

WONDER

VOL. 1. SPRING 1949 No. 1

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WONDER is edited and published
by Michael Tealby, 9, Purfield
Avenue, Loughborough, Leics.
Circulated mainly through SFS.
WONDER is free to its members.



F A N - F A R E.....

Another Fantasy Fan Magazine is born. Plans for this magazine date back quite a time. At first, I had the idea of producing it on a small printing press, but the time taken up by setting up the type would be too great, so, over the last year I assembled the equipment necessary for producing a duplicated mag. However, I have quite a lot of future plans for WONDER. It's only just been born. When it gets through its 'teething troubles' we might begin to go places.....Future plans for this mag may even make Ted Tubb sit up...and from what I hear, it takes quite something to please That Man...lets be hearing from you, Ted, huh?

For the present, and until further notice. WONDER will be mainly circulated through the SWS. The next issue should be hitting your mailbox around July.

WONDER'S 'slant' will be Fan fiction, backed up by articles and features of the strange and unusual... features to make you...WONDER. Starting next issue for instance, is the first of a series called ADVENTURING WITH THE UNKNOWN! featuring personal strange experiences of readers. One of the fiction offerings next issue is a wacky piece by American fan Norman Storer...Maybe you've wondered what type of material is featured in in that mailing on the other side of the pond known as the SAPS. Norman's piece next issue is from his own magazine for the SAP mailing-QUEER.

There will be more fiction on hand, and aside from the features there will be a selection of Reader's letters.

Greetings to the new 'SLANT' a fanzine published by Walter A. Willis of Belfast, and distributed through the BFL. Very nice..and PRINTED!! Liked the feature 'Telekinesis and Buttered Toast' I don't usually drop toast-My weak spot is gramophone records.

By the way has anyone noticed that the Feb. issue of TWS is down to 134 pages ? 16 pages missing!

Bergey's cover for 'Against The Fall Of Night' -Nov.55, fooled me. I thought that the BEM on the cover would be the 'Invader' that everyone talked about

The glittering sign across the thoroughfare held my attention. I was downtown with one inclination...to enjoy myself. I was at last out of a certain occupation to wit: the British Army, and I was determined to 'celebrate'. I was in search of entertainment...and the sign seemed to point the way to gratify my desire. 'THE GREEN CRYSTAL' the lights spelt out, and smaller lights moving across the front of the building followed with the words 'MUSIC OF THE FUTURE'. Not being able to resist the latter sign (I'm a sucker when it comes to hot music), I crossed the thoroughfare and entered the building.

Some moments later I was seated at a small table near the raised dais at one end of the hall. A cleared floor space was left in front of the dais, and the other tables were grouped in a semicircle round the hall facing the platform. I could not see any lights, yet the hall was lit by a soft green haze, through which I could only just make out the curving bar at the other end of the hall. The thing that really caught my attention more than anything else, was a large globe suspended from the ceiling; a globe which seemed to have no visible means of support—a globe seemingly defying all the laws of gravity. This globe was about the same size as these globes that are to be seen in most dancehalls; globes, which, when a spot is turned on, throw flecks of light on the dancefloor. The Globe, however, was not one of these. Light was being thrown off by it, but not light from a spot; light from the inner depths of the globe. It was spinning....fast. Spinning... yet seemingly not having any connection with the ceiling... spinning, and defying natural laws.

My thoughts were interrupted at this moment by the appearance at my elbow of the waiter with my drink. As I was gazing at the clear liquid bubbling in the glass in my hand, curtains at one side of the dais parted and the orchestra assembled. It was an orchestra of mixed sexes, both of which wore a similar kind of 'tunic'—a kind of metallic material... short sleeved with short

"skirts" ending above the knee. The instruments looked different to. The "piano" for instance... was it a piano? It had a keyboard, but was streamlined and had glistening "tubes" arrayed along the top. This promised to be interesting, and I eased back in my chair and took a drink. This orchestra was a new one on me, although I was well up on swing bands-my hobby was collecting hot records. "Music of the Future"...that title intrigued me, and I was looking forward to an interesting night. In this I was not to be disappointed!

