

# ARGOSY<sup>®</sup>

## Special Edition

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"That's right," he replied.  
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**The**  
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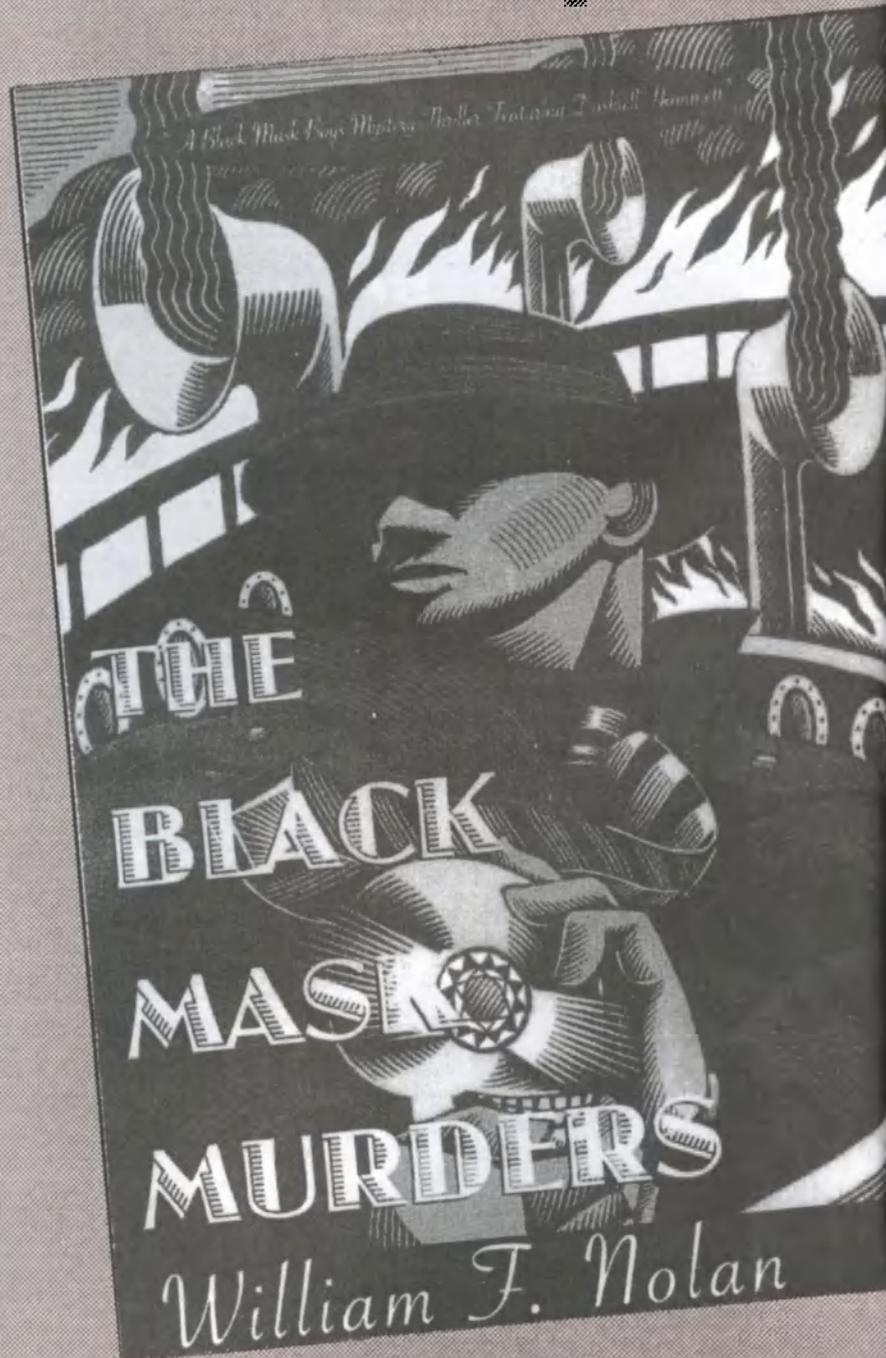
—Publishers Weekly

"Nolan's textured novel...successfully blends real characters with a fictional plot, good scholarship, and elegant writing."

—*Kirkus Reviews*

**THE BLACK MASK MURDERS**  
by **William F. Nolan**  
A **Thomas Dunne Book**  
**St. Martin's Press**  
**ISBN 0-312-10942-3**

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From Hollywood to New York to San Francisco's Chinatown, masters of *Black Mask* mystery follow a complex, dangerous treasure—the real-life inspiration for Dashiell Hammett's

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available—see  
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to Southern California's Big Bear, the three great  
er-filled blood trail in pursuit of a fabled jeweled  
classic novel of love and money, *The Maltese Falcon*.

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The Marble Orchard,  
narrated by Raymond Chandler!**

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**SPECIAL EDITION**

Richard Kyle, Editor

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ARGOSY® Special Edition, Mid-Year 1994, Volume 3, Number 1. Published twice-a-year by Richard Kyle Publications, 242 East Third Street, Long Beach, California 90802. Telephone (310) 432-KYLE or (310) 432-5953. Single copy \$2. Four issues \$8, by first class mail. Overseas air mail rates by arrangement. ARGOSY® is a registered trademark of Richard Kyle. Entire contents copyright © 1995 by Richard Kyle. Printed in U.S.A. ARGOSY® Special Edition contains fiction, articles, and features devoted to the behind-the-scenes story of the all-fiction world.

“A Genuine Global Phenomenon...”

# LOGAN

## A TRILOGY

# LOGAN'S RUN

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN and GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON

# LOGAN'S WORLD

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN

# LOGAN'S SEARCH

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
**WILLIAM F. NOLAN**

**LOGAN: A TRILOGY**, a landmark in the field of science fiction—the *first* collected edition of *all three* of the world-famous LOGAN novels.

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LOGAN is a world-wide phenomenon, evolving from *Logan's Run* into a trio of best-selling novels, a major motion picture from MGM, a CBS television series, and an illustrated futuristic saga from Marvel Comics. LOGAN has spawned fan clubs, specialized magazines, jigsaw puzzles, T-shirts, designer fashions, and an LP album. As a mass-market paperback, *Logan's Run* ran through sixteen printings—a total of 850,000 copies. Its sequels have been universally acclaimed.

Author Ray Russell says about **LOGAN: A TRILOGY**—the *complete* story—“I cannot imagine how any library with even a minimal science fiction collection could get along without it.”

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*“It is the hurried pace of this book, with its nightmare vision of ‘re-live’ parlors, its abundance of reality-effacing drugs, its continual emphasis on the carnival atmosphere of society, that sears the mind...and gives a fresh perspective to contemporary reality.”* —The Berkeley Gazette

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available  
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# W

# ARGONOTES

**WILLIAM F. NOLAN**, the author of this issue's special feature, "A Centennial Visitor," has quite a track record.

As a writer, he's the author of eleven novels, nine short story collections, two books of poetry, sixteen nonfiction books, four screen plays, and thirty-five television scripts. He's edited nineteen books, including key works on Ray Bradbury (a close friend) and Max Brand (Nolan's literary inspiration), published short stories, articles, artwork, and poetry in 225 periodicals and newspapers (ranging from *Prattie Schooner* to *Playboy* to *Road and Track*, to *Weird Tales*, to a legion more), and contributed fiction and nonfiction to more than 200 anthologies and textbooks.

He's the creator and co-author (with George Clayton Johnson) of the world-famed *Logan's Run*, and author of the new "Black Mask Boys" series of mystery novels featuring as characters the three great crime-fiction writers of the '30s—Dashlell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and Erle Stanley Gardner. (The second in the series, *The Marble Orchard*, with Chandler narrating, will be out in late Fall of '95.)

He's turned his passion for auto racing—Nolan once raced cars himself—into books and articles and stories, including the first biography of the almost legendary Barney Oldfield. His interest in Dashlell Hammett grew into the first book-length biography of the Pinkerton detective turned pulp writer who became the creator of Sam Spade—and one of the great stylists of the American language.

He's also author of our lead story in the upcoming regular edition of **ARGOSY**—the tale of a World War I flying ace barnstorming the postwar world of the 1920s. It's a strong, authentic story—Nolan knows the era as few others do—and one that fully lives up to the great full-color "warbirds" cover by **STERANKO**.

A direct, immensely likeable man, Nolan brings those same qualities to his work. It shows in every story, and accounts for his popularity as well as his literary success.

You won't see the last of Bill Nolan here. Or anywhere else, I suspect.

**SAM MOSKOWITZ** is known as science fiction's historian. For many years, Hugo Gernsback and John W. Campbell have been widely recognized as the most important figures in modern science fiction, Gernsback as publisher, Campbell as editor. I think it's time they're joined by a third key figure. If Gernsback and Campbell created modern science fiction and shaped it, Sam Moskowitz as historian has given science fiction its context.

As editor, historian, and anthologist, the breadth of Moskowitz's contribution to the field is astonishing. He seems inexhaustible. His knowledge of 19th Century and early 20th Century popular literature is unparalleled, and his books and essays about the period are absolutely vital to an understanding of the development of science fiction. His break-

through contemporary profiles and studies are notable. His interest in writers as diverse as Edgar Rice Burroughs, William Hope Hodgson, A. Merritt, and Olaf Stapledon has produced books of permanent value. His as-yet-unpublished work, "John W. Campbell, Editor" is extraordinary—the first real insight into the mind of the man who reshaped the worldview of a generation. And his knowledge of the early days of **HUGO GERNSBACK**'s publishing life has an importance beyond science fiction alone.

"The Rise and Fall of the First Gernsback Empire" (beginning on page 9) is part of Moskowitz's epic story of the growth of magazine science fiction and its development into today's dominant literary genre. As biography, it's fascinating. As history, it may be something even more. What happened all those years ago not only changed the course of science fiction, it also radically changed the course of magazine publishing in America—and created an alternate, wholly unexpected future...



**WILLIAM F. NOLAN**

**BRAD LINAWEAVER** won the Prometheus Award for the story of a future that did not come true. Gregory Benford said of it, "The best World War II alternative novel is probably Linaweaver's *Moon of Ice*, in which the Nazis do get the atomic bomb." Ray Bradbury and Isaac Asimov and William F. Buckley, among many others, endorsed it. His short stories appear everywhere. He's now co-editing a collection of libertarian science fiction—a first—called *Free Space*, featuring an extraordinary group of today's best sf writers. "Pavlovla," on page 25, is not quite in the same league. I don't think Linaweaver had that in mind, however... **FRED OLEN RAY** is the best-known maker of exploitation films since Roger Corman, and his *Attack of the Sixty Foot Centerfold* (just out) may be his best movie to date—but *aficionados* will never forget *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers*. He's also written *The New Poverty Row*, a behind-the-scenes book about exploitation films, a paperback about carnival shows, *Grind Show*, and edited a collection of brand-new tales in the tradition of '30s bizarre-horror tales, *Weird Menace*. For us, he's written a story about the nuclear family. It's called "Dirt," and you'll find it on page 27... "James Turner" is **TOM SMITH**'s first novel. It appears on page 28... **EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**, creator of Tarzan and author of *The Mad King*, spent much of World War II as a war correspondent. His news story on page 21—which has a surprising connection to ERB's fiction—has not, to my knowledge, been previously reprinted...

**NEXT ISSUE:** Part Two of **SAM MOSKOWITZ**'s "The Rise and Fall of the First Gernsback Empire"... **DAVID ALEXANDER** on the true origin of Mr. Spock (squeezed out of his outstanding biography of Gene Roddenberry, *Star Trek Creator*)... a new science fiction story about space colonization and the nature of freedom by **JOHN RIGHTER**... and more. —**RICHARD KYLE**

# A CENTENNIAL VISITOR

## by William F. Nolan

author of *HAMMETT: A LIFE AT THE EDGE* and *THE BLACK MASK MURDERS*

Just after midnight, May 27, 1994. My wife out of town on business and me alone in the house, sitting at my desk, correcting a set of galleys. That's when he appeared, kind of melting through the wall of my den. Ghosts don't need to use doors.

He was mustached, tall, thin-bodied, with a thatch of gray-white hair, dressed in a neat blue pin-stripe suit from the 30s. Had a flower in his lapel, and a white display kerchief in the upper pocket of his suit coat. His dark shoes gleamed.

It was him, all right.

The first thing I said wasn't very original, but I had never talked to a ghost before.

"You're dead," is what popped out of me.

"That's right," he replied, shaking loose a Chesterfield and lighting it. The lighter was silver, with his initials on the side of it: SDH—for Samuel Dashiell Hammett. "I died on the tenth of January, 1961, at Lenox Hill Hospital. Cancer of the right lung—from smoking too many of these damned things." He waved the cigarette at me.

"You also had pneumonia," I said. "In addition to a diseased heart, liver, kidneys, spleen, and prostate."

He nodded, looking sour. "Yeah, I was in lousy shape. Booze and cigarettes make a crummy combination."

"Why didn't you quit?"

"I gave up the booze in '48 after a heart doc told me I couldn't go on drinking and live. But these things..." He glanced down at his Chesterfield. "These I couldn't give up. Coffin nails is what we called

'em back in the 30s."

"Why are you here?" I asked, staring at him.

I'd thought all ghosts were transparent, that you could see right through them, but Hammett looked solid. Thin, but solid.

"It's my birthday," he told me. "I'm a hundred."

"You don't look that old."

"That's because ghosts don't age. I look exactly the way I did when I croaked at sixty-six."

"I still can't understand why you came here?"

He walked over to a shelf of books, pointing at various titles. "*Dashiell Hammett: A Casebook...The Black Mask Boys...Hammett: A Life at the Edge...* and now your latest, *The Black Mask Murders*. You've been doing a helluva lot of writing about me."

"You're colorful," I said. "I like writing about colorful people."

"I believe in getting the facts right," he said. "That's why I'm here."

"Well, at the moment, with these Black Mask novels, I happen to be doing fiction."

"Based on fact, right?"

"Well, sure...I try to put in as much background reality as I can."

"So I want to set some things straight that writers like you have been messing up for years."

My *Casebook* had been the first book on Hammett, back in '69. I'd worked with what I could dig up, but I knew it was incomplete. Fourteen years later I did a full biography. Along the way, several other writers joined the act, and now there were half a dozen books on Hammett's life. But I'd written the first. I asked him if he was sore

about it.

