

"We've Just Begun To Fight"--John P. Jones

SUN SPOTS

VOL. 6 , NO. 2

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SUN SPOTS THROUGH THE YEARS



Featured in the photo above, although not as clear as we had hoped, are eleven of the past issues of SUN SPOTS, dating from February, 1939 to the present. Represented are typewritten, hectographed, mimeographed and printed numbers.

SUN SPOTS

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GERRY de la REE, JR.

RODERICK GAETZ

Editors

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EDITORIAL SECOND ANNISH

Many famous men were born in February, and so was Sun Spots. It was during a Solaroid meeting two years ago that a club newspaper was decided upon, the rest is ancient history. One page typewritten affair, four, six, eight, even ten Hectoed pages. Then came the first summer, (summers always seem to trouble us) this time we were without means of publication; so what did we do? We bought a mimeograph and started out on our own hook. Eight, ten, twelve, twenty pages, then came our first anniversary and a super forty-four-page issue followed by some smaller ones. Then came the summer. Due to personal troubles Sun Spots was suspended, oh gloom. But then what happened? We burst forth with four glorious issues and then it's our birth-

day again.

What will happen? When summer comes, will disaster strike again?

To find the answers to these and many more stupid questions tune in again next month, and talking about next month we have some nice little articles on the fire and we can promise more exciting stuff by your favorite fans and pro authors. There is an informative one by Dave Miller.



First Issue

Would you like to see your name on the cover of a printed magazine? Do you want to see your work in print? Well then for crying out loud, send us something. Not that we are as hard up for stuff as all that, but our requirements aren't so stiff. Many people have written us saying that they expect only professional writers could comply with our standards now, and when they saw pro-authors writing for us they concluded that must be the case. It's not though; you write something interesting and even though it's not in the best literary style there is a pretty good chance we'll print it. Maybe not right away, but soon. So send in something; you can't be as bad as all that.

FANDOM AND THE NFFF

By LOUIS R. CHAUVENET

President of The NFFF

In recent months The National Fantasy Fan Federation has been criticized in several quarters for being slow in getting up steam, and for failure to accomplish anything concrete and definite during the six months of its existence in 1941. Happily, these difficulties are being rapidly overcome, and it is my earnest hope that 1942 will see the NFFF become what it was originally intended to be, a potent power for the benefit of fandom.

From the beginning, the Planning Committee, headed by EE Evans, and having eight other members with a wide geographical spread, has been active and industrious. The Planning members have brought the suggestions of the committee as a whole up before their local fan clubs, and much has been accomplished by group discussions.

Plans Already Made

Specifically, at the present time, Jan. 15, the following ideas have been reported to the Advisory Board for approval:

(1) That the NFFF set up a welcoming committee to write letters and distribute fanzines among prospective fans, chosen from letter-writers in the pros.

(2) That the NFFF sponsor a Year Book of Fandom for 1941, and make this fannual a yearly project.

(3) That the NFFF sponsor a History of Fandom up to the present time.

(4) That the NFFF take over the distribution of Annual Awards for distinguished service to fandom—following the example set, on a purely personal basis, by Daugherty at the

Denvention, but relying on a national poll for the recipients of the awards.

By the time this sees print, the Advisory Board will have acted on these recommendations, and is certain to have approved most if not all. As soon as approval is given, the necessary officers will be appointed and the work begun on the several projects. More ideas are under discussion, and we can look to the Plancom for a continuous stream of helpful and practical ideas.

Bonfire Delayed

Perhaps the chief reason the NFFF was a bit late getting started was the early struggle to find a suitable publisher for BONFIRE. Through no fault of his own, Bob Studley was not able to produce the second issue anywhere near on schedule and this produced a bad impression. With the aid of Art Widner however, the third issue was completed and mailed out in December. Subsequently Harry Jenkins, Jr., 2409 Santee avenue, Columbia, S. C., has with approval of the Advisory Board been named Official Editor of the NFFF. He will issue No. 4 BONFIRE on or about February 15, and will send all inquirers sample copies as long as the supply holds out. (A few copies of No. 3 containing the constitution are available from Art Widner, Bx. 122, Bryantville, Mass.)

