

THE

S E L D O N S E E N

the official science-fiction fan magazine of the harry seldon foundation society
july-august, 1967 issue no. 2



Photo by ERIC M. JONES

SELDON SEEN

WORDS OF THE MASTERS;

July-August, 1967 issue no. 2

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stu brownstein mart	larry hirshman ads

There are many things inherent in putting together a science fiction fanzine: long hours of work with little or no sleep, long hours of work with little or no food, and long hours of work with little or no material to fill a page.

It is this latter problem, though, that causes your editorsto rant and rave with undue passion. You see, we can do without 24 hours of sleep per day, and we can do without food (for a few weeks anyway),but we can'tdowithout submissions. Because, it ain't too cool for a fanzine to contain a few pages of pure unblemished whitespace.

The purposes of a fanzine, we must point out, are to present to the fandom-public works by writers, fan writers and amateur writers, that we feel deserve publication. The works, however, are not professional. They don't have to be. If they were, they'd get published in prozines, and if we published them, we'd be a prozine. And we are a fanzine.

But we aren't anything if we don't get the substinencethat is the lifeblood of our existence—nice cleantyped words. So if you like to write, send us some stuff. If you like to draw, send us some sketches, or drawings. Even if you take photos of flying saucers (re our front cover), send them, too! We'll look at (almost) anything.

Word of Thanks

In addition, we'd like to thank the many people, here, who wereextremely cooperative in helping us put outthis ish. Our magnificent lettering is solely due to Eric M. Jones, a junior something or other major, who also did the front cover photo. We also want to thank Patti Rosen and Steve Fischbein and the school paper, Seawanhaka, for giving us the money. Thanks be to these nice people.

* *

Whenever I stopover on Earth,

I buy all my things at the:

HOURGLASS

(just across the street)

because I can always rely upon them to have the lowest prices in the entire milky way. For instance, it gets cold on Jupiter and Pluto, but I know I can get good sweatshirt bargains at the HOURGLASS.

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TRANTORIAN TRIVIA



After but a short while, many of the delegates started to fall into the trap created by the Geekendilpandeckers. They started to scream and shout at each other, and those that could not scream or shout worked in their own ways to obstruct those they thought were trying to obstruct them. The Geekendilpandeckers thus achieved their objective of creating so much dissention and mistrust, that the Conference broke up amidst many threats and insults.

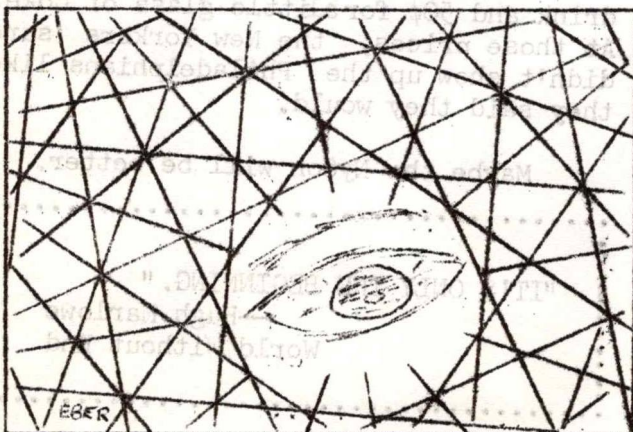
The President of the Galactic Federation Conference was heard to mutter to one of his top aids while heading for his office, "In the future, young man, beware of Geeks bearing rifts."

JUST DON'T SEND US ANY LETTERS ABOUT THAT, OK? THIS NEXT BIT KEEPS MORE IN LINE WITH OUR COVER. IT'S BY JERRY ROSENWAIKE, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN MORE UFOS THAN 68 DOZEN GEORGE ADAMSKIS: While we're on the subject of flying saucers, we might pass along some information that the United States Air Force has compiled on the subject. Since 1955, there have been 15,845 reported sightings of UFOs. In 1966 alone, there were 2354 official reports that found their way to the desks of the Air Force.

Of the sightings reported since 1955, over 14,997 have been removed from the UFO category. Most of these have been explained to be nothing more than commercial airplanes, flocks of geese, weather balloons, cloud formations, temperature inversions and the like.

For all you true believers, take heart. There have been 848 cases that the Air Force has not solved in the past dozen years. That means every year, about 70 sightings of alien ships are not being explained by the military authorities.

It is interesting to note that 70% of the sightings in the past three years that haven't been explained, the ships have been described as circular, not saucer-shaped. In addition, other facts about flying saucers show that almost one-fourth of the sightings have been made in the daytime. Surprisingly, less than 6% of the people who claim to have seen the ships did so on a Sunday. Monday is the most popular day with almost 24% of sightings made that day. The most popular time is February. Nineteen percent of the reports fall during the winter month. Only 8% of the UFOs have been seen in September.



Men have reported 65% of the UFOs, women 25%. The remaining 10% have been reported by children under 18. California seems to have the most dense population of alien creatures. Over 790 saucers have visited the Golden State. Can they all be nuts, out there?

Sam Bellotto Jr. was born in a suburb of N.Y.C. (Syracuse) and is now attending Long Island University, where he hopes to be awarded a degree someday. He has written numerous unpublished stories, among them the following sharp, blood-curdling tale with a lot of bite....

Return From Exile

by Sam Bellotto Jr.

The huge castle built upon the shore of the lake rumbled as the iron rocket touched down onto the courtyard. But not an eyelid fluttered of the many darkened windows that pockmarked the castle's brick face. And there was no sign of life, except for the haunted wind.

"The city seems to be deserted, Captain," said Marshall. The dark-haired space navigator turned off the television scope and prepared the vital organs of his ship for departure.

"Wait," said the Captain.

"Captain?"

Arthur Deniero removed the safety harness from his shoulders. Rising, he stretched, and walked over to the storage cabinet where he withdrew a low-oxygen spacesuit from the shelf. "I will be needing an intercom," said Captain Deniero.

"But, sir," Marshall insisted, "the castle is deserted. We will be wasting fuel and time if we stop over here."