The orchestra having settled in their places, the light over the dais changed-splitting up into rainbow colour, as this everchanging colour deepened the orchestra struck up what I took to be their signature tune...and was it a tune..! A slow and easy arrangement, somewhat similar to 'Stardust' but more...much more moving. The strange piano-like instrument sounded...well the nearest thing I can think of is the 'Hammond' electric organ, but this new instrument was so far above that, as the Hammond is over a piano. The 'tone colours' that this new instrument weaved around the rest of the orchestra were beyond description. This, however, wasn't the only improved instrument...another one was the clarinet. This sounded like three clarinets playing in harmony, and this effect, combined with the other new and improved instruments was really great.

The band finished their signature tune, and one of their number stepped to the front of the dais and spoke. "Hello, everybody" he said "you are listening to Terry Varden and the Music of The Future Orchestra, playing for the first time in this-er-area. We are starting our programme with a new piece, 'Rhapsody of Space!'"

I couldn't even begin to describe my feelings. This music seemed to lift my soul free from my body; I was, as it were, transferred to the fourth Dimension. I could have listened to it forever.

The applause brought me back to my senses, and as the band swung into a lazy, tuneful melody all the lights dimmed again, and a spotlight; a circle of bright ever changing hues, flashed out on the steps leading from the dais to the dance floor. The music softened and a figure app

appeared in the circle. It was a girl. A girl with the figure of a venus. A girl with long, raven tresses falling over her gleaming shoulders. As she came down the steps she started to sing. To sing of space; of it's emptyness, and of the stars. Her singing had a depth of feeling that reached way down into my heart and brought a lump into my throat. I was thankful for the dim lighting, for as she continued, my eyes began to get wet. As she sang, she moved her supple body in a slow dance, the short, golden robe emphasizing every curve of her beautiful figure. She had, as had all the orchestra and the attendants, a tiny crystal ball on her head, held in place by a thin golden band. She was now in the centre of the cleared floor space.

Suddenly, a thin, high-pitched sound threw a discordant note into the song...A sound which ran down the scale into inaudibility, followed by a splintering sound. The girl stood transfixed. I looked up, and to my horror saw the large globe shattering and falling....Falling right on the dancer. I rushed from my seat, and reaching her, managed to drag her out of the path of the falling globe's main bulk. I knew no more- I remembered holding her body in my arms, but a piece of the globe must have hit me as I felt a smashing blow on my head and darkness descended.

I recovered consciousness slowly, with a feeling that I was in hell, and a horde of tiny, red Demons were using my head as an anvil. I tried, as an experiment, opening one eye, but quickly closed same, as a stab of fire shot through my brain. I groaned, and the sound startled even myself. I moved anaarm and tried to feel the back of my head. The demons broughtta trip-hammer into play, so I gave up.

I managed, after a time, to open my eyes and struggle to sitting position. The first thing that my eyes rested upon was a pair of legs...Belonging to a girl. At this, my fogged brain cleared; seeing the limp figure in the short, golden robe-now torn, brought everything back to me. I looked around, and my gaze grew startled. THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE NIGHT CLUB. There were the dark outlines of buildings on either side, but we were on, what seemed to be, the dim glow of the street lamps, a bomb cleared site.

6 I staggered across to the figure of the girl and tried to revive her. After an anxious five minutes I heaved a sigh of relief as her eyelids fluttered. She stirred, and opening her eyes, said softly "what happened?" She then looked around with a startled gaze, and with a sound in her throat, fainted away. There was only one thing to do: get a car, and take her to my flat. After making my jacket into a pillow and placing it under her head, I limped through mouldering rubble to the, now deserted thoroughfare. Luckily, I managed to secure a taxi which had delivered a fare nearby, and, assisted by a curious taxi-driver, I carried the limp girl to the car, and in a short while, she rested on the bed in my flat and I sat in an armchair smoking, and trying to make some sense out of the nights events.

My thoughts were interrupted by a movement on the bed. The girl was conscious. As she raised herself and gazed around, a small frown of puzzlement appeared on her ivory forehead. Her eyes caught mine, and the room seemed to whirl around. For a moment in time, although it seemed for eternity, there was nothing in the world except twin gold-flecked pools drinking of my soul.

Her gaze dropped, and I came down to earth; came to my senses again. I started to explain to her why she was in this, to her, strange room, but she stopped me.