Thus, the problems regarding things for the NFFF to do and concerning the reliable publication of the official organ, have been largely solved.

Financial Setup

There remains the question of the financial setup. At the time of the annual election, a majority of the membership voted those taxes to be levied as required, rather than dues

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of any fixed sum. The Finance Committee has been struggling with the difficult problems of working out a fair and equitable scheme of taxation. Some members of the NFFF have raised objections to the original proposals of that Committee, and it is expected that the said proposals will now be raised to eliminate the objectionable feature. At any rate, the membership of the NFFF and fans in general, have my earnest assurance as President of the NFFF that our organization is not going to, and has not the slightest desire to, put into practice any idea or scheme which is objectionable to a considerable number of fans. The NFFF has been democratically organized and has been functioning in a democratic way. The present officers have every intention of continuing this tradition.

As President of the NFFF I cannot but feel that I am failing in my duty as long as a single member believes that he has cause for complaint against the NFFF, and it is my policy to do everything possible to reach an amicable and mutually satisfactory solution of any such difficulties of whatever origin.

In conclusion, we have seen that the NFFF, having solved most of its initial problems is already in the act of accomplishing projects of value to fandom, and expects to intensify its activity as it continues its growth. With the support of a United Fandom, behind it, surely the NFFF can do powerful work in helping to bring about a better future for fandom—and for we who form fandom.

(The End)

If you would like to apply for membership in the NFFF please write to Milton Rothman, 2113 N. Franklin street, Philadelphia, Pa.

What Is 'Leprechaun'?

That's easy. "Leprechaun" is the new fanzine presenting one of the best first issues fandom has yet seen. The material is by top fans and newcomers, and all is guaranteed to be worthwhile. For instance, there are articles by Gerry de la Ree, Jr., and Harry Schmarje. Fiction by Phil Schumann; art by su-well newbies Harry W. Shave and G. C. Roselle, and a heap of other material you won't want to miss. All this for 5c, or 25c a year, from

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ESCAPE TO REALITY

By JACK WILLIAMSON

This is intended to be a brief companion piece to the very interesting and challenging article by Sam Moskowitz, "Escape to Nowhere". That contains some pretty serious charges against science fiction fan activities. They are pretty well substantiated—and I think the whole question he raises is a pretty important one for fans to face.

Myself, I've been a fan for a good many years—I remember very well the wild thrill I got out of the Paul cover on my first "Amazing, back in 1926. I've known a good many other fans, by letter and in person, beginning with Ray Palmer and a few other members of a fan organization now practically forgotten—and I want to agree very heartily that fans are fine people, interesting and intelligent. This question of fantasy versus reality is one I've thought about a good deal.

Science fiction is escape literature—there's no protesting that. And the world of strictly fan activities, too, of correspondence and publications and conventions and other activities that keep the most prominent fans so busy they don't even have time to read science fiction any more—that is a happy little domain that seems to be safely cut off from reality.

Admitting all that, however, I still believe there's another side to the picture. It may be true that science fiction fans are less well adjusted to reality than other random groups—I don't know about that, and it might be pretty hard to prove. Granting that some fan enthusiasts follow their hobby to the point of neglecting

things that seem more important to other people, isn't it possible that this mania is a result of some incomplete adjustment, instead of a cause of it?

Is it mentally injurious to read fantastic fiction? I don't think so. Besides all the pleasure that it can give the individual, by enriching his own worlds of fantasy, I believe that it can provide a mental road toward the fuller acceptance of reality. While memory doesn't permit an exact quotation, I recall a recent item in *Time*, in which a psychiatrist reported the case of a young child that found itself able to face its problems by identifying itself with Superman.

Even while Sam Moskowitz is making his indictment of fan activities, his enthusiasm for them still seems to show through. I believe such enthusiasm is a good thing, whether it leads to a discussion of the possibility of rockets, or the publication of a new hektographed magazine. Perhaps the fan world isn't the real world, but still I imagine a successful career in it can contribute a good deal toward building up a starved ego.

