

2002



Annual

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When Thanks Isn't Enough....*

By Earl Kemp

One year ago I was trying to do something special for my MemoryHole mates for Christmas. I settled on reissuing an old Hannes Bok portfolio through <http://efanzines.com> with the help of Bill Burns. Then, to make matters worse, Bill went on to persuade me to produce a quarterly ezine named *eI*. "All you have to do," he told me, "is gather up the contents. I'll do the rest."

And has he ever been doing it! Neither of us really expected the other to do all kinds of tedious and time-consuming work...on a regular schedule...for a whole year...just to force the other to do all kinds of tedious and time-consuming work. Both of us won. Bill Burns makes me shine!

Then along came October of this year and I started looking around for something special to do for my MemoryHole mates for Christmas. It really isn't possible that a whole year has passed and that four quarterly issues of *eI* have appeared as threatened...yet here we are once more approaching the holiday season.

Howard DeVore came to my rescue when he saw me struggling for ideas. "Why don't you post an archive of all of William Hamling's *Imagination* covers?" Howard asked, and his suggestion immediately grabbed me as being the right thing to do. Once again DeVore scores!

"And you should use my copies," Howard added.

"Why...?"

"You forgot? My copies were Hamling's personal file copies. The ChiCon III committee gave the complete run to me for helping them with the convention."

And he was right and...slowly...I did remember. Hamling had contributed an enormous amount of material to the ChiCon III committee, as fund-raising fodder to help insure the convention's success. How ironic that, decades after the fact, all those pieces come together again, this December, just when I need them the most. In addition to Howard DeVore's *Imaginations*, we used Gregory Pickersgill's Memory Hole [www.gostak.demon.co.uk] Permacollection for the *Stardust* cover scans and other miscellaneous data.

They are, this is, the first *e/* Annual, 2002.

And, it is much more than what Howard DeVore had in mind when he started the creative juices to running. I decided to make it a complete archive of all of William Hamling's science fiction related publications, in as much detail as I could assemble, each in a separate archive by title.

And, to dedicate this issue of *e/* and all the work involved with producing it to my old-time friend and once-upon-a-fantasy boss, William Lawrence Hamling.

I recognize and honor him not just for having produced the publications featured in this issue of *e/*, but also for all his extra efforts on behalf of science fiction fans, and especially editors of fanzines, that Hamling encouraged and *de facto* sponsored over the years.

Like I said up above, "When Thanks Isn't Enough..." you go all the way and give it all you've got.

Bill...[Right after dinner and before it gets dark, let's walk the yard in the other direction tonight, okay?] I never said thanks nearly enough, and this effort won't do it here, but I'm trying my damndest to let you know you did a real nice job; take your bows and relax and enjoy the show unfolding just for you, your memories, and pictures of *Stardust* in your eyes, as well as your *Tales of Imagination* and *Space Travel*.

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As always, everything in this issue of *e/* is subject to revision, correction, expansion, and illustration, depending upon reader cooperation. That has never been truer than in the present issue. Because of the scope of the archives included here, some data is probably incorrect, missing, or otherwise misused. [Plus they take up a lot of digital space and are slow downloading. I apologize for that but feel that viewing the end result is well worth the wait.] There are undoubtedly a few missing jpegs that should be included in order to complete some cover runs. Whatever you send to me at earlkemp@citlink.net will be added into a revised edition of these archives at a later date. Please help to make this data correct with your additions and corrections. Thank you.

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As in everything, there are those who do more than others. This first annual issue of *e/* is made possible only because very many people did lots of really extra hard work to bring all these pieces together.

Bill Burns, my partner in *e/*, deserves most of the credit because he did most of the work.

Besides him, a cast to lust for: Robert Bonfils, Bruce Brenner, Cuyler Brooks, Ron Brown, Chad Childers, Howard DeVore, Darrell Doxmire, Lee Hoffman, Robert Lichtman, Dave Locke, Richard Lupoff, Catherine McAulay, Len Moffatt, Jerry Peters, Curt Phillips, Gregory Pickersgill, Frank Robinson, Andy Sawyer, Robert Silverberg, Harry Warner, Jr., Rennie Wasielewski, Ted White, and the multitude of overlooked others.

I thank you, Bill Burns thanks you, and MemoryHole Rules!

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*For William Lawrence Hamling; your *Imagination* allowed all of us to soar on wings of our own. Dated December 2002.

Politicians should read science fiction, not westerns and detective stories.
--Arthur C. Clarke

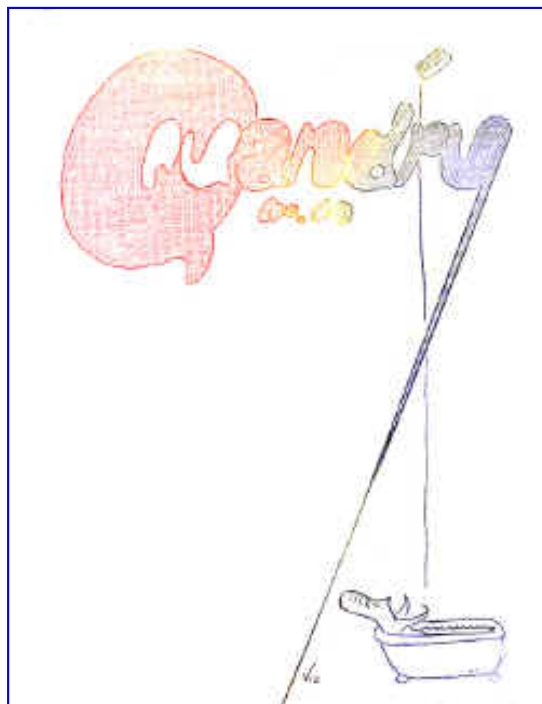
S*T*A*Rships That Pass in the Night

Boy, am I ever gonna be no help at all on this one. I remember reading *Fandora's Box* but I don't remember what I read, even if they were reviews of my own zines. I can't even look it up, since I no longer have my collections of prozines or fanzines. I don't even have a file of *Quandry*. Moving and space problems forced me to get rid of a lot of the pro stuff and...I had to get rid of great amounts of stuff. (My fanzines went to Joe Siclari for the archives.)

I remember Bill Hamling as a nice guy whom I met at a convention (ChiCon II 1952?). He traded me *Imagination* for my fanzines.

