Welcome to the third edition of Science Fiction Monthly. In this issue we are carrying two complete short stories never before published, "Stayput by Sydney J. Bounds, well known in the American fanzine world and The Mass of the Bottom of the Valley by Douglas Faulkner, a member of the Science Fiction Writers of America. Mike Ashley has written an invaluable survey of the first ten years of science fiction magazines and Penny Grant is continuing to keep us informed about happenings in SF today. We have also an extract from a New English Library hardcover book due out this month entitled Time Enough for Love by Robert Heinlein, whose Stranger in a Strange Land is seem to be timed by David Bowie. In addition we are presenting a profile of an up-and-coming young science fiction artist and offering you a chance to emulate him by channeling your science fiction imagination into our latest venture — an art competition which we hope will prove that our readers are just as enthusiastic in their fandom as those early pioneers whose responses to competitions such as What I Have Done to Advance Science Fiction were truly overwhelming.
TIME: TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE: TIME END

An extract from the book of the same name by Robert Heinlein (New English Library)

The planet Secundus has been colonized from Earth almost entirely by members of the Howard Families, all of them possessed of the secret of what is pretty well eternal life through the processes of revivification and rejuvenation. Lazarus Long, one of the earliest Howards, and now over 2000 years old, commits suicide because he is tired of his too-long existence.

His descendants on Secundus revive him and try to give him a renewed interest in life. After all, as the oldest living Howard, and an ancestor of over half of all the Families, he is a walking repository of history and experience from just before the First World War to the present time when space travel, planet colonization and miraculous medical techniques are the norm.

Then I had what seemed a brilliant idea. Lazarus, as we all know, the same physical types show up time and again in the Families. I'll ask Archives for a list of Evelyn Feole's female descendants living on Secundus. It is highly probable that one of them will seem like her identical twin — even to the happy smile and the sweet disposition. Then — if you consent to full rejuvenation — I'm sure she would be willing as Ithari to dissolve any present contractual —

Lazarus chopped me off. 'I said something new, Ira. There's no going back, ever. Sure, you might find such a girl, one who would match my memory of Evelyn to ten significant figures. But it would lack an important factor. My youth. But if you finish rejuvenation —'

'Oh, hush up! You can give me new kidneys and a new liver and a new heart. You can wash the brown...'
what do you know of love? What is love?

In Classic English, Lazarus, your second question can be answered in many ways. In Uruguayan English, it cannot be answered explicitly at all. Shall we discard all definitions in which the verb "to like" is as appropriate as the verb "to love"?

"Eros". Certainly. We aren't talking about "I love apple pie" — or even "I love music." Whatever it is we are talking about it's "love" the way you used it in the old-style well-wishing.

"Agape". Lazarus. Then what remains must be divided into two categories, "Eros" and Agape. And each defined separately. I cannot know what "Eros" is through direct knowledge, as I lack both body and biochemistry to experience it. I can offer nothing but intensional definitions in terms of other words, or extensional definitions expressed in incomplete statistics. But in both cases I would not be able to verify such definitions since I have no sex.

(The hell she doesn't. I muttered into my scarf. She's as female as a cat in heat. But technically she was correct, and I've often felt that it was a shame that Minerva could not experience the pleasures of sex, as she was much more fitted to appreciate them than some human females — all glands and no empathy. But I had never said this to anyone. Animism — of a particularly futile sort. A wish to marry a machine. A ridiculous as a little boy who digs a hole in the garden, then bawls because he can't take it into the house. Lazarus was right; I am not smart enough to run a planet. But who is?

Lazarus said with deep interest. Let's take "Eros" for a moment. Minerva, the way you phrased that seemed to include the presumption that you could experience Agape. Or "can". Or "have". Or perhaps "do". It is possible that I was presumptuous in my phrasing, Lazarus.

Lazarus snorted, then chopped it off and spoke in such a fashion as to cause me to think that the old man was not quite sane — save that I am not sure myself, when the wind sets from that quarter. Or perhaps his long years had made him almost telepathic — even with machines.

"Forgive me, Minerva," he said gently. "I was not laughing at you but at the play on words with which you answered me. I withdraw my question; it is never proper to quiz a lady about her love life — and while you may not be a woman dear, you are certainly a lady.

Then he turned to me and what he said next confirmed that he had guessed the secret I share with my Little Nog. Ira. Does Minerva have Tuning potential?

"Oh? Certainly.

Then I urge you to tell her to use it. If you levelled with me when you said that you intend to migrate, come what may. Have you thought it through?

"Thought it through? My resolution is firm — I told you so.

Not quite what I mean. I don't know who holds title to the hardware that expresses itself as 'Minerva.' The Trustees, I assume. But I suggest that you start duplicating her memories and logic, and as she twins, start storing her other self aboard your yacht Dora. Minerva will know what circuits and materials she needs, and Dora will know what space is available. Plenty, since memories and logic are all that matter. Minerva won't twin her extensions but start it at once. Ira, you won't be hanging around Minerva — not after being dependent on her for a century, more or less.

Nor did I think so. But I tried — feebly — to resist. Lazarus, now that you have agreed to full rejuvenation, I won't be inheriting your years. Not in the foreseeable future. Whereas I intend to migrate right away. Not more than ten years from now.

"So what? If I'm dead, you inherit — and I haven't promised to keep my hands off that suicide switch more than a thousand days no matter how patient you are in waiting me. But if I'm alive — I promise you — Minerva — a free ride to whatever planet you pick. In the meantime, look around to your left — our girl Ihtar is just wetting her pant legs to get your attention. And I don't think she's wearing any.

I looked around. The Administrator for Rejuvenation had a paper which she seemed eager to show. And accepted it in deference to her rank — although I had left orders with my Executive Deputy that I must never be disturbed while with the Secretary. For any reason short of armed rebellion, I glanced at it, signed my copy, thumbprinted it, and handed it back — she beamed.

I'm paper work. I'm a clerk, said Lazarus. I asked time all this time to turn your registered assent into a written order. Do you want them to go right ahead? Not a minute but tomorrow.

Well ... I'd like to go househunting tomorrow, Ira. You're not comfortable here. Tell me what you want changed, it will be done at once.

He shrugged. "Nothing wrong with this place except that it's too much like a hospital. Or a jail. Ira, damn well certain they've done more to me than shoot me full of new blood. I'm well enough to be an outpatient — live elsewhere and come here only as the schedule calls for it."

Eros = physical love Agape = spiritual love

stains of age out of my brain and add tissue from my clone to make up for what I've lost — you can give me a whole new clone body. But it won't make me that young fellow who took innocent pleasure in beer and pinochle and a pretty plump wife. All I have in common with him is continuity of memory — and not much of that. Forget it.

I said quietly. Ancestor, whether you wish to be married to Evelyn Footage again or not, you and I know — for I've been through it, too, twice — we both know that the full routine restores youthful zest in life as well as restoring the body as a machine.

Lazarus looked gloomy. "Yeah. Sure. It cures everything but boredom. Damn it, boy: you had no right to interfere with my karma.

He sighed. "But I can't hang in limbo either. So tell em to get on with it. The works.

I was taken by surprise. 'May I record that, sir?'

"You heard me say it. But that doesn't get you off the hook. You still have to show up and listen to my maddening until I'm so rejuvenated that I'm cured of such childish behaviour — and you still have to go on with that research. To find something new, I mean."

Agreed on both points, sir, you had my promise. Now one moment while I tell my computer —

'She's already heard me. Hasn't she?' Laz used. "Doesn't she have a name? Haven't you given her one?"

'Oh, certainly. I could not deal with her all these years without animism, fallacy though it is. 'Not a fallacy, Ira, machines are human because they are made in our image. They share both our virtues and our faults — magnified.'

'I've never tried to rationalize it. Lazarus, but Minerva — that's her formal name: she's Little Nog because one of her duties is to remind me of obligations I would rather forget. Minerva does feel human to me — she's closer to me than any of my wives have been. No, she has not registered your decision; she's simply placed it in her temporaries.

Minerva."

'Sir. Ira.'

'Speaks English, please. Retrieve the Senior's decision to undergo full rejuvenation, file it in your permanents, transmit it to Archives and to the Howard Rejuvenation Clinic for action.'

'Completed, Mr. Weatherall. Congratulations. And felicitation to you, Senior. 'May you live as long as you wish and love as long as you live.'

Lazarus looked suddenly interested — which did not surprise me because Minerva surprises me quite frequently even after a century of being 'married' to her in all but fact. 'Why, thank you, Minerva. But you startled me, girl. Nobody talks about love any more, that's a major thing wrong with this century. How did you happen to offer me that ancient sentiment?'

'It seemed appropriate, Senior. I was mistaken?"

'Oh, not at all. And call me Lazarus. But tell me,
Wailing orders, Ira.

"I am Chairman Pro Tem. You know what that means. The Senior is senior even to me. You will not touch anything he has said. That applies to his yacht and to this suite and to anything else of his. You will carry out any programme he gives you. If you can carry it out. If you have given up and you cannot resolve the conflict, you will consult me at once, waking me if I am asleep, interrupting whatever I am doing, even if it is to obey him. This instruction supervenes all other programmes. Acknowledge and running,” she answered meekly.

