

WASTEBASKET

THE CRUDZINE



Starting this issue:

"HOW TO BUILD A
SPACESHIP AT HOME"

WASTEBASKET

the magazine

VOL. 1

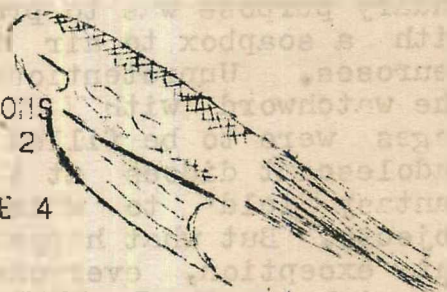
NO. 1

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WASTEBASKET IS PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY (WE HOPE)
BY VERNON L. MCCAIN, R.F.D. 3, WELLS, IDAHO.
A LETTER OR POSTCARD WILL PUT YOU ON THE REGU-
LAR MAILING LIST FOR WASTEBASKET. ALL CONTRI-
BUTIONS OR COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE
ADDRESS ABOVE.



CIRCULAR FILE COMMISSIONS

Now the editor knows how Frankenstein felt, WASTEBASKET is a monster. And not in the sense of eating up time and funds, though that, too. WASTEBASKET was conceived and nurtured with one purpose, Egoboo for the editor. In fact, it was christened with the viewpoint of calling a spade a spade (or a fanzine a fanzine). It's chief secondary purpose was to provide various fans with a soapbox to air their notions and neuroses. Unpretentiousness was to be the watchword with WASTEBASKET, and it's pages were to be filled with the type of 'adolescent didoes at the expense of the fantasy field' to which August Derleth objects. But what happened? Almost without exception, everyone approached for material for this magazine seemed to want to give it something 'special', and of the items which have come in so far, most are more (speaking qualitatively) than was asked for. Now WASTEBASKET was never meant to be a competitor to NEKROLOGIKON, HODOLAGNETIC DIGEST, SLANT, or even ORB. It was meant to be 'just another fanzine'. But with the material which has already come in, and much that is projected for the future, we feel guilty about presenting this stuff in mimeoed form. (Probably sloppy mimeography, too. It has been two years since the editor ran a mimeo, and an automatic then.) It really deserves better layout. It's hoped that the financial picture will improve sufficiently that WASTEBASKET can be gradually converted into a more attractive looking magazine. However, there will be no attempt (at present) to raise funds with subscriptions. This will not become a subzine until it is apparent that there will be a sufficiency of time, money, energy, and material to continue publication regularly for some time. In the

meantime (for the first two or three issues at least) WASTEBASKET will be free. However, with the exception of contributors to WASTEBASKET (and only for the issue in which they appear) and regular correspondents of the editor, this is the only copy of WASTEBASKET you will receive, unless you request the future issues. Not more than one sample copy to anyone. However, a letter or postcard asking for future issues will keep the magazine coming regularly until it ceases or starts charging for itself. WASTEBASKET is wide open for contributions. We intend to feature our columnists, quite frankly, we stole that idea from Art Rapp. We like this business of picking people whose writing style appeals and then allowing them complete freedom as to what they wish to say. This produced some surprises, however. No attempt was made to steer any of the columnists, and none of them came up with anything close to what the editor had been expecting. Despite this particular aping of r-t, WASTEBASKET has no designs on the niche occupied by SP.LICE ARP. Lee Hoffman has already started to fill that gap with his fine little zine QUANDRY.

As may be judged from the contents of this magazine, we are not impressed by fantasy poetry, especially fan written. Any serious poetry will be used only as fillers, and that's not likely. However, we are wide open for satires. We hope that by the second issue, the editor will be able to confine himself to this column. Although we will use little fiction, so far submissions of stories are running far, far behind other material. So send us your gem. We are also greatly in need of articles, whether fannish, fantasy, or just plain fun. A recalcitrant U key, plus Shelby Vick's penchant for drawing with a hard lead pencil on dark brown paper added to our joys in preparing this issue. That's it for now.

I LIKE 'EM SHORT

Jack Reynolds

Particularly during the past couple of years, I've noticed a spate of articles in fanzines, letters to the editor in the various prozines, and even an editorial in one of the most prominent of the sf publications, against the short and particularly the short-short science fiction story.

The argument is usually advanced that science-fantasy is a field apart from other fiction and that a story based on science cannot be developed sufficiently in the short form.

For my money--nonsense.

As in any fiction field, there is a definite place for the short; as definite a place as for the novel or novelette length. You say that the short-short has insufficient wordage completely to develop a story idea based on a science theme? Of course it has. But, on the other hand, some science-fantasy stories do not, and should not, base themselves on a theme as tremendous as that in, say, "The Humanoids", or in Asimov's Foundation series.

Take, for example, the little story "Thang" by Martin Gardner, which was reprinted in "The Best Science-Fiction Stories 1949". It is approximately 500 words long--no more. Possibly some of the other stories picked by Bleiler and Dick for that anthology were poorly chosen to represent science-fiction's best for 1950; but I have never heard anyone complain against the choice of "Thang". For a lovely little piece of sheer writing, brother, "Thang" has it.

