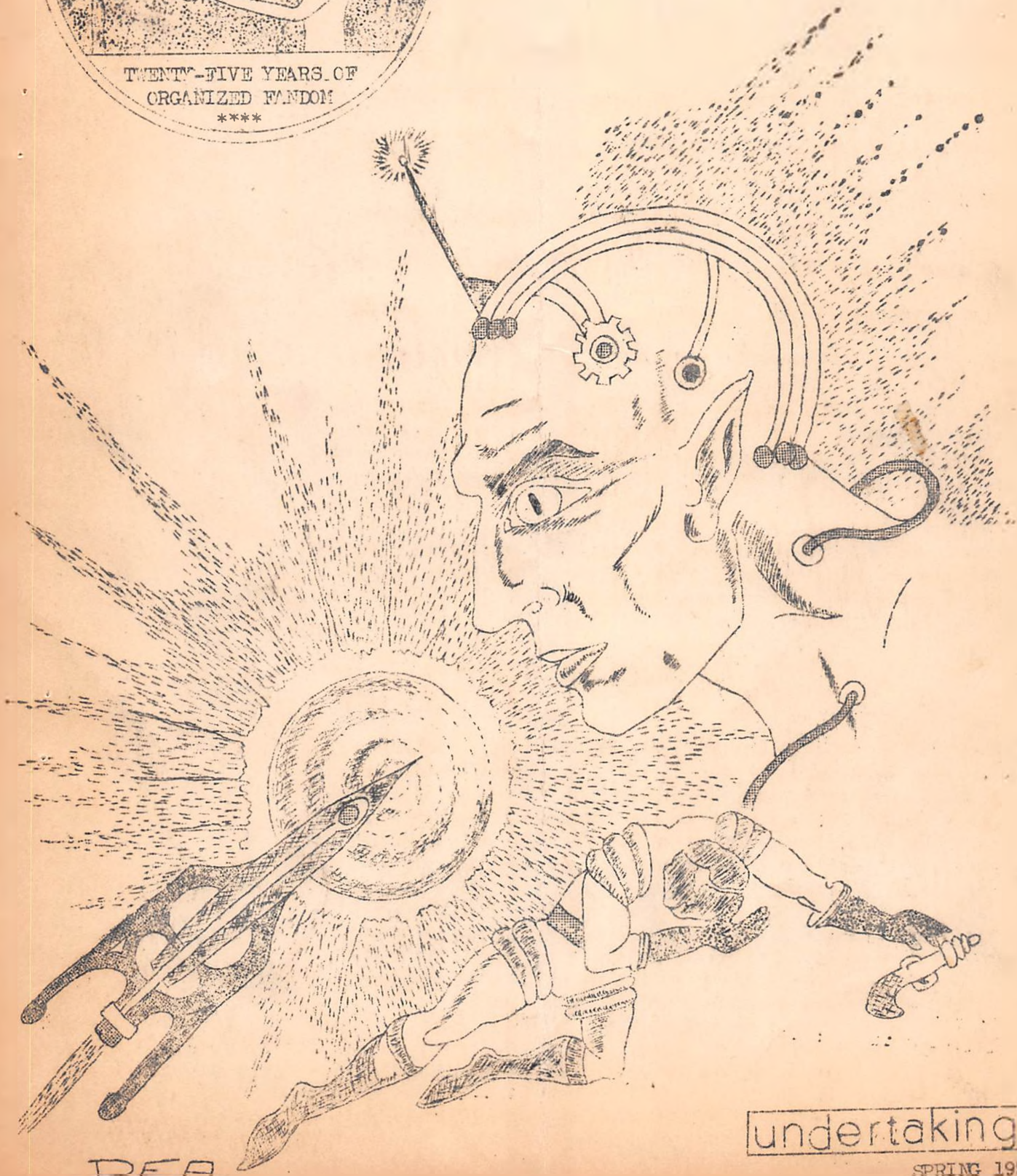


TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
ORGANIZED FANDOM



IDEA.

undertakings

SPRING 1955

- ENTRALS -

COVER (celebrating 25 years of organized fandom)	DEA
THE INTELLI - GENTS - IA (fan fiction)	H. Maxwell
THE POLTERGEIST PUZZLE (article)	George T. Wetzel
LAMENT OF A 21st CENTURY WRITER (poem)	H. Maxwell
UNDERTAKER AT WORK (combined editorial)	The Readers
BURIED COMMENTS (a grave study of the fanzine field)	Russell Watkins
THE CORONER'S CORNER (book review)	Robert N. Rolfe
THAT'S LOGICAL (poem)	H. Maxwell
THE CRITICAL GHOST-KEEPER (as a abinitio)	John Voorheis

Also will be found artwork by DEA, Jack Harness, Robert Gilbert, Richard Z. Ward, Paul Littlebuscher, Alden Faulkner (who's work was reprinted from Magnus' SF), and Keasler (who is reprinted in the form of the most outstanding 'toon-54-).

Next issue will present work by Annas, Rolfe, Maxwell, Voorheis, Wetzel, DEA, Harness, Norwell, and many others. It will appear during the early spring-summer months of 1955, and will be our Summer issue. Watch for it.

oOo
—
OOO

UNDERTAKINGS is at once printed and published by a harmless, lovable fan named Samuel Johnson, who - by virtue of his true mind - is the centre of a vicious plot. By use of his tremendously analytical mind, he is the founder of the hypothesis that the world is populated by his friends, his enemies, and people. He puts out an outstanding magazine, and as a method of making a living, charges 15¢ for a copy. He accepts ads by the rate of \$1 for a full page, 50¢ for a half page, and 35¢ for a quarter page. He publishes approximately quarterly, but steadfastly refuses to go on schedule. He will count letters as contributions to the magazine. His glorious editorial offices are at 1517 Penny Dr.-Edgewood in Elizabeth City, No. Carolina.

He believes, along with a few other ... people that: "It's the folks most deserving of criticism who are tops at disliking to hear it."

SPRING ISSUE

Vol.1, No.3



I

When I jumped off the 157th floor of the Empire State Building, I did not anticipate that anything unexpected would occur; nothing worth writing to Sam Johnson about, anyway. And indeed, if I had only been able to go spla-a-at like and decent, self-respecting, healthy, robust, normal suicide, then there would have been no point whatsoever in my writing this report. Unfortunately, however, I bounced.

(Why did I jump? Oh, just the usual thing. You know... I had written a 48-page letter to the editor of "Startling Things", that fiend Sam Minestrone (ol' soupy hisself, but no relation to any of the Campbells). To be scientifically exact: I had poured onto paper precisely four quarts of my best blood, plus one semi-colon, which last I had included in order to give ol' soupy something to blue-pencil. Of course it was no longer to go on living after that demoniac edacter printed my semi-colon and viciously blue-penciled the four quarts of blood.)

To continue. . . I bounced. Or, to be gruesomely specific, I splashed off at an obtuse angle like a ricocheting egg, and whizzed unerringly through the door (Note to Editor: not doorway) of the Pen and Pencil, a saloon patronized by writers, editors, artists, and other mutated sub-types of the Amoebus Osmosius.

All would have still been well if I had only been able to brake myself to a halt in the vicinity of the bar. Unfortunately, so great was my momentum that I sped, like a cork swept along on the way down the room and through the door inconspicuously marked, "Gents". Here I found a handy seat, and collapsed, my senses reeling, my vision progressing rapidly from blurred to double-vision, to triple, to the spin or merry-go-round type. I found myself wondering as to the meaning of the small cardboard sign which hung on the door-knob. It read: "Club Room, Science-Fiction's Leading Editors' Angling Society". Into what foul den of iniquity had I, an innocent fan, been cast by ruthless Fate? What horrors awaited me? What instruments of torture would rend my writhing flesh? What...what...who...

II

Someone was shaking me insistently.

"I think he's a spy," a high, rasping voice was screeching hysterically. "Probably a lousy fan. Let's kill 'im!"

"Now, now, RIP, take it easy," a calmer voice interposed. "You know the rules as well as the rest of us; if he has thirty-five cents on him, he's entitled to live."

"Let's be scientific," this from a man evidently speaking between puffs on a pipe...puff...word...puff...word. "Let us first examine the specimen and determine our facts. Then we may formulate a scientific theory, as a preliminary to further tests, and upon the outcome of such tests, corroborative or discorroborative, as the case may be, we can then determine scientifically the future pattern of our activity by referring the unsolvable aspects of the problem to ENI WENI MANIAC, the mechanical brain at Princevard University. I know the janitor there quite well. Class of thirty-four. Brilliant chap."

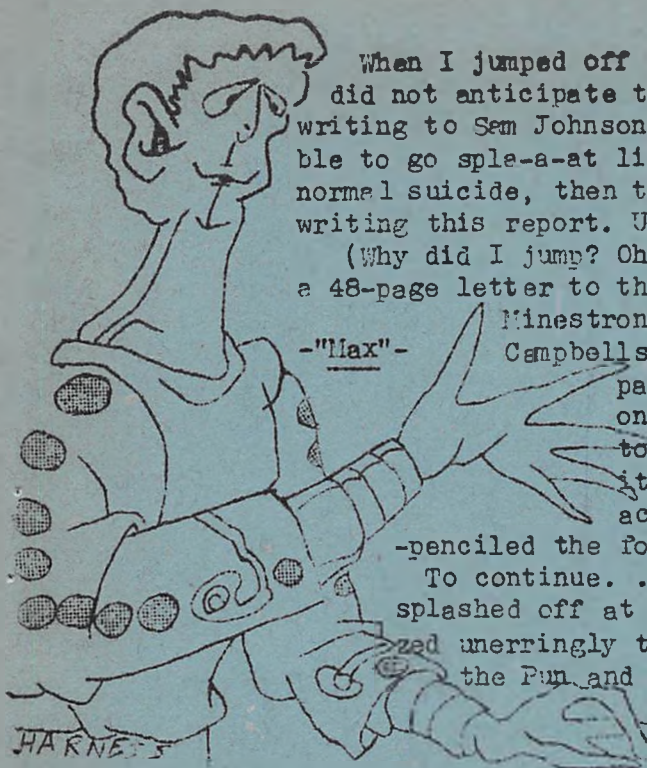
"You are absolutely right, John W. Jr.," an urbane, well-polished voice agreed. "I concur."

"Thank you, H.L."

"We have just heard from the Gold-Dust Twins. Anybody want to try for sixty-four dollars?"

"Not funny, Sam...puff...the hoi-noi...puff...should not be permitted to obtrude...puff...vulgarisms...puff...into serious scientific...puff...discussions...puff-puff-puff!"

"That, my dear John W., is just so much...puff. Pardon me while I choke to death, but--"



The
Intelli-
gents -
ia?

H. Maxwell

"If a mere twenty-five cent editor may voice an opinion - "

"Yes, Robert, you may put in your two-bit's worth."

"Thank you, Sam. Now, while I would not care to disagree openly with the gold-Dust Twins, still, I am not at all sure that our science has all the answers; especially in this case. For example, I strongly doubt that a so-called "thinking machine" can do as good a job at thinking as a man can - me for instance. It's - er - unconstitutional!"

"You have a point there, Robert. Sit on it lovingly. Something may hatch."

"Thank you, Sam. But what I mean is that we don't know that the prisoner here is a dastardly fan. After all, he looks inhuman enough. He could be an editor... Hey you, sir! Wake up!"

*Ed's note: I was accused of being unoriginal about my headings. This is my answer to that idea. *Fog P.*

"Huh?" I stalled.
"Who are you?"

"Who, me? - Er - Hugo Gernbatch." This lie, I hoped, would turn out to be a stroke of genius on my part. After all, "Gernbatch" is just like "Ghod"; everybody uses the name familiarly, but nobody has ever met the gentleman. Anybody could claim to be Hugo Gernbatch and get away with it.



John W. Jr

"See?" Said the one known as Sam. "I told you anyone whose head came to a point that sharp - "

"For goodness sake...puff...Let's...puff...proceed in a rational fashion. Mr. Gernbatch is, of course, entitled to remain here, enthroned upon the seat of honor, as befits the old bast - maestro who started it all. But now, f'hevven's sake, let's get on with the meeting. My dear H.L., old comrade, will you call the meeting to order, please?"

