

# STF TRENDS #12

MARCH 1953



Single Copy 25¢

\$1.00 per year

blanket, Beautyrest, and the calm, untroubled quiet of my baliwick here in East Falls to someone who can damn well appreciate a place to commune with nature. Have I made meself clear?

GOS

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OF EDITORS AND PROPHECY by John Come Lately, Ph. D.

I'll prove to the world that science fiction is the great source of ideas for engineers, if it kills my magazine to do it. My mag is always two jumps ahead of the world, providing the world jumps the way I say its going to. We nearly hit the radar idea, except that in the story they didn't use radio and they didn't use the echo timing idea. And of course we hit the atom bomb idea. It's been so long since  $E=mc^2$  was first published and the amounts of power represented have so fascinated authors that they've written literally thousands of stories in which space ships, automobiles, skis, water pistols, clubs and bombs have been powered by atoms that one of them just naturally had to hit. Shotgun effect, that is.

Or take the super-streamlined silver slivers in which the heroes flit from star to star. For twenty years now the fans have been harping on the shape of space ships to come, and since they're right, and since an English mag has already published an article saying so, why I guess it's about time for me to get on the wagon. And then there's those crushing 15 g accelerations that the super-heroes willingly subject themselves to in a casual jaunt to the corner store. All the planners who have published anything on the subject for twelve or fourteen years have said that, once free (on a space station), it's the obvious thing to build your space ship spherical, as light construction as practical, and accelerate it gently so as not to strain the light structure, so if I'm going to maintain that science fiction is infallible in its prophecys I'll just have to do an about face.

Just to prove I'm on the ball (even if it is the one that's 8000 miles in diameter) I'll point out again that on a space ship coffee will be drunk from a balloon instead of a cup. Not too many of the readers will remember The Shot Into Infinity published more than 20 years ago.

And then there's that matter of space suits. For 25 years the artists and authors have portrayed them hanging on our hero like a suit of GI fatigues. Now that even the Victorean Air Force publicity agents have been portraying a practical, skin tight suit that already exists in the form of a suit for high altitude flyers it looks like I'm finally going to have to admit we prophesied that one, too.

Yep, I've gotta admit I'm pretty good as a prophet. I even pick in advance the way the fans will rate the stories. Of course I have to rewrite my three best authors to get their stories to slip in the 3rd installment but you gotta admit I'm some shakes as a prophet. Darn those fans anyway, they think they know what they want to read. I'll show show 'em. I'll kill off their heroes, and what's more I'll rub their noses in it via the discussion column, too.

Carl Lawrence

In this article, I tell-how. Telling-how is an old, old tradition dating back to cave-man days, doubtlessly. Herein, however, I do not propose to instruct in the fine art of bashing in the heads of various sabre-tooth tigers. Rather, as the title suggests, I tell-how about drawing fantastic pictures. I also give illustrations --- now, admittedly, I am no Finlay, Bok or Lawrence --- nor, for that matter, am I even a Plato Jones. I do not claim to be ---all I claim is that I can draw fantastic pictures.

The decision is in your hands...

My first advice to the novice illustrator is to find a suitable TIME and PLACE for drawing. After much experimentation, I find a physics or history class ideal for such pleasures. Even English class will do if you feel particularly inspired --- and the subject is Emerson.

The second piece of advice to young hopefuls is one that may be learned from the works of various authors. --- Saroyan, Stienbeck or Bradbury...and that lesson is: people are most interested in people. Figure one bears this out perfectly --- it is a portrait of George Washington. First in war, first in peace...however, after looking at it, I find that I can't honestly say that he's in one piece....

I will admit the picture of old G.W. wasn't too successful. Anyway, it wouldn't interest stf fen overly much --- it has nothing to do with science-fiction or fantasy, so for my next illustration a theme that is classic in fantasy --- that of vampirism. Figure two is a portrait of a vampire; however, as a devout follower of the Romantic school, I say "Down with the classical --- up with Romanticism!"; so, accordingly, I have a variation on the vampire idea...this is a Chinese vampire.

Another good idea for a fantasy art picture is a land-scape on a faraway, alien planet. I have done this idea in miniature --- it is usually done for a full-size fanzine cover -- however, you see it done with perfect taste for proportion here. (Figure three)

In this landscape you see mountains with snow on top --- that means that this planet has mountains somewhat like Earth's --- it also has a sun and some clouds like earth. But there is a star shining in the daytime and you see the planet Saturn in the sky --- this proves that it is another-world scene. But you see some strange planets in the foreground --- these are plants native to that planet only. Weird. It is perfect --- except for the mans face in the foreground. I could say he is a native of this planet, but he is not --- he is Napoleon. I feel sorry for him --- he looks so bewildered --- HE doesn't know how he got on such a strange, alien place as the planet Xlimxc. As a matter of fact, Neither do I. Fantastic?

However, if it's popularity you want, I refer you to Figure four. Contrary to chemisrty handbooks, HUMOUR is the universal solvent. Everybody likes a good joke; therefore popularity oft comes to a good cartoonist. Figure four illustrates this fact explicitly --- it is a cartoon. I think it is rather humorous --- it would be even more funny if I could remember the punch line....

