

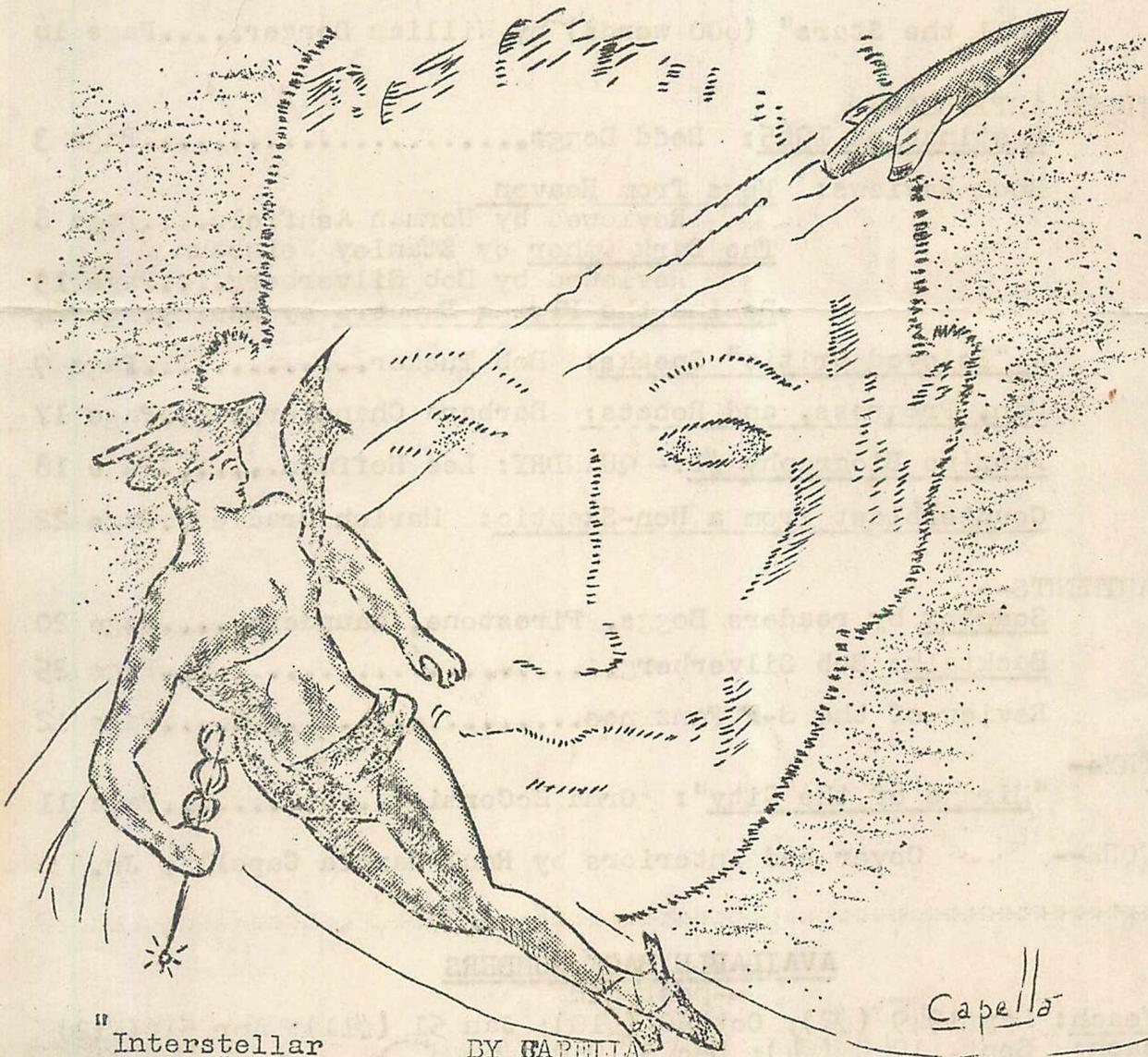
JULY 1951---#13

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SPACESHIP

JULY 1951--#13

91



"Interstellar Empire"

BY CAPELLA

Capella

--combined with WYLDE STAR--

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THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

TABLE OF CONTENTS
July 1951

FICTION--

- "A Matter of Fundamentals" (900 words)
by Richard Knight Verdan.....Page 6
- "All the Stars" (600 words) by William Berger.....Page 16

FEATURED ARTICLES--

- Destination 1965: Redd Boggs.....Page 3
- Book Reviews: News from Heaven
Reviewed by Norman Ashfield....Page 8
- The Dark Other by Stanley Weinbaum
Reviewed by Bob Silverberg....Page 13
- Behind the Flying Saucers by Scully.Pge 24
- A "Beloved Critic" Speaks: Bob Tucker.....Page 9
- Man, Progress, and Robots: Barbara Chandler.....Page 17
- Fanzine Biography #1:- QUANDRY: Lee Hoffman.....Page 18
- Counterblast from a Non-Skeptic: Mariah Bradley..Page 22

DEPARTMENTS--

- Soapbox by readers Boggs, Firestone, Saunders.....Page 20
- Backtalk: Bob Silverberg.....Page 25
- ... Review of the S-F Fanzines.....Page 12

POETRY--

- "Mirage of the City": Orma McCormick.....Page 11

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DESTINATION: 1965

by REDD BOGGS

The most familiar inanimate movie heroine of 1950 was a slim silvery projectile, shaped like a 25¢ cigar with fins. She was, of course, the Good Ship Luna, the spacecraft that carried four men on the first successful trip to the moon in the picture "Destination Moon." The Luna was probably the most famous heroine of her type since another silvery projectile shot across the movie screen in 1935--the Burlington Zephyr, which starred in a semi-stefnal picture called "The Silver Streak." And not since H.G. Wells' "Things to come," made the same year, has a science fiction movie met with such publicity as did Robert A. Heinlein's "Destination Moon."

The recent picture differs from the older one, however, in one important respect: From all reports, "Destination Moon" was a popular, as well as a critical, success. Until its revival after Wells' death in 1946, "Things to Come" was not.

But "Destination Moon"'s undoubted popularity and success should not cause us to expect that it will match "Things to Come" in second wind. It is highly improbable that the Heinlein picture will ever be revived and the odds are tremendous against its appearance on the movie screens of 1965 with the frequency that Wells' 1935 film hits the screens of 1951.

I don't refer to the possibility that by 1965 space will be conquered by real people, making Heinlein's yarn about fictional people only a pretty legend to go with Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea. There is a good chance of that happening, of course, but such an event may be "Destination Moon"'s only chance of enduring. When the moon is reached by a real-life Luna, "Destination Moon" will be a curiosity--a prophecy come true. For that reason, and that one alone, it will be worth screening again. Otherwise, it will be forgotten except by science fiction fans, while that hardy perennial, "Things to Come" makes another swing around the revival-film circuit.

Technically, "Destination Moon" hasn't got the wearability of "Things to Come." Of course, the latter picture isn't wearing well in some respects. Its technique and its photography are a far cry from the quality we have noted in recent British pictures; some of its acting is beginning to look a bit unconvincing. To a world that felt, either first hand or in newsreels, the crushing blows of blockbusters bursting in city streets, the bombing raid on Everytown in the picture looks pretty piddling--like a firecracker display on July 4th. But "Things to Come" has one great technical advantage: it is in black-and-white. "Destination Moon" is in technicolor.

Technicolor is a bad process to use if you want to make pictures for posterity. Store a Technicolor film a while and its colors begin to fade and lose their snap. That fact doesn't stop some hard-up movie producers from

re-releasing some of their Technicolor efforts, but usually they re-release them as black-and-white prints. Such a procedure may not spoil some pictures, but much of "Destination Moon"'s appeal lay in its use of color, particularly in those scenes backdropped by Chesley Bonestell's magnificent paintings. In black-and-white "Destination Moon" would lose its colorful verve and become a dull, poorly-lighted epic not much better than the ancient film classic, "A Trip to the Moon," made about 1903.