"I'm sorry, Ira.

"My fault, Little Neg, not yours. I should not have given you a programme without noticing the Senior's prerogatives.

"No harm done, kids,” Lazarus said. "I hope, Miner-

va, a word of advice, dear. You've never been a pas-

senger in a ship.

"No, sir.

"You'll find it different from anything you've ever experienced. Here you give orders, in Ira's name. But passengers may be fickle. Remember that. Lazarus added to me, 'Dora is a nice little ship, Ira, helpful and friendly. She can find her way through the space with just a hint, the roughest approximations — and still have all your meals on time. But she needs to feel appreciated. Pet her and tell her she's a good girl, and she'll wriggle like a puppy. But ignore her and she'll spill soup on you just to get your attention.

"I'll be careful,’ I agreed.

"And you be careful, Minerva — because you are going to need Dora's good will much more than she will need much more than she does now. I'm sure you do. But you grew up to be chief bureaucrat of a planet while she grew up to be a ship so what you guys once did on your own ship won't work aboard.

"I can learn,” Minerva said plaintively. "I can self-

programme to learn astrogation and shiphandling at once, from the planetary library. I'm very bright.

Lazarus sighed. "You know the ancient Chinese ideogram for 'trouble'.

I admitted that I did not.

"Don't bother, Ira. It's 'Two Women Under One Roof'. We're going to have problems. Or will you, Minerva, are not bright. You are stupid — when it comes to the Senior. You are another woman who wants to learn multiple-spaces astrogation — fine. But not from a library. Persuade Dora to teach you. But never forget that you're one of the Senior's passengers, not his shipmate and do't try to show her how bright you are. Bear in mind instead that she likes attention.

I tell you, Minerva, you are far above me. I'm not so touched by her.

'Shall I prepare, sir?' he asked her, with humility. She rarely shows to me. 'Dora wants to get your attention right now.

"Oh-oh! What sort of mood is she in?

"Not a good mood, Lazarus. I have not admitted that I know where you are, as I am under a standing notification to do so if anyone unearths Dora. But I did accept a message for you without guarant-

eeing that I handed it to him personally.

Just right, Ira, the papers with my will include a programme to wash me out of Dora's memories without touching her memories unless you start me by grabbing me out of that flophouse she has. She's awake with her memories intact, and she's probably in the mood to do Dora dirty.

It's several thousand words, Lazarus, but the semantic content is short. Will you have that first?

'Okey,' Dora answered, 'Dora wants to know where you are and when you are coming to see her. The rest could be described as onomastics — I just don't fully null but highly emotional — that is to say, curing, perspicuous, and improbable insults in several languages —

— including one language I do not know but from context and my own tentative that it is more of the same, but stronger.

Lazarus covered his face with a hand. 'Dora is cussing in Arabic again, this is worse than thought.'

Sir, shall I replicate just the sounds not in my vocabulary and telephone you the message it contains?'

'No, no, Minerva, do you cuss?'

'I have never had reason to, Lazarus. But I was much impressed by Dora's commands concerning my people —

"Don't blame Dora; she was subjected to a bad influence when she was very young. Me.

May I say, Minerva, that I have no message in my permanents and so that I may cuss if I need to. You do not have permission. If Ira wants you to learn to curse, Minerva, can you arrange a telephone hookup from my ship to this suite? Ira, I might as well cope with it now; it won't get better.

Lazarus, I can arrange a standard telephone hookup if that is what you want. But Dora could speak to you at once via the diao in your suite that I am now using.

Of course, Ira!"
I truthfully believe that Vol. 1, No 1 is the best attempt to date to destroy sf. Most other mags have died with honour: yours is destined for an early grave with disgrace. Can it be true that all those editorial brains agreed as one on the format and quality? Who in their right minds would employ these people again on any magazine?

It is a waste of time offering criticism, but I can give you a little advice which may stall early liquidation. Start selling Ad space, contraptions, pen pals, anything - it does not really matter because you are doomed to failure anyway. However, I shall still buy the damned thing, and if you still survive after six months, I shall write you a short story, free, gratis and for nothing.

J Jones (Northallerton, Yorkshire)

Ed: I look forward to receiving your story, Mr Jones.

I found your first issue of Science Fiction Monthly very good, especially the coloured posters. Could I suggest that each month you print one special poster which, after 3 or 4 issues, would make up into one massive whole picture. I'd like that, and wonder how many more would?

A Marks (Salford, Cheshire)

Ed: Any more takers?

I purchased a copy of your magazine yesterday. You state that you welcome views and comments - I consider it, apart from the article Special Effects of the Science Fiction Film, an insult to the intelligence. How you can publish 28 pages, the majority of which are pictures, and think people will buy a second edition beats me.

B Hens (London SW12 BLS)

This being my final year at college, it is necessary for me to do a thesis on a subject that I care to choose. My subject will be basically the History of Science Fiction, but will include also a history of sf magazines.

Could you possibly supply me with any information on the subject, and even if you cannot personally, could you recommend any sources that would be helpful?

While writing this letter, I must take the opportunity to commend you on the publication of Science Fiction Monthly. With stories, articles and full colour illustrations, it is by far the best of its kind. As an interested sf fan and an author in a modest way, I shall be entering your short story competition.

Thank you again for your trouble and the best of luck with your magazine.

JN Lee (Wolverhampton)

Ed: See Page 17 for the first of our series on sf magazines. Can anyone else help here?

I'd like to congratulate you on your excellent new magazine Science Fiction Monthly, and I wish you every success with it. The quality of the posters alone are worth 25p without the added bonus of the articles and stories.

I would, however, like to know if the artwork you will be featuring in the months to come will be only from NEL books and the whole range of sf/fantasy books published by all companies. Also, will you be including artwork from pop music albums, a lot of which are very sf/fantasy orientated in design, particularly the work of Roger Dean.

Anyway, thank you for an excellent magazine which, if it keeps up the high standard of Issue 1, I will buy regularly.

Painting by Eddie Jones

M Rans (Wolverhampton, Staffs)

Ed: As you can see, we are publishing artwork other than our own. I'll try and track down the work of Roger Dean - thanks for the suggestion.

I am aged 88 and have read sf since the age of 9, when I came across The First Man in the Moon and read it straight through three times. I am one of those now elderly people who used to haunt Woolworth's looking for the Hugo Gernsback magazines with the right-hand corner cut off and selling at 3d.

Though I attended what I think was the first ever sf convention about 20 years ago at the Royal Hotel, Bloomsbury and have been a few times to the Globe pub, I am not an organised fan.

I saw your tube poster for Science Fiction Monthly and bought a copy of the magazine. You are right - for many years now sf readers, including myself, have longed for large scale reproductions of books and magazine covers. You are filling a long-felt need. I like nearly all the repros, particularly Pastel City and the cover for Isaac Asimov's The Alids story is good, the Priest not bad, and the Asimov extract very well chosen indeed. Penny Grant's News is interesting. So is the article on Pennington, though the one of special effects is a little too smooth. The only blot in your first number is the childish, too large and quite pointless illustration to the Alids story.

I hope your finances will allow you to increase the story content, and will also be sufficient for you to buy only the very best in new writing. If you can print two good, longish stories and two second level stories each month, plus features and news, you will go on selling your pictures in ever increasing quantities. If you are successful the sf world will be forever grateful and even more lively.

The very best of success

M Wippell (London NW5)

Ed: Today I bought a copy of your new magazine and was so impressed I just had to write a letter of appreciation and wish you every success and long life in the venture which has filled a long gap in British sf magazines publications.

I didn't realise you were going to publish paperback cover illustrations until I saw the magazine and so it came as a pleasant surprise.

Last week I had been seriously considering writing to a number of publishers in this connection, applauding the greatly increased quality of artwork in recent years but lamenting the publishers' apparent reluctance to giving the illustrators' names. I've noticed many paperbacks where the printers of the covers have been named but the poor chaps actually have to conceive them in the first place have no mention whatsoever. Chris Foss has produced some marvellous pictures for the Asimov series in Panther and is actually accredited with the work. On other paperbacks, however, the only clues that Foss is the illustrator are the style and the initial "i" inside a square somewhere in the painting. Another very good artist is Eddie Jones. No doubt you'll be featuring articles and artwork on these two.

For article and artwork on Foss see Vol 1, No 2. Eddie Jones will be featured in SFM (No 6).

I read the news page with interest and must congratulate Penny Grant for her work. Both the written word and illustrations. I knew I'd seen the sketches before and after searching through all the recent fanazines I finally came across them, with a number of others, in Blunt, Number 1. The sketches look so rough and incomplete, and yet they are instantly recognisable - they're incredible.

Thanks for the mention of the BSFA. I'm the Company Secretary and would welcome new blood in the organisation, especially people who are interested in actively helping.

Turning to the rest of SFM, I didn't mind the short stories but I wouldn't call them "sensational. Brian Aldiss is a very good author, the best Britain can boast. I enjoyed immensely an article on special effects and the sf film, because the cinema is my second love after science fiction. I presume the author, John Brosnan, is the same JB I've seen and met at many cons, the Aussie who wrote a book on James Bond in the cinema. (Ed: Yes, the same) Despite liking the article I noticed he concentrated a lot on early sf but only mentioned 2001 from the 1960s. What happened to the fantastic sets of Barbarella, Silent Running and all the other recent sf films?