This is all I remember. I don't recall exactly where it was or who else was present. I don't remember ever meeting Mari Wolf, but that doesn't mean it never happened – just that I don't remember... Believe me, I would like to remember a lot more about my fannish adventures. I just can't.

--Lee Hoffman, October 11, 2002



Lee Hoffman's *Quandry* No. 10
(cover by Shelby Vic)
courtesy Robert Lichtman collection.

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...I would spend hours at Larsen's perusing the science fiction [magazines], and especially the likes of the old *Amazings*, *Startling Stories*, and *Thrilling Wonder Stories*. It was in these magazines that I first discovered the existence of something called "fandom." But it was the fandom of the '40s, of Sarge Saturn and Rog Phillips' "Club House" column in *Amazing*. I read with fascination of "fanzines" with titles like *SPACEWARP*, *VAMPIRE* and *SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES*. Of fans like Con Pedersen, Jimmy Taurasi, and Art Rapp. Of the "Torcon" and the "NFFF." I wondered a lot about those fans and fanzines and fannish events, but it never occurred to me that something like that could have been happening in the present time....

...Sometime during the summer of 1958 I went to a local newsstand and the October 1958 issue of *Imagination Science Fiction*, edited by William Hamling, caught my attention. It was probably the cover blurb that proclaimed "Special Science Feature: What We Will Find On Venus" that captured my neo-cosmic mind's attention. The cover was one of those spaceships and asteroids covers that doesn't quite grab you. It was primitive and uninspiring, nothing like the covers that dazzled me each month on *Galaxy* and *F&SF*. Hamling's editorial stated that "juvenile delinquency was on the rise" and that

annoyed me, because I was something of a borderline juvenile delinquent myself, despite my habits of reading and writing....

...What really grabbed me about that issue was a column, tucked away at the very rear of the magazine and in even smaller type than the stories. This column was called "Fandora's Box" and it was written by Robert Bloch.

Not only did the column mention fandom in its very first paragraph ("It still exists!" I exclaimed) but it went on in ways that were very interesting to a would-be writer like myself....

Well, my 15-year-old self was quite taken with all of this, and I immediately shipped off a couple of sticky quarters to obtain copies of OOPSLA #24 ("has always won a high rating in fanzine polls. Calkins is one of the best editors in the field.") and GRUE #29 ("If you don't know GRUE, you aren't a fan-but chances are you will be after reading an issue like this. Maybe not a science fiction fan, but a GRUE fan, anyway. It's the everliving end."). And thus the die was cast. My life as a fan in the active sense began shortly thereafter.

--Robert Lichtman, Trap Door #6, December 1986

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Bruce Pelz, originally from New Jersey, became active in fandom in the late 1950s while at college in Florida. -- had discovered fandom via Bob Bloch's "Fandora's Box" fanzine review column in *Imagination Science Fiction*. -- had gotten involved in fandom through a University of Florida cave exploration group, the Florida Speleological Society.

--Snip from unknown website

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Gave Hamling full exposure, both professionally and pictorially, in "Science Fiction of the 20th Century."

--Frank Robinson, email, October 22, 2002

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A year after Palmer left Ziff-Davis, one of his editors, William Lawrence Hamling, left to start his own magazine as well. In format, Hamling's *Imagination* mimicked *Other Worlds*. The stories were much like those Hamling had chosen when working for Ziff-Davis.

Imagination soon had its own companion. *Imaginative Tales* was intended to feature Thorne Smith type fantasies by Charles Myers about a "rollicking, ribald" girl named Toffee. Harold McCauley, Chicago's resident pin-up artist, painted the covers in order to provide some visual spice. After two issues, Robert Bloch took over the "rollicking, ribald" chores but by the end of 1955, *Imaginative Tales* had converted to a straight science-fiction magazine.

In 1958 - with many of the science fiction digests falling like flies - the title was changed to *Space Travel*. It didn't help and *Space Travel* died along with *Imagination*.

--Frank M. Robinson, Science Fiction of the 20th Century, 1999

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Bill Hamling was one of the first editors to buy a science-fiction story from me, back in 1954, and I owe him much for that vote of confidence. And when *Imagination* and *Imaginative Tales* turned into staff-written magazines a couple of years later, and Bill hired me (in conjunction with Randy Garrett) to turn out reams and reams of stories for them, that punctual monthly paycheck made life a lot simpler for me in my early years than it would otherwise have been.

I wish I had more time to set down some reminiscences of those early years and Bill Hamling's role in them, but it happens that I'm heading off to Paris next week - finally spending the money that Bill paid me 45 years ago - and don't have time right now for anything more elaborate than these two quick paragraphs.

--Bob Silverberg, October 11, 2002

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On Bill Hamling, I remember this much about him. In 1939 when we were planning for the 1940 Chicago Worldcon, it was the habit of a few Chicago fans to journey to Bloomington to spend the weekend with me. Bill Hamling appeared one weekend along with Erle Korshak and Mark Reinsberg and we talked of the convention program book. It was Bill's job to edit and produce that book.

My family and I were living in a small house with scant sleeping space so the three adventurous city boys slept in the backyard that weekend. They went home Sunday with hundreds – nay, thousands of skeeter and chigger bites, but despite that ordeal, Bill Hamling produced the program book on time. (And it is my memory that none of them had bus or train fare, so they hitchhiked both ways.)

--Bob Tucker, November 27, 2002

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Hamling once sent me a copy of his high school newspaper, which he had edited. It was almost professional in appearance and contents, called The Lane Tech something. I gathered that this was a prestigious high school in Chicago.

My memory no longer functions very well. But the Fanzine Index contains some information that might help in your quest for information on early fanzine publishing in the Chicago area.

For *Stardust* it lists in volume one issues dated March, May, and August 1940; for volume two, two issues dated September and November 1940. All were printed and contained from 24 to 40 pages apiece. Hamling is listed as the sole editor.

Ad Astra had five completed issues, all listed as volume one, and dated May, July, September, and November 1939 and January 1940. Two pages of an uncompleted sixth issue were included in a sole issue of *Midwest Marky* dated September 19, 1940. *Ad Astra* was mimeographed. Mark Reinsberg and Richard Meyer are listed as *Ad Astra* editors, Reinsberg alone as *Midwest Marky* editor.

