

Eddie

YANDRO VOL. IV - NO. 6



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And don't get any mice in your ampersands.....



The Eddie Jones cover this is one of those little things that comes along now and then to make a faned 's life sweet. Eddie's a British fan we found via Alan Dodd, and outside of his cartoons, he has some gorgeous illos for some articles coming up... the only fly in the ointment, while wonderful for Eddie, is discouraging to all the li'l faneds who love his work...to wit, he's had some work accepted by NEBULA and has hopes of a pro career...sniff, less and less fan

stuff then.....hmm, just noticed something else about this issue....we didn't really intend to have two movie reviews this..just worked out that way..oh well, the two are pretty different...maybe if we're quiet, no one will notice.....incidentally, in case anyone, namely subbers, gets confused about getting the May and June issues so close together, it's

- "Rats in the walls? No, we got mice in our cold air registers!" -

just that we decided the best way to catch up to schedule again was to put out two issues at once...which was practically what we did...mailed the May issue yesterday and finishing this today....of course, it's now going on one o'clock and we still have to run three stencils, assemble thirty copies of the thing, pack, etc, leave here in time to meet the DeWeese's in Anderson at four o'clock and be in Cincinatti and thence to the Midwestcon this evening.....do all fans live this way?....and a notice to Rick Sneary and some others who liked Betsy Curtis' FIVE MILE SHELF in the annish...we've got permission to use another story of hers....greedily hinting that it won't be the last....one of the main difficulties with being a monthly is a necessity of keeping the number of pages down....that way you get to use the same amount of material... as a bigger bi-monthly....but it is crimely when you've got two favorite illos by Bourne, or Adkins, or Dea, or Adams, or Jones..and only room for one this issue...not to mention the bigger problem of picking out

- "Oh yes, and sometimes we even have mice in the bathtub.." -

which printed material to use this issue....we finally gave up on our Webcor player and decided to get a new one....I probably wouldn't have gotten quite that much of a new one (he comes in with a sheepish expression and a \$120 hi-fi junior)...nice, though...we got some African drum records...turn the volume up halfway and all the floors in the house shake...sounds like the guy's over in the corner beating the skin...and you should hear Bill Haley's drummer on that..(no cracks from across the way, either)....well, well, the li'l factory we work at finally broke down and moved us in their brand new plant...course, it isn't all done yet...little workmen wandering around bending pipe with sledge hammers and poppling around with acetylene torches...this is why the libraries get their books back with large scorched places in them....safe, too....just keep your head down...way down, say underneath the table... Ever notice the li'l movie reveiws that say something about.."This is pretty fantastic, but the science fiction fans will love it"..oh yeah, they wouldn't know a stfan if one hit them in the face, and they keep up that sort of thing, and one's gonna.....see you in July...JWC



CENSORS TAKE NOTE

The other evening, Juanita and I went to the show; not an unusual event, since we go once a week or so. However, this time one item was changed. When the cartoon came on, instead of following my usual practice and going to sleep, I watched the thing. It was a perfectly ordinary cartoon; one of those mouse-outwitting-cat things with plenty of chase scenes and mashing-your-opponent-hearley-flat sequences which

seem to delight the juveniles of the audience, ages 8 to 80. However, the very fact that it was perfectly ordinary seems to me rather ominous. Have you ever thought about how much violence occurs in a 10-minute movie cartoon? Comic books have been banned for a tenth the amount. However, setting this aside for the moment, think back on the number of cartoons you have seen in which the mouse is the hero and the cat is the villain. Is the cat ever the hero? No! The mouse is always lovable, and the cat is always vicious. Now then: children are very deeply affected by what they see; Dr. Wakeman says so. And what do our little kiddies see every day on the movie screen (surely a more potent force than a mere comic book)? Heroic mice! Now I ask you, do we want to raise a generation of people who admire mice? Think of the damage mice do to our crops and granaries every year, despite our efforts against them. What would happen if these innocent kiddies grew up and passed laws protecting mice? Movie cartoons are leading our country toward catastrophe! They must be prevented from ennobling national pests such as mice. If unchecked, sooner or later one of them will come out eulogizing Elvis Pressley, and then where will we be?

Another thing: did you ever notice that in these sinister cartoons, the dog --- man's best friend --- is always pictured as a stupid, good-for-nothing bully? And what type of dog is always so pictured? The English bulldog. Our staunchest ally is being foully maligned! Could this be the work of Communists?

When we begin to look into the symbolism of these cartoons, the picture --- already black enough --- gets even darker. The mouse certainly stands for the overthrow of law and order, as symbolized by the cat, the defender of our homes. And there is never the slightest pretense that the right eventually wins. The forces of chaos are always victorious! These poor innocent children are being taught that crime does pay, if the criminal is smart! (They would, of course, learn this anyway, sooner or later, but there is no use in giving them a head start.) Printed comics have been "cleaned up"; now is the time, fellow-citizens, to launch an attack on the photographed comic! Forward with bigotry!

MRMPHING

I seem to have run short of room here, but I have enough left to publicly thank Burton Spiller, Bob Tucker, and Robert Abernathy for letting us use their material. I'm still slightly stunned at the idea of people who make their living by writing letting some of it go for free.

The Beast With a Million Eyes

—eugene deweese — MOVIE-TYPE REVIEW

This movie, while graphically and feelingly depicting the effects on a small family of unsuccessful date ranchers of an invasion, of their minds, by an alien from Beyond the Stars, is, in reality, a moving allegorical appeal for the Brotherhood of Man.

Hate and Enmity, symbolized by the Alien, is in search of minds to suck empty for its own selfish purpose, Survival. Indicating the Power of these baser emotions, the very "Birds and Bees of the Forest", are turned against the Forces for Good, represented by the family of unsuccessful date ranchers. The weaker members of Humanity, the mass mind more easily manipulated by the Evil Powers, are embodied in the character 'Him', a moron working on the unsuccessful date ranch.

— "Oh, John, it's so evil!" —

The Spaceship itself indicates the juvenile and immature nature of these emotions, being constructed symbolically of a CO₂ capsule and a helicopter bean. Its disruptive influence and its underhanded methods are represented at the very outset when, upon its arrival, it shatters all the glassware in the house of the unsuccessful date rancher, and gets it blamed on an innocent jet plane.

