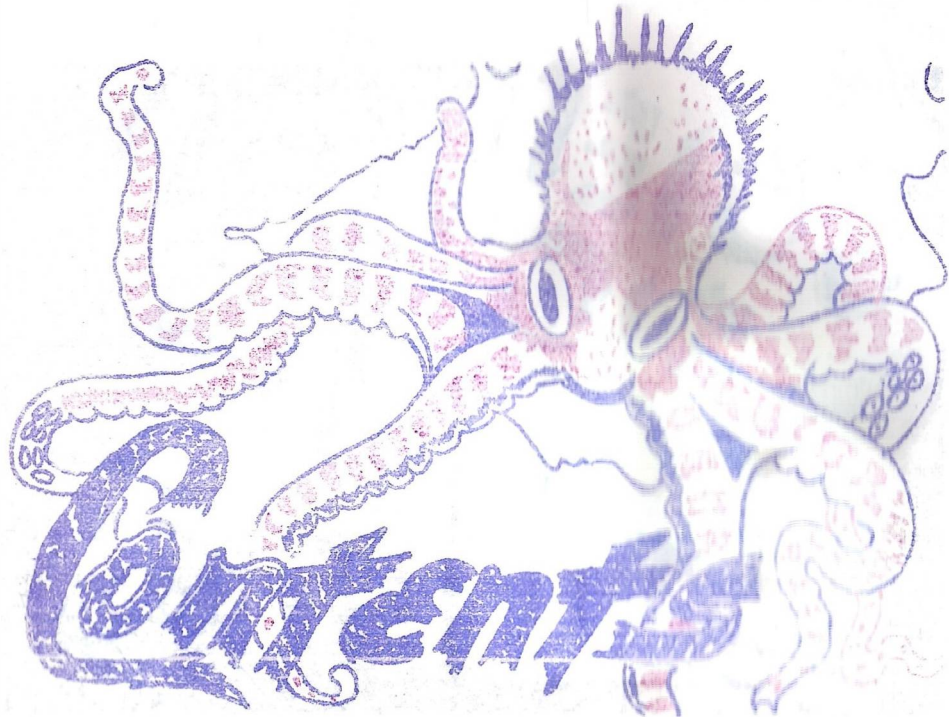


The
**SCIENCE
FICTION
FAIR**





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SOME FURTHER REVISION NOTES

BY CRAZ



I congratulate Autolyceus upon his restraint and sincerity in attempting to point out flaws in my article on H. P. Lovecraft. Judging from the tone and quality of Autolyceus' article, I conclude that he is a gentleman and a scholar. It is, therefore, a pleasure to contend with him.

Autolyceus is correct in assuming that I am neither angered nor disturbed by "Lovecraft the master of fantasy and horror," nor by Lovecraft the alchemist who "made words glow with a supernal light." However, he is wrong in assuming that I am "angry" at the Lovecraft who looked to the past for inspiration.

I am not concerned with whether or not Lovecraft was a class consciousness writer. As a matter of fact, my article on him can in no way be considered a critique of Lovecraft's writings. As I wrote it, it was merely the record of my personal reactions to the conditions attendant upon the death of Lovecraft and the pilgrimage to his home, coupled with several observations on his already

well known viewpoint on the world in general.

However, if Autolycus assumes that I am a partisan of class conscious writing he is correct. The way I look at it, the human race is going to win the battle against the forces of darkness by the merest hair and we need as many propagandists for the forces of light as can possibly be mustered into service to help tip the balance in favor of progress. The battle between the defenders and antagonists of class conscious writing has been going on for many years and especially since the great schism forced upon all writers by the momentous events of the beginning of the breakdown of the world capitalist system at the close of the First Imperialist War. I am cynical enough about the whole matter to observe that men whose ideas add to the march of progress are remembered and revered. Those who become mere appendages of their times instead of sensitive feelers into the future are forgotten. The centuries of history are glutted with the trash of long forgotten names of mediocre bypaths, while here and there like beacons through fog, gleam the names of those men who have devoted their talents to pushing the race forward out of medieval darkness. They were articulate. The others, despite their erudition and pendantism, were historically speaking, as silent as babes. History passes its inexorable and irrevocable verdict upon all men. It cares not for what a man is, but for what he does. Inevitable, it throws into the discard the dilettantes, the time-wasters, the phony aesthetes, the hacks, the hams. What is left is pure gold. Were I to analyze Lovecraft from the position of a defender of the class-conscious viewpoint, I would say of him as Lenin said of Shaw that he was a good man gone wrong. Shaw, of course was a good enough student of history to realize that he was living in the last lush era of the capitalist system and consequently made the most of it. He is still a good man, I might add, precisely for the reason that he has not lost his original orientation