"There is no need," she said softly "I have read your mind." My amazement must have shown on my face, for she continued: "It is quite normal where I come from. We always converse over long distance by telo---telepathy, I see you call it. I can see that you are puzzled about what happened tonight. I will try to set your mind at rest. Please relax, and I will try to impress your mind with mine. Your mind will not be so receptive to telo as my race, but I believe I can get through. It will not take so long to explain by telo, and I can impress pictures on your mind." I relaxed, and sure enough, scenes began to form in my mind.

My wonderment grew as I received the thoughtforce from the reclining girl on the bed, and as I gazed into her gold-flecked eyes, I knew that what she was telling me, although the strangest, and most fantastic story I had

ever heard, was true in every respect.

I will just give the gist of the girl's-Veda her name was -story. Although impressed on my mind in quite a short time, it would take up far too much space to set it down in full.

Veda, it seems, was from a different time-the future! The whole band, in fact, the hall itself were also out of a future era. The 27th Century, to be exact. It also seems that the reason for the show travelling in time, is that the shows in this future era reach all round the world via Third Dimension Visio (television). When the show had finished it's Visio run, the only thing it could do was to take on a 'Time Tour' as a present day show takes on a provincial tour.

The hall, materialising in this time era, was held in place' by the large globe, which was radiating a force-field. Veda did not know much of the technicalities of time travel so I did not receive any of the details.

Veda explained that she was left behind because a piece of the falling shattered the small crystal ball on her forehead. The small globes were, in fact, personal time machines. At this, I wondered how it was that the hall had returned to it's future time, but Veda must have picked up my thought, as she immediately gave the explanation. The building, it seems, was held in this time by a machine working on a different principle. The small globes are actual time machines, in that they are only switched on for the journey, and are not working when the person is not 'travelling'. The building, on the other hand, was not really travelling in time -it was still in it's future era; a machine being used to 'project' it into this era. The large globe was part of this machine- an 'anchor' as it were. When the 'anchor' shattered the building vanished, just as a piece of stretched elastic will snap back when one end is released. The personal machines had only enough power to carry one person through time, so Veda had to be left behind.

I cannot give the whole conversation, as we were still exchanging thoughts when the first gleams of dawn began to steal across the sky. Veda could pick up my thoughts quite easily, and she had sufficient power of mind to impress her thoughtimpulses on even my unaccustomed brain.

I doubt if we ever noticed the passage of time; I, for one was taken up by Veda's strange narrative, and she seemed equally interested in my comment on the present day world. However Veda, at last, said that she must rest, as the continuous
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mental strain, and her night's experiences had completely exhausted her, and as she said this, I realised that I, too, was dog tired, and suffering from numerous aches and pains.

For a person who was stranded in a strange land, Veda did not seem unduly worried. I glanced sideways at her as we sat in a box, waiting for the curtain to go up on the third act of a well-known stage play that Veda insisted on seeing. During the day we had rested, and eaten. I had borrowed clothes for Veda from my sister, on a very weak excuse, and luckily, they fitted her quite well.

Looking at her, I could see laughter lurking in the depths of her lustrous eyes, and her cheeks were tinted with a delightful flush of excitement.

We had spent a short while before the play, in sight-seeing, and I could tell by the thoughtwaves I kept receiving, that Veda was enjoying herself.

After the show, we headed for the space where the night club had been. It was almost twenty-four hours since I had entered the place of our strange meeting, and Veda had the idea that someone from the future would be back waiting for her. We turned down the thoroughfare, and I saw that the building, at least, had not reappeared.

As we came to the bomb-cleared space however, I saw a movement behind a pile of rubble, and my pulses raced as a figure stepped out; the lights of the street reflecting the small crystal object on his head. Veda ran forward with a glad cry. "Ton!" She shouted, and reaching the figure, flung herself into his arms.

As I stood and watched the couple embrace, my spirits fell. I realised, for the first time, that I had fallen in love with this girl from a future era. I saw that the man had brought a spare time machine with him; it was glittering in his hand.

Veda was now deep in conversation with him, and had seemingly forgotten my existence. At this point, I decided to leave them. I could not bear to stay any longer watching. I could not bear to see Veda vanish into time, and so, with a last glance at the dark tresses, and the lithe form that I had grown to worship, I turned away, and slowly, miserably walked away.