There were probably other fanzines produced by one or another of the three....

Maybe Bob Tucker could remember some anecdotes for you. I can't think of anyone else who was active in that era and is still occasionally head from in fandom. I never met Hamling, but I recall how furious Jack Miske was when Hamling chose *Stardust* as the title of his new fanzine. Miske had been writing an every-issue column for my *Spaceways* with that title.

--Harry Warner, Jr., October 7, 2002

I am enough of an artist to draw freely upon my imagination. Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world.

--Albert Einstein

Prejudice*

By Mari Wolf

"Why can't we go to the city, Karred?"

"We just can't," I said. "Not now. Not ever."

The others watched me, not believing me. I saw disbelief in their eye-cells, and in the way they squared their steel-plated shoulders. I sighed. They were young—so much younger than I. Little more than newly-made. And I — I remember the days of men.

I sighed again. It was hard to be old. It was hard, especially hard, to be old and outcast, cut off forever from the bright, gleaming chromium cities of my youth.

"What do you want us to do?" Michela said bitterly. "Wander forever in the hills and collect metals from the ruins. From *their* cities?"

We stood together on the brow of the hill, looking out over the city. The new city. Built by those now in power — the city of the robots. I smiled bitterly. I had never thought I would exist to see it. I had never, really, thought that it would come. Man gone, gone forever, and the cities made by the creatures he had made, the bright shining streets echoing to the clank of metal treads, to the slithering of metal scales....

"Yes," Danton said. "You've kept us away from the cities for years now, haven't you, Karred? At first I believed you. I was young. I wasn't schooled. But now—all your excuses, all your feeble excuses...why, Karred? Why can't we go down to our people?"

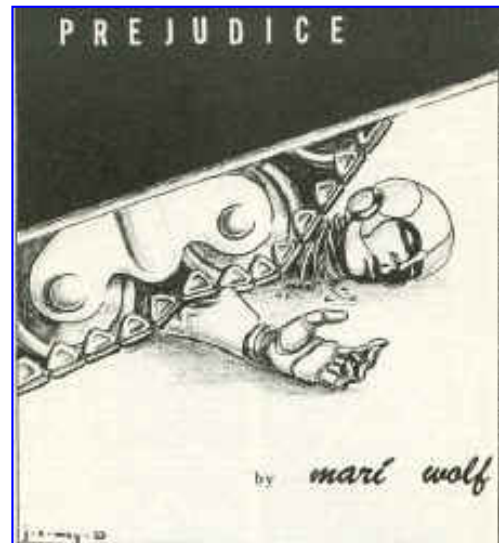
He lifted his seared, crippled arm in his good hand and pointed at the lines of rust eating slowly up from the elbow. "I need parts," he said. "And we haven't found any of the man cities. Not recently. Perhaps we won't — until it's too late."

Until the rust reached his brain, and he died. Odd, to think of a robot's dying, and yet death was the lot of us all, sooner or later. Death, and others taking our places, others looking upon the world with young and eager and unjaded eyes.

I wouldn't fight against death, I thought, when it came to me....

"It wouldn't take us long to get down there," Michela said. "Only a few hours. And then, if we didn't like it, we could come back here."

She looked up at Danton, just for a second, and then her eyes slid away again, back to the cities. But



she had looked at Danton. I smiled. Even that, I thought, even that has man left to us. Love....

The four of them stood watching me. Michela and Danton, and the other two, the still younger ones whose brains were as yet half empty, a series of tubes unlinked now, connections unmade, metallic neurons as yet untapped and unharnessed into knowledge of our world. Two young ones whom I had found not quite completed in the last of the ruined man cities, whom I had finished, to whom I had, in my way, given birth.

Perhaps, I thought, I should have left them. Perhaps another, in a hundred years or a thousand, would have given them a kinder world to live in.

"You won't go down there?" Danton said.

"No."

I turned away, back toward the forest, and then, without warning, his shadow was about me, his shadow, and the great metal club uplifted....

I tried to duck, to turn, but I was too late. And as I sank into blackness, into death perhaps, I knew that I had lost. They would go to the city.

#

I awoke. It was dark, and the stars were familiar things above me, and the bright colored lights of the city were familiar things too. I sat up and looked around and touched my head, where the steel lay peeled back in an ugly wound. And then, knowing where they had gone, I got to my feet and followed them.

It was bright, that city. And strange-not like those of my youth after all, not like a man city. Huge buildings where a man twenty feet tall could have walked, and tiny hose-like structures where a man would have had to crawl. A thousand different architectural styles, all blended together into one incredible yet harmonious whole.

I walked into the city.

For a moment the inhabitants paid me no heed. They went about their business, some of them clanking past on tripod legs twenty feet long, some on caterpillar treads, some slithering like snakes, some rolling, their faces vanishing into the cobblestones and then reappearing. And I stood watching them, and waited for them to notice me.

"Look!"

"Another one!"

"Where are your friends, Old One?" This voice was mocking.

"Where you'll be...."

"Kill him...kill him...."

I should have warned them, I thought. I should have told them the truth. I was a fool to think I could keep them in the forests....

The flaming steel shattered against my mouth. I threw up my hands to protect my face.

"Kill him...kill him...."

There was a heap of metal in the square before me. A heap of metal-arms and legs and faces twisted suddenly in fear and knowledge of what the city meant, of where the danger lay....

"Wait!" The one on caterpillar treads slithered to a halt before me. "Keep this one. Tomorrow's the Anniversary. We'll kill him then.":

"The Anniversary – the Anniversary," they chanted.

My arms ripped from their sockets, and my legs flamed into molten steel, and my face no longer a face. And tomorrow is the Anniversary. Twenty years ago tomorrow the last man died. And tomorrow?

It's fitting, perhaps that I should die then.

For I am the last with the shape that must not be. I am the last who is made in the image of man.

*Story by Mari Wolf and artwork by Julian C. May ("Judy," Mrs. Ted Dikty) is reprinted from *Destiny 9*, dated Winter 1953-54.