I also noticed you headed up one of the pictures wrongly. It was the Woman on the Moon, not Women, and it was the 1929 classic, not 1928. To, to, to, (Ed: Sorry about that)

G R Poole (Cheltenham, Glos)

Ed: First congratulations for launching a new sf magazine in these uncertain times, both in the publishing industry and the country at large! This publication is just what we need. And lo and behold, I'm not exactly lettered with science fiction journals, am I?

Science fiction is very popular amongst certain sectors of society, progressive pop musicians frequently infuse their lyrics and concepts, i.e. The Pink Floyd, ELP, Hawkwind, MCB, Amon Daul II. It is very fitting for the moment and can remain so providing it retains its sense of imaginative outrage and detached pessimism.

I would like to see your magazine steered from the sense in the "new" sf of Moorcock, Ballard, Sprodrid, Disco etc and the traditional adventures spiced with that "sense of wonder" of the old school at its best, i.e. Clarke, Van Vogt, Heinlein, Asimov etc.

The illustrations are superb (no other word will do) especially the centrefold illustrating Hannon's Pastel City, and the one illustrating Alids' Space, Time and Nathaniel. Both the work of featured artist, Bruce Pennington - more please!

The fiction was excellent. Chris Priest is a talented newcomer who gets better and better. His novel, Fugue for a Darkened Island, was one of the best I have read in the genre recently and his short story, A Short Piece for a Tape Recorder, was a piece of work. The Alids story was well written. Alids story - well crafted and exciting, too (Ed: Thank god somebody noticed it!)

That's about it then, he said. No great critical comments to make yet: there's plenty of time for that. The magazine is excellent. I can hardly wait for the next issue.

J T Parker (Swindon, Wilts)
The Mist at the Bottom of the Valley

By Douglas Fultorpe

Here's your valley,' called Janice. She had drawn slightly ahead of Craig as they toiled up the last few yards below the crest of the ridge.

'Oh —' was allSpread by the view she had glimpsed beyond the ridge. She halted just short of the crest.

Craig made no reply. Janice was well cloaked in her bright blue parka and denim, which nevertheless more than hinted at the allure of her sleekly curved body. His thoughts were personal and basic as he drew near to her.

Had his attention not been momentarily and pleasurably sidetracked by his immediate view, he might have registered curiosity at his fiancé's tersely cryptic comment. Distractions of this nature, while occurring regularly and with increasing frequency, were, however, wholly and mutually enjoyable.

Just before he reached her she turned and took a step towards him. Shrugging off his rucksack, he placed a foot behind her's and, taking her in his arms, gently lowered her and himself to the springy turf.

She gazed up at him, a little smile on her lips.

'You weren't listening,' she chided softly. 'I said, "Here's your valley."'

His lips moved against her neck. 'Correction: you missed out the "oh." His hand stole under the collar of her parka; caressed the downy skin above the nape of her neck.

For the next few minutes there was no sound except occasional murmurs of endearment, and the soughing of the wind in the heather.

'This is wonderful,' she whispered.

He kissed her again. 'What is?

'Not to be alone with you, here on this hill with the sun on my face, a million miles from Newcastle, with its noise and crowded streets, its traffic and fumes."

'Yes.' He frowned at her reference to their home town, then disengaged himself from her embrace and sat upright.

'It is a wonderful world.' he commented thoughtfully. Abruptly the spell was broken. Rising to his feet, he reached down to help her up, then turned away, one arm around her shoulder.

'I'm wondering what surprised —-. I see what you mean,' he went on.

They gazed silently down the valley. From where they stood at its head, the valley extended for about a mile to a deep narrow gorge. The cause of their astonishment was a layer of dense white mist which stretched along the entire floor of the valley.

At first glance the mist could have been mistaken for packed snow, but for a continual rolling motion which disturbed its surface.

'Eerie . . . .' Craig commented finally.

'What can it be?' Janice asked with a shiver. She zipped up her parka, and stood undecided on whether or not to pull the hood over her head.

All at once the sunshine did not seem quite as bright, and there was a chill in the autumn air which she had not felt before.

It had been a mild, clear day in September, halfway through their third week of holiday. Their earlier holiday had been taken on Ibiza, where they had undergone two frenetically enjoyable weeks, alternately broiling in the June sun and sipping cognac and soda in intimately smart night-spots.

The idea of a late holiday at the Woolpack Inn in the Lake District had appealed to both of them. And so far their expectations were met. After their slickly commercial experience on the Medi-

terranean they found the lonely grandeur of lakeland falls a refreshing contrast.

Craig and Janice had known each other for one month short of two years. They were passionately and uncompromisingly in love, and planned to marry in January. Up to eighteen months previously Janice had considered herself" on the right side of thirty; now, through a characteristically feminine process of rationalization, she once again considered herself "on the right side of thirty." She did feel, however, that at her age an engagement period of roughly six months — certainly no more — was reasonable.

The sombre colours and shortening days of autumn had added a mysterious shade to the beauty of the Lake District. By day the couple roamed the dates and fells around Bithdale; later, in the evening, the comforts of the cocktail bar at the Woolpack were irresistible.

Wednesday dawned dry and clear. After breakfast they stowed packed lunches in Craig's rucksack, and set off along the Potsherill road. Soon they turned onto an earth and gravel drive leading to Mosbank Farm.

In places the track was deeply carpeted russet with leaves from the partly denuded trees lining the drive. They trudged past the farm-house of grey lakeland stone, through the farmyard where a few brown hens made way with chucked pro-tests and pure white doves regarded them serenely from the eaves of outbuildings. The track degenerated to a narrow path which wandered up the hill behind the farm.

On their left and below them as they climbed, lay Parkgate Tarn, completely hidden behind a belt of dense woodland. To their right the hill fell away into a wooded cleft which climbed with them as they paced slowly upwards. The gurgle of tumbling water could be heard continuously from among the autumn-thinned foliage.

They paused for breath at a point where the trees thinned and the cleft broadened and turned away through ninety degrees. The now visible stream entered the cleft from a narrow, vertical-walled gorge which loomed above the watching couple.

'That gorge looks interesting,' Craig commented thoughtfully as he opened the map. The sides of the gorge were sheer and starkly gray, with here and there a stunted, red-berried rowan tree or clump of coarse grass clinging to an outcrop.

The route they had planned stretched up the fell, then along the northern side of Bithdale, down the other side to the foot of Lake Bleawater, along the far side of the lake, around its head, then up the fell again and down into Upper Bithdale.

'I wonder if we could get to the head of Bleawater by walking up this little valley,' mused Craig, his finger pointing to the pattern of contour lines representing a valley beyond the gorge.

'Not through that gorge, anyway. You'd be up to your thighs in water.'

'I know. The only other way in would be to climb these crags, which is out of the question — they're too steep. Or we could climb further up the fell to skirt the crags.'

Janice nodded, and a lock of straw-blond hair fell over her forehead. 'That seems a better bet to me,' she said, patting her hair into place again.

'But why not continue with our original plan and look in on this valley from the other end, on our way back?'

'Good idea,' he replied, folding the map. 'We'll do that,' he decided. They began to climb again.

Six tiring miles and four hours later found them surveying one of the more secluded valleys in the Lake District.

'It's a strange place, alright.' Craig pulled a packet of Embassy out of the pocket of his heavy twill trousers, lit two and passed one to Janice.

They smoked in pensive silence for a short while. Janice found her gaze wandering to Craig, who was staring in fascination at the foamy sea beneath them. Physically he was impressive: five foot ten inches of solid frame, flat stomach and powerful shoulders enhanced by the sophisticated masculinity of his gray and white patterned Scandinavian sweater. Gray eyes, strong, squarish features, and a head of silver-flecked dark hair completed a picture which Janice found excitingly attractive.

Apart from the gorge, in normal circumstances the valley would have appeared commonplace. The map showed no habitations or paths, no wooded tracts or tarns: just a thin, waving blue line representing a beck.

Some fifty feet away to their left, the beck emerged from the moorland which it drained, then plunged down a ravine in a fluffy of white to disappear into the turbulent sea of silent mist.

'Funny thing,' Craig commented. 'I was reading in the Cumberland Weekly News last night that the only people who venture on these hills are tourists. It seems the local populace regard these fells as a good place to stay away from. They speak of "unnatural happenings".'

'Now he tells me —-! Janice glanced down at the thick white mist and shuddered. 'Ugh —!''

'Quite,' agreed Craig. 'Lord, I've never seen anything like this, have you? Beneath them the dense white cloud rolled and shifted silently. Its surface was flecked by thousands of pulsating disturbances. A swelling of mist or foam would appear and grow in a fraction of a second. Then, it seemed instantaneously, the swelling would be replaced by a deep pool, which just as quickly would flatten or swell again.'

Craig estimated that the mist reached to about
one third of the height of the bracken and grass-covered walls of the valley.