Another illustration that is always associated with stf is the illustration of a spaceship. It is the very epitome of science-fiction. A great futuristic vessel plowing onward and upward through the stars;

a very breath from the world of tomorrow (Figure five), on second thought, I have decided to draw a big Bowie-knife with a background of stars and the planet Saturn...I have decided this after drawing it... So much for figure five..:

Now in figure six we have a smiling corpse with one foot in the air --- now I could say that it is Caesar after being stabbed by Brutus;---but where are the other twelve knives? I could say that it is Lucretia Borgia's twelfth husband --- when she ran out of poison --- but why tell a lie about it? --- It is ME...it seems a certain fanzine editor received an article entitled "How to Draw Fantastic Pictures" ...he had this knife as a paperweight and letter opener... But he found a new use for it...:

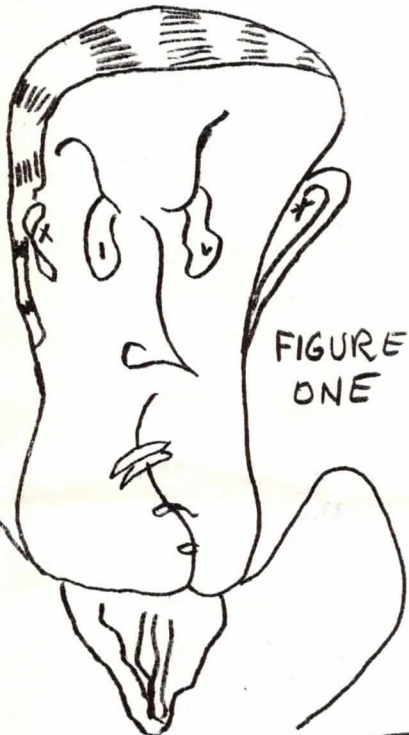


FIGURE ONE



PIGTAIL  
FIGURE TWO



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FIGURE THREE



FIGURE FOUR

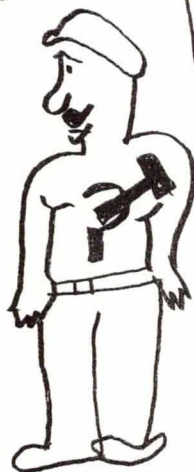
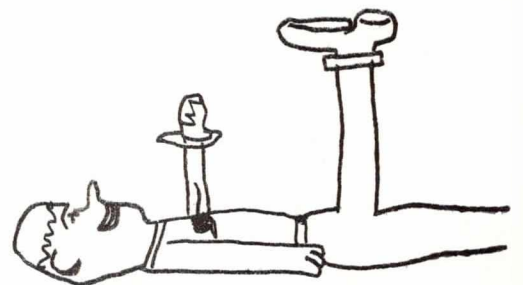


FIGURE FIVE



FIGURE SIX



# Konner's Korner



BY WILKIE CONNER

Most of you remember how Chad Oliver used to walk off with original drawings almost every issue in Planet Stories several years ago. Also, most of you know how Chad has finally quit writing for drawings and has started writing for engravings...ie, pictures of Geo. Washington, Abraham Lincoln, etc., on little green pieces of paper. I have read much of Chad's writings, with interest, but with no great interest. That is until The Shore of Tomorrow appeared in the March issue of Startling Stories. To put it mildly, I was startled! Oliver may not be a genius, but he definately has that certain story-telling spark that makes a professional a professional. The Shore of Tomorrow is a wonderful piece of writing. If you are one of those readers, like me, who often read one or two stories and then put a magazine aside for something else, and you haven't read it, drop this thing right here and go and get it and read it. If you've read it, I'm sure you will agree with me. Of course, the story won't win any high critical acclaims, but it will be a story that you will re-read years hence when you go through your stack of pulps on a rainy afternoon and happen to come across it.

I definitely like the new, realistic approach that Startling Stories is getting into its novels. They raed almost like hard-back literary novels that one gets from a book-club. I wondered for years why pulp magazines didn't get more literary -- that is, realistic. Since in this day and age, one considers the word literary to be ALMOST a synonym for realistic. You will notice that any realistic story depicts life as it is; not as some esthetic dreamer wishes it was. When people such as John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemmingway, Erskin Caldwell and others write a novel, they write of life as it is lived. That is why their stories are interesting and well read. They pull no punches. Since science fiction tends to tell of life as it is influenced by science, either past, present or future, then I feel that science fiction, too, should be realistic in treatment. It is gratifying that at least one magazine is taking steps to present realistic science fiction. (As a good example, read the Lovers by P.J. Farmer in August Startling.)

Before I go any further, I would like to put in a plug for the NFFF Mss. Bureau. I am the head of said organization. If you write for the fanzines, you could help yourself along by sending some material to the bureau. We need it badly. If you are a publisher, keep the bureau informed of your needs and we will do everything in our power to help you find usable material. The address: 1514 Poston Circle, Gastonia, N.C. There is no charge for this service -- the only stipulation being that you be a member of the NFFF.

This Korner was saddened recently when the Hickman's -- Carole and Lynn -- chose to leave the sunny South and return to Ohio. But since both their relatives live in Ohio, I know they will both be happier there. So I extend them best wishes in their new life together.

How old are you? If you are over 20, chances are the average American thinks you are an over-grown science-fiction fan. In an AP released feature story, datelined Chicago, concerning a club of space-ship enthusiasts, the writer said, "these young men and women aren't over-grown science fiction fans."

Some of the ages mentioned were 20 and 22. According to that sentence, you have to be in your teens to be a science fiction fan. Wonder how many of the college professors and scientists who are science fiction fans are in their teens?

When I was a kid -- too long ago -- the predominate pulp fiction was western, seconded by detective. I was an avid reader of this literature. Occasionally, I would read an article in a newspaper or magazine that blamed juvenile delinquency upon the childish devotion to "trashy" detective pulp and other cheap publications. Now that science fiction and fantasy magazines are rapidly taking over the pulp field, I wonder if these same purists or their decedents will speak of them as being shoddy and cheap?

LIFE Magazine series of articles on the World We Live In is really something. Beautifully illustrated, authentically written, the true science fiction fan will find keen enjoyment and entertainment in these articles --- and I'm betting science fiction authors will find lots of plot and back-ground material. Two have appeared. Dec. 8 issue contained The Earth is Born and the Feb. 9 issue contained Miracle of The Sea.