A more formidable obstacle against "Destination Moon"'s becoming a movie classic lies in the story treatment. Basically, it is a rather matter-of-fact description of a dangerous voyage taken by four men. The men are not story-book heroes, larger than life. They are just ordinary joes. Though suspenseful because it is the first moon-trip ever attempted, their space voyage is not otherwise noteworthy. A routine train trip in the hands of an Alfred Hitchcock develops infinitely more excitement and action.

For contrast, consider the final scenes of "Things to Come." The couple chosen to fly to the moon in that picture are cut in heroic proportions. They are not ordinary citizens of new Everytown, but the offspring of the leader class. They have had to pass tests which one imagines were as rigorous and comprehensive on subjects other than the moon-ship itself as Plato's tests for leaders were in "The Republic." They are not a crew which more-or-less routinely mans a projectile to be shot around the moon; they are dedicated individuals.

Someone (it might have been me) once pointed out that "Destination Moon" appears to form a sequel to "Things to Come"--for Wells' picture ended with the attempt to reach the moon and Heinlein's began with it. Though the films have this point in common, nothing could be farther from the truth. The two pictures are at opposite poles. "Destination Moon" is realistic; "Things to Come" is idealistic. This difference in treatment reduces any superficial resemblance to nothing.

Perhaps I'd better explain what I mean by realism and idealism. By realism I mean the attempt to portray things as they really are. By idealism I mean the attempt to depict things as they should or might be. As examples, contrast the purpose of the two moon-trips. Heinlein's characters remarked at various times that the space voyage was "the greatest adventure left to man," but in point of cold fact their trip was undertaken to secure for America the strategic advantage of a moon-base for guided missiles. Wells' space pioneers were going to circle the moon sheerly because man's greater development required that he reach the stars.

The only genuinely idealistic touch in "Destination Moon" was the scene in which the crew solemnly took possession of the moon "in the name of the people of the United States" and planted a flag in approved explorer tradition. This touch was in such ludicrous contrast to the realism dominating the rest of the picture that the audience laughed. In Wells' picture it would have fitted into the spirit of the film.

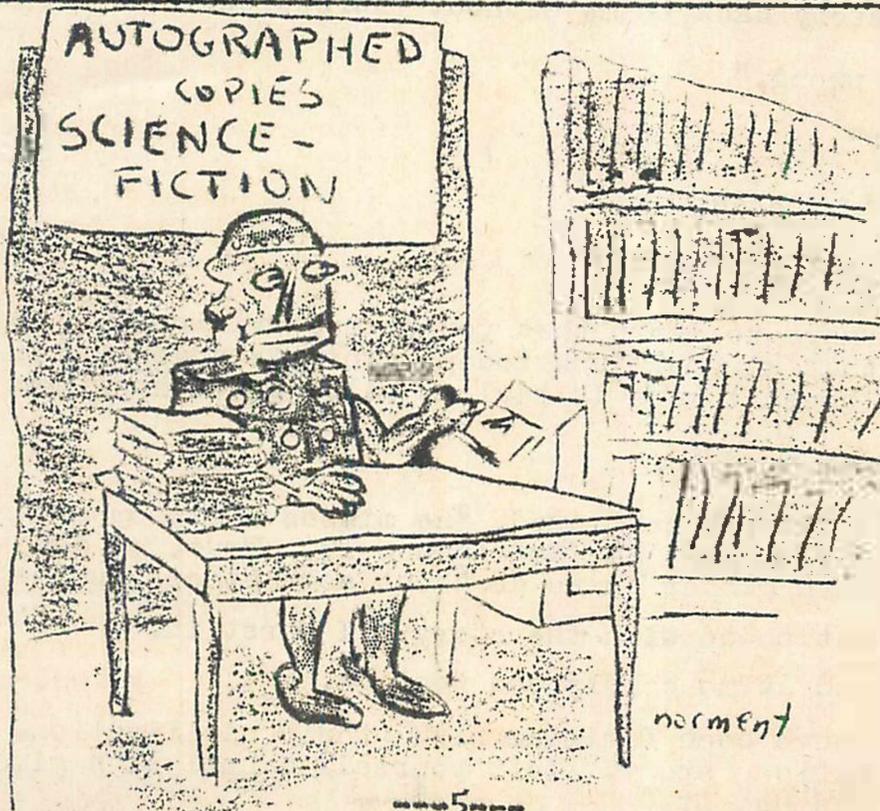
Because "Destination Moon" is so closely tied to reality--as the selling point goes, it was "as modern as tomorrow's

headlines"--it cannot survive. Nothing is staler than tomorrow's headlines on the day after tomorrow. A shift in the international situation, or a new governmental policy on guided missile research, and "Destination Moon" will be relegated from the category of "clever prophecy" to that of "wild guesses."

Idealism doesn't become dated so easily. True enough, the scenes in "Things to Come" showing the "next war" have been outdated by world war 2, but the message is still valid: that an all-out war can easily wreck civilization, and that a moral rearmament, symbolized by the Wellsian concept of "Wings Over the World," will be necessary to rebuild it. And the new civilization, the fantastic city of that new age of enlightenment, is no tarnished goal, even now. Perhaps the vision has receded a little, like Jonbar did sometimes in Williamson's "Legion of Time," but, though hazy, the basic outlines have not changed. For the closer we approach the ideal and the perfect, the more alike are our visions. We are different only in our faults and our imperfections. All utopias, no matter how many centuries separate their creators, are pretty much alike at the bottom. As long as men strive for a mechanical civilization, even Atomageddon will not shake the vision of Everytown, 2035 A.D.

Thus, "Things to Come" has a message for all time, and "Destination Moon" has a message for a tomorrow which is already dawning. Fourteen years from now, "Things to Come" will still be remembered, while "Destination Moon," its colors fading and darkening in the storage vault, will be forgotten, and its heroine, the graceful Luna, will join Theda Bara and Clara Bow in that part of Limbo reserved for movie queens of other days.

--Redd Boggs



Cartoon
reproduced
from the
New York
Sunday
Times,
Book-
Review
Section.

Jan. 7,
1951.

Page two

A MATTER OF FUNDAMENTALS

by RICHARD KNIGHT VERDAN

WE WERE AT HARRIS'S HOME that night, mulling over some recent re-jects. As was his habit, Harris would pick up the typescript, knock the clip onto the floor, and ruffle through the pages of the story quickly, clamping down on his pipe.

We usually exchanged furtive glances as we waited for his comment. The usual words came very quickly.

"Not plausible enough," he'd say. As a veteran of twenty years in the pulp-adventure field, he was an expert, we knew. "You've got it all wrong," he'd mumble.

One of us would ask, "Got what wrong?" in a tone of utmost respect.

"Viewpoint," he'd answer laconically, and that would start the discussion for the night.

It was my turn to be dissected when we gathered at Harris's home. The four of us were settled in the easy chairs we found so comfortable, and stared enviously at the bound rows of Harris's sold manuscripts during a twenty-year career writing adventure fiction. I flung my story on the table-- a short story, usual adventure stuff, and let him look at it.

He read it through, quickly, bent down, replaced the clip, and handed the story back to me without expression.

"Got it all wrong."

"What wrong?"

"Viewpoint," he said.

"In what way?" Bill asked.

"All of you have to learn that you're not writing fantasy-- no market for that kind of junk today. This is adventure he's writing, but he doesn't make it real at all. Gotta know how."

"How?" someone prodded.

"For example," Harris continued, "he misses a big opportunity when he sets the adventure on Betelgeuse IV. True, we don't know as much about that planet as we do about some others, but--"

"What has that to do with the story?" I burst in.

He just stared at me coldly and went on.

"You should have been familiar with their civilization. You did a typical action story, left yourself a hell of a gimmick, and then never did use it."