"Nix." He shook his head. "Somebody had to start the ball rolling. You tried to do a square job. And at least you got my basic drift, figured out what I was doing with the detective story."

"You made it real. Revolutionized the form. Used your own experiences with Pinkerton as the basis for your books and stories. Hell of an accomplishment."

He shrugged. "It was no big deal at the time. What else did I have to write about? I knew the detective game—so I used what I had. I wasn't trying to revolutionize anything."

"Look," I told him, "I'm curious. A lot of very careful research has been done on you. Tell me...just what mistakes have been made?"

He paced my den, scowling, puffing away on the cigarette, gathering his thoughts. Then he swung toward me, his voice sharp and intense. "For one thing, you got my relationship with Lily all screwed up."

"How so?"

"She played you for a sap. You believed all that crazy stuff she wrote about us as a couple."

"Are you saying Lillian Hellman's memoirs were—"

"Bullshit is what they were! I never loved her—not the way she made out in those books of hers. And she never loved me. Sure, we depended on each other a lot of the time, but that's because we were both sick drunks. But there wasn't any romance to it." He hesitated, eyes hard and glittery. "I never stopped loving Jose. And that used to drive Lily up the wall."

"You mean, all those years after

**"THAT'S RIGHT," HE REPLIED. "I DIED ON THE TENTH OF JANUARY 1961."**

you left her in San Francisco, you *still* loved your wife?"

"Damn right I did. And my daughters, too. I'll admit I was a lousy husband and father, but for awhile at least I gave it my best shot."

At the desk, I was jotting down his exact words.

"Okay, so what *else* did we screw up?"

"I was loyal to America. Served in two wars. Yet, to read about my politics, you'd think I was ready to blow up factories and overthrow the government. Which was nonsense. Sure, I was a Marxist, but that didn't mean I'd ever have done anything to harm this country. I criticized the politicians, but I was no damn public enemy!"

"You got a rough press, that's for sure." I stopped scribbling to look up at him. "What else did we get wrong?"

"All that stuff about my being unable to finish another mystery novel after *The Thin Man* in '34."

"But that's true," I protested. "I even wrote a poem about it."

"A poem..." He seemed interested, and his gaze softened. "I started with verse back in the 20s. Always liked it. Let's see what you wrote."

"It's in my collection, *Dark Encounters*," I said, getting the book from a shelf. "Called 'After the Thin Man.' See, right here on page 24."

Old Hammett,  
Moving from themes full spent,  
With falcons found,  
All murders done,  
To fresh far places of the mind.

Mountain and imaged woods,  
As yet unreached,  
New paths  
Untried.

Again! Assault!  
Rage at white space unfilled!  
Each day

A blading agony  
At what's unfound, unclaimed,  
Unearthed.

Until at last,  
With virgin wilderness of words uncharted,  
The keys are stilled,  
And marbled silence reigns  
In the void of books  
Unborn.

He nodded, shrugging his thin shoulders.

"So, what do you think?"

"Not bad," Hammett said. "Not bad at all. But the truth is, by '34, I was bored silly with crime novels. The last thing I wanted was to write another one."

"But you kept trying," I said. "For decades, you tried."

"Not to write mysteries, I didn't. I wanted to do a play, then a serious mainstream novel. Not about murder or guns or dark alleys or Maltese falcons. I wanted to get away from all that crap."

"Well, in my bio, I indicated that you were—"

"Indicated, my ass!" he cut in. "You writers never got down to the roots, down to what really drove me, made life a damn torture, what caused me to keep drinking. None of you got that."

"So tell me. I'll put it in my next Black Mask novel. I'll quote you word for word."

"Okay," he nodded, mashing his cigarette out on my desktop. "I'll tell you the reason I was never able to finish another book. It was because I—"

The house began to shake. A violent juddering. Books spilled from shelves. The desk lamp shattered. The floor was rolling under us.

"What the hell!" gasped Hammett. "Earthquake," I said, braced in the doorway. "Big one! Feels like a 6.8—maybe stronger!"

"We can't talk now," said Hammett, as the earth continued to rumble. "I'll be back."

"To set things straight?"

"Yeah. Watch for me around midnight."

And he melted through the wall.

I've been doing just that—watching for him. Every midnight since then. For many months now.

So far, he hasn't returned. I don't know where ghosts go between visits, but maybe he's stuck in a vortex somewhere and can't bust out—or maybe Lillian Hellman's ghost caught up with him to make sure he didn't bad-mouth her anymore.

Lily was a very tough lady when she was alive. No reason not to think she'd make an equally tough ghost. But, hey, that's just a theory. I don't pretend to know why Hammett's shade has never returned to set the record straight.

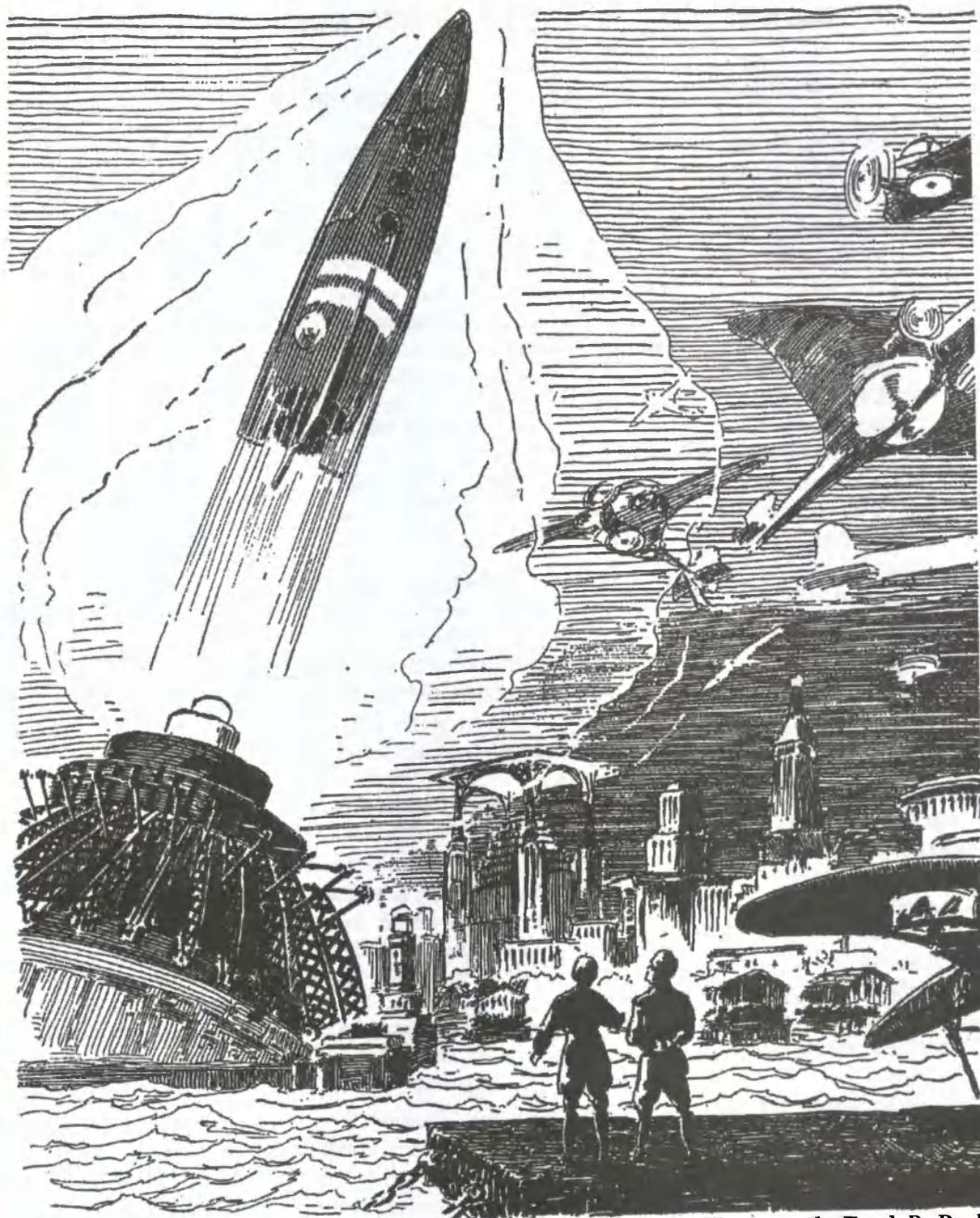
Your guess is as good as mine.

#

**Hammett! Chandler! Gardner! The Black Mask Boys return...  
Coming in late Fall 1995—William F. Nolan's sequel to *The Black Mask Murders*...  
*The Marble Orchard*, narrated by Raymond Chandler!**

# *The* TIDE PROJECTILE TRANSPORTATION Co *By Will H. Gray*

Author of "The Star of Dead Love"



*Illustration by Frank R. Paul*

"Even in this age of wonders, people still turned aside, or came out of their houses to witness the start of Number Two, just as two hundred years before, people had looked up whenever an airplane had buzzed overhead... With a tremendous jar and shriek of parted air, the huge projectile was hurled nearly on the vertical into the blue sky..."

—AMAZING STORIES, Volume 2, Number 6, September 1927

# THE RISE AND FALL OF THE FIRST GERNSBACK EMPIRE

BY SAM MOSKOWITZ

## THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO INVENTED THE FUTURE

**T**HE "HUGO," the science fiction world's most prestigious award, bears his name, and it was Hugo Gernsback himself who first named science fiction. Frequently he is termed "the Father of Science Fiction," not because he was the first to write or publish it, but because he popularized it in periodical form, creating not only the first magazine completely devoted to it—*Amazing Stories*—but *Amazing Stories Annual*, *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, *Science Wonder Stories*, *Air Wonder Stories*, and *Science Wonder Quarterly*, as well as *Scientific Detective Monthly*, which in spirit and format belonged to the group.

He tried to broaden the audience further by publishing eighteen pamphlets, which he called *The Science Fiction Series*, made up of new short stories and novelettes, and he even took a flyer at reprinting old science fiction novels in quality paperback format as *The Science Fiction Classics*.

At a time when science fiction was scattered randomly through publishers' lists and hard for the ordinary reader to find, he devoted a full page in every issue of his magazine *Wonder Stories* to advertising and selling by mail hardcover science fiction books, offering Olaf Stapledon, Edgar Rice Burroughs, S. Fowler Wright, John Taine, M.P. Shiel, Richard Tooker, Gawain Edwards, Erle Cox, and other writers whose books have since become basics in the field—including Hugo Gernsback himself, author of one of the most important predictive science fiction novels of all time.



Hugo Gernsback at thirty

—Sam Moskowitz Archives

Gernsback encouraged the development of new authors, with fiction-writing contests, science fiction slogan contests, and essay contests on the meaning of science fiction. He promoted science fiction films. He ran full addresses

of letter writers so that his readers could correspond, and then formed the *Science Fiction League* which quite literally created modern-day science fiction fandom with its fan magazines.

In science fiction, he was always looking for new scientific concepts, but he was the first editor to demand more human interest and characterization and less conspicuous display of science. Instead he asked his authors to artfully weave the theories on which the fantastic adventures were based into the woof of the story.

An inventor himself, Hugo Gernsback lived the world he created. The foregoing does not even touch upon his enormous contributions to the cause of radio and television, and its experimenters and inventors, nor upon the endless fount of ideas he created.

A few should be mentioned, since he nurtured amateur radio in the United States, was a significant figure in early television, and was the first to conceive of radar:

Hugo Gernsback organized the first leagues to further amateur radio. He was the first man to introduce functional walkie-talkies. He was the first to introduce home sending and receiving radio sets, before there were any transmitting stations.

Hugo Gernsback was the first to set up a live commercial television station in the United States, transmitting the first live television in history, before high-frequency was invented for the simultaneous broadcast of sound. He popularized the term "television," and his daily television program listings

---

**An inventor in his teens, a radio pioneer at 22, a magazine publisher at 24, Hugo Gernsback was the first to conceive of radar, the first in history to transmit a live television image—and the creator of modern science fiction...**

---

appeared in *The New York Times* in 1928.

His prediction and diagramming of radar, in 1911, in the serialization of his story *Ralph 124C41+* for his radio magazine *Modern Electrics* (itself, the first magazine of its kind), was so accurate, that when Sir Watson Watts, who claimed to be the inventor in England, tried to patent it in the United States after World War II, his petition was rejected on the grounds that Gernsback had described it first!

Clearly, he was one of the creative leaders of his time.

**B**ut the sheen of Hugo Gernsback's mythic image has been tarnished by the economic hardships of the Great Depression, which found him slow or entirely in default on payments to authors and suppliers. Similar policies by individuals as highly regarded as Farnsworth Wright, editor of *Weird Tales*, were correctly ascribed to cash flow problems in an unprecedentedly difficult period in the "Thirties.

No such grace was ever granted Gernsback.

This attitude towards him has been reinforced by the fact that his company, The Experimenter Publishing Company, publisher of *Radio News*, *Science and Invention*, *Amazing Stories*, *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, *Your Body*, and *Aero Mechanics*, and owner of radio station WRNY of New York, was forced into involuntary bankruptcy on February 20, 1929. In the world of science fiction, that bankruptcy has cast a troubling shadow over his reputation.

It was not an ordinary bankruptcy, however. Its story is strange, and it resulted in a change in the bankruptcy laws of New York State. Further, the court-appointed receiver, the Irving Trust Company of New York, was also the bank at which Gernsback had conducted his business for years—and it is surely a measure of their mutual regard that they resumed an enduring banking relationship when Hugo Gernsback formed his new companies immediately following the bankruptcy.

With the advantages of hindsight, we can see that this involuntary bankruptcy of Hugo Gernsback's company in 1929 changed the course of science fiction. *Science Wonder Stories*, *Air Wonder Stories*, *Science Wonder Quar-*

*terly* and *Scientific Detective Monthly*—would never have appeared otherwise; and the titles he left behind, *Amazing Stories* and *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, no longer under his direction, obviously altered their policies. It is also conceivable that *Astounding Stories* (today's *Analog*), whose editor, Harry Bates, was a contributor to Gernsback's *Amazing Stories Quarterly* under the pen name of Gulen Sabe, might never have been able to convince his publisher, W.M. Clayton, to issue such a magazine if the new Gernsback titles had not given the genre the appearance of profitability.