There's nothing abnormal about fantasy. It's a phase of mental life through which every individual must pass. I believe that good fantastic fiction can make it more enjoyable while it lasts—without necessarily making it last longer—and still help the individual to gain the solid rock of reality beyond. And it seems that most people find it refreshing to slip back into the relaxing current of pure imagination, from time to time, even after they've gained the rock.

The Trash Basket

By N. E. BODY

FLASHES:

Science fiction author, L. Ron Hubbard, an officer in the U. S. Navy hasn't been heard from lately, and it is assumed that he is on his way into action in some part of the world. Malcolm Jameson, Jr., son of the famous author, also in the Navy is most likely going into action also... Charlie Hornig, ex-editor of SCIENCE FICTION, is back in New York from the coast, a conscientious objector from the U. S. Army. He wants a job with the F. B. I. translating Esperanto!!

... Eddy Herron, editor of Fawcett's comic magazines is being inducted into the Army on Feb. 16, and it is rumored that a well known s-f author will be given his job. Manly Wade Wellman has just returned from two weeks' duty with the N. J. Home Guard... Joe Millard and Manly Wade Wellman attended a party Christmas Eve, given by Jerry Seigel, co-author of SUPERMAN... Ray Palmer, after promising his readers a Hok story in AMAZING for months, finally got around to purchasing the story from Wellman recently...

The feeble stirrings of fandom in Chicago have finally produced a fan club and a projected fanzine. The club is the Windy City Wampires, and members such as Walter Lieb-scher, Howard Funk, Niel De Jack, Ronald Clyne (Artist who had several cartoons in AMAZING), and Frank Robinson are already in the fold. The proposed mag is to be called the FRONTIER. Aren't they overlooking the Frontier society and their mag that has the same name?... Harry Schmarje wants it known that his

Midwest Fan Society is in no way connected with that other worthy Western organization, the Midwest FFF. Schmarje wishes that any Midwest fan that would like to join his club, would contact him at 318 Stewart Rd., Muscatine, Iowa... Charles Beling was recently turned down by the U. S. Navy for having flat feet! ... Gerry de la Ree, Jr., and Rod Gaetz are now writing different installments of Captain America, which appears in the Comic Magazines of the same name.

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HAPPY SECOND ANNISH

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PROGRAM FOR FANDOM

By MALCOLM JAMESON

WHEN I look around me at all the fan clubs with their fanzines, and notice that here and there a lively squabble is going on or that in some other place a bitter controversy is raging over this and that bit of policy, I often wonder whether the body of fandom realizes its own essential unity—or, in other words, just what fandom is about. For I am much more struck with what it is that fans have in common than what it is they diverge about. It is their collective interest in the field of science fiction and fantasy that binds them together and only the fact that no two people or groups of people are quite alike that makes them seem to differ. Both age and background give rise to apparent differences—for it is too much to expect that a middle-aged fan and an adolescent one (and there are plenty of both, though you do not see or hear so much of the older ones)—and it is the reconciliation of that apparent difference that I want to talk about.

Suppose we regard fandom much as we would a fraternal order, a voluntary association of those with similar tastes and similar aspirations. Now in all such orders there are degrees of standing—from neophyte to past master—such as is observable in, say, the Masonic order. If we look at it that way, we see at once that the local fan club is neither more nor less than the local lodge of an international order, and it follows that its function is threefold. First, it must be forever recruiting, since all going organizations need new blood to keep themselves alive. Then it must be educational, that it, as to the purposes of the order and what is re-

quired of the higher degrees of membership. Lastly, it must be fun. The fan club is a thing to be enjoyed. There people with like minds compare notes and argue, and in their fanzine express themselves. There will be some who excel others as critics or contributors and some who make faster progress than others. That is as it should be, for the underlying reason for the organization's existence is self-improvement. And I do not mean that in the usually accepted sense, but as strictly limited to the common field of interest itself—the enjoyment of science-fiction.

