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*Cover by Tiffanie Gray, "A Real Martian", obtained from the N3F art bureau*

## EDITORIAL



### **TIME MUST HAVE A START**

Actually, it doesn't HAVE to have one, it just does. In terms of the passage of years, there are apparently only two thousand years and a little over that to the amount of centuries there have been, I suppose there have been many hundred year spans before the ones noted, but it may be they were not considered centuries before the year one, as a century is not time itself but a measurement imposed upon time, and no one saw fit to measure time before that same year. The counting of centuries seems to have originated in Italy, so it may have been a long time before Asians took to counting centuries, if in fact they ever did where they were not interacting with "Western" culture. Here viewing the history of time. Previous centuries are viewed retroactively, as with 100 BC, the counting backward focalizing the time measurements upon their point of origin.

We see things timewise from an origin point in Italy.

We hear in songs on the radio references to the End of Time—"Forever till the end of time" etc., songs wherein the singers maintain that their love will either be eternal, or in this specific case, last till the end of time. That would seem to mean the end of all things; when time ended everything else would end too. (Other songs maintain that their love will last till the stars fall from the sky, or the seas dry up.) These songs seem not especially fond of time. Some people don't like various aspects of time. In one song a clock stopped keeping time at the moment of the death of its owner, "never to go again". The man was that solidly connected with the passage of time. People often don't like the thought of the minutes of their lives ticking away, and they say so in stories. Clock watching can get to be horrifying for some people. People speak of moments of tension in time, for example, the condemned man waiting for the moment of his execution, the fellow waiting for a reprimand, and so on; clock watchers in offices and schools keep counting the minutes until they get out, finding relief in the final moment. People are given till the count of ten or some other number sometimes to arrive at a conclusion. People being given a test want more time.

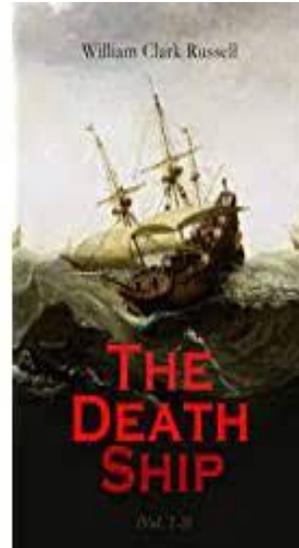
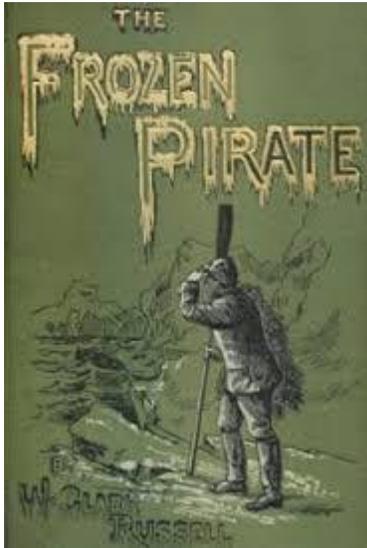
All of this comes to mind when we see how much time has to do with our activities here. There are deadlines, and people often find themselves too busy with something else to take on an assignment immediately. It has an effect of being harassed by time. Time figures in a lot of science fiction stories, where writers take liberties with it, and the government takes liberties with time also, decreeing a Daylight Savings Time and its end, where everyone must change their clocks. Where things are crucial, everyone does get their clocks changed at once. Obsessed by time, the surrealist artist Salvador Dali paints limp watches. A song says "Time keeps on slipping, slipping, into the future." There are newspapers called "The Times", there are "hard times" (do we have those now?); people say "Time and tides wait for no man" (science and nature being paired); there's "having a good time" (entirely time conscious), and by and large we might find ourselves surrounded and enmeshed in time.

Time is a prominent part of science fiction, for time is science. Our partner, fantasy, has reference to timelessness.

Perhaps the presence of time in science fiction should be researched. There are many, many references to it in science fiction stories.

## W. CLARK RUSSELL by Jon D. Swartz, N3F Historian

*A recollection of an early writer*



William Clark Russell (February 24, 1844—November 8, 1911) was born in New York City, but moved at an early age to England. He is usually described as an English writer, and known mainly for his nautical novels. In addition, of course, he also wrote genre works.

Russell was born in New York in the Carlton House Hotel, one of four sons of the English composer Henry Russell and his first wife, Isabella Lloyd. He was the half-brother of the famous conductor Sir Landon Ronald, and was educated at private schools in Britain and France. At one of the latter—together with a school friend, a son of Charles Dickens—he planned to quit school and travel in Africa. A letter from Dickens dissuaded the boys, but Russell continued to crave a life of adventure.

At the age of thirteen, Russell joined the United Kingdom's Merchant Navy, serving for eight years. The hardships of life at sea damaged his health permanently, but provided him with material for a career as a popular writer.

### Writing and Pseudonyms

He wrote short stories, press articles, historical essays, biographies, and a book of verse; but he was known best for his novels. He maintained a simultaneous career as a journalist, principally as a columnist on nautical subjects for **The Daily Telegraph**. He wrote several books about Britain's famous fighting admiral, Lord Horatio Nelson; but his best work is considered by most critics to be **THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR**.

Russell used several pen names on his stories, including Sydney Mostyn and Eliza Rhys Davies.

Herman Melville admired Russell's work, and dedicated one of his books, JOHN MARR AND OTHER STORIES (1888), to him. Russell's books were also described as a favorite of Dr. John Watson, the fictional chronicler of Sherlock Holmes' cases, as mentioned in the short story, "The Five Orange Pips" by Holmes' creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Algernon Swinburne was also an admirer of Russell's stories.

### Personal Life

His mother, Isabella, was a relative of the poet William Wordsworth and a writer herself.

At the age of twenty-four, Russell married Anna Maria Alexandrina Clark Russell (*nee* Henry) [1845-1926], whom he called Alexandrina. The two married on June 27, 1868, in St. Stephen, Paddington, Westminster, England.

William and Alexandrina welcomed their first son, Herbert Henry William (1869-1944) in their first year of marriage. In total, the couple had six children, two sons and four daughters, during their years together.