The Conflict between Good and Evil, Love and Hate, Yang and Yin., finally comes to a climax wherein the Alien, trying to Make Off with a Victim - the unsuccessful date rancher's daughter - is defeated and finally annihilated when the unsuccessful date rancher and his wife present to him a united front of Love and Affection.

And thus the Alien, Hate, perishes, as always He will when confronted by His antithesis, Love.

— "Oh, John, we're so good!" —

A final touch is added when the Alien's mind escapes momentarily into the body of a desert rat, which is then carried away by an eagle, which is not native to this part of the country. This, I am sure, has a dual meaning: Its mysterious appearance indicating the underlying mystery which will always surround, for mere humans, the workings of the Mind of the Maker; and the eagle itself seemed symbolic of our own great heritage, the American Way of Life.

— "Unfortunately, the only issue of PLOY I have any issues of is number four, which was the third issue..." —

And on the other hand.....I have calluses..

* - "Consider yourself torn off a strip" - *

ENTERED UNIVERSITY,

bob tucker

CONQUERED SAME

APRIL 7th MEETING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO SCIENCE FICTION CLUB

TENTATIVE PROGRAM: 7:30 pm - Introduction of Speakers:

Bob Bloch

Thomas N. Scortia

Bob Tucker

PART ONE: "Wild Fans I Have Known" - Bob Bloch and Bob Tucker

PART TWO: "The Best and Worst of S-F" -

Bob Tucker: Best: The 25th Hour, by Herbert Best
and/or

The Man Who Sold the Moon, RAH

Worst: Undecided

Thomas N. Scortia..Best: Beyond This Horizon, RAH

Worst: I Am Legend, R. Matheson
(Amazing Stories mag, circa 1949)

Bob Bloch: Best: 1984, by George Orwell

Worst: The Lomokome Papers, Herman Wouk

Bob Bloch had prepared a jin-dandy speech for the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club meeting that Saturday night. The meeting was a kind of special affair because three (3 - count them - (3) brilliant authors were attending from out of town, and the sponsors had gone all out to insure a success. They hired a hall and dusted the chairs before the spectators arrived. So Bloch's prepared speech was a marvel, a little gem he practiced and re-practiced on the train coming down. (The porter twice asked him to lower his voice, and the conductor threatened to throw him off the train.)

Unfortunately, Bloch never delivered the speech at the meeting. He made the mistake of rehearsing it once more Saturday afternoon, when several club officers were present.

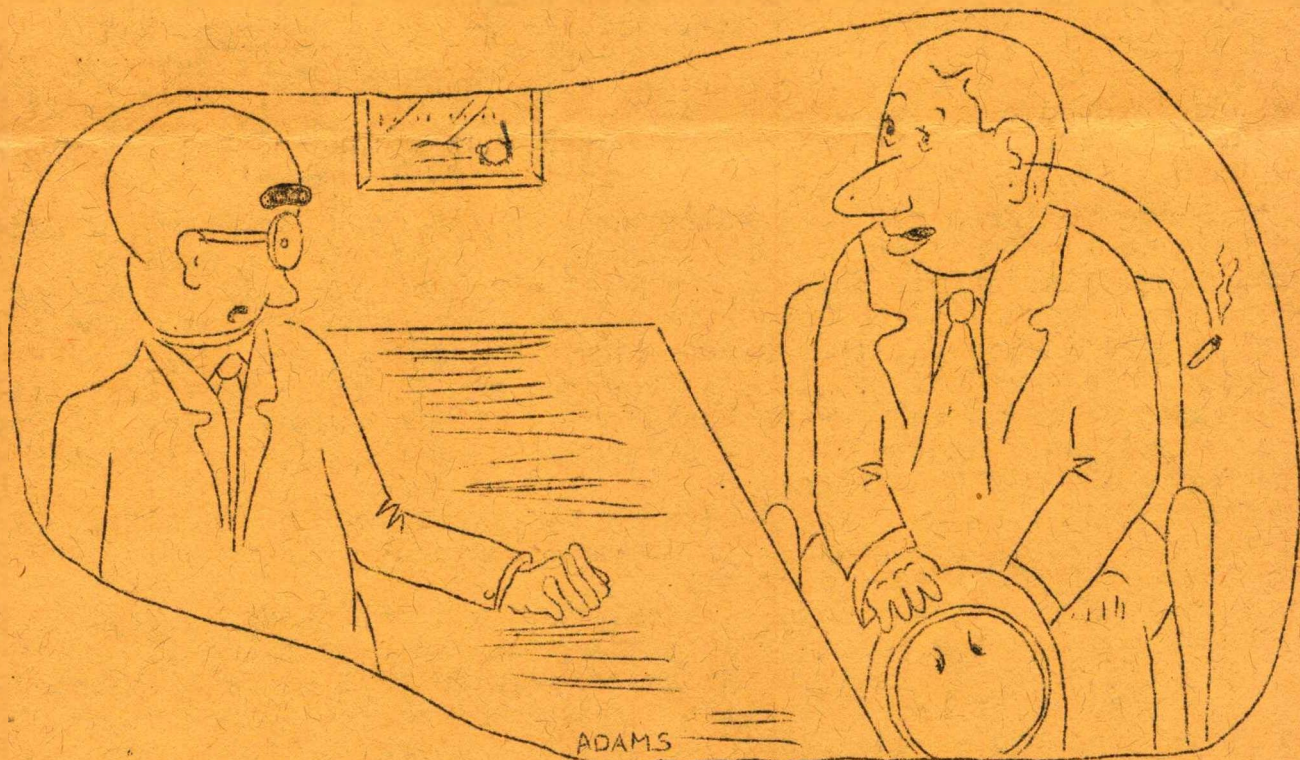
Not that it wasn't a rousing speech, please understand. It was. - It was just a wee bit too rousing for a staid old University hall, and the club officers threw up their hands in horror, fearful of being ejected. Bloch was accused of being "leftist" in the speech. He advocated -- in good faith mind you -- the abolition of the Democratic Party, or some such fantastic thing. He thought the Republicans should be left to ~~breed~~ breed in peace, that being about all they were good for anyway. My memory may be a bit hazy on the matter, but I think he also suggested that holes be punched in the ends of all contraceptives sold to these Republicans.

