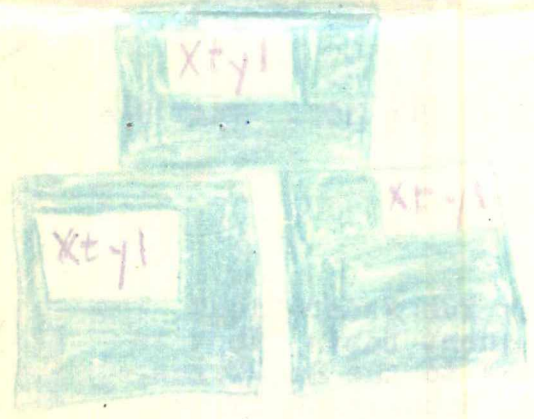
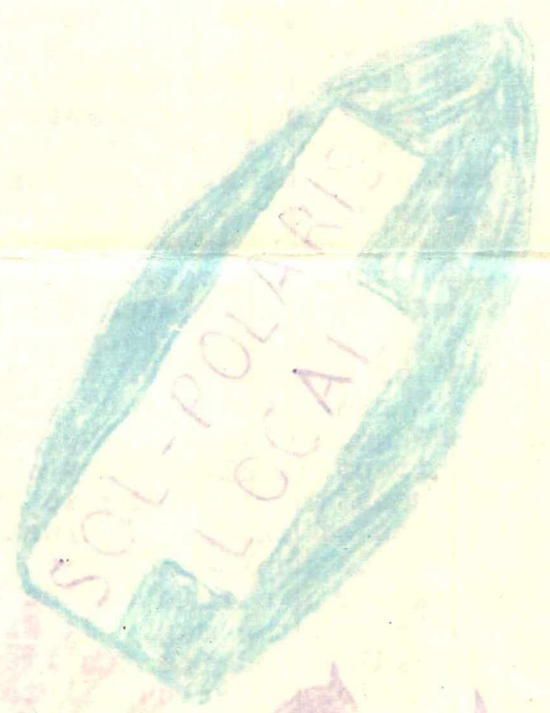


SOL - POLARIS



First Settlers Land on Xtyl

Well folks, here it is--the third ish of SPARX. Date? Just about April 1947, if the old crystal ball is on the beam. Editor? Henry M. Spelman III, of 75 Sparks Street, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Which brings me to a vital point. People I HATE! Those ~~xxx~~ & @'s who can't spell. I SPELL MY LAST NAME WITH ONE "L", AND I JUST CAN'T STAND PEOPLE WHO PUT IN AN EXTRA ONE. So there.

And, while I'm still mad, I might as well roast a few more joiks. You may note that this ish is a mite thin. And it's all you're fault. I get most of my material from the NFFF Manuscript Bureau. And Coswal informs me that there is not much available. I know that most of you occasionally do a bit of writing. And then, no doubt file it in the third desk drawer on the left. But you're ego will get more inflation if you send the mss. to Walter A. Coslet, Box 6 Helena, Montana. He will see that it gets into the hands of some material-poor editor. Such as yours truly.

By now you've probably forgotten what the cover looks like. Please don't turn back to it. The more it's forgotten the better the artist will feel. He idi ask me to tell you, though, a few facts about the affair. Xtyl is one of the moons of Tirqy, the pink planet with the green ring. And Tirqy is a planet circling around some star or other between here and Polaris. The young couple in the foreground, like the pair of idealist they obviously are, volunteered to spend there honeymoon there, so as to have a claim on the moon for the United Nations of Terra. I trust that this is enough of an excuse.

Now for the unpleasant part of the page. The last few ishes have been rather a strain on the bank-roll. So I guess I'll have to put a price on the mag. It will be: 1) A contribution of material for SPARX--good for two free ishes. 2) An exchange--issue for issue. 3) A nickel per copy, starting with #4. I would rather not accept subscriptions more than about two ishes ahead...I never know when the next will appear.