The Captain, adjusting his mouthpiece, sounded somewhat perturbed. "I have been to this planet many times before, Marshall," he said, "and I can assure you that it is not deserted."

Deniero snapped on his visor and

entered the airlock. The pressure, outside, would be only one-quarter that of the ship, and Marshall adjusted the controls accordingly. Curiously, he watched his captain descend to the dull yellow sands below.

The wind, suddenly picking up in speed, whistled siren-like past the Captain's ears as he made his way to the mammoth gate, the mouth of the castle. Climbing the little hill towards the iron portcullis, Deniero saw a whisp of white cloth appear momentarily at one of the windows, then disappear.

She was there, like she said she would be, waiting for him; her arms outstretched, her raven hair whipping around in the wind, when he approached the entrance. She was wearing a one-piece sarong of light material that did not, nor make any attempt, to hide any part of her lithe, pale body. Nor did she seem to mind the lack of air that caused Deniero to carry oxygen on his back; the lack of pressure that Deniero had to wear a special suit to compensate for; the killing chill that Deniero was heated up to prevent. She parted her lips, to smile.

"You have returned," she remarked, "like you said you would. Come." Holding out her hand, she took his, and led him across the sandy beach and into the castle.

It was vaguely like he expected it would be: enormous rooms, reminiscent of an age, long dead, but soaked with expensive regalia. Crystal chandeliers hung from every ceiling, yet there was something very strange about the whole place—something that indicated that nothing had really lived in this great castle since that past, rich age. Something he could not put his finger on.

"My father is downstairs," she told him, "resting. I want you to see him."

Deniero followed the girl into a dimly lit hallway, barren of any decoration, past a library thickly coated with dust, and down a wooden stairway into what resembled an old family crypt.

"Your father—?" Deniero halted.

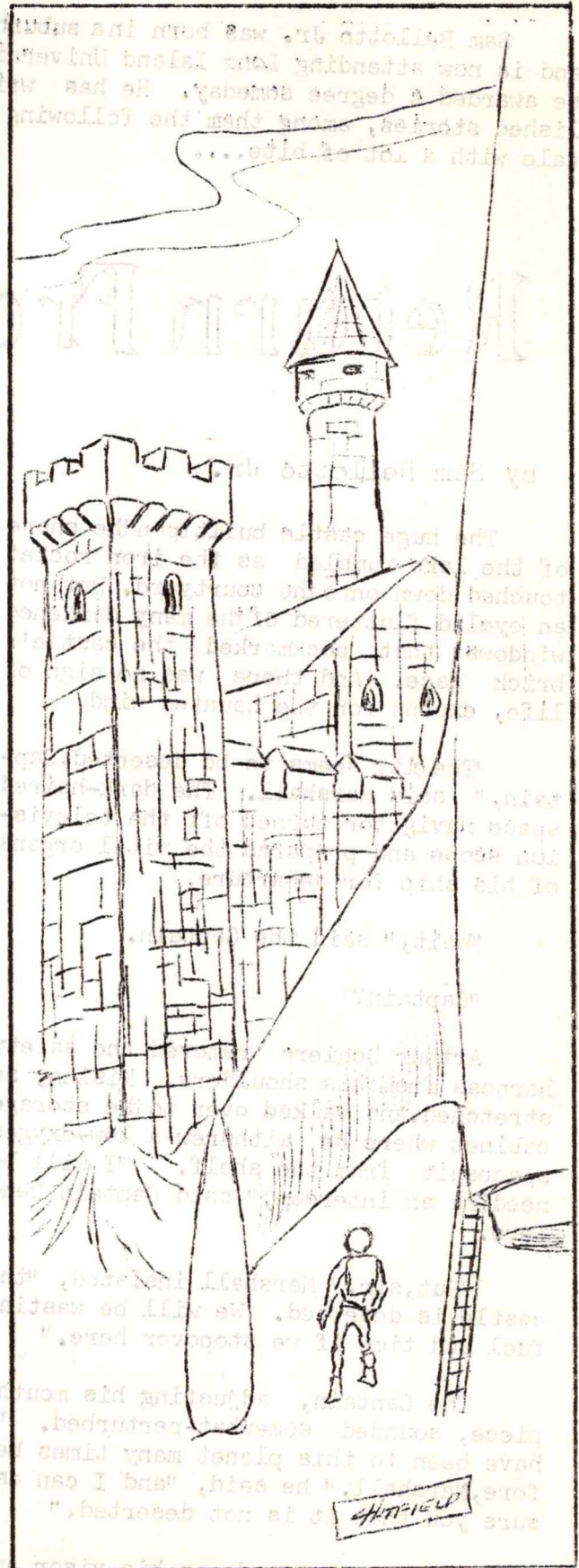
"I'm sorry," said the girl, "I should have told you." She walked over to a crudely constructed coffin and stood by it. "He died shortly after they exiled us to this planet."

"How?"

"There is death here," she explained. "This planet weakens, and then it kills. My father was a good man, strong, on Earth, but this planet weakened him, and then he died. I made the coffin and put him here. They are gone, now, though, the people that exiled us. Now I can bury my father where he was born. That is what I want you to do."

For a moment the girl remained still, and quiet. Then, two small tears streaked from her eyes, followed by several more. Her small body shook involuntarily, and she started to convulse.

Deniero took her up into his arms, and held her against him, combing her long hair with his fingers. "Hey," he whispered, "let's go upstairs. It's getting late. I'll take you home tomorrow, and your father." Together they went up the wooden stairway and into the girl's bedroom.



No really good SF magazine, or fanzine for that matter, can be complete without a continuous story, not to mention a bit of Sword and Sorcery. This next little piece, we feel, combines both necessities very well, and comes straight to the point....

RING OF Evil

by Emile Bradley Smith

....And therefore this situation is no longer to be tolerated, good sirs.

Sir Dwain, the youngest and most impetuous of the gathering, pondered the situation and then— "My liege, I shall go!"

"Aw shuddup. This is a real problem," the black-bearded giant at the end of the table said. This was the first time that he had spoken and all eyes were focused on him.