Well, anyway, he didn't give that speech.

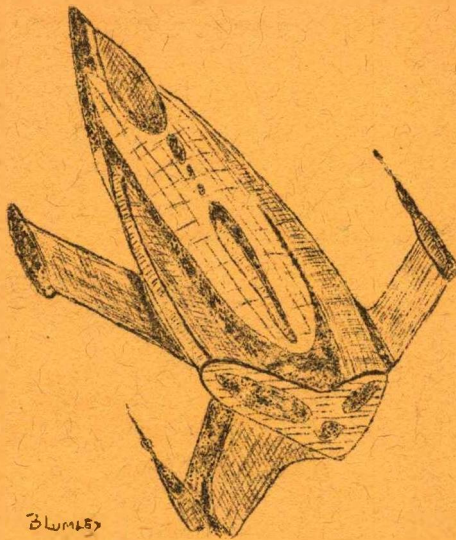
Like the minute man that he is, another was whipped out on the spur of the moment; he just happened to have fourteen typewritten pages up his sleeve. And so, filled with Huckle Juice manufactured and served by Joe and Robert Gibson, we tripped our merry way to the hall. I will not change the wording of that sentence.

No one knows how many people were there because no one who gave a faint damn was capable of counting. I remember seeing a few faces that I hadn't seen for many years; and then again I saw one or two faces which appear regularly in my most unpleasant dreams. Behind the speaker's table were Bloch, Tom Scortia, myself, and Earl Kemp as master of ceremonies. He was selected for that post because he could still stand.

Bloch was brilliant. Bloch was superb. His fourteen typewritten pages constituted a masterful bombardment of a piece of fiction which appeared in Colliers some months ago, written by Herman Wouk and purporting to be a science fiction story. Someone in the audience called the story "The Locomotive Papers" and the name stuck. Wouk's "Locomotive Papers" were shredded in meticulous detail and exposed for the



"Well, doctor, I realize it will sound like I'm mad, but I'd swear there's a little man inside my head telling me to shoot my wife."



shallow farce they are. He also commented at some length on Orwell's "1984", calling it his choice of the best in science fiction, but that part of his speech played second fiddle to the dissecting job on the locomotive.

Scortia tackled Heinlein's "Beyond this Horizon" and Matheson's "I Am Legend" as his choices of the best and worst, respectively, in s-f. Scortia is one of those persons who can speak in public without notes, and still sound as if he were reading lines from a teleprompter. His delivery is well-nigh perfect, his presentation is well organized and the whole comes off very smoothly. He

thought Heinlein had attempted and successfully accomplished the impossible: the writing of a good and well-received novel which broke almost every fiction rule in the house. On the other hand, his contempt of "I Am Legend" knew no bounds, and he was particularly annoyed at those so-called "chemical" passages and explanations which hurt his chemist's soul. A listener gained the distinct impression that he bitterly regretted a number of trees being felled to produce pulp on which the book was printed.

Like Tom Scortia, I spoke without notes, but unlike Scortia, my presentation left much to be desired. My choice of the best in science fiction was a Herbert Best novel of the late 1950s, "The 25th Hour." To my knowledge, at least three other stories have been inspired by this monumental novel of Europe's last war and the degeneration to cannibalism. I think that Hubbard's "The Final Blackout" was taken directly from the book; the theme, plot, and treatment are the same in both. And there is evidence to suggest that Lowndes and Michel wrote a short story, "The Inheritors", based on the same idea. Finally, I have freely admitted that the entire mood and some of the action of my own "The Long, Loud Silence" is based on Herbert Best's best book.

I learned in Chicago that several years ago FFM reprinted a cut version of the novel. I would suggest that you try to obtain a copy of the original, for it is well worth while.

COMING SOON! A story by that fabulous successor
to T.P. Caravan - the incomparable...Puptent Safari!

- "The rest of the mag was vaguely interesting in a funny sort of way. Well, not actually funny, but sorta boring." -

A. D. 3051

by- Burton L. Spiller*

The inspector announced: "Your channel is four-forty-seven north. Your hunting area is WH22B. Your returning time is sixteen hours."

I said, "Yes, sir," and made a mental note of the directions, and turned to my young companion, Three-H-Seventy. He was a tall chap with a pleasing personality, and in the few weeks I had known him I had learned to like him immensely. He was very young, but he had a keen scientific mind, and I knew that he would eventually prove to be a valuable addition to that indispensable unit of which I am proud to be a part.