I trudged along with dragging steps, and tried to console myself with the thought that she was probably married to him anyway. "Don't be a goon, I told myself. I shall
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longer in a future era. You can't be in love with someone
who isn't even born yet! Yes, I tried very hard to console
myself but didn't succeed, and as I dragged my reluctant
feet further and further from the scene of my meeting and
parting, I sunk lower and lower into gloom. I was so taken
up with my thoughts; thoughts of a grim future without Veda,
that I never heard the running footsteps behind me; never
heard the cry....so, I was startled when two arms gripped my
waist from behind. I whirled around. "Veda...!" I gasped.
"It's all right, Peter." She cried. "I'm not leaving you."

For a moment, I didn't realize what she had said. I just
stood there, gaping like a fish, and then it hit me.
"Yes, I love you, Peter." Veda continued softly.
"But," I stammered, "what about....." She read my thought
before I had finished, and answered.
"Jon, you big stiff, is my brother!"
"Then you...you knew I cared for you?"
"I read minds, remember?" She laughed. "I knew before you!"
I gazed, wondering, at my attractive companion, as we walk-
ed through the dim streets, and seeing her suddenly blush,
I realized, I think for the first time, that you can't keep
anything from a mind reader...

THE END

DISCUSSION

FORUM

By

Kenneth
Slater

.....Number 1.

"The rush of air carried them through the air lock into
the vacuum of open space..."

....and if they don't happen to be wearing space-suits,
the author goes on to tell of the gory mess of burst bodies.

I say BUNK!

Death, certainly. Burst lungs, and burst eardrums, yes
yes.....But NOT burst bodies.

An aircraft can be flown 38,000 feet, by an airman
without a pressure suit, although the pilot certainly needs
an oxygen mask, because the pressure is down to $\frac{1}{5}$ of an
atmosphere. But, says you, the change of pressure has
been gradual, not immediate, as in the space-ship.

At 330 feet below sea level, a diver is subject to a

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10 pressure of 12 atmospheres. But he can stand that pressure - 8 admit that the pressure is equal, inside and out. But a diver at this depth is hauled up in two or three stages, with a halt in each stage. His body does not suffer normally although the pressure is reduced fairly quickly during the raising.

Again, how deep can you dive? At 30ft. deep in salt water, you are subject to a pressure of 2 atmospheres. People have dived unclad in suits, to this depth- and come right up!! Some of 'em have swallowed water down there- at 30lbs. per sq. inch pressure!! And come up and spat it out without busting!!

...Do you follow Ken's argument? Do you disagree? If so send in those letters, and this magazine will print as many as possible, next issue.....

A POINT OF VIEW By Derek Nable

The first professor looked up from his book. "How do you know you are sane?" he asked.

"What is sanity?" queried the second professor. The third professor dr dryly said: "Sanity is the absence of insanity."

"Don't be absurd", snapped the first professor, "You are presupposing the existence of sanity and insanity as objective realities. My question was rhetorical. To know is to feel the knowledge of something with every fibre of your being. know is subjective, but scientific truth should be, as far possible, objective.

"You are evading the point you yourself raised. How do we know we are sane? I believe I am sane, because everyone else excepting you gentlemen, are insane." The third professor said.

"Of course you are right." Agreed the second professor, "Sanity is subjective. we are surrounded by a world of insane beings, whilst we, the sane ones, know that philosophy is above all things. To think clearly is creation, to think not at all is death. Everybody else is insane, why else should they lock us in this asylum?"

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When it turned out to be just a damn robot.

He does it again! He does it again! Once again the latest issue of OPTIC FION TAMPST, John Newman was up with a story that would not disgrace the pages ASP. Why don't you try writing for the prozime John? Liked Norman Ashfields 'Shortest Ghost Story' in the last issue of ALLEGIC MIRROR...Think I've dug a shorter one form.....try this for size.....

...I SAW JONES WALKING DOWN THE STREET LAST NIGHT WITH HIS WIDOW.

To finish with, I should like to thank the SFS for its help in the production of this magazine, and thanks are due also to the contributors and everyone who sent their best wishes.....Don't forget, folk, let me have those comments, huh? ...and send in those stories please. I haven't a whole lot of fiction on hand, and can use as much as anyone can send!! And if you have any ideas on the features presented in this mag, or if you have any strange clippings from newspapers..Send 'em in, will you? A mass of errors seem to have 'crep in' this issue... Next issue, I'll do better...I hope! Cheerio till next issue..... M.T.