Develop that idea into a novelette or novel? Sure, it could be done----and the story would be lost. "Thang" was meant to be 500 words; even stretching it out to 1000 words would destroy it.

Let's take something better than some of the classics of science fiction that are of shorter length.

How about "The Figure", roughly 1,800 words long, originally published in ASTOUNDING and anthologized in "A Treasury of Science Fiction"? For my money, it's the best thing Edward Grendon has done. How about van Vogt's "Juggernaut", same magazine originally, same anthology? Trying to stretch that story beyond its present two or three thousand words would be ridiculous; it's a beauty just the way it is.

How about Henry Kuttner's "Don't Look Now"? He calls it his best science-fiction story; it's less than five thousand words. Or how about "The Green Hills of Earth"? Bob Heinlein considers it his best. Also five thousand words or less. Certainly we've all read that one. Can you imagine stretching it out to a novelette? It'd ruin the yarn; the story idea just doesn't call for greater length.

We could go on with this list almost indefinitely. Take up any anthology and notice how many of the classics are actually of less than 5,000 words. Plenty of them.

I don't deny that there is some fire in all this smoking against the short form in science fiction. But it isn't the fault of the form. It's in the writers, the editors, and the publishers in the field.

Science-fantasy is still to a considerable extent a pulp field. Oh, we're beginning to grow out of it, but principally its pulp.

Pulp magazines pay one or two cents a word--very seldom higher than. Obviously a writer who makes his living writing stf, can't afford to expend valuable ideas on stories running to, say, three thousand words or less. Of necessity, he must string out a story-- even though ideally it might be a better yarn if kept short--to as great a length as possible.

And they do.

Any old hand in the field can take a story idea that could be done up as a short, add a sub-plot or so, and wind up with a novelette. He can and does. Few indeed are the shorts being turned out by the more experienced stf writers in these days of boom.

What does this lead to? If the old timers, the experienced stf writers, are devoting themselves almost exclusively to the longer lengths it means that the editors must find their shorts elsewhere. They have to buy from newcomers (such as Mack Reynolds) and, obviously, the newcomers aren't usually as capable craftsmen as the old masters.

What is the answer? How can the short stf story come into its own?

THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, and the new Hillman publication edited by Damon Knight (at this writing the title of the latter hasn't been announced) give you the answer. Both of these new comers pay higher rates--regardless of story length. I believe I am correct in saying that the minimum rate they pay is one hundred dollars a story even if it is a short-short. This is the same amount a writer would get for a 10,000 word novelette in one of the cent-a-word markets.

Such tactics on the part of the publishers of these magazines guarantee them some top notch fiction in the short form. Take a look at them and see if I'm not correct.

I have just one word to add to the fans--and the editors, for that matter--who are of the opinion that the short has no place in good science-fantasy.

Who is the most successful writer in the field today; who is gaining the most acclaim; who is making the most money? A guy named Ray Bradbury. How many long stories have you seen under his by-line? Even his so-called novel, is nothing but a series of shorts most of which---if not all---are under five thousand words.

A WOMAN WITH A VIEW

(THE MEMOIRS OF A FOETUS)

BY RORY M. (I REMEMBER PAPA) FAULKNER

SO SNUGLY I LAY IN MY LITTLE LAKE OF DARKNESS, KNOWING NOTHING AT FIRST BUT THE BEAT OF MY MOTHER'S GREAT HEART: DUDUM - DUDUM - DUDUM. ITS STRONG RHYTHM AT ONCE SOOTHED ME AND EXCITED ME AS IF IT WERE URGING ME ON TO A LIFE OF MY OWN WHICH I LONGED FOR AND AT THE SAME TIME DREADED. I CANNOT REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST BEGAN TO HEAR VOICES AND TO UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS SAID. AT FIRST IT WAS ALL JUST SOUND, AND THEN I BEGAN TO DISTINGUISH VOICES. I KNEW THE LIGHT, LAUGHING TONES OF MY MOTHER AND LATER LEARNED TO LISTEN FOR THE DEEP VELVETY RUMBLE THAT WAS MY FATHER'S VOICE.

DO YOU SAY THAT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE, THAT A CHILD SO RECENTLY CONCEIVED COULD HEAR AND REMEMBER THESE THINGS? A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO, YES, YOU WOULD HAVE SCOFFED AT SUCH A THING, BUT NOW THE "MASTERS" HAS GIVEN US PROOF - THEREFORE IT IS SO! EVEN BEFORE WITH I KNEW THIS, BECAUSE IT WAS INCLUDED IN ONE OF THE FIRST CONVERSATIONS WHICH I CAN RECALL CLEARLY. MY FATHER HAD STARTED TO RELATE SOME TALE WHICH WAS EVIDENTLY OF A HIGHLY HUMOROUS NATURE, AND MY MOTHER LAUGHINGLY CUT HIM OFF BEFORE THE END.

