

CHARLES ANDERSON REPORTS ON : "WESTERCON - 1953". . . . . Page 3  
"STATESIDE STATIC" : POPULAR NEWS COLUMN. . . . . Page 8  
PLUS : Walt Willis..... Page 6, Terry Jeeves.... Page 9. etc.

# WAS TE BASKET

NEWS, VIEWS AND THE LIGHTER SIDE  
ISSUE No.2 12 PAGES JULY 30th.

## AN ANTI-EDITORIAL EDITORIAL

We hate 'em. Personally, if we considered ourselves a Walt Willis or even a Kenneth Slater we wouldn't mind at all, but being somewhat perplexed as to what ones does write about in these so called editorials, we are purely and simply at a loss. No doubt our cold, cerebral, lucid meanderings would be welcomed with a flock of irate "letters", so in our own defence we have decided to abolish this feature in our rag - sorry - mag. After all, about the only thing we could talk about would be how sorry we were about being behind on schedules, how sorry we are at the poor reproduction of this issue etc. etc., and we've about worn THAT theme a wee bit thin. Anyway, some ODD JOTTINGS.....

A monstrous THING floated with a heavy PLONK! onto our hallcarpet t'other day. On closer examination it appeared to be a bundle of old papers with something like ANNO DOMINI scrawled across the top piece. Our worst fears were realised - IT WAS ANOTHER FANMAG ! Gritting our teeth, we plunged into the depths, and though occasionally we had to come up for fresh air, we had quite an enjoyable time. We eventually discovered that the scrawl on the top page was actually the title of the - er - magazine. ANDROMEDA , or so our copy said. 50 pages (get that, FIFTY), quarto sized, of duplicated fiction, articles and humour, some bad some good. Duplicated fairly well, but with some pathetic attempts at illustrating. You get slugged 1/9 STERLING for a copy, but we dunno if it's worth it - yet. Editor is some neo-fan by name of Pete Campbell. Neaverheardoffhim.

Anyway, we musta liked it, we've gone and reprinted a piece by Terry Jeeve's, so there MUST be something good in it. ThanksPete.

Editor Campbell has an interesting poser on Page 6. What would happen to fandom, he asks, if : (a) all letters and fmz reviews were abolished in promagazines; (b) O.F. and N.F.F.F. folded? (c) all prozines simultaneously folded? We wonder..... Any suggestions anyone, we'd be glad to have them?

Ye Edde.

R A M B L I N ' S

A BUYER'S GUIDE TO THE NEW STF.

In Melbourne at the present time we have the following. About the same number of titles should also be available in Sydney.....

"YEAR'S BEST STF NOVELS", Grayson & Grayson; 12/- BRE of the Bleiler - Dikty '52 collection. Clarke's "Seeker For The Sphinx" has been dropped, but the remaining four are well worth the price: "The Hunting Season", Robinson, splendid; "Izzard And The Membrane", Miller; fair plot, well handled; "And Then There Were None", -Russell - need more be said? and Anderson's colourfull and absorbing "Flight To Forever", which is, incidentally, your editors favourite time-travel yarn.

"WHEN AND IF" - Phillip Reynold's French novel translated first into an American edition under that title, now appears in London under the title of "IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS", from Eyre & Spottiswood at 12/- Aust. A very mediocre spy thriller of World War III. NOT recommended.

Two so-called juvenilles also appear, BRE's of del Rey's "MAROON -ED ON MARS" and Jone's "SON OF THE STARS". Both are thoroughly excellent tales for youn or old, particularly Jone's effort. At 9/6 each, they are a superb bargain, with extra-colourfull dust jackets to boot!

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POETRY? TRY THIS.....

Enter two mutants:

HE : "Alpha, beta, gamma,  
You're my post-atomic mamma--  
You're the most repulsive mutie of the lot;  
Though your face is non-existent,  
And your odour is persistant,  
I would dearly love to love you -- but you're "hot"."

SHE : "Never mind the radiation,  
It increases the sensation,  
You're a mutie, I'm a mutie, that makes two;  
And when we've done our duties,  
There'll be scores of little muties,  
Who'll be evenmore hideous than you!"

OR THIS?.....