Plans -- tentative at best -- are shaping for a science fiction conference in the beautiful Fontana Dam section of North Carolina. No better site for a con could be found than this beautiful mountain wonderland. When and if this con is held, if it is at all possible for you to be there, by all means do so.

This new magazine, Fantasy, promises to be very good. The first issue reminds me greatly of the lamented Unknown Worlds. I predict the magazine will catch and hold the interest of fans throughout the realm of fandom.

Know who are the five best selling authors in the pocket-book field? They aren't science fiction writers, dammit! But one is fantasy. According to the World Almanac, 1953, page 316: "The five authors whose works have had the greatest popularity in paper bindings are Erle Stanley Gardner, Erskine Caldwell, Thorne Smith, Ellery Queen and Mickey Spillane. The single title with the greatest sale is God's Little Acre by Erskine Caldwell, which has passed six million copies!"

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS: Saw a doctor about trouble with my eyes. Suggested he that I try glasses. I did. I went into a saloon and tried 6. He was right. Heck when I came out I could not only see -- I could see double!

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## THE TRUE FAN

"WELL - I'M 21 TODAY,  
WONDER WHAT THE  
OLD BOYS GONNA  
GIVE ME?"





You may like to know that I have recently been made art consultant to a new prozine over here called NEBULA. This same zine has printed on the covers of its first two issues, my first attempts at colour work. As you probably know, I have illustrated in black and white for two prozines over here, but NEBULA has given me my first opportunity at colour work. NEBULA is quarterly at the moment, with promise of more frequent publication shortly, and has just printed its 2nd issue. We now have reprints of Galaxy and Space s-f appearing over here. This now makes 6 US mags (7 if I include Weird Tales) that appear regularly over here in re-print editions. On top of this there are now 4 regular British stf prozines, and 4 other publishers that produce irregular pocketbooks with stf contents. Also, several publishers are now producing stiff-cover stf, some of which is original British stuff, and some re-prints of US books. Altogether, there is a promising awakening of interest in stf over here.

Alan Hunter  
Southbourne, Bournemouth

Dear Lynn,

In this issue Konner's Korner and Elsberry's Voice of Fandom were the best items; both of them verry goot. Doc Carpenter left me slightly dazed -- what makes him think fandom needs a reason for existing? Personally I'm in it for fun and ain't gonna go on no crusades. As to his three-"concrete suggestions", 1: we already do condemn crud. 2: fandom couldn't deliberately boycott anything. 3: There already is such an award. Nuts, Dr.

Robert Gilbert's illo is an excellent advert for him. The bacover was ok, and I wasn't much impressed by the front cover, even though I am a Hunter-fan.

Pete Campbell  
Windermere, Westmorland

Dear Lynn,

Like your mag. It seems to be everything I've heard about it...and more.

Re your questions on page 18 -- Yes, I enjoy a letter column the length of your present one. I don't want either more or less fiction or articles. Plenty satisfied with the format...and your very pulpy paper. Seems to be ok for the multilith artwork. The cover this ish is well above average and the bacover is tops. The cartoon face by LACH on page 20 is especially well done. I like your mag mailed in the envelopes.

Naaman Peterson  
Bellingham, Wash.

(Letters continued on page 17)



"HE KEEPS INSISTING  
THAT THE SCHOOLS  
ARE OVERCROWDED AND  
THAT HE WANTS TO  
MAKE ROOM FOR  
SOMEONE ELSE.."



# THUD AND BLUNDER

by basil wells



Just recently an odd coincidence brought Tarzan and his foremost admirer, Vernell Coriell, together on the same video program. Coriell, doing his slide down the wire, and Tarzan Jr. and his dad doing acrobatics on Super Circus. I was reading Leinster's SPACE PLATFORM at the moment, when I heard: "CORIELL", and then "VERNELL CORIELL". Dashed in to catch last of his act. Vernell, in case you don't already know, edits BURROUGHS BULLETIN.

I hope all of you who are within driving or thumbing distance of Indian Lake Ohio can make it there over May 16 and 17 of this year. The Midwest group has grown and attracted so many fans and names that it threatens to run second to the Phillyfest this year. Rumor has it that Art Clarke may be back again this year. See the ads elsewhere... Information about the NY get-together, scheduled for Ithaca sometime this April, is lacking with me. What do you know?... Now what I want to see is a swap day where I can trade my unwanted books, magazines and illos for some I crave. Say about next July, during my vacation.

Before I get into a discussion of the newer pocketbooks, and maybe some older, I'd like to say something about SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. A lot of you may dislike the type yarns, or the trend of the articles toward sensationalism(?). I've heard something of this. But. BUT, you must admit that SF PLUS is the slickest, neatest looking large magazine on the stands. It has possibilities, even as did FANTASTIC when it started out. I'm hoping Gernsback hires a staff of editors that will push SF PLUS right up with ARGOSY or TRUE. Snappier brief fiction, short live articles, and good photography could turn the trick without catering to excessive cheesecake or shock...

SPACE PLATFORM, by Murray Leinster, in Pocket Books (920) is a very adequate and readable story. All about the sabotage and saving of the first space island. Good. A trifle older issue of a pocket book has THE HAPLOIDS on the cover. I must try rereading it sometime, as I was sleepy that evening and don't know what it was about... SPACE ON MY HANDS has some very good yarns by Fred Brown, and some anthologized a bit too much, but it's recommended for the general public. Now as for BRAVE NEW WORLD, by Huxley, the elder "classic". It has wonderful ideas, some not so wonderful, and some plain speaking that's too possible in the immediate future. It's a book any real sf addict should get in the Bantam edition, if not the hard cover. But the average pb reader will not go for it.