In April, 1860, Eveleen Katherina (1870-1979) was born; but her life was cut short in 1879, at the young age of nine. Following the loss of their first born daughter, the couple had Geraldine Mary Clark (1872-1949). Then came Charles Edward (1875-1906), Marguerite Isabelle Ellaby (1877-1961); and finally, Annie Marcella (1880-1966).

### Genre Novels

THE FROZEN PIRATE (1887, 2 volumes) [a French pirate, frozen for years in cold climes, is resuscitated briefly from his suspended animation and tells the narrator where there is buried treasure].

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, or THE DEATH SHIP: A STRANGE STORY (1888, 3 volumes), in which scientific explanations are added to the legend of The Flying Dutchman.

### Genre Story Collection

THE PHANTOM DEATH AND OTHER STORIES (2005) [collection of eleven fantasy and horror stories].

## Chapbook

A TALE OF TWO TUNNELS (2014)

## Short Fiction

"A Bewitched Ship" (1884)

"A Terrible Night" (1890)

"The Phantom Death" (1894)

"A Tale of Two Tunnels" (1897)

"An Encounter with a Ghost" (1985)

## Connection with H. P. Lovecraft

At least two of Russell's books, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN and THE FROZEN PIRATE, were in the private library of H. P. Lovecraft, as reported by S. T. Joshi (2002).

## Some Conclusions

During his last two decades Russell became progressively more disabled by arthritis, thought to be caused by his years at sea as a youth (an illness known at the time as "the sailor's enemy"). He did not allow this to stop him from writing, however. **The Times** commented: "He worked harder than many haler men".

Russell went to several health resorts, including Bath—and after living in Ramsgate and Deal on the south coast of England—finally settled in Bath. He was bed-ridden for the last six months of his life.

Russell died at his home in Bath at the age of sixty-seven, and his remains are buried in Smallcombe Cemetery there.

## A Personal Note

At one time, in my book-collecting days, I owned Lovecraft's copy of Russell's THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. I bought it in a small bookstore in the French Quarter in New Orleans, along with Lovecraft's copy of THE PURPLE CLOUD by M. P. Shiel. Both of these volumes are now housed in special collections at The University of Texas at Austin, and both feature my signature along with that of Lovecraft. If I remember correctly, Lovecraft signed both books as "H. P. Lovecraft, Gentleman", along with the dates he acquired them.

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Note: In addition to the above, several Internet sites were consulted, including Fancyclopedia 3, ISFDB, and Wikipedia.



SETI Space Equipment. Will they find intelligent life?

## Jeffrey Redmond's Page by Ye Editor

Our associate, Jeffrey Redmond, has been put on probation for a large part of a year during which he can have nothing published in N3F publications, by vote of the board of directors of the N3F. Reacting with matchless speed after the distribution of the most recent Ionisphere, Nic Farey traced something and reported it to the NFFF President. It was the article on Theodore Sturgeon's "Law", a piece of flippancy about which the writeup showed opinions. This was said to have been in the Wikipedia; if it was, the Wiki is not much of a reference work, printing any sort of palaver without regard to the seriousness of purpose a reference work is supposed to maintain. A photograph of him shows a much milder and easy to get along with person than people have assumed him to be.



Of historical note, I think, are conventions, and I thought I would print a description of one here, to travel back in time to the late 70s, the time of the New Wave in science fiction (this according to my instructor in the course in science fiction I was taking at Purdue University), during which I discovered the Windycon, and I and several members of the Lafayette Interstellar Society registered to attend this convention. Here's the report I did of what transpired at that convention:

*"You've Heard the Talk About Being Poor, Being Broke and Being Bad. We Had No Fun at the Windycon Because There Was No Fun to Be Had."*

I put on my coat because it was the Windy Con, to be held in Chicago, the Windy City. Ken and Seth wore their sweaters, and Greg wore something smooth and nondescript. There were things packed in the trunk; books; Ken wanted a Huckster Table. I took along my camera and tape recorder. We discussed Bryce Waldon as we moved up the New Bridge highway; we still want to know where he lives, and why he has never come back to a meeting. He stayed so long at the one he attended, until Ken worried he'd be left alone with him, the meeting having been held at his house that month.

I had money, but no anticipation of anywhere to spend it. Perhaps it could take care of some Chicago slickster who glided me when the opportunity came. We had our program books, some jazz on the car radio, a sense of direction, and highways at our disposal. We passed Maydene Crosby's house on the way out, a sad thing, she wasn't going.

Let me explain to you a little bit about myself. I don't like to leave Lafayette. I've been at ISFA meetings, and these were grand occasions. But travel has been so difficult that I prefer to reside at home. I felt some reluctance to be going to the con. I thought if I wanted a con I could go down to the job office and get a con. I had no correspondents who were due to go. A sense of gloom as pervasive as the moon-streaked grey cloudbanks of Yar confronted me as we drove through the confusion that surrounded Chicago.

For awhile we weren't talking. Then Ken spoke. "It's doubtful that the huckster table—these old magazines were published as early as '36—will be accessible from the lobby." And Seth said "Yeah".

Magazines, their dates, early Freas and Finlay originals, Van Dongen, art, Freff, phases of fandom were topics as we moved on up the highway, and Ken described once again his meeting with Harlan Ellison in a rather three-dimensional chess foray, and he told of

his ambition to meet guest of honor Algis Budrys.

I had to gasp a little when we reached Chicago and saw the big derricks and cranes parked in the middle of a big polluted field, and the nameless factories that were outlying the region. It was quite a trick navigating the streets as we entered into the city, really dangerous driving. Then Randolph and Dearborn and State were revealed to us, various peddlers, theaters showing movies and stage shows that were rather cheap and not to be seen elsewhere. There were a lot of women standing around on the streets, and kids who looked rather misplaced, renegade and untamed; altogether it was rather human, or nearly so, and it had the Chicago atmosphere. We found the convention hotel and Ken just left his car parked in front of a meter without dropping coinage in, and we all carried in his magazines and books, and ogled the lobby, and put the mags and books down somewhere in the hotel. Then I went back and took a picture of the hotel, two of them, one face on and another ground-to-sky, and still another shot of a nearby bar.