There's unexplored land on this earth of ours',  
Most of us agree to that.  
Harding has territory to develop,  
That lies underneath his hat. (see page 12)



CHARLES ANDERSON :

THE SIXTH ANNUAL WEST COAST  
SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION -

MAY 30 and 31 1953

This year's Convention, called the "Westecon" for short, was held at the Commodore Hotel in Los Angeles, California, over the Memorial Day Week-end. The sponsoring organization was the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society, the world's oldest S-F organization, of which Forrest Ackerman is one of the founder-members.

The Conference Committee consisted of E. Everett Evans: General Chairman; Wendayne Ackerman : Program Chairman; Art exhibitand auctioneer : Walter J. Daugherty; Bill Nolan : General Assistant; and a neo-fan by name of Ackerman was the general clean up boy.

One of the first shows taken in by the assembled fen was the spectacular art exhibit. Besides the very fine display of original illustrations donated by IMAGINATION, SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, PLANET and GALAXY, there was a very fine display of paintings by MEL HUNTER, that talented young artist who goes in for such detail as painting a nebula that is correct in all astronomical respects, and people a tenth of an inch high in full detail down to clothes and hands. Most of these were sold during the convention, at prices ranging from \$5.00 to \$40.00. His higher priced failed to sell, but all agreed that if they had the funds they would rush to buy them.

At the banquet that night, the Guest Of Honour was GERALD HEARD, who delivered a lecture of a very Fortian nature, concerning the insects that speak to each other. It was very interesting to those who subscribe to such pseudo-sciences, but for most part Heard found a rather bored and restless audience. It was quite evident that the speaker was a well educated, intelligent lecturer, but he should have given his talk on a less controversial and more topical nature for the evening.

The showing of "DONOVAN'S BRAIN" had unfortunately been cancelled, and in its place three short films were shown. The first dealt with prehistoric life, and was one of the most outstanding and realistic of this type I have ever seen. The following film gave a picturisation of an alien landing on earth, but by far the best of the trio was yet to come : a short film made from stills

painted by Chesley Bonestell. It is planned to make a full - length movie using the same process, but when one realises all the work that must go into painting the number of astronomical and symbolic scenes to give such an impressive effect, it is only then that we see what an immense undertaking it would be.

It was well near midnight that the official day was called to a close, and the fen proceeded to start the ritual of making the rounds from room to room for the rest of the night. One of the best set-ups was that of the Outlander Society. ( Mari Wolf, Dottie (Rory) Faulkner, Anna Sinc, Art and Len Moffat, Con pedersen , and Rick Sneary, who had quitted fandom some months previously, but had finally been drawn back into the fold by his fellow Outlanders.)

They had a suite all lined up, and the door was left open for fen to drop in and out as they pleased.

I played host to four fans from San Francisco up in my own small room. One of the group went over his sketches of BNF's, while the rest of us just talked. (( A very prominent fannish accomplishment .....Ed.)) After being shown copies of THRILLS INC; they questioned whether it was a super fan-zine ( an unintentional crack at Aussiefandom.) or if it was a pro-zine. It seems to vie with FAN - TASTIC SCIENCE FICTION as the world's worst stf. magazine.

From there we journeyed to the room of KRIS NEVILLE , a standard sized hotel room into which were packed 30 fen, with others coming and going all the time. Some were sitting on the bath, some the dresser, while the only place unoccupied was the closet. Someone found a unique way of disposing of the empty beer cans : throwing them out of the window. ( His room happened to be on the sixth floor.) After seeing the hospitality shown by him, Neville gets my vote as the most fannish pro of them all.

The following day there were more fan sessions , and after lunch the auctions were held. Many original illos were sold for giveaway prices, and on some not-too-well executed works auctioneer Daugherty gave them away, and on several instances paid to have them taken away! ( A strange way indeed to hold an auction! Are you there Ted Tubb?)

The well known pros in attendance were : A.E.VAN VOGT and wife E. MAYNE HULL ; E. EVERETT EVANS; KRIS NEVILLE ; MEL HUNTER ; ARTHUR J. COX; CLEVE CARTMILL; SAM SACKETT; CHAD OLIVER , and the fan who travelled further than any fan in history to attend a convention - TETSU YANO , who came all the way from Kobe , Japan , where he is on the staff of a leading Japanese newspaper. He stated that he did not hold much hope for science fiction in Japan. The Japanese edition of AMAZING ( a very poor selection to display the quality of stf. in a foreign country.) only lasted nine issues, and these did not sell very well at all.