toward the future. Lovecraft, for all his great brilliance, his magnificent erudition, his tremendous grasp of the immensity of things, was a puppet of his own era, indeed, he fled dismayed from the rigours and struggles of the normal world.

Driven to the position of stoutly defending class-consciousness in literature, I must insist, as a personal opinion, that it does exist, always has existed, has invariably affected all phases of writing and will, through the rallying of more and more writers to its standard help to clear the road to the transfer of power from the hands of the wasters where it now rests, to the hands of science where it belongs.

Autolycus assumes further, that "eternal" "pure" "universal" art exists, untainted by class-consciousness. This idea, as can be irrefutably proven is false. There never has been and there never will, nor can there be art free of class influences until classes are entirely abolished and it is possible for the artist to turn to something else besides the struggle for bread as the base of his motivation.

Music, art, literature are all expressive of the class-consciousness of the composer, artist, writer. The basic premise of human class relations is the fact that "Man's Social being determines his consciousness". This statement was made 100 years ago by Karl Marx and it is absolutely true. If Autolycus wishes to prove this to himself it is only necessary to conduct a simple experiment. Let him ask a group of intellectuals their views upon the preservation of the capitalist world order. The consistently pro-capitalist intellectual (i.e. satisfied with the present state of culture and unwilling or disinterested in seeking a change) will have had bourgeois origins in 100 cases out of a hundred. The consistently progressive (in the sense of moving forward from capitalism) intellectual will have had proletarian origin in at

least ninety percent of the cases with a small sprinkling of bourgeoisie, who, for one reason or another have liberated themselves from their own class instincts,

The universal law of cleavage through class, and not blood and national lines, holds true. It is inexorable.

Villon the poet expressed in his turn the sentiments of the then young and up and coming bourgeois class struggling for economic power and intellectual freedom against the dying feudal order. Kipling, the imperialist, sang the glory of empire in the first flush of the era of world monopoly imperialism. Mayakovsky, "the poet of the Soviet epoch" thundered the doom of the bourgeoisie and paened the birth of the new socialist world. So will some future bard with eyes clear and undimmed by conflicting economic conditions proclaim the final end of class art and by one stroke inaugurate the limitless reaches of classless and cosmical endeavor.

Every social change in history has been reflected through the art and science of any such given point.

The artist, being hypersensitive, reacts to social conditions. He cannot help himself. He follows from necessity, the grooves of his own class. It is the genius, of course, who cuts through his class origins and strikes out for himself on a new path, further enriching humanity by his efforts and speeding up the clock of progress.

I have no bones to pick with non-class conscious writing. I have enjoyed the world of Lovecraft, C.A. Smith and Robert W. Howard immensely. Three less socially aware writers could scarcely be found. I merely do not care for their lack of

this social awarness. After all, if a man possesses genius, let him apply it to the best uses. He takes the risk of destruction if this use is misapplied. The greatest friends of Adolph Hitler and the greatest enemies of the people were those German writers wha proclaimed that preparedness against Fascism and participation in the class struggle were useless gestures. They were also the first to be destroyed when Hitler came to power. That is the cold and reasonable verdict of experience. Had they held in one hand the sword of science and wielded the pen with their other, this world holocaust might never have been. Where are the great artists, the pure, unstained, fence sitters of all Europe? Dead or fleeing to the Western Hemisphere where even now the same social disorders which rocked Europe are beginning to ruffle the smooth surface of affairs in general. The really class-conscious, artists, writers and scientists did not flee, of course. They stayed with their people and even now are going through the horrors of war, famine, disease and death. But they will be present when the future explodes like a bomb in the face of the forces of reaction. And they will live forever, in the hearts of the people where, after all, they belong. It is the only place, in modern time which has any meaning.

