.

"Well, we're on our way," announced the third spaceman, getting out of his chair and stretching, though his muscles were perfectly comfortable.

"Yes," added the man, "we are certainly on our way." He walked out from behind the iron bulwark and brushed some dust off his clothing. His small face was a little bit flushed and a broad smile traced a canyon from ear to ear.

"How in Hell," asked the first space-

man, "did you get aboard this ship?"

The man said, "I walked. But that is unimportant. Now, at last, I can go home."

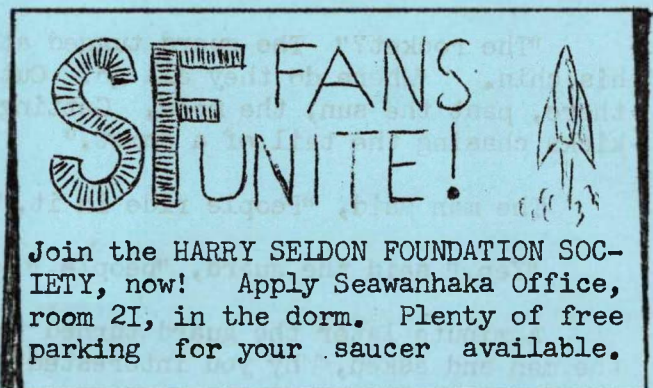
"Home?"

The man edged toward the rocket's window-eye. "Out there," he said, "past the sun, the moon. Chasing the tail of a comet. That is home." And as the man spoke, he was no longer a man, but a pile of clothing on the floor, and a voice that could communicate with the spacemen somehow, not verbally, yet still make itself understood. "We live out there, for ever, infinity," went on inside the minds of the spacemen. "From Mars to Andromeda in the blink of a thought. Just to will and the universe is yours."

Cringing, the spacemen watched the walls of their spaceship, their hermetically sealed tin can in space, peel back. The whirling galaxies poured in. Like taking off layers of heavy clothing after spending all day outside in the winter, the spacemen first felt the absence of their suits, then the dissolution of the skin that once held them together, then the evaporation of whatever force it was that held their being to a fixed volume of space and time....

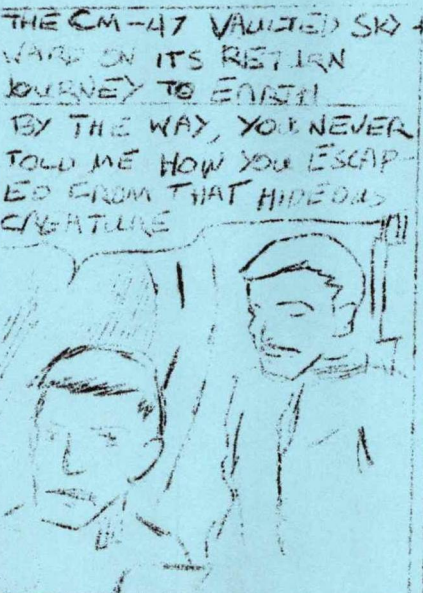
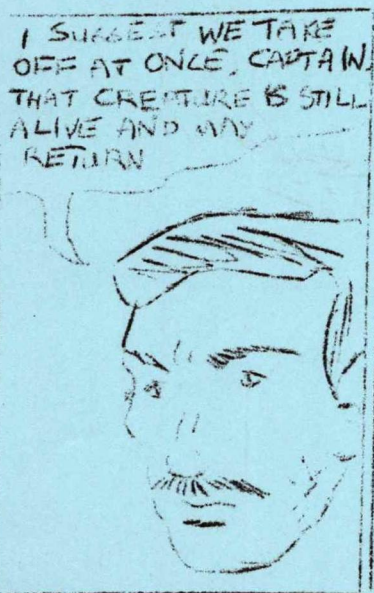
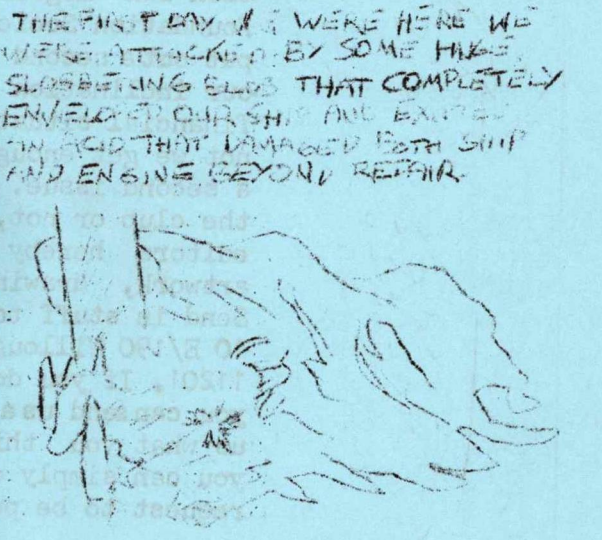
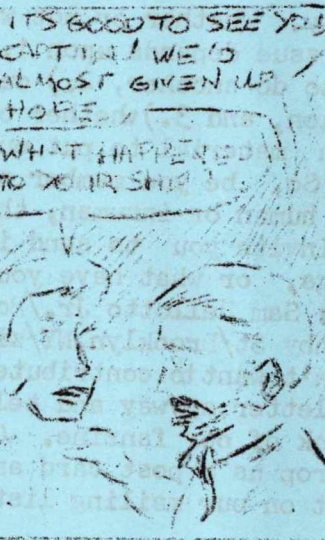
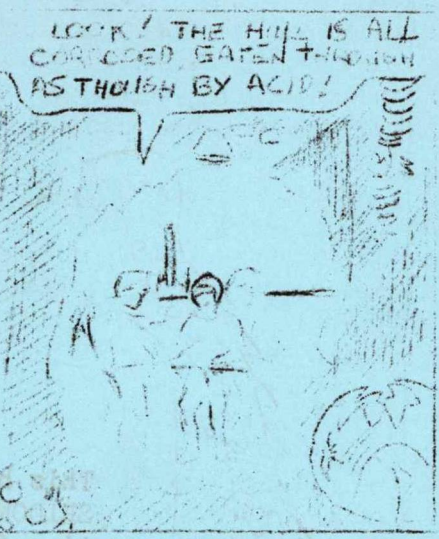
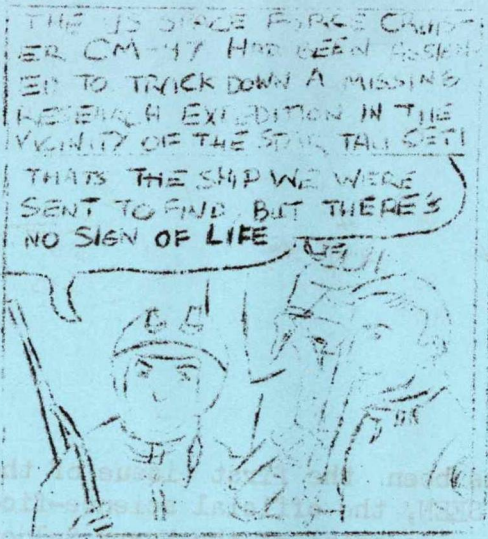
The ticket window man put down the telephone and turned to the guard. "Odd," he said. "It happened again. The rocket just vanished. Like that. And again after some nut begged for a free ride."