I have a non-sf reader who runs a newsstand and reads most of the new books. She gives me the real lowdown. Heinlein she likes, and Bradbury. But BRAVE NEW WORLD won't sell to the average reader. I think some of the publishers should talk to newsdealers and Mr. Average Reader when lining up pocket books. Not but what I'm glad to see all sf possible in print, but not enough of the right kind are accepted. Apparently we humans learn little from history, otherwise the splendid publishing history of the Maggards, the Burroughs, and the Greys should show what the general public really wants...

bw

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MICRO-, 214 Bremer, Manchester, N.H. Edited by Don Cantin, 50  $\frac{1}{4}$  sized pages, even right hand margins, color mimeographing, cardboard covers, bound in tape, comes in envelope for a dime, 3/25¢, every six weeks, material by Bloch, Elsberry, Loomis, Shapiro, G.M. Carr, Mosher, Ellison, many others. Regular cartoon feature by Lynn Hickman.

# The Long Episode

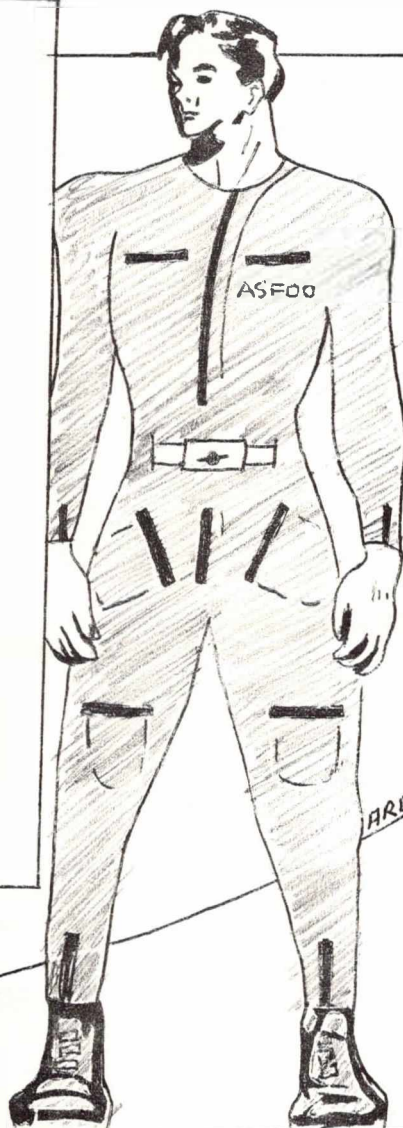
by Harlan

Ellison

'When, in 2037, The United Governments of Terra banned all 'lunatic fringe' organizations, on the grounds that they were, 'Detrimental to the mental level of the enlightened peoples of Terra,' the Amalgamated Science Fiction Fen of Other Orbs (ASFOO) trundled each other into one monstrous spaceship called the STAR BEM and with their own screwball hierarchy known only as 'BNF', went off somewhere into the star-flecked vastness of space, never to be seen again. As this was in the same approximate era as the discovery of the Youth Restoratives and Elexirs, their departure went relatively unnoticed. However we can now look back and see the good luck which it was that caused them to leave Terra and. . . .'

A RETROSPECTIVE ANALYSIS  
OF MANKINDS STRUGGLES

(1942-2067) by Thomas  
Brockman  
(Simon & Birdbath, New New  
York, 2068, 7752 pp.)



episode the first: Destination and Destiny

Below them in the waist-high blue grass there was a whispering of the mountain winds. All about them as they sat beneath the Kopi-trees there was a calling and humming as though a million voices from some limitless past were beckoning to them. They let their thoughts slide out of focus. Back they went to the first days of the arrival on Tucker. They'd named it that out of sentimental respect. Tuck had been the only one the Youth Restoratives missed. All the others, Hoffman, Keasler, Vick, Venable, all of them, they'd had their shots and the youth had come back to their lined and seamed faces, they were able to lead their children to the promised land.

Oh, the first years had been difficult. There were cases of unrest and minor mutiny. There were those who never should have been brought along, of course, like Degler and Beale, but that couldn't be helped. They were in good standing and they DID fall into the category whether the Foundling Fathers liked it or not, as they obviously didn't.

That first year, with the huts and the scrabbling for food and the foolish, foolish wasting of time on establishing cities when they all knew deep in their hearts that the Libraries and the Museums and the ConSites were the really important things to be getting on with.

There were no deaths that first year except....

Yes, now that they thought back, there was one death.

A young fellow named Ellison; making something of a name for himself, he was. He got his right in his own backyard as a matter of fact. The way the story went he tripped over a red bird-bath or something of the sort. But progress and the Fen had gone on.

In the primeval days the Pack was the most important. In the medieval period it was the clan, and in the Pre and Post-atomic era it was the culture. But here, on Tucker, there was nothing more essential, nothing for which they would fight more than...the Fen.

The dreamers under the tree thought back to the times when the first party had gone into the swamps. Into the Red Swamp and the Green and the Black Swamps. They had, in their youthful exuberance named them Prodom, Nirvana, and Shaver Swamps respectively. They remembered those five staunch explorers Korshak, Eshbach, Evans, Bloch and ol Ditky who had gone out and blazed paths through the clinging multi-colored hells to stumble upon the valley that nestled down between the jungles on three sides and the Moskowitz chain on the fourth. They had come back out with tales that thrilled the expedition to its very core. They had packed their belongings, torn down the rude huts they had established and moved off in a long line through the cloying dampness of the vari-hued muck.

Three weeks march brought them out on the edge of the plateau, the valley stretching out in magnificent array before and below them, a green, grassy bowl with the many-colored suns of the Plaeides shining down upon its verdant glory.