Ideal Fan Club

Lest I be misunderstood here, let me hasten to expand that remark a little. Perhaps the best way to do that is to imagine a sort of ideal fan club that is fully conscious of the threefold purpose mentioned above. It does not say that every s-f fan will follow the exact course outlined, but it is a typical way and as good as any to use as an example. We will assume that our typical fan first becomes interested in fantasy literature at about the time he leaves grammar school—a little sooner or later, as the case may be. He hears of the local club and is invited to join. All right. We'll start from there.

Our recruit does not know much. He is not supposed to know much. It is sufficient that his interest is excited. His knowledge of fiction is not vast, of science meager, and of the combination, science-fiction, only in the beginning. He may have been reading the comics, maybe a grade-G s-f pulp. Without meaning to be disparaging, those are not the highest form of what is later going to turn out to be his feverish hobby. They

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make no pretense of being literature—their plots are swift and bald, their heroes ultra-heroic, their villains ultra-villainous, their heroines ultra-feminine. Cut-out dolls, all of them, and devoid of flesh and blood motives as we know them. It does not matter. The big point is that his imagination is aroused. He has swallowed the idea of things being done on a cosmic scale, he has learned to accept bizarre situations and like them. In other words, friends, he has been bitten by the bug. He is one of us.

Nurse him along! Who knows? Five years later he may be president of the club. In another five he may be a regular contributor to a Grade-A mag; ten years later he may be a famous editor. Twenty years after that he may have become a "classic". Such things have happened and are happening. I do not have to name names. Every reader of this page can name a dozen or more himself. Today's "big names" were little names not so very long ago. Before that they were not too hopefully writing in amateur, mimeographed publications. And before that they were simply kids who read the stuff and were left spellbound by it.

Our recruit advances through school and his interest in science is all the keener for having read a number of fanciful applications of some of the ultimate possibilities of it. His taste becomes somewhat more exacting. He wants his characters better drawn and his atmosphere, if not more realistic, at least more plausible. He will very likely try out his own wings with a contribution or so to his local fanzine. It would be well if he does do so, for it will teach him some of the

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DID YOU KNOW?

By FACT FINDER

Did you know that the November, 1938 cover of AMAZING STORIES was reprinted in the picture section of the N. Y. Herald Tribune in connection with Orson Welles' Martian Hoax?

* * *

Did you know that Willy Ley, popular science fiction writer, reviewed the book, "Jules Verne" in New York's novel newspaper, PM?

* * *

Did you know that Oscar J. Friend had an article in the Dec. 1941 issue of WRITER'S DIGEST, commenting on S-F magazines?

* * *

Did you know that many S-F writers and authors, such as Edgar Rice Burroughs, Eric Temple Bell, Hugo Gernsback, Oscar J. Friend, F. Orlin Tremaine, A. Merrit, and Stanton Coblentz are in "Who's Who in America"?

* * *

Did you know that the October 1938 issue of AMAZING STORIES was among those magazines photographed and put in the Time Capsule at the New York World's Fair in 1939?

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HISTORY OF A FOOLISH AGE 1910-2000

(Reprinted from Sun Spots'

First Annish)

—19,100 Edition

The ruler of America. It is hard to understand how between the year 1930 and 2000 the people could have done so many understandable things. Their ruler, Uncle Sam by name, seems to have been a very wise person, yet his children, who at one time populated a country known as the USA of America, did many incomprehensible things.

These will be further discussed in the next chapter.

Uncle Sam

Little is known of this outstanding character, Uncle Sam. His birthdate is placed somewhere between 1850 and 1865. He lived an abnormal life, possessing the vital spark until sometime in the late twenty-fourth century, when he and his country were destroyed by the invading Dunjars.

Still less is known of the appearance of Uncle Sam, (occasionally referred to as "the father of his country"). He is supposed to present a dominating figure and wear a long beard. (This beard, which was composed of a hairy substance was not considered a mark of savagery in those days, as it is now). The men of those days were very proud of their hair! Uncle Sam had the usual characteristics of the other people of his era, as far as we know. To us he would seem very crude, as he possessed only two eyes instead of three and from his hands grew only half as many fingers as we own. These people of long ago were indeed strange sights.