"KEN, DO BE CAREFUL!" SHE BEGGED. "HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT HUBBARD SAID TONIGHT IN HIS LECTURE? EVEN NOW OUR UNIFORM BRAT MIGHT BE SNUGLY TAKING ALL THIS IN AND STORING IT AWAY IN HIS PROTOPLASM TO USE LATER AS AN ALIBI FOR BEING A REVOLTING LITTLE PROBLEM CHILD."

"JUST LET THE LITTLE STINKEN THY IT!" GROWLED MY DAD. "I'LL SHOW HIM. I'LL MATCH EVERY ONE OF THE ENGRAMS OF HIS PROTOPLASM WITH A LITTLE ETCHING OF MY OWN ON HIS 'SITZFLEISCH'. NO EMBRYO IS GOING TO DICTATE TO ME ABOUT MY WORDS, OR MY ACTIONS, EITHER. COME HERE, BAB!"

FOLLOWED RATHER A CONFUSING TUMULT - WHICH I FOUND HIGHLY DISAGREEABLE. I WILL CERTAINLY FIX THAT FELLOW'S LITTLE RED LAGON WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE!

LUCKILY MY PARENTS DID NOT TAKE THIS PERSON HUBBARD'S WORDS TO HEART, OR I MIGHT HAVE MISSED MANY AN HOUR OF SHAPPY ENTERTAINMENT WHICH DID MUCH TO LIGHTEN THE BOREDOM OF MY LONG WAIT. I MUST CERTAINLY TRY TO REMEMBER THIS GUY HUBBARD AND LOOK HIM UP LATER. HE MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW HOW A SOLUTELY RIGHT HE WAS ALL ALONG. I AM REALLY COLLECTING ENGRAMS!

I HAVE FORMED A DISTINCT OPINION OF MY FATHER BY NOW. HE IS A GOOD-NATURED SAP AND RATHER EASILY FOOLED. I COULD TELL HIM A THING OR TWO ABOUT MORE: IT SEEMS A PITY I CAN'T GET A SLA'T O' WHAT HE TALKS WITH OTHER MEN ABOUT WHEN MY OLD LADY ISN'T AROUND. I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR BOTH SIDES OF THIS MAIR AND I OF AN QUESTION.

BY THE WAY - I'D O DEN WHICH I AM?

WELL, TIME IS GETTIN' SHORT NOW. IT IS GETTIN' PRETTY CROWDED IN HERE - NOT MUCH TIME TO MOVE AROUND. LAST NIGHT MOM AND POP TOOK ME A SHOW AND THERE WAS SOME DAMNED GOOD MUSIC, BUT THEN I TRIED TO HEAT TIME TO IT, MOM YELPED AND MADE ONE HALL OF A FUS... WHAT DOES SHE THINK I AM, ANY-HOW - A DUMMY? I'VE GOT ARMS AND LEGS -

AND I CERTAINLY INTEND TO USE THEM.

NOMINEE T SOMEONE TO FIGHT WITHOUT POP.
I THINK SHE SAID IT WAS A "SHOUTING". - - - -
ANYHOW, ONLY VOICES WERE THERE, AND OF ALL THE
SILLY CHATTER! AND UNDERNEATH IT ALL I COULD
SENSE SOME OTHER STUFF I DIDN'T LIKE ONE BIT.
IT SORT OF SCARED ME. I FELT AS IF EACH ONE
WAS JUST WATCHING HER CHANCE - - - - SO SHE
COULD POUNCE ON ONE OF THE OTHERS AND CUT HER
THROAT. I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT
WOMEN ARE NOT REALLY CIVILIZED, AND WHAT'S
MORE THEY PROBABLY NEVER WILL BE. I AM SORRY
MY MOTHER IS A WOMAN.

I AM AWFULLY UNCOMFORTABLE. SOMEONE IS
SHOVING ME ALL OVER THE PLACE. IT TAKES ME
MAD AND I TRY TO SHOVE BACK, BUT IT DOESN'T
DO A Y GOOD. OUCH! I AM GETTING SCARED. WHY
CAN'T I BE LEFT IN PEACE?

IT'S TOM THAT'S SHOVING ME AROUND LIKE
THIS - I HATE HER! SHE'S GOT NO RIGHT TO DO
THIS TO ME. IT HURTS! OH, HOW IT HURTS!
I'LL KILL HER WHEN I GET A CHANCE - I TELL
YOU I'LL KILL HER!

O DON'T! - DON'T CLAMP THAT HARD THING
ON MY HEAD - QUIT PULLING - DO YOU WANT A PULL
IT CLEAR OFF MY SHOULDERS? OH! OH! I CAN'T
STAND THIS - I CAN'T STAND IT ANOTHER MINUTE!
WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY HELP ME? HELP! HELP!
O-O-O-O-O-H-----

A-A-A-A-A-H! A-A-A-A-A-H! A-A-A-A-A-H!