Going back in I encountered Ken and the rest, and heard someone yelling that his wallet had been stolen, and I saw a lot of girls in the lobby that didn't look like science fiction folk, and some dudes who might or might not have been. And we got all the stuff up to the huckster room and went back out and parked the car in a parking garage, two bucks for an all-day park. That's how long we were staying, one day.

Leather jackets, worn by both men and women, were the order of the day in the lobby. I saw someone wearing a nametag labelled Bea Mahaffy in the elevator. I went on to the art display, and Seth and Greg toddled in there too. The art, well I didn't like it, but I got some pictures of it. Someone asked would I publish any of those pictures in Pablo Lennis, and I found a few I would, but the rest wouldn't have related to the zine in any way. I looked around at it all the while, and then went up to the huckster room. Ken had failed to get a table. "Why don't you demand one?" I said.

In the registration, we went up to the table and got a pin with our name and origins on it, and there was a table with little snacks to eat, and a bunch of tables on one side whose significance I could not discern. "What is this, a bum's entrance?" Kollenberg asked. The lady said there was a front entrance, too, but this took care of the ones who came in the back way. He surged at her and ran into me, and we told him that there was no point in complaining about it. Ken explained to him that he couldn't carry books through the lobby. Also that he might find up front that we had used the right entrance.

We ran into Bill Bridget; he had made the con. He was finding something about it

amusing. Somebody else, that Ken knew, was there, but I couldn't descry another soul I had met, and I have quite a reluctance to stare at name tags. Whenever I chanced to see one, the name was always unfamiliar.

Somehow Ken managed to wangle a huckster table, and there he was, he had his books all spread out, and was saying come buy, come buy. I went all around the room, saw art on sale, and some fanzines being sold, and plenty of old magazines and books, but all I purchased was a '56 Amazing and from Ken, "The Stars My Destination", pb.

Walking up and down the stairway to try to get film and tape, I encountered a group of Buddhists or Yogas on one floor, sitting outside their labelled doorway. There was a big festive room on one floor. Finally I got my gear together and made it to the program room. I looked up on the stage and it looked like it might be Bob Tucker, listed as a speaker. He left the stage after looking around for awhile, and then there was a panel whose topic was something like "Crumb-bums and Bad Editors". After this Tucker got up and made a speech, and showed people around, and it seemed like he might be the Master of Ceremonies, moreso when they all passed a bottle around and drank from it, and when they had all drunk from it they said "Smooth!" all at once. It seemed like it might be a rite to one of the Ghods. The fan guest of honor was introduced. I watched him awhile, floundering around and apparently making some jokes, and looked at my program book to see what else was on the agenda, and it didn't seem like I would want to watch the rest of the program so I left and went to look at the up-front lobby, which had adjunctive places of commerce, and there was a lot of confusion there. There was a con man in the commercial place when I went in there, who tried to tell me where some high-class electronic equipment was to be had. He was pretty hard to shake off. I told him I wasn't buying anything much until he grasped what I was saying and apologized for wasting my time. I said my time was valuable, all right, but now I had to get somewhere else. "Time is money, right?" he called after me. "Yeah, it is," I said, and hurried off. I went back to the Huckster Room. Ken was gone. I sat at the table awhile with Seth. He didn't know where either Greg or Ken had gone. Then I realized what it must be—Ken was wanting to see Budrys, who was the pro guest of honor, rather than Tucker. When I got there his speech was just over and he was talking to Ken and Greg. I looked at him, but didn't listen to what he was saying—it seemed to concern copyright dates and story publications. I went from there to the bar, and stayed there awhile, and then went back to the program room, and there were some people having a really good time on stage. I went back to the huckster room and found the others there, and we

talked about the wares. We weren't very interested in the movies, and none of us went, but when it came masquerade time, and this was near the end of the day, we were all there. We walked in the door and were given little masks. The entrants came in. They went across the stage, with some funny remarks—Bob Tucker looked to be enjoying himself—and we looked at them, and I can't say there were any costumes I much cared for. But then came the fan skits, and although they were pretty ghastly at first, they started to get amusing and funny, and I finally started laughing. Maybe it took me awhile to catch on to what was being said. If only it had been even better than it was, it would have been all right. As performers, they might have desired more laughter from the audience than there was, but I think there would have been more if it had been properly explained to everybody what the jokes were all about. The last thing I saw was some games being played in what was described as the games room.

I left the con with an unfulfilled feeling. I hadn't really met anybody, didn't get together with anybody very much. I almost did, once, but it wasn't with any of the fans. It was with some guy from a hypnotist convention that was running concurrently and we had a little discussion about hypnosis and he really looked in place. He was a nice, friendly, elderly guy. He asked a lot of questions about the sf fans and I asked him a few about what those really groovy guys he was with were up to in his part of the hotel.

We had something to eat in a nearby restaurant and then drove off home. It was kind of nice to be getting out of the Chicago area.



# The Fantastic Nature of Holidays

by Judy Carroll



This is the time of year that brings more fun and excitement than the previous months.

Starting in September, the holidays start bouncing in—whether they are actual holidays or not. In September, ads, catalogues and commercials start pushing Fall and Harvest ideas. Along with that, stores start putting out Halloween decorations, candy and costumes.

In October, Halloween is at its peak with the stores trying to outdo the competition, and neighbors trying to outdo each other. Children pick out their Halloween costumes, and explore their neighborhoods carrying bags or Jack-O-Lantern buckets to hold their candy in. There is a lot of excitement and anticipation in the air.

When my sister and I were little, our mother would ask us what we wanted to dress

up as for Halloween. She would offer suggestions—a gypsy, a witch, and I imagine there must have been a princess thrown in there somewhere. I usually chose a witch. I think my mother preferred gypsies because she could pile us with plastic bead necklaces and bracelets and decorate our faces with rosy cheeks, dark eyebrows and red lips. We never had costumes from the store. They were always created with what our mother could put together or get inexpensively at a store.

On Halloween, we would leave the house before dark just when the sun was beginning to say goodbye to the day. We would walk along together, my sister and I in front of our parents. While we talked about costumes and candy and which decorated houses we liked best, our parents were smiling and scouring the area picking out the houses we would visit. After we had been Trick or Treating for an hour or two, we would return home. The porch light would be turned on, letting the kids still out there know that we were open for Trick or Treaters.

