

FUTURIAN
WAR DIGEST
november 1941
number two
volume two



dream
landscape
no. 2

NORTHERN RENDEZVOUS or The Work of The Webster.

The invasion of England by Douglas W. I. Webster during the week of Oct. 18th was made the occasion for a hastily-organised gathering at Manchester on the Thursday of the week. Apparently Northernners were jealous of the London SFA "reunxion" held the previous month! Be that as it may, a hasty note sent out the previous Sun-Brought together at the home of Harry Turner, Julian Parr (Stoke), Marion Eadie (Glasgow) John F. Burke (Liverpool) J. M. Rosenblum (Leeds) and Ron Lane of Manchester, besides Harry, of course - and the Webster. One by one, we turned up at Longford Place and in the usual fan manner discussed anything and (almost) everything under the sun. Various impedimenta - recent fanzines, fanfotos & signatures - were passed round and inspected and in one of the more rational moments an attempt was made to discuss the suggested British fan organisation; but this was doomed to failure amongst the welter of conflicting conversations. We saw the originals of many Turner illustrations for ToW including some not as yet published, and succeeded in enjoying ourselves thoroughly. Unfortunately the time soon passed, as it does, and a bevy of fans wended their way towards the ruins of Manchester's Exchange Station in one of the ruins Manchester calls trams, to see off, the first of the departing tribe - ye Ed We did our best to miss the train, in vain; for arriving at 10.18 to catch the 10.10, we discovered that there was as yet no sign of its appearance. One of the sights we (the Ed) will remember to our dying day, is that lovely little circle of fans on that cold railway platform all waving goodbye.

As to Douglas Webster, in one week he managed to squeeze in one visit to Leeds, and two each to Manchester & Liverpool, staying successively with JMR, Harry Turner and John Burke. As well as the Manchester collection, Doug managed to get a look at Leeds' Eric Moss - who intrigued him with tales of army life - and Abe Bloom of Birkenhead. Was it worth it, Doug?

Another one goes!

Latest "casualty" of British fandom is Christopher Samuel Youd, of Eastleigh, Hampshire - ex-editor of FANTAST and producer of FANTASY WAR BULLETIN and FAN DANCE. Sam was due to report for service in the Royal Corps of Signals on October 23rd., but is at the moment in a civilian hospital; having a 21 days sickleave from his unit. "Purely superficial" he says.

This will, of course, mean the suspension of FAN DANCE; and will interrupt the career of one of the foremost fans in the country. Sam made FANTAST one of the finest magazines in the field with an interest and quality far in advance of the majority of American contemporaries. His own writing too was notable, especially that under the name of "Fantacynic" which caused quite a furore amongst the fans. Of late, however, Home Guard and everyday duties have been rather eclipsing the fan angle.

After being corrected extensively when trying to "introduce" C.S. Youd to our readers many moons ago, we dare not venture into the dubious realms of Sam's character, ambitions and potentialities. But we wish him all possible luck in his new life. -o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-
REMAINDERED at 1/6, is a nonfiction book of considerable interest to the stf fan "A Book of Marvels" by Rupert T. Gould. It was originally published at 2/6 in Methuens Fountain Library. The seven essays included deal with various unsolved mysteries including the canals of Mars, the possibility of gigantic human beings and the "devils" hoof marks seen in Devon many years ago



Million to one coincidence on my recent leave ----

Sitting by solitary innin heart of Welsh mountains, where by chance I

had arranged to meet a pal who was cycling to join me for the week? am I.

Here by the pub pulls up an army lorry, also by chance, out on the days work. Crew starts sending messages on portable radio, and I talk to a corporal. I mention how I know someone who used to be stationed in Wales, but I've lost track of him. He used to be in Monmouth - I reminised. Good old Bill, we used to have grand times in London.

"Luvaduk" says the corporal, "are you Sid Birchby? Bill Temple's my room-mate, and we're stationed not ten miles away!!"

And so it was, and that evening I visited the old maestro himself. He was only stationed there for the week that I happened to be there, which increases coincidence 100-fold. I gave him first hand report of SEA reunion the week before, which he had hoped to attend until leave was cancelled.

He in turn wished all SF fans the compliments of the season, and says (as usual) that army life browns him off. Can understand it too, after experiencing six years of Welsh climate myself. Sidney I. Birchby.

OUR OCTOBER VISITORS

This has been a lucky month for me, in that I have had more fan contacts than for a considerable previous time. The first thing that occurred was a phone call at 6.30 one evening; announcing the presence of D. J. Johnson - once of Liverpool - at the Leeds City Railway Station, with a couple of hours to spare. Apparently Leslie was given embarkation leave and then spent a period of a fortnight waiting for a ship; only to find himself at the end of that time, stationed at Snaith near Goole in Yorkshire, which is not so far from Leeds. During that and a later visit Les renewed acquaintance with current stf., both pro and fan, and announced his intention of taking a rather more active part in fan life. We hope to see him reasonably frequently in the near future. Incidentally, this is the first time Les & I have met since the SEA contretemps in May 1937. The next arrival was Douglas Webster, who spent his time in this fair city occupied by a tour of sundry bookshops, a visit to "Fantasia" (minus the evolution sequence, for its provincial tour, alas!) and turning the editorial collection of fanzines upside down. And of course, we talked; and talked, and talked. Overlapping on the Websterian invasion was a leave for Eric Moss, once the Leeds SFL librarian. The two met on Eric's first call to see me, but the talk fell on more general than stf. lines, as there were other people present. Eric is still in Somerset, still a Despatch Rider, and - still a Communist. And now I am wondering who will drop in on me next month; the invitation is open if you can make it.