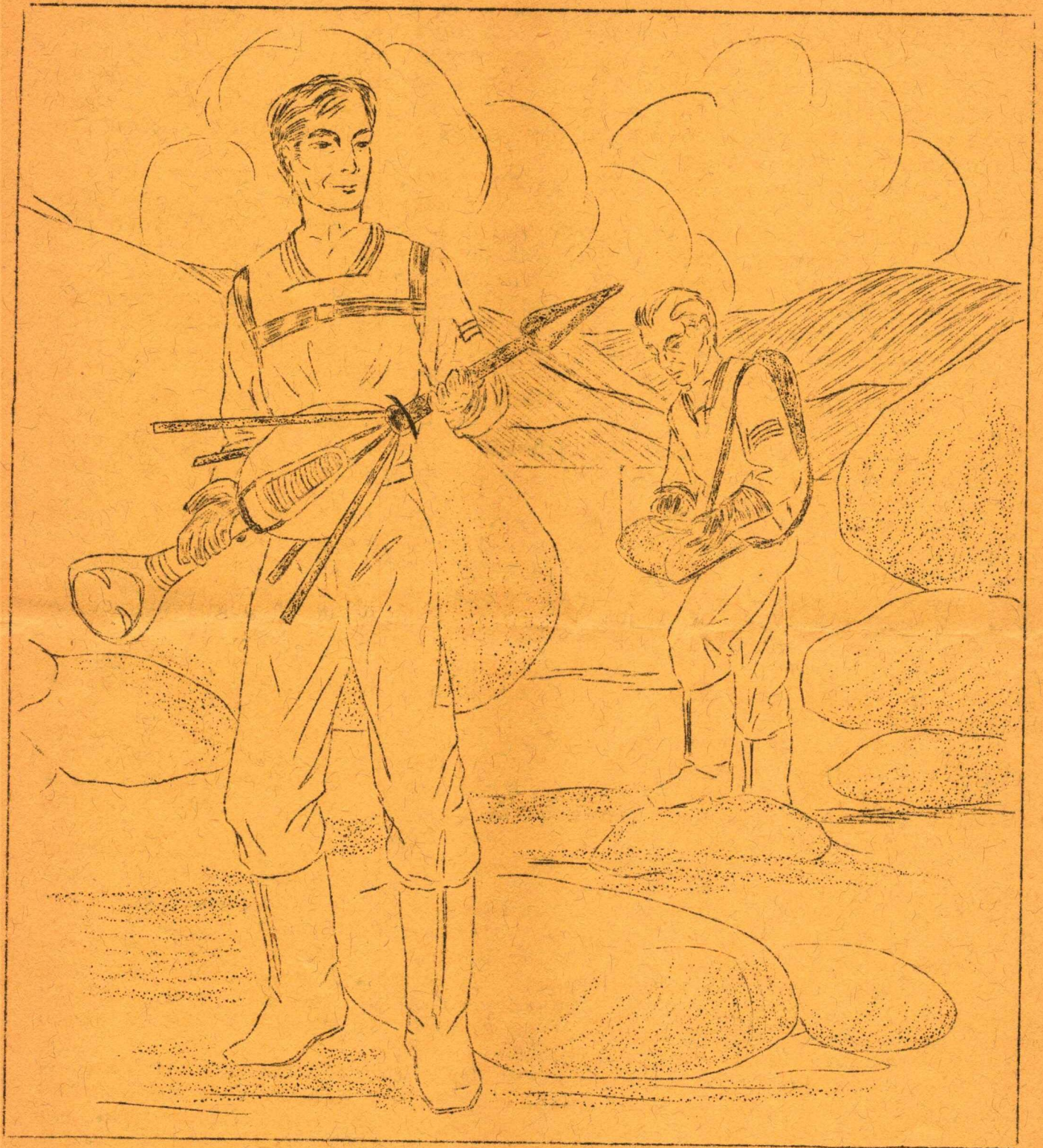
Blame has been placed upon those men of my profession who set off the gigantic blast so many centuries ago, and in the light of our present knowledge it seems incredible that they made the error that should have been so obvious, but nevertheless the profession should not be ridiculed. It is true that luck played a part by placing so large a scientific expedition in the mammoth cave when the fission occurred, but we still owe to them all that we are. From the meager nucleus of life that remained they achieved the impossible and brought us through the centuries to our present efficient and well-regulated system.

But I digress. Today I had an appointment with destiny, and I shall set down without elaboration the events that occurred, adhering strictly to the truth, incredible as it may sound.

The tale rightly begins at the moment when I stood with Three-H-Seventy at the northern terminal of our Outside Central Station, waiting for the inspectors to complete their routine check. Had it not been for my instinctive attraction to the youngster, I would have chosen an older companion who knew at least the rudiments of hunting, for the bivalve is a wary creature, and infinite caution is always necessary if one is to hunt him successfully.

Our folklore indicates that many centuries ago, before the gigantic blast which drove the few survivors into the great underground caves, men and various other creatures wandered about on the surface of the earth, each pursuing the way he chose. There are some in our city who have never been to the surface except briefly and scoff at the idea, saying that no creature could long survive in the raw and unfiltered air; but the premise seems plausible to me, as does the theory that in those remote days the earth was covered with vegetation. In the carefully regulated humidity of our City deep within the earth we have produced many forms of living organisms, and I have no doubt that in the days when moisture softened the earth's crust it was capable of producing and maintaining life.

* - Reprinted from FIELD AND STREAM, January 1952.....with the permission of the editors and the author.



It had been a strenuous morning for me, for I had only recently been transferred to one of the remote laboratories in our vast city of Kentuck, and my permit to surface had been delayed in delivery. Our rapid transit tubes had solved the problem, and in less than an hour I found myself blinking in the glaring sunlight at the outside station and talking with Three-H-Seventy, whom I had succeeded in having assigned as my companion for the hunt. Now, as soon as the remaining formalities were dispensed with, we would be off on our quest for the biggest game on the continent, - the bival-four.

The inspector made a last entry in his book, snapped it shut, and indicated by a wave of his hand that we were cleared. Our system is efficient in all its branches, It surely had not been more than fifteen minutes since we had surfaced, yet in that brief time the inspectors had recorded our serial numbers and checked them for accuracy with the central office. They had listed the identification markings on the G-40, and the M-6, checked their voltages and issued our permits, doing it all with the speed and accuracy that comes only with long practise.

We stowed our weapons in the trim Magnecar, stepped in and settled ourselves. Adjusting the channel indicator to 447N, I eased the speed control to a moderate 500. I knew that Three-H-Seventy, in his youthful eagerness, would have doubled it, but the day was still young, and even that leisurely pace would bring us to our destination in less than two hours.

As I reclined in the comfortable seat I fell to thinking of the good fortune that had been mine. I have no false illusions concerning my own worth. Compared to some of my brilliant colleagues, I am as nothing, yet I have contributed in some small way to our scientific knowledge, and because my work has been connected in part with that of our wildlife I have been privileged to spend many more days afield than most of my fellow workers. Still without boasting, I think that I can conservatively say that my knowledge of the surface creatures is as great as that of any living man.

It is probably an atavistic instinct that I inherited from my ancestors, but nothing has ever thrilled me so much as hunting big game. I have been fortunate enough to take several worthy specimens of the bival-four, but never one that rivaled the record. Today, I hoped, might produce the one for which I had waited so long.

Through the transparent floor behind the magnets I could see brown earth flashing beneath us. Then a tinge of brilliant green caught and riveted my attention, and a glance in the visual retention mirror confirmed my suspicion. It had long been my conviction that some day the water-table would return to its former level, and there before my eyes was the visible proof that the process had begun. The effects of the gigantic blasts that had forced it several miles below the earth's crust were slowly wearing away, and in those arid wastes below us some form of vegetable life was springing up.

My companion was quite entranced by the color and demanded an explanation, but his unschooled mind still clung to realities and could not grasp my theory that the surface of the earth was once inhabitable. How little either of us dreamed that before the day was done another event would occur that would cause this miracle which we had just witnessed to fade into insignificance.