Strange news

O N D E R reports

Negro Jake Bird was sentenced to death for murder in Tacoma, Washington, on Dec. 6th 1947...He shouted a curse at the officials who had to en part in his trial.

Lawyers smiled when Bird turned to Detective Lyons and said: 'You policemen and judges will be waiting at the early Gates long before I roll up! A month later Judge Edges- whose health had been excellent-died. Jan. 16th this year Deputy Sheriff Karbach died suddenly. A few days later Chief Court Clerk Ray died.

Bird, meanwhile obtained a stay of execution for his appeal. Sept. 1948 Detective Lyons died....

Nov 1948 J.W. Seldon, who had defended Bird, but who said he wasn't in sympathy with his defendant died.

Five officials are now dead- EACH FROM A 'HEART ATTACK' Only one important figure of Bird's trail is still alive- County Attorney Steele!

(Clipping is from the Daily Mirror, Nov. 29 1948.)

FIRST FLIGHT.....

By Raymond W. Bailey.

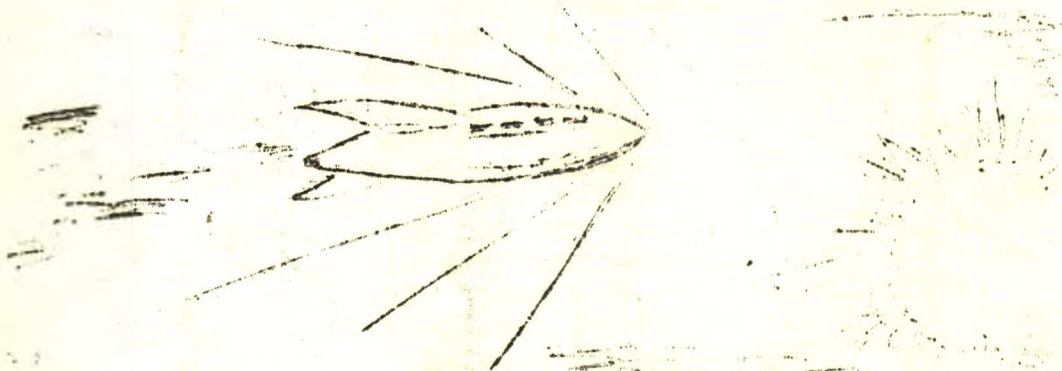
The crowds were tense, with bated breath
They watched the rocket warm it's jets,
First red, then yellow, glaring white,
The awful blast drove out the night.

The great ship shuddered, quivered, rose
Like some black gaint on brilliant toes,
Slowly at first then faster she sped,
'Till nought but a star winked overhead.

And soon even that was gone,
As out of the east crept up the sun.
The crowd now stirred, and turning as one,
Headed for a distant dome.

No cheer was voiced, no word was spoken,
Never once was the silence broken,
No excited chatter broke on the air,
No sweetheart sighed for her man up there.

For noman on Earth's first space flight spied,
'Twas millions of years since the last man died.
No man was there to lead the chants,
The crowd and crew, you see, were ants.



WONDER

This form has been printed separate from the mag. so that you can return it without cutting the mag itself.

1. Prozines.
What is your favourite magazine? ASF
Who is your favourite artist? ENLAW
Who is your favourite author? _____
Which magazine has the best letter section? PFM

Reason: _____
Which in your opinion is the top story appearing in any mag between Jan. 1947 and Dec.1948 inclusive?

2. Fanzines.
Which is your favourite fanzine? _____
Who is your favourite fan author? _____
Check off any of the following that you like to see in a fanzine
FICTION VERSE ARTICLES
READERS LETTERS
Would you like more fiction in fanzines?

3. Mixed bag.
If you had to spend-say four years or more on a planet owing to your spaceship crashing-but having everything necessary for life, who would you like to have crashed with? (Pick anybody!) ((Dont all rush at once))

Name _____
Address _____
Block letters please.

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Weird Tales Dec 1938 1/6 With covers but soiled

Web 1939 2/- Jan '44 2/6