This is Volume 2 number 2 of the FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST, (nick-named FIDO), - an amateur magazine devoted to fantasy fiction and its accompanying "fandom". Published monthly (we hope) price 3d per issue or 3/- a year. America 75 cents to be remitted preferably in promags to that value. Edited and published by J. Michael Rosenblum, 4 Grange Terrace, Leeds 7, England; and various accompanying sheets are included by the courtesy of their producers. Exchange with similar publications welcome.

EDITORIAL *newsletter*

Item number one: - sincere thanks to messieur Sarivel Youd for dumping about two reams of duplicating paper in your direction, apparently some remains from FANTAST. And so we dedicate this issue to Mr Youd, making the fourth dedicated issue Congratulations to Leslie Johnson and the missus on the birth of a daughter on October the 15th. Especially as it netted Les a couple of days leave to inspect the new liability ... Which reminds us that Australian fandom is not content with an Eric F. (Frederick, theirs' is) Russell but now brings an L. Johnson into the picture. This one lives in Hobart, Tasmania. And talking of the Russell, he is now an AC2 and at the moment in Boscombe, Bournemouth. Snook off & started your RAF career without letting us know, eh! Naughty. .. Another culprit is Syd Bounds who has apparently been in the RAF for a while. How can we keep our reputation for hot news (if we have one) unless you people tell us what is happening to you member Stanley Roberts of the Stoke-on-Trent S F Club is now a prisoner-of-war in Stalag VIII A Ronnie Holmes has left the Pacifist Service Unit he was working with due to the death of his father, and has been for a while, working at the Liverpool Royal Infirmary. Hard luck, Ron, you have our sympathies recent news from America is that that eternal infernal bibliography-in-preparation bug has now bitten old-time fan Louis C. Smith and FANTASIA-editor Louis Goldstone, both of San Francisco. Sorry we can't help you, pals --George Medhurst & I have been enjoying ourselves(!) with an embryo British Bib. of some thousand books for quite a while now And the British Science Fiction War Relief Society (Oh, for heavens sake lets have a pet name or something) is beginning to get into action; several parcels having put in an appearance over here. Sincere thanks to American fandom. Incidentally we are strongly of the opinion that recipients of such parcels who are in a position to, should send something in exchange. And may we again offer our magazine in exchange for prozines or Yank books So far only 3 of the seven chain-letters sent out about the proposed British fan society have returned to the fold - buck up, you fellows. Apparently a favoured idea is to be connected with the American National Fantasy Fan Federation whose president is Louis Russell Chauvenet. How about it, Yankee fandom? The NFFFF (Whoops! an F too many) now has a planning board amongst whose members are Art Widner, Donn Brazier, D.B. Thompson, J.J. Fortier, H. Jenkins, Julius Unger, Ray Bradbury and Dale Tarr; and this committee is thrashing out all sorts of interesting things for the NFFF to do..... Latest mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press has just arrived and very interesting it is too. With the current interest in amateur publications we are, very nobly, prepared to lend this batch of stuff to anyone requesting same. Only there is a warning attached - it will take a person fairly well up in American fan matters to follow the arguments etc. Nevertheless you are welcome Before we finish let us offer our congratulations to contributor Leslie A. Crouch of Canada, who is very successfully breaking into the pros. Six stories placed by now and more on offer..... Joan Coquest, author of "The Reckoning" (Laurie, 1931, pp242, 7/6) died this month. Sorry, we know no more about her or the book Deep thought concerning lack of time for FIDO and the possibility of less frequent appearance, has made us decide to try a rather different format next month - simpler, plain paragraphing minus pseudo-newspaper ideas.

THE AMATEUR PRESS OF British fan magazines today

It used to be said of US fandom, that once the hot summer was over, a welter of intense activity set in. Apparently a similar phase is occurring over here at the moment! Fan fanzine activity is absolutely unprecedented. Two newcomers to appear this month are the twin productions FANTASY POST and UNIQUE, put out by the Ken Bulmer-Art Williams team (125 Victoria Dwellings, Farringdon Rd E.C.1). Both are very well-produced, the former in particular; and are devoted respectively to reprinting a selection of the finer articles in the US fan press; and to well-written fan fiction. They will probably both be bi-monthly in appearance. The second issue of the six-weekly ZENITH (H. Turner, 41 Longford Place, Victoria Park, Manchester 14) duly appeared and even improves upon the previous edition. Naturally the first thing to appeal is the editors fine art work, but we particularly enjoyed Marion Madie's wise little parable. For the time in which we exist all three of these publications are truly amazing in quality, and we offer our envious congratulations to their respective editors who are doing such a fine job. British fandom will not be down-hearted apparently. Future plans for FANFAST are unknown, even by its editor Doug Webster, & vague ideas of editing a fanzine in the near future are held by "Renny" Remnison. Assuming the possible existence of these two, an all-time high in British fantasy amateur publishing would be reached, with no less than six fanzines appearing simultaneously. Even the palmy days of the SEA never produced more than five contemporary publications. Such is our answer to the dearth of pro material -- and we glory in it. Hallelujah !!

PERSONAL COLUMN

WANTED: copy of GHOSTS AND GOBLINS, also the 2 issues of TALES OF THE UNCANNY. Write Edwin Macdonald, 25 Dechfour Drive, Inverness. OFFERS requested for "Adrift in the Stratosphere" - A.M.Low, and "The Air Trail" - G.E.Rochester Aero or sf mags in good cond. preferred. R.J.Silburn, The Dingle, Rhydyfelin, Aberystwyth. R.Johnson, 108 Kimberley Road, Leicester, wants issues of ASTOUNDING 4 Sep, Oct, Nov, Dec 1937.