"Eh?"

He reached for the manuscript.

"Here, for example." He read:

Melton plugged forward along the hot desert, the Betelgeese in hot pursuit. He turned back a moment, stared at the stiffly-moving legs of the machine. An odd way to travel, he thought grimly. Body like an auto, but metal bird-like legs on their vehicles. He looked up into the cockpit of the machine, twenty feet above the land, and saw the repulsive pink bodies of the Betelgeese. He wondered what they would do to him when they caught him. Capture was inevitable. He patted the hard, fiery gem swinging from the pouch at his hip. The Stone of Immortality! He exulted. The secret of the great Betelgeesian culture! He felt the heavy tread of the machine behind him--!

"Now that's what I mean," he said. "The writing's not bad, but you didn't use your opportunities in the plot."

"In what way?" I murmured, moving closer.

He smiled and stroked his mustache. "You did a lot of research on the Betelgeesian vehicles...found out what they looked like. If you had bothered to check on why they were built that way you'd have had a story."

"Why?" I always hated his habit of breaking off sentences so I'd be forced to ask him a question. He picked it up writing for the pulps, though, so I noted it carefully.

"From what ~~little~~ we know, the Betelgeesians have a great culture. It's millions of years old, and they have immortality--a fact you knew--and they've all manners of machines and mental techniques dating from before we on earth wore clothes. But--" He stopped.

"Yes?" Again he drew me into the question.

"But they failed to learn all the smaller things. Somewhere in the universe there's bound to be a race that looks at things in so cosmic a scope--as do the Betelgeesians--that it slips up on littler things."

"For instance?"

"The Betelgeese can make almost anything synthetically because they know atomic power and how to rearrange nuclei. They can shift a few protons around and make sand into uranium. But with all their age-old wonders, there's one little thing they've never discovered--something which would have helped your hero a lot."

"What?" I knew this would be the final question.

He smiled oddly. "They never discovered the wheel."

He reached over and snapped off the telesonde. We were again alone.

'NEWS FROM HEAVEN'

reviewed by NORMAN ASHFIELD

As is my wont, I was searching the shelves of a secondhand book dealer the other day when I came upon a book, new to me--NEWS FROM HEAVEN: Being attracted by the title, I spent a few coppers on it. It was published by Cape in 1944, one of the hectic war years, and had consequently escaped my notice.

Remember "Houseboat on the Styx"? "Night Life Of the Gods?"
Well, this yarn is something between the two.

Heaven is disturbed by a smell of burning oil and the inmates are unable to find its true source, for so few people reach Heaven without passing many years in Purgatory that the inhabitants of the exalted place are very out-of-date with their knowledge of world affairs. The heavenly beings, encouraged by Leonardo da Vinci and others of his type, decide to send an expedition to Earth to find out what is afoot. The chosen two are Marco Polo and his secretary, Rusticano, who turns out to be a perfect foil to his master.

What happens when they land, by parachute, in England, find the Home Guard practicing, get involved with an Italian Fifth Columnist--when Polo thinks that the Windmill Theater (vaudeville) is a place for buying slaves, thinking of the time he travelled across the Gobi desert to replenish the harem--Polo's discussion of points of horses with a very horsey military family--and so on, makes it very readable going. If you get hold of a copy, you should enjoy it as much as I did. --Norman Ashfield

"WHY THE S-F BOOM?"

--taken from Saturday Review of Literature, January 27, 1951.

"In Tomorrow magazine, novelist Christopher Isherwood noted:-

!It is easy to understand why science fiction, and more particularly space-travel fiction, should be enjoying a revival of popularity at this time. Faced by probable destruction in a third world war, we turn naturally to dreams of escape from this age and this threatened planet. But that is not the whole of the explanation. For while the realistic action story is going through a phase of imaginative bankruptcy, the science-fiction story grows more prodigious, more ideologically daring. Instead of the grunts of cowboys and the fuddled sexual musings of half-plastered private detectives, we are offered an adult, anthropological, and non-violent approach to the future of technocratic men and the inhabitants of other worlds. Insofar as the reading public is turning in this direction and forsaking the cops and the cowboys, it definitely is growing up.

--Bennett Cerf!"

A "BELOVED CRITIC" SPEAKS

by BOB TUCKER

The July issue of Other Worlds offered an article by Bruce W. Pollica in which this statement was made: "Nearly all fantasy readers have four characteristics which set them off as different." He then lists the four characteristics:

- 1: Better than average intelligence.
- 2: Better than average curiosity.
- 3: The capability of being able to reason the whys and wherefores for themselves.
- 4: Most important - The ability to set aside all "conventional" methods of thought and to approach a problem from a completely new angle.

This is a hoary old fallacy which has been repeated uncountable times in uncountable fanzine articles ever since the first editor cranked the first mimeograph back around 1930. Nearly twenty years of fan history have failed to prove such a statement -- and that is the important thing to remember.

Here and there any individual in fandom has proven by word or deed that he has a better than average intelligence, or that he has the ability to set aside conventional thought patterns when attacking a problem. These individuals have proven it by becoming self-sufficient (or a "success" if you prefer the term) in the outside business world where richer livings are won by being above average. But these few people cannot be stretched automatically to become "nearly all fantasy readers." These few people are definitely the fan-minority.

"Nearly all fantasy readers"--and I take it that the author was referring to all fantasy fans---are humdrum guys you meet on the street with no more average intelligence than the other humdrum guys who work beside them in the same machine-shops, schools, movie theatres, textile mills, editors' offices and whatnot. The only apparent difference between fantasy fans and other people is their choice of reading material. Railroad fans are as smart as whips when it comes down to naming the types and performances of locomotives on any given railroad. This does not make them more intelligent. Fantasy fans can rattle off the distances and problems found in interstellar flight. This does not give them a better than average intelligence. A western fan can tell you what kind of a saddle and sixgun was in use in the Pecos country at the close of the States' War. The western fan runs the machine next to the fantasy fan and the railroad fan in the same shop.

(Continued next page.)

BOB TUCKER is editor of a topflight fanzine, "Science-Fiction Newsletter". He is the author of numerous published science-fiction and detective shorts, and also has several books to his credit.

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One of the most striking facts turned up in the recent "Fannish survey" I made was this: the large majority of the 180 people who answered the question stated that fans were above average in intelligence. This included themselves, of course, since they were talking about themselves in the questionnaire. And yet, the other answers they gave (there were over a hundred questions in the survey) clearly showed that they were not better than average. Fan mind-products (fanzines, which are direct results of mental ability and imagination) are revealingly below par.

Fans constantly assert mental superiority but twenty years of performance have failed to prove it. (And I am tempted to point to all the spats, quarrels, fights, dirty-dealings, cussedness,--thefts, feuds, etc. as signposts suggesting something else.)

Actually the picture is something like this --some fans are above average, some are below. The rest of us, the big bulk of fandom, falls in between in that area the experts are pleased to call average for want of a better classification. The few members of those two groups named, the above and below average people, enter fandom and quickly become recognizable. I have been reading fanzines for about fifteen years and as a result have learned to judge a writer's intelligence by what he says and how he says it. The FAPA magazines are prime examples for study: read every one of the fifteen to thirty publications in a given bundle. It is really easy to discover which fan editor is actually above average in intelligence by the manner in which he discusses each item in his magazine. And pay particular attention to the topics they discuss.

Lastly, now and then an individual appears who is truly able to set aside the conventional thought patterns and strike out into new fields alone. Usually, this individual in fandom takes the form of a crusader who believes us to be master-minds waiting for him to awaken us. He will then announce his plans for the founding of a love camp somewhere in the hills and urge the rest of us to get busy establishing the master race for the future glory of fandom and civilization.

--Bob Tucker

EDITOR'S NOTE: The "Other Worlds" referred to is Paul D. Cox's defunct fanzine and NOT Ray Palmer's prozine. Repeat--NOT the prozine!