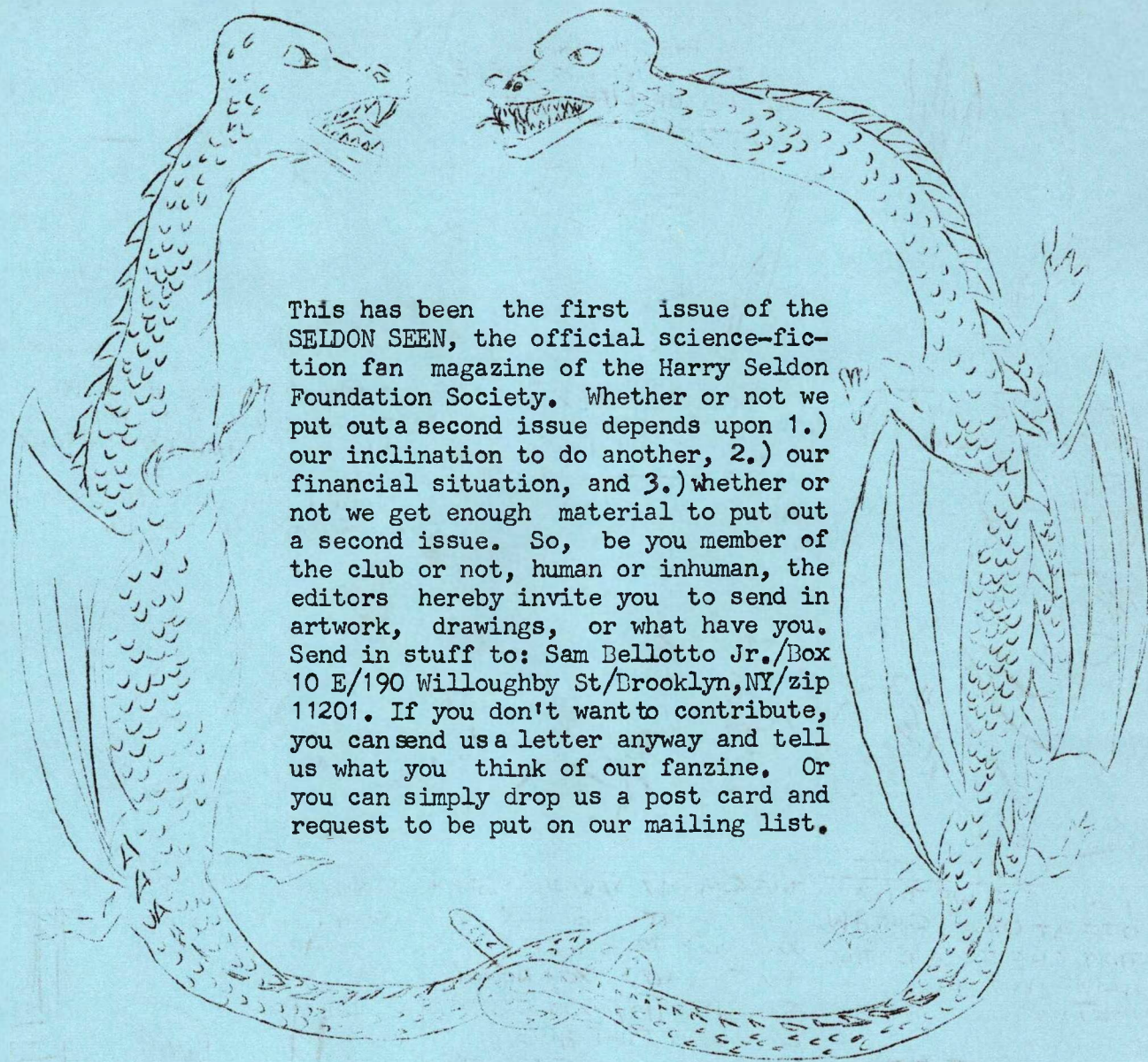
The guard muttered something about a jinx.