We here, we science fiction fans, are the lunatic fringe; the crazy fools who read that kind of stuff.
--Robert A. Heinlein, Denver, September 1940

Mari Wolf & Me

By Ted White

For years I have told the story of reading Mari Wolf's review of Lee Hoffman's *Science-Fiction Five Yearly* #1 in *Imagination*, and of how Mari's enthusiastic review of Lee's use of color mimeography influenced me to embark upon an early fan career in color mimeography. I still have a vivid memory of reading that review, and of the impression it made upon me when I was 14 years old and still very impressionable. It wasn't easy to do color mimeography, Mari had explained. It was *difficult*. It required *hard work*. For each color one had to clean the drum of the mimeograph to prepare it for a new color of ink, and *run the pages through the mimeograph again*. Lee Hoffman had done this with *S-FF-Y*, and Mari Wolf was highly impressed by the job Lee had done. Well, I thought to myself, I can do that too. In fact, producing color mimeography was a lot easier for me than writing or editing well. I was a young neofan, after all, with little to say and even less ability to do it well. But I thought of myself as an artist, I was intrigued by the process of putting art on mimeograph stencils, and I had a postcard mimeograph, which was easy to clean and change colors on. In a very direct way Lee's fanzine and Mari's review of it had a profound influence on my



Lee Hoffman's
Science-Fiction Five-Yearly No. 1,
courtesy Robert Lichtman collection.
Dated November 1951

early career as a fanzine editor, although I did not see *S-FF-Y* #1 itself until years later.

In preparation for writing this piece I got down my set of *Imagination* from my bookshelves where they had sat for over 25 years undisturbed. I started going through them, looking for the issue, which contained Mari Wolf's column, "Fandora's Box," in which she wrote that review. I wanted to refresh my memory. I wanted to quote the Good Parts.

I couldn't find it. *S-FF-Y* #1 was published in November 1951. There was a perhaps six-month lag in Mari's reviews, due to the fact that fanzines for review were sent to a post office box in Evanston, Illinois, and were collected and shipped to her in Los Angeles every two months (*Imagination* was originally bimonthly), where she read and reviewed them and then sent her column back to Evanston, where it was set in type and published a month or two later. I scanned her columns well into 1954, looking for that errant review.

Then I checked the actual issues I had. I'd assumed I had them all – which I once did. But several issues were missing. I was missing #4 (too early; it was published early in 1951). I was missing #16 (March, 1953). Also #21 (August, 1953) and #28 (March, 1954). (The magazine had gone to publication every six weeks, and then monthly.) What became of those issues? Had I loaned them to someone? Had someone quietly filched them, back when they sat on shelves in my Brooklyn living room where fans partied every two weeks – and all of New York City-area fandom celebrated New Year's Eve every year for much of the '60s? I don't know. I have no idea. Those missing issues – one of which must contain that review – came as a complete surprise to me, and lead me to wonder what else may be missing from my collection.

On the other hand, thumbing through those early issues of *Madge* – as the magazine was affectionately known to its loyal readers – brought back many memories, along with that musty smell of nostalgia.

I started buying science fiction magazines in late August 1951. A friend who lived down the block, upon hearing that I liked to read science fiction books, told me he had a "book" he'd give me. It was not a book – it was the September, 1950 issue of *Astounding*, then almost a year old. I'd known *Astounding* – and, by extension, other science fiction magazines – existed, since I was a regular newsstand browser, although I mostly bought comic books, *Popular Science*, *Popular Mechanics*, and *Mechanix Illustrated*, and the early car magazines, like *Speed Age* and *Motor Trend*. I'd picked up a copy of *Astounding* when I was 10 (and an avid Heinlein fan), but I found it offputting and "over my head" when I thumbed through it then. Pages of dense text, words and phrases I didn't yet understand.

But although that September 1950 *Astounding* was still a bit over my head (I was 13), I read it with mounting excitement and the very next day rode my bicycle on a circuit of the local drugstores (of which there were then over a half-dozen – more than there are now in this area), all of which had newsstands, buying all the digest-sized sf magazines I could find. (In less than a month I had read them all and, still hungry for more, put aside my prejudice against pulp magazines and purchased all the pulp sf magazines as well.)

So by early fall, 1951, I was totally immersed in the world of sf "prozines" and, thanks to their letter columns and fanzine review columns, I learned fanspeak and something about fanzines, although I did not get my first fanzine until that December. It was as if floodgates had been opened and I was swept into the heavy stream of science fiction and fandom almost simultaneously. I read an average in wordage of three books a day throughout my teens until I graduated high school, and I picked up fanlore quickly, absorbing everything I read like the proverbial sponge. (Later in the '50s I borrowed and read whole collections of fanzines going back to the '30s.)

It was my habit, each day after school, to make the rounds of drugstores (although I knew that new magazines came in only twice a week – and sometimes I'd wait impatiently while the wires were cut on

the bundles for new issues to be released, their spines tantalizing me), and, near the end of my circuit to park my bike (later, my motor scooter) on a dirt road where it crossed a stream known as Four Mile Run. In the '60s the Army Corps of Engineers straightened out the stream in the name of flood control, and destroyed its tree-shaded beauty, but while I was still in school the stream meandered through a wild wooded area and I liked to sit on a moss-covered bank, my back to a tree, and thumb through the latest magazines I'd bought, reading first their editorials, features and letter columns. (I was probably putting off chores I'd be required to do when I got home.) Sometimes I smoked cigarette-sized "Between The Acts" cigars while I sat there reading.

Imagination was not my favorite prozine. That honor went to *Other Worlds* (I was a sucker for Ray Palmer's editorials and his long replies to letters) and *Startling Stories* and *Thrilling Wonder Stories* (Sam Mines' excellent pulps, which had the most fannish letter columns). But I did buy and read *Imagination* every issue, and when I thumbed through them just now I realized just how *much* Mari Wolf had told me about fandom in her column.

"Fandora's Box" was *more* than a fanzine-review column. It was in many respects a miniature fanzine – a "perzine" if you will. It typically ran 8 to 10 pages (of type which was a point or two smaller and more closely leaded than the stories) in each issue, and invariably led off with an "editorial" or short article in which Mari talked about what conventions were really like (and how a newcomer could enjoy them), or about attending a LASFS meeting, or a cross-country car trip with her husband, Rog Phillips (Graham), visiting writers and editors along the way, or new sf clubs (quoting lengthy letters from their organizers), or even (in the April 1954 issue), What Are Fanzines, Anyway? – describing their varying types and purposes, from clubzines to poetry zines to newszines. This usually ran to about one-third (sometimes more) of the column, and would be followed by reviews (sometimes short paragraphs, sometimes longer) of up to a dozen fanzines.