"Certainly, John W. Jr., old boy. H'rumph!... The Science-Fiction Leading Editor's Angling Society will now come to order...h'rumph!.. Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to pay our last respects to the dear, dead, departed, defunct, defrosted, ex-deity known as Science-Fiction. Alias, poor Yorick -"

"Oh, blow your nose!" This objection came explosively from the one known as Sam, the soup merchant - "We are not here to bury the body, but to perform an autopsy. The question before us. Izaak Waltons today is an old, time honored clique - why don't the fish bite anymore like when Grandpa was a mere lad?"

"Order! Order in the sh - er - the court!" H.L. thundered, rapping smartly on the toilet-seat. "Let's keep it clean and honest. Let's promulgate scientific delineation of eruditely verbose pomposia, let's scintillate in a session of senile sibilance, let's - Aaahrr shaddap!"

III

(The following excerpt from the minutes of the S-FLEAS is a reasonably accurate fac-simile. Of course, spelling, punctuation, profanity, Brooklyn accents, and gargling noises have been properly edited, washed, starched, ironed; everything is guaranteed sanforized.)

SAM: As far as I'm concerned, I prefer editing Westerns. I like the climate better out there. Less subject to sudden change.

JOHN W.: I hear they have a machine now which can edit a Western automatically. It will replace all twenty-five-cent editors.

H.L.: But John, dear, it would be uneconomic. A calimaniac machine capable of per-

forming such complex calculations would have to be at least fourteen blocks long, and it would cost one hundred and ninety two billion dollars -

JOHN W.: But to edit a western does not require such an apparatus at all. You must be thinking of the type of machine required to edit ASF.

H.L.: Then what are the requirements for editing a Western, or Startling, or whatever?

JOHN W.: It's simply a second-hand cigarette vendor, turned upside-down and equipped with electronic water-wings, except that you use slugs instead of quarters.

H.L.: Oh?... Wonder what they'll think of next?

JOHN W.: I think science is just peachie-wonderful! Right?

SAM: That's right, you're wrong. Science is alright as long as it sticks to time machines and erotic plumbing. But in the editor business it's like Be-Bop music - I don't like it!

RIP: What do you like, Sem? Now I - I Like -

SAM: Sex.

RIP: I like me. I think I'm wonderful! I -

SAM: And busting taboos. Busting taboos sells magazines.

RIP: I like me busting taboos. I - I - I - I - I -

JOHN W.: I disagree completely. This morning while shaving I was reading a footnote in the Journal of Pedagogic Science to the effect that four people out of every family have a smooth spot which is the favorite landing field for Jersey mosquitoes, and all this started a most profound train of thought. For, consider just this: why JERSEY mosquitoes? Why not Bronx Zoo Tse Tse Flies?? Now, if you take this thought and parlay it with Einstein's Theory as to the length of time uninvited relatives interpret as being a short weekend, then there is only one obvious conclusion -

SAM: I know that one - just being born without any of Einstein's relatives cluttering up the backyard. So what's all that got to do with getting me an increase in salary? H'mm?

JOHN W.: Just this, my moronic colleague... I am firmly convinced that Science-Fiction can be saved from a fate worse than, only if we incorporate more and more science. Science -

H.L.: - And more science -

JOHN W.: - Thank you, H.L. dear. - And more science.

SAM: Nuts! Taboo or not taboo... That is the question!

JOHN W.: (Frostily). True wit, my dear Samuel, is to be found only among men who have contributed gloriously to the elevation of the human Intelligence - Quotient. Any alleged witticism...puff puff...perpetrated by a Yahoo with an IQ of less than 365 is ipso facto not funny...puff.



Minestrone



RIP

RIP: Listen to me! Me - me - me - me -

SAM: You're off-key.

ROBERT: Why 365?

SAM: One for each day in the year, of course. You wouldn't want his mind to be a blank on Mother's Day, would you?

ROBERT: Personally, I think being able to think is more important than having brains.

RIP: I - I - I - I - I -

H.L.: Order in the outfield, there.

ROBERT: Has anybody got any concrete suggestions? Mr. Hamthing?

HAMTHING: Waddaya mean, concrete? Sir, I resent that lousy implication. I - uh - I am just as - uh - smart - as - us - the other - uh - hillbillies. Uh - yup - uh -

H.L.: I haven't said anything about this before, because I don't like to rub it in. But after all, when one applies wax, one must rub it in, musn't one, in order to get a high degree of gloss. /Ed's note: Johnson's Glo-Coat?/ Yes, gentlemen, I suggest that to cure Science-Fiction of its current dullness, you gentlemen need only do as I do. You need only rise and SHINE. Polish, in other words. Everything can always be improved by assiduous polishing. Polish is -

JOHN W.: My dear confrere, may I ask what shoe-shining has to do with Science-Fiction? By the way, I was reading in the Scientific Shoe-Shining Quarterly about a wonderful machine they've got now (just in the lab stage, of course), that can shine your shoes, polish your bald spot, and kiss your wife goodbye all at the same time while you are running to catch the 7:40 bus. Out of 23 test cases, only 14 missed the bus. Of course, Professor Hasslebrain's theory that the bus-driver's alarm-clock failed to ring that morning is little more than idle speculation. Still -

SAM: Will somebody please pass the sledge hammer?

RIP: I - I - I - I - I -

SAM: Turn that thing off, the needle's stuck.

RIP: I - I - I - I - I -

H.L.: Pat it on the back, and maybe it'll stop!

RIP: I - I - I - I'm thirsty. I move we adjourn to the bar.

ROBERT: Whoa up! Just a minute, now! THINK! What did we come here for today?

SAM: To lay all the blame on those crummy fan, of course.

ROBERT: Right! So I move, that each of us prints in the next issue of his rag, in a prominent place where the fans can't miss it, the following statement, quote, IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, unquote.



Hamthing



(POLTERGIST PUZZLE)

places. No sign of forcible entry. Property worth \$2,000 but only insured for \$800; that cuts out possible reasons for arson. Fire is described as "peculiar".

Another unusual fire (Balto. American - June 10, 1923) took place in Livermore, Calif. A whirlwind lifted mowed hay from a field to a power line where it caught fire, rolled down a hill, and started a range fire. The year before - 1922 - a large fire started in almost the same place and was just as freakish in origin, it was said.

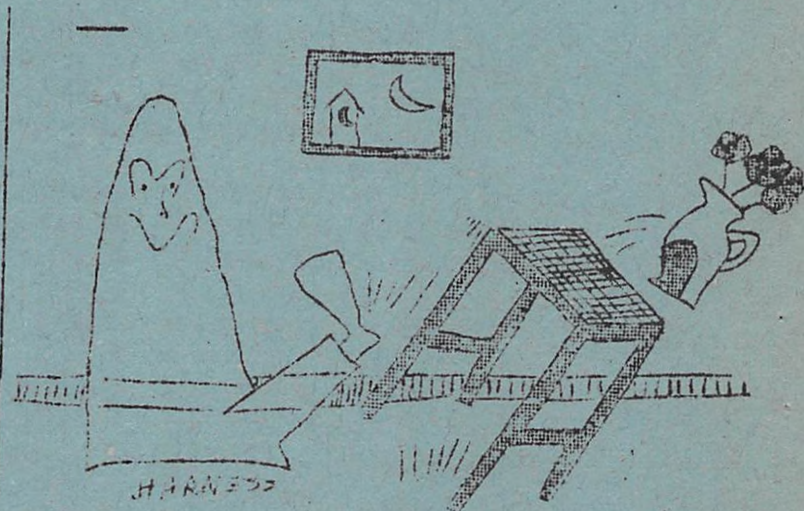
(Balto. Sun - Oct. 10, 1911) Balto., Md. : A fire of uncertain origin started in the Jenlenko house. Two more blazed up in the next three days.

(Balto. Sun - Aug. 5, 1912) Balto., Md.: Vacant house, on fire four times in one month, for which it was called a "hoodoo house".

Such incidents abound. The number of fires set by practitioners of malicious mischief might account for the mystery of some holocausts, but other cases are so freakish they argue for the supernatural forces I believe responsible.

And somehow I also think of a voodoo doll, its wax face melting in a fire, while a person elsewhere dies in a fiery blaze though the chair he occupies is hardly singed. Witchcraft might be a "wild talent". Then again, maybe a poltergeist entity was made to carry fire into a closed room and made a torch of a human.

ATTEND
THE
AGACONI!



THE INTELLI - GENTS - IA? COMP.

H.L.: Motion seconded and passed unanimously. Last guy at the bar is a lousy teetotaler. Yippee!

IV

Yes, friend fan, I know it's a long climb up to the 157th floor of the Empire State Building. Just be patient.... Ah-h-h! Here we are, at last. Now just stand on the edge (that's it, pal, right there).... Now close your eyes (tighter, baby, tighter)... Now hold your nose (atta, ol' kid, you're doing fine).... Now take a long, deep breath (hold it!).... NOW JUMP!

The POLTERGEIST



George T. Petzel

uzzie

A phantom tossed stones along a Baltimore street in the daylight, but no one could spot him. Firemen of a firehouse there hid upon the house tops; Police-men did likewise. But whoever - or whatever - was doing the throwing could not be found. (The datum is from the "Balto. American", Sept. 3, 1881.)

A throwing-ghost heaved 23 rocks in a closed room in Lexington, Ky. The wa-cha-ma-callit even laid violent hands on one witness, and dragged him around in the room by his ankle.

Somebody is spoofing?

Not a chance. It was said a purse was raised to anyone who would stay in this "haunted house" until dawn and meet the spook face to face. (Balto. American, Jan. 26, 1925)

The incredible multitude of poltergeist cases recorded by Fort, Carrington, and many others simply cannot be dismissed as hallucinations, hysteria, and superstition. One fact of significance is the peculiarity of poltergeist ((which spelling is correct? a)) manifestations - they have no resemblance to ghost stuff with white sheeted things, moanings, etc. Poltergeistic events have a definite - and peculiar - character all to themselves. They have a similarity, a provoking similarity, to phenomena termed "teleportation": the showerings of fish, rocks, frogs, etc, from the sky. It is probably both phenomena - teleportations and poltergeistic manifestations - somehow utilize the same obscure scientific principle for their purveying of objects apparently unsupported in the air.

Teleportation may be the operation of teleportive currents existing naturally in nature the same as terrestrial magnetism; poltergeistic manifestations being not of the cosmic proportions as teleportation may well be a wild talent of some individuals, but I also wonder if not it is also produced by unseen entities.

Possibility of a "wild talent": 13 year old boy of Roscoe, Ga. - whenever he retires his bed shaken - odd phenomena ceases when he leaves bed - four men attempt to keep bed from pitching about but are unsuccessful. This datum - from "Balto. American", March 22, 1896 - unusual in that it is the first I found wherein the events were considered a strange power of the person they revolve around. Why children form the catalyst in most poltergeist cases may indicate the "wild talent" explanation; or then again, it may be the poltergeist activity is a force separate and is attracted into manifestation around children. As small children are more easily intimidated, it could be that their quicker fear is an element in poltergeist manifestations.



The Englishmen who bought a Turkish rug - according to the "Balto. American", Nov. 4 1923 - claimed it moved 4 to 6 inches every night. The magic carpet of "Arabian Nights" - might it not have been a poltergeist-floated carpet?

A native in Borneo made a wicker basket which was taken to the Peabody Museum at Harvard and suspended from a nail in a glass case. Then it began to spin in Oct. 1925

and was still spinning in April, 1926. They transferred it to a new location but after a few hours it started spinning again. Scientists puzzled. (Balto. News - April 12 and 22, 1926) Nobody suggested a poltergeist.

(Balto. American - Aug. 3, 1883) Burkeville, Texas Well on a farm, with two buckets, in which gravity was reversed. For ten years the empty bucket would go down while the other, full of water, ascended to the top and remained there! It would draw any hour, three or four times a day, irregardless of weather or season. It would not draw if water was left in one bucket. To me this is a poltergeist entity (or else the telekinesis of someone) seemingly chained to this well.

Poltergeist showering in the Alchemist's four states of matter - liquid, fire, gas, and stones.