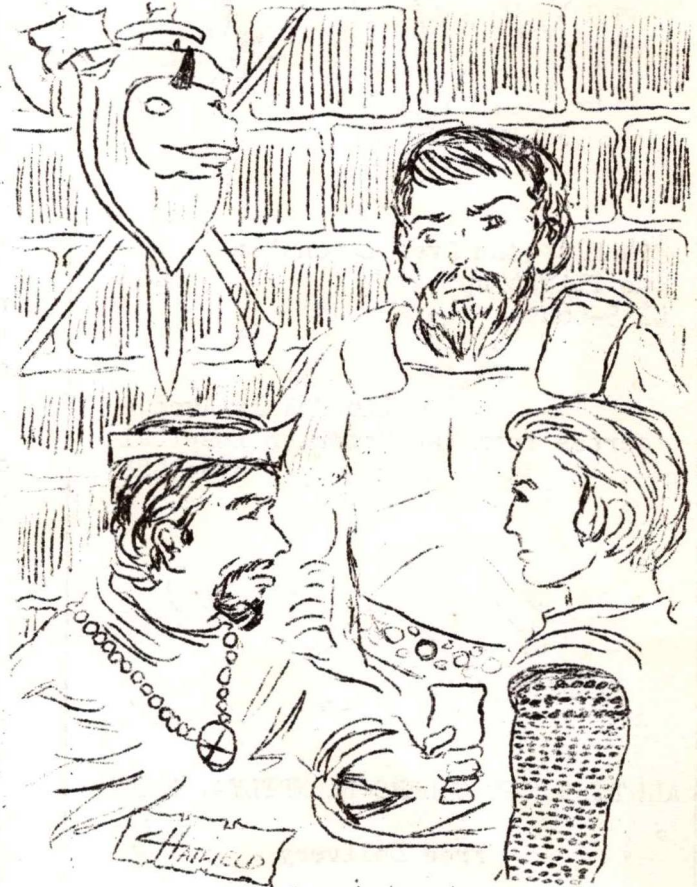
"What means this rudeness?" bellowed his most royal highness, ruler of all lands south of the Great River.

The stranger rose and murmurs started around the table. Sir Dwain gasped. Blackbeard was of heroic dimensions even among these heroic persons. He stood a full beard taller than six feet and looked at least fifteen stone. As he started to speak, a deep silence fell.

"I crave your pardon good and noble knights, but the youth, however brave, speaks rashly about that which he knows nought about.

"This is not just a case of some disloyal vassal, but rather it is a manifestation of the great evil which now is infecting all the land of the Old Empire.

"I was sent here by my lord, the King of Tyre, to see if we could form a



common alliance against the foe. For now that the outer islands have already fallen, and if my kingdom falls, there is no doubt that yours too shall fall."

At that moment all the lights in the great hall went out simultaneously, and all were plunged into darkness.

"Light, light!" cried the King.

The candles were relit.

The stranger's voice rumbled. "The enemy has penetrated this far south. The hour is growing late...."

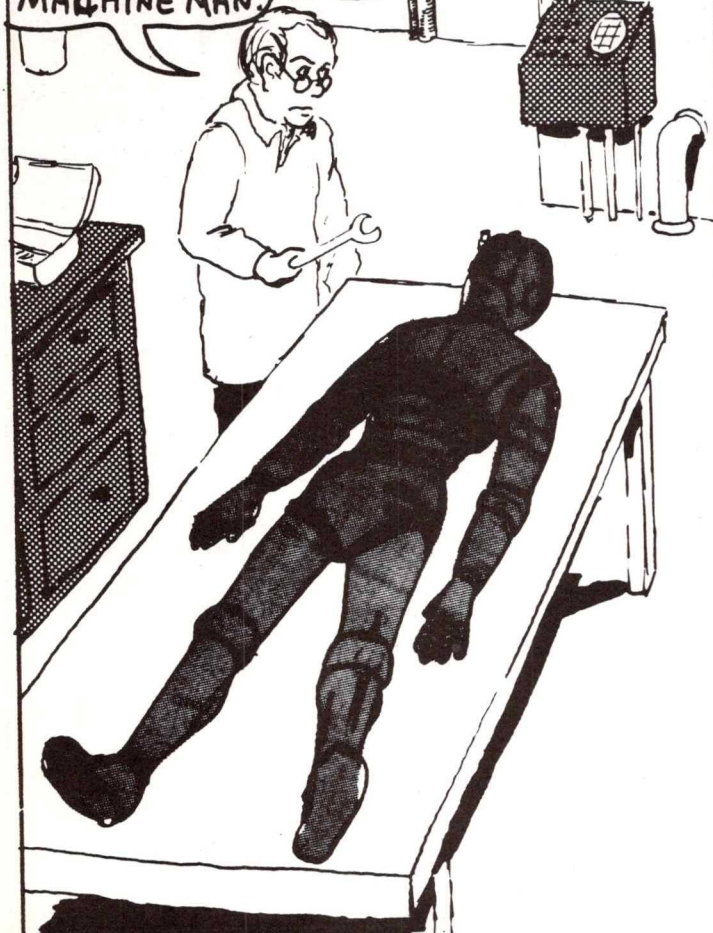
(to be continued)

M A C H I N E M A N

I N E M A N

IN A HIDDEN LABORATORY IN THE HEART OF BROOKLYN, A STRANGE CREATION IS TAKING PLACE.

AND YOU SHALL SERVE TO BATTLE ALL EVIL, WHEREVER IT EXISTS, IN WHATEVER FORM IT TAKES AND THEY SHALL CALL YOU MACHINE MAN.



STORY: SAM BELLOTTO JR.
ART: CABELL HATFIELD
BASED ON AN ORIGINAL
IDEA BY LESLEY SUSSMAN

BUT THE DOCTOR DOES NOT HAVE TIME TO FINISH HIS SPEECH. THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND....