Far below us I could catch the changing hues of light and shadow, and I knew we were over the hilly country, but our channel beam held us on the course that would terminate at the Bay of Fundy flatlands. For centuries after the tremendous blast that shattered and sank the Continental Shelf, the great tide-flats that had been thrown up by the upheaval were dreary, desolate wastes of quicksand and morass in which no life could exist, but now it was teeming with wildlife. How fortunate indeed was the fact that this had been such an excellent laboratory for our earlier scientists in their first groping experiments in producing life for the fungus growths of the radioactive soil had been of inestimable value to them.

Our equipment was the very best. The G-40, a modification of the old Geiger counter, was one of the newest and most powerful design; our suction disc, the M-6, was atomic powered and effective to any depth up to six feet. With a bit of luck, this was going to be a day that the bival-fours would long remember.

The warning note from the magnetic recorder told us that we were coming to the end of our journey, and the forward thrust against our belts at the automatic reversing of the magnets confirmed it. The indicator dropped steadily, and presently I could make out the vaporous clouds that arose from the sun-warmed flats. A few moments later we glided in to the station and settled lightly to earth. Once again the inspectors proved their efficiency. It required only a few minutes to cross-check our identification and equipment. Then we were ushered inside the electric barrier that encircled our section, and waved upon our way.

And now I knew that I had indeed been fortunate in choosing Three-H-Seventy as my companion, for his enthusiasm was boundless. He leaped and capered about with all the abandon those primal ancestors must have felt when they too moved upon the earth's surface. "The sunlight!" he cried, and cupped his hands as though he would capture some of its invigorating warmth. "The sunlight! I had forgotten it looked like this."

"You have seen it before?" I asked incredulously.

He grinned boyishly. "Yes," he said. "My mother chanced to be one of the consorts of the Chancellor, and I was his favorite for a while. He took me to the surface twice. I have forgotten most of it, but I remember the sunlight. Isn't it glorious?"

I agreed with him, for while our lighting system with its carefully metered amount of ultra-violet is undoubtedly far superior, yet I have always felt that the sun had something that our system lacks. It was exerting its effect on him now, and I smiled as I watched him cavorting upon the teeming earth, throwing himself bodily against the magnetic boundary and laughing gleefully when it hurled him back again. It was not long, however, before the unaccustomed expenditure of energy quieted him, although it failed to curb his enthusiasm. "Time is flying," he said. "Let's go."

To this suggestion I heartily agreed, for I still had the feeling - that this was going to be my day of days. There seemed to be something prophetic in the fact that we had been assigned to this location, for it was from this very section that Eleven-C-Six, an associate who was once quartered in my division, secured a specimen that established record in bival-fours. But records are made only to be broken, and it might be that I would be the fortunate one. An anticipatory thrill warned me as

I adjusted the ear-phones on the G-40 and switched on the power.

It is also a part of our folklore that in the days of our forefathers it was a common practice for sportsmen to encumber themselves with a species of four-footed canine creature whose duty it was to scent game and then either pursue it or else indicate by its alert attitude that it was somewhere near. I could not refrain from thinking that we had come a long way in the intervening centuries. Aside from the obvious inconvenience of handicapping oneself with so low a form of life, the result must have been highly uncertain.

There was no uncertainty, however, when one was equipped with a G-40. As I adjusted the resonance the whole earth came to life, and I could distinguish every sound emanating from the microscopic creatures that burrowed and clawed their way in the moist earth beneath my feet. The metallic clicking of the joints of a six-legged shell-covered creature was plainly audible as it scuttled away before us, and from somewhere in the remote distance I could faintly distinguish the pulsing murmur of a bival-four as it pumped the life-giving water through its body.

Swinging the dial until the needle pointed in the approximate direction of the sound I spoke to my companion. "I've located one," I said, and though I tried to make my voice sound casual some quality in it communicated my excitement, for he came hurrying over, the staccato drumming of his footsteps drowning out the sound of our distant quarry.

"Where? Where is it?" he cried as he peered at the dial, then lumbered off in the indicated direction, fumbling at the controls of the M - 6 as he ran.

Keeping an eye on the direction indicator, I worked along after him, and with every yard I advanced the steady pulsing grew louder. Pausing a moment, I spoke to Three-H-Seventy, cautioning him against too hasty an advance. The hunting pressure on the bival-four is beginning to make all of them wary, and the vibrations from a sudden approach invariably cause them to draw themselves down to a depth that makes their capture impossible. The youth agreed readily and fell in beside me, but he was quivering with eagerness, and the M-6 trembled in his hands. Pausing with each step, we worked cautiously along, and now I knew that we were nearing our quarry, for intermingled with the murmur of the expelled water I could plainly detect the grating of the tiny grains of sand as they rubbed against one another in their passage.

There are those who favor forms of hunting in which chance plays part - finding their thrill in anticipating the approach of some vagrant winged creature, but my preference is for the carefully executed stalk. To locate the quarry and then to pit one's skill against its natural cunning is, for me at least, the acme of all outdoor delights.

Now we were nearing the end of the trail. There was no variation in the direction needle, but all at once the close-range indicator began to quiver visibly. I took another step and it dipped sharply. Cautiously we inched forward, and steadily the hand assumed an ever increasing angle. Another moment, another few inches ahead, and it was pointing down.