My sister and I would go through our bags, searching to see if we had the same candy, trading off if we each had something the other really liked. Our mother would bring hot apple cider into the living room. But the evening wasn't over yet. There were kids coming to our house, hoping we still had candy. My sister and I would open the front door and hear "Trick or Treat" in voices of many young ages. I liked handing out the candy.

The later the evening got the older the Treaters became. Many times, just before nine, the doorbell would ring and there would be teenagers—girls with giggling voices and boys with voices deep enough to startle people. I didn't always like giving candy to the big kids. Sometimes, they would reach in the bowl and take as many pieces as they wanted. My sister and I would look at them in surprise. They can't do that. I was outraged! Most of the time, our mother would come to the door to see the costumes, and our father would be there to make sure his young daughters were not being taken advantage of.

At nine, our porch light would be turned off. Our mother would tell us it was time for bed. We would plead for one more piece of candy. She would nod yes. We would hurriedly pick our choice and run off to get ready for bed. As the night quieted down, we would fall asleep with smiles on our faces, our minds reliving that wonderful night, and our candy posted by the bed.

In November, we have Thanksgiving. When I was growing up, we usually had Thanksgiving at my Grandma's house. My aunts and uncles and cousins were there. It

was exciting to see relatives that I didn't get to see very often.

Each family would bring one or two dishes to contribute to the gathering. My Grandma would make a salad with green and red gelatin cut into squares. She would add sliced bananas, and a can or two of fruit cocktail. Then she would take a can of whipped cream, shake it up, spray it into the already full bowl, and mix it up. I loved that salad; still do. I loved it so much, it became known as Judy's Salad. (It's still called that.)

After the greetings, we separated into four groups. It wasn't planned that way. It just was. The women would start getting everything ready for the long-anticipated dinner. The men would gather in the living room and talk about their jobs, or go outside and talk about cars. The offspring would migrate into two groups; the kids, who took over the back yard chasing and teasing one another, and the teenagers who had the hard task of finding an unpeopled place to gather.

When dinner was ready, we all lined up by the table. There was no particular order. The mothers would help the young children—making sure they got the food they did like and none of what they didn't like. The men, teenagers and older children, lined up, usually in twos or threes, keeping with their age group.

After everyone had eaten, the dishes were washed and put away. The food was divided up between the families. There was a gathering of adults in the living room. Teenagers would hover close to the adults, listening to their conversation and commenting to one another. The older kids still teased, but it was softer now. The young children were sitting close to their mothers. Their little eyes were trying hard to stay open while they listened to the warm sounds of their family.

In December is Christmas, a month filled with laughter, happy tears, and the problem of what gifts to give your family and friends, something that will let them know you care about them.

The house is decorated in beautiful colors. Santa's Elves sit on book cases and on mantels. The Christmas Tree stands in a place of honor in the living room, dressed in ornaments and colorful lights. Presents sit under the tree waiting for opening day.

Every Christmas, when my sister and I were very young, we would be called into the living room on Christmas morning. We would stand in awe at how more beautiful the tree looked with the presents under it. There were more presents than there were when we went to bed on Christmas Eve. My sister and I each had a doll from Santa. They were exactly alike, except for the hair color. We would spend our morning opening presents, and wanting to play with each toy or read each book as we opened them.

After opening presents, we got ready to go to our grandma's house, or to another relative who lived close by. The first hours were the same as Thanksgiving, at least for the adults. After playing and eating and listening to the adults talk, we, the children, wanted so much to open our presents. We would sit close to the adults, hoping someone would notice us and realize it was time to quit talking and open presents. Our Aunt Jean seemed to know when we had enough and would say, "It's time to open the presents." And open them we did. Someone would pick up a present from under the tree and call out the name on the tag. If it was for one of the kids, we got excited and hovered to see what they had. If it was for an adult, (teenagers fell into that category at Christmas), we tried to encourage them to open it fast and not hold it up for everyone to see.

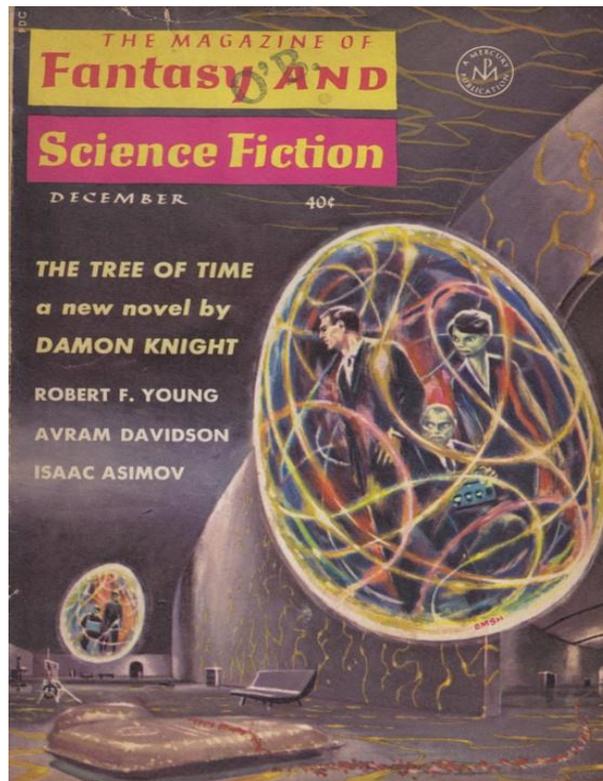
After all the presents were opened and the food divided for each family, we were ready to go home. It had been a wonderful, glorious, fantastic day.