They had taken the valley over immediately. Work and more work had followed upon the heels of labor and more labor. And now...one hundred years later they could look out over that valley----and beyond, for the Fen had cleared away the stinking growths of the jungles and even, in their boundless enthusiasm, moved the Moskowitz chain back till it reasted upon the shore of the Ackerman, covering nearly half of Tucker---and see the shining spires of New Toronto glinting gaily in the reflected glare of those same suns which had shown down upon their rejuvenated elders.

This was the world.

This was the way it had been for the last hundred years. No wars, no sickness, no pestilence. Minor fueds, yes, for they were an integral part of Fandom, but even the fueds were carried out with a sort of mock solemnity that bespoke the good will harbored by one and all toward each other.

The dreamers beneath the tree cursed inwardly at the circumstances which now forced them to make use of....

They looked off toward the far reaches of New Toronto, off on the other side of the bowl that encompassed their capitol they saw the grim outline of that battered hulk that had brought them to this paradise and would now most likely carry them away. They cursed again, this time openly. The N3F had ruled they must return to Earth to reclaim their heritage...and so they must. Orders were seldom given on Tucker, unless it was obvious that such rules MUST be given. But this was a rule that most of the fen did not like. It meant going back to face the coldly unreceptive world that had once cast them away as a dead and useless or abominable idea is cast away. It had ridiculed and persecuted them...and now it held what the Officers called their Heritage.

Ish rose to his feet, brushing idly at his jumper to remove the damp grass, "Come on, let's go see Venable," he

snapped, heading down the slope toward the slideway that inched its way across the sward beneath them. The other four arose and trundled after him, leaving their imprints on the damp grassy slope.

episode the second:

#### THE ELDER DISPUTATION

The long hall stretched away practically out of sight. Massive white pillars upheld the multi-frescoed walls with their detailed murals. The five fen stared aghast (though they'd seen them a hundred times) at each separate picture signed with the most famous names of antiquity: "Emsh", "Finlay", "Cartier", "Bok", "Bergey", all monstrous reproductions of both reprint and original artwork, some brought from the mother planet and some completed in this new haven.

The stately door slid into the wall at their approach, the faint whispering of it as it retired on its bearings adding a touch of reality to this fantastic place.

They entered and sat down on the five relaxers placed facing a blank wall on which a three-dimensional colortone wavered and danced. Just as suddenly as the door had opened for them, the wall rose and revealed the seated NSF Officers---the Council of Elders.

Ish and his companions suppressed a smile. Though they had seen the trick of the sliding wall a multitude of times, they could not get over the Elders flair for the ridiculously dramatic.

"You wish to dispute the decision," asked the one at the head of the table.

"Yes, Venable, we wish to dispute this proclamation which will force us to leave a hundred-year-old sanctuary for the dubious pleasure of returning to that demented planet some five hundred light-years away," said Ish, his young face breaking into a worried frown.

The Elder arose and, nodding to his fellow officers, paced toward the front of the dais, picking his words carefully as he went: "One hundred and twelve years ago, we were bodily thrown off Earth, told to get the Hell away and not to return. What happened to us was a matter of no concern to the peoples of

Earth. We came here, over 500 light-years away and started afresh. We have built a highly advanced culture, much more stable and more enjoyable to us all than the one we left. But nonetheless, we left with a black mark against us, with the hoots and catcalls of the human race at our backs."

"Through all these one hundred years that has been the one driving force of the Fen: to correct the demerit, to regain our rightful place in society ---back on Earth!"

IsberE leaped to his feet beside Ish, "But WHY do we have to go to that sinkhole? In my opinion we'd be better off to let Earth and its peoples think we'd perished. Besides, how do we know that there is even any Earth there anymore? Even going at the speed we attained on our way here, man should have caught up with us over fifty years ago. What if they killed each other off...or what if they were invaded by another race...or what if...?"

NanG, sitting quietly on the dias till then, said "Obviously, something happened on Earth. But just the same, we must get to Earth and make them acknowledge our heritage...make them once more accept us as members of the human race! Besides, we owe them a form of allegiance. They are our brothers. Perhaps we can help them. It is our duty..."

"The Hell you say!" cried English, jumping from the relaxer, "We owe them nothing! They laughed at us from the day Gernsback and Campbell (there was a faint wind of reverence at mention of the names) got the field underway. They laughed at us even when we left. THEY'RE PROBABLY STILL LAUGHING!"

The talk bantered back and forth for hours with, eventually, the major portion of the Fen trailing into the Beatley and standing in the huge reception chamber to listen. For this concerned them all. Vitally.

Eventually, as the hours dragged by, the discussion tapered down to the conclusion that perhaps the whole Fen should not go, but a delegation be sent to re-introduce itself to Earth, estimate what was wrong that man had not followed the Fen to the stars, and finally re-establish communications.

It was decided and the discussion

blossomed anew, for though the individual was so devoted to the fen that he would not let the entire culture pick itself up and return to Earth, by himself he wanted to see the lone moon of their birth and the smoking cities and the blue skies and...

After lengthy deliberation it was decided that a crew of twenty, representing every phase of Fandom, would be sent in a new ship to be built after the standards of The Star Bem but with many improvements and additions that would enable more speed and more accuracy of astrogation.

The expedition was to be led by Elder Fabun, with a hand-picked crew of fen that would cover not only every phase of spaceship control, but every phase of fanning.

IsberE was included to provide the biting satire which made him the culture's George Bernard Shaw, Hoff was sent along as a representative of humour in fandom, Squires went as a disciple of the deep concept in fandom, and Walter @WLS went as a carrier of genial good-naturement. There were fifteen others, all picked for his or her outstanding trait or talent... and they went prepared.

It seemed as though it were centuries later when THE OOTPLA! II stood in its cradle at Macauley Spaceport, nose pointed heavenward, proud bulk poised as if to leap out into the green-hued vastness that surrounded Tucker and thence into the black and eternal night of space, bound for the mother planet: Earth.