For these reasons, if no other, the details of the circumstances behind the bankruptcy and the facts of the bankruptcy itself, assume an interest and importance in the history of science fiction. The nature of the field, as we view it today, inevitably results from the consequences of that legal maneuver.

**W**hat was the background of the man the bankruptcy focused upon, Hugo Gernsback, and the small publishing empire over which he reigned?

Hugo Gernsback was born as Hugo Gernsbacher, August 16, 1884, in the grand duchy of Luxembourg, which somehow has survived the map-redrawing of two European World Wars. The duchy is less than 1,000 square miles in size, its major industry is the mining of iron ore and it is noted for its agricultural crops of wheat, rye, oats, potatoes and wine. The last is what Gernsback's father dealt in, being a wine distributor whose gigantic vats stored the product in the cellar of his home. The family was Jewish, although Gernsback was not a practicing religionist. He was well educated, being tutored at home in his early years, then entering industrial and scientific schools for higher education, the *Ecole Industrielle* of Luxembourg and the *Technikum* in Bingen, Germany.

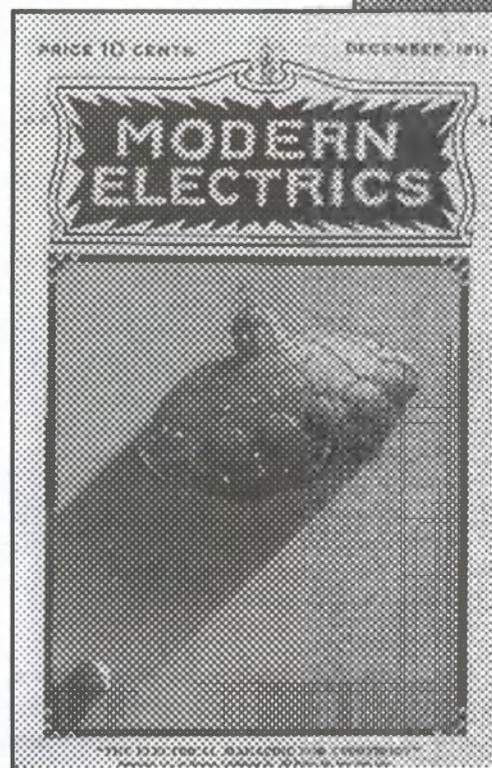
Hugo was enthralled by Jules Verne in his youth. He read widely not only in his native German, but in French and English as well. The latter was taught as a second language in Luxembourg and as a boy he could speak it as well as read it. In 1895 he chanced across *Mars* by Percival Lowell (Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1895)

The frontispiece of the book version of *Ralph 124C41+*, by Hugo Gernsback. The Stratford Publishing Company, 1925.

Illustration by Frank R. Paul. —Sam Moskowitz Archives

The Space Flyer of *Ralph 124C41+* leaves Earth tracking the Martian ship with an instrument identical with today's radar. — *Modern Electrics*, December, 1911.

Cover Artist Unknown. —Sam Moskowitz Archives





which presented, with photographs and drawings, the theory that the Red Planet was criss-crossed with canals, and Lowell had projected from this that the planet had once possessed an advanced civilization. This literally produced a psychological trauma in Gernsback and was a major factor in creating his prediliction for science fiction.

The fledgling science of electricity held a fascination for him and at the age of thirteen he was already accepting contracting jobs to install telephones and other communications systems, including call bells in the Carmelite convent of Luxembourg City under special dispensation from Pope Leo XIII. At the age of seventeen he wrote a humorous novel built around the concept of solar power entitled *Ein Pechvogel* (similar in meaning to the Yiddish "one *schlimiel*," or in American slang, "one jerk," or, literally, "one unlucky person"). The original typescript still exists. It would have been published under the pen-name of Huck Gernsbacker, since he was extremely fond of Mark Twain, particularly *Huckleberry Finn*. The novel was written in German.

His interest in electricity led him into experimentation and he built a battery which was capable of storing much more electricity than those in conventional use. The denial of patents by France and Germany led to his decision to emigrate to another country. Hearing John Phillip Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever" convinced him to go to the United States.

He arrived in New York, February 1904, at the age of nineteen, with \$200 and his battery.

Finding that, though everyone agreed that his battery could develop three times the amperage of those in common use, it could not be adapted to mass production, he entered into a series of businesses, including the manufacture and sale of batteries to the Packard Motor Company for their growing automobile business.

He designed and manufactured the Telimco Wireless, which could both transmit and receive signals. It was the world's first commercial home-size radio set and he advertised it in the January 13, 1906 issue of *Scientific American* for \$7.50. He was charged with being a mail fraud and had to demonstrate that the set worked in

front of policemen sent to arrest him. Some of these sets still exist and are on display in museums and they still work. When the depression of 1907 severely injured his battery sales, he disbanded that business and began importing electrical and radio equipment from abroad, creating the world's first mail order radio business, The Electro Importing Company.

Producing periodic catalogs for his electrical and radio parts business gave him the idea of publishing a magazine for radio experimenters (there were no transmitting stations in existence at the time that were broadcasting to the general public). He had begun producing mail order catalogs as early as 1905 and with the issue of April, 1908 introduced the initial issue of *Modern Electrics*, a magazine primarily for radio experimenters available for sale on the newstands. That magazine in height and width was the size of the old pulp magazines, but printed on smooth-finished paper, 34 pages and covers, and selling for 10¢.

In his introductory editorial Gernsback reveals, "It is uncommon and we believe it to be the first case on record that a new magazine starts out with an actual paid-up subscription of several thousand copies. This subscription was obtained solely by writing letters to persons whom we felt sure would believe in us sufficiently to order their subscription in advance for a magazine of which they had never heard, nor thought of."

(Obviously, Gernsback had used his list of mail-order customers as his primary source of solicitation and all of them had dealt with him and knew him. After his bankruptcy in 1929, he used the identical technique to launch *Science Wonder Stories*, *Air Wonder Stories*, and *Radio Craft* and it worked magnificently. This vindicates the business value of the very sobering admonitions of Ecclesiastes from the *Old Testament*, where he states: "A good name is better than precious ointment.")

An article on the "telephot" was promised for the second issue, followed by the first use of the word "television" in the United States ("Television and the Telephot," by Hugo Gernsback, December, 1909.)

He liked to encourage women to enter science, and to write for him. The pioneer woman radio ham operator

Lillian Todd, making her guest of honor speech at The Young Ladies Amateur Radio Convention at the Holiday Inn at Arch and 4th Street, Philadelphia, on July 1, 1979, praised Hugo Gernsback for, in 1909, encouraging her not to lose heart in pursuing her experiments in radio. Another older woman, Jessie Marsten, reported that she had written for Hugo Gernsback, who encouraged her.

Those who worked for Hugo Gernsback when he was in his sixties and seventies were amazed by his expert knowledge of printing and production methods. They should not have been, because in the early years of *Modern Electrics* he did most of the editorial and production work himself, securing the stories, writing the articles, arranging for artwork and photography, dummied-up the magazine for the printer, proofreading and finalizing the magazine for printing. (This knowledge served him well when, in 1940, the entire staff of *all his magazines* at the time—*Flying*, *Radio Craft*, and *Sexology*—walked out simultaneously because he was three months behind in pay. He had to discontinue *Flying*, but for several months, until he could resolve the situation, he put the other magazines out himself with the assistance of a few freelancers.)

It was in 1911, while dummied-up the April issue of *Modern Electrics*, that he discovered that he didn't have enough material to fill the issue. There was no one else to turn to and the deadline was upon him. So he sat up all night writing *Ralph 124C41+*, originally intended as a short filler. He found that when he had written enough to fill the space, he still was far from resolving the plot, so he had to continue the story. Because his magazine dealt in new developments in radio and electricity, he had to concentrate on a litany of inventions of the future, to justify the space to his readers. This meant that he had to come up with more and more of them every issue, which he did, and brilliantly. The most inspired of which was radar which he conceived for the December 1911 issue, with a diagram of how it would work.

In 1912, Congress passed legislation which would force all radio amateurs

to be licensed, operate on wavelengths good only for short distances, and permit a government close-down in wartime. Gernsback fought this bill, but, fearing it was a lost cause, he sold *Modern Electrics* to the publishers of *Electrician and Mechanic* (later *World Advance*). They published it until December, 1913, and then melded the publications into a new incarnation, as *Popular Science*, which was to become fabulously successful within a few years, so successful that by the end of World War I it was running cover inventions painted by Norman Rockwell!

When the United States entered World War I in 1917 they *did* ban all amateur radio, for fear it would be used for espionage purposes, and did not lift the ban until 1919, at which point Gernsback started *Radio Amateur News*.

Upon selling *Modern Electrics*, Gernsback started up a general magazine on electricity, titled *The Electrical Experimenter*, with the issue of May, 1913, assisted by an unimaginative but technically competent associate editor who was to remain with him for decades, H. Winfield Secor. In his youth, this editor was noted for his partiality to white spats, which virtually became his trademark.

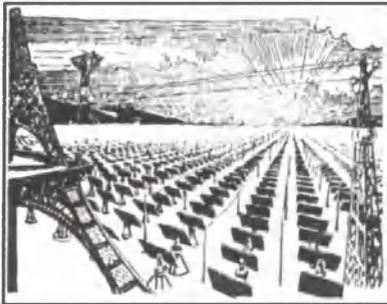
While *Modern Electrics* had turned into a fairly substantial magazine by the time Gernsback sold it, *The Electrical Experimenter*, for the first two years, seemed too anemic to conceivably survive. It was 16 pages, in a size scarcely larger than a standard letter, printed entirely in one color, with no bias as to which color—blue, brown, and black being most heavily favored.

Hugo Gernsback had left behind him in Luxembourg an older brother named Sidney. This brother was his mother's favorite, and she kept after Hugo to bring him for America and to promise to watch out for him, particularly since the outbreak of war in Europe seemed inevitable. Hugo complied and Sidney arrived in 1913, and though he spoke English poorly, and wrote it awkwardly, he was put to work on the newly-launched *Electrical Experimenter*, writing, beginning with the August, 1913 issue, a book-length compendium entitled *Experi-*

mental Electricity Course, with H. Winfield Secor as a collaborator, finishing it into proper English. Sidney was not very knowledgeable in electricity and it is believed that he rewrote his treatise from existing works on the subject. Despite this, it was later to be

pany policy (Sidney having been made Vice President and Treasurer), the two brothers got along well, and Sidney remained with Hugo in various capacities until Sidney's death in 1952, even though Hugo resented the fact that his brother was his mother's favorite.

counterparts of Rube Goldberg's cartoons. In fact, since they appeared earlier, research might possibly uncover a cause and effect. In each story situation, ingenious electrical hookups would be utilized to achieve a wide variety of humorous effects. All of these

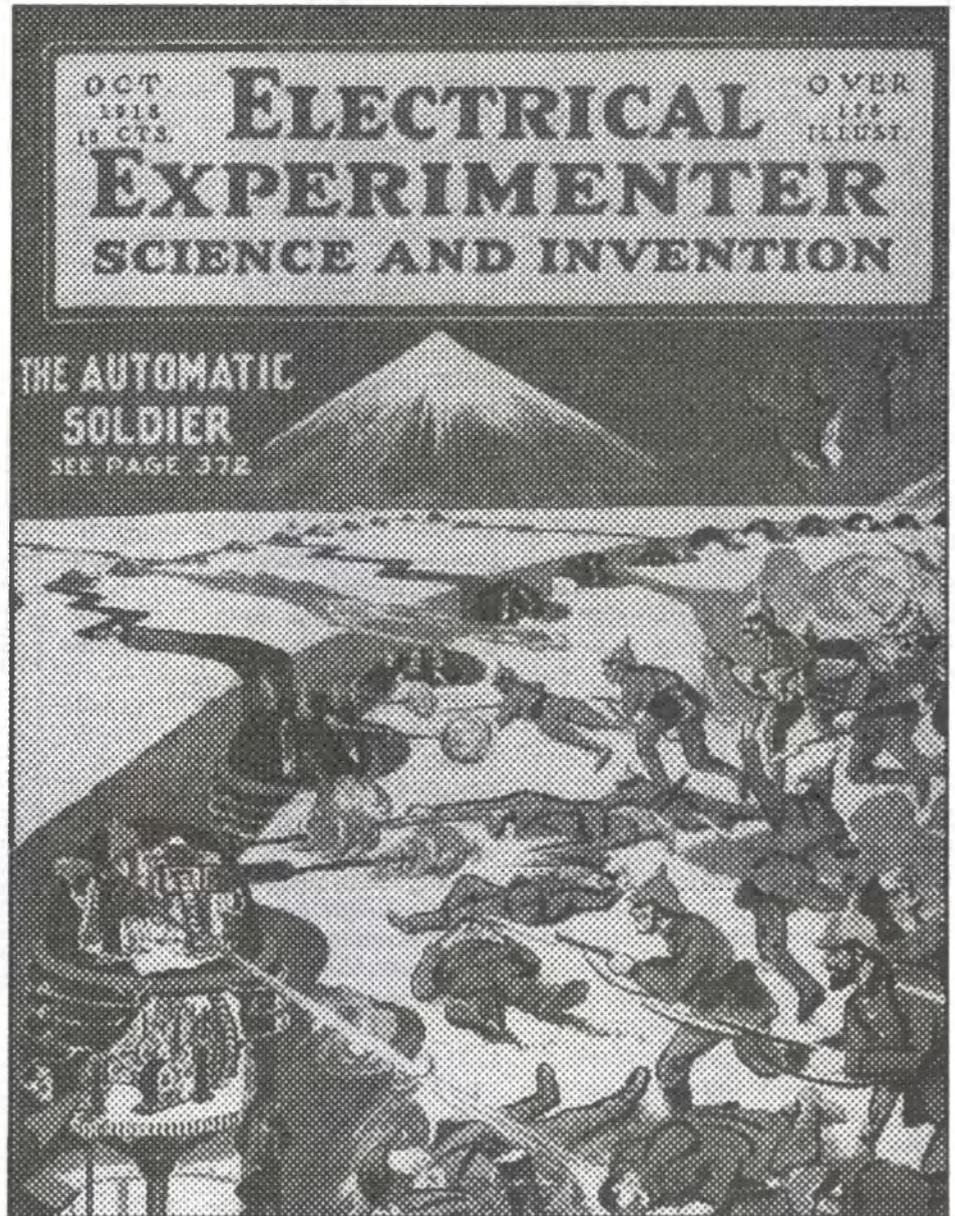


**Solar converters used to generate electricity—an illustration from the 1929 publication of Ralph 124C41+. Amazing Stories Quarterly, Spring 1920**

Illustration by Frank R. Paul

**The October 1918 issue of The Electrical Experimenter. As it evolved into a general science magazine, sales and advertising climbed. At least one science fiction story was featured in every issue. The subtitle "Science and Invention" had been added with the July 1918 issue. In 1920 it became the magazine's official title.**

Illustration from a promotional advertisement. Artist unknown. — Sam Moskowitz Archives.



published as a paperbound book by Hugo Gernsback.