"Now," I whispered, and with a celerity and skill that would do credit to the most experienced sportsman Three-H-Seventy inverted the M - 6, thrust the muzzle deeply into the soft earth and threw the power switch.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)

A BIT OF CLEVE-CONNING

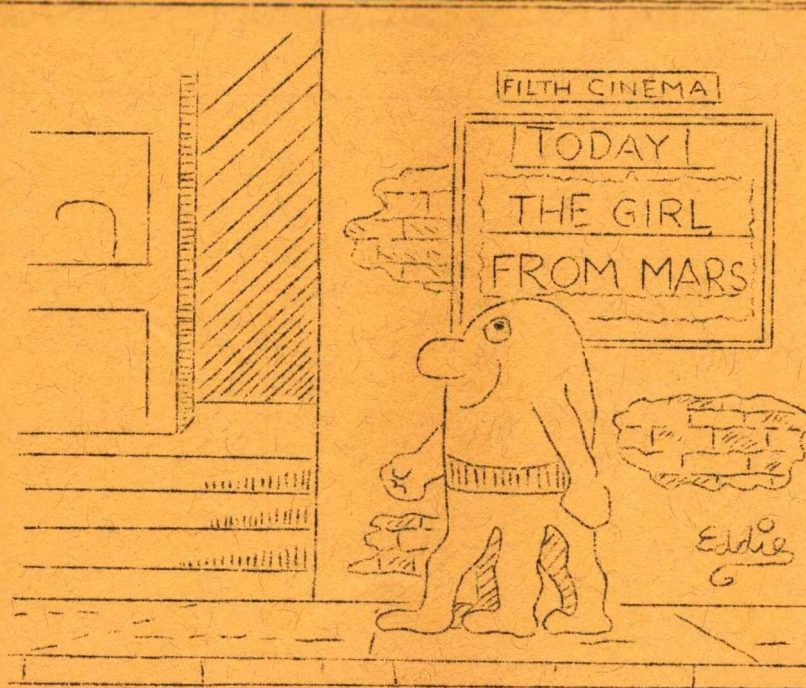
- presenting - robert abernathy

For various reasons, most convention speeches by authors never see print in a fanzine - (fanzine dies before printing, author refuses permission, fan is too dru...er, confused, to find the stage and ask for said permission) - although for the most part the faneds love to get their hot li'l paws on a meaty speech by a pro.

Therefore, we felt rather delighted when Robert Abernathy gave us permission to print his speech given the evening of the Clevecon banquet. As a matter of fact, he even very graciously gave us a fresh copy of the manuscript.

Some YANDRO readers who attended the Clevecon may remember Mr Abernathy's speech as one of the most unusual of the convention. Although not on the printed program, when it was announced Mr. Abernathy's talk would be on Russian developments in the satellite project there was a great deal of interest aroused. Mr. Abernathy's knowledge of Russo - Slavic languages made him particularly suited for this task.

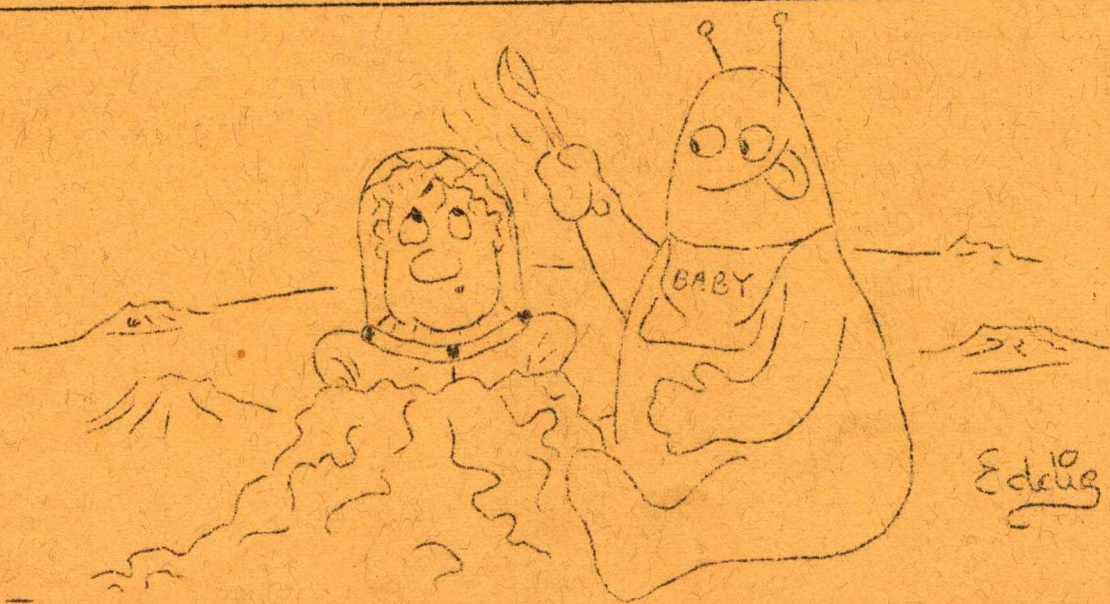
We felt that the speech, though brief, would be of great interest to fans, who profess enthusiasm for such scientific items as the satellite project. So, on the next page, unabridged, reprinted for your pleasure and edification, - Mr. Abernathy's speech from the Clevecon:-



And now, exactly as presented for the fans at Cleveland, the speech of Robert Abernathy.....

Никакого сомнения нет, что в ближайшем будущем люди будут совершать полеты в мировое пространство. Важным шагом на этом пути является построение искусственного спутника Земли. Такой спутник должен иметь вид огромного бублика, вращающегося вокруг Земли со скоростью около восьми километров в секунду, на высоте в триста километров над Землей. В то же время он будет вращаться вокруг своей оси, с целью создания внутри его искусственного тяготения. Таким образом, люди смогут жить и работать там почти как у себя дома. И оттуда будут отправляться межпланетные рейсы на Луну, на Венеру, или на Марс.

At the Clevecon, some fans were heard to complain they had some difficulty comprehending the speech...we hope now that it is in print, this situation will be clarified.



Through the phones I could hear the sharp click as the bival-four extended its shell, and the hammering beat of its discharge pounded in my ears as the frantic creature sought to propel itself downward, away from the gripping force that strove to draw it to the surface. I have known many thrilling moments in my quest for big game, but never one to equal that. Crazed by the suction which prevented it from burrowing deeper, the trapped creature went suddenly berserk and redoubled its efforts to escape. The strain on Three-H-Seventy was terrific and it could not be lessened an ounce, for to do so would surely mean the loss of our prize.

Watching the dial of the M-6, I saw the indicator vibrating like the discs on our solar energy collectors, and its fluctuations carried it well beyond the limit range. Could it stand the strain for the few additional vital seconds? Tiny beads of perspiration stood on Three-H-Seventy's forehead, but the boy had the makings of a sportsman in him, for he was steady as a rock.

The end came suddenly. Magnified a thousandfold as the sound was, I detected the first skip in the pulsing beat of the desperate creature, and knew that it was weakening from the tremendous strain. Another skip and another. Then the hinge creaked as the shell closed with an audible snap. With its tenacious grip broken, the defenseless creature was then drawn to the surface with a soaring rush. Without pausing to flip the power switch on his M-6, the boy dropped it, fell upon our prize with an exultant whoop and held it proudly aloft.