The passengers kissed their loved ones, waved goodbye to the milling throng which contained almost every soul on the face of Tucker.

Then without a backward glance, the assembled explorers stepped onto the plasticene slideway and in a moment were whisked inside the gaping maw of the OOTPLA II.

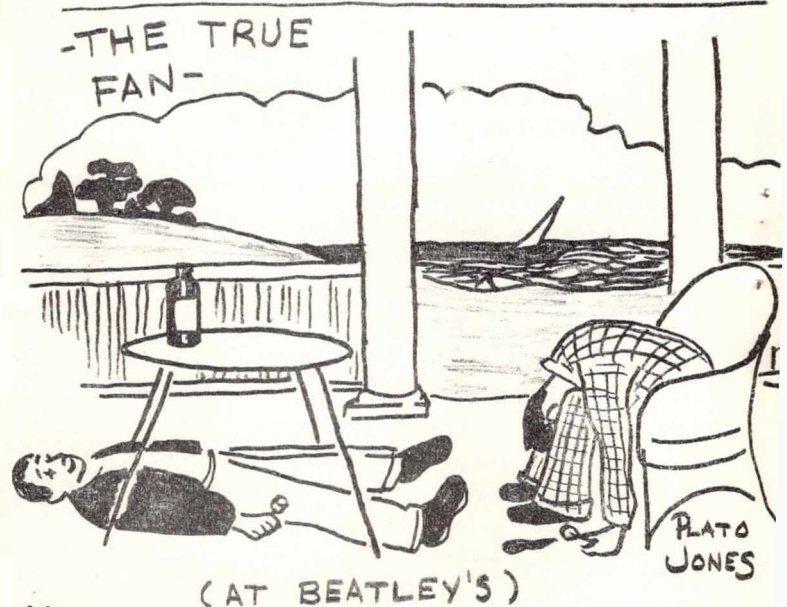
A cautionary bleep on the spaceport foghorns and the crowd moved back behind the transparent bunkers. From somewhere there came the preliminary thunder of the atomic motors warming. Suddenly a burst of livid flame shot out around the base of the ship and in an instant it was poised on a thin obelisk of flame, and then...

It roared out of sight into the green sky.

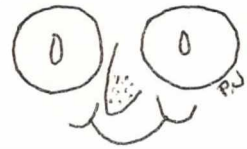
-- Continued next month --



"WHY EVERYONE READS STF TRENDS"



# The Voice of Fandom



by Rich Elsberry

Arch Oboler, who at one time or another was known only for "Light's Out," and who should have been satisfied with that singular distinction, is currently the guiding force in another great Hollywood revolution. I can't remember right now when the last one was, but I am sure there must have been one. No one will deny that there is a great number of revolting characters in Hollywood.

Arch, a sort of pseudo Orson Welles, has exercised his talents as author, director, and producer, and has at least succeeded in the last respect. His movie, "Bwana Devil," should mint enough coin of the realm to make the Treasury department sit up and take notice. It is a dull, insipid production at best, but caters to the general public's delight in novelties. Frankly, I was under-whealmed.

The movie was made with the new 3-D process, which requires the viewer to wear a sort of rose-colored glasses. Colored or no, my glasses weren't dark enough, and I managed to see some of the picture, much to my chagrin. However, it isn't the movie itself that the Hollywood magnates are interested in, but the 3-D process. I think they picked the lesser of two evils.

Now, each studio is hurrying pell mell to get 3-D movies into production. Twentieth Century Fox is already changing over its whole schedule to 3-D movies, deathly afraid it will get stuck with a bunch of old, worthless flat pictures. This 3-D business seems to have hit Hollywood like general paresis of the brain, and I'm convinced that a saliva test is in order.

The movement isn't systemitized by any means, the general mania encouraging everyone to use a different method, and M-G-M take the hindmost. CinemaScope, Natural Vision, Paravision, and a couple of unnamed hopefuls, are some of the names that these hell-bent straw-clutchers have labeled their 3-D offerings.

This seeming loss of sanity has the theater owners worried, too. These harried individuals, who froth violently at the mention of that dispicable word 'television,' have been running so close to the belt of late, that most of them have switched to suspenders. Now, the movie moguls want him to purchase a half-dozen or so new cameras to show the new 3-D films. And it wasn't so long ago that the theater owners were ready to march on Washington in an attempt to get government subsidys. You could hardly blame him now if he tried to commit suicide by jumping off the weeks receipts, although he'd hardly get more than a stubbed toe if he tried that.

But just what does this have to do with science fiction? Well, not much I'll have to admit. The 3-D Process is supposed to add depth to the picture, although I must say there was little enough of that, photographically or plot-wise, in Oboler's movie. However, someday the bugs are going to be worked, and when that happens we will more

than likely get our first look at "deep space." Or would you rather have a lion in your lap?

Be Careful With That There Wearon, Son or Dept. of Pocketing Shells

"I picked up the .22 rifle, pocketed a handful of shells and crouched at the cave mouth, watching the plains."

--Bob Tucker, "The Very Old Badger Game," in Utopian #6

"He grabbed the shotgun from its customary corner and got a handful of shells out of the trunk. He inserted a shell in the barrel and put the spares in his pocket."

--J. T. Oliver, "Brother Joe," in Utopian #6

You boys ever thought about collaborating?

News Item

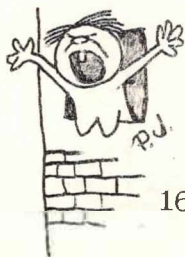
"ROCKET RANGE---The world's first privately owned rocket range will be set up at Salisbury, South Australia by the Hawker Siddeley Group, aircraft manufacturers. The area will be for experiments, which a company official said would bring "one-time fantastic dreams into reality."