Most people liked Sidney. Hugo's son, Harvey, described him as "fun loving, though not hard-working. A lovable, sweet guy, artistic, *bon vivant*, believing in good living, with a constant twinkle in his eye." He was older than Hugo, shorter, with a good head of hair, a thin mustache, and a tendency toward stoutness. Though there were sometimes disagreements as to com-

At its five-cent price, the only way *Electrical Experimenter* survived was through subsidies from Gernsback's radio store (the first in the United States). Attempting to do something to create further interest, starting with the June, 1914 issue, Gernsback began to run a series of stories by Thomas N. Benson, beginning with "Mysterious Night", centered around an experimenter called "The Wireless Wiz." These stories could have qualified as fictional

were not only scientifically possible, but each story was illustrated by a variety of *schematic drawings* illustrating how to achieve them!

Remembering the popularity of *Ralph 124C41+* and his scientific predictions, with the April, 1915 issue, Gernsback doubled the size of the magazine to 32 pages and ran a full-color cover on inventions of one hundred years in the future, the year 2013, displaying power derived from the tides and transmitted

without wires, and wheelless trains suspended above a single track by electromagnetism. A beam of light, projected five hundred miles to sea from towers, is shown guiding aircraft and ships.

In the same issue a new Hugo Gernsback serial, *Baron Munchhausen's New Scientific Adventures*, was announced to begin in the May, 1915 issue, with each installment complete in itself. The first installment carried a striking full-color cover by Thomas N. Wrenn, showing Baron Münchhausen transmitting messages by wireless and light from the moon to the Earth. Other covers by Wrenn promoting the Gernsback serial appeared on the June, July, and December, 1915, issues. Those on June, showing a ball-shaped space ship, and December, displaying the Martian canals, being particularly effective.

The story itself was quite readable, jammed with invention and considerable humor. While it was running, the average size of the magazine expanded from 32 to 64 pages with a commensurate increase in advertising.

That the Gernsback serial itself may have played an important part in that growth was underscored by the announcement in the June, 1915, Issue, which read:

*"Can you write a snappy, short story, having some scientific fact as a theme? If you can write such fiction we would like to print it. The story which is appearing in Electrical Experimenter at present has aroused so much enthusiasm among our readers that we have decided to publish more stories from time to time. If you have the knack, try your hand at it. It is worth while. However, please bear in mind that only scientific literature is acceptable, altho not necessarily dealing with electrical subjects. 'Baron Munchhausen' is a good example. Suppose you try. We pay well for such original stories."*

Almost immediately Thomas W. Benson renewed his Wireless Wlz series and G.F. Stratton became an important contributor with many bona fide science fiction stories. In some issues there were two such stories. The Münchhausen series ran through thirteen installments, the last in the April, 1916 issue. The twelfth installment, "How the Martian Canals Are Built," had an interior illustration demonstrating the machines that dug the canals

in action. It was picked up for reprinting by the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as one of the few drawings in existence that showed the procedure. The complete series, slightly updated, was reprinted in *Amazing Stories*, February, 1928, to April, 1928.

**T**he section of the Radio Act of 1912 that had been a factor in Gernsback selling *Modern Electrics* stated: "Every such license shall provide that the President of the United States in time of war and public peril may cause the closing of any station for radio communication and the removal therefrom of all radio apparatus, or may authorize the use or control of any such station or apparatus by any department of the Government, upon just compensation to the owner."

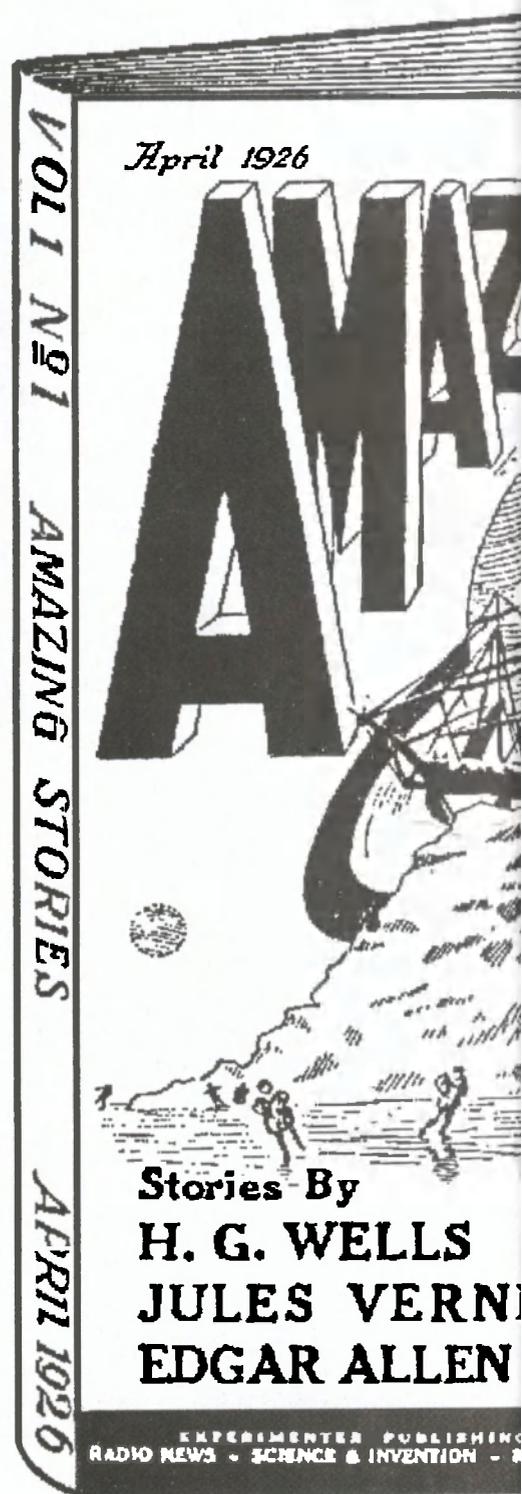
Despite the fact that his family had migrated from the town of Gernsbacher, near Baden-Baden in Germany, to Luxembourg, Gernsback had little affection for that country. To the contrary, when World War I broke out he vigorously favored the Allies and was a fervent American patriot.

After World War I began, Gernsback warned in the August, 1915 issue of *The Electrical Experimenter* that the Sayville Wireless Station, Long Island, was German-owned and that amateurs had reported to him that "irregular" messages were being sent out that violated the Neutrality Act. After Government agents took over supervision of the station, Gernsback warned that unneutral messages were still being sent out under their very noses. Dr. K.G. Grank who had headed the station was interned for the rest of the war.

On April 6, 1917, following the entrance of the United States into the war, an executive order was issued by Woodrow Wilson, the Radio Act of 1912 was invoked, and all amateur stations silenced except those utilized by the government.

Gernsback had been premature, but not wrong. He had always been premature.

Pressing on his accuracy in this matter, Gernsback in the November, 1917 issue of *The Electrical Experimenter* stated, "We certainly lay no claim to the fact that our imaginary writings always turn out to be correct in the





—Sam Moskowitz Archives

The first issue of *Amazing Stories*, dated April 1926—an enlargement of a rarely seen promotional drawing of the cover painting. Before the development of today's printing technology—which provides good half-tone reproduction on coarse paper surfaces—this was a standard advertising practice. The drawing was probably rendered by the cover artist, Frank R. Paul, from his own painting.

end, but we point with pardonable pride to the fact that often our supposedly 'pipe dreams' come true... Sometimes we have been alluded to for exploiting imagination, more often we have been criticized severely. Harsh things have not infrequently been said about our wholly imaginary writings and essays, and we will probably thus be criticized indefinitely."

His publications then, as they always would be thereafter, were heavy on the prognostication. As he strongly implied, this may have cost him in terms of a broader circulation and success, but, reading between the lines, there is no question that he was going to persevere.

Hugo Gernsback claimed a circulation as large as 100,000 for *The Electrical Experimenter*. His son Harvey Gernsback, who was far too young to be in the know at the time, felt that that figure was far too generous, possibly as low as 40,000, and no more than 60,000. The magazine averaged 72 pages of which only 20 were advertising and it sold on the newstand for 15 cents. By contrast, *Popular Science*, which incorporated his *Modern Electrics* (other components of the magazine had been in existence since 1872, but had been of little consequence until the previous two years) averaged 160 pages an issue, of which 70 were advertising, and sold for 20¢ and may have had a circulation of 200,000.

*Popular Science* was well financed, and had one of the best popular science writers of the early part of the century, Waldemar Kaempffert, as its editor. Kaempffert currently had contributed a well-regarded science-fiction story to *All-Story Weekly*, "The Diminishing Draft," (February 9, 1918), a scientific romance of the discovery of a chemical that can shrink living flesh to the size of a tiny speck and restore it with application of salt water. (*The Girl in the Golden Atom* by Ray Cummings scored a big hit in the same magazine one year later, in the March 15, 1919 issue. Was Kaempffert his inspiration?)

Gernsback, viewing the immense success of *Popular Science*, decided that confining himself to electrical science alone restricted his audience. He set out to broaden the scope of his magazine by adding the sub-title "Science and Invention" to it with the

June, 1918 issue. He then, very gradually, began to broaden the scope of the material, first adding a monthly astronomy department, then general interest features based on science, such as "Will the Germans Bomb New York?" as well as concepts of the monorail, biographies of famous scientists like Edison and Tesla, biological phenomena, and in-depth features that crossed the boundaries of electricity and general science.

Long before the name was officially changed to *Science and Invention*, with its August, 1920, issue, electricity had become merely a segment in Gernsback's publication. The articles tended to be longer, more speculative, and more technical than those in *Popular Science*. Science fiction was never left out of an issue and it tended to be increasingly imaginative, and frequently there were two such stories. Howard V. Brown, already a veteran artist dating almost back to the turn of the century on magazines like *Red Book* and *Life*, was skillfully doing most of the covers. Frank R. Paul was displaying a genius for wash drawings illustrating the fiction and the more important features. More significantly, the issues that had averaged 72 pages as *The Electrical Experimenter*, now averaged 120 pages as *Science and Invention* with 50 pages of advertising as compared to the previous 20.

**T**here were now three main prongs to the publication of science fiction in the magazines of the United States:

*Argosy Weekly* and *All-Story Weekly*, published by Frank A. Munsey, the main media for such stories, emphasizing romance and adventure and frequently above-average writing...

*Physical Culture* and *True-Story Magazine*, published by Bernarr Macfadden, featuring utopian, self-improvement, and health themes..

*Science and Invention* and *Radio Amateur News*, published by Hugo Gernsback, based on strong science, but highly imaginative.

The last mentioned, *Radio Amateur News*, was launched by Gernsback when the United States Government lifted the ban on receiving sets for amateur radio on April 15, 1919, and promised to lift the ban on amateur transmission as soon as all the peace trea-

ties were signed ending World War I. It had followed the resumption of *QST*, "a magazine devoted exclusively to the Radio Amateur," by one month (based on issue-dating), its first issue appearing on June 25th, dated July 1919. The magazine ran 64 pages an issue at first and sold for 15 cents. With its fifth, November, 1919, issue it began publishing fiction, and after a few months often ran two stories an issue, much of it qualifying as science fiction for the period in which it appeared. (*QST*, which is still an extremely popular magazine, had begun publication as the official organ of the American Radio Relay League out of Hartford, Connecticut, with its October, 1916 issue, had suspended with the issue of September, 1917 for a period of 20 months and then commenced publication with an anemic June, 1919, number with 32 small-sized pages.)

It took several years before the advertisers had anything to sell to amateurs, but by 1922 the renamed *Radio News* was the most successful publication Gernsback would publish in his long career, soaring to over 200 pages—with 100 or more pages of advertising in some issues—and a circulation of 200,000 or more, at 25 cents a copy.

Even though in the short term Gernsback's changing *Electrical Experimenter* to *Science and Invention* had been justified both by circulation and advertising increases, now, to his consternation, he discovered *Radio News* was actually siphoning some of the advertisers from that magazine.

His solution was to start a new magazine, *Practical Electrics*, which would be entirely about electricity and run no radio material whatsoever. The first issue was dated November, 1921, it had 48 pages and sold for 20 cents. In his introductory editorial, he said he knew what mistakes he had made in his previous two electrical publications, and would not repeat them. True to form, a feature of the first issue was "Fifty Years Hence," a predictive article by Hugo Gernsback.

Of longer-range significance was the hiring of T. O'Connor Sloane as Associate Editor.

**T**O'Connor Sloane would figure in the history of science fiction as the man

who became the top editor of *Amazing Stories* and *Amazing Stories Quarterly* after Hugo Gernsback was forced into involuntary bankruptcy, but little interest has been shown in his background or in how he came to work for those magazines in the first place.

Born in New York City, November 24, 1851, he was a graduate of three prominent universities, including Columbia, and the possessor of a Ph.D. He was briefly a professor at Seton Hall, a Catholic college in South Orange, N.J., and was credited with several inventions on testing and improving the gaslight. He had heavy editorial experience with the trade journal *Sanitary Plumber and Engineer*, *Scientific American*, *Youth's Companion* and *Everyday Engineering*. Before Gernsback had become acquainted with him he had been treasurer of the American Chemical Society and his bearded photo appeared in advertisements of the Chemical Institute of New York, for which he had written a mail-order course in chemistry and which ads ran in Gernsback's magazines. This—not discounting the fact that his son was married to the daughter of Thomas Alva Edison—resulted in Gernsback hiring him under contract for \$200 a week, which was a princely salary for a man of 70 in 1921.

**U**nable to build a circulation or procure more than a modicum of advertising, the name of *Practical Electrics* was changed to *The Experimenter* with the November, 1924 number to attract a broader audience. With the February issue of that year they had begun to run science fiction every issue. This policy culminated in a 15-part serialization of the classic science-fiction novel *Ark of the Covenant* by Victor MacClure (Harper's, 1924), a now dated but then enthralling tale of a scientist's efforts to end war by gaining complete control of the air, which began in the November, 1924, issue, and climaxed in the January, 1926, number.