EDITORS NOTE : It was realized in preparing WASTEBASKET that it is not sufficient for a magazine to entertain alone, but to justify its' existence, it would be necessary to feature articles of genuine help to the reader. Since most of the readers of this magazine are interested in space travel it was felt an explicit set of instructions, describing just how the reader could build his own spaceship would be perhaps the most valuable thing we could present. Therefore, we have induced an acknowledged authority in the field, Mr. Norman E. Hartman, to write the series which starts on the next page. We wish to stress that all the instructions given are completely practical, and there is no reason why each reader of this magazine cannot construct a spaceship in his backyard on weekends, and at the conclusion of this series, be all set to commence his own voyages into space, unhampered by government red tape

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN SPACESHIP

by Norman B. Hartman

In this, the first of a series of articles on the subject of a home-built space ship, I will limit my discussion to the motive power and its application. Since the sheer mass of any ship using liquid fuels would make it too expensive, your ship will be atomically powered.

The first thing to do is to build, or buy, if you have that kind of money, an atomic pile. If you intend to build your own, you will need several hundred pounds of uranium and a couple tons of pure graphite blocks. Assemble these in the proper order (for directions on how to do this, write to the nearest atomic laboratory), and surround them with adequate shielding. Important! Do not forget to insert the boron-steel rods during construction. Do not wait until after the pile is built! Using zinc or other suitable materials, such as lead or tin, attach a two stage cooling system, with water in the second stage. Use the steam to drive an ordinary turbine, and you have the complete power-plant, an atomic turbo-generator. If you are in a hurry, you may purchase a second-hand outfit from the war surplus board. For our purposes the drive unit from an atomic powered submarine is best.

The next item to be considered is the actual drive. You can use electric power to spin shafts all century without getting off the ground. The only practicable method for propulsion in space that has been advanced to date is through the utilization of exhaust mass at high velocity; the higher the velocity the more efficient the ship. That is the only thing that has held back the rise of chemically fueled craft.

space in the process of attaining higher velocities by ordinary methods tremendous pressures are encountered we will have to use an extraordinary method. We will use no rocket motor as such, no combustion chamber, no liquid or gaseous fuel.

The answer to our problem is so simple that it has been almost completely overlooked by science-fiction authors. We simply assemble about a hundred large air-core solenoids, arrange them end to end along the major axis of our ship, energise them in the proper sequence, and feed in powdered crude iron from one end. The powdered iron, accelerated after the manner of a projectile in a super-electronic cannon, emerges with a velocity that makes the results of a hydrogen-fluorine reaction look silly.

Using heavy aluminum wire (weight for weight a better conductor of electricity than copper and much cheaper than silver), wind one hundred coils, each nine inches long, a foot thick, and with an inside diameter of four inches. For proper alignment, inset a tube of non-magnetic material through the centers of these. Beryllium-copper should be adequate. Most plastics would be too soft. Phase the current through the coils so that they are correctly synchronized, and feed a few ounces through slowly for a test. Make sure first that everything is securely fastened, as a more than measurable kick should be produced with a minimum of fuel.

This brings to a close the first installment of 'How to Build Your Own Space Ship'. In future installments we will cover such items as the actual construction of the ship, living quarters and conditions, space-suits, navigation, and how to construct distillation apparatus which will produce grain alcohol under conditions of free fall. These articles are the complete handbook for the home-built spaceship. As long as you follow exactly the instructions given here you should experience no difficulties.

---man's conquest of his mind---

This is primarily a column which for the present will be devoted principally to DIANETICS. Why? Not because DIANETICS is the final answer; not because dianetics is an easy answer - it isn't -but because DIANETICS is in the limelight, and because DIANETICS is the first effort at a study of the mind which gives the intelligent and diligent laymen a chance to test its hypotheses.

DIANETICS isn't easy. W. R. Hubbard (no relation to L. Ron), a psychologist at the University of Oregon who is interested in testing DIANETICS says: that dianetic therapy, while simple in principle is in practice one of the most difficult forms of therapy he has ever used.

In the future I may go into various aspects of DIANETICS and various aspects of related fields-I have done considerable research on hypnotism; can get material on other studies of the mind and related matters and pass them on to readers of this overly modest journal for whatever it may be worth. However, this time, I'll pass on to you something very concrete, something that can be tested beyond a shadow of a doubt-in relation to where it tends to work or not. This thing is the formula for GUK - the super vitamin routine for accelerated DIANETIC therapy.

First a word of caution: Requirements are: TWO skilled auditors working in 8 hour shifts continuously for the first 48 hours; while the subject is taking guk on a twenty-four hour day basis. Then for about two weeks every day for six hours the subject is again audited. The end result is called a "Chemical Clean".

GUK is harmless taken as given below, the dosage isn't as big as it sounds, but don't add to it. Here it is with the warning that it can be wasted without proper auditing and our personal warning that dianetics should be confined to the young and healthy and mentally sound- i.e. normal persons - preferably people willing to spend a lot of time and labor to help themselves or people who just want to test DIANETICS. Watch out for people with that "Dianetic Gleam" in their eye.