Habits

Their peculiar habits: (1). In re-

gard to death—These ancients had very different forms of death from ours. It seems they must have been very frail people, for such careless exertion as kicking the bucket or being taken for a ride was a sure cause for them to go West, where they died. The great burial ground in the west has been searched for by archiologists for the past two centuries, but no traces of our forefathers have yet been uncovered.

(2) Religion — Perhaps quite as strange is their religion, far different our Universal Science Understanding. These dwellers of the Twentieth Century believed in a great magician called Chris Columbus. He was the first man to fly across the ocean and discover the USA of America, and because of this simple feat the people worshiped him and thought him a magician who could work miracles!

—SP—

LOS ANGELES IN '42!!

—*—

DO YOU WANT TO GO TO THE NYCON?

I was there and saw everything, and now I have decided to give you the facts. I am putting out a Nycon Booklet, telling everything that happened, accompanied by 25 photos! Pics of all the well known fans, authors, and editors that attended. Writing done by Moskowitz, Taurasi, Lowndes, Wollheim, Michel, and Van Houten. Cover silk-screened from a sketch by Damon Knight. Drawings by Joe Christoff. All in all a swell job. Price: 50c--from Julius Unger, 1702 Dahill Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOOSTER ADS

FROM OUR FRIENDS

To Many More

Anniversaries

SAM MOSKOWITZ

* * *

Congrats from the fellow who really
produces Sun Spots

CHAS. A. J. C. E. D. BYERS

* * *

Congratulations from the
mechanical superintendent

JOHN ALOISHUS HANNA

* * *

Congratulations from
a faithful reader

D. B. THOMPSON

* * *

Happy Second
Anniversary

PRIVATE JERRY KEELEY

* * *

Greetings and Best Wishes

JIMMY TAURASI

LANE STANNARD

* * *

Keep up the good
work, boys . . .

ROY HUNT

* * *

Congrats from the Brains Behind

SUN SPOTS

JACK HARTLEY

* * *

Happy Birthday
to SUN SPOTS

HARRY HARRISON

* * *

Best of luck to SUN SPOTS

The Magician of Space

JANE 6EM35

* * *

Keep 'em flyin'

SUN SPOTS

FRANK ROBINSON

* * *

Good luck for

future years,

LORETTA BEASLEY

* * *

To many more years
of SUN SPOTS

TOM BRACKETT

* * *

On to '43, and SUN SPOTS'
next annish

H. WESLEY HITE

PROGRAM FOR FANDOM

(Continued from Page 8)

difficulties involved in constructing a story. It will sharpen his mind in many ways. It will make him a more discriminating critic and a better reader. And it may whet his desire to go on. He will certainly take a more active part in club affairs. All this is progress.

Becomes Big Shot

In the course of time he becomes the big shot in the local club and editor of the fanzine. It is his job now to enthuse the newer recruits, teach them the inner mysteries, encourage their writings, and even select the better examples for publication if they are worthy of it. He will preside over the meetings and guide the general course of the criticism of the pro mags. His interest in science is very real now and his acquaintance with it much improved. He also knows the difference between good fiction and bad and which type of magazine appeals to his particular fancy. For there is a very real difference in sci-

(Continued on Page 15)

If iShoud Die Bfor i Wake

By FORREST J. ACKERMAN
(Dedicated to HCKoenig)

Mine is not the most cheerful topic in the world (except, of course, to my malefactors) but it is one of the most topical. Acidolfus Ambercrumbe, speaking in the semi-annual edition of Twenty-Pay-Life's Annual Retort to Policyholders, reported that "people are dying every day who have never died before", and that certified death certificates and the well-known Waldeyer graphs have shown a remarkable up-swing on a world-scale, in fact right out of this world, since the commencement of military hostilities on an international scale.