This article was intended for OW (the fanzine) #5. Bruce Pollica saw a copy of this article and wrote a short reply. Naturally--it defended his position. Unfortunately Pollica's reply was misplaced by the original editor and hence is not available for publication in Sship. So--if you find yourselves agreeing too completely with Bob Tucker, qualify that agreement to the extent you would have if Bruce's reply were printed alongside. Don't let any Pongish sentiments above cause you to call fandom at large a pack of fools without considering the other side a bit. b.s.

MIRAGE OF THE CITY

by
ORLIA
McGORMICK

The space travelers were returning Two Thousand A.D.
To the world their folk had left in 'Sixty-Two,
When they had fled to colonize a galaxy,
And escape the holocaust that would ensue,

When the earth was expected to become a ravaged world
Would they see what they envisioned in each-homexick mind?
No doubt that Terra would be a plain of waste;
They recalled the tales they had been told by those behind,
And all wondered what terrain might be displaced,

When the earth had become a broken world,
As they neared their objective, entering earth's atmosphere,
They could see by telescope, and were surprised
To find a city of their ancestor's dreams, appear,
Complete and clean, humming with life modernized,

Then the earth was not a damaged world?
The spaceship was landed on the former rocket grounds,
So no fumes would mar the city they had seen--
But all was waste; their ship made the only living sounds;
There were no other moving things upon the scene;

The earth was indeed a blighted world,
An exploration party set forth in a straight course
Toward the metropolis they had viewed from the sky,
Remembering the community, they sought the source,
Their innate curiosity to satisfy,

And learn if the earth was truly a ruined world.
They found annihilation rampant everywhere;
Skeletons were crumbling in the desert sun,
No life was visible, while desolation's glare
Met their tired hungry eyes, when the trek was done.

The earth they saw was a demolished world.
Sadly the wanderers from space turned back
And as their starship mounted in the blue,
The lovely city shone beneath their track
In perfect living beauty, that they knew.

So again they argued, was the earth a dead world?
They could not turn their ship about or waste their fuel,
But their lensman took an aerial photograph,
For this might answer what was no w... a mental duel,
And would furnish them with evidence of staff,

So they would know if Terra was a ghostly world.
Developing the pictures, they were sure to find
The truth about the strange mirage of life,--
Perhaps the city was only in the mind,--
A dream they loved beyond their memory's strife

Of an earth that was a bleak and blasted world.

"That of the pics? Let's see them," cried the crew,

"Was it a dream, imagination's prank?"

The lensman sighed, "I do not have a clue,

For all the photographic plates were blank;

Not one showed even a devastated world!"

FANZINE REVIEW

All fanzines for review are to be sent to Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. All fanzines received will be reviewed, space permitting, on a first-come-first-served basis.

Science-Fiction Newsscope: Lawrence Campbell, 43 Tremont St., Malden 48, Mass. 5¢, 12/50¢. With a little financial support this will become a top newszine. Four to six pages, with most of the current news, American and abroad, and also features, fanzine reviews, etc. This one bears watching--and will probably improve in proportion to the number of nickels sent to the editor. Worthy of support. Fanvariety: Max Keasler, 420 South 11th, Poplar Bluff, Mo. 10¢, 6/50¢. This is another good-looking newcomer, a monthly. No particular slant, but contains something interesting for anyone in fandom...or out of it! Best item in current issue (#8) is Redd Boggs' lengthy article on how to publish a newszine. Keasler has A-list material in this job. Quandry: Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Georgia. Monthly, 10¢, 12/\$1. This is the top newcomer of 1950, a lively, well-produced, well-written--job. #10, current, features Bob Tucker, CosWal, Redd Boggs, and others. High spot is a four-color cover mimeographed in fourcolor ink. Peon: One of the veterans, now in its fourth year, this is still going strong. Charles Riddle, Fleet All Weather Training Unit Pacific, c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Cal. One copy free on request; 9/\$1. A top-flight generalzine--fiction, reviews, articles, letters. We liked Joe Kennedy's article best. Fantasy Times: James V. Taurasi, 137-03 32nd Ave., Flushing, NY. 10¢, 12/\$1. This is the king of the newszines--every other week with the latest fan doings. No use reviewing this--it is a must for active fans. And if you don't read it, you CAN'T be active! Beware: Ken Beale, 115 Mosholu Pkway, Bronx, N.Y. First issue of a generalzine which bids fair to make a name for itself. Unpretentious mimeo format, but contents both good writing and good reading. Best is "THE GREAT FAN PLOT," a remarkable expose. Fantasy Advertiser: Roy Squires, 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale, California. This's the number one non-fiction fan magazine of today, in luxurious litho format. The April issue is the fifth anniversary; article--Arthur C. Clarke. Even the ads are nice to look at in this mag! Science Fiction Newsletter: Bob Tucker, P.O. Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois. 15¢, 7/51. Still going strong after four years, this lithoed mag's 19th issue contains a list of all fantasy published in 1950, plus news, views, comments. Recommended reading. Cosmag: Ian McAuley, 57 East Park Lane, Atlanta, Ga. 10¢, 6/50¢. Bi-monthly. A slim newcomer; this mag seems to have the knowhow, and as soon as its editor gets the hang of running a mimeo and he cuts down on fan fiction, it'll be on its way. Suggestion: better paper. Ghu: John Davis, 931 E Navajo Rd., Tucson, Ariz. This is a carbonzine circulated to John's friends; others can't even buy it! Too bad, too, since you're missing a load of fun. Dawn-R.K. Watkins, 203 E. Wampum Ave., Louisville 9, Ky. Format not too neat, but contains interesting material slanted at fan collectors; also large letter-section. Worthwhile. Mezrab: The Bradleys, Box 431, Tahoka, Texas. 25-page FREE generalzine! Crowded Out: Seetoe, Odd, Operation Fantast, Phantasmagoria, Book Bulletin, Impossible, and several others. Sorry.

"THE DARK OTHER"