Another professional present was Dr. ALPHONSE de CASTRO, who delivered a short address. No one would think that the spry doctor was over sixty years of age, yet his real age is 95! This gives him undisputed right to the title of the oldest professional stf. writer, if not the oldest author in any field. At the present time he is working on another book.

RAY BRADBURY gave a little talk prior to the playing of a tape recording of his "MARS IS HEAVEN", which had been previously aired from coast to coast over one of the major networks. He read one of his stories that had been turned down by every possible market - yes, even the Great Bradbury gets rejection slips! But this story had obviously been rejected for far different reasons than usual. It is so completely off-trail, and could be classified as almost any type of fiction, yet it is, in my opinion, one of his greatest works. The story deals with a man, dull of nature, who, by adding jewelled parts to his body in place of the one Nature supplied to him, attracted a group of friends. These friends in turn took to the same mode of decorating themselves, by adding gold-painted arms, hand-painted eyes, etc.

At the close of this very successfull convention, it was voted to hold the convention in San Francisco the following year, where it would be sponsored by the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society.

---Charles Anderson.  
Mel Pettingill.

F O L L Y

By

'Neath a heavily leaden sky,  
All lay quiet and still.  
Buildings that once had towered high,  
Lie crumbled as Byron's quill.

Man in his glory had walked here,  
Where decay and ruin now lay;  
He with his might who had never known fear,  
But whose bones now lie crumbled and gray.

Man and his machines had prospered,  
For the benefit of all man-kind;  
Now they lie dormant and rusted -  
Tombstones, that man left behind.

Revolution had caught quickly upon him,  
To lay bare his foolhardy way;  
Destruction then followed upon him,  
To mock at his pitchblende grave.

The forces that mankind had unleashed,  
From Nature they were stolen from;  
Now the mocking parasites will feed,  
Through Man's folly with the Atom Bomb.

W A L T W I L L I S :

A S H O R T L E C T U R E O N  
P R O P O R T I O N A L R E P R E S E N T A T I O N

I never thought that a simple, child-like character like myself could have befuddled anyone, but I seem to have done the trick on your editor with my loose talk on such delicate subjects as first and second ballots and proportional representation. Perhaps one of my lucid and scholarly expositions would help to clear up this matter.

I may have got it all wrong, but I have the idea that the ballot - ing for Convention sites is carried on something like this. Suppose we are all at the 1958 convention at, say, South Gate. Everyone has suddenly realised that they have to go back to the custom of voting on the site of next year's convention instead of just taking it for granted. Rick Sneary rises and calls for nominations. Harry Warner proposes Hagerstown. Bill Morse proposes Tukoyuktuk. Charles Welles proposes Savannah. Walt Willis proposes Belfast. ( He has been in the States since 1952, having lost his return fare when he let himself be taught poker by Bloch, Korshak, Esbach, Evans and Tucker, and has been trying to get back to Ireland ever since.) EC Davis proposes Sing Sing. Harry B. Moore proposes New Orleans. (This last nomination is declared null and void when Harry suddenly bursts into maniacal laughter and two men in white coats rush in and carry him away.)

The others get up and make speeches in support of their nominations. Harry Warner, who has been tearing his hair out in handfulls ever since he found out what conventions were like, says baldly that he bitterly repents his former hermet-like existence. If the Convention goes to Hagerstown he promises to squander on it all the accumulated energy of 20 wasted years. Bill Morse holds out on the prospect of an all-night party in Igloo 770 lasting six months. Charles Welles awes the delegates by holding out the hope of a personal audience with Lee Hoffman herself. Walt Willis promises to organize a drive to bring Shelby Vick to the Irish Con, and throws in the slogan VICK WITH THE MICKS IN '59! Davis is listened to with hostility by many because of his record, but most people respect him for having the courage of his convictions.

Finally the ballot is taken, with the following results :

Savannah.....	50
Hagerstown.....	50
Belfast.....	50
Tukoyuktuk.....	5
Sing Sing.....	0

(Even Davis didn't  
note for it.)



The low vote for Tuktoyuktuk is explained by the fact that only Bill Horse, Ikky Ghu, Rick Sneary, Sklooka Clup and Max Keasler knew how to spell it. Nevertheless, it is eliminated, and a second ballot held, which results as follows :

Savannah.....	52
Hagerstown.....	52
Belfast.....	51

The only new vote for Belfast is Max Keasler's. After an unseemly brawl in which Willis is stabbed in the back and Keasler gets the face wiped off his leer, Belfast is eliminated and the third ballot held. It results in a tie, thus :

Savannah.....	77
Hagerstown.....	77

Someone has abstained from voting! There is loud laughter when the Chairman says the abstainer was Bob Tucker. Tucker is called out of the bar and asked to declare his choice. When the position is explained to him, he casts his vote for Savannah, for fear of another double-whammer from Lee Hoffman. Savannah is declared the site for the next Convention, and Charles Welles goes away happily thinking up rhymes for "59".