For material I would like articles, fairly short narrative, or at least intelligible lyric poetry, and fiction of all sorts. Any not suitable for SPARX will go to the Mss Bureau, unless otherwise instructed.

As long as I continue hectoing, circulation is limited to about 60 copies, so get your orders in soon for the next ish. I HOPE to get it out in June, if there is enough material, and enough demand.

THAT'S ALL OF THAT FOR NOW. THAT'S ALL OF THAT FOR NOW. THAT'S A

NFFF

Are you a member of the National Fantasy Fan Federation? The only national fan group, organized on a permanent basis, that is open to all fans? To join, send a dollar dues to the Sec-Treas, K. Martin Carlson, 1028 3rd Ave S., Moorhead, Minn. And if you want more information, before joining up, he8s the man to write. Let's have every one join, and make this the biggest year yet for the NFFF.

PUMPING STATION

by
G. Timotay Orrok

The building spans the canal at its narrowest point, taking in all ten of its component streams. It is perhaps fifteen feet in height, but any closer inspection is halted by the centuries-thick mat of heavy vines, which strive for light as urgently as the roots suck at the water that flows past. It is built of a light-colored concrete, which is impervious to anything but an atomic bomb. Even this has begun to flake off, under the incessant incursions of the creeping tendrils of the plants. Around its base the roots mingle in a tangled knot, save only where the waters of the canal enter, smoothly and certainly, already under the influence of the mechanism within.

The vegetation hangs in leafy festoons across the channel. On it perch a few rodent-like animals, picking away at the tiny leaflets and the insects that live there. These Mars rats are delightful creatures, with fat bellies, sparkling eyes, sharp but pleasant faces, and much keener brains than might be expected in such a race. The Mars rat has seven fingers, two opposable, on each of his six feet. Yet none of these feet have become hands. Why not? Why is it that one race grows great, and builds pumping stations that live for milleniums, while another must sit on the branches of trees, and eat insects with its marvelous feet? Alas, the Mars rat is content with his lot, and, being content, he cannot advance. Only he that strives can grow...

The canal waters pulse evenly from the outlet of the station, and flow on, slowly and smoothly, rippling under a low hanging vine, eddying around a huge rock, and continue on their course, straight and true. A small but brilliant sun shines in the sky, through an atmosphere that is seldom other than clear and cloudless. A small bird whizzes by, flapping its wings at a tremendous rate to stay aloft in the extremely tenuous ocean of air. Suddenly it closes its wings, and plummets to the surface of the canal to seize some choice minnow. Its larger cousins sometimes feast on the young of the Mars rat, as predators always triumph over the incautious.

From the birds' viewpoint, above the thicket, the canal is seen to stretch out for miles on end, the several channels merging into the wide strip of vegetation in the far distance. On and on it goes, straight as an arrow, and with much more steadfastness of purpose. The canal is not to be turned aside at the whim of a vagrant wind, or deflected by a chance tree or boulder.

The sun falls lower in the sky, and the temperature falls in direct proportion, as the shadows of the great plants spread out along the smooth surface of the stream. The Mars rat retreats to an overhang in the bank, a hollow in one of the massive roots, a den burrowed out of the root-filled soil, any place where two or three may get together, and keep warm.

The sun drops behind the smooth horizon, and, almost instantly, tiny fingers of ice form on the surface of the canal. They are swept away, and broken, but, more insistantly, they form again, are caught, perhaps, in an eddy, or in the clutch of a trailing

fiber. Soon the surface has congealed, though the water ripples on beneath. By morning the ice will be an inch in thickness, and the sun will thaw it only slowly. The vines retain their internal warmth in thick root stems and heavy trunks, and life processes continue. Synthesis and analysis, energy released by oxidation, life...