We no longer have time to discuss the niceties of the question. Civilization as we know it is dying of general debility. The pragmatic nature of the revolutionary changes to come which will give birth to a world-wide scientific, economic and social system will bury forever the backwash of art, in the form of artists who are more concerned with their own personal problems than the future of humanity.

The greatest dreams of the poets of old, the mightiest visions of power, pale by comparison with the simplest facts of life and science.

It is time we turned our gaze from horror and obscenity that has no place in a rational life and began to live.

The Magic Band of Color

Machinery in many factories is being painted pastel green and orange, buff, pink, ivory and orchid. Several years ago a shoe factory in Rockland, Massachusetts, had complaints of eye-strain among workers; they were sewing black shoes with black thread on black machinery. The machines were painted buff, moving parts light green, and there were no more complaints, faster work, and fewer rejected shoes. A radio tube manufacturer had stemming machines painted orange to make them stand out against the greens and blues of their gas flames and used pastel blue on the walls for cool color values, with a resulting 60 percent reduction in rejections during the first week. Danger spots in machines are often marked a flaming red, moving parts, handles and shutoffs painted to show up sharply against the background. Among factories using color on machinery are Packard, Toledo Scale Company, and American Rolling Mill.

A young lady school teacher was recently stopped in Detroit for driving through a red light and given a ticket calling for her appearance in Traffic Court the following Monday. She went at once to the judge, told him that she had to be at her classes then, and asked for the immediate disposal of her case.

"So," said the judge sternly, "you're a school teacher. That's fine. I had your presence here fulfill a long-standing ambition for me. For years I have yearned to have a schoolteacher in this court. "Now", he thundered, "you sit right down at that table over there and write 'I went through a Stop sign' 500 times."

ANOTHER APOLOGY

R. D. Swisher.

For some time now I have held that the three greatest masters of English literature are John Milton, S.D. Gottesman and E.R. Eddison, until there appeared, in the March issue of Fan, Cyril Kornbluth's masterful and scholarly exposé of Eddison (not "one Eddington") and his "The Worm Ouroboros" (not "Ouroberos"). After my first burst of anger (for I was one of the covert boosters of this obscure work) I was ashamed to realize that Cyril was right - there has been too much of this business of picking out some unknown, unobtainable book and praising it to the skies - somehow it is reminiscent of "my old man can lick your old man" in essence. (How deep a niche, incidentally, the book in question has carved in the hearts of fandom is easily seen; prior to Cyril's careful investigation it was mentioned once in my list of ten best remembered books in Le Vombiteur, and again when Russell Chauvenet gave it a short notice in Spaceways). This pernicious, irritating habit is several degrees worse than the related one of tracking down the offending book, critically examining it, finding it wanting and casting these results before the awed, gaping audience. This last serves to transfer the admiration of the audience from the proponent to the erudite critic, which is somewhat of a help, too.

Though it pains me to admit it, I (apparently and intellectual half-caste) realize now that during my several readings of the book, never once did I bother to stop and examine the syntax, ponder upon the absurd conglomeration of sources (which I wouldn't recognize anyway, I fear) or worry about the notes and chronology. In short, I enjoyed it until Cyril took the trouble to point

out for the rest of us what was so apparent to an expert in the field.

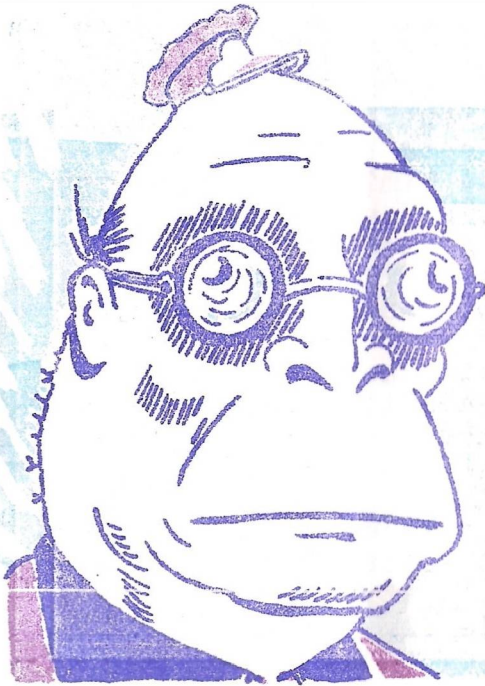
So down must come faker Edgison from my three masters. For a moment I considered elevating Alex Loriot, chiefly for his "Ring of Grotha", but quickly realized that Cyril or somebody would eventually track that down too and expose the fact that it contains no capital letters and very few punctuation marks (which I of course assumed made it Very Modern) and proceed to go to town on that. Result: I now recognize only two masters of English literature, John Milton and S.D. Gotteman, until someone takes a day off and goes to work on Milton.