The item immediately reminded me of Arthur Clarke's "Prelude to Space." Somehow, though, I never really beleived that private industry would ever build the first spaceship, and I still don't think so. However, it might just serve to spur on government projects in this country and England a little more. The resources of any government far out-match private industry, but the government right now seems loath to spend very much money on such a project. With a little competition, though, the threat of someone getting to the moon or building a space station first might speed up the program of rocket building and research.

Notes and Comment

Barbara Payton, fresh from "The Four-Sided Triangle," will team up with Sonny Tufts, who has been languishing in the horse latitudes these last few years, in a run-for-the-hills atom bomb shocker called "Run for the Hills." I hope they don't make it. # Don't be frightened away by the cover of the Harper's Magazine Reader. It contains Bradbury's "The Man Upstairs," and if this isn't enough for you, you can find Frank Rooney's "The Cyclists Raid," which is worth the price of admission twice over. # Minneapolis fan R. L. Allard, is currently making a 8 mm s-f movie in his basement. In technicolor, too. So far he has enough film shot for avout four minutes, but still wants to get some live-action footage. So, if you've got any old spacesuits lying around the house that you're not using, ship them to Allard at 484I Emerson St., Mpls. Allard might become a second George Pal.

— RUN for —  
— the hills —



LETTERS continued...

Dear Lynn:- #11, Very Good Ish.

Don Cantin  
Manchester, N.H.

Dear Lynn:- Thanks for STF TRENDS...but the name is misleading. It not only forecasts, it actually places prediction in the category of a fait accompli. Notice, for example, that it has BEYOND folding even before the first issue is published! If that isn't a new high in the art of prophecy, then Nostradamus-lived in vain.

Robert Bloch  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Lynn:- This business about the Philcon Committee sounds ominous and I for one am damn set against such high-handed dirty dealing. I see that mama's boy Beck is reviewing the fanzines. What a choice! I note he did nought but pan TLC.

Don Susan  
McKeesport, Penna.

Dear Lynn:- So "TRENDS" is now "almost" a monthly? Well good.... hope you can keep to that schedule. #11 item by item looks tis-a-way...Cover-poor, Back-cover Fair..."Korner"...for some obscure reason Wilkie's ramblings always appeal to me...Halcyon was rather unusual, seemed to be more a statement of Hal's preferences in liquor than anything else...the latter part of your editorial was unreadable so I can't venture an opinion on its worth. Basil Wells column readable. Ellsberry's comment on movies brought to mind the sequence in "When Worlds Collide" showing the spaceship landing on a frozen, ice-bound world. It seems the temperature changed rather rapidly for when the spacelock was opened a multi-colored sunlit landscape greeted the eye.

Paul Mittelbuscher  
Sweet Springs, Mo.

Dear Lynn:- Trends #11 came today and hit me like the blast from a super "blow torch"...The changeover is tops, including the front cover illo and ode...the belated A CHRISTMAS STORY was, indeed, cute.... Plato Jones was at his best on page 5...LACH hit second with Dr. Dye on page 14.

E.R. Kirk  
Buffalo, Mo.

Dear Lynn:- Feb. issue of STF TRENDS just in, and I liked it muchly. I haven't much to say other than what you will find on the enclosed copy of a letter to Ellsberry. If the facts as Ellsberry relates them are true, I'll be raising hell about the matter too; but if they are not true and prove to be nothing more than rumor, Ellsberry has picked up, then he is doing the convention as much damage as his "underground movement" or "plot" would cause.....Oh--one thing. It's odd how two people can read a book and find two separate stories in that book. I've also read Kathleen Winsor's THE LOVERS but I didn't find in my copy what Shapiro found in his....I thought the first novel, "On Roaring Mountain by Lemonade Lake" concerned two women, mother and daughter, who were competing for the devil's favors. As for the second story, "The Silent Land", I found it an unsettling journey into insanity, and not at all the adventures of the hero behind the Iron Curtain. He was there, briefly--in a few paragraphs. But the



story concerns a girl who is in love with him and is slowly forcing herself into insanity. And of course I disagree with the TIME review.

Bob Tucker  
Bloomington, Ill.

Dear Lynn:- About STF TRENDS #11. Liked it. Duplication was excellent on my copy, except for the cover and Thud & Blunder. Couldn't make out the former and couldn't read the latter. Love most of your Plato Jones cartoons, particularly the TRUE FAN series. You going to continue running other versions of these? (eds, note -- The True Fan series will continue for some time.) Konner's Korner was usually enjoyable. As for Longhammer's Hammerings, you may inform that lad that a fanzine was also produced right here in the United States. It was Art Rapp's SAPSzine, WANIGAS, in 1948 or '49. First issue was on the tissue. Others were in a more conventional, though useless, format...THE JET CHAMBER sounds extremely interesting. But who will be on this "fan Panel" and how will the questions be farmed out? Loomis' and Economou's poetic attempts both very, very enjoyable. Makes me almost ashamed to try to submit something like:

On Venus I found a gal in a million  
Who, snake like, wz still quite a hellion.  
But still we mated  
And then we awaited

Our child, who turned out reptilian.

Dunno if Van's pic on page 12 (gal in test tube) was supposed to be a cartoon or not, but, even if it wasn't, I made like little Audrey and laffed and laffed and laffed. Almost as much as at the Plato Jones progress cartoon on the contents page which was, I think, the best item in the mag...That is not flattery. It is, as another well known fan always puts it, well deserved praise...Letter from Cal Beck the other day apologized all over the place to me, for some silly reason or other, because he panned TLMA in his SFQ review column, and, the day after he'd turned in the column, got the first STF TRENDS and thought it was very good. But, why he apologized to me I shall never be able to figure out...Incidentally, have you seen that first column yet? The issue of SFQ with it has not yet wended it's way this far into the sticks, but I hear, from those who have read it, that it stinks. In fact, Silverberg has said something about refusing to send anymore copies of SPACESHIP to "that incompetant, Beck"

Hal Shapiro  
Kirksville, Mo.