Among the achievements rung up by Gernsback during the publication of *The Experimenter* was the discovery and first publication of the illustrator Alex Schomberg. That artist had constructed a radio set according to schematic drawings published by Gerns-

back, and it wouldn't work. With the temerity of youth, he visited the headquarters of The Experimenter Publishing Co., at 53 Park Place, New York City, and asked for Hugo Gernsback. He was ushered into Gernsback's office and was flabbergasted when the set was put into working order in a few minutes right on the executive desk.

Gernsback then inquired about Schomberg's background, and finding he shared an art studio with three of his brothers, gave him a little spot-drawing for *Science and Invention*, followed by the cover of the November, 1925, issue, of *The Experimenter*, showing a magician gazing into a crystal ball, which illustrated the article "How to make the Electro-Mystical Globe" by Phillippe A. Judd.

To Schomberg we are indebted for a description of Gernsback's dress at this period: "One day there was a knock on my door and when I opened it, there stood Hugo Gernsback. He was wearing a grey Homburg hat, white spats, a monocle, and a cape over his coat...He was strictly a Prussian, even though he was born in Luxembourg. You might call him an eccentric." The Homburg and monocle were part of Gernsback's style right up to his death.

As previously mentioned, the soaring success of *Radio News* was partially at the expense of *Science and Invention*. For a short period, *Science and Invention* averaged close to 50 pages of advertising, which together with a circulation in excess of 200,000, made it profitable. But then it gradually settled down to 30 pages of advertising a month. Even *Practical Electrics* drained off some advertising. At 30 pages, in view of the considerable expense of compiling a magazine averaging 200 photos and drawings an issue, a good-sized staff in editing, performing production and selling advertising, it was at best marginally profitable. Additionally, it had formidable competitors in *Popular Science* and *Popular Mechanics*.

To build it into profitability Hugo Gernsback employed many devices. He utilized gold leaf as background for his covers, so they would stand out on the newstand; he inaugurated a series of prize contests; he featured exposes of spiritualists, utilizing magician Joseph Dunniger; and he put out special radio issues to try to win back the associated advertisers.

Aware of the popularity of science fiction he also produced a "Scientific Fiction Issue" for August 1923, with a space-suited man on the cover by Howard V. Brown, illustrating "The Man From the Atom" by Green Peyton Wertenbaker. Four additional stories appeared inside, including *Around the Universe* by Ray Cummings. Cummings was famous for *The Girl in*

*the Scientific Club*, all illustrated nothing short of magnificently by Frank R. Paul.

Later, when Hugo Gernsback had earned a deserved reputation as a low payer, historians wondered how he had managed to get the services of Cummings, unaware that Gernsback was advertising in writer's magazines that he paid 2¢ a word for *Science and*

*zine* in pictures and captions! That innovation began with the October, 1923 issue and ran simultaneously with gold covers, cover contests, spirit exposes, and no less than two works of science fiction a month. He continued that until 1926, but though he may have increased his circulation, advertising remained static at 30 pages an issue.

*Practical Electric*s and *The Expert*

*Extravagant Fiction Today - - - - - Cold Fact Tomorrow*

## THE LURE OF SCIENTIFCTION

By HUGO GERNSBACK, F.R.S.



SCIENTIFCTION is not a new thing on this planet. While Edgar Allan Poe probably was one of the first to conceive the idea of a scientific story, there are suspicions that there were other scientific authors before him. Perhaps they were not such outstanding figures in literature, and perhaps they did not write what we understand today as scientific at all. Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), a great genius, while he was not really an author of scientifiction, nevertheless had enough prophetic vision to create a number of machines in his own mind that were only to materialize centuries later. He described a number of machines, seemingly fantastic in those days, which would have done credit to a Jules Verne.\*

There may have been other scientific prophets, if not scientifiction writers, before his time, but the past centuries are so beclouded, and there are so few manuscripts of such literature in existence today, that we cannot really be sure who was the real inventor of scientifiction.

In the eleventh century there also lived a Franciscan monk, the amazing as well as famous Roger Bacon (1214-1294). He had a most astounding and prolific imagination, with which he foresaw many of our present-day wonders. But as an author of scientifiction, he had to be extremely careful, because in those days it was not "healthy" to predict new and startling inventions. It was necessary to disguise the manuscript—to use cypher—as a matter of fact, so that it has taken many great modern minds to unravel the astonishing scientific prophecies of Roger Bacon.\*\*

The scientifiction writer of today is somewhat

\*Da Vinci—the Edison of the Middle Ages—is credited with having first imagined the printing press, the breech-loading gun, the mitrailleuse gun, the steam engine, the chain drive, a man-propelled airplane, the parachute and many others—an amazing array of "scientific"—because he admittedly only imagined these inventions.

\*\*In his famous *Opus Majus* he accurately prophesied the telescope. He gave excellent descriptions of the camera obscura, and of the burning glass—even the invention of gun powder is accredited to him. He forecast an age of industry and invention, with all prominence given to experiment. As a reward for his immortal work, he was incarcerated for a number of years.

more fortunate—but not so very much more. It is true that we do not behead him or throw him into a dungeon when he dares to blaze forth with, what seems to us, an impossible tale, but in our inner minds we are just as intolerant today, as were the contemporaries of Roger Bacon. We have not learned much in the interval. Even such a comparatively tame invention as the submarine, which was predicted by Jules Verne, was greeted with derisive laughter, and he was denounced in many quarters. Still, only forty years after the prediction of the modern submarine by Verne, it has become a reality.

There are few things written by our scientifiction writers, frankly impossible today, that may not become a reality tomorrow. Frequently the author himself does not realize that his very fantastic yarn may come true in the future, and often he, himself, does not take his prediction seriously.

But the seriously-minded scientifiction reader absorbs the knowledge contained in such stories with avidity, with the result that such stories prove an incentive in starting some one to work on a device or invention suggested by some author of scientifiction.

One of our great surprises since we started publishing AMAZING STORIES is the tremendous amount of mail we receive from—shall we call them "Scientifiction Fans"?—who seem to be pretty well orientated in this sort of literature. From the suggestions for reprints that are coming in, these "fans" seem to have a hobby all their own of hunting up scientifiction stories, not only in English, but in many other languages. There is not a day, now, that passes, but we get from a dozen to fifty suggestions as to stories of which, frankly, we have no record, although we have a list of some 600 or 700 scientifiction stories. Some of these fans are constantly visiting the book stores with the express purpose of buying new or old scientifiction tales, and they even go to the trouble of advertising for some volumes that have long ago gone out of print.

Scientifiction, in other words furnishes a tremendous amount of scientific education and fires the reader's imagination more perhaps than anything else of which we know.

Hugo Gernsback's editorial in the third issue of *Amazing Stories*. "Scientifiction" was Gernsback's original coinage. In 1929 he created the now-standard term "science fiction." For today's "scientific fans" the lure remains the same.  
—Gary Kymela Collection

*the Golden Atom*, published in hard-covers by Methuen in England in 1922 and Harper's in the United States in 1923. He was at that time one of the titans in *Argosy's* scientific romancers which included Edgar Rice Burroughs, A. Merritt, and Austin Hall. *Around the Universe* was to be followed in *Science and Invention* by a series of Cummings' novels, which included *The Man on the Meteor*, *Into the Fourth Dimension*, *Tarrano the Conqueror*, and *Tales From*

*Invention* fiction and in his own magazines printed that he would pay 3¢ a word. At that time, *Argosy-All Story* was paying a base rate of only 1 1/4 ¢ a word, though they would pay more by arrangement.

But the most dramatic move he made was when he changed the title of the magazine to *The New Science and Invention Illustrated*, and except for the fiction and a few departments, cut out all text and published the entire maga-

*menter* lost money every issue—as did an unusual magazine he started titled *Motor Camper and Tourist*, with the May, 1924 issue. This publication was an attempt to cash in on America's love affair with the automobile, accompanied by the opening-up of the nation with thousands of miles of new highways and the concomitant growth of tourist cabins and camping sites. This might have been a success as a trade journal, but did not work as a con-

sumer magazine.

All the losses from *Practical Electrics*, *The Experimenter*, and *Motor Camper and Tourist* were supported by the generous profits from *Radio News*, maintained despite a flood of competing magazines. As receiving sets became common in American homes, commercial radio stations, supported by advertisers, were strengthening. Gernsback decided to move into that business himself, as a promotional medium for his magazines and his ideas, as well as, hopefully, a profit center.

**G**ernsback bought used equipment from the Palmer School of Chiropractic in Davenport, Iowa, which was licensed to operate as Station WOC. Much of the equipment was manufactured by Western Electric and was only three years old at the time of purchase. He secured a license to broadcast on wave length 297 meters, or 1010 kilocycles, out of New York City under the call letters WRNY. He also had a license for short-wave broadcasts as W2AXL, at 30.91 meters, or 9700 kilocycles (different figures sometimes appeared in his magazines). Both long and short-wave had a power of 250 watts. His license had to be renewed—and was—every 90 days. The short-wave equipment was assembled in his editorial offices! The licenses were taken out in the name of the Experimenter Publishing Company.

Broadcast commenced June 12th, 1925, from studios in the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City, and transmitting equipment in a shack on the premises of Villa Richard, Coytesville, N.J. (near Englewood, N.J., and not far from today's George Washington Bridge). He was permitted to broadcast 46 hours a week on a time-sharing arrangement with three other stations: WHN, WPAP, and WQAQ.

His program director was Charles D. Isaacson, who also wrote a regular radio column for *Radio News*. There was a *Radio News Orchestra* conducted by Joseph H. Kraus—one of Gernsback's writers, editors, and columnists, still freelancing for him on *Science-Fiction Plus* magazine as late as 1953!

Gernsback appeared regularly at 9:00 p.m. with editorial comments on a broad variety of scientific topics and

his appearances were frequently announced in his publications. As one of the features of his introductory program, he had the then-famed humorous columnist "Bugs" Baer, acting as a straight man to his barbs. Several of his editors frequently contributed their talents. The call letters WRNY became a virtual trade mark on the covers of most issues of his magazines and were spotted throughout the interiors.

On the first anniversary of the station, June 12, 1926, he brought over Grant Mitchell, star of the Broadway play *One of the Family*; had a talk by Lee de Forest, the inventor of the vacuum tube; presented a radio play "The Surprise"; Gernsback himself held a debate with the Socialist candidate for president, Norman Thomas, who was attacking "radio interests"; had male and female opera singers presenting popular arias; he presented programs on arts and sculpture, painting and decoration; The National Stage Children's Association sent over a group of youngsters that had recently entertained the President; representatives of the major religions appeared; The Planorad, an invention of Hugo Gernsback's, was demonstrated (the instrument was played on a keyboard and, through the use of twenty-five speakers, gave the same effect as today's electronic players which sound like an organ); and the Edison Ensemble featured Beniamino Riccio, operatic baritone. It was not unlike public television at its finest and most varied. Despite this, the station was to lose \$40,000—the equivalent of over a half-million dollars in today's money—every year!

Following World War I, in order to keep his brother Sidney occupied, Gernsback created the Consolidated Radio Call Book Corporation, which name was shortened to CONSRAD. Sidney was a good "scissors and pastepot" man. He cut and assembled previously-published material very satisfactorily into book or booklet form, providing someone else performed proofreading and editorial corrections. From the pages of *The Electrical Experimenter* he had assembled *How to Make Wireless Sending Apparatus* by 20 Radio Experts; *How to Make Wireless Receiving Apparatus* by 20 Radio Constructors, each 100 pages, soft cover, selling for 25 cents. These not only sold

surprisingly well, but were fine incentives for subscription programs.

He followed these with the more ambitious *Experimental Electricity Course*, in collaboration with H. Winfield Secor, which ran 160 pages, had 400 illustrations, hardcover, and sold for \$1.00. His *Wireless Course*, with the aid of A. Lescabourg, another of the editors of Gernsback's magazines, and H. Winfield Secor, was almost as ambitious, with linen covers for wear and flexibility. These enjoyed such unanticipated success that, when *Radio Amateur News* was launched in 1919, Sidney was given the job of preparing *The Consolidated Radio Call Book*, which included every public and private radio sending station on land and on sea, with the name and address of its operators. That way, if an amateur intercepted a weak call and got the call letters, he could determine where and from whom it had come. First published in 1919, this went into "editions" so fast it was decided to make it quarterly. For those who wondered how the material was assembled, it was available free of charge from the licensing bureau of the United States Government!

Along with this publication, Sidney through Consrad began to turn out what was to become a torrent of ancillary books and booklets. This undoubtedly was a modest profit center, but also had a bookkeeping angle. As a separate corporation, Consrad would place ads for its various publications in all of Gernsback's other magazines. These would be billed at the regular rates. The reverse was also true, but The Experimenter Publishing Company had only the one publication, the *Call Book*, to advertise in. As a result, Sidney would build up a tremendous advertising debt, which Experimenter could siphon off as needed, and which Consrad could use to demonstrate that they were losing money. When necessary, Experimenter could show a substantial accounts receivable and Consrad could show an equally substantial accounts payable. This would become a factor in the later bankruptcy.

Sidney kept harrasing Hugo to finance another magazine for him. Viewing the immense success of *Radio News*, he wanted to edit another radio magazine. But Hugo was well aware that a second radio magazine would

the possibility of the great impossible—

# AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY

featuring

## When the Sleeper Wakes & Moon of Doom

By H. G. WELLS

By EARL L. BELL

As you leave this land of glorious adventure in *Amazing Stories Magazine*, and a longing to return grips you—you may go, in one step, to a land equally great—to the great AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY.

The same foremost science-fiction writers. There is H. G. Wells and Earl L. Bell. There is Dr. Miles J. Brener, with his "The Puzzle Jewel," and Edward R. Sears with his "The Atomic Riddle," and Clelland Bell with his "The Gravity King." New stories, all—with that same amazing, thrilling touch!

This QUARTERLY offers new reading pleasures, and your highest expectations will be fully equalled, if not surpassed.

You know what you're getting! 150 pages, large magazine size, 9 x 12 inches

AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY

# 50c

USE COUPON OR PLACE ORDER WITH NEWSDEALER

While we're about it, we thought it might be well to mention that we have a few copies of the AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY on hand. The volume features Edgar Rice Burroughs' "Tarzan" story, "The Master Island of Mars." Simply write us and enclose 50c. The Annual will be sent without charge.

