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lover by Terry Carr

Interior illustrations by Terry Carr

Cartoon, page " by M. McNeil

## LOOKS & CONTENT(Editorial) by Wm. D. Knapheide

Now that Sam Merwin is gone from Startling, perhaps we can look forward to a saner fanzine review policy from Samuel Mines. At least Mine's review in the recent issue(November, '51) of Startling holds out hope. Paul Ganley's letter in this issue pointed out most of the defects in this method, but, in addition, there are other factors to be kept in mind.

Many fans don't have access to expensive printing equipment and can not turn out a fancy multigraph or printing job. Yet many of these fans are able to get enjoyable material. I do not mean that such material is of classic or even meets minimum prozine standards. But it does provide entertainment. These fanzines help supply a wider outlet for fan material and thus encourage more writing. This more writing leads

development of writing skill on the part of the person writing the item, and this in turn helps the fan writer to develop professional skill. The more fanzines, the more outlets, the more writing, the better selection editors have, the better for science fiction and fantasy.

In addition, the more fanzines there are, the more fans can express their opinions and enter into a free exchange of ideas. In a democracy this is most important. For this reason fan censorship, we also believe, should not be imposed upon fandom. On this point we are in opposition to the Imaginative Collector and will contest this point as vigorously as we did the dianetics question at the World Convention.

An active fanclub should not passively sit back and let degenerate tendencies take control of science-fantasy. It should fight!

## LUNA FLIGHT

By John Sweet

"Fire jets!," barked the colonel  
And the mighty rocket leapt  
"There they go!" cheered a gateman  
As some wives and sweethearts wept,  
"Try to sleep," soothed a mother.  
But few, if any, slept.  
On the night the mighty "Luna"  
From her Terran mother stepped.

Spaceward Ho, screamed the "Luna,"  
As she whistled through the sky  
"Godspeed" howled the winds,  
As the rocket passed them by.  
Hurry back, called the mountains,  
And the rocket in reply,  
Raced on faster, soon to vanish,  
From the sight of every eye.

"What is this?" asked a comet,  
As it passed her out in space.  
For the "Luna's" slim and shining form  
Looked very out of place.  
But she prided in the beauty  
Of her earthly given grace,  
And the "Luna" shot to Luna  
With the starlight on her face.

Her crew was soon accustomed  
To the forward cabin sphere,  
But they'd oft' look out the portal  
Across the void to peer,  
And the sight of friendly Earth  
Would ever lend the cabin cheer.  
But the Earth was far behind them,  
And the moon was racing near.

Yes, the moon was very close now,  
What a wonder to behold!  
Each man went to his station;  
They needed not be told,  
For the ship had flown on gravity  
Once Luna got its hold,  
And they had to fire the rockets  
For the rocket tubes were cold.

Soon the spaceship was descending  
On the A-jets' fiery blaze.  
The ground below for miles around  
Took on a smoky haze.  
"Greetings, Moon!" the 'Luna' roared,  
"I've come a wondrous ways."  
Two hundred forty thousand miles  
She'd come in just five days.

"We're down!" cheered the pilot,  
As the rockets ceased to pound.  
They had landed without mishap,  
Firmly upright on the ground.  
They all gazed out the portal  
At a land devoid of sound.  
Grinned the colonel, "Don your spacesuits,  
And we'll have a look around."

Thus man first came to Luna  
In the tiny 'Luna I,"  
And he gloried in the thought  
That flight in space had just begun.  
Man would voyage to all the planets,  
And some day when he was done,  
He would turn his rocket starward  
From the system of the sun.



LONG AGO

by Dolores Dickinson

Night was black. He was a shadowy, merciless figure reminiscent of frightening things. His thoughts were winds crying in a bleak land. Night was lonely. His rage was a storm of atoms frightened at his anger, flying before him to escape the fierceness that was one with him. His arms of lightning would chase them, grasping them, and imprison them in the ground. His tears of rain upon the earth fell, as he mourned the desolateness of his castles hanging black in the sky. Stars from the cold vastness laughed at him. Alone he was, with none but a few comets flouncing through the sky, swishing their tails, and swiftly receding. Meteors he tried to catch, but they burned in his fingers as they writhed away from him.