Now all this would involve considerable difficulty if it were to be done by mail, especially getting Tucker out of the bar. At least three sets of postcards & bulletins would have to be printed and mailed and counted. And who would there be to do it. Everyone knows that to have a Convention in a town is the equivalent to burying it in radio-cative dust. But even if the cards were sent out and people took the trouble to fill them out on each occasion, it would still take an awful lot of time. Why, the next Convention might be over before anyone knew where it was!

No, the only way to deal with this matter by post is by means of the super-efficient method of proportional representation, which I will explain very simply and clearly to all you ignorant fans out of my vast knowledge of these matters. There will be no charge for this.

Proportional representation is...Wait a minute! What am I saying? No charge? I must be crazy. Why, I could make money out of fandom like, say, Forrest J. Ackerman by offering fans the benefit of my training and experience in these difficult matters. I shall set myself up as fandom's Political Advisor and Electoral Engineer. I shall very likely take up  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pages of the next QUANDRY to explain what I can offer and set out my scale of charges.

---Walter A. Willis.

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The above article reprinted from OOPSLA! No.5, courtesy of the editor Gregg Calkins.

S T A T E S S I D E

S T A T I C

C H A R L E S

A N D E R S O N

The first half dollar stf. magazine to appear since the days of AMAZING STORIES and WONDER STORIES QUARTERLYS is the new FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Science Fiction. Over half of the stories (15) contained in the first issue were written by West Coast fans and pros. E. Everett Evans alone has three in it. While the stories are not hard to read, it is not quite worth the costly price asked.

Another new magazine bearing a similar title is UNIVERSE Science Fiction. This one is digest size 35c, as are all of the new mags appearing nowadays, but it appears to be a rather poor imitation of the slick AMAZING. If the editor, George Bell, must copy another magazine, I think it would have been a wiser move to choose a better mag than AMZ.

VORTEX Science Fiction is another 35c-digest-sized-mag. (They DO get around, don't they?), but it too is hardly worth the price asked. In this day when the readers are asking for long novels (and not the so-called 15,000 word "novels" that editors so often list on their contents page.) Chester Whitehorn, the editor, comes up with a magazine consisting solely of short stories. Or these three new magazines, only one of the editors is known well among fans, and that is Sam Merwin Jr; editor of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE and ex-editor of the Thrilling mags.

COSMIC SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY is yet another addition to the stf. sweepstakes, but settles down amongst the average quality mags. The editor states in his opening editorial, that with the large amount of stf. magazines appearing, one would think that it would be more difficult to obtain good stories for all of them. But, according to our wise sage, the reverse is the case, for with the larger market, more quality stories are being written. This statement makes one wonder why, with all these so-called masterpieces floating around, he couldn't buy at least one of them to put in the first issue of his magazine.

HUGO GERNSBACH, editor of SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, is seemingly having a hard time with his wonder-child, the mag having changed to a bi-monthly instead of a monthly schedule.

WEIRD TALES, the oldest fantasy magazine, has changed its format to digest size, for the first time in its 30 years of life. It appears to be a last death-gasp, however, as the stories have got progressively worse at the same time its circulation has dropped



steadily down. It appears that this type of fiction has outlived its day, and is giving way to more modern fantasy-fiction. In the size change it lost much wordage, at the same time decreasing the the illustrations in size and changing to a smaller type face, at the same time gaining a 10c rise in price to bring it up to the 35c of the standard digest mags.

FLETCHER PRATT's new book "THE SPACE MERCHANTS" appears in both paper and hard covered version from Ballentine. Also making its pb. appearance is Simak's "TIME AND AGAIN", under the retitled "FIRST HE DIED"

---Charles Anderson.

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IT'S MONSTROUS!! IT'S TERRIFYING!! IT'S REVOLTING!! IT'S.....

# THE VOGT!!!

TERRY JEEVES

Floating helplessly in the inter-galactic void, the Vogt felt alien vibrations entering its far-flung web of mental force. Concentrating all its powers along that line, it hurled a mental bolt, so dense that the alien was nearly rendered helpless. Then the Vogt began its remorseless advance.....