Experimentor Pub. Co., Inc.,  
238 Fifth Avenue  
New York City.

Continents:  
Enclosed is 50c for one copy of the AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY. Kindly mail immediately by 1st class airmail, so that I may receive the pleasure that it affords.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



only transfer some of the advertising he already had, while increasing the expense.

Finally it was agreed that a new magazine would be published titled *Radio Review* and this would be subtitled "A Digest of the Latest Radio Hookups." The various radio magazines would be reviewed—and Gernsback received most of them—and the most worthwhile material would be condensed. This magazine would carry no advertising, so as not to incestuously lure away accounts that *Radio News* already had. In order to make a profit without advertising, the magazine would have to be priced at 35¢, a stiff figure in the Twenties. To compensate, S. Gernsback's *Radio Encyclopedia* would be presented in segments in the back of each issue. The type could be saved on this—an important consideration in the era of expensive "hot type"—and the supplements could be produced without additional typesetting costs.

The magazine started out as a bi-monthly (May, 1925), went monthly with the third issue, and collapsed with the February, 1926 number, combining with the *Call Book*, now renamed *Radio Listener's Guide and Call Book*, which had altered its policy to appeal to those who bought commercial sets and were just listeners, as well as the amateurs. The failure of *Radio Review* meant that the prosperous *Radio News*, through the magic of trans-corporate bookkeeping, had to make up the loss.

**T**he success of the special "Scientific Fiction Issue" of *Science and Invention* for August, 1923 had been unusually promising. In 1924, Gernsback contracted "Scientific Fiction" to "Scientifiction" and sent a circular out to his subscribers to determine their interest in a publication of that title—which would publish only "scientific fiction" stories. The results were so disappointing that he temporarily abandoned the idea.

Despite this, he could not reconcile this apparent lack of interest in "Scientifiction" magazine to the enthusiasm for "scientific fiction" when he ran it in *Science and Invention*, *Radio News*, and *Practical Electrics*. Nor could he fall to notice that *Weird Tales* maga-

Advertisement for the first issue of *Amazing Stories Quarterly*.

H.G. Wells' *When the Sleeper Wakes* was reprinted in its entirety, together with the striking original interior illustrations. Set in a future era Wells had first envisioned in *The Time Machine*, the bleak, powerful novel was balanced by Earl L. Bell's more adventurous *Moon of Doom*.

Despite the otherwise quaint costumes, the roller-skates lend a contemporary touch—an illustration from the 1929 publication of Ralph 124C41+—*Amazing Stories Quarterly*, Spring 1929

Illustration by Frank R. Paul



zine, inaugurated with the issue of March, 1923, seemed to have settled on a policy of running a number of such stories every issue.

Acting on a gut feeling, without further circularization, he set the first April, 1926 issue of *Amazing Stories* down on the newstands and awaited the results. Promotion for the new publication was predominantly full-page ads in his other magazines which displayed the comet-tail logo in red, a black and white drawing of the first cover prominently featuring stories by H.G. Wells, Jules Verne and Edgar Allen Poe and headed, "The Newest Story Magazine," followed by:

**Big, Smashing stories of the Future, Educational, Absorbing. You are familiar with some of the brilliant works of Jules Verne, the master of imagination, H.G. Wells with his equally daring imagination, and other authors of the imaginative school...Never before was there a magazine that contained stories of this type exclusively. Amazing Stories, published by the publishers of Science and Invention and Radio News, and edited by Hugo Gernsback, himself an author of imaginative stories, will bring you from month to month the most amazing stories of the world's greatest scientific fiction."**

He went on to say that he had an agreement to use any of Jules Verne's works and that he had already secured English, French, and German stories "of this type."

**T**he promotion was unquestionably written by Hugo Gernsback himself and it is outstanding.

Always in the past publishers had tended to disguise the fantastic nature of science fiction, to play down its more imaginative qualities. Gernsback made it so plain there was no chance of misinterpreting him. These were stories of the future, they were of the H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, and Edgar Allen Poe type, they were "imaginative," he had written such stories himself, he was not only scouting abroad but had found

such stories in England, France and Germany. The advertisement showed the cover of the first issue with ice skaters in the foreground, against a background of sailing ships beached on top of ice mounds, with a gigantic ringed Saturn indicating their location hundreds of millions of miles from Earth.

What he didn't say in the ad was that he had hired the greatest known authority on science fiction, C.A. Brandt, to select the stories old and new, and had shifted T. O'Connor Sloane from the failed *Experimenter* to a slot as Managing Editor of the new magazine, primarily to handle the expediting and production.

The results were electrifying. After a series of losers he had come up with a winner. He had printed 100,000 copies and it wasn't enough. During the first year some issues sold 200,000. Between the readers of his other magazines, already indoctrinated to science fiction, and the following for such stories from *Argosy-All Story Weekly* (which fortuitously had cut way down on science fiction and put the emphasis on westerns) and *Weird Tales*, which depended on science fiction readers as the margin of survival, he had discovered a ready-made audience that was not being properly cultivated.

Vacillating between the impulse to go twice a month or issue a companion magazine, he experimented in 1927 with *Amazing Stories Annual*, featuring a previously-unpublished novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Master Mind of Mars* complete in one issue. Predictably, it sold out, antagonizing Burroughs who felt that at the 50¢ price it had usurped his hardcover sales and that the \$1,200.00 he had received for it did not cover lost royalties from the book.

Gernsback abandoned the *Annual* and issued a 144-page, 50¢ quarterly appropriately titled *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, which featured complete novels up to 90,000 words in length, and—relative to the times—of very high quality and superbly illustrated. There were no immediate competitors (though *Weird Tales* seriously considered issuing one to be titled *Strange Stories*), because most publishers didn't know how to begin to package such a periodical and because they did not believe Gernsback's claims that he was selling over 100,000 cop-

ies. That was a hard-to-believe figure for a generic all-fiction magazine selling at 25¢, a high price in those pre-inflation days.

**T**here was one exception to this skepticism. That was Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of *True Story Magazine* and *Physical Culture*. He had the same printer as Hugo Gernsback, Art Color in Dunellen, N.J. He was probably that printer's best customer, at times printing as many as 14 million copies of his various magazines monthly, and never less than 5 million. That printer would not be hesitant to tell him how many copies Gernsback—or any of his other accounts—was printing, and as the print order rose or fell, a good estimate of the circulation could be determined. More than that, Macfadden was science fiction-obsessed, running it in *Physical Culture* and *True Story* regularly since 1904. He had two writers on his staff who wrote science fiction to order, John R. Coryell and Milo Hastings. Between 1920 and 1930 he would employ fantasy and science fiction enthusiasts Fulton Oursler, the Number Two man in the company; F. Orlin Tremaine, who sold to *Weird Tales* and later would edit Street & Smith Publications' *Astounding Stories*; Harold Hersey who would publish *Miracle, Science, and Fantasy Stories*; and Walter Gibson (later the author of *The Shadow* pulp novels), who had written for Gernsback since 1922 and would edit *Tales of Magic and Mystery*. None of this coterie of science fiction fanatics was likely to discourage Macfadden's predilection for the genre.

It may have been a coincidence but just three months after the appearance of the first issue of *Amazing Stories*—the precise amount of time needed to put a new magazine on the newstands—Macfadden, at the urging of Oursler, placed on sale the first issue of another imaginative fiction magazine, *Ghost Stories*, dated July, 1926.

For Hugo Gernsback, at the peak of his success, it was the beginning of the end of his first publishing empire. His struggle, now, would be with one of the most bizarre figures in American publishing. ▶

**TO BE CONTINUED IN THE YEAR-END ISSUE OF ARGOSY SPECIAL EDITION**

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# NOW YOU CAN READ THE AUTHENTIC BIOGRAPHY OF GENE RODDENBERRY

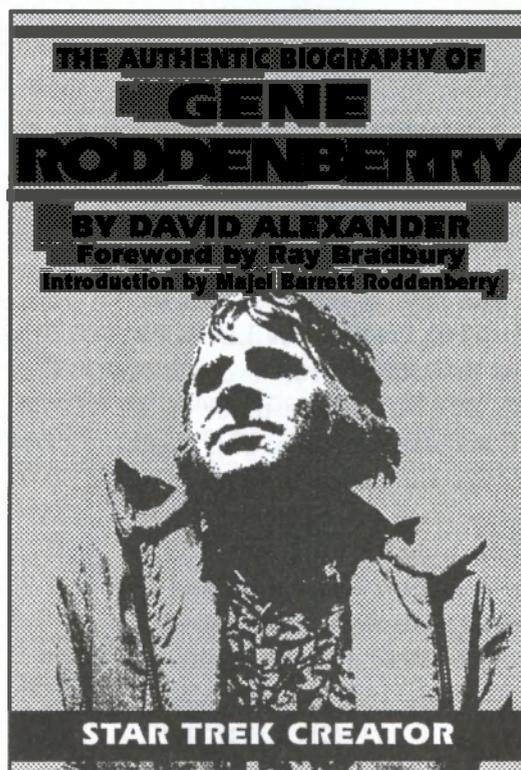
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...and the true behind-the-scenes story of American television.

- This is the *complete* biography—from the previously untold story of GENE RODDENBERRY's youth and first marriage...to never-before-revealed details of his experiences as a B-17 pilot in the Pacific during World War II...to his heroism in the Syrian desert in 1947, after a plane crash that killed 14 people...to his experiences as a Los Angeles policeman...to his first television writing...to the creation of STAR TREK the television series, and to the motion pictures that followed...and to STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION.

- It is the *full* story of a man's life, told with a regard only for the facts. It is the story of a vastly influential and controversial man who agreed to expose every aspect of his character to his biographer, and who lived up to the letter of his word. It is the story of a remarkable man who became one of the shapers of the Space Generation—told in exciting detail by DAVID ALEXANDER, one of today's finest researchers and writers.

- It is also the *hidden* story of American television production, and one of the most revealing books about the electronic medium yet written. Unlike any other writer, author DAVID



ALEXANDER had complete, direct access to *all* of GENE RODDENBERRY's letters, memos, contracts and personal reminiscences...to MAJEL BARRETT RODDENBERRY's *own* recollections...and to the memories of his friends and business associates.

- And it is also the story of the writers, the producers, the cast and the crew of STAR TREK, who appear here for the first time as real people, not as public relations caricatures.

- It is the story of the way a future world was invented—our world, today.

• This is a unique book by an exceptional writer. It will grow in importance in the years to come. We offer a special limited SIGNED, CORRECTED FIRST EDITION—featuring an initialed, tipped-in page, available *ONLY* from the author.

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STAR TREK CREATOR  
BY DAVID ALEXANDER  
Foreword by Ray Bradbury  
Introduction by Majel Barrett Roddenberry

*Autographed*  
FIRST EDITION  
available—see  
page 30

# TARZAN CLANS OF AMERICA

*Official Guide*

by Edgar Rice Burroughs



The RAREST of all the BURROUGHS titles...

Originally published in 1939 in an extremely limited edition, this 32-page booklet contains the rules of the Tarzan Clans of America, and includes song-poems, ERB commentary on the "Tarzan Finds a Son" film—and a 500-word English-Great Ape dictionary. The cover is by the great John Coleman Burroughs, taken from a J. Allen St. John illustration for "The Beasts of Tarzan."

IN VERY FINE CONDITION • \$1,000

## SPECIAL ACQUISITIONS

On February 3, 1947, during the year in which ERB's final Tarzan novel, *TARZAN AND THE "FOREIGN LEGION"*, was first published, Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote a check for \$100 to his son John Coleman Burroughs—illustrator of the novel, and then at the height of his pictorial skills. This check, No. B1026, imprinted "Edgar Rice Burroughs, Tarzana, California" and drawn on the Citizens National Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles is handwritten by ERB and signed "E.R. Burroughs" (only the date has been rubber-stamped) and endorsed by hand by "John Coleman Burroughs," for deposit to the Bank of America on February 6, 1947.

This check would be an extraordinary associational piece accompanying *TARZAN AND THE "FOREIGN LEGION"* or *LLANA OF GATHOL*, which features John Coleman Burroughs' remarkable dust jacket illustration, perhaps the greatest single Barsoomian painting of all time—or *THE EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS LIBRARY OF ILLUSTRATION*, which also features the *LLANA* cover as well as the other classic JCB illustrations for Edgar Rice Burroughs books.

*The check (at one time folded in thirds) is in especially fine condition with no signs of wear. The signatures "E. R. Burroughs" and "John Coleman Burroughs" are clear and unobscured by rubber stamps or perforations. A certificate of authenticity accompanies the check • \$500*

On July 17, 1939 Edgar Rice Burroughs began "Tarzan and the Champion," a *Blue Book* novelette later incorporated into the novel *TARZAN AND THE CAST-AWAYS*. On September 21, 1939, possibly during the writing of that story, ERB wrote check No. A488 entirely by hand (including the date) in the amount of \$18.90 to "Beverly Door & Sash Co.," on paperstock imprinted "Edgar Rice Burroughs, Tarzana, California." It is signed "E. R. Burroughs."

*The check (which has been folded) is in very good condition. The handsome signature (a small portion of the "E" slightly blurred) is unobscured. A certificate of authenticity accompanies the check • \$300*

**TO ORDER  
SEE PAGE 30**

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# Notes on Edgar Rice Burroughs

# War Correspondent

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*Edgar Rice Burroughs was well past 69 years of age when this United Press story was published in February 1945, one of the oldest war correspondents of World War II, and (by ERB's own complaint) one of the least published. The story shows Burroughs at his morale-building best. It also displays a unique connection to The Mad King, it's hero, Barney Custer of Beatrice—and another of the book's characters, a man by the name of Bert Weston...*

## HOSPITAL CARE OF CASUALTIES IN PACIFIC AREA UNEXCELLED

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

AN ISLAND BASE IN THE PACIFIC, Feb. 3—U.P.—This isn't a story of "bombs bursting in air," or of high heroism. It is a report to the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, the sweethearts and wives whose men are casualties in Army and Navy hospitals. If a casualty lives long enough to get into the hands of the Medical Corps his chances of survival are pretty close to 100%.