When the sun is still barely above the horizon many of the bright points that are the stars are seen, and, as soon as its brief twilight is done, the glories of the Martian firmament open out with all their splendor. A million glittering points of light, splashed on the inner surface of a sphere by a celestial painter's brush, are there; dim Phobos is rising in the west, Deimos is at the zenith. The Milky Way is a mist of silver across the sky. But for whom? The Mars rat is sleeping soundly in his burrow, the plants are not sensible of the grandeur. The old Martians have gone to the far ends of the Galaxy long since. Only the tireless mechanism in the works on, pulling water in, pushing it out again, striving boldly so that life on Mars shall not cease.

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THIS SPACE IS SACRED TO THE MEMORY

THE CARNIVAL SPACESHIP

by
Ben Goodrich

When that spaceship came to town
In a circus, broken down;
I decided I would ride
In it, though I lost my hide.

My fare I paid, and up we went--
That pilot surely was no gent--
We went up high and came down fast;
A foot above the ground we passed!

Over and under, this side and that,
Dodging and turning; I lost my hat.
That wasn't all, though; the pilot himself
Lost all control; was put on the shelf.

The steering gear came loose,
It almost cooked our goose--
But then it caught and jammed;
Toward outer space we rammed.

The pilot's effort was in vain,
Enormous speed we did maintain;
But then the ship began to turn
As turning jets began to burn.

Headed straight to sea we were;
Crackup coming almost sure--
Then--our danger seemed 'most o'er:
Braking jets began to roar.

Safe, bot oh, how short the time,
For the ship again did climb;
Then it turned upon its back
As its speed began to slack.

Without sufficient force to fly
The ship began to leave the sky;
It flip-flopped down and we did jump
To thus escape a dangerous bump.

Floating down in parachutes
Watching it below our boots,
Suddenly we saw it rise;
Shoot again into the skies.

T'ward us it flew and missed us barely;
 Collapsed our parachutes unfairly.
 Then, as we fell so free and easy,
 It shot beneath us, fast and breezy.

Of all unusual accidents:
 It caught us up by seat of pants.
 Our parachutes then anchored tight
 And we began another flight.

Strangely though, the ship rejected
 Further antics and a directed
 Sharp, its course then, to the spacefield,
 Landing neatly on its ground-shield.

Thus we lived through our adventure.
 There are these, though, who would censure
 Such a yarn as quite untruthful
 If we didn't have the proof, full.

Our proof we have, and proof it is:
 A stowaway, a fooky whiz,
 Had taken o'er the ship that day
 And tried, on us, a trick to play.

But when we jumped, it spoiled his fun;
 His playfulness was then quite done;
 But still he thought he'd show his skill;
 Thus rescued us against our will.

qwertyuiop½asdfghjkl;çzxcvbnm,./234567890-“#%&'()!@:QWERTYUIOPL

BOOK AND MAG NOTES

"The Delicate Ape," by Dorothy Hughes, mentioned in Korshak's cataloge as Stf is, as I see it just an E. Phillips Oppenheim thriller laid in the future. If you want to find out for yourself, it is now available in a Pocketbook edition.

rap promises to present the facts about the Shaver Mystery in the June issue of Amazing. Might be worth a few laughs. And in rap's column in the May ish there is a neat bit of double talk which "proves" that the barometer is not affected by the atmospheric pressure--that the latter is constant. He also states that the army has found that the temperature a hundred miles up is plus 212 degrees F. Can anyone tell me is this is actually correct?

The April fifth ish of Satevepost has two stories of interest. The first is a second rate fantasy entitled "The Chamber of Commerce Sailfish." Written by Donald Hough, it concerns itsekf with talking fish, who get drunk on air, and converse with fishermen. Thoroughly whacky. The other is more along the Stf line. "Note on Danger B," by Gerald Kersh. Involves itself in the two danger of super-sonic flight. Danger A is compression. Danger B brings in the time troubles involved. Not too bad at all.

More on a leter

page, maybe.

SALE

Planet: v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Unknown: Conjure Wife, Ish.

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Outdoors

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