Aboard the space ship BEETLE, Captain Lesston could hardly believe his eyes when the men told him that the atomic engine had blown out the far end of the main tube. Nevertheless, believe them he did, and to such an extent that he even sent out a repair crew to blow it back in again. Picking his windiest men, he ordered them to crawl outside the hull and blow like mad. Experienced crawlers all, they were soon hard at work with the blow-torch, puffing the tube back in. Gophknew the Neckist applied the flame, while Bent the Chemist blew. Suddenly Gophknew saw the Vogt approaching. He half turned to gaze at the monster, but at Bent's agonized wail he realised his error, and turned back to see that worthy busily trying to blow his own posterior. By the time the asbestos seat of the spacesuit had cooled down, the Vogt was upon them. Drawing its structure out to a long, thin needle, the Vogt struck the shimmering force-screen that surrounded the ship like a soap bubble. The bubble burst, and the Vogt flowed towards the two crewman as the two crawled as they had never crawled before. Realising that only one man would have time to get through the airlock before the Vogt arrived, Gophknew made a decision. A swift application of the blow-torch to the previous target area, and the Neckist had a free run to the airlock. Dropping the torch, he shot through the airlock and vanished inside the spaceship.

As he stood panting in the corridor, the lock opened again, and the Chemist emerged, who, having profited by experience, had in turn warned the place where a Vogt would sit if a Vogt could sit down. Doffing his spacesuit, Brent advanced slowly upon Gophknew, only to be interrupted as the airlock opened for the third time.

The Vogt had also profited by experience -- it was carrying the blow-torch. Down the passage streaked the Neckist. The Chemist's streak was of a different colour, but of equal width. The Vogt, being fearless, left no streak at all in its rapid pursuit. Gophknew shot into the control room, tripped over the carpet, and flew through the air, striking the steel bulkhead so hard it split in two, exposing the skipper busily washing his hands. Gophknew apologised, but was interrupted by the arrival of Bent in exactly the same manner. The Chemist rose to his feet in time to save the Vogt from a like procedure. Scrambling from beneath the creature, he backed against the wall. So did Gophknew, Lesston, Ruyt the pilot and a cabin boy named Nipper, who was cordially detested by the skipper for some unknown reason. The Vogt read the skipper's mind; it was a poor mind, but the Vogt, being a poor reader, didn't know that. Then forming itself into the shape of what it read there, it advanced upon Lesston; the skipper literally exploded as the vacuum enveloped him, but the Vogt absorbed all the bits and grew in size.

Turning, it was met by a half brick thrown by the cabin boy. Changing into a rubber band, the Vogt sent the brick crashing through the swing doors of the crew's quarters. There was a dull thud, followed by a string of Russian curses from Poppski the Anarchistic Artificer. The Vogt ignored them, scanned Nipper's mind and the boy vanished from sight in the resulting cesspool. Ruyt, however, was full of spirit, and hurled a bottle of the same at the Vogt. The creature became Scotch mist, as did the bottle. Then, before Gophknew's horrified eyes, a pink elephant crushed Ruyt until not a bit of Ruyt was left. Then the Neckist heard another Russian curse, and felt something hard pressed into his hand. Without a thought he pointed it at the Vogt and squeezed.

Bits of kernel and shell fell to the floor. "Nuts!" moaned Gophknew, then went crackers as the Vogt pulled him in two. Now obly Poppski the Anarchist was left to face the Vogt. As usual, he had only one thought in his mind for the Vogt to read. He visualised a bomb.

The Vogt exploded.

-----FINIS-----

--TERRY JEEVES.

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(My apologies for not lining-up this page fans, but Ye Olde Dead Line is drawing horrifyingly near. Anyway, on to.....)

MR. GREENE AND THE MONSTER

RICHARD LUPOFF

The mailbox almost shrieked in agony as J. Goodwin Greene fairly tore the brass door off. He reached trembling hands into the dark interior, and drew forth a bulky manilla envelope. His fumbling fingers opened it with feverish haste, and a small slip of paper fell lightly from it. Ignoring the remaining contents of the envelope, he stooped and retrieved the small sheet. The heading read: STUPENDOUS SCIENTIFICTION.