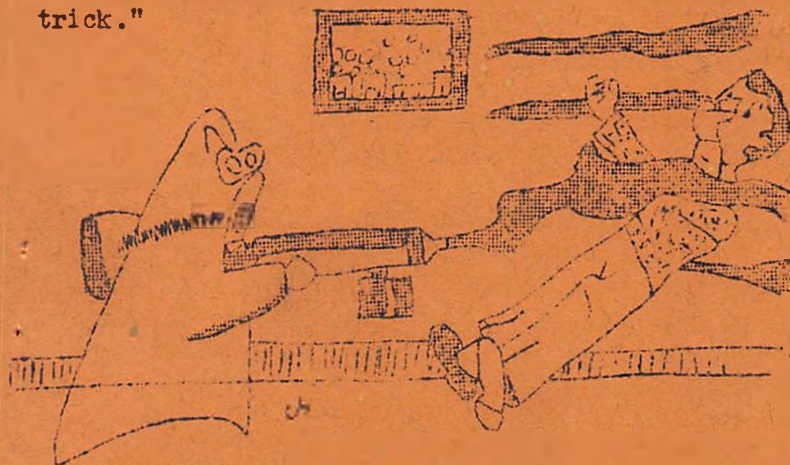
(Balto. American - Feb. 16, 1923) Battle Creek, Mich.: Eleven people in hospital, victims of a mysterious gas that invaded two homes half a block apart. Coroner, health officer, and physicians unable to determine kind of gas or its origin.

(Balto. American - Sept. 27, 1924) Frischhalf, Germany: Mysterious fumes from lake put over 300 inhabitants in hospital with malady like sleeping-sickness. No fumes from atmosphere over lake definitely found...only suspected.

(Balto. American - Jan. 24, 1896) Lewiston, Me.: The fumes of sulphuretted - hydrogen rendered several rooms in the local school uninhabitable. The principal jumped to the conclusion that some students were thus retaliating for his driving them away from the school's front street where they had been playing football some time prior.

When the fumes pervaded the school, the boys were kept in the rooms until the guilty would confess. None did, and so the innocent were made sick also by the gas. The gas generator was not found.

"The school authorities have as yet obtained no clew to the perpetrators of the trick."



Which statement conflicts with their first conclusion that the disbanded football playing students were reputed the culprits thus avenging themselves. My surmise: a poltergeist.

(Balto. American - March 2, 1876) What is described as "gas from a leaky main" penetrated two houses in Providence, R.I. Six in one house prostrated and three in the other.

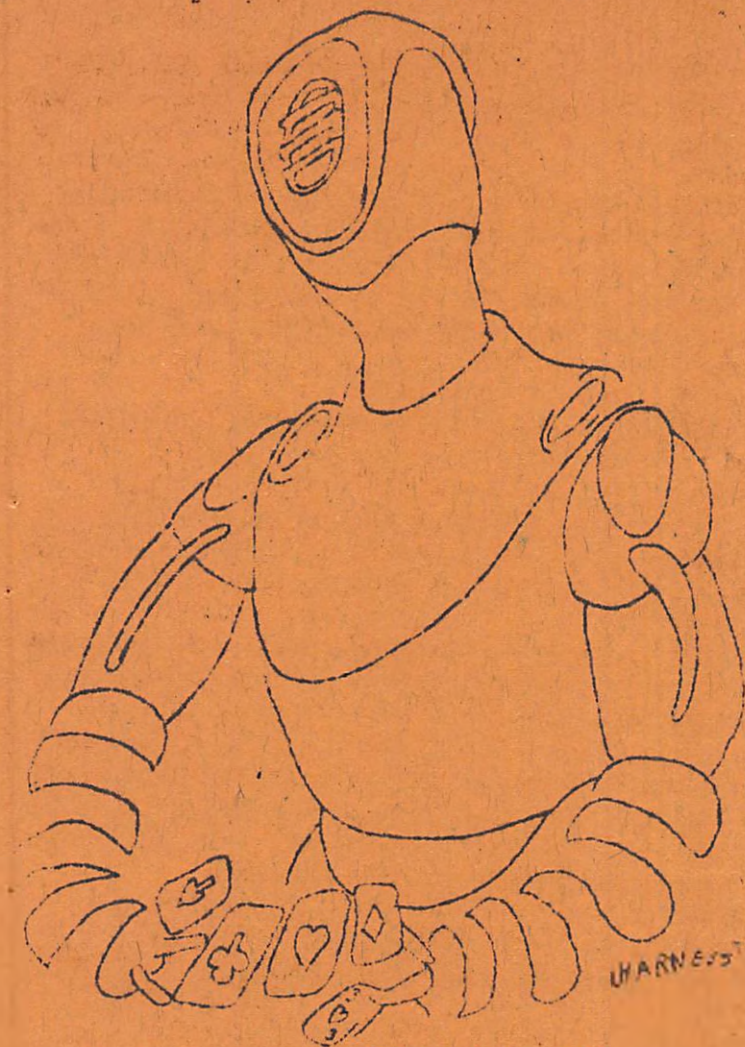
Damning is the remark that no gas was used in either house.

Teleported fire - a voodoo doll burning in a stove - woman found burned to death but nothing around her even sereed.

(Balto. American - Feb. 14, 1924) In Atlanta, Ga.- Woman dead, face and hands charred beyond recognition.

(Balto. Sun - June 11, 12, 1885) Balto. Md.: Woman went into cellar to feed goats. Soon afterwards, smoke poured out of cellar window; it was on fire. Woman and goats found suffocated by smoke when firemen entered. Fire thought started when lamp was knocked from woman's hand by a goat. The only two lamps in the house were still in the upstairs. Cause of fire a mystery never unraveled. ((cont. after "Intelligentsia"...))

(Balto. Sun - March 15, 1886) Balto. Md.: Vacant house on fire in four different



Lament
of
a
21st Century
Writer

H. MAXWELL

When space was a place still unknown to our race,
Then editors let writers write
Any queer idea they found in their beer
(Or whatever beverage brought their age cheer),
And they'd never blue-pencil the words of a seer
Who, while tight, claimed prophetic insight.
But space nowadays, we all know like our face,
And editors always decree
That a toper stay sober on Rigel or Koba
When writing about a Congressional prober
Who is trying to prove that conditions on Koba
Are as fouled up as in Kankakee.
There's no use to invent a brave fictional geat
Who gets drunk with the Princess of Ztyx.
(If we write in that vein, they declare us insane.)
Instead, they want facts, such as "Zytx Banker Slain",
Or discussion of the likes and dislikes of some pain
In the --- who's a star in Zytx Pix.
Oh hang! How I long for the old days, long gong,
When a writer could ~~dash~~ write what he pleased
(Or if he, smoking hashish, became a fiend that could
nash ish
Teeth like a Fashish --- well anyway)
---thash ish
To shry --- Bartender! 'Nother bottle. Pash ish
To my editor friend, the one with the two
heads and the tentacles, the
foul beasht.

Undertaker

Q!

work!

And we're not just kidding, either. If we get out even farther off-schedule (!) than as per usual, the reason is that we've been extremely busy. If I've "ignored" your letters, please don't get mad. We'll get to them sooner or later. #Although some (this isn't it) of this issue is even margined, I'm going to institute a no-even-margins policy. Some of this was done preceeding the writing of this ... well, before I wrote what you're reading, hence the even margins. #As a word or two of explanation: a short while ago, I read in some fanz or other I tried to find it, but sadly to no avail the best argument against justified margins I've ever heard in any sort of a publication. It was in essence/you spell it, I can't/this: "Typed material was never meant to have justified margins. A printer has various sizes of spaces so that he can justify his margins easily, and without an obvious amount of show. The only reason he justifies them at all is that they must be even so he can lock them in his printing chase. If a typewriter is used, the spaces cannot be varied in order to justify. Double spaces have to be incorporated. These, unless done with great skill, make the typing look spotty, and give a generally bad impression while reading is being done. Even if this process is followed with great skill, it absorbs a great amount of time, and the end product does not 'justify' that..." #This, I believe, is the perfect argument about/for non-justification of typewritten margins. The underlined portion is the meat of the whole thing. Henceforth, I will not worry about margins, and to H--- with those who still insist on them. So there.

BOB BLOCH...the sloppy beer-drinker...

Many thanks for UNDERTAKINGS. As usual, glad to see George Wetzel represented; his eel article in the Umbra #4 and this one have pleased me in recent months, since George is one of the few who carry on the grand old tradition of Research (Boggs is another) in an era when most fans just seem to write "off the top of their heads". But George had better change his spelling to "Merritt" or incur fannish wrath.// So you've discovered TO'ORROW, eh? Trust this leads you to THE DISAPPEARANCE and NIGHT UNTO NIGHT, two other Wylie-items with definite stf background. Wylie (like Aldous Huxley) is pretty much a prophet without honor these days, and the stuff you printed contains within itself the germ of the reason why. I commend you now to Robert N. Linder's nonfiction psych. book, PRESCRIPTION FOR REBELLION.

-hastily-

Bob L. Boch

As a matter of fact, I rather like George myself. That eel article really sent me staggering with laughter and amazement. Later in here you'll see a letter by him you might like. #I blush at the blender (oh gad!) I pulled with the Merritt title. I don't know whether it was George or me, but I shouldn't have let it slip by. #I'm going to hunt up those books you suggested. Maybe someone has them and would like to sell. I'll buy. #I discovered TO'ORROW during the summer, so later I got my friend, Jim Norwell to do a review on it (being that he was equally impressed). I might reccomend to you, a very fine pb named THE LOYALTY OF FREE MEN by Alan Barth. It's a Cardinal edition. It is a most excellent book, and I would heartily reccomend it also to all my friends.

"Beer! Through a straw???"

GEORGE WETZEL...the eel vendor...

Don't print my "A Forgotten Story of A. Merritt's?" yet until we straighten out an error of mine. Too late! Too late!

I sent a copy (written differently) to Page Brownton for his zine a year ago & when the guy never answered letters, nor printed at June '54, I gave up & re-wrote it from my notes & sent it to you.

Now this morning he sends his "Tellus" #2 & in it my Merritt article.

~~Some, there is some data in the version you have that is not in "Tellus" - data about my writing to American Weekly & so forth.~~

Would you still desire to run it but change the title slightly? Or even cut it down some & use a filler? [I did, but no cutting done]

Incidentally I got my first reply from the Am. Weekly in Jan. '54 and not '53 as I erroneously dated it.

Also new data on it: Am. Weekly wrote me on Sept. 16, 1954 that they cannot settle whether or not Fenimore is an Merritt alias, but they were forwarding my letter to Merritt's widow.

So, in time, I will have more data on it. Want to hold off on it?

Ken Kruegar of Shroud Book Co. has decided to use this Fenimore (Merritt?) story in his coming weird anthology.

In place of this Merritt article for U2, I am enclosing my "The Nordic Influence Upon Poe". This Poe article has not been sent anywhere else, so there will be no embarrassing fiasco this time, as occurred with the Merritt article. Please forgive the unfortunate occurrence.

Al Leverenty left last night & visited me for two days. He and I got a lot of my future "Lovecraft Collector's Library" columns worked out. He gets out of the army Dec. this year & will re-start his fanzine.

Al and I went up town yesterday & went in a book store which had a bar! [The fan's dreamland!] connected with it. We carried out several imported foreign editions of German "Hoffman" beer. When I told a friend today that I got drunk in the back of a book store he wouldn't believe me. [Understandable]

Please again, forgive the way I goofed on the Merritt article. -George-

[Before I answer you, George, be sure and (everybody) note that the cartoon

on the side there is by Keasler, and is being reprinted without the express consent of Archives #5...they were just too funny to let lie in a Sepszine forever. ...Now what was I talking about...eyes. George, your mistake with the manuscripts was not half as bad as mine... I misspelled "Merritt"! This is an unforgivable fansin, and the only big goof I've pulled off in...well, it's still a big one. #You should have the Poe article back by now. The reason I'm returning it is simple - you didn't finish it....

"Beer! In a book store???"

BATTELL LOOMIS...comes up with a note after a very long period of time...Hooray!