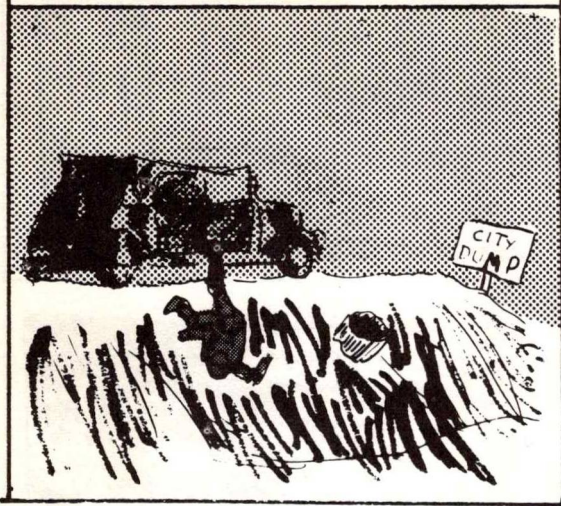


GOT THE LAB RECORDS RIGHT HERE, IVAN, LETS BLOW.

WHAT ABOUT THIS HUNK OF METAL?

TAKE HIM WITH US, WE'LL DUMP HIM SOMEWHERE.

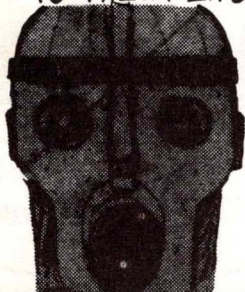
SO, ALONG A DESERTED HIGHWAY, A STRANGE FORM IS PUSHED OUT OF A MYSTERIOUS CAR.



MACHINEMAN RISES!

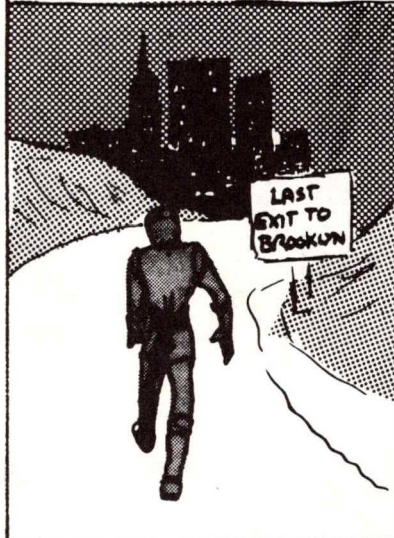


I WAS CREATED TO COMBAT EVIL, AND EVIL HAS KILLED MY CREATOR. REVENGE WILL BE THE REWARD FOR ALL THOSE WHO HAVE TAKEN PART IN THE ATTEMPT TO HALT PROGRESS. MY NAME SHALL BRING A SHUDDER TO THEIR LIPS...



THE OATH OF MACHINEMAN

A LONELY FIGURE WALKS BACK TO THE CITY.



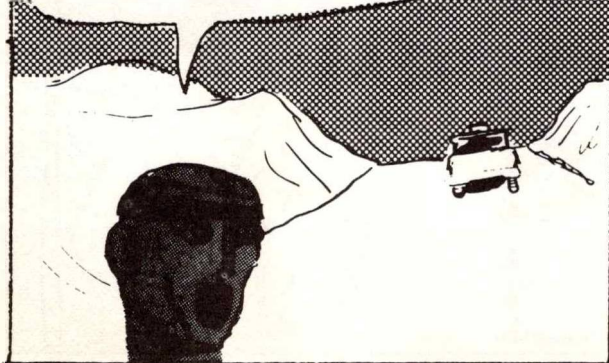
TAXI, MISTER?

NO...

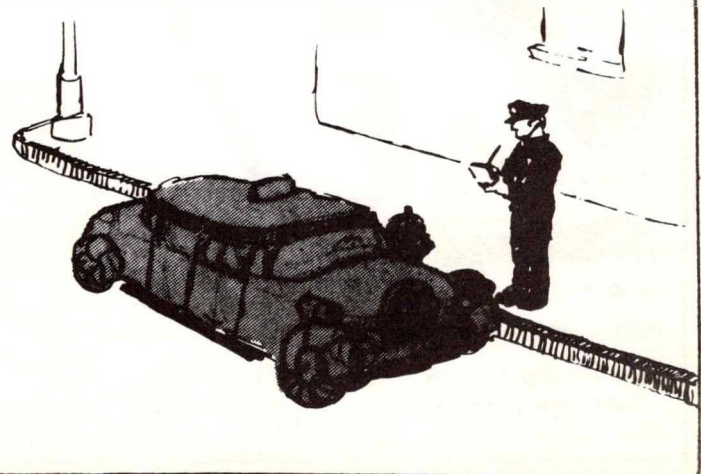


MACHINEMAN'S BRAIN WHIRRS...

I SHALL NEED A DISGUISE... WHO WOULD EVER SUSPECT A TAXI? BESIDES IT WILL GIVE ME MOBILITY AND A CHANCE TO STAY INFORMED.



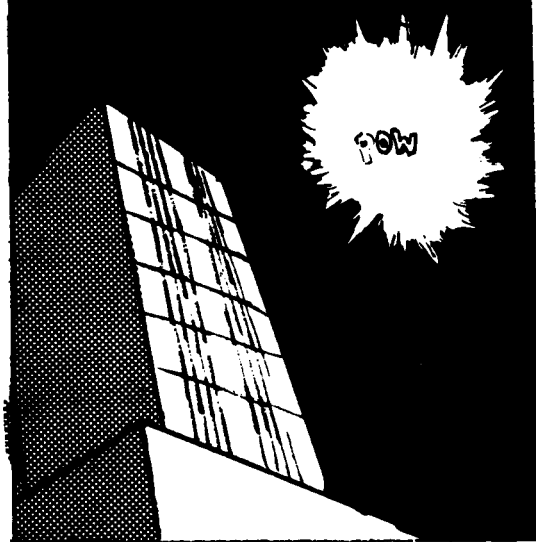
SO A STRANGE NEW TAXI TAKES ITS PLACE AMONG THE TAXIS OF NEW YORK CITY. A TAXI THAT LOOKS ALMOST HUMANOID. A TAXI THAT WAITS...