December is the month for giving and getting. The month of family traditions. The month of thinking of others. Christmas brings an excitement different from the excitement of Halloween. A closeness greater than that experienced at Thanksgiving. Christmas brings Love. A love that has been held dear for generations. A love that shows itself greater than any other time of the year. A time to reflect on what you have and what makes you happy.



art by Johanna Basford

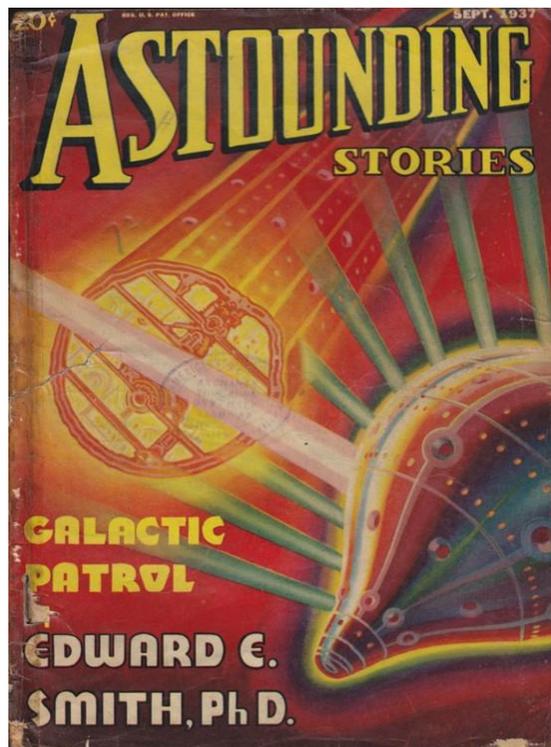
# Looking Into the Past by Martin Lock



My threesome this time is pretty random—which just goes to show what a broad field we are dealing with, yes? Let us start with a sixties issue of **The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction**, which is seven decades old now. The first half of “The Tree of Time” by Damon Knight took up more than half the pages in this December 1963 issue of F&SF (well, 65 of 128 pages), so there are only four other stories here, aside from a Feghoot pun: “The Court of Tartary” by T.P. Caravan, “The Eternal Lovers” by Robert F. Young, “Pete Gets His Man” by J.P. Sellers, and “What Strange Stars and Skies” by editor Avram Davidson, who was also in charge of the book reviews. “What Strange Stars and Skies” of course became the title story in an Avram Davidson collection from Ace in 1965. Isaac Asimov had his column here, of course, with a “Roll Call” of the names of pieces of our Solar System...and the cover, illustrating Damon Knight’s novel, was by Ed Emshwiller.

I can’t say that “The Tree of Time” has had that illustrious a career as a novel. It was published in 1964 by Doubleday in America and Gollancz in Britain in hard covers as

BEYOND THE BARRIER, with the 1965 paperback from Macfadden, and the British 1966 paperback from Corgi. Macfadden reprinted it in 1970, and Britain got a 1978 edition from Hamlyn, but other than that, the list just shows translations and a 2013 ebook from Britain's Gateway/Orion. In Avram Davidson's rather lengthy editorial introduction, he ends by saying "His delineation of a future and decadent society may have been matched (as, for example, by Damon Knight, in HELL'S PAVEMENT), but cannot easily have been surpassed. Here are The Search, The Quest, The Chase, between the nearer and the farther future—the effete Lenlu Din, the quasi-human Lenlu Om, the hideous and infinitely dangerous Zug—tied together by the invisible thread which was Gordon Naismith's missing memory; and all, all, in the inimitable and classic prose which is the hallmark of Damon Knight."



My copy of the September 1937 issue of **Astounding Stories** may not be in mint condition, but it's all there, and without any sticky tape. The back cover ad for Chesterfield cigarettes ("They Satisfy") does have a small hole in it—perhaps someone stubbed out his cigarette there? Anyway, the front cover, by H.W. Wesso, announces the start of a new six-part serial, "Galactic Patrol", by Edward E. Smith, PhD. There are only thirty pages of this third "Lensman" novel, before we reach the announcement "Don't miss the next installment of this story as it builds up the fabric on one of the greatest

science novels ever written. Tell your friends to get their copies of this issue before it is exhausted". Good advice, for sure.

This was the final issue with F. Orlin Tremaine as the editor, before John W. Campbell took over, and the title would soon change to **Astounding Science Fiction**, with the March 1938 issue. Campbell was already involved here, though the editorial is generally credited to Tremaine. Campbell wrote a science feature, "Bluff", billed as "The sixteenth in the series of scientific discussions which embrace the entire solar system", featuring comets—and a letter in "Science Discussions" from Arthur McCann, 761 Scotland Road, Orange, New Jersey, is actually by him, the fifth ISFDB tells us. The letters column opens with a lengthy missive from L. Sprague de Camp, and Harry Walton is also present, along with Elton Andrews—actually Frederik Pohl.

There is also another serial in this issue—the second half, just twenty-three pages, of "Released Entropy" by Jack Williamson, while "Past, Present and Future" by Nat Schachner, at thirty pages, is billed as a novel. That left room for just four short stories, by Eando Binder, Stanton A. Coblentz, K. Raymond, and L. Sprague de Camp, whose "The Isolinguals" has been in a few anthologies over the years. A second science feature was by Thomas Calvert McClary, best remembered for the novel REBIRTH, while the editorial, "This and That", on page 131, declares "We have come a long way from the day four years ago when we started to rebuild the flagging interest in the field. The new Astounding completes its fourth successful year with this issue and we are proud of the trail of literary gems which dot that four-year path. Next month we start our fifth year, with every reason to believe it will be the greatest of all. Help me to make it so by passing your copy of this issue to a friend to read, will you? Thank you."