Then a light rose in the east! A

glorious light with soft laughter like birds singing, with a friendly light of green things and happy memories.

Night rushed madly after her, for does not always night follow day? Crying with a sound of cymbals at the coldness of his touch, she fled headlong into the vastness. Night, enfrenzied at his loss, and the overwhelming flood of loneliness, made a desperate attempt to catch her, but only a few of her beams were left him as she escaped.

The story goes that sometimes this bit of brightness, which accompanies him in the sky, eludes him and wanders in the day seeking its lost identity, but always night speeds after it and carries it away into his realm of darkness.

No longer a fearful creature, night is friendly and softened. But beware when his moon goes from him for the shadow of his wrath once

again roams the earth in search of his lost queen,  
and the atoms cringe in terror of his clutch.  
Thus was the story in the days of old.

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TWO MOTION PICTURES have come to my attention as  
the worst(I hesitate to call them science fiction;  
perhaps fantasy would be more accurate) insult to  
science fiction since the Flash Gordon opus. In  
case you haven't guessed to what I am referring,  
the abominations in question are: SUPERMAN AND  
THE MOLE MEN(I think the Walt Disney comic ver-  
sion is far better. At least it doesn't mas-  
querade as science fiction) and the second pic-  
ture, UNKNOWN WORLDS. In UNKNOWN WORLDS the end-  
ing couldn't have been any worse if the author  
had deliberately planned it that way. This end-  
ing has a similar effect to Hannes Bok's story  
THE BLUE FLAMINGO(Startling Stories, Jan., 1948)

with the ending leaving you up in the air. This film was brought to an end, but without solving the basic problem of annihilation through atomic war which it posed. Nevertheless, I think UN-KNOWN WORLDS is a picture sciencefictionists should see--but at a second run theatre.

--Wm. D. Knapheide

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PLANS for an Association of Peninsula and Marin Science-Fantasy Clubs is underway. This would unite all the fan clubs on this side of the Bay into having a meeting place where they could always meet. At present, in organizing a local fan club, the difficulty is in finding a suitable place to meet. This union, it is hoped, will remedy that situation. There will also be advantages for those local clubs that already have a place to meet.

SEETEE GETS NEW EDITOR

To the members:

In view of the fact that I find it impossible to continue carrying three-fourths of the offices in the club and publishing SEETEE plus a number of outside commitments, I am hereby resigning as editor of SEETEE.

Peter Graham, one of our newer members, has agreed to take over the editorship and is henceforth responsible for its publication. I will, of course, until elections continue as acting president and, in the absence of a secretary-treasurer, continue to

execute the duties of those positions.

--- Wm. D. Knapheide  
Acting Pres. TSF

**FILLER**

by Terry Carr

There's no use reading further, for  
To tell the honest truth,  
This poem's only a filler,  
And it doesn't even rhyme.

At that time shall the Lord stand in wrath,  
It shall contend with him, and he shall be angry.  
He shall say to himself, I will not hold,  
The overbearing nature of his blood,  
And he shall be angry with the nations,  
Because they have despised his law,  
Holding the counsel of their own hearts,  
Counting as nothing his commandments.

But his anger shall be kindled,  
To punish his nation and his church,  
For Mother she has despised a voice,  
That shall all living things destroy.



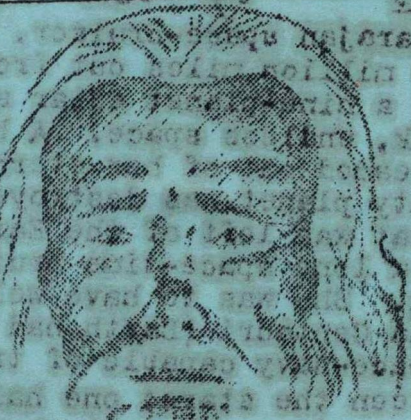


## Perhaps — by Ron Friedman

The Zaarajan space-cruiser, type Ivan IV, stood one million miles out from the third planet of a nine-planet solar system, in cold, dark, endless space. A bolt of Atomic Waves streamed out of her stern, and then a once-nighty planet was destroyed.