* * * * *

It was with regret that we learned from W.L. Hamling that "STARDUST" publication has been suspended - at least temporarily. It was a bold venture to put out an amateur (or semi-pro) magazine of such high quality, with smooth paper, printed contents, good illustrations, etc. The quality of the stories and articles naturally varied from excellent to poor but that is to be expected in any magazine. The venture deserves high praise as an attempt to give Science Fiction fans what they really want, and, I suspect, its publication worried some of the professional editors who have been printing what they please with little or no regard for the fans.

We sincerely hope that "STARDUST" will be revived in the near future.

* * * * *



JOSH
BY
GOSH
The Scribe

It was during that fateful winter of 1916, that my association with the town half-wit Josh, became a matter of dire necessity. Besides helping the Farson and Doc respectively with deaths and births, Josh also delivered groceries, telegrams and newspapers. These unimportant duties were however merely coincidental to the fact that he operated the only still within a radius of twenty miles. It's true that I didn't die, keep house nor have a baby that winter, but I was a newspaper man and did need the anesthetic inspiration of Josh's Liquid, despite its color, smell and taste.

The tedious and unlucrative duties of a cub reporter located in a small town, combined with that indescribable feeling of appalling monotony, which bears down upon one when too long in isolated spots, had just about pushed me through the neck into one of Josh's nondescript bottles corking me up forever, when a real break of news uncorked my career with a pop.

A radio broadcasting station on the outskirts of the town had been built and operated by foreign shipping interests to furnish domestic and European weather reports, but the U.S. Government had intercepted code messages to warships operating within the three mile limit. The property was therefore promptly seized and all personnel arrested for espionage. A scoop with this story was responsible for the uncorking of my soul, and an unexpected transfer to headquarters in New York.

Smothered by hugs and kisses from the women-folks and literally drowned with copious tears from Josh, I left Tuckerton, New Jersey for the big city. As I stepped off the train at the Pennsylvania Station a dirty faced urchin stuck an extra under my nose captioned LUSITANIA SUNK - Many Lives Lost. My first reaction was the dirty so and so's - we'll get em yet, but the thrill of so many pretty ankles swishing hither and thither coupled to the prospects of my new job, soon obliterated this vital War News from my youthful mind.

From this moment on, exciting events followed in rapid succession - then WAR! WAR! and good old New York fairly sizzled from dawn to dusk. So much so that I really longed for a quiet game of checkers once again with Josh and another kick in the slats from his garbage mash.

My prayers were to be answered sooner than expected, for towards the last of May, I found a telegram on my desk addressed to the "DUKE -- YOUNITED PRESS, NEW YORKE CITY, N.Y." "Come at once" signed Josh.

Dialing the boss's number on the house phone, I fairly shouted: "Count me out for a couple of days the Transylvanians are landing on the Jersey Coast, and I must be there to officially greet them." A sharp click from the other end of the

line, a muttering --"Stiff ---again --- a buzz, then silence.

Josh was waiting on the station platform, he had been there since sending his first and only telegram. Taking my arm he said : "How's about a drink on me up in the hills". I knew then for sure something serious had happened, for he had never bought me a drink before despite my excellent patronage and unfailing credit.

After walking in solemn silence for half an hour, we finally arrived at Josh's CITY OF THE HILLS. As I crossed the threshold of his Cabin the first thing I noticed was a long braided horse hair rope, hanging from a ceiling beam. For an instant a prickly sensation ran up my spine as I looked for a noose on the other end -- but, - no, just an old battered bucket was placed under the frayed end.