**SPACE STORIES**, April 1953. Space Stories was a relatively short-lived pulp companion

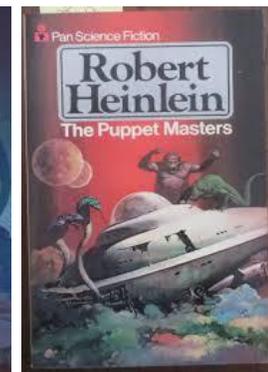
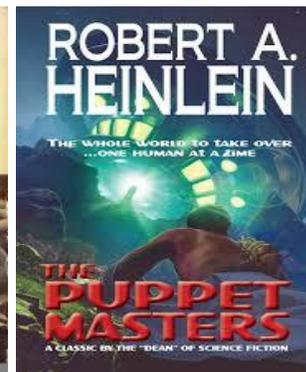
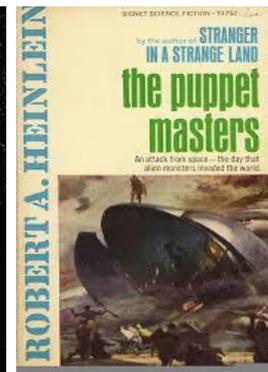
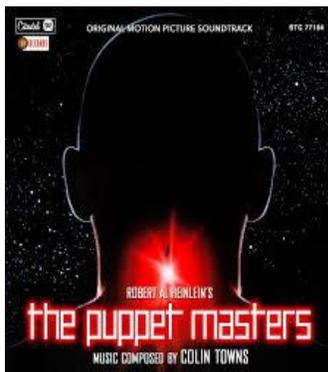
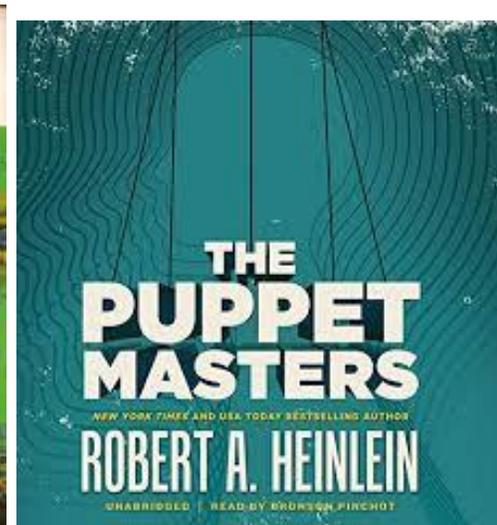
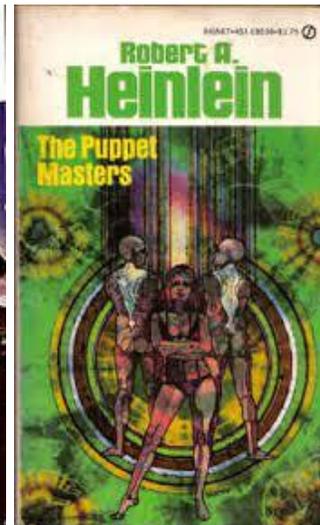
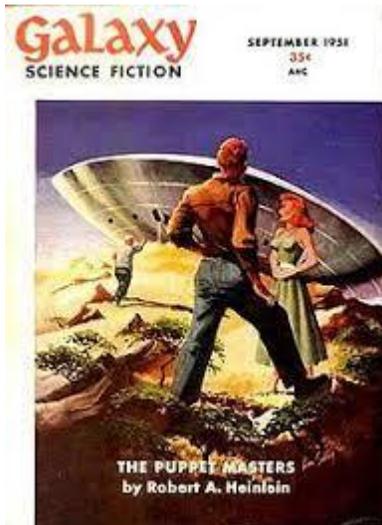
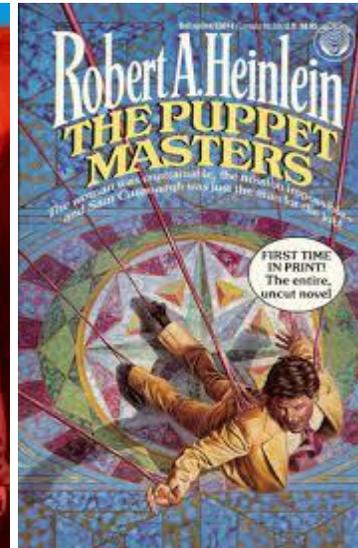
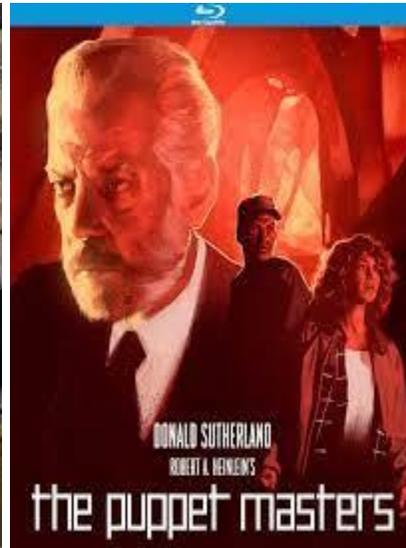
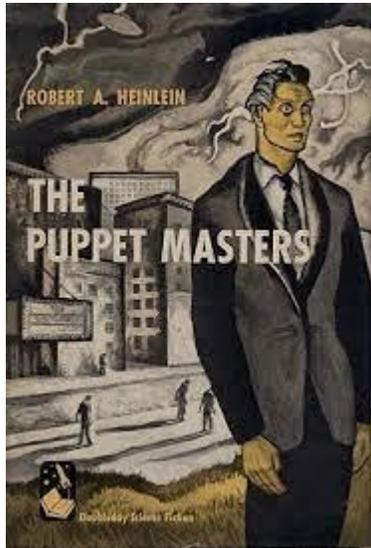
to **Thrilling Wonder Stories** and **Startling Stories**, edited by Samuel Mines, running for just five 128-page bimonthly issues in 1952 and 1953—this April 1953 edition was the penultimate one. The spaced-out cover painting is by Walter Popp, very possibly inspired by William Morrison's 77-page complete novel, "The Gears of Time"—its interior illustrations are signed by Emsch, whose sf career had started two years earlier. "He was trapped between those who moved too swiftly and those who moved too slowly, but time stood still for him when he met Mediana. She was old enough to be his grandmother's grandmother—but he loved her!" This story doesn't seem to have been reprinted, though the Internet Archive does have this entire issue available to flip through.