I write that after spending a day in a Navy hospital here. Perhaps you would like to have your man back where the family doctor in whom you have so much confidence, and who may have brought him into the world, could look after him with that fine humanity and sympathy which has made the family doctor beloved. Don't worry. He is getting these things and more.

Walking through ward after ward all day until my feet were worn off to the ankles, I saw that same fine humanity and sympathy evidenced by the nurses and the corpsmen. They are wonderful. The nurses, trained and efficient, also bring that spiritual lift that only a fine American girl can bring to American boys whose recent feminine contacts have been with bare feet or shuffling sandals or tabi.

Your men are getting not only expert and sympathetic nursing, but the best surgical and medical service that any nation can provide. I was shown one boy who had been suffering the agony of sciatica. The nurse proudly exhibited him as the first patient to have a certain operation performed on him. He was her prize exhibit. I am sorry that I cannot give you a very intelligent description of the operation, but here is the gist of it: Between the two vertebrae that were pinching the sciatic nerve, the surgeon inserted a gadget consisting of a couple of silver plates and ball bearings. The pain was instantly relieved, never to return. Unless his parents are wealthy, the chances are that in civilian life he would never have had this operation.

Then there was the man with a gangrenous leg. He had asked to meet me, and I found him in a private cubicle with a corpsman in attendance. Ordinarily, he would have certainly lost his leg or, possibly, his life. But they are going to save his leg and probably all his toes as well. The corpsman was so proud of what they had accomplished that he almost burst. He wanted me to wait half an hour until they removed the ice pack so that I could see the leg.

If you have men in Army or Navy hospitals, thank God that they are not at home, for they could not get better surgical and medical service there or anywhere else in the world. And don't worry about them. The nurses, the corpsmen, the Red Cross girls, the Gray Ladies look after their every comfort—and the physicians and surgeons are such that you could not possibly afford unless you are very rich.

Mrs. John Thomas Jenkins, a Gray Lady who looks very cute in her uniform, made it possible for me to visit the hospital. I was supposed to lift the boys' morale and give them some laughs, but the idea boomeranged. The boys did all that to me. They were a cheerful wonderful bunch.

Miss Christine Herman of Washington, D.C., a Red Cross girl, took me by the hand and led me around. She being exceedingly pulchritudinous, I was not hard to lead. And then there was another beautiful Red Cross girl—Josephine Jack of Beatrice, Neb., whose father is a close friend of the last of my schoolday friends, Bert Weston, who, like me, is older than God. It's a small world. □

PRAISE FOR  
BRAD LINAWEAVER'S

# MOON OF ICE

**RAY  
BRADBURY**

"A fascinating concept!"

**ISAAC  
ASIMOV**

"An extraordinarily detailed and fascinating glimpse at an alternative history we are relieved we did not have to live through."

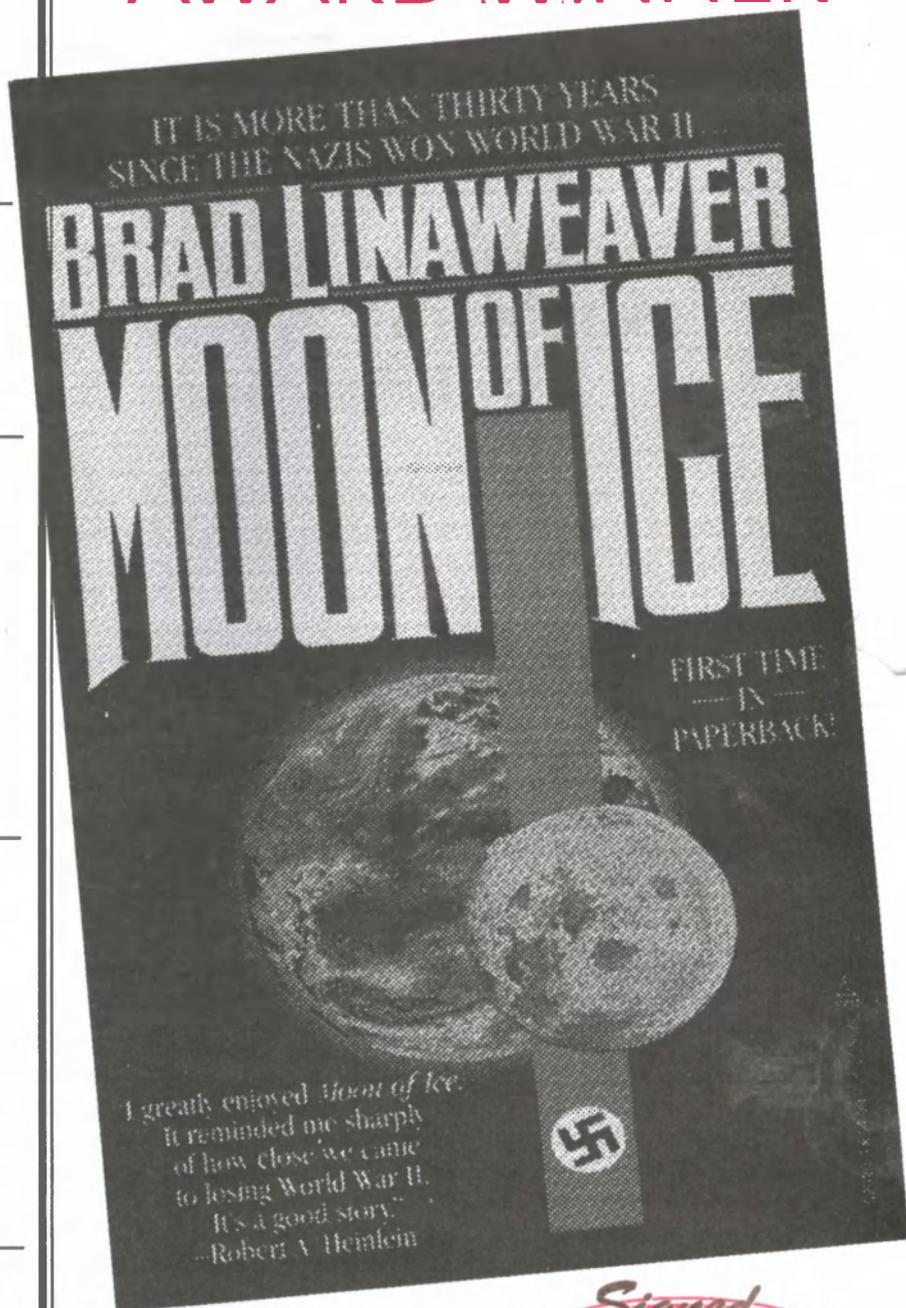
**GREGORY  
BENFORD**

"The best World War II alternative novel is probably Brad Linaweaver's *Moon of Ice*, in which the Nazis do get the atomic bomb."

**WILLIAM F.  
BUCKLEY**

"The story carries one right along. I don't doubt that Brad Linaweaver will soon be a well-known American writer."

# PROMETHEUS AWARD WINNER



A  
Tom Doherty  
Associates, Inc.  
Book

*Signed  
by the author!*  
**SEE PAGE 30**

"The strong narrative drive of *MOON OF ICE*, and its unusual answers to some of the most common of modern 'what ifs,' will keep readers fascinated from beginning to end."

—Austin American Statesman



# PAVLOVIA

by Brad Linaweaver



HE TV writer had a good left hook. Everyone at the company table knew it. They were also aware that Mr. Harris from the front office was due to arrive shortly. Mr. Harris was sure to have a proposition for the writer that would be unacceptable to his angry, stubborn talent. No one talked. They just waited.

Harris came in carrying an attaché case. He was wearing a three piece suit and his hair was combed in some kind of permanent wave. He smelled like the upholstery in a new car. The writer leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on the heavy glass table. The two of them looked at each other as the silence was broken by the pop of clasps opening on the attaché.

"All right," said Harris, standing at the head of the table. "Let's get on with it." He appraised the writer, making an inventory of the blond hair, thick mustache and quaint leather jacket. "I see you have your equipment in hand," he said, noting the small, black box strapped on the writer's hip. "Do you always carry your Typer?"

"What's it to you?" he snarled as

## Times Change. Men Don't...

Mr. Harris took a manuscript spool out of the case and dropped it on the table. The writer could feel the tension in the room and knew he was the source of it. "I'm demanding a rewrite on your story," said the voice coming out of the three piece suit. All eyes were turned on the writer...waiting, waiting. They knew he could move fast when provoked. Some of them had seen him in action before. He was a good Union man who always fulfilled the contract. Just as now he wasted no time jumping on the table and running down the length of it as Harris said, "Writers do as they're told; they're mud-sucking little...gah!"

The writer had the target by the throat as he careened off the table. "This has got to stop!" he shouted, straddling his victim. No one in the room made a move.

The gurgling sound that came out of Harris was an attempt to explain company policy. There were snatches of words here and there from which could be pieced together the general idea that the public's attention span had decreased again. The writer pummeled the face beneath him with heartfelt sin-

cerity. And then, raising his numb hands, he pulled off the wig that covered the silver plate on top of Mr. Harris's head.

"Ungrateful writer," muttered Harris as the circle of metal was turned counter-clockwise, making it pop off the top of his head. The writer inserted his right index finger and deactivated Mr. Harris, releasing a pungent odor in the air, the distinctive smell of an open robot.

"Whew," said a trembling little man near the foot of the table. "That was a good one."

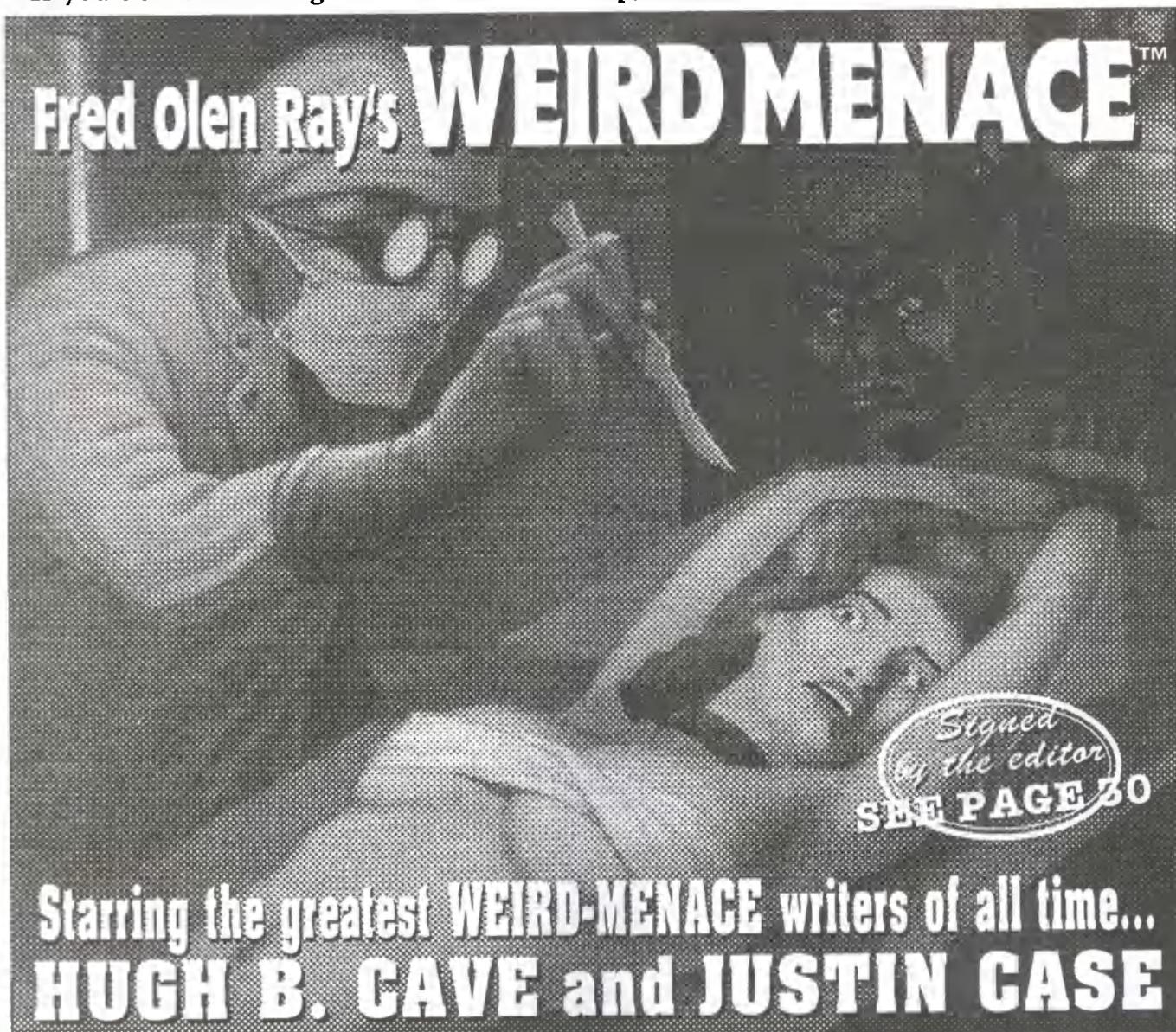
Grabbing the manuscript spool and inserting it in the slot on the side of his Typer, the writer started for the door. But he turned to the little man before exiting the conference room, and said, "I've had better, but this one was OK."

"How much will you cut it?" asked a woman with red hair.

"It was hard enough doing a mini-series in fifteen minutes, but I'll cut it to ten," he answered, leaving the door swinging behind his proud, tall back. He was a professional.



"If you don't want to go to Ben's Barber Shop, don't read this book!" —Norvell Lewis



**...AND GUEST-STARRING...**

**Victor Koman, Brad Strickland, Steven J. Dornburg,  
Richard Gilliam, Brad Linaweaver, Gregory Nicoll, Sherman Scott, Martin Nicholas,  
William Alan Ritch, Jerry & Sharon Ahern, and Fred Olen Ray  
in 13 ALL-NEW STORIES**

**Edited by Fred Olen Ray  
author of GRIND SHOW: a History of the Side Show in America**

"Lurid sex and grisly unimaginable forms of death are  
our stock in trade..." —Fred Olen Ray

an American Independent Press book

# DIRT

## by Fred Olen Ray

*Fred Olen Ray is the producer of "Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers," author of Grind Show, and editor of Weird Menace. Now he turns his hand to the plight of the working man...*

**T**here is something very common about a man with dirty hands. Something undignified and ordinary. A man with dirty hands is viewed by most people as a laborer or worse. There's just something about dirt. Something about the blackness that gathers under a man's fingernails or gets ground into his knuckles so hard the stain will never come off. It marks him like a stamp right across his forehead. It says you earn your living by the sweat off your back and not your brains. I've always known that but it hasn't bothered me because I know the truth. I know it isn't necessarily so.