My memory of her column was that it was light and frothy and that she always liked every fanzine she reviewed. But looking back over them now I can see that her opening sections were usually serious and fairly thoughtful, and at worse good personal writing ("fanwriting" for all intents and purposes). And while she reviewed a broad cross section of the fanzines of the day, rarely criticizing any of them (including *Star*Rockets* and *Brevizine*, two notable crudzines), she *did* note the better ones, and had a good track record for recognizing potential early on (she saw something special in Joel Nydahl's *Vega* #2, while it was still hectographed, and six months later was pointing out that it had become the best monthly fanzine around, *Quandry* having folded by then; she similarly recognized Dick Geis' *Psychotic* with its first issue and lauded subsequent issues).

Thumbing through those reviews I found evidence of a Baltimore fandom now totally forgotten by those who think it started with Jack Chalker. I found a review of Dave Van Arnam's first fanzine (while he was living in Florida), and of a fanzine called *Void* which preceded the Benford brothers' use of that title by several years. There were reviews of Bob Silverberg's *Spaceship* which noted how much it had improved over its early, badly mimeod issues, along with reviews of Redd Boggs' *Skyhook*, Walt Willis' *Hyphen* and Max Keasler's *Fanvariety*. There was a review of *Confusion*, apparently before Shelby Vick had taken it over – or maybe Mari was confused and misattributed its editorship, since she did note the profusion of Vick's art in its pages.

Reading through those reviews took me back 50 years and reminded me of many lost and forgotten fans with whom I once corresponded but never met, like Don Wegars and Larry Anderson. Terry Carr's name pops up in many places (he was a prolific contributor to early '50s fanzines and then became nearly as prolific in putting them out, often with Boob Stewart, Pete Graham, or Dave Rike; did you know he once put out a fanzine devoted to cartoons?)

I owe Mari Wolf a far larger debt than I had thought. She offered a warm and accepting view of fanzines and fandom and was my window into fandom before I'd taken the plunge myself.

I didn't send her the first issue of my first fanzine. It never occurred to me. I mailed out only around 35

copies of it and didn't even send it to the BNFs whom I still held in awe; I knew it didn't measure up to their standards.

But I should have. My loss. I know that now.

Special thanks to Robert Lichtman for scanning the covers of some of his incredible fanzines for this article.

You cannot depend on your eyes when your imagination is out of focus.

---Mark Twain

Charlie Myers & Me

By Richard A. Lupoff

Nineteen fifty-four. Nineteen fifty-four. Wow! Makes my head spin just to think of it. Dwight Eisenhower was in the White House. Joe Stalin was barely cold, lying there in Lenin's Tomb. Comrade Khrushchev would oust him a few years later, but right now Nikita was still jostling with Lavrenti Beria and Nikolai Bulganin for top spot in the Kremlin.

The Dodgers still called Ebbetts Field home, and the Giants played in the Polo Grounds (where, as far as I know, nobody ever played polo). Top television shows that fall were "I Love Lucy," "The Jackie Gleason Show," "Dragnet," "You Bet Your Life," and "Toast of the Town."

And I was a typically nerdish teenaged schoolboy science fiction fan. Considerably smarter than most of my contemporaries, sorrowfully lacking in social skills, and wildly awash in unending hormone storms. I lived for each new issue of *Galaxy* and *F&SF*, actually followed all of the pulps and digests from *Amazing Stories* to *Weird Tales*, and haunted the wire revolver racks at the local bus station looking for the new science fiction paperback books that were starting to appear with delightful frequency.

I'd been "reading" science fiction and fantasy stories even longer than I'd been able to read at all, assiduously studying Alex Raymond's wonderful drawings of Flash Gordon, Dale Arden, Dr. Zarkov, and Ming the Merciless in the Sunday paper even before I could figure out the meaning of those little lines and curves that I knew were the mystical representation of *words*.

The early fifties were a silver age for science fiction magazines, the last gasp of the classic pulps and the great flowering of the digests. I was always excited when a new magazine made its debut, and I was really thrilled on the day I plunked down my hard-earned thirty-five cents (I ushered at the neighborhood rerun picture house) for the first issue of *Imaginative Tales*. I knew this was a spin-off of



Dick and Pat Lupoff as Captain Marvel and Mary Marvel at World Science Fiction Convention in Chicago, 1960. Costumes were a set of men's long-johns and a woman's tee shirt, with pillow cases for capes.

Imagination ("Stories of Science and Fantasy"), edited by a fellow name Bill Hamling, who had formerly worked for Ziff-Davis along with Ray Palmer on *Fantastic Adventures*.

Imaginative Tales as I remember it. (I don't have a single copy in the house, alas) was to *Imagination* what the *Galaxy Novels* were to *Galaxy* – a bimonthly companion series that featured complete novels rather than the potpourri of the main magazine. And *Imaginative Tales*, at least in its early issues, featured a series of romps by one Charles F. Myers, featuring a minimally clad tease named Toffee.

Toffee was incredibly sexy, generously yet gracefully endowed, sweet in nature unless you got her peeved, cheerily playful, often very funny, and she didn't wear many clothes. And remember, I was a libido-driven adolescent male of fairly normal proclivities. In short, I was pretty seriously nuts at the time, and Toffee made perfect reading material for me. If I was more than slightly in love with her, well, I'm afraid that my real-life co-ed girlfriend of that era didn't quite measure up to Charlie Myers' fantasy creation.

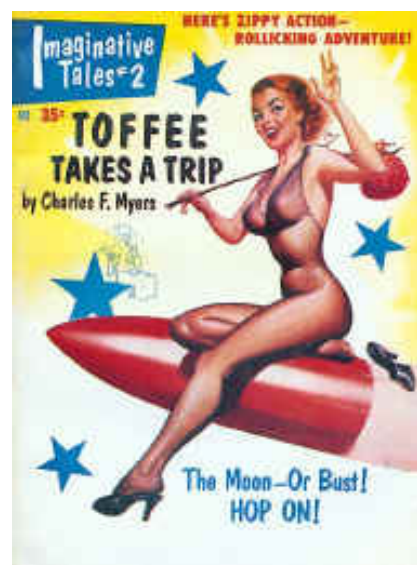
I hadn't been particularly conscious of Myers' Toffee stories that had been running in *Fantastic Adventures* since 1947, and was only vaguely aware that Myers followed Editor Hamling to *Imagination* in 1951.