Thanks. I think the Annas yarn was almost professional enough to have sold to a regular. When you are old enough, you can tell your children you were first to print a pub from back to front making for easier reading. [??? - mine friend, methinks you pulled out the wrong staples...the protective cover y'know...here I go to all this extra trouble and expense to save the cover from the mailman and you pull out the wrong staples because of it... Oh Gad, what IS this fandom coming to?]

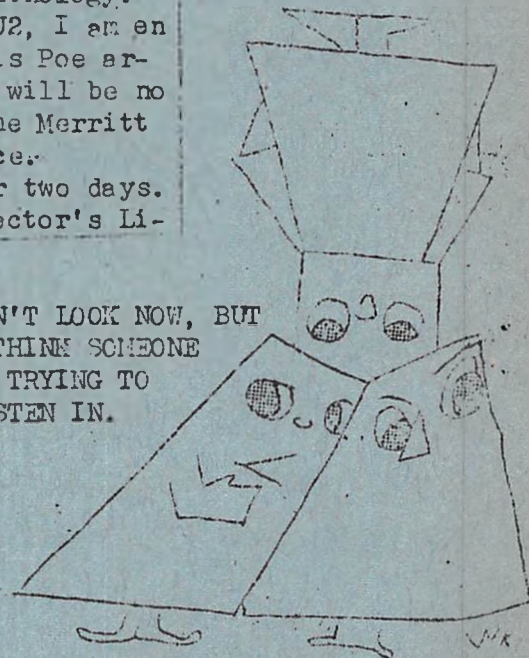
If you also honour Merritt, it would have been fairer to spell his name as he did. I never enjoyed his stuff.

Wetzel's the only rhyme I know for pretzel, so it's too bad he's not a twist. [Sir!]

Spelling can be learned. Why not try it?

I think Wylie spouts too much. I have not been terrorized. I'll see you in 2014A.D. [Where? A detention cell?]

-Battell Loomis



DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT
I THINK SOMEONE
IS TRYING TO
LISTEN IN.

RICHARD GEIS ... the foul arch-fiend striketh..



Gads, Sam, I was astonished when Undertakings came. Such a change from the previous half-way good issues. As it is now it's the poor fan's Brivizine. [Trying to be cute cur?]

Pretty good cover, but a pretty bad story. Couldn't finish it. Never did like badly written amateurish pro-fiction. Even when I wrote it.

Fanzines reviewed were old...couldn't be helped, I guess, but a pity. Littlebuscher needs to discipline his writing quite a bit. [And so do you, my little man.]

Get away with that fiction, boy....

The issue wasn't worth the 5¢ it cost to mail it. [I note that you only spent 2¢ for the card you used to mail in that opinion...]

Frank and candid, that's me.

[I always suspected you had a schizophrenic tendency.]

Dick- [I might say something very impolite to you, Dick, but I shall refuse to lower myself to the level that would be necessary to speak to you. Therefore, it is my great pleasure to merely print your 2¢ card's worth, and let larger fan-

dom be the judge. I have but one thing to say to you:

Receipt

"Your spirits shine through you."

DES EVERY ... dissents, but in the way of any true reviewer ...

Here's your 15¢ You rate a rev. Agein. Longer this time too.

By the way, you can show this money to Paul Littlebuscher - who evidently doesn't realize that Canadians use gold and silver for exchange. Mayhap he thinks we barter for furs, stf mags, and uranium? Hah! If he decides to come up end see us sometime tell him to make it about July and don't forget his overcoat, snowshoes, skis, and geiger counter. More about Mr. M. later.

I don't know if you sent me a ?nairre or if I just lost it, but I can't find one now, anyway, so I'll just have to give you a run-down generally. Starting from the front this time. (Last time I opened the wrong staples and had to make like the heathen Chinees and roll my eyeballs backwards instead of forwards.

Cover - very nice, except a bit cluttered. No date, or number I notice, but do it matter? [I did put the mailing date on the mailing cover, and I think I mentioned the number in the letter section...be I wrong?]

High Psi Drive. I've seen Annas do better, and I think he could have done better on this one if he'd tried longer. And maybe stretched it out some. Didn't give himself time to develop the darn thing fully.

What's this with Tomorrow!!!!!!?(I think that's the way Wylie says it.) Personally, I can't see what everybody's so het up about. As far as I know the book was tremendously overwritten, completely egotistical, and entirely unfounded. (I now wait with

RON VOIGT...seems to be saying something ... evidently...

Let us not go off the deep end about this point, line, plane, solid junk.

I agree with you one-hundred percent that the point, line, and plane are but mathematical abstractions. But solids are not. [a novel viewpoint] In mathematics, solids are the only real things and though they may be cross-sections into intangibles such as the plane (which is not really the case in cross-sectioning at all, since the plane is still part of the solid) it exists mathematically as well as practically. [Proof? I ask you to prove that solids exist, sir, without referring to "mathematical abstractions" in your proof. You have damned yourself by your own words.]

Locke, Berkeley both tried to prove non-existence of matter in a different way, leading to subjective idealism, then solipsism which can be made into reductio ad absurdum.

You have built your arguments on poor assumptions which are really not true. Although matter may be cross-sectioned theoretically into planes, an infinity of planes cannot compose matter. Stack plane after plane on top of each other and you will not get a solid. This is a mathematical fact. [My arguments are mathematically correct. You cannot deny that. If they are poor assumptions, how do you get off claiming as the basis of your argument the very mathematics which you say make such poor assumptions? #If matter can be divided into an infinite number of planes, how can it not be composed of those self-same planes? #You are trying to base an argument on things just as "true" as those which I work with. The only thing wrong is that my argument runs consistently where yours goes around in circles. #What is "true" anyway???

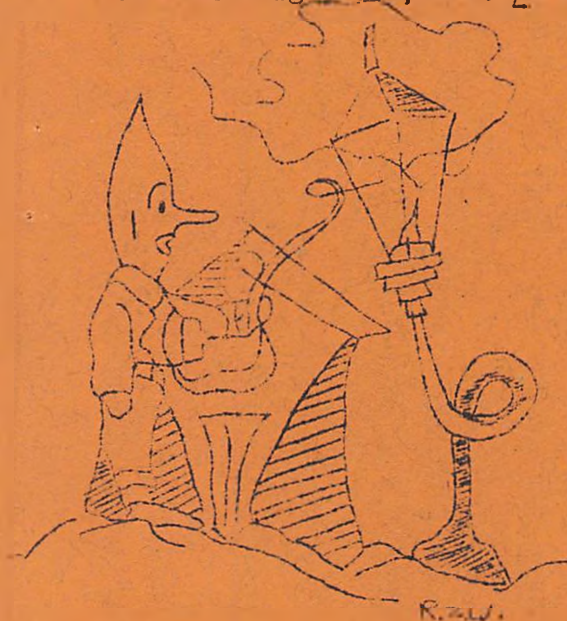
Solids presuppose lines and planes rather than the other way around. You need the solid to obtain a second and first dimension. [Mathematically you need the first dimension first...]

You are entirely right, time has nothing to do with it.

Space-time does not do away with reality, but provides a fresh interpretation. All philosophical argument which has been constructed to prove we do not exist is a reductio ad absurdum: if we don't exist, how could we possibly argue about our existence? [I don't maintain that the entity-world does not exist...just that the material one doesn't. Outside of the material I will not operate because I know not too much about it if anything. #If we did exist, how could there be any question of our non-existence? #Many things which you take for absolute truth in mathematics are proven by the "reductio ad absurdum" method...why then do you doubt the method now?]

Get a new argument, Sam. [this one isn't done yet...]

-Ron Voigt



DEA ... has a few comments to make ... happily ...

Received Undertakings No.2 (I think). A good job and plenty reading materials, but are you a radical -? No editorial - no contents page - or what you have it is on the last page.

How about some order. [Writer! Another beer for this lady!] It is nice for any editor, pro or otherwise, to introduce themselves first and line up the materials later.

(Don't mind the grammar, it is not my language)
So, all in all, it is a promising fanzine (for lending) if you have some order and less fiction. The work or printing on the art's all good. [I've noticed before that my mimeo does better on artwork than typing ... Perhaps it has a neurosis.]
The best Xmas for you -

DEA

[I don't know about a contents page yet. Maybe so, maybe no. #I.s for the arrangement of the mag - I rather like it as it is because nomatter how the first parts strike you, this section lets you finish the mag with that certain taste on your mouth. A sort of spicy flavour...]

fling the partners as it seems to be becoming in real life, judging from the soaring divorce rates. I am glad to see at least one author with enough stamina to refrain from such an easy out... [It didn't strike me that way at all. The story just wouldn't have made sense had Annas finished with the "stereotyped ending". The whole point of the story would have been lost in the - as I might put it - shuffle.] Aside from that, I have only the other comment on the story: I felt he stereotyped the opposition to the idea of a "test tube baby". A little more care in depicting the characters who abhorred the foetus in the vat would have given reality to the problem. However, in that case it wouldn't have appeared in UNDERTAKINGS, but more likely in IMAGINATION... [I agree with you on this point. It might well have given the story even more spark. I've noticed that not only were the "opposition" stereotyped, but the whole trend in characterization in the story tended to have that feeling about it. Perhaps Annas should work harder in that direction. It might mean more sales for him.]

There was one untitled, un-paged article which purported to be an excerpt from a Phillip Wylie book entitled TOMORROW. Although my opinion of Wylie's writing is very low (just one cut above Micky Spillane's), I cannot believe that Wylie could possibly have been guilty of such sloppy thinking and even sloppier spelling... For instance, I am quite sure no editor of a professional newspaper (much less any pro-author) would have utilized such terms as "presumed quilt", "Dellemma", "loberty", "Iron Curtin", "pology"... As to the sloppy thinking, well -- I don't know. [True...] So many persons of presumed intelligence indulge in mental fog when it comes to attempting to think neatly and clearly that the word "fugghead" has come into use to describe them. [YOU must be having difficulty in just writing this, then...] If this article was truly written by Wylie (and merely distorted out of credibility by amateur typing) it places him squarely in the front ranks of the world's great fuggheads. [So you want company?] How he could twist the President's plea that all citizens should turn away from their cynical indifference to civic and political graft and corruption and search their own souls for a sense of responsibility toward their God and their country into an attempt to enforce some pietistic "conformity" onto the people -- only a fugghead knows. How he could analyze the failure of the citizenry of this nation to live up to the ideals of this nation -- and then fail to see that the reason for their failure lay in the abandonment of those same ideals... again, only a fugghead knows.

[Oh, pardon ME, C-Great-Judge-Of-Intelligence. Were that I would bend low in the presence... that I could see the channels in which your thoughts run... As to the spelling: I ask you, can you truthfully say that after and during the process of typing about 20,000 words you would not make typos? I know that there is some misspelling, but these things you point out above (except curtin) were obviously typos. I wish to God several other people would make the distinction also. There IS a difference, y'know. # Wylie's writing was a direct excerpt, and the only difference in it and the one in the book was layout and "amateur typing" ... as you so cleverly put it ... It was not an article, but an excerpt. Being this the case, and being also that you did not read the book, and being again that you dislike Wylie's work anyway, your use of "fugghead" seems quite ludicrous. # I don't think that the President's "plea" was 'misinterpreted' by Wylie at all. The very fact that it was so "misinterpreted" by almost everyone who heard or read it (and the context even as you put it still reads the same) leads me to believe that it was more accurate than you would have us believe. # Again, we might ask you "responsibility to WHO'S God?" A good Communist worships his "god" called Communism, and pays allegiance to his country - Russia -. Do you mean to tell me that said President was asking for this? That's the way you would have us interpret this thing which you have paid homage to. You simply cannot prove that this is so. # Another thing: I know from experience that children are being taught that Communism is next to Atheism, and the American way is the way of God (who's?). I know from experience. # If you still want to contend that pietistic conformity is not the way of "America", then may I remind you of the recent addition to our pledge... WHAT DO YOU CALL IT? "TRUE AMERICANISM"??? If you do then you are proving my point, and Wylie's. You may call it "Americanism", but I call it enforced conformitism. # Are you quite sure who the fuggheads are? Who would you have to be the judge?]