by Stanley G. Weinbaum

F.P.C.I., 1950

Reviewed by
Bob Silverberg

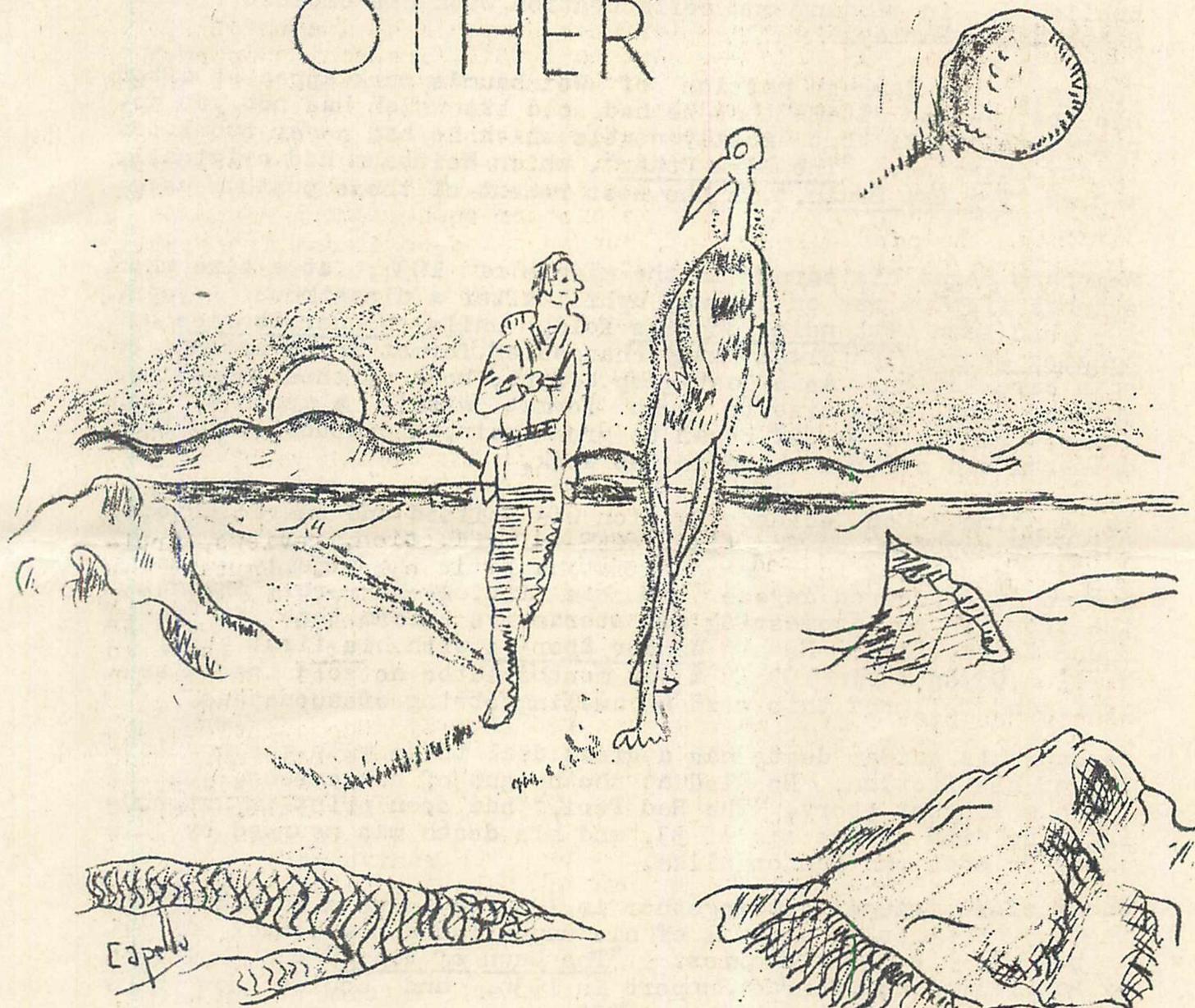


Illustration by Raul Garza Capella, Jr., symbolizing a scene from Stanley G. Weinbaum's immortal "A MARTIAN ODYSSEY"

Book Review: "THE DARK OTHER"

When Stanley Grauman Weinbaum died on December 14, 1935, many fans felt that the greatest career in the history of fantasy had been cut short. At the time of his death, Weinbaum had had 16 stories published, including one collaboration with his closest friend, Ralph Milne Farley.

However, the largest portion of Weinbaum's work appeared after his death--some items that he had sold but which had not yet appeared in print, but mostly novels which he had never submitted to any magazine. "The Dark Other", which Weinbaum had originally titled "The Mad Brain," is the most recent of these posthumous novels.

Weinbaum began his career in the middle of 1934, at a time when science fiction was on its way uphill after a disastrous year. 1933 had seen Astounding Stories fold, while Wonder Stories and Amazing Stories underwent many changes of format in an attempt to gain circulation. As a last-gasp effort, both of these magazines shifted from large size to pulp format within a month of each other. But in 1934 sf began to grow again, and doubtlessly Stan Weinbaum had a large share in the work.

At a time when science fiction was stilted and characterless, Weinbaum appeared on the field with a gift for characterization and story-telling that seemed unmatched at the time. Weinbaum never overpowered anyone with his fiction--he merely presented the story in so interesting and attractive a form that it was bound to be liked. He hit Wonder Stories with his first yarn, "A Martian Odyssey" in 1934. A few months later he sold them a sequel, and followed this with an amazing string of successes.

Perhaps his sudden death has a great deal to do with the popularity of his fiction. He died at the height of his career, just after his longest story, "The Red Peri," had seen print in Astounding. He died at the age of 33, and his death was mourned by his close friends and fandom alike.

~~Three of his friends~~ got together in 1936 to issue a hardcover anthology, containing several of his unpublished novelettes and also some of his short stories. "The Dawn of Flame" was released by Rap Palmer and Conrad Ruppert in 1936, and copies now have been known to bring as high as \$100.

Other of his novels appeared posthumously; in the October and November 1938 issues Amazing presented his very poor "Revolution of 1950," a story actually written by Ralph Milne Farley after suggestion by Weinbaum. In 1939 Startling and Thrilling Wonder reprinted two of his previously un-magged novels, "Black Flame" and "Dawn of Flame," and Ziff-Davis brought out his "The New Adam" in a hard-cover edition. (They later reprinted it in Amazing, 1943)

Now, Fantasy Publishing Company has issued what is probably the last of Weinbaum's posthumous novels: The Dark Other (FPCI #50, \$3.25, 256 pp) This story could have been in Unknown, but Campbell ~~ob~~ turned it down when Weinbaum's widow objected to a drastic cutting. Julius Schwartz, the fantasy agent, finally sold the novel

of 60,000 words, "The Mad Brain," to Marvel Science Stories, but the story was lost in the shuffle when that magazine folded.

In 1947, Ferrie Ackerman got possession of the story, "edited" it (to what extent he rewrote the story is unknown) and in 1948 he sold it to FPCI. The book appeared last summer under the FPCI imprint and the more subtle title.

Technically, the book is well-done as compared with some former productions of the FPCI. There is a large number of typographical errors, and physically the book cannot compare with some of the other semi-pro volumes, notably those from Arkham House and Fantasy Press. Also, the jacket (by Jon Arfstrom) is inferior to that artist's better fan work. However, it's a good book, and worth buying.

Probably, had Weinbaum remained alive, he never would have sold it as it stands. There are several crudities in the plot, and it does not show the same amount of story development that some of his later stories did--but the book is, on the whole, not one of Weinbaum's failures, as was the similarly posthumous "New Adam."

Like that book, "The Dark Other" concerns a man with a double brain--but that's where the similarity ends. Edmond Hall, the New Adam, was a twisted superman who ended his life in most un-supermanlike suicide. Nicholas Devine of the other book is actually a Jekyll-Hyde brought up to date, with two well-rounded sides.

Though it only has three characters--actually four, counting Devine's other side--it is a magnificent character study. The story is suspenseful, building up to a fine climax--though there are certain other plot faults which a more mature Weinbaum could have ironed out with ease.

There's also a passing reference to the Necronomicon which I think was added by the wily FJA (though I could be wrong) in order to rope in the Lovecraft fans. I've never heard any statement concerning Weinbaum's familiarity with the Lovecraft mythos. But "The Dark Other" needs no "roping" to attract purchasers--it is well done, thoughtful, and certainly exciting reading. The conflict between the heroine and the two sides of Nick Devine is particularly outstanding.

After reading this book, it gives one pause to wonder just what this man Weinbaum might have produced in the s-f field had he remained alive.

--B. S.

SF MAGAZINES FOR SALE

BY Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, NM. All mags have both covers. Price, 25¢ each, postage ADDITIONAL Dec 45, 1 Feb Mar Jul Sept 1947; June 1946; most FOR FOR Oct 1944 Aug 1950. FANTASTIC ADV Jul May Jan 1947; Mar Dec July 1944 Mar Oct 49; most 1950; TWS June 49, Apr Oct 47; many other mags 1947-51. Want-lists invited. MAGAZINES WANTED: All 1940 Astoundings.

ALL THE STARS

by WILLIAM BERGER

"John--please come to dinner," Marion Kilmore yelled. Her husband was about to utter a reply, but she continued talking. "That silly machine of yours can't count all the stars!"

John looked haunted as he mumbled, "I believe it can."

She laughed, pulled her red hair, dangling over her forehead, and said,

"John, that contest is the silliest thing I ever heard of. Besides, only a fool would believe the cybernetics institute would pay \$10,000."

In front of the two young people was a square-shaped machine covered with dials, meters, instrument panels, and a small triangular opening in the center. Its motors were humming in low tones. John's attention switched to his mechanized creation, and he meditated on his last efforts toward construction.