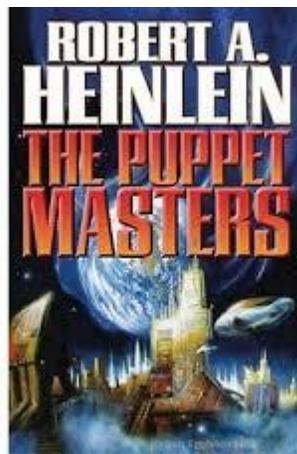
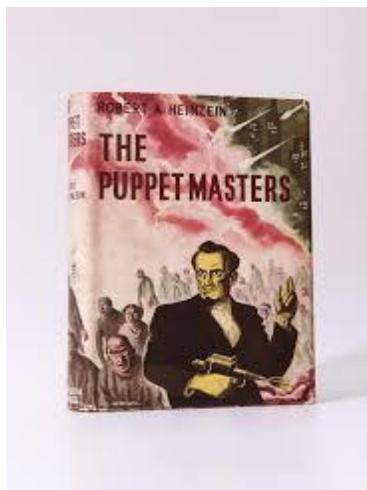
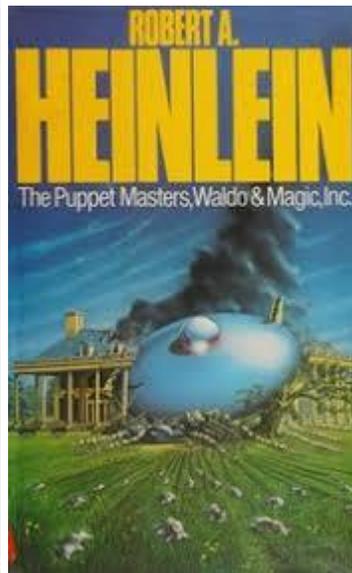
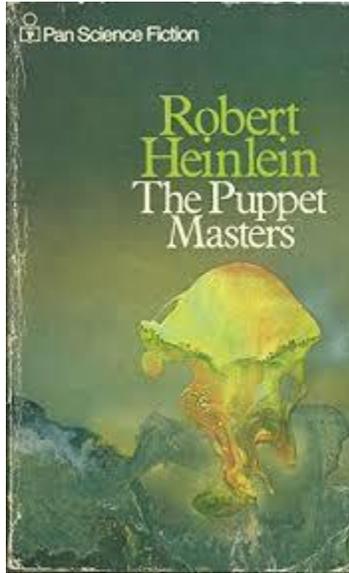
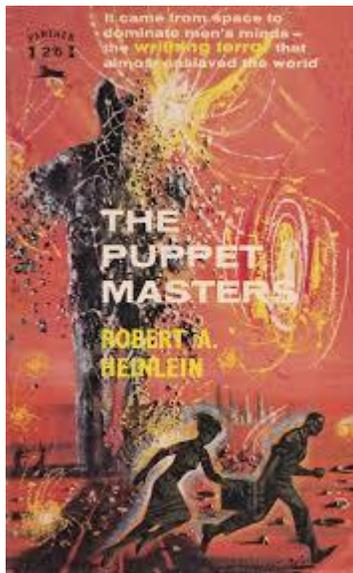
This just left room for four short stories, by Marshall Zaslove, Charles Fowler, Fox B. Holden, and Robert Zacks...not the biggest names in sf at the time, though we're beholden to **Armchair Fiction** for reprinting Fox B. Holden's one novel, "The Time Armada", in one of their doubles (see what I did there?). The book review section covered SPACE CAT by Ruthven Todd, evidently aimed at a pre-teen readership, and the second wave of the Winston teen-age sf library: SOME OF THE OCEAN by Bryce Walton, ROCKET JOCKEY by Philip St. John (Lester del Rey), MISTS OF DAWN by Chad Oliver, VAULT OF THE AGES by Poul Anderson, and ISLANDS IN THE SKY by Arthur C. Clarke. Right at the back was a piece on "Brotherhood Week" by "Famous Mystery Writer and Cartoonist " Lawrence Lariar.

The letters column was "Space Station", with Dick Clarkson asking about trimmed edges—"So far only on SS" was the response. "Won't promise you anything else until we know more about it than we do now." Richard E. Geis called Jack Vance "the best writer you have working for you", even if his plots "positively squeak with age". John Brunner thought that the first issue's main story by Bryce Walton contained "everything but the kitchen sink". He went on "I've read better in Planet, and lord knows they've plumbed the deeps of the sf-cum-blood-and-guts type tale since way back." Sam Mines responded that he wasn't too sure there wasn't a sink somewhere around, at that, but "didn't you say you enjoyed a non-cerebral story now and then?" He went on "John, it's amazing how much I can disagree with you and still appreciate your criticism. Can't wait to see that novel you're going to do. Might even surprise you and buy it if it's non-cerebral enuf". I wonder how that turned out...?

# The Desecration of Heinlein

*Publishers have not been giving this author a good deal*





You can see by the layout of editions of THE PUPPET MASTERS that the book has gone into many editions over the years, as if the original publishers didn't care very much to hang on to the book, and the book had entered into the public domain. It was first printed as a serial in *Galaxy*, and the Science Fiction Book Club did an edition of it, and thereafter its publishing history is uncertain. Some of the cover art on the various editions are fair representations of the contents of the novel, and the rest don't seem to tally with the novel at all. I'll point out the two people running away from a giant with what appears to be radiation buzzing around them, the one with the floating jellyfish, the one with the Bems in an extraterrestrial landscape, and the one with the ape man towering over a flying saucer. If those were the covers, what could the contents be like?

I'll point out one edition I read, which began with the line "For me it all started when.." , and shows a secret agent who is wired up with embedded communications equipment lying in a hospital, which begins his first-person account. It sort of starts in the middle of whatever it was about. I went through the edition and found very little in it resembling Heinlein's story. I have read the original story, which begins with a look at a sort of vacationers' motel with people crowded around it, among them a middle-aged man with two people with him, a young man and a young lady. They are going around talking about the vacation they are having, sometimes complaining about it and sometimes showing optimism about being on a vacation. After keeping them in sight for awhile, Heinlein's text says, "The three vacationers were government security agents doing an investigation of the area." The three run into big trouble and blast out of the area in a car which has a hidden gear which increases its speed, and which they use when pursuit gets too close. There is a lot of action in the novel, all of it well-written, without the confusion a lot of writers have used in describing action.

The opening was unforgettable. But further editions of the book overlooked this and came up with ideas of their own. The edition I have just described may be the worst of them all, although I haven't read many of those shown above. It came as a great surprise to me when I attended a showing of a movie which had been made of *The Puppet Masters*, to find that the original opening of the book had been restored, the three agents investigating the flying saucer. However, they weren't anything like those three agents in the novel except for their genders and ages; the middle-aged man was mean and unusually cruel and the two younger people showed a tendency to want to kill people. In the book, these agents were very personable (although ready for immediate action), and they were some of the main characters in the book. But it was nice to see

something that did have some resemblance to the book. (You see a photo of the chief of section on the take from the movie used to advertise it; he's white-haired and has a beard.)