After distributing all the Denvention stuff send to us, we received another parcel just recently. There are another dozen or so sets of the special sheets and the program bklt so if anybody wants them, first come first served. Please enclose 4d pte

TO AMERICANS. Yours truly JMR is still wanting lots of US books (by Taine, Kline etc etc) to make my collection more complete, so if you would like to swap for British pubs. - including books - let me know.

ABOUT THIS MAILING. So we bid a regretful farewell to FAN DANCE, spity the poor thing died so young. Tho we have COSMOS back with us at last - and welcome too, to take the place of TIN TACKS. Medhurst's BIBLIOPHAN is with us too - some of you got a little worried about it last month, but really 8 pages descending suddenly on your editors devoted head - well, we just could'nt manage it, & had to split the supplement off. Fell out for the best too, cos we're a little short this month. No STAR PARADE either - but that is due to shortage of material and Ken Bulmer wants it pointing out that he can't put it out unless you people deluge him with suitable offerings. British subscribers will find another issue of FUTURIAN OBSERVER enclosed, and we have our first sheet from USA in Ackerman's OPEN LETTER TO ANGLO-FANS. Besides this, some of you will find the first issue of PACIFICNEWS in your mailing but so far we have only about 30 copies for 70 people. Sorry

* Edited by :-	* COSMOS *	* Illustrations and dept. *
* J. E. REMNISON,	* NUMBER FOUR	* heading cuts by :- *
* 82 Ramsgrave	* NEW SERIES	* ARTHUR P. WILLIAMS,
* Drive,		* Kindly duplicated and *
* BLACKBURN,		* distributed by :- *
* Lancashire.		* J. NICOLAI *
		* ROSEBLUM. *

REVIEW OF "FANTASIA"

By ARTHUR P. WILLIAMS.

"FANTASIA" is terrific, and don't you dare miss seeing it! It lasts about 2 hours and one part is particularly good. You see the screen pitch dark and slowly a nebula forms in the bottom left hand corner - it gets more distinct and you suddenly realise you are looking at the Universe from an awful long distance away. You approach it and see hundreds of Galaxies, which in turn you see as separate stars & planets. You see a huge sun, close up, with prominences etc. etc. and finally you see a brighter speck, with a smaller one alongside it and you sense it's the Earth, and Moon; you approach it and see a mud coloured ball and the scene fades out until you see the landscape - huge belching volcanoes, terrific great bubbling fields of lava, terrific thunder storms, earthquakes, tidal waves etc. etc..... Then great rains of boiling water, and seas form and then later you see amoebas and protoplasm etc. in the water, deep deep down. These evolve until they are actual fishes and crustacea (crabs etc.) and you see one essay to climb onto the land (tree climbing fish Xist 2day) to later make the first land animals. Then later on you see the huge Dinosaurs, Tyrannosaurus Rex, Brontosaurus's, etc., and you witness a death... struggle between the T. Rex and a Brontosaurus, the former victorious..... Even later on you see the last trek of all the surviving animals in search of water, when the earth is nearly all one huge desert. You see them die, one by one, of thirst, and later their footprints in the now hard rock, and further on, their hundreds of bleached skeletons on the sand dunes. THEN occurs an eclipse of the Sun, and as you see the Earth grow dark, the terrain cracks and huge land masses slide down. There occurs a period of terrible earthquakes etc. and you finally leave the surface of the Earth when it has calmed and only small islands are seen, breaking the surface of an endless sea..... All this is scientifically accurate (as is explained behind) and takes about 1/4 of the length of the film. Other items are "The Nutcracker Waltz" and "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and three or four more including a smashing one - "Night on Bald Mountain" which U will like if U like UNKNOWN! But the whole film is stupendous, and well worth going to see. DO NOT FAIL TO SEE IT! (Don't worry, Art, no one will miss seeing the film after reading your description)

IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT :-

1. Oct. F.F.F. has a lovely Pinlay cover, and contains TALES OF THE DOG STAR PACK by J. U. Giesy, and THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE by H. P. Lovecraft. (Courtesy photo from F.F.F. News Weekly).
2. AMAZING STORIES Sept. has a swell Fuqua cover illustrating the novel "Enchantress of Lemuria" by an old favourite Stanton A. Coblentz. Back cover - STREET CITY OF MERCURY by Paul - another lovely piece of eye-pleasing artwork. Stories look much the same as usual (very poor) but it is worth having for the best cover alone.
3. ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION for Sept. has a lovely Rogers cover illustrating Asimov's NIGHTMARE. In terrior illustrations are moderately good, and JWC himself has an article on HUMAN MUTANTS that

in our midst to-day. NIGHTFALL by Lisinof is excellent (do you know what would happen if the stars only appeared once every thousand years?); Elsewhere by Caleb Saunders (the other Hovelette) is the worst story in the issue to my mind. (Four students had disappeared somewhere, and the answer was to be found in Time). A screwy yarn to suit JWC's policy, but not well written enough for my liking. ADAM AND NO EVE by Alfred Bester is really swell. The last living thing on Earth (which has been sterilised by a cosmic fire) is a lone and dying man - how is life to start afresh? You'll find the logical answer in this smashing story. SHORT-CIRCUITED PROBABILITY by Norman L. Knight is an excellent short. A screwy story about time. Did it happen, or didn't it? Would the thing repeat itself, or would he know to avoid it this time? But the thing had happened, and he was dead. If you want to find out how the problem worked itself out, read this super-swell story. MISSION by H. Krulfeld. A story of war - spying with death at every ... side. He had a mission to perform, and what was death if he completed it? The best story in the issue (though "ADAM AND NO EVE" is a very close runner up) is to my mind, TEST OF THE GODS by Raymond F. Jones. Three men are accepted by the Venusians as gods. But they have to pass the test to show which of them is the true God - all very well, but what are the habits of the Venusians? Would they give the same answers as an Earthman to the questions? Read this smashing story, but do not peep at the end, as it comes to a smash-hit finish!