The Toffee issues of *Imaginative Tales* featured wonderful, libidinous fantasy paintings on their covers – all done by Harold W. McCauley, who also painted lots of those famous Coca-Cola "beauties" billboards. There were little drawings inside the magazine, too. The combination of fantasy, humor, and sex in the Toffee stories was wonderful – just perfect for me, and if I haven't read one of them in half a century, I find myself wondering if they were as grand as I remember.

Maybe I'm just looking at the distant past through rosy-colored lenses. Listen, I even have fond recollections of Ed Hamilton's Captain Future stories, Doc Smith's Skylarks and Lensmen, Jack Williamson's Legion of Space, and Edgar Rice Burroughs' Barsoomian saga. I haven't reread any of these in decades, and I shudder to think what would happen if I gave them another read.

Anyway, one afternoon a few years ago my pal Frank Robinson was sitting in my living room with a glass of pineapple juice in his paw. Frank was spinning yarns about his own days as a teenaged office boy at Ziff-Davis, and his later association with Hamling at *Rogue*, and somehow Charlie Myers and Toffee came up in the conversation. I asked Frank if he knew anything about Myers, and what had become of him after Toffee's last hurrah in *Imaginative Tales*, and Frank didn't have the foggiest, but he gave me a lead on finding Bill Hamling, and I wrote to Bill and asked if he knew where Myers was.

Hamling wrote back that the last he knew Myers was living in Auburn, California, Clark Ashton Smith's onetime stomping ground. On the off chance that Myers was still there, I checked the Auburn phone book and – lo! and behold – there was Charles F. Myers. With



trembling fingers I dialed his phone number (surely you remember telephones with dials) and when a woman answered the phone I asked if I could speak with Mr. Myers.

In a moment I was actually conversing with Charles F. Myers – but, alas, it wasn't our Charlie. There had been two Charles F. Myerses in Auburn, but the other one had died or moved away or something, and the one I was talking to was not the one who had created Toffee.

That close, that close, dear reader – but no prize.

Somehow my investigation fizzled at that point, but more recently I decided to give it another try. Big-hearted Howard DeVore, one of the world's finest people, actually sent me a tear sheet from *Imagination* for July, 1952. The inside front cover features a photo of Charles F. Myers, and a brief autobiography. He looks like a standard B-movie actor of the era, complete with pompadour and high forehead. He's wearing a suit jacket and he's got his collar unbuttoned and his necktie pulled down for comfort.



The biography, unfortunately, is extremely sparse when it comes to personal data, but it does say that Myers was a native Californian, and “(Had) been for thirty years.” That's about all the solid information the biography contains. The rest is breezy stuff about informality and good cheer. But Myers does mention that he had served in the military, presumably in World War II, and that he sometimes wrote “special material” for friends in show biz.

Not much to go on there, unless the Pentagon could furnish some information, but at the moment at least I'm not privy to Pentagon or Veterans' Department files.

But I did consult the Social Security Death Index via Internet access, and found that some 29 Charles F. Myerses had died while on the government's retirement roles. If Myers was really 30 years old in 1952, that would put his birth year at 1922. Three of my 29 Myerses had promising birth dates – 17 July 1921, 15 October 1922, and 24 September 1923. I figured I could eliminate the other 26, the ones who were born in 1910 (too old), 1942 (too young), and so on.

None of my candidates had died in or near Auburn, California, but I figured that if the “right” Charlie Myers was a native Californian and had lived in the often-snowbound Sierra town of Auburn, he might well have retired to a warmer climate in his later years. One of my Charlies had died in Jefferson, West Virginia; one, in Nassau, New York; and one in Pinellas, Florida.

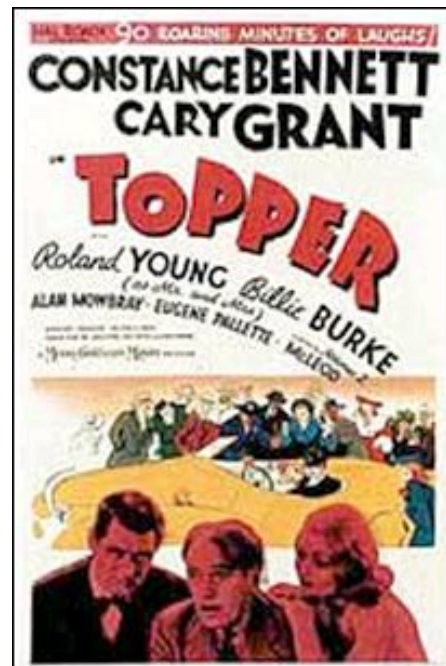
That one sounds right. Charles F. Myers, born 15 October 1922, died 22 August 1991 in Pinellas, Florida. I figure, he's the guy. He's Toffee's dad. My next step – I haven't taken it yet – is to see if there's a local newspaper in Pinellas, Florida. If so, maybe they ran an obituary when Charlie Myers died, and if their Charlie Myers was the right Charlie Myers, maybe there's something about Toffee in his obit.

Unless – unless – unless none of these Charlie Myerses is our Charlie Myers. It's possible that he's still alive, hale, hearty, and happy, having celebrated his eightieth birthday not very long ago. I sure hope so. I like to think that Charlie is still out there, somewhere, reaping the rewards in his old age for the pleasure he gave to readers half a century ago.

Of course it's widely believed that the Toffee stories were nothing but low-budget imitations of Thorne Smith's Topper fantasies. I happen to be a Thorne Smith fan, have read all his works except for a very few, very hard-to-obtain items, and am very fond of the Topper books.

But I don't think that Toffee was just imitation Thorne Smith. Myers may well have been familiar with Smith's work, and Toffee may have been influenced somewhat by Marion Kirby, the sexy ghost in the Topper books, but Toffee had her own wonderful, sweet, funny, sexy persona, and I will be forever grateful to Charlie Myers for giving me some happy smiles and some out-loud laughs at a time in my life when I really needed them.

And I wish to Hades that some enterprising reprint house would bring the Toffee books back into print. I'd love to read them again, and unlike some of the other chestnuts of my youth, I'll bet that they'd still be great fun.