'Well, I've no wish to plough around in that stuff.' He flicked the stub of his cigarette away.

'But what can it be?'

'Nothing good,' rejoined Janice, huddling in her quilted parka. 'Horrible, isn't it?'

'It is horrible,' Craig agreed. 'I'd like to take a closer look at it, though. It's the queerest stuff I've ever seen.'

'No harm in looking, I suppose.' Janice sounded doubtful, however, and she made no move.

Craig picked up the rucksack. 'Right, let's go then.'

They walked carefully down the slope, through a thigh-deep forest of rust-red bracken. Craig slipped twice onto the seat of his pants, and Janice's denims were slightly soiled and limp. They halted about twelve feet above the eerily shifting mass.

'It's like some strange, sickly sea.' Janice's expression was a mixture of revulsion and fascination.

'Yes, actually I think we're a bit too close --- WHYOSHI! Craig broke off as a white tongue of mist suddenly reared and lunged frighteningly at them. ---for comfort,' he ended hastily. 'I think we had better get out of it while the going's good.'

As they turned to retrace their steps, Janice slipped on a dry tussock of shiny grass, falling, she sprawled awkwardly at Craig's feet. He bent to help her to her feet, but before he had time to do anything more he saw the mist just beneath them suddenly swell and boil. Janice shrieked once as a turmoil of mist whipped towards them. Their last earthly sight was of a vast white tide engulfing them.

He was conscious of a swirling pattern of brilliant colours, swaying, blending and twisting around him. That damned mist's done something to my eyes, he thought. Only a second ago he had been plunged into a sea of whiteness: now he could see nothing but this incredible profusion of curvaceous colour, sweeping bands of blinding saffron, turquoise and rose, continuously merging, separating and reforming around dizzyly circling eddies and vortices. Every known colour and shade was represented in the bizarre, spectral field of his vision. In addition there were colours completely alien to his experience.

But where was he? There was no suggestion of depth or perspective in the weird visions which swam and wandered before his eyes. For that matter, he had no sensation of possessing eyes, or hands or feet, or any physical attributes whatsoever. Neither had he any sense of hearing, touch, taste or smell. He was simply an intelligence drifting in a sea of radiance.

'Janice?' The question was a thought: thought was the only form of activity possible to him in this state.

'Here, Craig.' The reply was a soundless whisper which came to him without any apparent source. Simultaneously a pattern of narrow, black and white bands streaked across the swirling blend of colour around him, lingered for mere microseconds, and then vanished.

'Craig, where are you?' Once again a flashing streak of black and white was momentarily superimposed on the swirl of crimson and green, purple and yellow.

'I don't know, Janice. Something seems to have happened to my eyes. All I can see are patterns of luminous colours. I can't feel anything else, not even my own body. Where are you?

'I must be in the same place as you. I can't feel any of my body either. There's nothing around me but these queer, moving colours, and a sort of black and white flash whenever I hear you.'

This could not be happening, Craig told himself dizzily. Any moment now he would awaken on a lakeland fell, with the breeze and thin sunshine of autumn on his face, and Janice laughing at his bewilderment. Not that he felt afraid. On the contrary, his emotions seemed to be numbed; all he felt was a sort of sick wonder at this bizarre place his mind had somehow wandered into.

Where the bloody hell are we? he wondered.
You have entered another universe, or dimension. The thought came clearly to him.

"Janice, was that you?" he asked.

"No! I thought it was you, I came the reply.

"Well, who was it? There must be someone else here.

There is no-one else. No-one else in this universe. Once again the mysterious voice whispered its message.

"There must be someone or something else."

The black and white pattern appeared momentarily to Craig, as Janice 'spoke'. There must be some life in this --- this place.

No. There is no life. The reply was emphatic. The structure of this universe is not compatible with life.

"Surely you mean there is no life as we know it! In spite of the ghastly unreality of this nightmare world, Craig was intrigued by the enigmatic nature of the stranger's comments.

There is no life whatever!" The answer came almost instantaneously. "Except you two, and various lesser life-forms from your own planet.

"Well, you're alive, aren't you?" asked Craig.

"No, I am not alive.

"Are you some kind of synthetic creature, then?"

No. I am no kind of creature, the voice answered flatly and emotionlessly. It seemed to Craig that no-one uttered any further thoughts for some time, neither he nor Janice nor the creature which was not a creature. He had no standard by which the passage of time might be measured. For all he knew, he might have drifted in this universe of endlessly shifting colours for a period of mere seconds, or hours, or for eternity. Then Janice 'spoke' again.

"If this is another universe, how did we get here?"

Under certain unique circumstances, the space-time coordinates of particular boundary regions, of this universe and yours, become coincident. As a very crude analogy, imagine your universe to be the interior of a soapbubble. Another soapbubble, representing this universe, comes into contact with and partially penetrates the first bubble. Those regions of the two bubbles which occupy the same space at the same instant of time, represent the interfering regions of the two universes.

"And this interference region is the misty stuff at the bottom of the valley, Janice commented. She went on, 'so we blundered into the boundary region and found ourselves in another universe.'

That is so.

"Craig. Once again Janice's voice was accompanied by the pattern of black and white streaks. 'Tell me I'm dreaming. Wake me up, nudge or shake me. Tell me I'm safe and warm in bed at the Woolpack or at home.' Dear God, let me be anywhere but this ghastly place.

"You --- ', she went on, ' --- thing. Tell me I'm dreaming.

You are not dreaming. This universe is as real as your own, the voice sighed.

"Are we trapped here?" she asked.

No. On the contrary, you cannot stay here. You will be returned to your own universe.

Craig had been thinking carefully. 'Are you a communications device?'

"Yes.

"With whom, or what, are we in communication?"

With yourselves.

A suspicion was forming in Craig's mind. Here were he and Janice conversing with a mind which declared not only that it was not alive, but there was no life in this universe except for the recently-arrived intruders.

The thing was conceivably a tool, a product of a long-dead intelligence. The structure of this universe was not compatible with life, the communications device had explained. Perhaps some fundamental physical change had killed its creators.

"When were you created?" he asked deliberately.

As 'I do not possess conceptual reality, the voice answered, 'I cannot be considered to exist as an entity, and the term 'creation' is therefore non-relevant.'

Craig lost his temper. 'What the hell are you then?' he snapped.

In your universe, the device replied, a general principle of opposition to change applies. All processes or actions, whether physical, chemical, biological, sociological or whatever, are resisted by counter-factors which are naturally caused to operate. The most striking and obvious example is the existence of an equal and opposite reaction to any applied force.

There are no material quantities in this universe, only intangibles. There is, nevertheless, an opposition or reaction to any process. Your thought processes, specifically your questions, naturally bring into play an opposing, directly proportional flow of intangible energy which your intelligence interprets as the answer or explanation to your query.

So you are nothing more than a reaction to our thought processes, thought Craig. For all he knew, the incredible explanation could be scientifically sound. Furthermore, he considered, by a quirk of the physics of this universe, an extrapolative process might occur, based on the facts implicit in any question of his or Janice's. The product of this extrapolation, conveyed to them as, say, 'thought energy', would actually supply them with data beyond their field of experience and knowledge.

"Alright, Mr Communications Device.' Janice's thought had a note of laconic flatness. 'Just tell us what has happened to us.

In entering this universe, along with smaller animals, that which you term plant life, and various inanimate substances, you have been transformed into radiant energy.

"How long do we stay here, then?" queried Janice.

No longer. Elastic reaction forces, induced by your intrusion, will return you to your own universe.

Soon, Thank God, thought Craig. Soon they would be freed from this insane limbo with its endless, blinding radiances and soul-wrenching colour patterns. Once again they would walk the airy hills and sheltered valleys of their own world. Green fields under blue skies; red-brick houses and stone churches, the clean, wholesome world they knew was awaiting them.

Janice was questioning her informant again. 'Will I be returned just as we were, to the valley where we were trapped?'

You will be unchanged from your original state. The dimensional rift, through which you entered this universe, will not permit transfer in the return direction, however.

The coldly whispering voice fell silent. A chill foreboding stole into Craig's mind as he considered the implications of the thought-reaction's last statement. Around him the sickening, soundless fireworks display continued. Bright fire-splashes of ruby and flame against shimmering silver-gold. Inwardly spiralling rainbow hues; shifting, subtly merged blue of sky and black of space. With his fear there came a sudden and irrational dread of losing his reason, and, in a state of insanity, wandering forever in this gaudy waste.

"How will we return, then?" he asked.

A second inter-dimensional rift formation does exist from time to time. In the terms of our earlier analogy, this condition occurs when the two bubble-universes are in tangential contact.

Craig's foreboding grew darker. Suddenly, and again without rational reason, he knew he would never again see his hills and fields. He felt sick fury at this arid, intellectual thing which spoke so dispassionately of his and Janice's fate.

"Get to the point, then, damn you, he snarled. 'Will we be returned and in safety?"

This rift occurs on occasions when particles of matter, in our universe, are transformed into energy. This destruction of matter causes a briefly enduring gap in the fabric of the continuum, through which you will be returned. The elastic reaction forces here are almost critical, and will very soon transfer each of you through a separate inter-dimensional rift, at convenient locations in space-time.