WE**WANT**MATERIAL**VERY**BADLY**+++++++*WON'T*YOU*HELP*US?

I reprint the following two poems from the August 1941 issue of SP. CELESTIALS because I think they are well worth reprinting. I beg your permission Harry, and thank.. you, producing such a grand mag.. I also compliment the writers upon their ability.

SOLILOQUY by WALTER C. LIEBSCHER.

* MY GOD by RICHARD KR. FT.

When one is alone one wonders
 Life is so inconsistent
 Full of so many uncertainties
 Would that I knew when I must leave this
 world
 So that I could go completely insane
 Live the last few days of my troubled
 life
 Like a - well, sorta like - flame
 Or better still a firecracker
 One boom - a brilliant flash
 And then - oblivion - infinity - eternity

* My God! The water was in my nose;
 * Running and dripping throughout my
 * clothes;
 * Soaking my shoes and filling my brain;
 * Carrying me down where old ships had lain
 * For centuries.....
 * My God! The water was sickly green
 * And horrid were the sights to be seen:
 * Of skeletons and cadavers loering at me -
 * 'Heath the morning, groaning, slithering
 * sea.....
 * And I was drowned!

SUBSCRIBE TO "UNIQUE" and "FANTASY POST"
 Write to Arthur P. Williams for details.
 Address :- 125 Victoria Dwellings,
 Farringdon Road, LONDON E.C.1.
 "If you want a treat, Don't miss
UNIQUE!"
 "Keep in with the host, Sub. to
FANTASY POST!"

* I came upon an Idol black,
 * Whose yellow-rimmed eyes stared right
 * back....
 * And bubbles of foam from his nose did
 * spot
 * A brain-bulb exploded, and then I knew!
 * My God.....

SHORT EDITORIAL :- "So you thought me dead?" Well, I'm glad to say that I'm alive and kicking! We want material badly - how about it gang? Comments wanted. 4 pages next issue, probably. How about a fanzine or two from U.S.? Will send TOW.

FOR SALE :- (all post free from the editorial address) WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY - Spring '52 (slightly battered) 1/6; SCIENCE FICTION No. 1. (fair) 9d; MARVEL No. 3 & No. 1. (both fair) - 9d each; PLANET No. 1. (fair) 1/5; F.F.H. March '40 (fair) 1/-; WONDER Nov. '33 (coverless) 9d; T.M.S. Feb. '37 & Oct. '38 (both good) - 9d each, and March '41 (perfect) - 1/6; AMAZING Dec. '34 (poor) 6d, Dec. '36 (fair) 6d, Aug. '37 (fair) 6d, Nov. '38 (fair) 6d, Aug. '39 (fair) at 6d. First come, first served; and if I do not receive requests for them within a fortnight of the publication of this, they will be disposed of elsewhere.

LONG EDITORIAL :- I have no material on hand, but I am determined to make this first new issue a 4 page effort - so I will have to find something else to reprint though what it will be I haven't the faintest idea as yet. "CONNIE" will have no definite policy, and will be issued monthly as far as possible. However I will not accept material of a controversial nature unless it deals with science fiction purely and simply, and I will not accept material of an EXTREMELY libellous nature on any subject. Slightly libellous pieces are usually enjoyable, and will thus be allowed. At the moment our only set policy is to entertain, but subject to your approval, I will continue with magazine reviews (especially reviews of ASF seeing that TF is no longer with us), and I will be glad to print articles by anyone regarding the Heinlein controversy that Don left simmering. If American fanzine editors will send me a copy of their mag., I will be glad to review it in these pages and send them some TOW's or whatever they want for their trouble. In fact, any fanzine will be more than welcomed by me. Get your mag. reviewed over here, and send a copy to the Editorial address. Thank you. I think that is all for now, but I want material and criticisms of a constructive nature. Especially material as if I get a lot of that I may issue an independent subscription fanzine besides "CONNIE". I don't know yet, but I want material in any case. How about you :- Bulmer, Carnell, Doughty, Holmes, Houston, Morgan, Parr, and Art Williams?? Or how about some articles or stories from America?? Well, whatever you do, DO IT RIGHT!!!

AFTER '59. THIS?

by WALTER SULLIVAN.