Imagination is more important than knowledge, for knowledge is limited while imagination embraces the entire world.

--Albert Einstein

Tales of Imagination and Space Travel*

A Capricious Chronology

By Earl Kemp

William Lawrence Hamling was born in 1921 in Chicago. His family lived in the near north side of town in an area populated by first-generation descendants of immigrants from Germany, Poland, and Greece. Even then it was all inner city, though that concept had not yet been invented. I came along eight years later, in 1929 and, ironically when I first moved to Chicago in 1948, gravitated to the exact same neighborhood where Hamling had lived.

In 1937 a group of science fiction fans was sitting around LASFS (Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society) talking about producing a fanzine. Forrest Ackerman suggested they use the name *Imagination* for their effort and everyone agreed. From then and well into 1938, they produced thirteen issues of that amateur magazine.

....From the first Worldcon in 1939, through *VOM* {*Voice of the Imagi-Nation*, 4sj and Morojo's letterzine, which flourished for fifty issues in the early '40s. It was originally just the letter column of the LASFS OO, *Imagination*, but later took off on its own under Acky's ministrations. *Fancyyclopedia*] and the LASFS, and the famous feuds, and everything else that makes fandom what it is today, there was Ackerman....

--Ted A. Johnstone, "My Friend Forry" (circa 1965), *Nonstop Fun* #6, November 2002

Hamling was raised in a Catholic family on Chicago's north side, and had served Mass as an altar boy. Fortunately, he was able to attend Lane Technical High School in Chicago. In those days that was the closest thing there was to a "magnet" school teaching very specialized material. The specialty at Lane Technical was what it sounds like...real stuff for real jobs for real people. While he was there, Hamling learned not only journalism but also all the back-ups for it as well...the printing trade itself. These were hands-on classes wherein the students did real-time work comparable to that done by outside professional businesses.

Among them, fortunately, William Hamling felt perfectly at home. While he was attending Lane, he became editor of the Lane Technical *Times*, a thoroughly professional appearing newspaper. Harry Warner, Jr. remembers Hamling mailing him sample copies of it at the time, and how good a job Harry thought young Hamling was doing.

Several Bloomington (or Chicon) Conferences, including the Barnyard Con, were held in 1939 and 1940 to plan the Chicon, attendees being Reinsberg, Korshak, Tucker, and other figures, but not including W. Lawrence Hamling, another prominent Chicago fan, who objected for reasons of anti-Semitism.

--*Fancylopedia I*

About the same time, in the Midwest, a group of science fiction fans was getting together planning a convention for Chicago. Almost every prominent fan of the time was present with one notable exception. *Fancylopedia I* says that William Hamling boycotted those meetings because he felt they were anti-Semitic in nature. Even then Bill Hamling was standing up and facing his contemporaries for something he believed in very strongly.

Bob Tucker remembers Hamling and some of the Chicago boys visiting him while planning ChiCon I, and participating in the discussions there. Not only that, Hamling produced the excellent Worldcon Program Book as well. During those lean, work-filled days, Hamling learned what it meant to work on a Worldcon committee and to want something to happen very badly. Some of those memories lasted him a lifetime and determined, to a certain extent, Hamling's own capricious and irregular tangible support of fandom and fanzine editors through many decades to come.



In May of 1939, Hamling's first piece of short fiction was published in *Amazing Stories*. It was bylined by Hamling and his long-time friend Mark Reinsberg. Hamling would turn eighteen that year, and I would become ten. Reinsberg, by himself, had gained the nickname *Midwest Marky*, and used that as the name of one of his fanzines. Co-editing with Richard Meyer, Reinsberg also produced *Ad Astra*.

In 1940, while all this monumental stuff was taking place, I became eleven years old. The Nazis invaded Paris and, in Paris, Henry Miller's (my future hero to be) *The World of Sex* was published by Olympia Press. And, to be truthful about it, I didn't know the first thing about science fiction, William Hamling, sex, or Henry Miller. And, if I had a copy of Miller's book, and could have read it, I wouldn't have had the vaguest idea what it was talking about so eloquently or how to go about doing any of that wonderful stuff.

It was also 1940, while he was attending the University of Chicago, when Hamling began producing his first fanzine, *Stardust*. It was March when the first of five issues appeared.

Back over at Harry Warner's place in Hagerstown, MD, where he had been producing his own fanzine *Spaceways* for quite some time, he had an unhappy camper on his hands. For many issues, Jack Miske had been conducting a regular column named "Stardust" for Harry's fanzine. He got real pissed and accused Hamling of stealing his title for his fanzine.



Mailing envelope William Hamling used for his fanzine *Stardust*.
Courtesy Ron Brown collection. Dated 1940.

The Manhattan Project, to build an atomic bomb, began in 1941 and everything started to get confusing here and there around the world and Fermi split the atom beneath the stadium bleachers at the University of Chicago heralding a dangerous new era.

Somewhere along the line in the 1940s, William Hamling went into the Army to do his duty for God and country. While he was there he discovered a somewhat different God than the one he had known before, and one or two other things that would change his life forever in a number of different directions.

As a younger man who had contemplated the priesthood, Hamling had felt ennobled within the confines of the Church, secure in its rigid rules and regulations, humbled by the certainty with which it identified and punished sin....

But in the Army, Hamling's perspective changed; it was there that he saw the Church, in deference to the war, becoming less celestial, more nationalistic and permissive. Sins that had been called sins for centuries were suddenly no longer condemned as such by the Church...and when tons of pinup magazines were transported by the military up to the front as substitute stimulants for the womanless warriors, the Church, once so strict and censorial, was silent, and in its silence was complicitous....
...and after he was discharged and had returned to civilian life in Chicago, he was no longer dominated by his early conditioning, his narrow view of sin, his guilt about unsanctified sex.

--Gay Talese, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*

In *Amazing Stories* for September 1944, Hamling wrote about himself for the "Meet the Author" column. Among other things, he wrote: "It's almost like a dream when I look back and say: Born June 14, 1921, reared in this great city of Chicago—University of Chicago in 1940—and the good old fan days. Possibly some of you still remember *Stardust*, the slick paper fan magazine I edited in '39 and '40. Those were the good old days.... I'm part of Uncle Sam's armed forces. I joined up in November '42. Went through the inevitable training every Infantry soldier (God bless them!) goes through, and after much toil and trouble, got my commission last June in '43...." And, the article was accompanied by a really impressive photograph of "LT. WILLIAM LAWRENCE HAMLING.