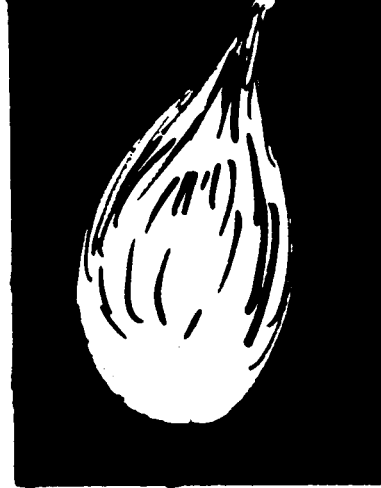
MIDNIGHT THE CITY IS ASLEEP SAVE FOR THOSE WHO KEEP IT RUNNING DURING THE DARK HOURS.



SUDDENLY...



... A BLAST IN THE SKY AND A BLAZING ORB OF FIRE IS SENT EARTHWARD



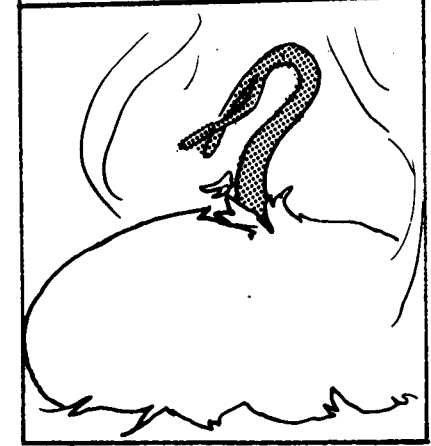
AND SLAMS WITH CATAclySMIC IMPACT INTO THE HEART OF THE CITY!



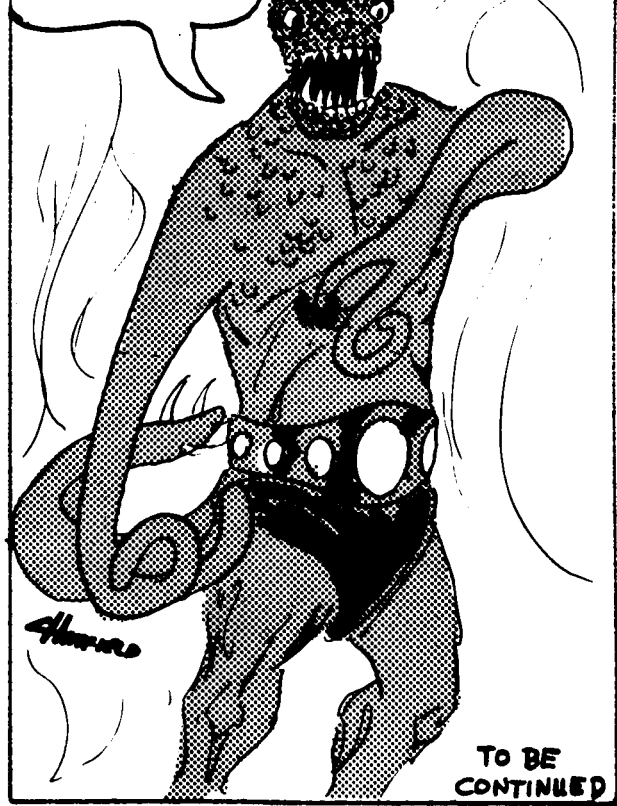
A GREAT METROPOLIS BURNS



IN THE CENTER OF THE HOLOCAUST, A WHITE-HOT SPHERE SEPARATES, LIKE AN EGG HARKING A NEW BORN CHICK



I AM THATOR - FROM PLANET YICK - EARTHMEN, YOU SHALL KNEEL BEFORE US - YOUR NEW MASTERS!



TO BE CONTINUED

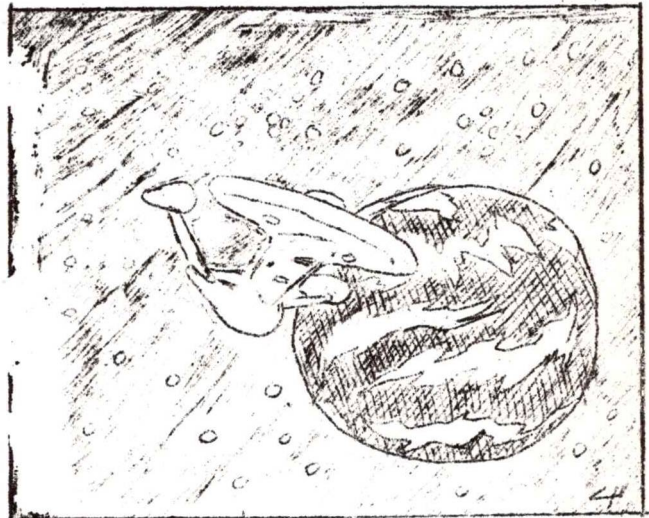
television

THE ODYSSEY AND THE ENTERPRISE

by Allen Asherman

Well, fans; we made it! The Enterprise is still flying high. Though, for a while there, it seemed as if ol' Admiral Nelson, Dr. Smith and Will would account for the totality of television science-fiction. But how close the Enterprise really came to spiralling down and burning up forever is an almost frustrating and ultimately satisfying story.

At "Tricon," the last world Science-Fiction Convention, which convened in Cleveland, the two trial pilot films of "Star Trek" were shown. Cheers echoed after the last electronic strains of the "Star Trek" theme, and viewers returned to their homes fully satisfied that their new-found friend would remain on the air for many years to come. Then came the Neilson ratings, which disclosed that too many people want to watch television and, without thinking one bit, see a situation-comedy labeled sci-fi cough-up its shapeless plot. About this time "The Committee" came along.



"The Committee" got together, composed a letter to fan throughout the nation divulging the situation, and started a crusade which we now know for sure was quite successful. Who made up the committee? According to their letterhead, "Committee" consisted of Poul Anderson, Robert Bloch, Lester Del Rey, Harlan Ellison, Philip Jose Farmer, Frank Herbert, Richard Matheson, Theodore Sturgeon and A.E. Van Vogt.