Now that you have decided this may be dismissed as belonging in the wounded feline, or catty gory, of a Wackymanuscript, I must disabuse youse of this deduction. You are entitled to certain deductions, yes, and in filing your income tax reports Uncle Sam wants you to get everything that's coming to you. In fact, Uncle Sam wants you—period. There is a time when reduction ceases to be funny and is supplemented by induction.

Having got all but one pun out of my solar (plexus) system, or Belie-Laffe Region, for the duration—of article—I'm going to be serious. But deadly.

Ever thought about yours? Probably not; fellows 15-25 years of age (Ackerman places his audience in this adolescent-youthful group) have small concern with such morbid imagining. Oh, maybe they look ahead to when they'll be sixty-five or seventy, and take out insurance. Insurance isn't what I'm talking about, though; I'm

talking about the end of you— or, more specifically, me: When I won't get up and walk around any more, eat, talk, and that type of thing. When any articles from Ackerman necessarily will be labelled "Post-humous".

When I was twenty, consideration of my early demise would have been regarded as unduly pessimistic. It was not such an unsettled world, then. Today—faced with Armageddon?—well, maybe that old dream of mine . . . mostevery fan's . . . of welcoming in the 21st Century, is to be denied me. In company with numerous young men, I may not welcome in a new decade, let alone last sixty years.

Oh, I don't expect to die of any unnatural cause; not from the viewpoint of a historian of, say, 2050—provided everything's hunky-dory, then, they still print books (or the equivalent), we have a Wellsian sort of civilization . . . In such a post-barbarous or True Civilization era, it undoubtedly would be remembered in world history) died of a disease both commonplace and natural in the Warring Forties, i. e. War.

You should understand this: I'm an an atheist, and directly I die I don't anticipate its making any possible difference to "me" what becomes of "me". The only me that will be left, as far as my convictions are concerned, is just what will be visible to the naked eye; an ex-animate objet d'articles that don't know from nothin'. (Just like when I was alive, you'll notice, only permanently shut

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IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE

(Continued from page 11)

up.) So I don't figure that from anything done for me after I'm deceased could I possibly derive either satisfaction or discomfit. It is only while I live I like to think certain things will be done when I die. It is only for my peace of mind while I'm still in one piece that I speak this little piece. For I want my last wishes known far and wide, so there will be no slip up.

First of all, I don't want a minister within a mile of me; that should be obvious, that should be patent. I won't stand for an orthodox funeral. Woe betide them if they betray me and do it their way, I'll come back and haunt 'em! Because there's no sense to it, no sense to it at all. I shan't be hovering 'round to do a Ferdinand and smell the pretty flowers. And Polaris, oh steadfast star, preserve me lying in a casket...unseen organist...minory, muted music...whispered words of sympathy to the bereaved...the distinctly dead atmosphere of the funeral parlor, cloying with its over-rich mixture of permeant flower-odors...and then, oh mortification, the Sermon...the Preacher and the Platitudes...Blessed was our dear, departed dope for this, that and the other reason (soft soap, mostly the other reason)...and while it is not given to us to know why He took Perry from us—to His Father's Mansion (hell, my den was always all x by me)—in the prime of life, it is not good for us to know everything...His Promise...the Peace that Passeth Understanding...meddled in things that men must leave alone (er, No, I'm thinking of the

last scienti-?-film I saw—any scienti-film)...and so, so, so.

Bitter? T'aint necessarily so; it's just that...well, I'd hate to think after the way I've bred myself, I'd wind up sandwiched between that kind of baloney and ham acting! I don't want it to happen, hear? So, I'm taking this precautionary method of making my conscientious objection to a funeral well-known and wide-spread. If you're around, fellow fan, after I'm gone, and want to do me a final favor; directly you learn the old rocket tubes have blasted their last and 4e's future is past, wire my relatives (if there's any wire left and civilization hasn't returned to the Pony Express) saying "REMEMBER". They'll understand. Forget the Alamo, the Maine, Hastings—1066, Pearl Harbor, and Everytown, but don't forget Forry's last wishes: He wanted to be fed to the fishes! Seriously. Unless medical science can find some use for me. Best of all, I'd like that: for my body to be of some use to humanity, to which end I gladly dedicate the corpse to science—if they'll have it. The brain (?) at least ought to be of interest to someone. I should like nothing better than to provide the material for some visionary experimenter—only provided he doesn't try to bring me back to life! Why let yourself be wasted? Don't let them make an ash out of you! Or rot away into maggot pie. I actually thing it would be a noble thing for a spontaneous movement to be generated in fandom, of stfans' willing their remains to science.