(Reprinted from SLIDE (The Star and blunder mag.) No. 1. without Damon's kind consent ----- wouldn't like to send me a copy of SLIDE 2 would you, anybody???)
 Over and over again I ask myself why? why? what did I ever do to deserve a fate such as this? How did I know when I became interested in science fiction that I would become a hunted fugitive, an outcast forever? However, I cannot escape it, I am branded forever as a full-fledged scientifi-fictionist. I wonder if I can be the last of my super kind? THE YEARS HAVE passed in quick succession since that fateful year of 1939. Perhaps I need not hide here alone. It has been years since I went out among men. It may be that in all those lonely years things have changed. Maybe we have been forgiven, and science fiction has been revived. I might be able to answer these questions if I left these monstrous mountains, but I dare not risk capture and possible torture. Forty years is a long time to spend alone, but I have my science fiction mags. to keep me company until I am called. HOWEVER, IN SPITE of all the privations and tortures I have suffered, I can still cherish those happy, joyful years before the great science fiction convention of 1939 which turned out to be a Frankenstein. If any old science fiction fan should read this manuscript (which I am tattooing on my chest for want of paper) he will remember the carefree days before the convention. However, he will remember also the dark aspects of the convention itself and the days that immediately followed it. He will undoubtedly remember the break-up of the authors and editors over who

(AFTER '39, THIS? contd.) should be the honoured guests, which was settled by the committee's picking an author and editor who had passed on to their just rewards. He will also remember the tragedy of the beer and sandwich' stampede, (in which I got two beers and five sandwiches) when twelve fans and numerous spectators were trampled to pulps. Then there was the "Bloody Battle of Science Fiction" which took place between the Michelists and the Anti-Michelists. It was stirring to C the opposing forces rushing to the fray, the Michelists carrying their blood-red flags and singing their anthem, "Onward Michelism", and the Anti-Michelists carrying their flag with the likeness of Moskowitz on it and singing their song of victory, "New Fandom Triumphant". I distinctly remember wildly waving a loaded copy of FANTASY NEWS as I rushed forward and let out a Cherokee war whoop, and being answered from across the hall by Dan McPhail with a Choctaw battle cry. I remember seeing Dan's lifeless body lying amid the wreckage after the battle, his head crushed in by a volume of FUTURISM NEWS. It was horrible to see the bodies of familiar fans lying in gruesome pools of blood. After the battle many fans who carried pictures of themselves were arrested for carrying deadly weapons. As if it were not bad enough to have battles between the two factions of science fiction, the surviving fans who returned home were startled to hear of a great upheaval in the directing ranks of New Fandom. It seemed that while preparing for the convention, Taurasi and Sykora had signed Moskowitz's name to numerous cheques. Moskowitz was mad enough when he received a bill for three hundred dollars for the... convention, but when he received a bill for \$150 marked "incidentals", something.. seemed to snap. He suddenly remembered rumours of wild parties at Sykora's on the nights when the committee was supposed to meet. (I ought to know, I was there.) Fandom awoke one morning to read in FANTASY NEWS that Will Sykora had been killed by Moskowitz and that there would be no more issues of FANTASY NEWS, as the editor found it expedient to leave for parts unknown. That was the last we ever heard from JVT. It was rumoured that Moskowitz caught up with him in the wilds of the Flushing dumps while mulling over a volume of FANTASY NEWS - but I will not go into the ghastly details. HOWEVER, THE FINAL and decisive blow had not been struck. When it did come, it came with a shock that rocked the world of science fiction to its very base. News of the goings-on at the convention had reached the ears of the Government (and what big ears you have Uncle S.), which immediately appropriated \$10,000,000 to be used to investigate sfn. in the U.S. After two and a half years had passed and seven government investigators had gone mad from reading sfn., the govt. swung into action. Sfn. was outlawed in our fair land. All sfn. literature was confiscated by the Govt. and destroyed. The fans were told.. that they must forget all about sfn., but they had been infected. Secretly, they organised themselves and continued to publish their fan mags. All went well until one fan who had indulged a bit too deeply (as is often their custom nothinks) told all he knew. All this valuable information fell into the hands of the govt. (and what big hands you have, Uncle S.) and it was decided that the fans must go. From then on it was a relentless search all over the country for the poor, Innocent (?) fans. Like the Christians in Rome, they were hunted down and destroyed like wild beasts. But, in spite of the govt's. purge, as late as 1946, a few true and loyal souls remained to preserve sfn.. In that year there were just about 6 of us left and to celebrate the 20th anniversary of sfn., we decided to hold a convention.... Somehow the govt. heard about it, and got on our trails. Just as I was about to leave my house, I noticed 2 men standing in front of it, and I immediately knew them to be Federal agents. From then on, it was just one jump after the other to keep ahead of them. After being hounded for months, I found my way into these... mountains, where I have been ever since. I WONDER IF there can be any fans left in the outside world? Do the Michelists rule the world? Alas, I do not know and I am getting too old to venture outside. I fear that I shall never know ----- never know.

(Gosh, I thought it wasn't going to fit in!!!! Cheerio, JER.)

But only just, my dear fans and fannettes, after the chilly reception of Bibliophan the 1st. (no more than 3 people bothered to write to its wretched editor) I had quite decided that it wasn't worth lavishing the time & energy of Doug Webster and Michael (not to mention myself) on such an inert, ungrateful crew as Fido's little circle of Star Begotten. [He swings a pretty snickersnee, doesn't he? D']

It happens though, that just recently I came upon a distinctly interesting piece of early 19th. Century stf. (possibly the first specimen of the invasion-of-Earth-by-extra-terrestrials theme) that seems to have been quite lost to modern fandom. So I have decided to reprint it unabridged; in spite of your confounded indifference, fans and fannettes.