Then he gazed into his wife's eyes with contempt. Now he hated her round face, her well-proportioned body with its adequately-concealed corpulence.

"Marion, I wanted to win the contest for you and me. Well, I've changed my mind--I want to win for the recognition it'll give me"

Marion was not emotionally affected by what he said; she viewed the mass of papers scattered in every room and shook her head. As she started to depart from the house, John began to hum.

Night and day, John inserted paper into the machine and examined its computations. While waiting for the results he would observe each part carefully in order to be certain that nothing was defective. Sometimes he swore because he had to sleep, although he did not rest often.

One morning, when fatigue numbed his senses, he looked at another sheet of printed calculations. What John read at the bottom stirred him. At first he wondered if he really saw it, thinking the desire to see it might have upset his mind.

Finally John became convinced that the word "COMPLETE" was on his paper. The next moment he shrieked a series of howls--hugged the cold metal tightly until he crushed the glass enclosing the meters. Leaning against the wall, he stared at the gauges.

At that moment he actually believed that the machine was a living thing. The tension inside John grew stronger and stronger with every passing minute. His hands shook. Sweat rolled down his face.

Telling himself that he would have revenge on the mechanical mathematician, John began to strike a weapon--a hatchet--against it again and again. In a few minutes the meter silenced.

-ooOoo-

Many distinguished scientists spoke eloquently in praise of John. They said the award was small for such a laborious task, and that John had sacrificed himself for cybernetics. The last speaker ordered a long steel bar to be set on end. It startled the mob of spectators because of its great height, but more amazing than its size was the long column of numbers engraved on it...one fol-

lowed by fifty feet of ciphers. It represented the possible total of every star in the universe.

In the crowd, Marion Kilmore kept insisting the contest was silly, and couldn't understand or justify the enthusiasm of the throng around her.

--Bill Berger

MAN, PROGRESS, AND ROBOTS

by Barbara Chandler

Every time a spectacular advance is brought forth by our technological geniuses, somewhere, the cry arises,

"Smash the Machines!"

Often the convinced have tried it, with phenomenal lack of success---because the fear that machines can "take over" is based on faulty reasoning and superstitious fear. Or else, on the petty desire to keep exactly what we now have, with no thought for improvement.

There is an economic problem involved, with dislocations and turmoil and often real individual tragedy.

But the bigger question--can robots ever enslave men--is concerned with differentiating between the AIMS of a society (or its members) and the METHODS of carrying out those aims. Any tool is a method, which is easy enough to remember when you reflect that all tools are simply extensions of man's natural faculties--bigger, sharper, specialized in some way. An axe is only a heavy, sharp extension of his hand. A huge crane is in the same category. An adding machine or punch-card device or telephone system is only an extension of some minor

ability, often several combined. If enough are combined we have a robot.

Now--in order to become dangerous to man, any tool must contain some power inherent in man which is in itself a potential danger. In order to enslave man, it must have the ability and desire BUILT INTO IT BY MAN

In other words, it's up to us. Man has the highest degree of self-determinism of any creature on the planet, and to install this quality in a machine is a paradox. We build more developed---tools with the ability to take a certain direction, but into none the ability to decide to operate. An electronic brain can play chess, but it cannot decide, "Now I guess I will play a game of chess."

To smash the machines is illogical, a half-measure. Eliminate bombs, gun-powder, swords, axes, and you still have a strong right arm and stones. Any of these are dangerous if we wish them to be so.

So our problem with robots is simplified. We build into them only the qualities that we wish, and see that they are directed by benign, not malign, intelligence.

Because in our day total destruction is a possibility, it is certain that by the time these complete-service robots can be built this problem will have been licked--or else no one will be left to worry about it.

QUANDRY

by LEE HOFFMAN

"Someday I will put out a fanzine." That's what I used to tell myself. "But with what?" was the ensuing question. My hekto had gone the way of all jelly five years before I read my first HKut-ner story. My days as printer's devil had been about five in number and several years earlier. And my rubber stamp set only had two alphabets, of which about twenty-nine letters could be found residing in the cracks in the floor.

So clutching a copy of VAMP-PIRE in my grimy li'l hand I said to myself, "Hoffman, ole ruta-baga top, there aren't many fmz like this anymore and it doesn't look like you're the one that's gonna remedy the situation."

Then I discovered a mimeo.

Down at the end of the street I live on there's a big building which houses a few government employees, some office equipment, and a mimeo.

"Hey, Mister, can I use your mimeograph?"

"Sure."

So I dragged my piggy bank down to the local ABDick dealers' and purchased a quire of stencils and a couple of reams of paper. The ABDick representative gave me a short lecture on cutting stencils and I dashed home and went to work.

Quandry #1 was conceived and brought forth in about three days. Why the rush, I dunno. July madness, I suppose. Anyway I had my first encounter with a mimeo. It was a wondrous tank-inked affair with a counter and all that sort of stuff. I was shown how to put a stencil in and then left to my own devices. My own devices were a poor excuse for knowledge. Why didn't someone tell me you had to ink a mimeo?

Among the three or four fans who stopped to comment on that miserable monstrosity was Joe Kennedy, whom I accuse of being one of the greatest guys ever to ink a Speed-o-Print. (It is reported in FAPA that Mr. Kennedy is quite aware of this greatness and is having an engraved halo made up to wear to the NOLACON.) What this has to do with Quandry I don't know. But contained with Joe's comments were 25¢ for two and one half Quandrys (he received 2½ Q's in return for this generous subscription) and a short story which he had previously sent to Sid Gluck and forgotten about.

Meanwhile Q#2 had been run off on the Armstrong college mimeo and was being distributed. It was a pretty sad issue printed on various shades of green paper. Most of the material in it was stuff that had originally been intended for COSMIC DUST several years earlier. It was contributed by Walt Kessel, that mag's editor (until the army folded it some time back.) Walt considers himself a retired fan but he stirred long enough to donate that material, five lettering guides, three shading plates, and styli.

The third issue of Quandry showed signs of legibility. It was also the first issue to blossom in full color. Its outstanding feature was criticism from Gerry de la Ree, who has had a great deal to do with Quandry's growth and development.

The first li'l people appeared in Q#4. In #5 appeared SFA news, which continued thru #7. Also added in #5 was RJBanks' column, SLURP.

Quandry #6 was the first issue to make Merwin's top ten listing. This was due to the addition of Lionel Inman to the staff. My relation with Lionel is not the usual publisher-assistant editor relationship, for I hardly know Lionel by mail and we've never met. Still he sends me material, on the stencil if he is able, at just the right moments. It is my hope that we will meet at the NOLACON. Outstanding in #6 was a bit of fanfiction by Redd Boggs.

Two new columnists were added in Q#7, Bob Silverberg and Wilkie Conner. And Shelby Vick's Puffins were added as guest li'l peeppl. Like the original li'l peepul, they were so popular that they became a regular feature.

With the advent of Q#8 Lionel Inman was officially made associate editor. Also Q was increased from 25 to 30 pages, though the price remained 10¢. And joining the staff of columnists was Walt Willis, one of fandom's leading humorists.

almost never came about. It was due on March 15th along with your income tax but as that month began I was involved in making some money by manual labor at coolie wages. As the job came to an end, so did my health. I found myself down with a bad case of flu...things passed by, deadlines did likewise. Finally spring Holidays, and I had cut most of the stencils when Shelby Vick dropped in on a selling trip through this section of the country. He and I finished stencilling...Monday morning Shel left and I made ready to return to school despite a pain in my back. But I found that I could hardly walk.

"Sprained," the doc said. "Mebbe a week, mebbe months." A rush call brought fellow stagehand Hank Rabey to my aid. He finished running off Q#9 and assembled it. Together we addressed it and finally on April 11th they were mailed.