I have volunteered.

—SP—

READERS: Please write us a letter of comment on this second anniversary issue. We want to know how you liked it.—The Editors.



SUN SQUAWKS

READERS' LETTERS

Much as I hate to admit it, you are going places by leaps and bounds. With the latest issue, SUN SPOTS definitely assumes its place with the leading fanzines of the country. You still have to earn a place in the "big ten", in my estimation however, but if you keep on going the way you are, it looks like you're going to make it...I was amazed to find a photographic cover, and then completely flabbergasted at finding two more photos inside. How do you do it? Did you strike oil in your backyard, or did your father inherit a couple of railroads?...Glad to see SaM returning to the wars, altho his subject has already been run down into the ground by Trudy Kuslan... The Television article was interesting, but rather out of place in a fanzine, don't you think? Sun Squawks is the usual insipid patter. But then, that will improve as the magazine does. Since when is this guy Washington, Jr. No. 1 fan in Fla.? By his own declaration probably. According to my book, Earle Barr Hanson, no less a personage than President of the Dixie Fantasy Federation lives in Miami.

ART WIDNER, JR.,

Bryantville, Mass.

Well! You floored us that time, Art. We never thought we'd see the day that Art Widner would say—"You are going places," and mean good places,

too! We'll see if we can make your first ten. Thanks for the nice long letter.—Eds.

—*—

Whole number 21 of SUN SPOTS on hand and assimilated. Still can't get all aglow and agapin' over the new printed format. In the first place, I like colors, and you can't give us colors like FANTASTIE, THE STAR, FANFARE, and others. Secondly, there are some very nice pictures, but I like department headings, and there aren't any. The material this ish is way below par for the top ranking fanzines, with Moskowitz's little blow-off being the best of the worse. As for the annish ahead, I wish you luck, boys. Might I suggest you lay off the pros and stick to the fans? I'll be lookin' forward to the Annissue and I hope a Bok-cover.

HARRY JENKINS, JR.,

Columbia, S. C.

We are going to heed the fans request, and get away from the pro articles to a large degree. We are trying for one article a month by pros, and two or three by fans. Enough? —Eds.

—*—

"Escape To Nowhere" by Sam Moskowitz impressed me. S' the first time I ever read anything he wrote
(Continued on next page)

in a fanzine when I didn't violently disagree with some of it, or all of it. No foolin', he's got something there, and it's darn good sense, but I'll bet a lot of readers will be indignant. You know that picture of Wellman on the Dec. cover? I think he's a handsome man, but kinda devilish looking. I like people's pictures on the cover. Let's have some more.

LORETTA BEASLEY,

Sayre, Pa.

We'll try more cover photos after this ish.—Eds.

—*—

Though the material isn't particularly impressive—yet, the format and tendency toward improvement are what attracted me to SUN SPOTS. That "tendency towards improvement" is the most important reason; you might liken it to a rapidly increasing second derivative or flexion (the rate of improvement) which will soon affect the original quantity (in this case SUN SPOTS). Or is that too devious a thought. At any rate, good luck with the annish and all future numbers.

BILL STOY,

Jamaica, N. Y.