Mittlebuscher's reviews were interestingly different -- interesting in that they reveal as much of Mittlebuscher as they do of the fanzines reviewed. However, the idea

bowed head while American Fandom rises in a body and decapitates me.) Furthermore, you said to turn to the editorial for more about this ish's dissertation on Tomorrow, but I couldn't even find a contents page, let alone an editorial. [There wasn't an editorial, or a content's page ... officially. I usually let the contents go on the last page of the editorial or the letter column in the form of "credits section". There is no editorial this ish also. Unless you wish to count this section as my editorial section ... which I do.]

Review on van Vogt. The only thing I didn't like about this was its length - or rather, lack of it. I would really like to see more of these kind of things done. Of course, I realize that most fan nowadays don't recognize half the author's names on a promag's contents page, but for those of us who find time to read stf occasionally I think these biographies are interesting. [I enjoyed Voorheis' too. Very much so in fact. #Thinking about author's names, I'm one of those long lost people who do have a fair knowledge of author's names. I usually read a mag starting with the writers I like best, and go on through to the last...if I find time.]

A Forgotten Story of Merritt's would be interesting to a Merritt fan, which I am not, but it was well-done.

Coroner's Corner is good, though I disagree with Rolfe almost entirely. One point I would like to make here is the idea of "originality". Why is it so important for a story to be "original"? New ideas are well and good, but there's absolutely nothing wrong with an old theme as far as I can see. As long as good stories are being written on the older themes, why should that automatically lessen their value? Oh yes. Here's my five favourite authors: van Vogt; Heinlein; Bradbury; Damon Knight; and out of the fifty or so left, I can't make a decision for the fifth. Leinster maybe. Or Wyndam. Maybe even Jules Verne or H.G. Wells.

Now to the Condor's Eye. All I can say here is that I'm glad I don't do my reviews like this. I had intended to launch into a long dissertation defending fan fiction, especially my own two efforts which he rather shredded up, but since it might come out as egotistical as his reviews, I won't.

Protest was ample.

The only letter I care to comment on is my own - thus revealing myself as egotistical as I said Mr. M. is. However, you asked me to, so that alleviates the enormity of the crime. Personally, I don't like the art jammed in helter-skelter all over the place. It is well-done for the most part, albeit there is too much for my discriminating taste. Didn't list my favourite zines because I don't get enough to make a really fair comparison. Besides, the first, second, third, and fourth choices would be Canadian zines - I'm nationalistic, as well as egotistical, you see. Most zines are international, even the Canadian ones, but their readers aren't always. [True...true]

If you can't get another reviewer, I'll be glad to help out. My ego again.

One more complaint. [?] The staples dropped half the mag all over my breakfast the other day. Staple two wires from the front and two from the back, if you can afford four.

[I thought I had amply stapled it together. The staples didn't quite clench, but I took a hammer and beat them flat anyway. Apparently it was to no good effect.]

G.M.Carr ... has a word or two on "fuggheads" I presume ...

That was quite an UNDERTAKINGS -- in fact, it would seem too much of an "undertaking" for the stapler used, inasmuch as I had to restaple the whole thing in order to read it. Aside from that, it arrived in good condition; legible, if not particularly neat. A little more white paper around the edges would have helped the latter since a too-crowded format leads toward monotony.

extos: "Several rivals claim the honor of the invention."

The contents were too voluntutious to permit of detailed comment -- which is, perhaps, just as well. [Heinn?] However, I found Hal Annas' story "High Psi Drive" interesting from the angle that the author was able to resist the obvious cliché-ending. It has become almost as standard in plot casting to unravel marital problems by reshuf-

of taking a half dozen of the best and giving them intensive reviews instead of attempting to review the entire field is a good one. Even when one does not agree with the reviews given. [Not only the best mags, but some of the "fair" ones too...]

Guess that's all the comment I have time for this time...

G.M.Carr

"...their bulk proved more awe-inspiring than efficient..."

DAVE NORMAN ... asks a pertinent question or two ...

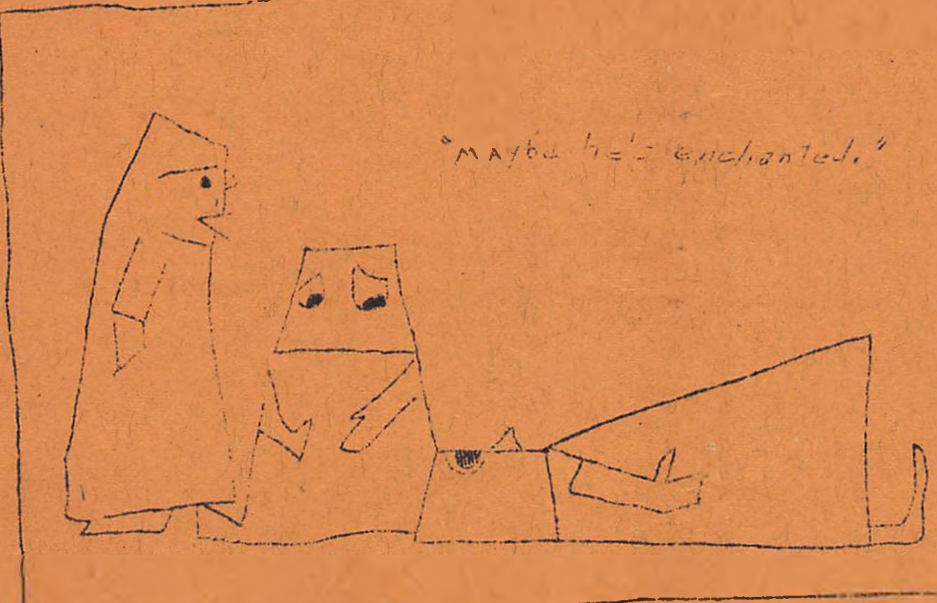
Thanks for UNDERTAKINGS. Sorry, but this will have to be a very short letter - haven't any time, thessall. One question has been plaguing me - wha' happen to Sam Johnson? [According to some people the only thing that happened and was wrong was my birth.] Maybe he committed suicide? Drank poison by mistake? (Opened the wrong bottle mayhap?) Got run over by a car? All these thoughts were cousing through my mind when the 2nd ish of UNDERTAKINGS came through the US mules.

That paper must have been awfully cheap -- yours is about the first mag I've seen

printed on one side only. And, actually, you lose a lot on the postage. Ah-weesel, since there are only a few stories in the ish, I'll put in a few caustic comments.

That test-tube baby stuff was only read because of a suggestion here and there of sex... and who stf for the science in it? [Ves???] However, it was rather boring...

Tomorrow! seemed too radical, almost as of Communistic origin. [Are you trying to be so nieve as to think only Commu-



nists are radicle? Look about yourself, my deluded friend. Besides, "radicle" is only a word meaning "pertaining to the root or origin; fundamental; original; underived; extreme:". You are making the mistake of most people of connecting the word "radicle" with the word "communism". It is not so, nor ever will be until the definition of the word "radicle" changes. I am radicle. SO ARE YOU. Above all, you should be aware of this fact. #is a matter of speculation: science is the most radicle thing on earth! I realize that the truths it pointed out are truths, however, he used too broad statements to illustrate important ideas. e.g., the blurb about Eisenhower in his speech, saying that Communism is Godless, et al. He does have a point there, but I'm afraid that I never heard or saw any of the things he described as an outcome of it. [Pardon my ignorance, but I just reread the exerpt, and from it, I can safely say that he did not mention anything that would result from the synonimizing of "Godliness" and "Americanism". He merely pointed out the fact, and indicated a danger. If you read something else, then please tell me so I can correct the exerpt.] I think he was misleading on that. If you like Tomorrow! so well, why not ask the publishers and ask for permission to reprint parts of it, rather than print someone else's version of it. [The exerpt, was an exerpt, and was directly from the book proper.] I saw the reader's digest version of it, and although I didn't read it, I glanced through it. I'm glad to say that many, many people are picking that book up, putting it down, and believing it. At least it has started people thinking.

You shouldn't have crowded like you did on the last page. It was very messy, etc. I don't think another page would have broken you, unless you were down to your last

ream & stencil. At least you could save space for yourself. Man! I can't believe it - Sam Johnson without anything to say...that is, say, with nothing to say.

I guess that date on the backcover, 11/18/54, was when you mailed it. Come now...it couldn't have taken a month to reach here. In case you're interested, it reached here 12/11/54. Believe it or not, that was when I mailed it. Maybe this explains why the answers to the mag just started coming in the first and second weeks of Dec. Now I've got a mystery. How, or why, were the mags delayed so long???

Looks like thassall for now. Please write...you owe me about 3 or 4 or 5 letters as it is. At least confirm you haven't broken your arms, and maybe your neck (nice idea).

-Dave -

I know that I haven't been writing to my correspondents...and feel it more than they do probably. I've just been too busy with a science project (trying to get a scholarship in science) to even think about writing like I used to. I've completed the work, but now I've got a job, so that the most I can hope for will be to work on the weekends, and at night or some days when I'm off. If you get this first, you'll know just how busy I am. As a matter of course, I'm going to send this to all my correspondents. If you people want to continue to write with and to me, let me know. I'll answer all your letters. Those who do not want to continue correspondence with me, only have to stay silent. I will get this stack of letters cleared by either discarding or answering. You have the choice, not I.

"What we see depends mainly on what we look for."

Franklin-----

H. MAXWELL ... from the wilds of NYC a voice drifts ...

I found myself favourably impressed with SONNENBLUMEN, especially with the art-work. Glad to see that at least one of your illustrators is a student of anatomy (the "Tomorrow!" illo). Everybody should study anatomy - especially artists.

"The High Psi Drive" - this is the first fan-tale I could honestly rate as good (in comparison with pro-yarns. The beginning seemed awkward, the yest I enjoyed. Tell Annas to revise his beginning and then try to collect some rejection slips with this one. It just might not get a rejection slip.

"Tomorrow!" - too emotional, too opinionated, too unconstructive. Wylie's main point seems to be that the A-Bomb is the primary menace to Western civilisation. I understood that his main point was that Western civilisation's its own greatest enemy. But the A-Bomb, in itself, is no menace at all. It is an inanimate object, infinitely less volatile than the passions of men, no more dangerous when not misused than a dry martini.

The primary menace to the West, today, is a rapidly-rising Asia. This continent has never known any other principle of social organization than that of the single hierarchy-of-power. Since the West is committed to the multiple-hierarchy system, and since the two systems are 100% incompatible, then a knock-down drag-out clash between West and East is inevitable. (Unless the West adopts Communism, and thereby loses by default.) But that clash would have come if the A-Bomb had been left on the drawing-boards. The A-Bomb is not in itself the primary menace.

One criticism of the mag - staples are not big enough. But if you got bigger staples you'd probably turn out a bigger book to fit the staples. So, why not do like I had to do; staple the thing in two sections. I was not even aware that you published a mag. What was its name, and why did you fold, as you must have done? This is certainly something new for me. You could call the second section The Morgue. Use it for your Dead Letters Dept. (like this one) and various every-ish depts. Reserve the front-parlor section for articles, fiction, etc. If I did that, I'd have to put out two mags, and I can barely get this one out now! Who're you kidding?



How about an Obituary Column, giving the life-stories of authors, fans, or whatever?

H. Maxwell-

[Who would be willing to write such?]

PAUL MITTLEBUSCHER ... the Concor speaketh ...



To begin with, I'd like to wish you a Merry Christmas. It promises to be the "white" variety here in Missouri, although the light fall of snow we enjoyed Friday has dissipated to considerable extent. I am making use of one of my presents at the moment (yes, we opened them early ... I could say it was done because as you probably know, according to a professor late of Michigan State, the world is scheduled to end Tuesday (21st); however, it was actually because I expect to spend the eventful date in Kansas City), at any rate, the small RCA Victor crooning in the background was a Yuletide acquisition. So, with light opera casting a spell upon us, we convey our thoughts as they see fit to enjoy birth in our low, lavacious mind.