Quandry 10 resumed regular monthly publication; its high spot was the addition of Redd Boggs' sought-after column, "File 13," though another novelty was the first American use of the well-known Irish multicolor ink, in a four-color cover.

Q 11 is n w out, and 12 and 13 are in readiness. #13 will be the first anniversary issue, and it sure doesn't seem as if a year has gone by since the first issue.

It seems like a century to me.

--Lee Hoffman

(NOTE: Quandry is available from Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Georgia, for 10¢ a copy, 12/31. And other fan editors are requested to take part in this series of fanzine biographies. If you'd like biog spot in Ship 14, write now, huh?

SOAPBOX

Redd Boggs, Minneapolis, Minnesota, saith:

It was seeing the name "Homicide Hogan" that did it--inveigled me into reading James Adams' "Man with Hyper-Hearing." Seeing that name in a story I had to read it. "Homicide" was a disappointment, but the story was quite good. I don't know how the man with hyper-hearing managed to distinguish single voices from the babble of other voices, the rumble of trucks, the roar of trains, and the buzz of defective neon-signs (that sound that Fritz Leiber finds so eerie), but Abner Thomas was passably characterized at that. The man who told the story wasn't so believable. I disbelieve that a cynical bookie would sink money into a project to contact other planets. There are too many other ways to make money--or maybe lose money.

From your article "Are Fans Skeptics" I infer that you've never read Charles Fort. ((Wrong.)) If you had, you wouldn't be so skeptical of Fort's humor or fascination. I'm no Fortean, but I do insist that there's hardly a book on my shelves that's more enjoyable to read. Fort was a top notch writer and his irascible humor is marvelous.

This is Harry Warner's 13th year in fandom and I think this year he is turning out more articles for subzines than he has done for many years. "How they Compare" isn't the best he's done lately, but as usual he is interesting from beginning to end. The absence of any general fanzine comparable with Spaceways, Southern Star, Fantasite, to name three fanzines of the late 30's and early 40's that come to mind immediately --is the big difference between yesterday and today, it seems to me. The forte today seems to be specializing for particular groups: Mezrab, Chimerical Review, The Cricket are examples. Spacewarp was probably the nearest thing to Spaceways that's been published in the last eight years, and Quandry is the best example among mags still being published. Still Q isn't quite as generalized as fanzines of 10 years ago. I doubt if any fanzine is.

Format: improving but still only fair. Why did you use only one side of the paper in several instances? ((thinner paper)) The even-edged pages are fine, but I don't care much for nonstop paragraphing; it doesn't look as neat as regular paragraphing, and doesn't seem worthwhile in space-saving for short articles like Warner's. Do you realize that you saved only five or six lines there? Of course six lines would have necessitated spotting that ad elsewhere, but six lines saved in a 25pp. mag is almost inconsequential.

The headings where you used lettering guides were pretty bad. Put a piece of celluloid under the stencil when using the guide: it'll help reduce tearings. The mimeoing is better than before--at least in my copy. Keep improving.

Sincerely,

Eva Firestone, Upton, UYCHING

Mine Deer Edietorr--

Thankee for nice plug in SPACESHIP #12. Now have two more contributors for my clippings file. Art thee inferring born-thirty-years-too-soon, perchance?? If so, that I admit. Otherwise there is an inconsistency because how could an INsane fan know better?

The Fortean Society is too well established to need any defense. Even so, I wish to mention that, altho' our roster has appearance of a league-of-nations, it would be difficult to find even one member who "believes implicitly." With no intention of being rude, the thought comes to me that your statements for a sane fan are rather unfestrained and exaggerated. Also, I beg your pardon, the vol., Books of Charles Fort (4 in one binding) is \$5 postpaid, not six. ♡((We blush.)))

Anyway, the article "Are Fans Skeptics?" made me grin all the way thru the reading of it. However, it might be fair to warn you that cheshires are a bit elusive. You know, popping up when least expected. And with that I wish you well- for the present time.

Yerz fir DOUBT

Eva F.Lawrence Saunders, Stamford, Connecticut

The last issue of SPACESHIP was a good one. Best item was the kickback by Harry Warner. I agree with him 100% on his views on fan profiteering.

Fiction was good (for a fanzine and I should know)

Fans in my opinion are skeptics, I am. The average fan will doubt everything, I believe, including himself. It all boils down to one's own definition of "fan." You can't call those feebleminded slobs who read "Amazing" fans. They just ain't. As you say (I believe) they are strays. Take the average fan: the guy who thrives on fanzines. He usually is a cynic, sometimes he is satirical, sometimes sarcastic, and sometimes sardonic. He is usually wide-read. He loves to shoot off his mouth from A to Z from anthropology to anthologies. Yes, I believe the average fan is a cynic and skeptic. And please don't call the "Amz" slobs fans.

Sincerely,

Larry

Ad: Don't overlook DIFFERENT, the voice of the new s-f. It's a "slick" science fiction mag with a large poetry department: it solicits poems of fantasy and s-f in the best style. Pays \$10.00 for stories, cash prizes for poems. 50¢ per copy, \$2 one-year sub. Send subs to HYACINTHE HILL, Avalon Book Center, 100 Hawthorne Ave, Yonkers NY; manuscripts to Lilith Lorraine, Calle Andrea Del Castagno No. 16, Mexico D.F. Enclose stamped envelope for reply. No blood and thunder, please; top craftsmanship only.

COUNTERBLAST ^{FROM} A NON-SKEPTIC

Marion Z Bradley

Your recent article on the usual fan's lack of skepticism was characterized by the usual semantic confusion and bigoted narrowness which seems to be good form among the genus fan at present. I agree with you on one point: fans are not skeptics, if you are talking about the true genus fan...an animal from which, I take it, you exclude yourself. For your article shows that you, whatever else you are or are not, are definitely a skeptic. Not only a skeptic but a narrow-minded cynic.

In the first place, your statement about the "wide-eyed high school boys who thought Amazing was super keen because it taught them physics and chemistry" shows a misconception which is appalling. I've read literally DOZENS of those old Amazings. From none --get that, NONE, ZERO, not ANY-- did I get even the vaguest notion of physics or chem, except a few misconceptions which I had to unlearn when I got in science classes. When in college I re-read them to see if there was any science that I had skipped. The answer? No, of course not. Just a little Sunday supplement pseudo-science.

You also mention Astounding printing such "acknowledged classics as 'Skylark of Valeron' and 'Legion of Space.'" Now I'm not denying that ASF has published a good many mature and excellent stories, but the two you mention as classics, and the other stories such as "Triplanetary" and the like, are actually not-s-f but adventure stories which are in literary style a cut below Tarzan and on a vague par with my 8-year-old brother's comic-books.

Now, I'm not defending the Shaver hoax or dianetics, either one. But please remember: -

1) Rap was not publishing to please the fans; he was editing a commercial magazine. Ziff-Davis said "increase circulation" and Ray did. Look at the circulation figures of the Pre-Shaver AS and compare them with--- Shaver's epoch.

2) Ron Hubbard is a qualified s-f writer and also a qualified scientist. Whether or not you agree with his dianetics foolery, his article was interesting and reasonably logical, and his NAME ALONE is a high drawing-card. (Or was, previous to the Engram racket.)

As for "anyone being foolish enough to pay \$6 for a book of clippings"...even intelligent people will shell out three bucks for a reprint from an old pulp magazine: SHIP OF ISHTAR, THE GREY LEENSMAN, LEGION OF SPACE, BOOK OF PTAH--I could go on all night. Fans will spend fifty dollars for a mimeograph to publish their own blatherings --what's so silly about a book of clippings? After all, many people are interested in finding out just what, if anything, is behind all these strange happenings. You don't have to accept Fort's teachings, but it's one explanation, and after a few unexplainable things have happened to you, you stop talking about hoaxes. Some ARE hoaxes, of course, but some are just---the unexplainable. Maybe YOU don't care what causes these things-- but if YOU don't, somebody has to findout. Have YOU been out-in space, that you know so much about what it's like? Oh-- you haven't? Well, neither have I. Until then, let's both shut up. Your guess is as good as mine, and Charles Fort's is as good as either of ours.