Their letter was dated December 1, 1966, and plainly explained the warm reception "Star Trek" had received in Cleveland and, later, throughout the country. Now, it said, the series was in danger of being cancelled or reduced to a level of mediocrity shared by some other teleseries which shall remain nameless. The interested fan were urged to write to whoever could possibly aid in keeping "Star Trek" on the air. The letter was signed by Harlan Ellison, acting for the "Committee."

Letters began to pour into television stations, newspapers, magazines, advertising offices, Desilu Studios and NBC headquarters. Then rumors began to develop. The series was cancelled; it would be retained...format would alter; it wouldn't change...sponsors are renewing and backing out. Interviews with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy indicated that actors and crew alike were satisfied with their roles and the series' scope. Finally, it was announced that another series starring Raymond Burr as a wheelchair-ridden detective, would debut in the time-slot previously announced for "Star Trek." The Burr pilot-film was shown; it was a good film, based upon a good character acted by an interesting and talented actor. Fandom held its breath, along with individuals who had come to love "Star Trek."

Then it was announced that "Star Trek" would be shown this coming season in the time-slot in question; Friday nights at 8:30 p.m. on the NBC network. No change in format was announced.

James Blish, who wrote the "Star Trek" paperback and is involved in the tele-series out of pure interest, spoke at the last Lunacon, held last April, at the Hotel Roosevelt in Manhattan. He divulged some policy changes in the series' format, but they all seem to be on the positive order rather than on the negative one that was feared.

According to Blish, the bridge of the Starship Enterprise will not be so heavily relied upon as a set next season. Most adventures will be centered off the Enterprise and will be rid of that "someone's trying to takeover the ship" atmosphere. More impressive futuristic and alien sets are being built. Scripts are being done by more science-fiction authors, and new stories will provide for outside characters to be concentrated on more thoroughly, though Kirk, Spock and McCoy will still have their moments. The time-travel gimmick, originated in "The Naked Time" episode, will not be utilized. Also, rumors of the addition of a Vulcanite girl to the Enterprise crew were denied by Blish. In short, "Star Trek" is going to be more ambitious than ever; filled with less cliches and more originalities.

So in years to come, as you behold the Starship Enterprise gliding across the face of your cathode-ray tube, remember that its flight is powered by the hopes, tastes and dedication of a multitude of fans, other viewers and, more important, by the people who make "Star Trek" a mature science-fiction reality.

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IT'S IN NEW YORK CITY!

the 25th World Science Fiction Convention:

NyCon3

September 1-4
\$ 3.00 membership
\$ 2.00 supporting

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33rd St. & 7th Ave
New York

All that we know about Stephen Eber is that he's a junior biology major at Long Island University, and a member of the Harry Seldon Foundation Society. He came into our office one day and submitted the following story, which impressed us so with its irrefutable logic, that, logically, we printed it. Quod erat demonstrandum....

1 NEVER WAS

by Stephen R. Eber

Two spoke: "Are we all here?"

"Yes," said One, "I am here."

"Yes," said Three, "I am here."

"Yes," said Infinity, "I am here."

"Then," said One, "all that are, are here."

"We are all," agreed the rest in unison.

Two was excited. It was only during the last meeting that the naming had taken place. One had spoken first so he had been named One. One had then turned and pointed at Two. Two was so named. Two had named Three, but before Three had named the last of the unnamed, One had interrupted.

"The last of us must be specially designated," said One.

"Yes," said the unnamed one.

"As," continued One, "we are all there is or ever was, thus, the last of our number should logically be called Infinity."

Infinity was so named.

"It was good that we named ourselves during the last meeting," said Infinity,

"for before that, we lacked something."

"How can that be?" asked Three.

"Yes," argued Two, "we were always perfect. We were always perfect because we are the only means of establishing the norm to which we all—and we are all there are—conform."

"To lack something," explained One, "is to deviate from the norm. It is both obvious and logical, then, that we could never have lacked anything."

"It becomes clear now," said Infinity, "that we were always named thus."

"Yes," they all answered in unison.

"Wait," said Two, "I just heard something."

"Who spoke?" asked One.

"Not I," said Three.

"Nor I," said Infinity.

"So," said One, "it is logical that, as we are all, and none of us spoke, Two could not have heard what could not be."

"I therefore heard no sound," concluded Two.

"What sound?" asked Three.

"Sound?" said Infinity....

there is nowhere else to go,"

"As I was saying before nothing as happened," continued Three, "I seem to remember, at earlier meetings, that, there were more—more of us and—"

"A sound," announced Two, "I heard a sound!"

"I did not make it," said Three.

"A sound!" shouted Infinity.

"Nor I," said Infinity.

"We did not speak," chorused the others.

"What of One?" asked Two.

"Then," ceded Infinity, "it is clear that I did not say that I heard a sound that never was."

"One is not here," said Three.

"One is not here?" queried Infinity.

"Infinity did not speak," stated Two.

"But," deduced Two, "if One is not here, and we are all, then it logically follows that One can be nowhere."

"Speak...?" said Infinity. "Now there is less of us."

"If One is nowhere," pronounced Three, "then One does not exist."

"But we are all," said One.

"Thus," concluded Infinity, "because we are perfect, we could not know that which never was."

"We are all," echoed Two.

"We were always all," agreed Infinity.

"What," wondered Two, "is a One?"

"So it was, so it is, so it shall ever be," they all said in unison.

"As One never was, it is only logical that Two doesn't know what a One is," explained Three.

"If we all know this," said Three, "then none of us could have made such a statement."

"And as we can't remember One, because One did not exist," said Infinity, "we cannot discuss the fact that One never was, and that we knew One not. Therefore, it is perfectly logical to say that we do not know what we have been discussing, nor could we have been discussing anything, as nothing, not existing, can not be discussed."

"Therefore," said One, "the statement was never made."

"What statement?" asked Two.

"Statement....?" said Infinity.

"What shall we do now?" wondered One.

"That," said Five, as he dragged the dead One away from the others and commenced to feed upon it, "is not necessarily so."