All that was left of the Earth in the year 5647 was a lone space-time cruiser, the Lightning. She was to have welcomed the ship from Alpha Centauri (Earth had only two ships in her space-navy capable of traversing the void between the stars; one had been on Earth at the time of the attack), but now she sought revenge...revenge for the deaths of

Postage  
In Van Friedman



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almost all of the population of Earth (nine billion human beings). Only the nine upon the Lightning remained.

For ten days the Lightning trailed her enemy. The two ships met at 19.1 degrees galaxy space, 76.5 degrees central space. The warp dial showed the year to be 5646... one year had been lost during the EX light-year chase. Triple A beta rays first sprinkled the space between the ships...this proved the identity, and the exact location of the enemy...then gamma rays sprang out. Cosmic ray blasts were interchanged between ships. Protective atomic force beams were

raised. The captain of the Earth vessel was shouting orders over the cyclophone of his hundred-mile-long ship: "Use anti-chargers on the north side of point six... Shoot a warp wave... Hello, Portside--discharge one... Hello, Centronsome--Daniels--'lo, Daniels, the robot necko has broken down on the stern; grab the gyro-car and get over there immediately..." Captain Don Stanley took time out to brush his brown hair out of his eyes. His gigantic stature (seven-foot) barely fitted into the lookout hatch, but...

Don was frantic; he shouted in a deep baritone voice, "Discharge two... Discharge three..." His own ship was disabled, and

very few vital parts of the Alpha Centauri were damaged. "Discharge four...five...six...seven..." The helium gallery of the enemy had been hit. In ten minutes, all that was left of her was a flaming nova...

Although she had won, the Lightning was not fit to hold men. A pair of three-mile gashes were on the body, and air was rapidly being lost. It would be impossible to leave the ship: the life-boat docks had been destroyed during the battle. There was nothing to do but to aim the ship at the planet Zaar of Alpha Centauri, the home-planet of the aggressors. At least a horrible enemy would die shortly after the last spacemen. Their race had always acted friendly, had always

smiled, laughed, been peace-like and cooperative. In the beginning, little trust was given them, for they had the appearance of little devils (horns and all). Who would have thought that they actually were?

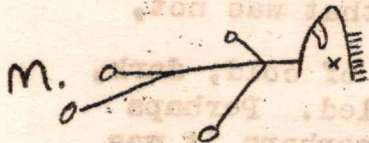
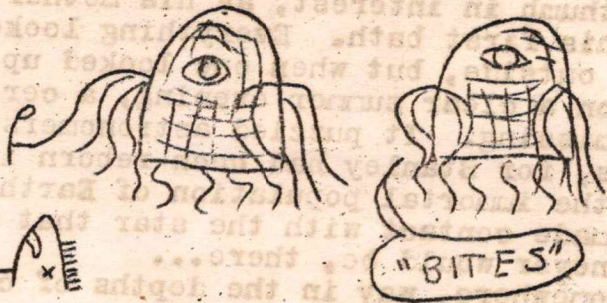
If perhaps there were a God, He would know what to do, thought Don. But there was no God, for God would never have permitted devils to exist. In less than an hour the last group of humanity would enter Zaar's gravity. Then they would be no more. The seconds passed into minutes, and the minutes crawled by like hours. It became unbearable to breathe. And then there was a blast...and

that was all...

Don Stanley tried to utter a cry, but nothing but mumbles came out. He sucked his thumb in interest, as his mother gave him his first bath. Everything looked the same outside, but when one looked up to the sky on a clear summer evening, a certain star was missing. It puzzled astronomers for years, for Stanley had been reborn in 3954, and the immortal population of Earth had not yet made contact with the star that was not, and never would be, there...