But will we survive?" raged Craig. 'Will we survive?"

Craig. Janice's thought came strongly over the device's reply, 'How can we? I've just realised what he --- it --- means. I can think of a place and time where one of us could be transferred.'

As Craig considered her words the import came to him. There was a long pause. 'So can I,' he answered slowly. 'Two places, in fact.'

'Hiroshima,' thought Janice.

'Nagasaki,' replied Craig.

The amount of work available for science fiction cover artists has increased so rapidly over the past three years that there is plenty of opportunity for the newcomer. Ray Feibusch has been working full-time in sf for a year and has already completed 14 covers ranging from Robert Heinlein's Podkayne of Mars to A Second Isaac Asimov Double and The Godmakers by Frank Herbert (all New English Library editions). His approach to sf covers is imaginative and shows a versatility of styles. He has found wide scope in the work because of the freedom he is allowed: 'I like painting science fiction because it does not restrict me; nobody can tell me "Mars isn't like that" when I've finished a painting.'

Feibusch's first art commission came while he was in America and was for a horror magazine. Born in Liverpool, he moved to America when he was 7 and stayed there until 1966. He returned to England to try for a place in an art school but did not qualify for a grant and so began the difficult job of freelancing with no college and minimal work experience: 'I spent the first six months going to all the wrong places like greeting card firms, who don't seem to employ freelancers, trying to get work. In the end I got a clerical job and painted in my free time.

To start with Feibusch would take any job for six months, save as much as he could and then stay at home for the rest of the year to paint. His first full-time job in England was for an advertising firm.

Although he has had no formal training Feibusch has gathered his art education from a variety of sources. His brother Mike McNamara, artist and designer of the record sleeve for The Who's Tommy, taught him the basic skills of how to present his work. A number of jobs, ranging from technical illustrator on a science magazine to cartoonist, gave Feibusch a broad knowledge of the commercial art world. Feibusch also designed record covers and one of these, for Stravinsky's La Creation de Monde, won a Music Week design award.

The Far-Out World of AE Van Vogt, one of Ray Feibusch's surrealistic artworks for a New English Library book.

The mountain ranges in A Second Isaac Asimov Double are based on a photograph of an American desert. But for sf you have to take the images to extremes. As my work has developed I have become more confident and so more adventurous. My style has become more involved and subtle. I rely more on my imagination and less on reference books. I used none at all for Oceans of Venus, one of my latest covers.

After taking round a selection of his work to a number of publishers he was given his first sf commission by Panther books. This was in 1971 and was the cover for Ronald Hall's The Open Cage. Covers followed for other sf books as well as wartime adventures like The Fighter Aces of the RAF by ECR Baker and various novels including Sable Mistress by Clint Rockman. Feibusch prefers of work but takes the same amount of time over each cover he does: 'I read every book I do a cover for. I'm a very slow worker and spend 95 per cent of the time sitting there looking at the painting, studying it for any little thing that's wrong. With regard to my work I try to be a perfectionist.' Each idea is worked out first in paper and pencil and then traced off onto the board before he begins his colour work.

Ray Feibusch
FIFTY YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES

1926 to 1935: A Decade of Wonder by Michael Ashby

Cover: Courtesy of John Epling (Phantasmagoria Books)

I wonder how many of you holding this issue of SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY realise its significance, and if present it is the only British science fiction magazine, a lone voice once there were many. Today the science fiction magazine seems a thing of the past, not only in Britain but world-wide. The sf magazine is essentially a product of the United States, and yet even in that country it is a dying breed and one would be hard put to use all one’s fingers in counting the individual titles. And yet twenty years ago the American market was flooded with sf magazines; 1953 for instance saw nearly 50 titles with over 200 issues between them.

One of the titles still surviving in the USA is AMAZING STORIES. December 1973 saw the appearance of the 500th issue (F 450, a side issue total with 517 at that month), but what is more important about the survival of this magazine is that 463 issues ago, AMAZING STORIES was the first ever science fiction magazine. That portentous occasion was in April 1926, the same month and year that Queen Elizabeth II was born. In that year Stanley Baldwin was Prime Minister, George V was King of England, and Calvin Coolidge was President of the USA.

Within the realms of science 1926 saw the non-stop flight of the Italian airship from Rome to Pulhama, and Byrd and Floyd flew non-stop over the North Pole. It was still four years away from the discovery of the planet Venus by the German working film Don Juan was released by Warner Brothers. John Logie Baird gave the first public demonstration of television in London. That year Herbert Marcuse was remembered in Britain as the year of the General Strike. For nearly fifty years AMAZING STORIES has weathered the storm, surviving national depressions and world wars. It was with AMAZING STORIES that it all began, the first sf magazine. And it was the science fiction magazine that made the fields what they are today. It culverted the infant of HG Wills and Jules Verne, the brainchild of Edgar Allan Poe and Mary Shelley, and brought it through adolescence to full strength of manhood.

It is that adolescence which I propose to take a short look at now – those first ten years from 1926 to 1935, when everything was new and experimental and when the authors that air today’s idea-men first found their foothold.

I - How it came about

A dventure magazines were two-a-penny in the US in those days, and adventure magazines devoted to science fiction were non-existent until April 1926. That does not mean that AMAZING STORIES emerged like Aphrodite, virgin from a sea of pulp adventure. Far from it. AMAZING STORIES was the next natural step in a journey that had really begun with Frank Munsey’s magazine THE GOLDEN ARGOSY in the late 1880s. Munsey was then publishing for the boys’ adventure market, at that time at its heyday with the dime novels (the US equivalent of the British penny-dreadfuls). These dime novels carried many science fiction elements, usually referred to as ‘invention’ stories, since they revolved around the application of some new scientific invention. On 24 September 1926, the magazine published the first issue of an American magazine that was to become the first science fiction magazine, which was named FANTASTIC FICTION, and it was a collection of stories by the editors of other science fiction magazines. The first issue featured two stories, one by H. G. Wells and the other by a new author, Edward E. Chittick. The latter story was titled “The Man Who Could预” and it was a tale of a scientist who could pre-visualise events. This issue was a success, and the magazine continued to publish other stories by prominent authors such as Edgar Rice Burroughs and H. G. Wells.

In 1938 Frank Munsey released GOLDEN ARGOSY to mature into the first real adventure ‘pulp’ magazine, AMAZING STORIES. Argosy was once a-penny, but it was a success, and it continued to publish science fiction stories. Munsey began to publish quite a stable of scientists and more so its inheritance. At the same time in England similar magazines, although of a more gossipy nature, were appearing: STRAND, PEARSON’S, THE IDLER – carrying the works of H G Wells, Conan Doyle, George Griffith. Many of these British stories were reprinted in US magazines, like COOGHLAN’S, and later to find their way in America soon outstripped England.

The magazine soon began to establish the work of Edgar Rice Burroughs. ALL-STORY MAGAZINE serialized it from its February to July 1912 issues its first work. Under the troués of Mars, followed in the October 1912 issue with Tarzan of the Apes. The call for more Burroughs’ stories was readily answered and successive years saw a bevy of Tarzan and Martian adventures. The Martian books are even today enjoying popular demand and have recently been reissued by New English Library.

It was only natural that many Burroughs’ imitators would appear, but the point is that now the market was wide open for the scientific romance, and it was in this period that the first big names in science fiction appeared: George Allen England, Austin Hall, Homer Eon Flint, Charles Stilton, Francis Stevens. One author of this period, Murray Leinster, is still active.

These magazines catered for the adventurous minded, and their scientific content is often negligible. For the ardent scientist there were the magazines of the at first SHERLOCK HOLMES, in 1908 Gernsback had issued MODERN ELECTRICS, devoted mostly to radio. Commencing with the April 1911 issue Gernsback serialized his own novel RALPH 124C 41+, a veritable encyclopaedia of predictions. Thereafter science fiction became a regular feature of the magazine which was renamed first ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTER and later SCIENCE & INVENTION. In the August 1923 issue of that magazine he published six of stories in what is now considered the initial prototype of the sf magazine. Certainly it was the first issue of any magazine to be devoted to sf.

WEIRD TALES was the first magazine to be entirely devoted to weird and bizarre fiction and as part of its content it carried a number of stories of science fiction, not forgetting the works of H P Lovecraft. Indeed, it was founded by Edward Scherff, a German publisher under Farnsworth Wright from 1924 to 1940, when it sank into a basic horror magazine until its eventual death in 1954 after 279 issues.

A true rival did not appear until the 31st issue of WEIRD TALES. In April 1926 Hugo Gernsback published a single issue of AMAZING STORIES and the science fiction magazine arrived with a bang that echoed around the world. But as Gernsback himself said: ‘It was only the concept of AMAZING STORIES before it was a haphazard undertaking. Its groundwork had been well prepared for 15 years.’