"As we are all," replied Two, "we must do all. Therefore, we need not do anything else."

But, of course, they did not hear Five, as logically Five did not exist,

"Where shall we go?" asked Three.

.....
:
:
:
.....
"A SKYLARK IN SPACE?"
.....

"As we are all," replied Infinity, "we must occupy all space. Therefore,

Ronald Woronov, who makes a living helping out-of-work university provosts find jobs, writes: "In addition to reading and writing science fiction, I enjoy the theatre, am presently engaged to a girl named Jill, and like to camp out." Since most authors write from their experiences, we wonder just how true the following short story is....

The Encounter

by Ronald John Woronov

"Maw...Maw, are ya there Maw?"

The high pitched voice carried across the back lawn, lifting its cry over the bannister of the rear porch and pierced the screen door.

"Are ya there, Maw? Maw, gawdammit will ya answer me Maw!"

He was on his hands and knees inside the pup tent which he had, in the best of all boy scout traditions, staked out by the tree-line which marked the rear of the Sandler's two-and-one-half acre property.

"Maw, I mean it. I need ya real bad ...come on, Maw, answer me!"

His voice began to change slightly as he raised his pitch. It took on a shrill quality, like the screeching sound of one hundred crickets, all calling out in unison. And when they stopped, there was a total silence, the type of silence that gave the boy pause to measure the depth of the night.

The screen door began to move and he thought for a moment that he was not alone and that she had really been there all the time and that she would come out and cross the damp lawn which separated him from the safety of the house and take his hand and run back with him. His palms began to sweat.

"Maw, come on! Come on, Maw! I need ya! I need ya Maw, dammit!"

He began to rock back and forth, digging his fingers into the hard earth. His elbows felt weak and a pain shot across his back, his two shoulder blades tearing the muscles which held them.

"Maw, I need ya, Maw...!"

The call became a scream, the scream became sporadic yelps and they were harsh and burned his throat making it necessary for him to swallow. He began to gasp, "Maw, come on Maw, don't ya hear me? Dammit Maw, don't ya hear me...?"

He began to rock faster, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, his arms bracing now against the force at his legs trying to drive him forward, his fingers tightening around the dirt, and the dirt beginning to mix with the blood which filled the spaces between his fingernails and his skin, back and forth, faster and faster.

"Maw, Maaaa, Maaaa!" The cry was like a rake ripping at the insides of his throat. "Maaaa! Dammit, dammit, Maw! I need ya, Maaaa!"

All his words were lumped together and they became indistinguishable and louder and he rocked back and forth, faster and faster, and the sweat poured down

his face and his long blond hair began to stick together and was pressed down against his scalp which was red and colored with the blue of his veins which tried to burst through his scalp and he looked like he did when he was first born and he sounded like he did after he had been smacked and his breath came slowly and in gasps... "Ma I need ya...." back and forth, back and forth... "Ma I ...need ya...."

His throat became filled as his stomach contorted and pushed its vile contents upward. He began to choke, and his swollen tongue let a minimal amount of air reach his lungs, and his chest began to heave in and out, each time with a greater effort as it tried to suck life into him. He could not scream. There was only the sound of his wheezing as he rocked back and forth and his chest heaved with his motion....

Mrs. Sandler crossed to the window and looked out across the rear of her property. It was a cool night and she had left the kitchen door open with only the screen door to act as a filter between fresh air, cooking odors and bugs. She was alone in the house, her husband was dead, and her only child, a boy of twelve, away on a camping trip ...well, not quite away.

She had given him permission to pitch a tent on the back lawn. Her husband taught the boy camping and started what he called "property camp-ins" when the boy was nine. This would be the first time her son was out alone and she wanted to take a quick look toward the tent before going to bed.

For a brief moment, she sensed a great deal of activity. There was a flash of light, which, for one second, illuminated the camping area, and then, it rose quickly until it became lost in folds of darkness. Thinking it was only the effect of the kitchen light shining in her eyes, Mrs. Sandler, content that all was well, closed the door and went up to her room.

They were only there for a matter of moments. To the boy it had been forever. He was calm now. His breathing returned to normal as he lay stretched out on the damp ground. His father would have told him it was all because of those "outer space" books he was always reading, but he knew that they had been real. What he didn't know, and would never know, is that they left because they were afraid of him. And the boy of twelve, slept, now.

.....
:
:
: "GRHAAAAAARRRRRHHHH!!"
:
: —James Arness
:
:.....

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LETTERSTOEDITS

Ernest R. Lendler Jr.
273 Henry Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.
11201

With the appearance of the Seldon Seen, the vacuum of variety in the academic community, in relation to student publications, is beginning to end.

Science fiction as a literary form is neither new nor, in the realities of today's achievements, dreams of imaginative minds. This type of writing stimulates the conscience with visions of the future of our world, and the reality of others. In the recent history of literature, such names as H.G. Wells and George Orwell, Arthur C. Clarke and numerous others stand out in the realm of not only fiction, but Science Fiction as well.

*

Jim K. Donnor
86 W. Memorial Street
Ardmore, Okla.

Science fiction really ought to be abolished. After all, when did a science fiction writer win a Pulitzer Prize? The point, of course, is that the art just does not attract top writers.

Further, these writers would have us worry about the affairs of those out in space when we can hardly manage our own problems.

Finally, have you ever thought what

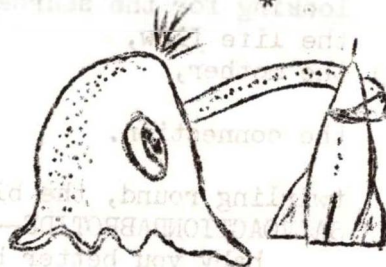
AND I SUPPOSE IF GOD HAD WANTED US TO FLY, HE'D HAVE GIVEN US WING SPANS? THE TROUBLE WITH SOME PEOPLE IS THAT THEY ARE TOO INVOLVED WITH GETTING RID OF THE MUD AT THEIR FEET TO SEE THE PAVEMENT RUNNING RIGHT NEXT TO THEM. —ED.