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REASON 10¢ per copy -- 50¢-6 issues Tom Piper 464 - 19th St.  
Santa Monica, Calif.

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NEXT MONTH — COVER BY COGGINS!

SONS OF THRANE - PART I!

ARTICLE BY STANLEY FRANK!

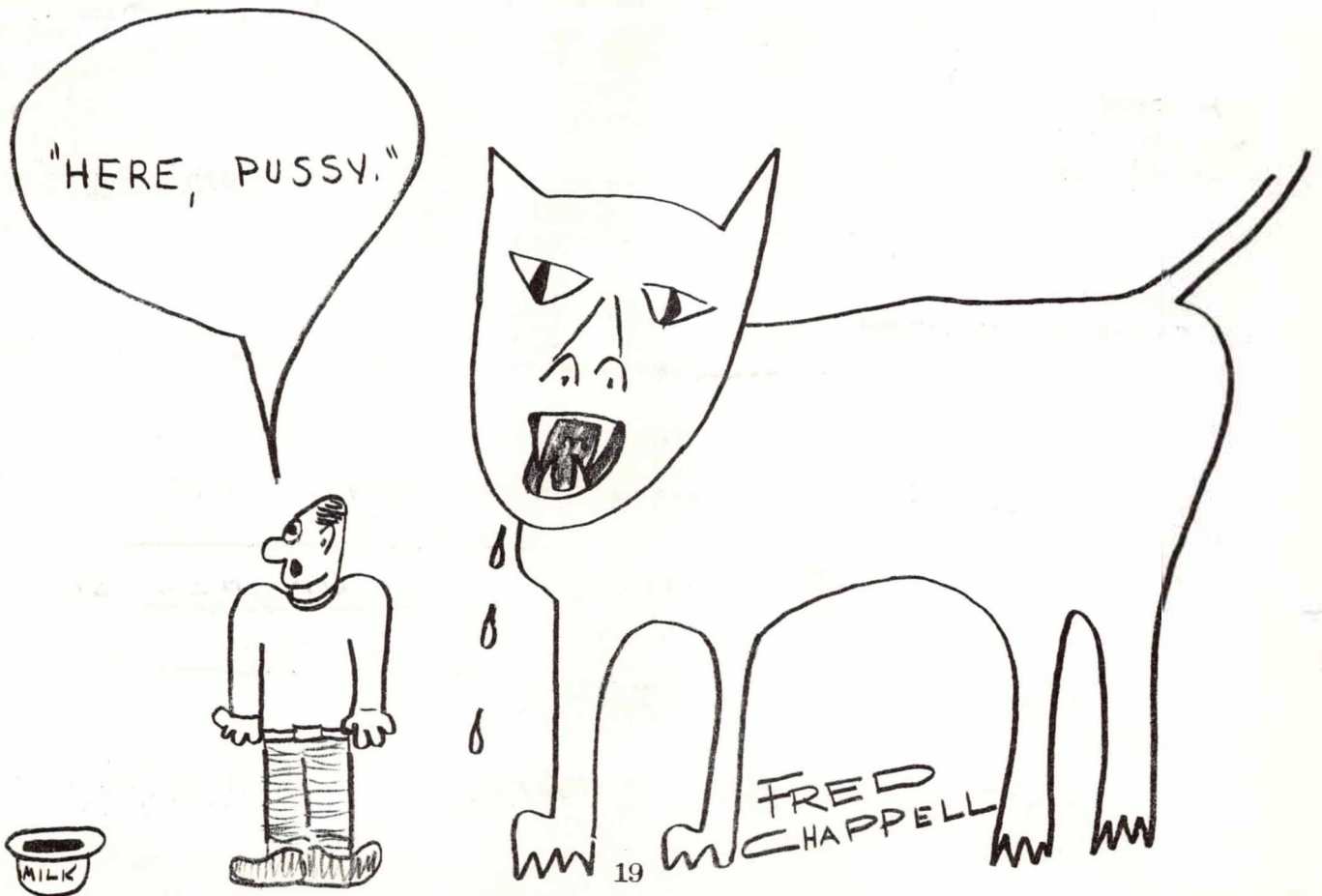
ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK.....

Great news for the next issue! Cover by Jack Coggins! Lead article by Stanley Frank! Second installment of The Long Episode! Illustrations by Jack Coggins, Plato Jones, LACH, Arden Cray and Don Duke! AND -- The first installment of Basil Wells, SONS OF THRANE!!!

Yes, thats right -- time and finances would not allow me to publish both the book and continue with STF TRENDS. So -- we have decided to bring you this Great book in serial form. If your subscription is expiring, send that dollar in!! You won't want to miss the great things STF TRENDS has in store for you!

A number of fans have stopped for a visit in the past few weeks. Harlan Ellison and Honey Wood of Cleveland, Stephen Schultheis of Warren, Ohio and Joel Nydhal of Marquette, Michigan. Any fans that ever through this section are invited to drop in. We are always happy to have you.

I'll close this with the reminder that STF TRENDS #13 will be the best magazine I've ever produced -- don't miss it!



# Stf Trends #12 \_\_\_\_\_ march 1953

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Cover by Plato Jones (Modern version of Shakespeare's immortal fantasy, Mid Summer Nights Dream)  
Illustrations by Plato Jones, Fred Chappell, Arden Cray and LACH

STF TRENDS is published monthly except July and December by Lynn A. Hickman Box 184 Napoleon, Ohio

STF TRENDS  
BOX 184  
NAPOLEON, OHIO

Printed matter only  
Return postage guaranteed

To

LEE HOFFMAN

101 WAGNER ST.

SAVANNAH, GA.