HERE IS GUK--and incidentally, it is only a speed up, not a panacea.

10 day supply...twenty dollars

14 day supply...twenty five dollars at the Los Angeles Foundation

"C" dosage: three grams glutamic acid
two hundred milligrams B one
two hundred milligrams C
five micrograms B twelve

"B" dosage: "C" dosage plus fifty milligrams niacin

"A" dosage: "B" dosage plus fifty thousand units vitamin A
one hundred milligrams vitamin B

"A Plus" dosage:
"A" dosage plus fifty milligrams B six
One hundred milligrams B one

The schedule is thus: (constant auditing for at least 48 hours)

The first day:

"A Plus" --half hour:"A"--half hour:"B"--half hour: "C" --half hour: "C"--in order

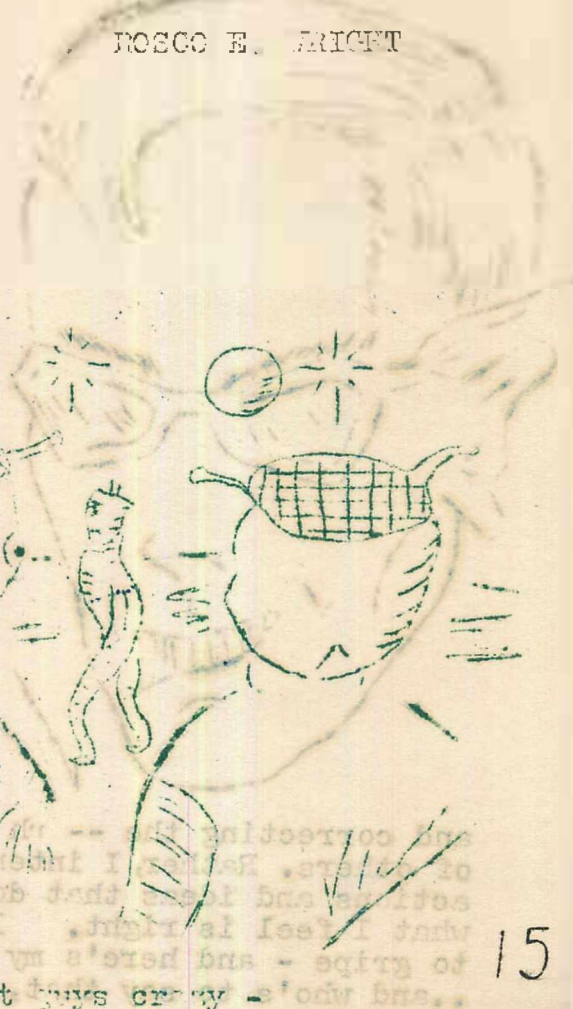
(every hour) : "C---" C--- "C---" "C---"
"C", --every two hours: ---"C"---"C"---
"C"---"C".

The second day: Every 4 hrs: "C"---"C"---"C"---
"C"---"C"---"C".

And that is that for now, oh fen, next times who know: I do have seventeen pages of concentrated outline on Hypnotism with about every phrase documented even to the page number of a book, Hybe V.L. Modesty McCain would like to print it?? (He shou d live so long, 17 pages of stencils to cut, yet! Eá.)

ROSCO E. BRICHT

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That guys every -
Says there's life on earth

the Blue Pencil

There was a young fella named Vick;
In the head they said he was sick;
He read s-f mags,
Said fem-fen are hags.
Retaliation -- they called Vick a hick!



Now, there
is a perfect
example of what
blue pencils
are generally
used on. That
is, when the
pencil's in an
editor's hands
But with the
hand of a fan
guiding it--
then, it's
something else!
This particular
Blue Pencil, in
the hand of this
particular fan

(very
particular,
I might add)
isn't going
to be much
concerned

with condemning

and correcting the -- uh -- literary works
of others. Rather, I intend to blue-pencil
actions and ideas that don't jibe with
what I feel is right. In short, I like
to gripe - and here's my chance to do it!
..and who's to say that, if I gripe hard

enough, and loud enough, and long enough, I might not get some results?

First, let's take this matter of conventions. As I understand it, Rick Sneary and some others don't like the idea of having any conventions--especially three-day ones - other than the worldcon. Why? Because fandom is becoming Big Business. That, of course, makes sense -- of some sort. But I thot it was an American axiom that competition makes Big Business, and that a monopoly is abhorred almost as much as a vacuum.....There is one thing in his idea that I'll leave intact -- you naturally wouldn't want two conventions in the same section of the country at the same time, or in the same year. That would be something like the A & P putting up competing stores, side by side. Many would go to either con, but not both. If they went to the smaller one, that would be damaging the worldcon, since they wouldn't be able to attend it and spend their money there. But when you get cons at opposite ends of the US, it seems more of a boon to me. Agreed, there might be a millionaire or three that could have afforded to attend the worldcon, but didn't, because of the other -- but think of all the poor fish like me who got to attend a con where they otherwise would have had no chance! Do you want to knock their fun in the head just because you could thusly get a few more at the far-distant worldcon? That is hardly sportsmanlike...