On the whole, Heinlein's books have been similarly desecrated, particularly in paperback editions; much of what appears in them is downright silly, not the tight writing of Heinlein, a master writer. I used what I thought was the best example to demonstrate this, with photographic evidence.

Heinlein is not the only writer who has had his books stolen and altered. This seemed about the best one to use as an example, but I have had the same experience with many other books. They just don't read as they read originally. I think the work being done by this bureau is gradually restoring an appreciation for the earlier works of science fiction that has been missing for some time, and which is keeping a lot of book discussions inoperative. It is typical of Heinlein's reprints to put Bems in it that were not in it before and to substitute whacky flights of fantasy and inept science for what Heinlein wrote. People who do discuss Heinlein (though there has been increasing talk that he was an unpleasant person to know and had faults that could not be respected by any right-minded people) are likely basing their discussions on having read the actual work, and not the kind of junk which has been substituted. People condemning Heinlein as a writer have not seen his actual work, which is meritorious to one and all, and some people discussing him have been laboring to point out that he is indeed one of the best. I have noticed that *The Puppet Masters* has not been available anywhere, and I have found these editions on the net. Bowderlization is a mild term for what I saw in the edition I read. I have found his other writings to be available, but as I said, they were in a mutated form, and I have read them for comparison to the edition of *The Puppet Masters* and found them to be silly and bizarre. I saw a book by Murray Leinster, too, where he did not even know grade school science, and he was having trouble with mechanics, also, which were being discussed on the level of small talk in a garage. (The book had a lot of cars in it.)

I would like to see the availability of science fiction I have known and liked restored, and it would help the work of this bureau immensely if we could find exactly what we were looking for in history and research. I do not value the Wikipedia very much; it seems from what it's called to have Wiccan, a form of witchcraft, as the source of what it is called, and to operate on data it is still accumulating from various sources. Some say it was the work of Medievalist groups. It would be nice if we had a general cleanup.

## A LOOK AT THE ISSUE

There seems to be a lot to comment on in this issue; I, at least, find it to be so and would like to go over some things.

We are striving for greater and closer contact with the membership and with one another in this bureau, and working for a sort of group rapport in the NFFF. There really should be some getting together in a fan group, rather than just indicative contacts, and I can see that other members probably feel this way by the way they fall easily into a first name basis, having the affinities of a mutual interest which makes them a group and sets them apart from other groups. I have tried to make this issue look friendlier and perhaps more get-atable, and got my cover for the issue from art bureau chief Jose Sanchez rather than, as some put it, "outsourcing". Martin Lock has an intimate and inside look at the magazines and their editors and a sort of friendly regard for science fiction which shows enjoyment of the magazines, and Jon Swartz brought an intimate note to his article in this issue which I liked his doing, and he writes a good tribute to the lesser-known author, bringing back personal interest in him. We try to show the members that Jeffrey Redmond is a nice guy, no reason to be at such great odds with him. The science fiction writeup in this issue might give readers a feeling of being there; I tried to portray exactly how the thing was. And Judy Carroll is especially close to home as she looks upon the fantasy nature of holidays and lets us see how they were for her. I hope readers will find identification with her column in this issue. We should all know more about one another; this tends to be lacking in the NFFF at this time, perhaps because net communication has such difficulties—but we should all get to know one another real well. Why be stand-offish? I see some of this spirit in a lot of fan reminiscences I have read, but the present is being sort of ignored. I was always real interested in what my correspondents had to say about themselves, and they came back at me the same way. Is this kind of enthusiasm about other people and their doings now lacking? People do show signs of striving to perpetuate it, sometimes in reviews of one another's fanzines. But the correspondence bureau of the N3F is not very fast-paced, and I think people should try out this bureau and correspondence with one another a lot more than they do.

Halloween is the veritable time for fantasy and we see fantasy come to life in the streets on that day. I recall going from door to door being dressed as The Mummy, and we did so many streets that we ended up with really full bags of candy, and got acquainted with a lot of people we hadn't known very well. Some of the people we met

were pretty spooky themselves. We ended up on a square parking place along one of the busy roadways and congregated there for a long time with other trick-or-treaters, even danced, and after awhile police arrived and asked how we were getting along and counceled us not to go down the major roadway; the folks along there were already getting up tight. The prior year I and my brothers had all worn ghostly sheets, but we wanted to be more individualistic this year; one of my brothers was dressed as a pirate, and the other took a risk and attired himself as a fairy. I remember a Thanksgiving when my uncle went over the whole Thanksgiving history, beginning at Plymouth Rock. (My father drove a Plymouth.) We had one of our Thanksgiving get-togethers raided by neighborhood Indians. Christmas, too, was a veritable fantasy, especially with Santa Claus around, and we always went through the whole tradition of Christmas. I remember the first Christmas I was at, in Gary, we were at a neighbor's house and they had decorated their Christmas Tree well indeed. I was lying on the floor under it while the adults were talking (I was three years old) and looking at the splendid ornaments, which I could look at for a long time with appreciation. It was like Donovan with his "tiny piece of colored glass". For some reason I remember lying there under the tree like that very vividly every Christmas. Let us appreciate the togetherness and imaginativeness of these holidays.

Martin Lock is rather intimate in his column with "See what I did there?" Yes, Martin, I see the wordplay. I don't always like puns, but there are times when I admire them. As it happens, this is one of those times. I'd say of the conclusion of the reviewing that the outcome looked like it would be a feud; that seemed to be abuilding. If so, it was an early example of one; these days, those are going on consistently, with might and fury. I do my best to avoid them.

Martin, I note, writes with a sense of togetherness, involving himself highly with the readers of his column and saying "we" when noting where there may be profitability in the reading. Do you find yourselves following right along with him? He has a pen name—Cus Custer—on the net with an "avatar" presenting him as an enormous cat wearing a period hat. We have somewhat of a humorist here. See that? I take into the "introducing the writer" mode when I get the chance, looking for greater knowledge of all the people who appear here. I am hoping Martin will continue to be with us, but have been shy of asking him this interpersonally. Notice I am doing a little spoofing around to make things more entertaining among us—it is one of the things I've been saying we need.



an N3F zine