II - Gernsback Supreme

W e have a lot to thank Edgar Allan Poe for. As the father of the detective story he promulgated the Sherlock Holmes stories of Doyle and ultimately the first detective fiction magazine. As a doyen of horror fiction it was the inspiration behind WEIRD TALES, and as acknowledged by Hugo Gernsback it was the model for the type of science fiction to be published in AMAZING STORIES. The fiction Gernsback wanted to publish was classed by himself thus: ‘By “sciencefiction”: I mean the Jules Verne, H G Wells and Edgar Allan Poe type – a charming story with some intermingling with scientific fact and prophetic vision.’

There were the guidelines, the same policy as SCIENCE & INVENTION, and it was now up to the authors to produce the stories.

The first two issues of AMAZING STORIES were entirely reprints. Here Gernsback with the help of A C Brandt, the Managing Editor, showed a considerable diversity of choice. Whilst Poe, Verne and Wells were heavily featured, Gernsback also included a number of lesser known items from his own archives and from the story magazines. The first new fiction didn’t appear until the June 1926 issue with G Peyton Wrencher’s ‘The Coming of the Ice’. Thereafter, although the emphasis still lay in reprinting stories, new fiction began to appear. The first original novel in the magazine was A Hyatt Verrill’s Behind the Pole in October 1926, although it was two years before another appeared.

AMAZING STORIES was published on pulp paper but was larger than the usual 8.5 x 11 inches with 96 pages. Whilst Hugo Gernsback was the Editor-in-Chief, the real editor was T O’Connor Sloane, then approaching his eighties, who wrote the introductions to stories blurbs and the comments in the letter column. Art Editor was the Austrian, Frank Paul, of whom Moskowitz said his imagination captured the essence of science fiction on a man’s face. Few were surprised since it had been said in July 1924 that he never drew the same rocket design twice, and when one considers the numbers he had to draw that takes some imagination.

AMAZING STORIES was an instant success. So much so that to celebrate its first anniversary Gernsback decided to issue AMAZING STORIES ANNUAL. For this special venture he commissioned a completely new Martian novel from Edgar Rice Burroughs. The Master Mind of Mars. Naturally the ANNUAL was a sell-out, even at fifty cents an issue. Gernsback had obviously bargained for this since he had included in the annual fiction published in the magazine only a few months earlier. He would not have done this had he thought only AMAZING STORIES readers would have bought the ANNUAL. The success of the annual prompted the appearance of AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY, the first issue appearing in January 1927.

The magazine adopted the policy of publishing two complete novels per issue together with a few shorter pieces. This was so that the science fiction and with the expanding market many new authors began to appear. 1927 and 1928 saw the emergence of such great names in sf as Francis Flagg, Miles J Breuer, David H Keller, Harl Vincent, Jack Williamson, Stanton Coblenz.
Only one author who in 1928 appeared for the first time in AMAZING STORIES had not originated there, Emmond Hamilton. Hamilton had first appeared in the June 1926 WEIRD TALES with The Monster-God of Mamurth, the story of an invisible city and its equally invisible guardian. He had followed this with a serial, and in 1928 he became one of the big names in WEIRD TALES, all through science fiction stories. He was introduced to AMAZING STORIES' readers in the January 1928 issue with The Comet Doom; and rapidly became a popular contributor.

Perhaps the most popular contributor of the period was Dr David H. Keller. At a time when authors were having their heroes discover lost civilizations, or inventing uncontrollable devices that had to be destroyed before they destroyed the world, or exploring other worlds by every conceivable method, Keller interested himself in the future of people and society. He was one of the first authors to focus attention on what scientific advancement might mean to the human heart. In The Revolt of the Pedestrians, portrays a future where the automobile has taken over, and the remaining pedestrians treated as little more than animals. In 4 Biological Experiment he explores a future where the urge for motherhood and family life has vanished. And in a world where men and women are infertile. The Psychopathic Nurse tells of a future where mothers leave their children to robot nurses. Stenographer's Holiday shows how big business sets about creating a race bred purely as stenographers, bred to perfection so as to avoid mistakes.

Keller's stories are excellent examples of the limits of Gernsback's freedom in publishing. For instance, The Menace, published in the Summer 1928 QUARTERLY focussed on the race problem in the United States, and the resultant events after a group of Negroes perfect a method to turn their skin white. When Negro scientists also succeeded in extracting gold from seawater their plans for world domination came to fruition. Such a story would be tempting fate to appear today and yet Gernsback had no hesitation. Another innovation of Gernsback's was the publication of an English translation of the French magazine, Science et vie. With the help of C.A. Brandt he printed such works as Kurt Siodmak's The Eggs From Lake Toconago, which might never otherwise have seen English editions.

One other introduction of Gernsback's would later extend well into the 1930s. The January 1927 AMAZING STORIES carried Discussions, a letter column. Combined with the introduction of a science question interested himself in the future of people and society. He was one of the first authors to focus attention on what scientific advancement might mean to the human heart. In The Revolt of the Pedestrians, portrays a future where the automobile has taken over, and the remaining pedestrians treated as little more than animals. In 4 Biological Experiment he explores a future where the urge for motherhood and family life has vanished. And in a world where men and women are infertile. The Psychopathic Nurse tells of a future where mothers leave their children to robot nurses. Stenographer's Holiday shows how big business sets about creating a race bred purely as stenographers, bred to perfection so as to avoid mistakes.

Keller's stories are excellent examples of the limits of Gernsback's freedom in publishing. For instance, The Menace, published in the Summer 1928 QUARTERLY focussed on the race problem in the United States, and the resultant events after a group of Negroes perfect a method to turn their skin white. When Negro scientists also succeeded in extracting gold from seawater their plans for world domination came to fruition. Such a story would be tempting fate to appear today and yet Gernsback had no hesitation. Another innovation of Gernsback's was the publication of an English translation of the French magazine, Science et vie. With the help of C.A. Brandt he printed such works as Kurt Siodmak's The Eggs From Lake Toconago, which might never otherwise have seen English editions.

One other introduction of Gernsback's would later extend well into the 1930s. The January 1927 AMAZING STORIES carried Discussions, a letter column. Combined with the introduction of a science qui...
The QUARTERLY magazines remained, but essentially at the end of 1930 there were three major magazines, AMAZING STORIES, ASTOUNDING STORIES and WONDER STORIES. With the depression growing steadily worse in the middle of the year it was to be a survival of the fittest.

IV - Into the Storm

The strength of science fiction fandom was only too obvious in these Depression days. Eager response to Gernsback's broadcasts convinced the interest in a science fiction fandom and perhaps one of the most influential content to this time worth... to have done to advance Science Fiction. It was won by Raymond A. Palmer, who would ten years later find himself at the helm of AMAZING STORIES. But more important was the runner up, Conrad Ruppert, who put forward the suggestion of a Science Fiction Week. Gernsback put this idea into practice developing the editorial to the May 1930 SCIENCE WONDER STORIES to Science Fiction Week: March 31st to April 7th 1930. He called for a major promotion campaign to advertise and publicize science fiction every possible way. He concluded by saying: it is from these efforts, of you, the pioneers, that science fiction will become the mighty force it is destined to be, and you will then know that, because of you, the world has become a better place to live in.

Little wonder that the sf fan field grew and grew so that by 1933, at the depths of the Depression, there was an army of ardent admirers willing to do their utmost for their beloved literature. Gernsback not only delivered the sf magazine into the world but he saved it from a premature death by his own imagination and vitality.

The reality of the Depression was first noticeable with Clavyn's magazines. ASTOUNDING STORIES began to miss issues during 1932, and in March 1933 was only folded after 34 issues. (Those 34 issues are now collector's items since they contain some of the most original science fiction stories of their period.) Both the QUARTERLY magazines began to struggle. AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY turned to a reprint magazine for economy, but the size was too much and it failed after 22 issues. WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY (as SCIENCE WONDER QUARTERLY was now reititled) folded after fourteen issues in January 1933.

1929

Great Stories of Every Variety

Maza of the Moon
A Strange Novel of the Future

by Oth Aehlert Kline

Although in 1932 AMAZING STORIES and WONDER STORIES had kept to their monthly schedule the two were difficult in 1933. AMAZING STORIES missed one month, and WONDER STORIES was forced to go bi-monthly for a short period. Changes in the size of the magazine were reducing from large size to the standard pulp size (7 x 10 inches).

One can conjecture what would have happened had the Depression lasted longer than it did. Fortunately for all concerned, towards the end of 1933 finances began to ease. Street & Smith publishers, who had published the first detective magazine and who had experimented with an adventure magazine THE THRILL BOOK in 1919, began to exercise the rights to ASTOUNDING STORIES. In the editorial chair they placed F. Orlin Tremaine, Desmond Hall, carrying over from the Clayton days as assistant editor. The magazine reappeared in October 1933, and from that day to this it has not missed a single monthly issue. Now known as ANALOG SF it is edited by Ben Bova, the recent successor to John Campbell. Bove is only the fourth editor of the magazine in over forty years, and the one who really got things going was F Orlin Tremaine.

Tremaine's policy at ASTOUNDING STORIES was for 'thought' variant themes. Stories completely original in idea, treatment and scope and which would catch the imagination. The response was immediate. Nathan Schachner, one of the most popular contribu-

tors of his day, happened with Ancestral Voices in the December 1933 issue. The story concerns a man who travels back in time and kills a Hun who happened to be a distant ancestor. Consequently he and thousands of other people disappear.