Then there's this legend about "sacrosanct fandom" that seems to have oozed into some people's heads. Every so often a fan will pop up with either radical ideas or radical devotion to one idea - so what happens? "--Throw the bum out, boys -- he's not good enough for fandom!" What are we -- a bunch of perfect Aryans, or something? Seems that fandom is one place where anyone -- (CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)

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Grandma the Clever

Gripe Department. Gramma is quarreling with her sex again. Because of this sex handicap she lost the chance of getting a very interesting job, with much dinero attached. The publicity men for "Destination Moon" sent word to the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society that they wanted several fans to walk about Los Angeles and its environs, nattily clad in space suits and fishbowl-fans who could answer intelligently and scientifically the questions propounded by the local peasantry. Of course Gramma's hot little hand went up eagerly. But alas!-her sex again disqualified her for even this job! Her sex, mind you, not her intelligence quotient. She would have loved that job-what fun to be taken for a fugitive from a flying saucer!

Dianetics Department. I have it on the word of A. E. van Vogt who himself has it on the word of some femme fresh out here from Elizabeth, N.J., that Ron Hubbard's young daughter has already begun to talk. As the damsel in question is around four months old at this writing, this should be further proof that dianetics is what the world has been waiting for ever since it quit looking for the Second Advent! Only one thing strikes a sour note - is it quite safe to give any female such a head start in the art of conversation?

Advertising Department. There is on the market a new product called "Eullo", in the form of tablets containing chlorophyll which are guaranteed, if taken regularly, to render void any case of B.O. however flagrant - I mean fragrant. "Chloropills-every man his own Airwick!" What a slogan! AMAZING STORIES please note.

Professor Blundation Department. What is Time? Is it arbitrary or merely relative? Is it a wind that blows endlessly past us as we stand fixed in space, or is it a stream that carries us through space as we go bobbing on down with the current like a lot of forlorn little corks?

There is something distinctly queer about time. The person who has all the time in the world never gets anything done, while the greatest projects seem to be carried out by those who have to budget every second in order to accomplish their ends.

Time is all in the mind. It is an indefinite quality with purely arbitrary divisions for mankind, chiefly the boss. Does a cat care what time it is? Does a cow? Not on your life. But let a poor clerk punch in five minutes late! He might as well set fire to the files, embezzle the company funds and seduce the boss's stenographer!

It has been held that time is a fourth dimension. But there is something essentially unsatisfactory to the ordinary man in the contemplation of a dimension that cannot be seen, depicted, or proceeded along. The average mind goes berserk trying to figure out a way to travel that is not forth and back, sideways, or up and down. It cannot contemplate any dimension which cannot be achieved by wiggling the controls in a plane. We will leave this aspect of time to Einstein and God.

Leave us quibble no longer, friends. Time is that stuff which, when someone wants you to do something you don't want to, you don't have enough of.

Philosophy Department. Perhaps the men who, today, have to live by the rhythms of nature, the farmer, sailor on a freighter, the astronomer,--all these are probably happier and more in tune with the cosmos than the slaves of the machine. Say, for Bal' Hai. But if I set out looking for my special island I would very likely wind up on Bitchin!

Reef Department.

My hair is gray, my eyes are dim,
My blood has turned to plasma.
Where once with passion I did pant
I now just wheeze with asthma.

Reefer Department. A realtor from Mars hopped out of his discopter the other day and low-pressured me into buying a lot in an isolated section of Syrtis Major. It is located at the apex of this triangle, where the main canal flows down from the north Polar Cap. At once, using my well-developed gift of telekinesis, I started building the villa long ago planned in the realm of my subconscious.

It stands on the west bank of the canal, looking eastward across a sandy red desert to the lowhills of sandstone on the horizon. No other building is in sight. The coci, this wind blows southward from the snows, and bends the gray-green reeds that rustle stiffly along the banks of the canal. The water reflects the pale azure of the sky and flows between its shores as gently and passionlessly as the blood flows in the arteries of a very old man. For Mars is an old world, a spent world, and in its ageless rhythms the old ones of Earth may find refuge from the swift staccato beat of the music, and the quickening pace of a world gone mad.

The house itself is cool and uncluttered. It is indeed quite bare by Earth standards. The windows are open and uncurtained. Small glass bells swing in the wide pointed arches, and blend their notes of crystal with the velvet whisper of the rushes. Outside, the low walls of pink sandstone are roofed with tiles of heavenly turquoise blue. The doors and shutters are of silver soft and old and dull of sheen. Coral from the dryseas paves the garden walk, flowers, moon-white, graceful, with leaves of silver-gray, spice the air with an alien perfume.

At night, Deimos takes her stately, unmarried way across the black sky, with Phobos, her baby, swiftly overtaking her and racing mischievously ahead to be first at some fancied goal. Great Jupiter, hanging like a baleful eye above the roof, hints at the eternal threat to man that is always needful to round out his existence. For in order to savor to the full the keenest joy of life one must dwell eternally beneath the very wing of doom.