"Hard night ahead of you?" I heard my wife say.

"Of course," I replied. Every night on the job was hard. Back breaking and demeaning. "Where are the kids?"

"Oh, they're next door playing. They'll be in soon for dinner."

"These long summer days seem to take the life right out of you," I said. "The sun doesn't even go down until nearly eight o'clock. By the time the kids come in it's almost time for them to go to bed."

My wife appeared at the kitchen door, her tired hands buried in a dish cloth. "Well, the weekend's almost here," she sighed. "You'll have lots of time to spend with them."

Spend with them, I thought. I hardly know them. All I really know about them is that they wish I had a soft cushy job like the other kids' fathers. They never say anything but I can see the way they look at the dark smudges on my hands. The way they look at me. They wish I was more like Harvey Reynolds down the block. The banker with a new shiny car and small delicate hands like a woman. Harvey never did a day's work in his life, but that doesn't mean a thing to kids. All they see is the crisp business suit and gold-plated wristwatch and the way the other neighbors used to smile and bob their heads as he passed.

Harvey died a few days ago of heart failure. Young. Probably too much salt in his diet I'm told. Me, I work my butt off and the wife too, but it's all dirt to the kids. I know that my job requires a man of intelligence and know-how and no matter how you angle it I put the food on the table.

I look at my watch. It's almost 9:15. The wife and kids are seated around the dinner table looking to me for the blessing. I feel like saying "Bless this mess," but utter something nice instead. My shoulder hurts. I must have pulled something last night. The wife serves up dinner and it's the same dinner we have every night. On our budget we don't get much opportunity to be creative.

The kids stare down at their plates for a moment, but they won't mention the sameness of it all. I feel sorry for them, but not for long. I have to finish eating and get ready for work.

"How've you been today, son?" I ask, although I don't really care.

Tommy plunges his fork into his food. "Just fine, Dad," he says. I think he's looking at my hands.

"It's a shame about Mr. Reynolds don't you think?" the wife says. "So young and well-liked."

"Yeah," I mumble. "He was well-bred all right."

My five-year-old Cynthia opens her mouth to speak. A bit of meat drops out. "I like him just fine," she spouts, and chokes a little. I put my fork and knife down hard on the table.

"Cynthia," I say sternly. "How many times do I have to tell you—don't talk with your mouth full." She looks sour and places her small hand across her lips.

"That Mr. Reynolds sure had nice hands," the wife states dreamily. "So soft and gentle."

"He sure does," I agreed. "Pass me the other one will you before Tommy eats the rest of it."



## JAMES TURNER a novel by Tom Smith

WHEN JAMES TURNER entered the museum workroom just after lunch, the chief restorationist was sitting in the hollow of a sculpture normally buried in the third sub-basement because it made the curator nervous. John Lackland's white hair was standing on end, and he was fiddling with something his young assistant decided was a tuning fork.

"For God's sake, John," said Turner, "Get out of there."

"It's a time machine," said Lackland.

"They'll fire us both! That thing isn't supposed to be out of storage."

"It's the shape of it, you see," said Lackland. "It's a temporal accumulator. Catches the passing time waves and stores them up. See how the bronze is warped here—it's been storing 'em up for a long time." A low, disturbing hum came from the tuning fork while Lackland adjusted some kind of calibrator. "It was cast in the late '20s, when they were doing this sort of thing, post-Dada, and all that—"

"John—"

"—and all you have to do is release those waves in an orderly fashion. Watch out for me, Jimmy," said Lackland. "It'll just take a minute."

Before Turner could say anything, Lackland was gone, and so was the strobe-like sculpture that curved in a million impossible directions at once.

Sixty seconds later, Lackland and the sculpture were back. The sculpture looked the same. Lackland looked like a wreck. His clothes were in tatters, he had a week's growth of beard, and he'd dropped twenty pounds. His hair was limp.

"The future's not all it's cracked up to be, Jimmy," said Lackland wearily. "It's nothing but quiche and holograms—Christ, you can break your ass just trying to sit down in a chair!"

Turner stared. "John... John, where'd you go..."

"Twenty-one eighty-nine," Lackland cursed, grabbing his brown bag lunch out of the specimen cooler. "I'll never go *there* again! They said I was too 'recent' to be worth talking to. I had to parhandle to stay alive. And all they give you is food pills." He wolfed down his roast beef sandwich. "Food pills! Too fucking recent!"

Turner stared dazedly at the emaciated restorationist and reached into the sculpture to retrieve the "tuning fork." As his fingers closed over it, he became aware of two unforgettable things. First, Lackland's voice yelling "Don't—!" and then the truly strange feeling as his hair stood up on end for the first time in his life...

JAMES TURNER OPENED his eyes sixty years earlier. It was 1934. He had inadvertently sent the machine back to the beginning of time—but fortunately it ran out of temporal energy before it got very far.

He was tossed out of the museum and dumped on the streets. When he tried to buy dinner he was accused of counterfeiting, and had to run for his life from an enraged depression-era restaurateur, then almost froze to death standing in a mission-run soup kitchen line while everybody made remarks about his lavender polo shirt and long hair. Only his Levi's saved him from a beating.

The following morning, after prayer, and a wholehearted conversion, he obtained a haircut, a donated white shirt, and directions to the nearest college, where he sold his solar-powered computer—*Time* magazine had given it to him for a six-month subscription—to a professor in the mathematics department for enough money to rent a room and buy some respectable clothes, including a double-breasted blue suit, black wing-tips, a pair of black silk socks, a couple of white shirts with attached collars, and a red-and-blue striped tie. (He found out six months later that the professor sold the computer to a world-famous commercial research center, and retired.)

Naturally, Turner was alarmed by what had transpired, but he had no ties to the future, and was sure that in this world of rubes who watched Shirley Temple, listened to "John's Other Wife," and took Huey Long seriously, he would make a quick success.

A year later, working as a \$17.50 a week grocery clerk for Safeway's, after almost starving to death in a jobless world, he was not so sanguine. He'd won a couple of bucks on the Baer-Braddock fight, but he'd only had a couple of bucks to bet, and no credit. He knew FDR would win the next election, but couldn't profit from it. He didn't know enough about science to reinvent anything major, and several small inventions (like the milk carton) were stolen from him. He wrote stories from plots he remembered, and discovered it took more than a plot to sell a story. He tried to get his "old" job back at the museum (in his white shirt and necktie they didn't recognize him as the nut they'd thrown out), but there was no work available. He attempted to give lectures on "The Future," but people either laughed at him or tried to have him arrested for salaciousness.

On his father's birthday in late '35, Turner went to the hospital to see him. He was cooling away when the nurse brought him to the window (Turner had told her he was the father), and Turner burst into tears—he and his father had never had a good relationship, and to see him so small and innocent was heart-rending. His grandmother was still recovering, and he couldn't visit her. The next day, she and the baby were both gone, no forwarding address—and since family rumor had it that his grandfather had deserted her months before, there was no way to trace anyone. People always keep terrible records in the past. His mother's family was from somewhere in the midwest, and they hadn't moved into the city until just before she'd met his father.

Turner began investing in stocks and storing comic books in his safety deposit box. He made a lot of money betting on Joe DiMaggio's hitting streak—and spent most of it on doctors, after almost dying of strep throat.

He fell in love with a woman—girl, in those days, of course—who worked in the Woolworth's down the block from the grocery. Her name was Connie, and she was, naturally, still a virgin. They were married the week he was made assistant manager at \$22.50 a week. Their life together was good, only marred by his inability to stay awake at the movies. Radio wasn't much better.

By 1940, he had a son of his own. He loved him dearly, and—remembering his own father—was everything a father should be to him.

He dreaded the months before Pearl Harbor, and almost had a breakdown. Afterward, too old for military service, he plunged into war work, like everyone else.

He began to hang around the museum, as a volunteer. His sculptures were stored in the basement (the curator kept wondering why there were two of them), and after long study, he began to understand the temporal principles involved. Turner had retained the tuning fork-calibrator all those years but he was afraid to experiment with it for fear of losing Connie and his son in time.

By 1950 he was a weekend coach for a local boys' track team. One Saturday, from out of the blue, his father came to Turner and asked him to coach him in the mile. Despite their age differences, or because of them—Turner was forty, by then, his father fifteen, and fatherless—they hit it off immediately. When his father got married, he stood up for him. His father even named his puker son after him. Then Turner realized with a shock that the reason for his difficult childhood relationship with his father was jealousy—he'd been jealous of the time his father spent with him.

Connie died of cancer in 1972, at far too young an age. Turner had loved her with all his heart, and when he was finally alone he wept until it seemed his soul would die, as well. Then one day he looked in the mirror and saw that he was a dead-ringer for John Lackland. It was time. He was almost sixty-two. His son was grown and doing well, with a son of his own. He left Jim a letter saying he loved him but had to go away, and with good luck he would see him and his grandson in twenty-two years. He took the tuning fork out of the socks drawer, and went to the museum.

"LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE had an adventure," said John Lackland a minute later.

"You're my blacksheep grandfather," said Turner, glaring at his spitting image.

"I was time-wrecked" said Lackland defensively. "It takes a while to recharge that machine of mine. You know what *that's* like."

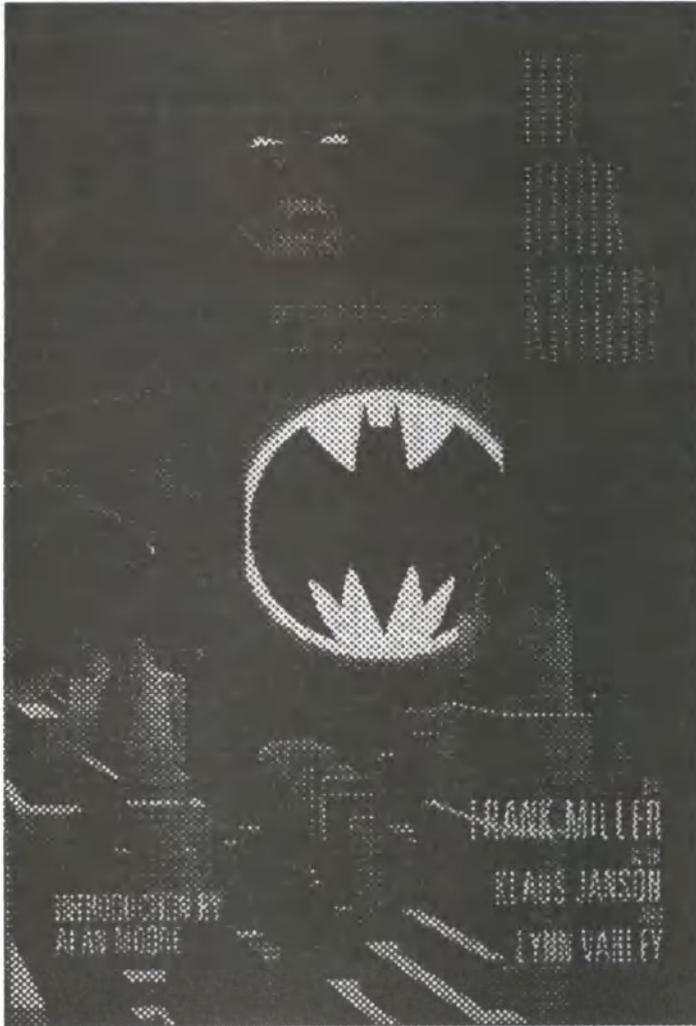
"And your first thought when it did recharge was to go to the *future*!" Turner dialed the museum's telephone. "Hi, son. It's your father. Oh, hi, Jimmy. You sound just like your dad. Everybody well? Yeah, I'm fine. Tell him I'm back, and ask him to pick me up at the museum downtown—and bring yourself along. It's been years. Quite an adventure..." He hung up and dialed again. "Mom? Yeah, I know I sound hoarse. I've got some people I want you and dad to meet tonight. Get ready for a surprise. Love you, too." He put down the receiver and turned to Lackland. "You see, gramps—I care about family!"

But Lackland was listening to an inner voice. "You know, if we *all* go to twenty-one eighty-nine, they'll *have* to pay attention. None of this 'recent' crap."

"John—"

"Jimmy," Lackland said patiently, "It'll only take a minute. □"

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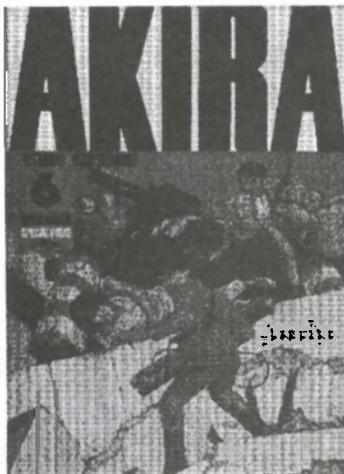


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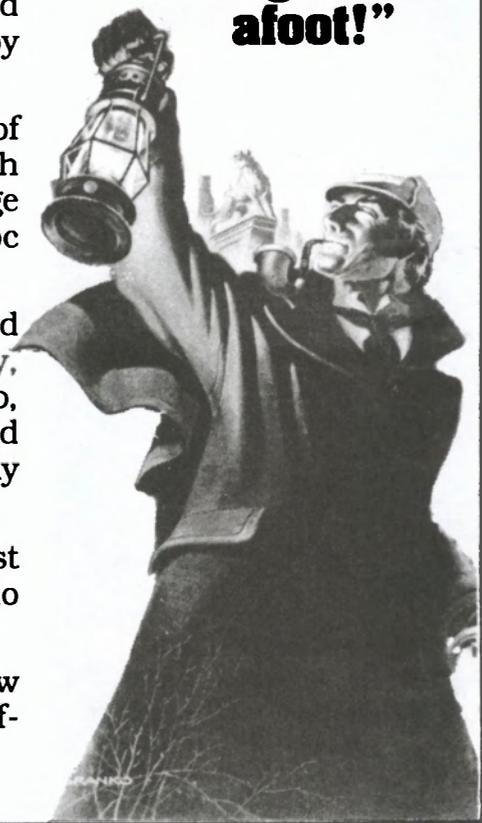
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