I received UNDERTAKINGS #2 and have been reading it off and on since Friday evening or so; as a matter of fact, I just finished TOMORROW! and the mag lies open beside my typewriter. Well what does one say, Sam? I agree with 95% of what Wylie sez, but ... "the iron curtain would have been dissolved by a mere ultimatum (1946 - '47)" ... considering PW elaborates to some extent on personal freedom and America's "former" adherence to the right isn't it just a little strange to suggest that this, our latter-day Rome, has the privilege of stating "Look you Kats. Youse guys are gonna do like we say or you gets clobbered. Now we don't dig this curtain thing, so knock it off pronto." Of course I'm all for intellectual freedom, conforming to dogma holds no allure for me, but let's try to be consistent about this thing. [I see what you mean. What Wylie was referring to as "ultimatum" was the idea of threatening Russia with an "intellectual blockade", but it is - in essence - the very same thing. You raise a good point for discussion. Would it have been the thing to do, or would it not have been the thing to do? #Anybody interested?/Aside from such, I feel that this is an excellent piece of material - lots to chew on. If only the masses could cease stuffing its gut, guzzling its booze, manhandling its blondes, following its newspaper "convictions" of estranged physicians, or indulging in its "plain folk's" praise the Lord and screw the opposition, politicking [Howz that again?/... its witch-hunting righteousness, its "pious" Christian statements about our religious organization ("Damn those Jews/ Catholics/ Babbtists/ Methodists/ etc.") and stop and THINK, maybe - just maybe - we might accomplish something.

Yes, Sam, this was fine stuff. I can truthfully say that I feel that this issue is one of the finest fanmags I've read in quite some time. [From Paul M., this is truly a tribute. I am truly honored. My gratitude, sir. #What was that, Geis???

"...and then I saw the biggest damn snakes..."

I haven't read Hal Annes' story, but pros usually produce readable fiction. This was a scoop for you -getting it. [What would you say about my using another?]

If nothing else, Sam, UNDERTAKINGS would be unique for producing TWO of the finest covers it has been my good fortune to have seen on a fan magazine. First Gilbert, and now probably the best DEA's ever done. I've never cared much for DEA's stuff, but I feel that this and a full pager she did for the second issue of Hal Shapiro's ICE, represent her height's of achievement. GOOD. [In a PS to this letter, Paul asks whether or not I'd be willing to sell the originals... Considering that the illos lost much in the transition from illo to stencil to copy, what do you think, lad? Both of them are gorgeous, and they will reside in frames in my home in Fla. I have a half-way idea of transferring them to canvas and making them into paintings. I used to be pretty good with the brush and oils, so maybe they'll look just as good (never better). If you want, though, I might consider making you copies...if so, then I'll trade the copies with you for an article. OK?]

I'd prefer for U to continue using colored paper, Sam; however, only using one side of the white stuff is a fine idea...expensive, though, I imagine. [How well I know the fact...]

Gad, those line cuts certainly add to the appreciation of the text. [I might as well break in again and make an apology. To Robert Gilbert: I praythee sirre! Dost not be angerred at mie thoughtlessness. Thou art truly a finne artist, and I was truly a slob for not giving to thee the creditte which wast due thee. Am I forgiven, or must I be forever sorrowfully pentent of this great fansin?]

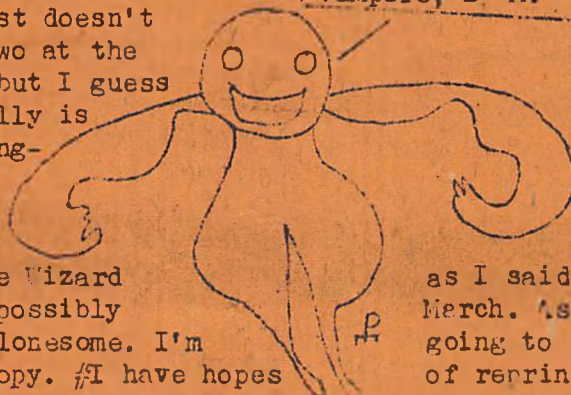
I'll pass over John Voorheis' piece - not because I didn't like it, but in order to save some adjectives for Rolfe and Wetzel. My advice is to keep this boy Voorheis working. You've come up with at least two fine new writers in he and Rolfe (...and when I think of my first efforts).

Wetzel is one of those unsung fan writers who deserves much more acclaim. Fandom is the richer for their presence. I've found every Wetzel piece I've ever read interesting, and informative; [More than we can say for some people, hrrm, Dick?] indeed, we have a need for such writers. Someday I hope to find time to convey my sincere appreciation to George T. Wetzel for a lot of reading enjoyment.

About the only criticism I can make about George's article in this issue is that it was too short (Good things are never long enough.)

Any commentary I might make upon Bob Rolfe's reviews would be inadequate to express my enthusiasm for this type of thing. It is seldom done, and even more rarely with the skill of this reviewer. Rolfe ranks not far behind McCain and Leod, which is saying a mouthful. Give Rolfe more space, Sam, he richly deserves it. [Bob just doesn't write more than a page or two at the time. I tried to get we should be satisfied with him as is. He really is a great reviewer.]

I'd like to ramble on long-
Enclosed is 30¢ for a copy
Mountain.
-Paul-



[I am not going to do the Wizard not get around to it until possibly going to put it out by his lonesome. I'm him, and he'll send you a copy. #I have hopes the stencils typed out and run off. It is a tremendous piece of work - both from the standpoint of mass and quality. It must run at least 20,000 words, and well-chosen words at that. #If you (readers) would like to see it reprinted in this mag, let me know when you get this. I'll guarantee an hour or two of fascinating reading. #If anyone is interested, this issue brings about an innovation for U. I will accept ads. Previously, circulation was not great enough, but now it is well over 100 copies (and my pocketbook feels it) per issue. Ad rates will be simply this: \$1 for a full page; 50¢ for a half page; and 35¢ for a quarter page. Anything smaller than this will be put in for free at my discretion. I will trade ads, space for space, with any fanmag editor who asks for it. #You owe me 35¢, Paul.]

as I said I was. I simply can't do it. As a result, George is going to forward this money to the publisher of reprinting it after he gets it. I'll trade ads, space for space, with any fanmag editor who asks for it. #You owe me 35¢, Paul.]

[This is it. In some few hours, we go to "press", so there will be no further changes on the issue. If any letter comes in late, I will answer it personally. There is about a month after each issue during which the majority of the letters are received. #This issue will most likely be late. I had planned it for January, but due to extenuating circumstances, it was impossible. This will come out sometime during February or early March, most likely, but perhaps earlier if at all possible. I do not know as a definite fact, but I'll probably have another issue out in May or June. Note the little item/fact that we are on a tentative quarterly schedule, and will try to follow it. Time, time..... #I wish to thank all those who so kindly sent Christmas cards to me. I tried to return the good wishes to some, but the time was too short to get them all. Therefore, thanks to all of you. #Next issue promises to be up to the general level of this magazine. It should be even slightly better, so be watching for it. Sam]

POLICY: I get a great number of fanzines through trade for my DAWN. Due to this large number, I cannot hope to review them all. However, I will use a variety method trying to review different titles each installment unless an ole-timer comes up with something very interesting. That way each fmz editor will have a chance to be reviewed. There will be no personal feelings intended in this column toward any particular editor or author. I will view the zine by its material - not its character. There are many fmz I don't get by trade, so if the editors of those zines wish their efforts reviewed, my address is 110 Brady St., Savannah, Ga. How could one get them all? In my FANZINIO fanzine list there are over one hundred titles listed from the US, Canada, Britian, and Australia.

Sam likes his reviews detailed; so do I. Get out the embalming fluid and the shovel, here goes. The ratings will be the same as Paul's.

OOPSLA! #15

Gregg Colkins, 2817 - 11th St., Santa Monica, Cal.

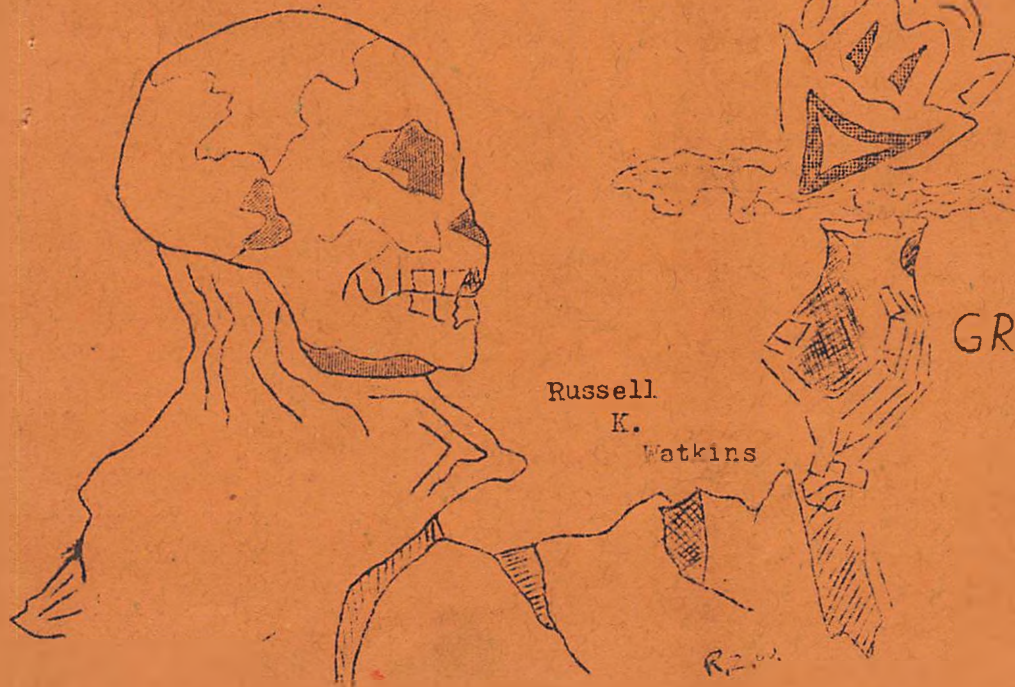
Here's one of the three or four magazines put out in fandom by Servicemen while on Active Duty. The others being: DAWN, CLAUDIUS, & PEON. Each branch of the service is represented by each zine. Gregg is a Marine stationed out on the California coast. The editor of Claudius is in the Army and is stationed in Germany. Peon represents the Navy from Connecticut. I represent the Air Force in Georgia.

Gregg does a wonderful job with OOPSL!, featuring good mimeoing, fine layout, and QUANDRY's old stock of interesting writers. Gregg himself does a large majority of the writing and is very entertaining because of the fact that most of his comments seem to stem from one who is the ultimate in a typical fan. He talks of books and magazines of science fiction - not forgetting the fact that a fanzine should talk of those things. His dissertations anent Christmas are so touching and friendly that I believe Gregg would make a professional writer if he tried hard enough.

The first item to dash itself at the eye is by Harlan Ellison and is titled EXTRAPO-LATIONS. This column (article?) rathermore got my goat. It seems that to get excepted in a fanzine these days, Harlan has to write something outstandingly different such as his confessions of a thief (PSYCHOTIC), and the seventh fandom business (various mags). This one concerns more or less his seeming hate for the common laborer. I'm afraid Harlan isn't going to make friends with this sort of item. There may or may not be laborers in the system of fandom, but phrases like "ignorant laborers" and "clod-types" aren't to be condoned by the rest of fan-

dom because of a few instances that happened in Harlan's life which brings him to judge the whole world of labor as he does. The tone of this article isn't a pleasant one.

Buried Comments



Russell
K.
Watkins

A
GRAVE STUDY
OF THE
FANZINE
FIELD

Personally, I think Gregg just printed it to see what reactions he'd get.

Bob Tucker comes along next with HOT ROMANCE AND COLD TURKEY, being his reminences of his honeymoon trip out west. This has nothing whatsoever to do with science-fiction but I certainly enjoyed it because I've never been west where he went. His descriptions of it are naturally well-written because, after all, he is a professional writer.

Walt Willis' column concerns a trip also; his to the US and across the country to California. It's a very amusingly written piece about Rog Phillip's car and troubles. Part of the column concerns aftermaths of the SUPERMANCON held in Manchester, England. The part about the Hoax pulled by Stuart Mackenzie's wife must have been a lulu. I met his wife while in London, and she used to be an actress. Her portrayal of Pat Mahaffey must've been precious. Walt was in a serious mood this writing; I couldn't find even one pun.