Suppressed Desire Department. Have any of you fans cherished in the depths of your id some suppressed desire whose gratification would release your ego for new and better things? Write to Gramma - it will free you from frustration to see them in print. Me, I have been longing for several years to get on a Phillip Morris Radio program and most thoroughly and competently louse up the commercials! What will you boys in the back room have?

RORY

THE BLUE PENCIL (continued from page 17)

regardless of race, creed or whatever -- should be accepted, the only exception being the obvious one -- when they're not fans. (But what is a fan? Ed.)

"The Blue Pencil writes, and, having writ, moves on...." so I guess I'd better do that. Hmmm? You say it looks more like mimeography than penciling? Okay, then - so you gotta use your imagination, pal; use your imagination!

SHELICK

21

FANTASY POETRY THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

OPUS THE FIRST

The wat'ry planet Venus lay below,
No earthly jets ere
Ours had ever caused the slow stately
passage, where
Vast clouds have pursued their fellows
since that
First dawn, to boil apart in
Fiery steam; resentful at man's touch, but
begin
To close their ranks where we have passed.
Venus

Lies before our eyes.
And as we land, between us there flit joy-
ful cries.
"Venus at last! We've finally landed!"
"Doesn't it thrill you?"
And then one demanded, "In all this mildew
Will we find natives? Are there truly such?
If so, where are they?"
And then with a shout of much awe and sur-
prise, "Hey!"

Here comes the Venusian, in obvious peace,
He brings a greeting
For see his wonder,--- see him cease?

"Your message! (No patience could they
summon)
Thereupon he spake
"If I knew you were comin', I'd've baked
a cake."

OPUS THE SECOND

America's towns lie in ruins
Of radioactive slag.
The deadly atom's influence
Has dulled our country's flag.

But Russia is in worse estate,
Her cities are reduced
To an even deadlier fate.

Her leaders all induced
To desert the man they followed;
So Stalin all alone
His bitter pill has swallowed;
Now nothing can atone.
So the great Stalin sits weeping,
Of mighty dreams bereft.
His enemies now are sweeping
Back all the loot of theft.
Mercy seems to call us.
How could one ease his woe?
All we can say in solace
Is "Don't Cry, Joe."

OPUS THE THIRD

Wells and Weinbaum, Taine and Poe,
Though they've passed from earthly days,
Still return to let me know
How to turn a classic phrase.

So when lit'rachoor I turn out--
Don't shower me with praise.
"I'm steered" say I "when I'm in doubt
By phantoms who can still amaze."

"Those spirits who with me remain,"
Is always my reply,
"Poe and Wells, Weinbaum and Taine;
My ghost writers in the sky."

THE EDITOR

W.R.I.G.: Unless material is received for
this space, next issue, you are apt to see
more of the above. Don't let this happen to
you! Send in your contributions now.