The passage in question, virtually a complete short story, is embedded in a volume called "A History of New-York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty ... By Dietrich Knickerbocker". The pseudonym, of course, hides no less a person than Washington Irving, of "Sketch Book" fame. [Of course.--D'] The first English edition was, I believe, a two-volume one published by John Murray in 1821. Half-a-dozen more publishers hastened to put out editions, mostly, I imagine, pirated. I am using the 1824 edition, published from London by William Charlton Wright. The author is engaged in demonstrating the disinterested altruism of the European pioneers to America in their struggle to bring Christian civilisation to the heathen of that land. To clinch a series of forceful arguments he supposes a "parallel case", which we may call:

HOW CIVILISATION CAME TO EARTH

by, Diedrich Knickerbocker (Washington Irving)

Let us suppose, then, that the inhabitants of the moon, by astonishing advancement in science, and by a profound insight into that ineffable lunar philosophy, the mere flickerings of which have of late years dazzled the feeble optics, and addled the shallow brains of the good people of our globe - let us suppose, I say, that the inhabitants of the moon, by these means, had arrived at such a command of their energies, such an enviable state of perfectibility, as to control the elements, and navigate the boundless regions of space. Let us suppose a roving crew of these soaring philosophers, in the course of an aerial voyage of discovery among the stars, should chance to alight upon this outlandish planet.

And here I beg my readers will not have the uncharitableness to smile, as is too frequently the fault of volatile readers, when perusing the grave speculations of philosophers. I am far from indulging in any sportive vein at present; nor is the supposition I have been making as wild as many may deem it. It has long been a very serious and anxious question with me, and many a time and oft, in the course of my overwhelming cares and contrivances for the welfare and protection of this my native planet, have I lain awake whole nights, debating in my mind, whether it were most probable that we should first discover and civilize the moon, or the moon discover and civilize our globe. Neither would the prodigy of sailing in the air and cruising among the stars be a whit more astonishing and incomprehensible to us, than was the European mystery of navigating floating castles through the world of waters to the simple savages. We have already discovered the art of coasting along the aerial shores of our planet, by means of balloons, as the savages had, of venturing along their sea coasts in canoes; and the disparity between the former, and the aerial vehicles of the philosophers from the moon, might not be greater than that between the bark canoes of the savages and the mighty ships of their discoverers. I might here pursue an endless chain of similar speculations; but as they would be unimportant to my subject, I abandon them to my reader, particularly if he be a philosopher, as matters well worthy his attentive consideration.

To return then to my supposition - let us suppose that the aerial visitants I

2** have mentioned, possessed of vastly superior knowledge to ourselves; that is to say, possessed of superior knowledge in the art of extermination - riding on hippogriffs - defended with impenetrable armour - armed with concentrated sunbeams, and provided with vast engines to hurl enormous moonstones: in short, let us suppose them, if our vanity will permit the supposition, as superior to us in knowledge, and consequently in power, as the Europeans were to the Indians when they first discovered them. All this is very possible, it is only our self-sufficiency that makes us think otherwise; and I warrant the poor savages, before they had any knowledge of the white men, armed in all the terrors of glittering steel and tremendous gunpowder, were as perfectly convinced that they themselves were the wisest, the most virtuous, powerful, and perfect of created beings, as are, at this present moment, the lordly inhabitants of Old England, the volatile populace of France, or even the self-satisfied citizens of this most enlightened republic.

Let us suppose, moreover, that the aerial voyagers, finding this planet to be nothing but a howling wilderness, inhabited by us poor savages and wild beasts, shall take formal possession of it, in the name of his most gracious and philosophic excellency, the man in the moon. Finding, however, that their numbers are incompetent to hold it in complete subjection, on account of the ferocious barbarity of its inhabitants; they shall take our worthy President, the King of England, the Emperor of Hayti, the mighty Buonaparte, and the great King of Bantam, and returning to their native planet, shall carry them to court, as were the Indian chiefs led about as spectacles in the courts of Europe.

Then making such obeisance as the etiquette of the court requires, they shall address the puissant man in the moon in, as near as I can conjecture, the following terms:-

"Most serene and mighty Potentate, whose dominions extend as far as eye can reach, who rideth on the Great Bear, useth the sun as a looking-glass, and maintaineth unrivalled control over tides, madmen, and sea-crabs. We, thy liege subjects, have just returned from a voyage of discovery, in the course of which we have landed and taken possession of that obscure little dirty planet, which thou beholdest rolling at a distance. The five uncouth monsters, which we have brought into this august presence, were once very important chiefs among their fellow-savages, who are a race of beings totally destitute of the common attributes of humanity; and differing in every thing from the inhabitants of the moon, inasmuch as they carry their heads upon their shoulders, instead of under their arms - have two eyes instead of one - are utterly destitute of tails, and of a variety of unseemly complexions, particularly of a horrible whiteness, instead of pea-green.

"We have, moreover, found these miserable savages sunk into a state of the utmost ignorance and depravity, every man shamelessly living with his own wife and rearing his own children, instead of indulging in that community of wives enjoined by the law of nature, as expounded by the philosophers of the moon. In a word, they have scarcely a gleam of true philosophy among them, but are, in fact, utter heretics, ignoranuses, and barbarians. Taking compassion, therefore, on the sad condition of these sublunary wretches, we have endeavoured, while we remained on their planet, to introduce among them the light of reason - and the comforts of the moon. We have treated them to mouthfuls of moon-shine, and the draughts of nitrous oxyde, which they swallowed with incredible voracity, particularly the females; and we have likewise endeavoured to instil into them the precepts of lunar philosophy. We have insisted upon their renouncing the contemptible shackles of religion and common sense, and adoring the profound, omnipotent, and all perfect energy, and the ecstatic, immutable, immovable perfection. But such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these wretched savages, that they persisted in cleaving to their wives and adhering to their religion, and absolutely set at nought the sublime doctrines of the moon - nay, among other abominable heresies, they even went so far as blasphemously

5*** to declare, that this ineffable planet was made of nothing more or less than green cheese!"