Every so often a pearly white drop of sparkling liquid would fall with a resounding plink, plank, plunk. Looking up I saw a jug balanced on the beam, directly above the rope, a counter weight pulley and loop gadget lifted the bottom, so that only one drop at a time would trickle down for the aging and aeration process.

With much smacking of lips, Josh lifted the pail and filled a wine glass to the rim. Holding the glass aloft he gave me the following Toast: "For forty-eight hours this liquid fire has dripped for your arrival" "So has my heart ached since your departure."

Passing me the glass, he wheeled suddenly raising in the crotch of his arm another jug from which he gurgled without a swallow for at least a full minute. Shaking with a convulsive spasm he then set down his jug, and pulled out a

sadly bethumbed notebook.

Trembling with excitement as he pawed over page after page, he finally found the one he wanted. Instantly an uncanny glaze, appeared over his eyes, and he burst into a long tirade of inarticulate phrases.

When the dialogue ceased, he seemed to be thoroughly exhausted, falling slowly to his knees, finally stretching out on the floor rigid.

Grabbing a pencil and a piece of scrap paper I reconstructed Josh's story as follows:-

A new family of farmers, with three sons had bought the old farm up on the hill across from the Radio Station. They had a few chickens, one cow, pig and horse and wagon. They had ploughed up five acres of land planting alfalfa, but each day for a month, one son had driven to town for a load of chicken feed, enough in fact to feed all the chickens in the State. This feed was consigned to them by car load lot. Something screwy, thought Josh, and besides they didn't read the daily paper, no one died, they had no babies, never received any telegrams, and the final blow to Josh - none of the family drank. This family was no good to Josh and he wanted me to bring the New York Police down to arrest them.

Having finished my notes, I had a conscious feeling that, some one was looking at me. Glancing towards Josh on the floor, I noticed his head had rolled over and those weird glassy eyes were staring at me, but -- springing to my feet I rushed to him and groped for his pulse -- Yes -- Josh was dead.

Hurriedly prying the note book from his clenched fist, and removing all other papers from

his pockets for future evidence, I shakily stood up and dashed down what remained of the sparkling liquid. Murruring farewell to the City of the Hill and to Josh, I started for the station in a daze.

Without sleep for forty-eight hours, following my return to the city, I finally fell asleep across my desk in the press room, only to awaken hearing a familiar voice say:- "Get the Hell outa here, I can't stand your snoring any longer". Staggering to my feet the boss shoved a morning paper under my arm, a hundred dollar bill in my hand, and whispered in my ear to go to Sully's have three old-fashioneds on me -- keep the change -- and then read about the Transylvanians.

I didn't have three at Sully's. I had five bought a round for the customary morning patients ordered six eggs sunny side up, and then settled down with the morning edition to face the music.

In scare head letters, I read: - EMTRA - "GIGANTIC ESPIONAGE RING UNCOVERED"

Following a raid by Government agents, a farm house on the Jersey Coast was found to be concealing a high frequency radio broadcasting transmitter. Five acres of copper wire was uncovered in a nearby field planted with alfalfa. These wires in conjunction with the transmitter permitted broadcasts to Europe over the U.S. Government Radio Station masts. Before the outbreak of war, this same station had been confiscated from a foreign power and all personnel connected with it were arrested and interned for espionage.

Upon further investigation, an old well on the property was found to be filled with tons of chicken feed and sacks. Evidently the copper wire

had been shipped within these bags of feed, by the ring's agents in the west.

"Humph" I mumbled to two rows of empty old fashion glasses, why did the boss change my caption -- from "TRAPPED BY A HALF-WIT" to that stupid heading -- Umph"! He doesn't know anything about the newspaper game anyway, just wait'll I marry his daughter then I'll show him.

Bow-and-arrow hunting is now officially recognized by two states. Pennsylvania has set aside over 1000 acres, in two preserves, for archers, closing roads in the vicinity during the season. Banned is the use of dogs and likewise mechanically drawn bows, poisoned arrows or those with explosive tips. Michigan admits archers into its north woods immediately preceding the regular open season, when nearly a quarter-million sportsmen with rifles beat through the same territory. Use of the bow and arrow is considered less dangerous to other hunters than hunting with a gun, since fewer pot shots are taken. It's less dangerous for the deer, too; but hunters who have tried it say the stalking alone makes it a sport unexcelled.