Bob Silverberg returns to the realms of fandom with a new fanzine review column wherein he seems to pan a few zines a little more than deserved as far as I could see. Don't forget, Bob, before you sold you were a poor fan yourself.

Another of the many fanzine polls floating around was conducted by Calkins. He permitted only fanzine eds to vote "since they would know better than anyone else the real standing of a mag". His results tabs HYPHEN with first place; PSYCHOTIC and COPS follow close behind.

A MOST REWARDING ISSUE. Sub -15¢ Rating -*****

SCINTILLA #78

Larry Anderson, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Mont.

This is the best issue of Scinny I have seen. It is well dittoed on full-size paper for a change, and has a neat overall appearance. Larry's little editorial tells us that he is dropping GREY because someone told him that he didn't have the personality for it. That's the newest reason for folding I've heard. His Revoos fairly well covers the field of fanzines. One item I learned of for the first time: Science Fiction Advertiser has combined with Inside. Now Ron Smith is editing both. I think this bodes no good for SF Advertiser which has always been my favorite zine.

An excellent article follows, entitled A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST FANZINE, and is by Orv Hoshier. It gives the trials and hardships of a fanzine editor. Woe, woe, only we who are those awful things know the real sadness of it all. [Oh, woe - woe!]

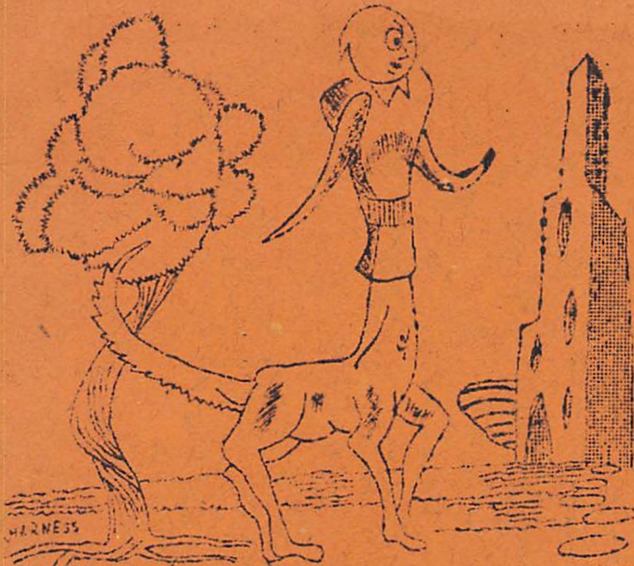
Fred Chappel brings another of those fable things which have been circulating in and among the fanzines.

A cartoon feature, FANDUMB, is too true to be funny, but is something that should be continued because it puts some life into SCINTILLA. I don't know who drew the characters as no name was listed.

THESE POST CARD FANS by yours truly I will leave to your judgement, but I want anyone who reads it and happens to write cards to know that it is all in fun and I meant to throw no slurs at anyone. I sent it to one editor who writes a lot of postcards and he was offended by it. He took it too seriously and returned it with a "thanks but no" because he was "one of those people".

An anonymous writer gives forth with JOE BUCKET, ROBOT, and after reading it, I understand why he would want to remain anonymous.

Another anonymous writer takes up a whole page to tell a made-up story to fit a pun-ending. However, it was quite well-done, and I think Anderson is the un-named culprit. It is told in Ganavan Bar style, and is really very amusing.



The best item in the issue is A FEW WORDS ON NAPA by Dave Rike. This item does throw much light on the subject under discussion and also asks a few questions. This is the first time I have seen Forry Ackerman accused of wrongdoing. It seems as if he was to have checked up on the existence of a previous NAPA and was paid \$7 an hour for his work. The only bad thing was that he came up with the wrong answer. He said there had never been a NAPA. Rike points out a few references to it in fandom and indicated that Forry should have known about it. What will come of this sinister plot? Tune in the next issue of Scinny and perhaps we will find out.

If Anderson can maintain the standard he has set with this issue, I believe that SCINTILLA will be a respected effort in the amateur field. Prix -10¢ Rating -***

AABSTRACT #8

Peter J. Vorzimer, U. of Cal., Santa Barbara,
104 Toyon Hall, Goleta, Calif.

Yes, that's correct. Pete informs me that he is going to begin spelling abstract with two A's so he can be first on my FANZINIC list, and ahead of A BAS which hates him. This issue is Pete's convention issue; 100 pages chuck full of fannish stuff about cons and fandom in general and what can one say bad about such a well-done mag? All the dittoing is excellent and the art work is simply beautiful; in fact, the best dittoed art work I've ever seen, bar none. Congratulations, Pete, on a superb job. The cover is a lithoed job by Cobb and is a neat companion to the rest of the issue.

The convention features include HANGCON REPORT by John Hitchcock (a local New York con held by three or four fans - the Hangcon, not John, that is); OKLACON REPORT by Don Chappell (a covering of the Oklahoma con held at the same time as the World Con and outlawed by the World Con through jealousy perhaps); FANVETCON REPORT by John Fletcher (a pessimistic outlook on the annual Fantasy Veteran's convention in NYC); SFCON REPORT by Peter Vorzimer (an entertaining opus of the big affair in San Fran wit' pichers yet. Actually the pictures alone were worth the price of the issue.); and FACE CRITTURS by Terry Carr (Terry's critturs mouthing funnie saying of the con).

Other contents are: CON PREVIEW by Art Kunwiss (this being a very funny satire on pre-con festivities); CONVENTIONEER'S PRAYER by Bob Bloch (Bloch spells fun, so no need to comment further); J'ACCUSE by Denis Moreen (a brilliant treatise indicating that prodom is noticing fandom and is paying a little attention to its wants); THE SIR FRANCIS DRAKE --- THERE I WAS by Don Wegars (a humorous account of Don's arriving at the Drake Hotel one week too early by mistake); and NICKELS, PLEASE by Don Donnell (when you gotta go, you gotta go). All of these previous items were humorous except Moreen's (pointing out that Vorzimer is taking Q's place in the humour dept. while OOPS! is taking the rest of Q's personality). Abby also has Grennell, Claude Hall, Ellison, and Stewart to grace its pages this issue. Regular features visible are a nice, long letter column, a hit and miss fanzine review section, and a fan-fare dept. (which Pete says is original with him).

I can actually think of no improvements to suggest to Pete for his mag. It's just a good fanzine, and I strongly recommend this particular issue. Prix -25¢ Rating -*****
[ed's note - Vorzimer printed only 100 or so of this issue, and considering that he sent out at least that many copies, it is extremely doubtful that any more are available.]

PSYCHOTIC #16

Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland, Ore.

Psy finally got his ditto fixed so for once you don't have to strain to read one of the top fanzines in the field today. Geis says that he is sure to continue for some time as he feels no hint of GAFIA coming on. Rich paints a picture of himself as being shy, backwards, and sort of neurotic. But the zine he puts out intimates the opposite as it portrays such a lovable character of an affable editor. Rich has put more of himself back into his zine and this issue shows it in all its scintillating brilliance.

Man, dig those crazy ads LYRIC has been running in PSY and other periodicals of fan-nish nature. They slay me. Sort of a MAD like affair, they invoke curiosity about LYRIC.

Geis mentions the pile of unread science fiction which he has laying around. Personally, I think that every fan editor has a similar pile of stf literature that grows with each succeeding month. I know I am lucky to barely get read one mag a month, that being the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. I think this is the best magazine in the field with the finest covers. It has the greatest variety in stf and fantasy with the highest quality of writing any mag can offer. However, there's no solution to the faned's problem of unread material except to institute more hours in his fannish day.

McCain offers one of the cleverest hoaxes that could have been perpetrated upon fan-dom; that being the publication of a fmz with all BNF writers. The catch is that the writers did not write the materials therein. McCain was going to do all the writing by his lonesome. I would have liked to see such an item. I hope Vick keeps it in mind.

Ellison shines forth again, this time with another version of the "incident" at the Midwescon. It seems that Jim Harmon had it all wrong in the previous issue. Harlan wasn't trying to besmirch the character of any girl; he was making intellectual conversation with her and others wouldn't let him alone. Jim was tanked when he broke down the door. This article has the greatest illo by Jim Bradley ever. This Bradley should get on MAD's staff; he is the craziest.

Noah McLeod reviews a couple more books in his dry, inimitable style. JACK OF EAGLES and BRAIN WAVE being the victims of the treatment this go-around.

Lynn Hickman questions THE REASON WHY fans publish zines. He replies that they cannot stop after once being bitten by the bug of amateur publishing. I wouldn't doubt that being the correct answer either. I have tried to stop it myself, but I always seem to return to issuing DAWN once more. I believe if I actually quit I would get up in my sleep to do the dirty work. There must be a post-hypnotic suggestion planted in the brains by a reproducing machine. Or is it Roscoe that dictates to fannish minds and forever makes us slaves to our ditto, mimeo, and hecto machines?

Rich has one of the most intriguing letter columns current. I like very much his endeavoring to reply to every letter in the mag. Some very good poetry and not-poetry in this number of PSY and Rich's usual fmz review gives fmz his critical eye and less-critical remarks.

Another zine that can't stand improvement. Prix -20% Rating -*****

Guess that covers enuff for this issue of U. Don't tell me that I just can't pan a zine. It so happened that I liked all of the zines concerned with this installment. That's why I picked them for this initial reviewing session. There'll be hotter times yet to come. I'm no Paul Mittlebuscher, but... Don't bury yourself too deep, I'll be a -round next grave-raising time. Who knows, it may be your funeral. Remember Watkin's saying:

"All fen go to their own funeral, but few come back." -R.W.-

One of the best science-fantasy books I have read in some time is the anthology edited by Judith Merrill called BEYOND HUMAN KEN. This book contains many good stories, but four are the most outstanding. All are either recognized classics in their line, or else should be classics. There is Bob Heinlein's well known "Our Fair City" from Wierd Tales of 1949 and also Idris Seabright's "Man Who Sold Rope to the Gnoles", from the Mag of F & SF; I was impressed, though, by Theodore Sturgeon's "Perfect Host" and Anthony Boucher's hilarious "Complete Werewolfe". The latter is the funniest I have read in a long time. There is also a paperbound edition of BEYOND HUMAN KEN, which, while abridged, contains its best stories.

I seated myself before the fire not too long ago, on a wild winter evening, and began a fantasy classic - Henry James' THE TURN OF THE SCREW. For those of you who never read this great book, consider yourselves lucky! Frankly, it bored me to death. The atmosphere at the beginning is good, and some scenes are memorable enough. For

instance, the spot wherein the heroine meets the ghost of the villain on the stairs of the old mansion involved, is one such. However, the tale is so dated and bogged down in words that it nearly put me to sleep. I reached the end not caring who triumphed - good or evil. Anyway, did you ever put yourself in the place of those poor lonely ghosts in these tales? Think of being perpetually thwarted by the righteous heroes. The mere thought is enough to tear the heart of the strongest spook, and send him, with tale between his legs and head drooping, back to his warm home with a persecution complex.

On the "very good to excellent" list is Arthur C. Clarke's AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT. This novel, vaguely reminiscent of the author's epic CHILDHOOD'S END and is absolutely absorbing. Highly recommended to all Clarke fans and every other intelligent reader who is past the Flash Gordon stage.

Oh yes, I have been slumming again. I read a British paper-bound volume by the noted (or notorious) Vargo Statten. Said horror is called THE NEW SATELLITE and tells how the good, good heroes beat the bad, bad villain with the aid of an extra-terrestrial named - get this - Ixicon. Oh, I can't go on. It's too revolting...

If people must write such space-operas, at least let them write entertaining ones like Edmond Hamilton's CITY AT WORLD'S END. This oldie I got out and re-read recently. While not exactly believable, it has considerable entertainment value and a good story. Besides, I am prejudiced in favor of Ed Hamilton. The first sf book I ever read, above the comic-book stage, was his STAR KINGS, which I think is one of the greatest of the space-epics.

Another item here is Bradbury's GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN. It is, as most of you know, another "anthology of a sort" by Brad. It seems that the only really long bit of writing this one has done was FAHRENHEIT 451, and it wasn't too long at that. In fact, as I remember, he had to include a shorter piece to fill out the book. On top

the
Coroner's
Coroner





THAT'S LOGICAL®

I

"Tis proper", said the Blue-Nosed Phrynx,
"That noses should be blue,
That tails should be quite eight-foot three,
And ears sprout curly-que."