At these words the great man in the moon (being a very profound philosopher) shall fall into a terrible passion, and possessing equal authority over things that do not belong to him, as did whilome his holiness the Pope*, shall forthwith issue a formidable bull - specifying, "That whereas a certain crew of lunatics have lately discovered and taken possession of a newly discovered planet, called the earth; and that whereas it is inhabited by none but a race of two-legged animals that carry their heads on their shoulders instead of under their arms - cannot talk the lunatic language - have two eyes instead of one - are destitute of tails, and of a horrible whiteness, instead of pea-green; therefore, and for a variety of other excellent reasons, they are considered incapable of possessing any property in the planet they infest, and the right and title to it are confirmed to its original discoverers. And furthermore, the colonists who are now about to depart to the aforesaid planet, are authorized and commanded to use every means to convert these infidel savages from the darkness of Christianity, and make them thorough and absolute lunatics."

In consequence of this benevolent bull, our philosophic benefactors go to work with hearty zeal. They seize upon our fertile territories, scourge us from our rightful possessions, relieve us from our wives; and when we are unreasonable enough to complain, they will turn upon us and say, Miserable barbarians! ungrateful wretches! - have we not come thousands of miles to improve your worthless planet? - have we not fed you with moonshine? - have we not intoxicated you with nitrous oxyde? - does not our moon give you light every night? - and have you the baseness to murmur, when we claim a pitiful return for all these benefits?*** But finding that we not only persist in absolute contempt of their reasoning, and disbelief in their philosophy, but even go so far as daringly to defend our property, their patience shall be exhausted, and they shall resort to their superior powers of argument - hunt us with hippogriffs, transfix us with concentrated sunbeams, demolish our cities with moonstones; until having by main force, converted us to the true faith, they shall graciously permit us to exist in the torrid deserts of Arabia, or the frozen regions of Lapland, there to enjoy the blessings of civilisation and the charms of lunar philosophy - in much the same manner as the reformed and enlightened savages of this country are kindly suffered to inhabit the inhospitable forests of the north, or the impenetrable wilderness of South America.

* * *

Which completes all the stfical sugar-coating on the washington Irving pill that I can give you. If the pure stfans, who hate sordid politics or moral decisions, or, in fact, anything concerned with mere human behaviour, will please look the other way, I want to extract for the benefit of the impure fans one more paragraph from a chapter studded with beautiful passages. Irving has just clinched, by citing the "mighty bull" of his holiness the Pope Alexander VI, an elaborate case proving the absolute legal, moral, and Christian right of the Europeans to the lands blasted empty of inhabitants by the intensity of the Light they brought. And:-

"Thus were the European worthies who first discovered America clearly entitled to the soil; and not only entitled to the soil, but likewise to the eternal thanks of these infidel savages, for having come so far, endured so many perils by land and sea, and taken such unwearied pains for no other purpose but to improve their for-

* Earlier, the author remarks: "His holiness Pope Alexander VI issued a mighty bull, by which he generously granted the newly discovered quarter of the globe to the Spaniards and Portuguese; who, thus having law and gospel on their side, and being inflamed with great spiritual zeal, showed the Pagan savages neither favour nor affection, but prosecuted the work of discovery, colonization, civilization, and extermination, with ten times more fury than ever."

*** Irving has previously quoted 'the words of a Reverend Spanish Father, in a

4** Iorn, uncivilised, and heathenish condition - for having made them acquainted with the comforts of life - for having introduced among them the light of religion: and, finally, for having hurried them out of the world, to enjoy its reward!" * * *

Fanettes and Fans, I almost feel inclined to apologise. Damn it, I will! Gather round, children, for this unique event: the Bibliophan is about to do public penance! My plaintive initial paragraph was panned in Oxford when, cut off from the Bibliophan's stficollection, I was being urged by Doug to fill out a sheet or bust. Since then, no less than four more noble fans have written nicely of the Phan. Moreover, I am once more surrounded by books, during a brief and precarious return to the Metropolis. So, in mingled penitence, celebration and, possibly, as a final Bibliophanatic gesture, I propose to spread over five whole pages, not forgetting three pages of supplement (provided Doug & Michael will stand for it). Aren't we all lucky fans and fanettes! * * * *

Belief in the superman has provided an invaluable line of retreat for disappointed reformers, in the past; and, of course, it has by no means lost its potency today. Rather the reverse: the concept of mutation has greatly added to the popularity of the idea, being very handy for providing it with a solid-seeming foundation. Thus, Mr.H.C.Wells, driven to something very near desperation by the apparent permanence of the ape-like malevolence, the mean craftiness, muddle, dirt and despair of the world of the mid-thirties, took a headlong flight into the nebulous land of the Mutant Super-man, in search of some way out for a race that, in its present semi-human form, seemed hopelessly incapable of pulling itself out of the slime. THE CROQUET PLAYER (Chatto & Windus, 1936) and STAR BFGOTTEN (C.&W., 1957) were the products of this twist of Wellsian thought. (Incidentally, by a curious trick of the mind, this war, the culmination of processes at work in the thirties [& '20s, brother-D], has stimulated Wells into yet another phrase of his impressive struggle for - and against - humanity: and hence, of fresh hope.)

Olaf Stapledon's intellectual history isn't quite of the same type. He start-
ed out in full retreat, and ODD JOHN (Methuen, 1935) is merely a full-length statement of his long-standing conviction that present day man is a psychological mess foredoomed to failure.