Hunting coyotes in stripped-down motorcars is popular in winter on the prairies of the Southwest. The marksman rides astride the radiator or crouches on the running board, a precarious and difficult stance for shooting the zigzagging coyote, which can run better than 50 miles an hour for a short distance. Some hunters strap a western style saddle on the hood of the car and say it is easier to shoot from that perch. The animal is winded after 300 or 400 yards, but to bring him down from a rolling bounding car traveling 30 to 40 miles an hour over rough terrain calls for first-class marksmanship.



The Ivory Tower is no more. Shortly after the first of September, it began to break up, and, with the simultaneous exodus of Wollheim, Cohen, and Lowndes (Wilson having departed previously) it became a place abandoned. Wilson took a place with Dave Kyle, over on East 61st Street, which the lads now call the Raven's Roost. Lowndes and Cohen joined forces with Cyril Kornbluth, and the three are now esconced on West 103d Street at Prime Base. Open house is held at the latter establishment every Friday night; the inhabitants write (or draw, as Chester's trying to break into illustrating) furiously from Monday to Friday, then give over the rest of the week to Futurian revelry. Two newcomers into the field of fantasy illustrating are John Forte, Jr., and John Giunta. Forte, who made his debut in Super Science Stories with the cut for Pissives and Missiles, has been snapped up by Editor Tremaine of Comet. And, you'll see more of him, we are confident. Giunta, well-known to fandom, has long been doing comic-

magazine work, but has recently broken into the professional market. Your columnist was able to "sell" him not only to Comet, along with Forte, for their initial issues, but has eased him into Street & Smith as well. His first work was really done for Fictioneers, as it was the proofs of his drawings for "Vacant World", by Gottesman-Lytle, that did the work elsewhere, but, chances are that Comet will appear before this story comes up in C's magazines . . . Doc Lowndes' first (prose) acceptance will appear in the second issue of Comet. Title is "A Green Cloud Came." ("Outpost at Altark" was a collaboration and he doesn't count it as his own.) Story was written around one of Forte's samples. . . . Louis Russell Chauvenet was due at Prime Base October 6, but alas, failed to show up. Perhaps next issue of Detours will explain. There is a vague, but extremely vague possibility that Science Fiction Weekly will be revived. All records have been kept carefully, and the ex-staff wishes to assure long-suffering subscribers that their funds will be returned to them some day. At the present, financial difficulties will not permit such action. What will happen to the revived Phantagraph, now that the Tower is gone, is questionable. Please address all queries on such to Editor-in-Chief, Lollheim.

Planned for the FAPA, GHUGHU granting, is Doc's VAGABONDIA, a personal mag on the general order of Sustaining Program . . . Cyril sprained an ankle recently. His story was that he was chasing little girls, and hit a soft shoulder. Take it easy, Gottesman: taint fashionable to write your epics in jail these days. . . . Theodore, the Pontiac who brought the Futurians to

the Chicon, after turning over on the first day out, has now changed sex. We had a new body put on at Waterloo, Indiana, and since it had two less doors than Teddy, we figured it must be a she. So the Pontiac is now Theodora, or as we prefer to call her, Tanya. . . .

How the Futurians (both batches) got back from the Chicon is now a legend. There's stories afoot of Perdue, Cohen, Gillespie, Kyle and Wilson, driving back amidst flats, broken axles, and exploding tires, lifting corn from cornfields, and finally walking eight miles into Ponticello for gas. Furthermore, how the ship's company in Tanya wobbled around Canada and Niagara Falls, learning the horrors of tourist homes and finding how simple it is to get in and out of the Dominion. honest! All they asked us is where we were born, and the car registration, etc. to search; no delay. With this amazing tale, we close.

* * * * *

Blessed are they who were not satisfied to let well enough alone. All the progress the world has made we owe to them.

* * * * *

Dot:- Have you any good pork?

Dash:- Good pork? I've got some pork that will make better chicken salad than any tuna fish you can buy.

* * * * *

HEAR

YE



HEAR

YE



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THE D E N V E N T I O N

JULY 4th, 5th and 6th, 1941

DENVER, COLORADO.

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