For a moment, I, too, experienced an exalted thrill, for my first glance at the behemoth led me to believe it was a record breaker, but a second glance caused me to doubt and the tape confirmed my suspicions. It was a superb specimen, as long as my arm from wrist to elbow, but it lacked nearly half an inch of the length necessary to tie the titleholder. The shell was the best I had ever seen, a translucent ivory needing no polishing to bring out its flawless beauty. This was a trophy fit to grace the walls of even the Chancellor's palace, and Three-H-Seventy was quite overwhelmed when I told him I was going to relinquish my half to him. He refused it, of course, as a sportsman should; but when I made him understand that nothing short of a new record would satisfy me, he accepted with an enthusiasm and appreciative gratefulness that was almost embarrassing.

With the excitement of the stalk and kill over, I found that I was tired. It had been a strenuous day. The G-40 that I carried weighed at least five pounds, and I have no doubt that our wanderings carried us a good half mile. Those early ancestors of ours may have been able to endure such a strain, but I doubt if there was a man in the city who can stand up under the grueling grind without feeling fatigue. Even Three-H-Seventy with his advantage of nearly thirty years over me was leaning upon his weapon and gulping down the raw air in tremendous inhalations which testified to his exertion. We waited until we had recovered a bit, then made our way back to the Magnecar, where we deposited our prize and sank gratefully down upon the cushions.

Several minutes passed before I recovered sufficiently to open the cover of the lunch compartment, and I was gratified to note the supervisor had envisioned our need, for the two tablets that were our regular portion had been supplemented by an additional two. We swallowed them gratefully and felt better at once.

"Have we time to try for another?" asked Three-H-Seventy, running his hand lovingly over the polished surface of the M-6.

I pressed the time switch and shook my head doubtfully, for there was not quite an hour left to us. It was probable that we could locate another specimen and perhaps capture it, but I was determined I would take no other trophy unless there was a strong probability that it would be in the record class. Then, too, it was quite likely that in the excitement we would forget the hurrying minutes, and I dared not risk exposing myself to the untempered air of a night in the open.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't dare risk it." Then a happy thought occurred to me. "Why not take just the G-40 and see if we can locate another worthwhile specimen?"

He agreed readily and once more we struck off. I shall never forget the next half hour. Choosing a route at the extreme right edge of our sector, we picked up the beat of a bival-four almost at once and located it accurately in short order. Leaving it, we soon caught the murmur of another, and another. Then, faintly at first, but growing steadily louder, I could hear the beat of one which I knew must be truly gigantic. We advanced with the utmost caution till we stood directly above it, and I knew that here beneath my feet was the trophy for which I had yearned - all my life. From the years which were allotted me I would gladly have exchanged one if I could have held that glorious creature, but it wasn't to be. From the Magnecar came the first warning note to tell us the moment for departure had arrived. The hardest thing I have ever done was to shoulder the G-40 and turn away.

And now I come to the incredible part which I know my fellow scientists will doubt even though I have the word of Three-H-Seventy to corroborate my report. Somehow I must make them believe, for our whole conception on the cataclysmic tragedy that befell us has been false.

We were in the Magnecar and flashing back toward the city. Three-H-Seventy's whole attention was centered upon his prize, which he held, staring at it as though hypnotized by its flawless beauty. I was peering ahead to catch the first trace of green that would mean so much to our civilization.

The brown and lifeless earth unrolled beneath us, here and there was a tinge of purple that merged at last into an enchanting green. Together we peered down upon that incredible miracle. Then, far ahead, my eye saw movement, and I could discern a thin, wavering line. It took on substance as we neared it, and presently I could see that it was composed of individual units. I heard Three-H-Seventy gasp in sheer amazement, for these were living creatures, gigantic beyond the wildest dreams - huge gargantuan creatures with a wing-spread as great as the span of my arms, and as they volplaned on toward the green oasis I could plainly hear all their clamorous honkings.

It is almost beyond belief, yet I know that somewhere in the reaches of the earth life still exists. Our folklore is true. The surface was inhabitable once and those conditions can be reproduced. The way will be long, but year by year we will extend our magnetic fields. The mistakes of the past will never be repeated. Yard by yard and mile by mile we will reclothe and repopulate the earth.

— Confessions of a Fan —

— ross allen —

When I was a lad, I chanced to find
A magazine of an unusual kind.
Its garish cover set my head awirl,
As I gazed into the features of a Bergey girl,
That Bergey girl so suited me than now I am as fannish as a fan can be.

I watched the newstand and did discover
A second magazine and still another.
Their stories gave me such a glow,
That I wrote to the editor and told him so.
I composed that letter so carefully,
that now I am as fannish as a fan can be.

My next purchase, as could be foreseen,
Was a peculiar publication which was called a fanzine.
I took one look, and sat down to compose,
And had written twenty columns of my own when I arose.
Those columns were received so enthusiastically,
that now I am as fannish as a fan can be.

I soon was buying every magazine in sight
And writing fanzine columns through most of every night.
I become so devoted to the cause of stf,
That I campaigned for office in the N3F.
And that fannish office so suited me,
that now I am as fannish as a fan can be.

My next project to come upon the scene
Was the fond publication of my own fanzine.
I find now to my sorrow that I have no time for stf,
Because I'm busy trying to become a BNF.
By putting out a fanzine every month or two or three,
I'm being just as fannish as a fan can be.



He said he was a pilot on the liner 'Luna Mae',
He blew into the spaceport
With his four days' leave and pay;
He said he was a pilot workin' on the Harriman Line,
I don't know about that Harriman part,
But I found out about that line.

- The Harriman Girls -

COMING?

jack daniels

Have you ever thought of judging a prozine by the way it previews its forthcoming issues? Well, that's all right; not everyone can be as smart as I am. In all the mags, this column, whether it be called "Coming Attractions", "In Times to Come", or whatever, can be classified under a few well-chosen categories.