SE FANS UNITE!

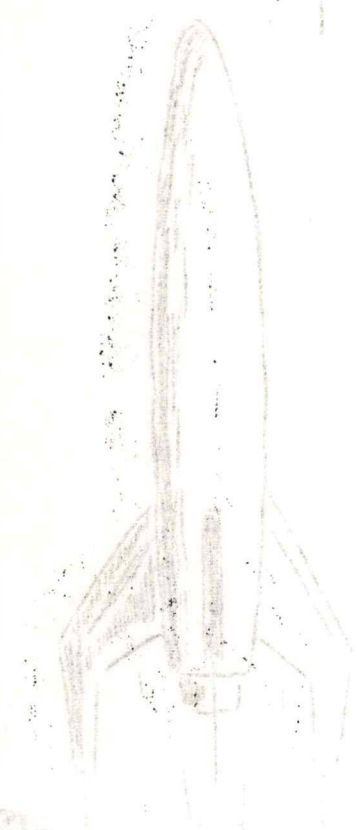
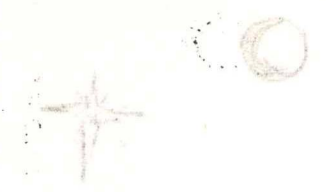
Join the HARRY SELTON FOUNDATION SOCIETY, now! Apply Seawanhaka Office, room 2I, in the dorm. Plenty of free parking for your saucer available.





This has been the first issue of the SELDON SEEN, the official science-fiction fan magazine of the Harry Seldon Foundation Society. Whether or not we put out a second issue depends upon 1.) our inclination to do another, 2.) our financial situation, and 3.) whether or not we get enough material to put out a second issue. So, be you member of the club or not, human or inhuman, the editors hereby invite you to send in artwork, drawings, or what have you. Send in stuff to: Sam Bellotto Jr./Box 10 E/190 Willoughby St/Brooklyn, NY/zip 11201. If you don't want to contribute, you can send us a letter anyway and tell us what you think of our fanzine. Or you can simply drop us a post card and request to be put on our mailing list.

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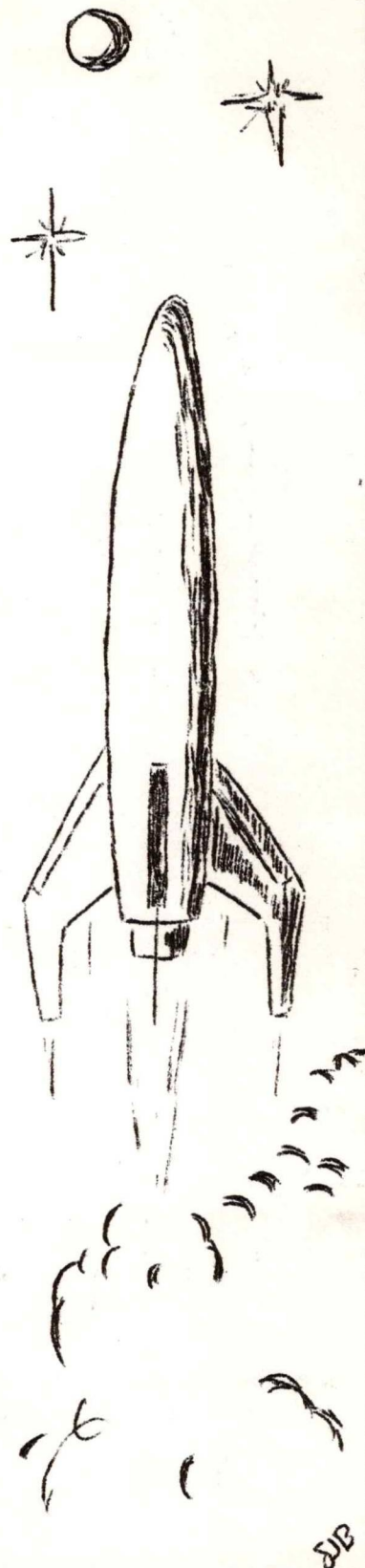
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