Schachner led the way and he was immediately followed by Donald Wandrei with Colossus, Murray Leinster with Sidewise in Time, John Russell Fearn with The Man Who Stopped the Dust, Harl Vincent with Rex and Don A Stuart (the pen name of John Campbell) with Twilight. 1934 was a collosal year for ASTOUNDING STORIES and Tremaine. Within twelve months of the magazine's revival it was number one in the field, and has virtually stayed there ever since.

What was Gernsback doing all this time? He was far from sitting still. With the decline of WONDER STORIES during 1932 Gernsback had fired David Lasser and replaced him with Charles Horig. Horig was only 17 and his succession into the Gernsback magazines was on the strength of his own magazine THE FANTASY. Harry Warner Jr tells us. He sent a copy of it to each prose editor. At this very moment Hugo Gernsback had just fired David Lasser. Gernsback liked the editorial in the fanzine so much that he decided that this should be his new editor. 3. Horig's FANTASY Fan had appeared in September 1933. In November 1933 his name was on the masthead of WONDER STORIES, and in rivalry to Tremaine Horig instituted his New Policy. Horig was adamant to claim that it was ASTOUNDING STORIES that instituted this policy. In the first issue of the December 1933 issue of WONDER STORIES Horig said: in fact, this new policy was such a good idea that one of our respected rival magazines that imitates the sincerest form of flattery came along with what they called "thought variants". We are deriving great satisfaction from the belief that WONDER STORIES started this new, glamorous era of science-fiction, so different from the old days of rehashed-themed and stereotyped characters.

Strange to think that what Horig called 'the old days' was little more than nine years before. Whether it was Tremaine or Horig first at the line does not affect the fact that both magazines produced excellent fiction during the years 1934 to 1936. Upon reflection ASTOUNDING STORIES is best remembered today, although it was WONDER STORIES that first brought to light Stanley G Weinbaum with A Martian Odyssey, and also published some excellent pieces by Edmund Hamilton, Alan Connell, and M. M. Kaplan (who wrote as Philip Jacques Baret and Philip Barshofsky).

ASTOUNDING STORIES and WONDER STORIES, besides their drive for new stories, began to drift apart readership-wise, and perhaps this was a good thing. It meant that both could cater for the individuals. Tremaine instituted a pure magazine, and although he be buried, Sloane plopped down. Throughout the rivalry of Schachner and Horig one wonders where Sloane either knew or cared. All the time people submitted fiction and bought the magazine he was happy. Sloane's own form of 'splendid isolation' caused him to neglect the fanzines. After all, who needs them when people are writing for the fiction magazines?

Continued on page 25
In contrast to this, there is a course in the planning stage which is for practising teachers who are likely to use science fiction in schools as a medium for teaching English. This course concentrates on science fiction as a branch of literature. For further information, please contact: Peter Nicholls, Science Fiction Foundation, North East London Longbridge Road, Dagenham, Essex RM12 2AS. KILLDOZER. Film rights for Theodore Sturgeon's classic story about a sentient bulldozer which runs amok have been bought by Universal, who hope to start production as soon as possible.

MICHAEL Crichton. Those of you who enjoyed Westworld will be pleased to hear that Michael Crichton is working on another film in the same vein, about computers and the dangers accruing from a too-mechanical age.

In April, a new science fiction magazine, called Science Fiction, is due to appear. This is the brainchild of three British publishers, who hope to attract a market which has been largely ignored by other science fiction magazines. They plan to publish a new issue every month, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults.

The magazine will cover a wide range of topics, from science fiction to technology. They are hoping to attract a wide readership, ranging from children to adults. The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults.

The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults. The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults.

The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults. The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults.

The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults. The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults. The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults. The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults. The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults. The magazine will be published on a monthly basis, and they are hoping to attract a wide audience, ranging from children to adults.
Continuation of Fifty Years of Science Fiction Magazines

trouble on occasion. For instance in 1929 Malcolm Afford submitted The Ho-Ming Gland to Staneo. Staneo held on to the story, and did not tell Afford whether or not he was printing it. Tired of waiting Afford sent the story to Lassier who printed it promptly as The Gland Men of the Island in the January 1931 WONDER STORIES. At length Staneo got round the manuscript and published the original in the February 1933 AMAZING STORIES. This caused much embarrassment.

He was also prone to losing manuscripts, most notably John W Campbell’s first story, and also accepted but never used Simak’s first piece. Clearly authors were not going to send their best fiction to AMAZING STORIES when bigger and quicker markets existed elsewhere. It is therefore something of a surprise that AMAZING STORIES survived these years. It went bi-monthly in August 1935 and remained so for three years. It’s stories began to appeal more and more to younger readers, and as a result was well away from the intellectuals of ASTOUNDING or the active fans of WONDER. It must be remembered though that much of AMAZING’s fiction appearing in its 1934-35 issues were for the most part 1932-33 stories. These years were the lowest for AMAZING STORIES, and yet the power of its name kept it going.

The early thirties were the years of ASTOUNDING and WONDER, but they were not exclusive magazines of sf. In 1931 Elliot Dolf had edited MIRACLE STORIES intended as bi-monthly it only made two issues. April and June, before expiring. It was an obvious attempt at imitating ASTOUNDING STORIES, carrying fiction by Arthur Burks and Victor Rousseau, two stalwarts of the Clayton magazine. Similarly it was hybrid of thrifty in the same pulp format. AMAZING and WONDER were still large size then, although WONDER underwent a brief spell of pulp size. But during those years there was room for only one ASTOUNDING STORIES and MIRACLE STORIES therefore failed. Nevertheless, its very existence goes to show the pulling power of sf at that time.

Where was Britain all this time? Very much alert, they were years of frustration for British fans who very much wanted a magazine of their own. In February 1934 SCOPES put Britain on the sf map. Unfortunately it was a juvenile magazine and not exactly what the British fans were after. It was published by Pearson’s each week and sold for twopence; the editor was Haydn Ho-mock. Its juvenile appeal meant that it lost most of the attention of the older fans weaned on American sf, and despite later issues carrying more mature pieces by such as John Russell Fearn, and Maurice Hugi, it finally folded after twelve months on 23 June 1934. As Walter Gillings termed it, it was very much “Science Fiction Weekly”.

In the USA the popularity of sf showed itself in other adventure pulps which devoted entire issues to sf material, such as DUSTY-AYRES AND HIS BATTLE BIRDS and TERENCE X O’LEARY’S WAR BIRDS during 1934 and 1935. These are worth little more than parenthetical mention, their existence being in evidence to sf’s popularity.

These ten years from 1926 to 1935 proved to be the perfect launching pad for what was to come. Authors, trained by Gernsback, were now experimenting with Tremaine. Their ideas were confusing younger readers and budding authors to wonder, spurring them to write. The result would be the maturity of science fiction in the next ten years. Teething troubles were now over. The road was built and the gun was loaded. Who was going to fire it?

Sources of Quotations

1 From Hugo Gernsback’s Guest Editorial in the April 1961 AMAZING STORIES (page 7)

2 From Hugo Gernsback’s Editorial in the April 1926 AMAZING STORIES, as reprinted in the April 1966 AMAZING STORIES (page 188)

3 From EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE by Sam Moskowitz published by the World Publishing Co (1963) in the chapter Hugo Gernsback (page 227)

4 From Hugo Gernsback’s Editorial in the May 1930 SCIENCE WONDER STORIES (page 106)

5 From ALL OUR YESTERDAYS by Harry Warner Jr published by Advern Publishers Inc (1969) in the chapter Fans into Pros (page 74)

6 From New Policy Still “New” special department by Charles Hening in the December 1935 WONDER STORIES (page 748)

7 From a letter written by Robert A W Lowndes to AMAZING STORIES and published in the latter column Or So You Say in the January 1973 issue (page 122)

8 From The Impatient Dreamers, the title of Chapter 4 published in VISION OF TOMORROW, January 1970 (page 29)
Steve Cohn sat alone at a window table in the cafeteria, looking out at the stars. They did nothing to lift his morale and the conversation from the next table was merely an irritant.

— bringing in a new gimmick. MF they're calling it. MF for Malleable Fixer — looks something like old-time putty. You want to fix anything, anything at all, say to a wall or ceiling, just squeeze out a spot of this goo from a tube and it stays put. They say it'll take on any surface, hold a weight up to a thousand kilos... now how do you assess the duty on a gimmick like that?

"Maybe it won't work under Earth conditions. Remember the All-Purpose Cleaner? We set ten per cent on that and the damn stuff didn't work at all... were our faces red!"

Cohn sipped lime-flavoured alcohol and brooded on Rabin, his boss. There was something about that man, something unnerving. At times he felt like chucking the job, going back to Earth. But what would he do there? Here, his talent served some purpose... at least, Rabin said so. Maybe he just needed a break. It had been a long time since he'd been Earthside.

"You think you've got trouble? Listen, we've practically taken Camelot apart and still we can't find the stuff — not even with a tip-off."