—*—

SUN SPOTS arrived, sandwiched in with fifteen dozen Christmas cards. (None of them for me, either). The cover was excellent. In the future, use more photos than drawings, if you can get good ones. I liked the cover arrangement, also. The editorial was good; at least it stuck to the point, which is more than most of them do. "Escape to Nowhere" was classic, no less. One of the best articles of the year. I think SaM hit the nail on the head, too. Another swell pic. Gaetz's face didn't show so hot; maybe it's just as well? Just

kiddin', Rod. De la Gaetz (cancha spell your own name?) and Blanchard shorts were oke. "Television" was good. I for one would like to see more of the straight science articles in fanzines. Futurian stuff was also good. Photo not as clear as others, but any photo of any fan always interests me. "Did You Know?" was interesting; who's fact finder? (Here we go again.) "Notice to our Critics" and "The Big Three" were all right ... FLASH! 4sj is not a real person. Neither is Tucker, Widner or Taurasi. Just a few of my pseudonyms. By the way, I'm Harry Schmarje, too. Complicated, isn't it? Sun Squawks was good in spots. Yipe!

LARRY SHAW,

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

If you are Harry Schmarje, we are ashamed of youse. Writin' all those childish letters to magazines!—Eds.

—*—

This will wind up the Squawks again, as we are planning to leave space for some of our articles. Many of our readers commented on our slogan on last month's cover, "You Can't Keep the Sun From Rising." We're through using it, but you must remember, that it was set before the present conflict started. Do you like us to answer your letters, or would you rather we didn't?

Thanks also to D. B. Thompson, Alexandria, La.; Harry Harrison, Kew Gardens, N. Y.; Tom Brackett, Winnsboro, La.; Julie Unger, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Asa Tift, Albany, Ga.; Arthur Schmidt, Jr.; Jack Williamson, Pep N. M.; Harry Schmarje, Jr., Muscatine, Iowa; Alden K. Norton, N. Y.; Sam Moskowitz, Newark, N. J.; Malcolm Jameson, N. Y. C.; Mrs. Emil Lentz, Allendale, N. J.; Charles Bel-

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SUN SQUAWKS CONCLUDED

ing, Harrington Park, N. J.; Delores Lapi, Union City, N. J.; Charles Hildley, N. Y. C.; Harry Warner, Jr., Hagerstown, Md.; Winifred Marx, New Troy, Mich.; Roy Hunt, Denver, Colo.; Fred De Blon, New Brunswick, N. J.; Louis R. Chauvenet, Charlottesville, Va., and Frank Robinson, Chicago, Ill.

PROGRAM FOR FANDOM

(Continued from page 10)

ence-fiction magazines—not merely one of grade. My own experience as a reader and as a practical writer has convinced me of that. When reading for my own amusement, I may prefer “N” to either “Q”, “X”, “Y” or “Z”, but that does not mean that “N” is better than the others. It only means that much of the time it happens to suit me better. Nor does it follow that a story that is not quite good enough for “N” can be sold to “Q”, or even “Z”. They cover slightly different—sometimes markedly different fields—and strive to please the certain type of reader that prefers their slant. That is something every fan should keep in mind. Whether one magazine is better than another depends chiefly on whether any particular reader thinks it is better. That is a matter for individual decision. And that decision will be all the more sound the more he knows about all of them, and to what extent his own taste and knowledge of the field has been developed.

That is what I meant by the educational influence of fan clubs. There people can air their views and compare notes.

Meskowitz's Article

Sam Meskowitz wrote recently to the effect that when a fan reaches a

certain stage of development, he should not let his enthusiasm for fandom carry him away to the point of losing his job and so on. You all read it. It was in SUN SPOTS. That is a very good point, and leads me to my next one.

If a fan stays in his adolescence all his life, he will, of course, fall into that error (though I trust and believe there are none such). There will inevitably come a time when he has to either go all out on science fiction—such as writing it for a living—or relegate it to the role of a pleasant hobby. If he can do the first, he probably will. If not, his association with the club has been by no means wasted time. It laid the foundation for what will be a source of continued enjoyment for the rest of his life. I am acquainted with fans well-advanced in age who have not attended a formal meeting of any kind for years. But they never miss an issue of the better-known mags, and are just as full of praise or scoffing over a yarn as the most ardent current duespayer at the local club.

Once a fan, always a fan. You might as well recognize it and plan it that way. There are more of you than you think.—End.



FORGING AHEAD !!