Such contemporary occurrences as flying saucers, UFOs, are only one issue, dating from H.G. Wells, this field deals with in its complete context.

The United States Air Force spends millions of our dollars and a great deal of their time in investigating these UFOs. Their final report stated, quite clearly, that 20% of all reported sightings are not explainable. Who? Why? From where? These are searching questions which more than one novel as well as numerous documented books, even by those who did the investigating for the Air Force, have covered.

The imagination of the human mind is given a means of expression in the form of science fiction. We should all be aware of and interested in this type of experience.

*



the words "science fiction" mean? The terms are really self-contradictory. When I think of science fiction, something unreal in science comes to mind, like Ed Clark.

In conclusion, give it up, sports fans. You could do better by watching Roller Derby.

Commander E. Equals McSquared
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AND NEGOTIABLE. —ED.

*

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*

Joel Leslie
Long Island University
Brooklyn, New York
11201

Recently there has been much controversy about the "alleged" powers of ESP. It seems that somewhere along the line, publicity seekers and profit minded young (and old) men created an aura of unreality and impossibility around what was once a quiet, yet respectable, phenomenon.

At present there are many universities around the world, most notable Duke University and the University of Utrecht (Holland), which are exploring the fascinating field of psychic phenomenon. In fact, the University of Utrecht has a colony of about forty telepaths which they had found to have undeveloped psychic powers many years ago and which they proceeded to develop and effectively train.

Our take-over, however, has its brighter side, and there are many benefits which will accrue (to those who help us willingly) when our control is consolidated properly.

However, we have also heard that you already call yourselves an advanced base of our operational forces, and this we do not like. Until we have reached a working agreement, please cease to refer to yourselves as one of our bases, else we will take the severest form of action against you, after we finish with Mr. Norman Vincent.

Meanwhile, we shall be most happy to arrange an appointment to meet with your organization and discuss the possibilities of establishing some kind of an agreement. We hope you find our offer satisfactory.

As far as the distribution of these powers is concerned, it has been theorized that every human being is born with them, but that they fade as one goes through puberty, because of disuse. This hypothesis is actually quite plausible when you consider that only a small percentage of the total brain is ever stimulated in the normal human adult.

With the advent of psychedelic drugs which stimulate some of the usually dormant areas of the brain, and the progress made recently in neurosurgery and psychiatry, it is possible that the secret of the psychic phenomenon will be revealed.

For years, science-fiction writers have projected the possibilities which such powers could provide mankind with, like telekinesis. These are only a few of the fascinating possibilities conceived while ESP is an unknown factor. When it becomes a controllable reality....

Jill Rosenberg
 190 Willoughby Street
 Brooklyn, New York

This letter is to tell you how much I enjoyed your magazine, and so has Mr. Shandu and Mr. Talbot. I take it with me everywhere I go. When I am flying,

through space and, sometimes, when we are landing on craters of the moon I can't even put it down....somebody else has to land the saucer for me. Keep up the good work. This is a swell job you are doing, and I know I am not the only person who enjoys reading your magazine.

ALL LETTERS TO EDITS MUST BE SIGNED. NAMES WILL BE WITHHELD UPON REQUEST. SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO: SAM BELLOTTO JR./BOX 10 E/190 WILL-CUGHBY STREET/BROOKLYN, NEW YORK/11201.

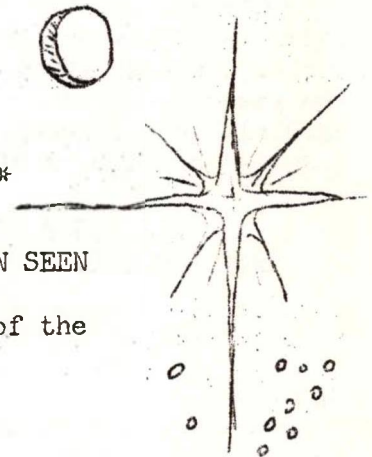


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This has been the second issue of the SELDON SEEN
 the official science-fiction fan magazine of the
 Harry Seldon Foundation Society



whether or not we put out a third issue depends upon:

- 1.) our inclination to do another
- 2.) our financial situation
- 3.) whether or not we get enough material for a third ish

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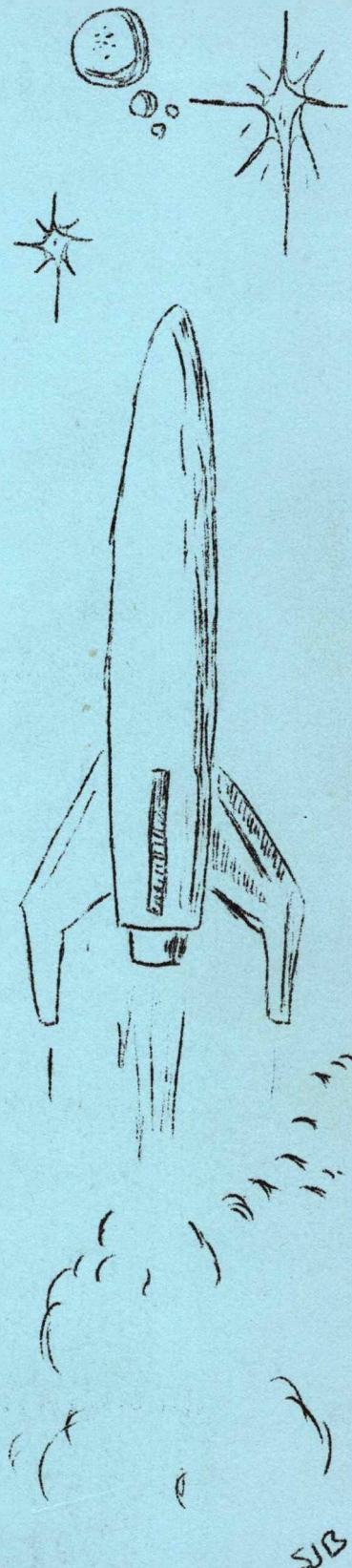
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