"Dear Sir ,

The "Monster Of The Stellar Void" would have been good reading twenty years ago, being full of typical pseudo-science and action of that period. but today's readers demand a deeper plot, better characterization and development, and a generally more mature story..."

It was signed with the familiar initials QBP.

Tears welled up uncontrollably in Greene's saddened eyes; this was TOO much! He took the remaining contents from the envelope and placed them in his pocket. He reread the letter in sheer disbelief. It wasn't that he needed the money for the story so badly; a job as a milkman kept "Goody" Greene comfortably clothed, fed and housed. But being a milkman is a singulary unglamorous profession, and just a little attention, or the slightest bit of back-patting or favourable comment was all that he desired to make his life complete. All his life he'd lead about as unspectacular as could be. So to escape from his hum-drum existance he had turned finally to Science Fiction, in time starting to write some odd pieces of his own. What a pity the editors had not held so high an opinion of it as he himself did, for, as yet, he had never once sold a story.

The downhearted would-be author staggered to his apartment and threw himself across the bed in utter despair. If only he had lived twenty years earlier, he thought; then, in the Golden Age of stf, the rocket ships and ray guns, his stories would have sold like hot cakes. At least, all the modern editors said so.

Pity the man born before his time, doubly so the man born after it!

When J. Goodwin Greene awoke early next morning, it was with an eerie feeling of strangeness - somehow things were...different. And then he realised what it was, his bed-side radio was not there, but in its place was an ancient model with a monstrous horn speaker. With a cry he jumped to the floor. Everything had changed! Even the dis-ordered clothing he had failed to remove the previous night felt

somehow strange. Could it be possible that his wish had somehow been turned into a clear-cut case of wish-fulfillment? Could he have thus defied all the latest theories of science(fiction)? Even his mind, well used to the wonders of the pulp media, rebelled at the idea. He felt for the story in his pocket. "Monsters Of The Steller Void" was still there....

From that moment it was but a short while before he was with the editor of the Spiff-Davis publishing company. Old (he wasn't so old then) Hugo Burnsback had readily agreed to see him, and hearing a brief synopsis of "Monsters Of The Steller Void". At last he looked up and said, "Young man, if you will accept three cents a word for this story I will see that it appears in the next issue of SCIENCE MYSTERY MONTHLY. We were going to use house-ads to fill up the last few pages, but your story will just about fit in. Toobad the contents page and cover are already printed, but...that won't matter much."

Greene was so flabbergasted by this he just couldn't speak. Burnsback, misinterpreting his silence, amended his offer. "I'll make it five cents a word if you'll agree to wait a few months for payment, we can't afford that much just yet."

Shocked into action by this windfall, Greene managed to stammer out a vaguely affirmative answer, and left the office on unsteady legs.

The following few weeks were paradise for J. Goodwin Greene, even though he had to pawn most of his possessions for money. Finally the great day arrived. He splurged on a cab, and headed for the office early, and got one of the first copies of the latest SCIENCE MYSTERY MONTHLY as they arrived. There, big as life, running from page 96 to 101 was "Monsters Of The Steller Void" - his story! On the way home he carefully removed the pages of his story for safe keeping, and was leafing idly through it when he heard the screech of brakes and through horrified eyes he saw some crazy kid in a Stutz about to collide with his cab. As he screamed everything started to melt around him, and with a terrified shriek he jumped up - and out of his bed.

He was back again, back in his own year of 1952. The radio was gone. He had hocked it, so that proved that it was all true. He had pierced the veil of time and come back to tell the tale.

Now to get proof. An old copy of SCIENCE MYSTERY MONTHLY was all he needed, it would have his story in it as proof. For the rest of the day Greene spent his time on the phone trying to get that issue of SCIENCE MYSTERY MONTHLY, and at last a man informed him he had what he believed to be the only existing copy, Spiff-Davis having been burnt down on the day of publication, all copies probably destroyed. He raced across town to the collector's home with the required amount of money. He dared not let anyone see his prize - yet. But finally he arrived home with it, and feverishly unwrapped it from the enveloping brown paper. Then his face drained of colour, and it is said that his horrified scream broke the windows in the houses for miles around. HIS story wasn't there. Someone had removed the last few pages.....

---Richard Lupoff.

The above article reprinted with the courtesy of Charles Anderson. The long poem on page 2 is from ANDROMEDA, while the author of the minor piece has been dutifully garroted, drawn and quartered, and the remains nailed up over the entrance door to the NSFG as a warning to strangers.