It is general among these prophets of the Super-Man (and the Super-Woman! - see the book of that name by A. Oliver Sutter: Arthur H. Stockwell, London) to picture them almost without conscious effort stepping into the shoes of our present second-rate brand of humanity. Even Odd John, and his super-youths and damsels gained a sort of spiritual victory (which, I must confess, I'm hanged if I can see). F. Le Gros Clark's emergent Super-man, however, didn't find events at all so accomodating. I will quote, if I may, a passage from BETWEEN TWO MEN (Boriswood, 1955). The birth of the new humanity has just taken place.

"He looked at its eyes; and its eyes were looking into his, liquid and contemplative and lazy; or so it seemed to him. There was a deep insolence in those eyes. He withdrew his own. He let them rest on anything but eyes. It was a boy, as she'd told him. He looked at its hands. The child had ceased to wail. He looked at its feet; there were but four toes on each shapely foot.

"Stukeley had no feeling of surprise. He gazed at the lamp for a few moments and then back to the feet. There were but four toes on each foot. He handled them curiously and remotely - not suffering his eyes to look into its eyes but brooding nevertheless in a detached half-sleep - how feeble the babe is, how very feeble it is still beneath his fingers.

letter to his superior in Spain - "Can any one have the presumption to say, that these savage Pagans have yielded any thing more than an inconsiderable recompense to their benefactors in surrendering to them a little pitiful tract of this dirty sublunary planet, in exchange for a glorious inheritance in the kingdom of Heaven!"

5* It had come. One might have known it. This had come, the fresh birth, nature's new dispensation; futurity lay secret within the writhing body. So - into a cottage; and these things do not happen by chance; and he was too dazed just now to think it over, but there could be no such thing, as mere chance and he might have known that he was predestined. - Here it was, the now insolent lord of Earth, very strong and lovely, rather pressing forward into its world than being born reluctantly from the womb - perhaps the first of all creatures to whom birth is not a horror and a loneliness. He stared at it. He began to dip a piece of flannel in the water and to wash it. Humly he was serving it now as a slave his lord. He washed it gently, limb by limb. The house beyond was deadly still; its inmates might have died or dissolved into the cold air."

Stukeley's mood begins to change; he has a revulsion back towards everyday humanity: "An idea came into his head. He shuddered. It grew and obsessed him; ... stretching a hand, he drew the bag towards him and opened it. He felt within. His features, had one seen them, were those of a hypnotist or a saint; he devoted his life to human kind.

"He touched with his forefinger the base of the tiny skull, soft as yet and unresistant. From the bag he took a long surgical needle. His eyes cleared. And then, because the race of Men must be saved from death - and because the cottage and the night had become an utter unreality to him - he drove the needle delicately into the nervous ganglia at its skull's base. There was only one drop of blood. He wiped it away." *****

Ken Bulmer of Lewisham reveals unsuspected depths. He makes the searching remark,

"I dunno whether you are interested in so-called mucky books, but if so, then (if you haven't already) try THE PAGAN CITY by N. (I believe) Chaplin ... It deals with the finding of a lost Roman City in the desert by a bloke and a girl, and their sexual experience therein. Nasty reading at times, but it has some really fine paragraphs dealing with the triumph of Christianity over the pagans [cf. Washington Irving's comments on this, above!]. The doomed slaves being led to execution singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers' makes heart-tearing reading ... The description of the tortures is lusciously effective." [Don't blame me, fans! / For me! --DW]

[I should mention here that RGM, in the interests of space, cut out much excellent material, and I have had to delete more, which I hope will appear in a future Bib. The following was crowded out at the end of the Supplement. DW]

Well, fans (and fanettes), what think you of the proposed Syndicate for the Promotion of Coitus? Already, Tricop, that enthusiast for progress, outbursts: "I do not wish to be member of the proposed Webster- * * * S.P.C. Hell, I wanna be a partner!" [And Zeus ("Old Lechery") Craig is with us too! "Oysters and Guinness", he carols merrily, "Oysters and Guinness!" We expect to enrol Messrs. Youd and Russell officially when the news breaks.--DW] How about a periodic "Journal of the SPC"? Just to fan the flames, here is another slant on S.P.C. aims, culled from HAN YDAL: THE WAGABOND PHILOSOPHER by Maurice Dekobra (Laurie, 1937). [Just to whet your appetites; and it's good, even though it's tripe. Watch for it! DW]

Hymn of Razzo, the Neanderthal Man, to Bunjil, Lord God Almighty

"Razzo lub Bunjil,
Bunjil lub Razzo:
Good for Bunjil.
Good for Razzo!"

(From, THE STAR CALLED WORINWOOD by Morchard Bishop - Gollancz, 1941)

Bibliophan is still strung together by R.G.Hedderst, the real work of stencilling & duplicating being very nobly done by those model fans, Messrs. Webster [Gad! - model fan! --DW] & Rosenblum. Address:- 126, Finborough Road, Westbrompton, London S.W.10.

3 @ DER COPY ★

16 PAGES
125 VICTORIA DWELLINGS,
FARRINGTON ROAD,
LONDON, E.C.1.
London, England
Mundel
Tudal
Illuminated

PUBLISHED BEMONTHLY + PRO

EDITOR: Arthur F. Williams.

Paul Dennis LAUND
WEIRD
+
+
+
Etc

THE MANTLE OF GREEN

ROBE WLOWINSKI
FANTASY
+
+
+

THE LAST SCIENTIST by

DUANE W. RIMEL
+ SCIENCE FICTION NOVELLETTE
+
+

THE LAST SCIENTIST

FEATURES =

MAGAZINE

WORLD

THE

OCTOBER 1941



WOMBAT PUBLICATIONS