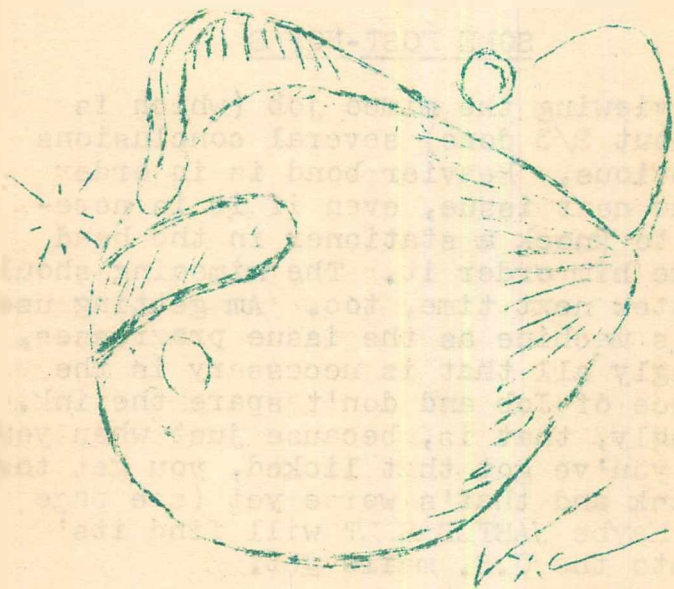
REPORT FROM AUSTRALIA

Well known New Zealand fan Jack Murtagh (you've seen his letters in the prozines) is on holidays in Australia. Murtagh has covered thousands of miles, from Brisbane to Perth, taking in most of the fan enroute, including yours truly. Murtagh claims to have one of the largest collections in the Southern Hemisphere, possessing complete collections of all the prozines except WEIRD TALES. Like Ackerman, he had to build a special room to house his collection. The New Zealand fan made our mouth water by telling us that in N.Z. there are no restrictions of any kind. If you want to subscribe to an American magazine, you either pay local subscription agents, or send the money direct to U.S.A. If fans in the States send you parcels of magazines, the Customs never lay a finger on them. New Zealand officialdom appear to have some quaint ideas, such as allowing the public to read what they like. Such radical sentiments would never be permitted in Australia; where officialdom regard fantasy fans as either criminals or morons, and censor them from the cradle to the grave. In fact, after listening to Murtagh describe the life of a fan in New Zealand, we have come to the conclusion that country should be renamed "TO-FIA! A Sydney newspaper, THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH issue free book supplements "The Poison Belt" by Conan Doyle; "John Carstairs, Space Detective" by Frank Belknap Long; "The Adventures of Lancelot Biggs" and "The Further Adventures of Lancelot Biggs" both by Nelson Bond. They are, of course, condensed versions. Another Sydney paper, THE DAILY MIRROR serialized "The Kid from Mars" and "The Skylark of Space". A Perth radio journal, THE BROADCASTER serialized "Out of the Silence". Bradbury's stories appear regularly in ARGOSY (no connection with the American ARGOSY), but

under different titles. For instance, "Mars is Heaven!" was reprinted as "Circumstantial Evidence".....RKO's fantasy movie, "Mighty Joe Young" saw release in Australia as "Mr. Joseph Young of Africa". Let's hope the Aussie distributors of "Destination Moon" don't change the title of that one...August Derleth's weird stories are reprinted regularly in the Australian mag SHORT STORIES. Again, this mag has no connection with the American SHORT STORIES. How confoozin' these title duplications are...The first Aussie fanzine to appear in years, WOOLERA came out in August, Pubbed by Nick Solntseff, of 185 Giraween Road, Giraween, N.S.W., Australia, in case you are interested.....Altogether a total of 18 stf pocket books have appeared in a series called "Scientific Thrillers"..... Easily the most interesting - and perhaps the most important - fan news of the year from Down Under was the announcement by two Sydney fen of the formation of the "Futurian Press". This new publisher will issue what is called, "select fantasy in limited editions". No titles as yet announced, but the price is stated to be tentatively fixed at \$1.50 per copy. Since all books issued by this press will be restricted to 100 copies of each title, the books may easily become real collectors items. Press will be operated by the Sydney fen Vol Molesworth and Nick Solntseff. Interested parties could write 'em direct: Solntseff, 184 Giraween Road, Giraween, New South Wales, Australia..... Among the recent mail received by your columnist, was a letter from Planet's editor Jerome Bixby. Bix confessed that his favorite literature, are the series of stories by Charles W. Upfield (an Aussie author) featuring "Bony" an aboriginal detective. Bix calls the stories, 'fascinating stuff'..The first reprint of Planet Comics appeared on the local newsstands recently

As THRILLS began to maintain a regular monthly schedule, Aussie fans were complaining that the editor ignored all letters written to him.....Mystery still surrounds the identity of the writers responsible for the stories in THRILLS. All the stories are bylined by what are obvious pen names.. A British edition of FATE complete with a long article on the Shaver Mystery appeared on Australian newsstands....Australian edition of ELLERY QUEENS MYSTERY MAGAZINE continues to feature much fantasy material; "Speak to Me of Death" (which appeared in #1 of FANTASY FICTION) recently appeared in the Aussie EQMM; as did the prize winning sf story "The President of the United States-Detective", and Fredric Brown's intriguing weird, "Don't Look Behind You". In fact this magazine usually has one or two very good fantasy stories each issue. EQMM is one of the three U.S. magazines reprinted in Australia. The other two are DIME DETECTIVE and ZANE GRAY'S WESTERN MAGAZINE. The Australian publishers do an excellent job with these reprints. For instance, DIME DETECTIVE which is a pulp magazine in the States, is reprinted as a slick down under! The Australian publishing houses do so well with their reprints, that it is a pity that one of the American sf magazines does not experiment with an Australian reprint..... the Australian Fan Directory is in process of compilation. This will differ from the U.S. Fan Directory in that it will list all known fans in Australia and New Zealand, including those of past years.

ROGER DARD



ATTENTION!

For those of you who couldn't read the editors address on page 1 (and that's probably everybody), the town is Nampa, Idaho. I'll repeat it:

V. L. McCain

R.F.D. #3

Nampa, Idaho

SOME POST-NOTES

After viewing the mimeo job (which is now about 2/3 done) several conclusions are obvious. Heavier bond is in order for the next issue, even if it is necessary to knock a stationer in the head to make him order it. The mimeoing should be better next time, too. Am getting used to this machine as the issue progresses. Seemingly all that is necessary is the patience of Job and don't spare the ink. Seemingly, that is, because just when you think you've got that licked, you get too much ink and that's worse yet (see page 26). Maybe WASTEBASKET will find its way into the U.S. mails yet.

More Poetry that Should Never be Written

I thank the lord I'll never see,
 A tree that sags like poetry;
A poem of forced iambic strain,
 Of soggy meter, sad refrain;
A poem that weeps, and sobs, and wails,
 Claws its scalp, chaws its nails;
A poem that never should be written
 By neofan at just one sitting.

They say only God can make a tree
 But just one poem
Makes a fool out of me.