"'Tis obvious, that the power to think
Derives from the proper shape.
Hance, only the Blue-Nosed Phrynx
can think,
- That's logical, you ape!"

II

Said the Philosopher proudly, "Yes, Ma'am:
I think, therefore I am."
Said the Bowery Bum, "I feel faint!
I can't think, and therefore I ain't."

* optional title: Stinking Thinking

H. Maxwell

of that, it was a rewrite of an even shorter story. Anyway, the only reason I'm mentioning the GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN is to point out that it is now available in a pb form. If you ignore the abominable illos, and the fact that this collection of "new" stories is largely reprint from such mags as Mademoiselle, Charm, and The Reporter, you might enjoy it - if you are a loyal enough Bradbury fan.

Now a word about my notice in the last issue of U. You'll remember that I asked for all to send me a list of their favorite stf writers. Well, you probably figured it something like this ---"I won't write in. Everybody else will, and he'll get his infor. My list won't be needed."

Well, fans, your list is needed. Please drop a card to me - Bob N. Rolfe at 207 E. Washington Ave. in Bath, N.Y. You needn't even sign your name. Response has been fair, but leaves much to be desired. The result will be printed in U as soon as I have enough cards to give what I consider a fair sampling of opinions, and when Sam has space, of course. but please, send in your lists as soon as possible.

-Bob Rolfe-

[I received many letters in comment on the last issue of U. Not one person responded to this plea, except P.M. (who dropped a card to Bob). If you don't want to go ahead and spend 2¢ putting in your own 2¢, then add it to your letters to me. OK? Both Bob and I thank those who sent him the list.]



THE
CRITICAL
CRYPT.
KEEPER

John Voorheis

While this column is primarily a critique of various authors, the perpetrator has determined - to spare his readers from being engulfed in a flood of ennui - to substitute occasionally for the critiques, histories of popular promags. If it happens to meet with the readers' approval, this histo-

ries of popular promags might be used to the exclusion of the author critiques. The following is the first of such articles.

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION

Part I: The Clayton Period

The newsstands of the country in the autumn of 1929 displayed a new pulp magazine, then ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER SCIENCE, later to become one of the most reknown of all science-fiction publications. This magazine appeared at a time before the science-fiction bug had hit the country. Its only competitor was Hugo Gernsback's SCIENCE WONDER STORIES and AIR WONDER STORIES, both 9 x 12 in format, and the somewhat smaller AMAZING STORIES.

ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER SCIENCE had a 7 x 10 format with 144 pages plus untrimmed edges. Most of the artwork was done by an unknown artist named Wesso, who gradually rose to fame with the Clayton-edited prozine.

The spectacular rise of the magazine was due to the editorial genius of Harry Bates, author of the famous "Hawk Carse" series published in the magazine in its earlier days. The fiction of the January, 1930 issue, Vol. I, no.1, is an excellent sampling of the stories which brought the magazine to such rapid success.

1. THE BEETLE HOARD by Victor Rousseru
2. THE CAVE OF HORROR by S.P. Meek
3. PHANTOMS OF REALITY by Ray Cummings
4. THE STOLEN MIND by M.L. Staley
5. COMPENSATION by C.V. Trench
6. TUNES by Murray Leinster
7. INVISIBLE DEATH by Anthony Pelcher

Of these seven authors only one is still active. The rest will probably be remembered only by the old-timers.* A little-known fact about Cummings is that at one time he was Edison's assistant.

With the February, 1931, issue, the "Super Science" was dropped from the title leav-
((* Correction: two. Leinster is seen more often, but Cummings is still around.))

ing ASTOUNDING STORIES, which continued until the March, 1938 issue. The last two issues of the Clayton reign reverted to the original name.

In September, 1931, the companion of astounding, Strange Tales, appeared; it scratched out a meagre existence for seven issues and finally became defunct with the January 1933 copy.

Part II: The Street & Smith Period

Like all its contemporaries, ASTOUNDING STORIES suffered from the depression and after 30 monthly issues was forced to become bi-monthly with the September issue of 1932. It endured as such for four issues and with the March, 1933 issue this Clayton pulp ceased publication. The Street & Smith publishing firm bought the copy-right six months later and resumed publication with October, 1933. To date, S & S has kept the magazine on a monthly basis and have yet to suffer a hiatus in publication on this schedule.

S & S replaced Wesso with Howard W. Brown as cover artist who continuously illored the covers until the May issue of 1937. F. Orlin Tremain became editor and immediately began procuring stories by the top authors in the field. The "Skylark Series" were continued by E. E. Smith in astounding after two novels had been successively received in AMAZING STORIES. "Skylark on Valerion" started in astounding's August, 1934 issue. In the same issue, installments of two other classics appeared: "The Legion of Space" by Jack Williamson, and Charles Fort's "Lo!".

A combination of competition from astounding and the depression forced WONDER STORIES, the merged product of SCIENCE WONDER STORIES and AIR WONDER STORIES, and AMAZING STORIES to reduce their size and circulation. WONDER STORIES eventually died in April of 1936, with the bankrupt Teck company, publishers of AMAZING who sold out to the ZIFF-Davis in February of 1938.

Tremain's astounding made great strides forward due to the highly scientific and literature quality of stories. This is the period in which Campbell and Williamson did some of their greatest work for this now famous magazine.

A major change in format was made with the February, 1936, issue. There were now 160 pages $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ with trimmed edges. Brown, Wesso, and Elliot Dold handled the interior art with Brown doing the covers. The price remained at 20¢ with spine colors of yellow and black.

In 1936, Tremain gambled his success by including in the magazine a novel and 3-part serial; both strictly off-trail stories when compared to the highly scientific type of story he had been using. The gamble paid off, for these stories by a Rhode Island recluse, H. P. Lovecraft, were acclaimed to be the greatest of all weird fiction! The Shadow Out of Time and At the Mountains of Madness were those momentous stories.

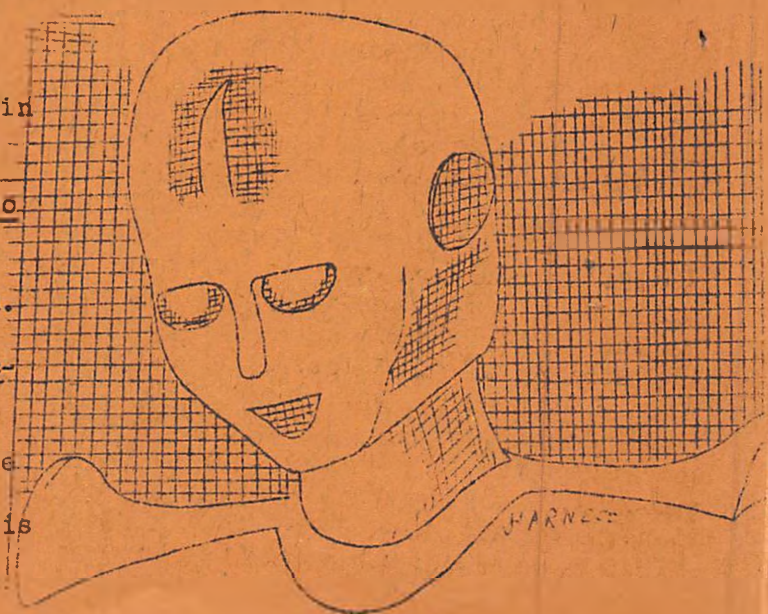
All good things must come to an end, however, for in 1937, astounding fell into a rut, though there were several stories of a classic nature. But with only one or two classics a year, astounding was, without a doubt, in a rut.

Part III: The Campbell Period

It was with little surprise that F. Orlin Tremain, who brought astounding its great pre-war success and procurer of these notable stories: Legion of Space, He From Procyon, Twilight, Colossus, Shadow Out of Time, and many others was fired, and John W. Campbell Jr. assumed the editorial helm.

The first Campbell issue, March, 1938, ushered in the name astounding Science Fiction, which has existed to date. Dold, Wesso, Jack Binder, Marchioni, and Browne contributed the interior with Browne as the cover artist.

The various eras of astounding showed distinct trends in the type of stories used.



n's Astounding featured SF adventure, Tremaine emphasized profound science cur-
s in the stories, and Campbell ushered in well-written technical type.

The significant names of the 1938 authors for Astounding were L. Sprague de Camp,
L. Ron Hubbard, Willey Lay, Cliff Simak, and Rocklynne. The October, 1938 issue prom-
ised a new type of artist in the near future, and in 1939, Campbell produced Herbert Rog-
ers as a new SF cover artist. His beautiful covers made a distinct impact on SF at
that time; at present he is appearing only occasionally.

"Who Goes There?" by Campbell was the outstanding story of his first year of editor-
ship. "Who Goes There?" has recently been filmed under the title, "THE THING from Outer
Space".

1939 also saw the first of Robert A. Heinlein, who did much to advance the litera-
ture of science fiction with his polished style. His first story, Lifeline, appeared in
the August, 1939 issue of Astounding; this was the first of the "Future History Series"
about which many of his earlier stories were concerned. Besides Heinlein, 1939 also
gave rise to L.E. Van Vogt, known for the development of the superman theme. Van Vogt's
first story for Astounding appeared in the July 1939 issue and was sequenced with "Dis-
cord in Scarlet" in the December, 1939 issue. Both of these, Black Destroyer and "Dis-
cord in Scarlet", have been incorporated into The Voyage of the Space Beagle. These sto-
-ries were followed by a powerful series of novels ("Weapons Shops", "Weapons Makers",
"Slan" and "World of Null-A") which only lately have shown signs of diminished populari-
-ty.

The second companion to Astounding was born in 1939, the fantasy publication that
was named UNKNOWN. It featured book-length stories of fantasy. In February, 1941, it
entered upon bi-monthly publication which continued until its expiration in October of
1943. In October of 1941 the title was changed to Unknown Worlds, which remained as
its permanent title.

Five serials appeared in Astounding during 1940, four of which are now considered
classics. "Grey Lensmen" was completed in January. "If This Goes On---", a powerful no-
-vel by Heinlein was printed in February and March issues; Hubbard's brilliant novel
"Final Blackout" was printed in the April, May, and June issues following. July and Au-
-gust saw "Crisis in Utopia". Then during September, November, and December, Van Vogt's
"Slan" continued the great line of stories.

January, 1942, saw the size expanded to 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 11 with a wordage increase from 45,000
to nearly 110,000 words; the pages were cut from 160 to 130. 16 of these huge issues
passed before the paper shortage of the war cut the size back to the previous 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$.
The November, 1943, issue brought another shock to the readers of Astounding with the
page size being reduced to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. This format was retained until January, 1947.

Part IV: The Fall

The decrease in page size saw an increase in the number of pages from 130 to 162,
-nd finally to 178, the last having 16 pages of rotogravure. William Timmins replaced
Rogers as cover artist, while most of the art staff was absorbed by the army in 1944.

The most notable stories of the war years were Ted Sturgeon's Killdozer! in Novem-
ber or 1944 and Van Vogt's tale of non-Aristotlean logic, The World of Null-A. As the
old writers returned, Campbell tried to restore Astounding to its previous eminence.

In February of 1947, the bulk-paper was discarded and replaced by semi-slick paper.
The rotogravure section was discarded in the March, 1947, issue, and the reduction of
the magazine to 162 pages. Since 1947, Campbell has tried to revive Astounding with
new writers and artists. Yet, with all his effort, the task cannot be brought to frui-
-tion. There have been occasional unspurts in story quality with Needle and To The Stars
and one or two others, but regardless, Astounding has been slipping.

Resorting to the Thiotimoline hoax and Dianetics, have brought Campbell close to
loosing editorship. The August, 1950, issue promised a change at Astounding, specula-
-ting at being a change in editors. This appears to be false for such an action has yet
to materialize. The past two years have shown an increase in the quality of the maga-
-zine. Let's hope that Astounding Science Fiction can once more rise to its prewar posi-
-tion and supply once again a steady stream of classics.

John Voorheis

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