Somewhere, way in the depths of cold, dark, endless space, a great mind smiled. Perhaps there was a God after all, and perhaps it was Him ... perhaps ...

that was all...  
Don Stanley tried to utter a cry, but  
nothing but mumbles came out. He sucked  
his thumb in interest. His mother gave  
him his bath. He was looking up to the  
stage of the play but when he looked near  
his eye he saw a man in a white coat  
and a white cap. He had not  
got in with the star that was not  
there...  
Somewhere in the hospital  
entire space, a great mind smiled. Perhaps  
there was a God after all, and perhaps it was  
this... perhaps...



-- by N. McNeil



THE PURE STIFAN --- by Terry Carr

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There are those who like the stories  
Where the bem and belle prevails;  
But when I find that type of story,  
I let out maddened wails.

There are those who like the westerns  
Set in future times.

That type of story, sad to relate,  
Is scarce as dime-sized dimes.

Dimensions, time-travel, atom bombs---

All these are used too much.

Also hackneyed are the tales  
Of flights to Luna and such.

I am a pure stifan;

I read only the best;

I have a complete collection

Of Shaver in my nest.

CHAIN REACTION --- by Ike Kent Wright

"We must have that weapon, Professor!" Major Bellows exclaimed. "And soon!"

Professor Drinkwater looked up from his ultra-micro microscope and said, "You will have it, Major Bellows, but maybe not so soon."

"But Man!" screamed Bellows, "We need it now... TODAY!"

"You don't understand, Professor," continued the Major, "We've got to get the "N" Bomb before the Russians do."

"I am quite aware of that, Major," answered Professor Drinkwater. "But can you

comprehend what an immense task it was to merely isolate the nickelodium atom?"

"Yes, yes, and I know what a hell of a job it'll be to split that nickelodium atom, but the top brass in Washington don't...they want that bomb NOW!"

"We're doing all that is humanly possible, Major," said Professor Drinkwater. "We simply haven't been able to split the nickelodium atom."

"Have you tried everything?" asked Major Bellows.

"Yes, everything," answered the professor.

---

"Eureka!" exclaimed Professor Goth-nol 352.  
"We've got it! We have constructed the

Weapon!"

Major Shor-guk 904 of the Gakkonian Army burst into the laboratory.

"Major! Major! We've got the Weapon! Do you hear? We've got the Weapon!" Professor Goth-nol 352 babbled.

"I know, Professor...I heard your voice from outside," Major Shor-guk 904 said. "But are you sure it is THE Weapon, Professor?"

"Positive, Major."

"Well, there isn't any time to test it, Professor Goth-nol...we've got to use it at once."

"Yes, we must use the Weapon immediately," agreed the Professor. "The Geekor forces are even now preparing to invade us."

---

Professor Drinkwater was frowning into his ultra-micro microscope when suddenly he shouted: "Major Bellows, come here at once!"

"What's the matter, Professor?" asked Bellows, hurrying up to him.

"It's that nickelodium atom," Drinkwater answered dazedly, "...it just broke wide open."

"WONDERFUL!" exclaimed Major Bellows. "We have the "N" Bomb at last!...what did you use to split the atom, Professor?"

"The strange thing is, Major, that we did not use anything...the atom just sort of split apart of its own accord..."

THE FANZINE

by M. McNeil

The thing, he said, would come one day  
From the old mailbox on the hill below,  
But smeared by my hekto's wholesome ink,  
I tried to tell myself it could not be.  
'Twas only a poorly-mimed travesty  
Devised by one who did not truly know  
The elder sign, bequeathed from long ago  
That sets the fumbling forms of faneds free.

SEETEE is edited by Peter Graham, Box 149, Fairfax, California, and published by TELLURIAN SCIENCEFICTIONEERS. The Assistant Editor and stenciller is Terry Carr. Dues for TSF are 50¢, which entitles the member to twelve issues of SEETEE, plus all other privileges TSF offers while the subscription is in effect. Price per single copy is 10¢. ## Members, send your poetry, articles, stories, or other material (artwork, news-notes, etc.) to Peter Graham! Help make SEETEE the excellent fanzine we all like! Remember, members' material always receives priority over that of non-members.

Guest



Hmm, I wonder where he got that bone.....