The first of these we shall designate as the "Lit'ry Type". This one is usually scrunched down at the bottom of a page, looking inconspicuous, and reads something like this:

"Our next issue, on sale on or about the first of the month, will feature 'The Old Bem and The Szee', a short novel by the master story teller, Ernest Heminghaw. I'm sure you'll want to read this masterful blend of satire and suspense. Our usual assortment of brilliant short stories will include gems by Dante Aligheiri, Pope Leo X, Theodore Catfish, and the first published story of George Gobel."

Almost the opposite of this column is the "spot commercial" type. Here, the editor seems to feel that if the reader misses the column, he may decide that there isn't going to be a next issue, and spend all his money on the Doubleday Book Club. So, to make sure every one notices the thing, he splits the column up into little sections and scatters them all through the magazine. You will be casually reading a story, turn the page, and find yourself staring at this:



What strange substance was being brewed by the alien half-life of Tycho? Read

MOONSHINE

A gripping novelet by
JAMES BLUSH

In the next issue of
INCORRIGIBLE SCIENCE FICTION

A dozen or so pages later, you notice the following announcement:

Don't Miss
THE GALACTICS -
dazzling short story by
Roger Kay
in the next issue of
INCORRIGIBLE SCIENCE FICTION

This sort of preview isn't as popular as it once was, thank God.

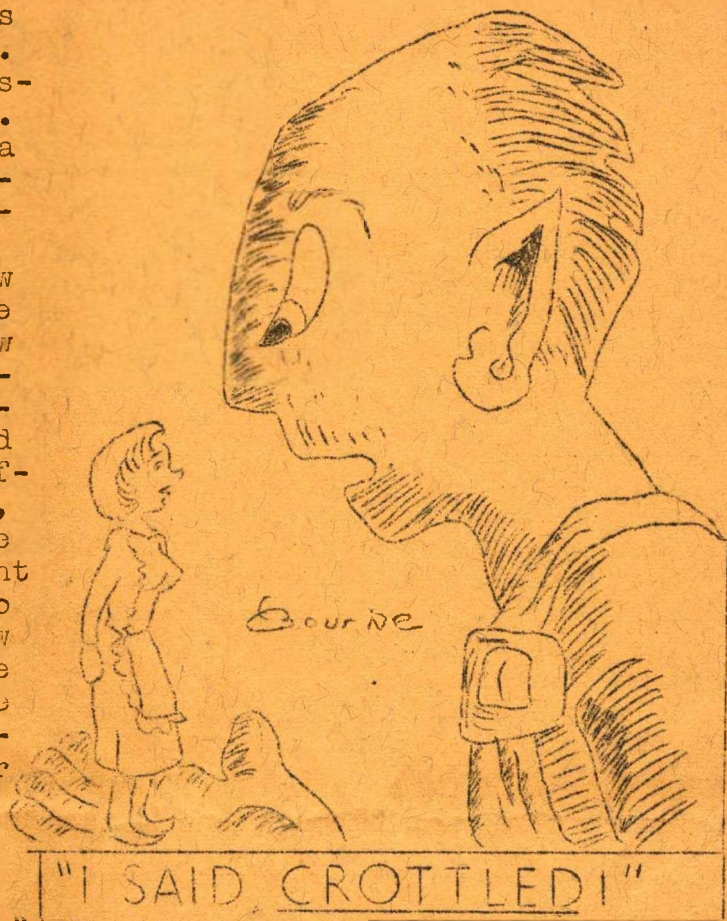
We still have the "super-salesman" approach with us, however. Here, the previews aren't in a column by themselves, but are usually disguised as part of the editorial, like so:

"What the stf field needs now is IDEAS! And we're going to give them to you! Of course, right now we aren't doing too well, and maybe the stories in this issue aren't quite as good as they should be. But just as soon as we can afford to start paying for stories, we're going to bring you some hum-dingers!" (This is a brilliant approach, lulling the reader into the belief that, no matter how lousy the current issue is, the next one might be readable.) He continues: "Look at the tremendous novels we have in store for you! 'The Eternal Square', the first of a magnificent new series by Remington Shaver! And a novel by Don Smallpox, who says, 'I wrote this one from the heart!'"

(We know he did, too -- he bled all over the first page!) And remember Rog Marathon? He's back in the field now, doing stories that are better than ever! Goshwowboyoboy! Have we ever got stories for you!" (This is a good question, and a good place to stop.)

Finally, we have the casual preview. The editor would rather use the space for something else, but the front office demands a preview so he puts one in: "Leading off our next issue will be the first installment of a three-part serial by Robert A. Frontline. This is the first time Frontline has had a story in our pages for quite a while. Six years, as a matter of fact. We'll also have a novelet by H. Rafter Bugle, and some short stories.

All of these styles have individual variations, of course, and almost all of them have one thing in common -- every next issue is going to be chock-full of brilliant, dazzling, breath-taking additions to our literary heritage. This often causes readers to wonder why none of these outstanding stories ever appear in the issue he happens to be reading? They don't, you'll notice -- they're always scheduled for some future appearance. And that, I believe, is the solution to the stf slump. Just get the editors to put a few magnificent stories in the current, rather than the forthcoming, issues.



THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN

— thomas stratton

The principal actors in this epic are Lon Chaney's lower eyelids . Every time the plot calls for emotion, we have a close-up of his face, whereupon the director shouts, "Lights, camera - twitch!" The results are supposed to register as high emotion; frankly, they reminded me more of a nervous disorder. The rest of the time, Chaney wears his usual expression, which bears a close resemblance to a recently punished Saint Bernard puppy.

This is the usual Frankenstein theme, though I believe the original Doktor would be rather redfaced about the whole deal. Gone are all the old reliable fireworks - the fuses blowing, the arcs leaping frantically about, etc., and are replaced, for the more intellectual type audience of today, with a voltmeter reading 300,000 volts. They realize of course that this is pretty damned impressive and all that other fol-de-rol is unnecessary.

In any event, the thing slogs to a start with a rather bilious-looking scientist of doubtful sanity exulting about some new Scientific - Process for which they need a human specimen. Somehow or other, through some rather underhanded tactics, they acquire the newly dead body of The Butcher, an electrocuted murderer. It is played by Lon Chaney, and those remarkable eyes manage to display a random twitch of emotion even while he is still dead. After a few more moments of momentous discussion, the body is hooked up to the 300,000 volts and turned on.