Narcotics detail. Some innocuous plant on its home planet could turn out to be a habit-forming drug on Earth; colonists didn't always realize that. Some did, and went ahead bringing in the stuff just the same.

Chimes pealed for attention. A brisk voice came over the speaker: "Will Steve Cohn report to Dock Area Three please? A berthing is expected within the hour."

Cohn finished his drink and started for the door, a slight, dark-skinned figure with a break of a nose; insignia tabs stitched to the shoulders of a pale blue uniform read SA.

Outside the cafeteria he headed for the nearest cab rank, past the shopping arcade, stores and catering to a lock. A man sitting by the door rose quickly.

"Mr. Cohn, isn't it? I heard the broadcast — Dock Area Three, right?"

"Right on both counts," Cohn said pleasantly. A new boy, any of the old hands would have called him Steve. The pilot opened the lock and they stepped through, directly into a cab.

Starport looked very different from outside. The familiar appearance of solidity and safety given by covered ways and artificial gravity vanished and the frigid darkness of space clamped down. Seen from outside, it looked as fragile as it was — a complex of satellites linked by bracing struts.

Starport revolved, an immense glittering top. Immense only close to. Even a short way off it dwindled to a toy against the gulf of interstellar void.

The lights of the entertainment centre blazed and, dazzled, he looked away; for a moment, the squat bulk of a ferryboat blotted out the stars. When he looked back he saw the workshops of Dock Area One. A ship berthed, floodlights bathing it. The cab nosed past a fusion generator, space-suited construction men building yet another extension.

Starport had started out as a wheel spinning on its axis; it had grown and was still growing. It might never be complete. Now it resembled a sprawling orbital city, an arrangement of cylinders and spheres and cones bristling with antennae; the original doughnut was quite lost. Connecting tubes gave it an appearance of a three-dimensional Ferris wheel as it spun through its long orbit.

He saw a new ship being fitted out. Another colony in the making, heading somewhere far out among the stars. Every year, two more ships went out, further and further out. One day...

His cab jockeyed in towards Dock Area Three, empty as yet, except for waiting men. A blank space waiting to be filled. Cohn looked out at the stars, searching; no sign of her yet.

The cab bumped gently, locked on.

"Nice ride. Thanks," Cohn said, and went inside to wait.

There were others waiting, in a group. Cohn sat apart, alone; switched on an extractor fan and lit a cigarette. Back inside the metal shell it was hard to visualise Starport orbiting out beyond Pluto, staging post to the stars.

Not a staging post exactly; more a barrier for the protection...
of Earth. Until an incoming ship was cleared by the various authorities, it berthed here. There were just too many risks, plague, a new invention to wreck the economic balance – the smallest thing that slipped past the investigators could bring disaster.

Cohn was one of those dedicated to ensuring that nothing did slip past. A vital job, Rabin said; the hell with Rabin – he stubbed out his cigarette viciously.

Only when the signals of the escorting police craft showed did his black mood lighten. Nothing slipped past them; they were heavily armed to make quite certain of that.

Then the bulk of a starship showed; a cub-ship. Cohn rose and walked to the observation window to watch. The docking was faultless. He heard the noise of pumps as the ship's air was evacuated and rendered sterile. Medmen went aboard.

Cohn waited for their preliminary clearance before he boarded himself. He went down the tunnel, badge in hand.

"Starport Authority," he said firmly. "Take me to your commander at once."

The crewman, still in his spacesuit but with helmet open, looked blank for a moment, then – "Of course, sir."

A nerve pricked in Cohn's skull, there should have been no blank moment. There never had before – they knew what to expect.

Others followed him aboard; split up to search the ship: police, narcotics, follow-up Medmen, his own detail; clipboards at the ready, checking each and every item.

He moved along a corridor towards the control room, watching for detail. Slack discipline, he noted; potential rebels.

And prayed he hadn't another bunch of supermen to deal with. Too often colonists returned, confident of their own superiority and determined to set old Earth to rights. Violently, Earth was wise to that gambit now.

He reached the control room. The crewman slid open a door and he faced the ship's commander. A tall gaunt man, long-haired, sat stiffly motionless in a swivel chair, a puritan expression on his face.

Cohn went through the ritual, flashed his badge. "Cohn Starport Authority. Anything to declare?"

"Dolman, commander of the Merlin, back from Home Thirteen. No, nothing to declare."

Nothing. They all said that, without stopping to think what they might be carrying. Colonist thinking rapidly became alien.
Camelot took off for the return trip. The police, narcotics, Medmen reported blank. Even Steve Cohn had to sleep some time.

Cohn sat alone in the cafeteria, stirring lime-flavoured alcohol with a straw, not drinking. Conversation buzzed past his ears:

— where d’you think they’d got their cache aboard Camelot?

Neat really, behind a false nuclear bulkhead. Only a small consignment, but enough to set up the crew. So they’ve nothing to stay for —

— We’re close to agreeing the duty on MF at five per cent. That should cover our unemployment pay — with an option to raise the figure if it becomes necessary.

Irritation flooded through Cohn. It seemed that everybody had solved their problems except himself; he still had nothing concrete on Merlin to put before Rabin. He was beginning to hate Rabin...

— Nothing but a hunch, Cohn, that’s not good enough.

He left for Dock Area Three, surprised to find a police detail blocking his way to the cub-ship. The surgeon in charge stopped him.

— Sorry, Mr. Cohn — no-one’s allowed aboard. Rabin’s orders.

Cohn stared back in disbelief. Rabin was all pig, but he’d never interfered in an investigation before. "Any idea why?"

The surgeon shrugged. "Can’t say for sure — maybe Cohn’s been screaming."

In a mood of resentment, Cohn headed for Centre to face Rabin; all right, so he’d failed. He’d get out of this damn business, resign.

Rabin heard him out, stone-faced. "Time limit’s been reached," he said briefly. "We have to give clearance. Yours is the only objection — Merlin has a clean bill except for your hunch.

— Uneasiness stirred in Cohn. "I don’t like it — there is something wrong with that ship..."

— Maybe... I’ll think about your resignation, let you know what I decide."

Cohn went out and got drunk. Merlin left, Earthwards. After that he spent considerable time in the gym, getting his muscles used to one G. And sleeping. It was a slack time.

When the summons came, Cohn went to Rabin’s office in a worried frame of mind. The Starport controller lay in his cocoon watching wall teletext; a white-skinned hand gestured.

— Grab a seat, Cohn — thought you might like to see this...

It took a while for him to realise what he was seeing. Against a giant image of the sun, the glare filtered, he saw a black speck moving. A ship falling into the sun.

View by tele-camera, relayed," Rabin said flatly. "Merlin’s off course, out of control, complete radio blackout. No ship location for a recorded shot.

Cohn stared, first with disbelief, then in horror. The moving speck was dark against the corona one moment; the next it flared into brilliance and was gone. Totally consumed.

He felt sick, until relief flooded him... he still couldn’t quite believe what had happened. A suspicion grew. "You fixed it?"

— Of course. Cohn’s face was granite, his voice controlled.

— Time delay mechanism to cut out their radio, automatic fire control to nudge them sunward. Then destruction of essential services. I take your hunches seriously, Cohn, which is why I damn well don’t like them. I set a tele-spy aboard that ship after banning entrance to it — gave them a chance to relax, let their hair down. There was plenty wrong with that crew; immediately they were alone, everyone went into a kind of suspended animation, some sort of coma. Unnatural, it gave me the creeps." He paused. "This time I think it really is.

— Alien life?"

The pink bald head nodded. "Merlin found life out there, our first contact — it had to happen sometime. They were taken over. Mental control is my guess, sent back to spy on us," Rabin’s voice hardened. "It backfired, thanks to you..."

Cohn looked away. He couldn’t face those round black eyes. Suddenly he was very glad he wasn’t Starport controller... to condemn a whole crew, just like that, on hunch alone. He couldn’t have done it...

— Government’s alerted, an armada forming to fly out soonest — to spy on them," Rabin’s lips bared in the semblance of a smile. "Resignation refused — you’re too important to lose. Report to Dock Area One, there’s a ship expected."

Steve Cohn left, and the further he got from Centre, the more his confidence grew. Even his small talent was vital. As the cab jockeyed in to Dock Area One, he began to whistle.
FRANK HERBERT is a master of science-fiction writing and his previous novels, DUNE and DUNE MESSIAH, have won many important awards around the world. Now in THE GODMAKERS he has created another unforgettable vision of the universe and a character of quite incredible magnetism.

Lewis Orne is assigned to oversee the activities of a planet at the edge of a distant galaxy which has been long torn by devastating wars. His job is to monitor the planet and to detect, as early as possible, any sign of aggression which might spark off yet another exhausting conflict.

In the fulfilment of these duties as interplanetary trouble-shooter he discovers extra-sensory powers of frightening potential.

THE GODMAKERS

FRANK HERBERT

Available from your local bookseller, or direct from the publishers – NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY LIMITED.
Price £1.95 Postage and packing FREE!

Please supply
copies of THE GODMAKERS
(£1.05) @ £1.95 (postage & packing free)
NAME
ADDRESS

New English Library Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London ECIN 2JR. Tel. 01-405 4614