I don't read FATE. I'm not a

BACK ISSUES!

A non-keeping, continued

Rosicrucian either, but I'd like to put in a word for both. FATE is a reasonably entertaining mag --or used to be, when I read it. A number of people still read it --and no one is making you read it. But then, most of the people who read FATE would look at Spaceship and mutter, tearing out their hair, "What in the dickens is it all about? Why do people do such things?" As for the Rosicrucians--I'm not a Rosicrucian, as I said above, but I've read two or three of their books, and as far as I can see their code of ethics is at least as intelligent as that of most of the Christian churches and better than some. And their "Cosmogonosis" is no sillier than that which is proclaimed in that eminently accepted book, the BIBLE. Darn it, in a world which takes Velikovsky seriously and such twaddle about "Look Younger, Live Longer" -- eating brewer's yeast and yogurt, and lapping up blackstrap molasses which is good only for cows--well, I'd say there was room for a few Forts and Heindels. And Flying Saucers aren't any sillier than reducing records.

In fine, Bob, when you've lived a few years longer, you'll grow more tolerant of the rest of the world's madness. In that way, they will be a bit more apt to respect yours. Your iconoclasm may sound fine when you read it over in the first fine careless rapture of mimeographing--but Hitler's speeches probably sounded good, too, when he was advocating that sane, sensible edict that all people must have lebensraum--living space. It does make sense, too.

Leave us our fleas, Bob, and we'll be a little more apt to scratch yours when they start itching.

--Marion Z Bradley

We've got quite a pile of unsorted issues of early SPACESHIPS, and that you might be interested in picking up some of the extras for your fanzine collections (SShip will be indexed in the Pavlat C-L) and also help wipe out some of our deficit. The ones we have--
 #2--May 1949. ONE COPY ONLY, and a bit dirty. 10¢
 #6--Dec 3, 1949. Enuf for all --a list of pennames. 5¢.
 #10--Oct. 1950. 13 copies--first large-size issue. 10¢
 #11--Jan 51. Plenty left. 10¢
 #12--Apr 51--big anniversary ish. Ten left--10¢
 #1--Sept. 49. 25 copies left. One of the first issues--5¢.

Forthcoming issues of SPACE SHIP will feature articles by--Ev Winne, Dick Verdan, Marion Bradley, and others. Fiction, poetry, other items coming up--see editorial. We can use articles on various items, and also fanzine biographies. Otherwise there's so much fiction & poetry on hand that we don't need any--what we DO need is some more nickels and dimes. This job costs dough, and we're willing to spend it for whatever improvements you want--ne w lettering guides like the one on P. 3, etc. But we can't spend it until we have it!

Bob Silverberg,
 760 Montgomery St
 Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

--at the sign of the empty wallet--

ASTOUNDINGS WANTED

I need just a few more issues to complete my files--but I want them in good condition only, and with both covers. Need those:
 Nov 30, Oct 33, May 34, Mar 36,
 Jan Feb Mar Apr May 37, Feb Mar
 May Jun 38, Jan Apr--Nov Dec 40,
 Aug 39, May Oct 41. --B.S.

BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS

by
FRANK
SCULLY

That a book of this type should be published by an ostensibly credulous New York book publisher and then be reprinted as a pocket-book (Popular Library #326: 25¢) and be a best-seller in both instances, indicates the extent of the gullibility of the well-known American man-in-the-street.

Frank Scully is an experienced newspaperman, and as such knows how to present the facts of the flying-saucer case. However, the facts themselves are only slightly less than astounding:

Scully reveals that, last year, a scientist addressed the student body of the University of Denver on the subject of flying saucers, but that after his speech no one knew quite who had delivered it. Scientist "X" revealed that:--

Sixteen men, dead, had been found in a flying saucer. Eighteen men, similarly dead, had been found nearby in another saucer. Only--"measuring between thirty-six to forty inches in height --" Scully, relating the tale of Scientist X, goes on to describe the saucers and their miniature inhabitants in detail.

Postulating that the ships are from Venus, Scully quotes from such recognized authorities as Willy Ley and from such lesser ones as--ahem--Fate Magazine--to back up his contentions. He fills the book with nearly 200 pages of "documentation" supporting his ideas, including a collection of nearly a hundred newspaper clippings, complete with sources, having bearing on the flying saucer mystery.

The cover on the pocketbook edition, incidentally, is a particularly lurid one showing people evidently roused from sleep in the middle of night, gazing haggardly at multi-colored saucers floating in from the direction of the New York skyline. The imaginative artist is one Earle K. Bergey.

We can't quite see how so many people would put down three dollars in hard green cash to buy this book; at two bits it's a different story. If you consider yourself a serious student of the flying saucer riddle, then naturally you'll need this book to--ah--augment your studies. If, however, you're just on the lookout for some tongue-in-cheek laughter at the more gullible half of mankind, then this book is your goldmine. There's a belly-laugh on every page if you try not to take Scully too seriously.

The End

---ooo00ooo---

BACKTALK:

GOOD NEWS

With this issue, SPACESHIP assumes the subscription list of WYLDE STAR, formerly published by Alan Grant. Alan also sent us some fine material to use in SPACESHIP, some of the material on stencil. The Bob Tucker article in this issue is one of the items he sent; others to watch for are an article by Ev Winne on the NSF, and a rather long piece by yours truly on Astounding Science Fiction. The latter is five or six pages long and will appear later in the year unless there are any objections.

There's a serious log-jam in the fiction and poetry department; SPACESHIP will appear a bit more frequently for a while--don't be too surprised to see five issues in 1951 instead of the intended four. However, we're NOT going bi-monthly just yet. WE CAN'T USE ANY MORE FICTION OR POETRY!! If the fiction is so good that I'd be forced to accept it, don't send it here--I'll feel guilty printing it when it really should be sold. And if it's so bad that no one else wants it, don't send it here either...for obvious reasons. At the present time, we have enough fiction to last for five or six issues. Watch for stories by Joseph Semens, Lawrence Saunders, Fred Chappell, Todd Conwell, Richard Verdan, Charles Morris, and others, in the next year here.

SPACESHIP is selling quite nicely, mostly thanks to the fine review Rog Phillips gave it in the July Amazing. The review, incidentally, which I wrote for Amz was NOT intended for the fanzine column but for the letter column; Browne merely forwarded it to Roger and it wound up as a review rather than a plug! We still can handle more subscriptions, though, so kindly keep plugging SPACESHIP to your friends. The improvements over the past year are only the beginning!

By the way--the poor appearance of page nine is due to various annoyances on the part of the mimeo, plus the fact that Alan's stencil was six inches too short. The split infinitive on page nine is the fault of Alan Grant and Bob Tucker, not us. But far be it from us to restencil the whole business because of a split infinitive!

The next issue of SPACESHIP will appear in late September; certain minor format changes are in the offing so that we'll be able to add a bit more material in the same 25 pages. We've asked Redd Boggs to do a bio of his fanzine, but just in case he can't finish it in time, any other fanzine editors are welcome to take a three-page free plug in the fanzine bio department. #14 will also most likely begin the long-delayed series on British s-f, contain two stories and another long article, plus THREE PAGES of letters (though the latter is subject to cutting if space is low). The 2500-word ASTOUNDING article is scheduled--tentatively--for #15. But despite all these words on what we're going to publish, we're always wide open for good new articles. Rumor is solicited but subject to revision if I don't laugh loudly enough first time.

--Bob Silverberg

SPACESHIP #13 & WYLDE STAR. July, 1951. Page 25.

You get this copy of the only Spacemip small enough to fit in your mailbox because:

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- This is a review copy.
- We are overwhelmed with generosity. ~~SAMPLE!~~

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