"After finishing his tour with the Army, Hamling began struggling around a bit trying to write fiction and find a job that he could handle. He was lucky, finally, and landed a choice job with Ziff-Davis whose editorial offices were located in downtown Chicago. Here, among some of his personal heroes, Hamling felt at home for the very first time. His buddy LeRoy Yerxa was there, and his other buddy Raymond Palmer, though some of Palmer's nut-fringe friends like Richard Shaver were standout people and a bit hard to digest at times.

There were Harold W. McCauley and J. Allen St. John cranking out unbelievable covers and Howard Browne calling a lot of the shots. It was damn close to Heaven, and all of them thought it would go on forever while they bathed Sol III in *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Adventures* and bug-eyed monsters and barely covered babes and assaults from all kinds of spaceships from galaxies way out there somewhere where the truth surely is....

But it didn't last forever. Ziff-Davis grew tired of Chicago and wanted to go big time. New York was the place to be...and slowly they began moving their offices to Manhattan, shutting down little by little. Some of the staff members were given an option of moving to New York with the company, but the idea didn't please many of them, so they elected to stay behind and take their chances in the boonies of Chicago without the big time publishing giant.

Hamling's best friend LeRoy Yerxa died and, after a reasonable length of time, William Hamling proposed to Frances Yerxa. Frances, who had already made a name for herself as a writer with her material appearing all over the place, accepted Hamling's proposal and Hamling assumed responsibility for Yerxa's sons Edward and Richard, and began raising them as his own. Then, Bill and Frances had two children, a daughter Debbie and Billy Jr. They lived in Evanston, the north contiguous suburb of Chicago, on Fowler Avenue in a nice, comfortable house. Coincidentally, their telephone exchange was GRGreenleaf [a name to contend with].

For a while following Ziff-Davis's departure for New York, Hamling worked for George von Rosen, who produced a magazine named *Modern Man* and an airbrushed nudist magazine called *Modern Sunbathing & Hygiene*. While in this editorial position, Hamling became friends with a co-worker, a promotion director named Hugh Hefner, who had a bed full of ideas all his own, starring himself as the upstanding centerpiece.

Raymond Palmer opened an office in Evanston, near Hamling's home, and began publishing a number of magazines from there, notably *Other Worlds* and *Fate*. And, as a special treat for Chicago fandom, Palmer imported Bea Mahaffey from Ohio to help him run the outfit.

In 1948 I moved to Chicago and rented a place only a few blocks away from where Hamling had lived as a teenager. It was appropriate. I was 19, the classic Charles Atlas 98-pound weakling, and 30" waist pants hung on me in loose folds.

With the handwriting on the wall for William Hamling, he decided to become a publisher like his pal

Palmer. Greenleaf Publishing Company was born in Hamling's basement office in Evanston. From there he would edit and publish many science fiction magazines beginning, in October 1950, with *Imagination* (with no thanks to either Forrie Ackerman or LASFS, however articles written by Forrie appeared in every issue of *Stardust* as well as frequent appearances in *all* of Hamling's science fiction magazines). My first daughter Edith was also born that year.

There were 63 issues of *Imagination*, ending the run in October 1958.

1951 was particularly an action-filled year. Rog Phillips had been conducting a science fiction fan column in *Amazing Stories* for some time. It was an excellent source for information by and about the more active fans of the genre.

In MemoryHole, Bill Bowers posted an especially appropriate quotation that Rog Phillips wrote in "The Club House" in *Amazing Stories* of June 1948. Roger wrote:

"I, like many of you, have known in a vague way that fandom exists. It was only when I actually went into the thing -- subscribed to a couple of fanzines, that I really knew what a dynamic, alive group fandom is. Those of you who are not in fandom in some way are much like the wallflowers at a dance. You may be enjoying the dance music (in this case the prozines). You might even be getting fun watching the dancers (the fans). But unless you get on the floor and dance you aren't getting all you should out of science fiction and fantasy."

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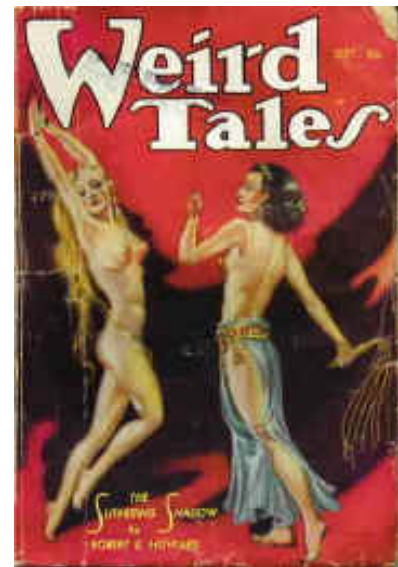
And, doing yet another service for fandom, Phillips not only persuaded Hamling to run a similar column in his magazine, but convinced Roger's wife, Mari Wolf, to conduct it as well. Thus "Fandora's Box" was born within *Imagination*, the first column appearing in April 1951. Mari conducted the column for five years, finally retiring in April 1956. Robert Bloch took over handling the column at that time. That's when I discovered *Imagination*, Mari Wolf, and my true density....

#

I was four years old when *Weird Tales* appeared sporting this sensational cover painting by once-and-future-friend Margaret Brundage. Of this cover, Margaret said, "The editors told me to make the breasts bigger in the future."

Before I moved away from Arkansas, while in my early teens, I discovered pulp fiction. There were a number of magazines that struck my fancy for different reasons, among them were titles like *Planet Stories*, *Weird Tales*, *Spicy Mystery Stories*, *Etc.* It was probably my emerging pubescence tilting me toward the spicy parts, but I had always been easy to tilt.

Within those wonderful, cheap pulps I also found things like letter columns and the knowledge that there were other people out there like me after all so I didn't have to be condemned to a lifetime of hiding like an alien being. My particular favorite, and the thing that came closest to being fannish, was "The Eerie" column in *Weird Tales*, complete with membership cards and individual namedropping. That's why it came as no surprise to me when I discovered "Fandora's Box" in *Imagination*.



I read Mari Wolf's column about those things called fanzines that I had never heard of before, and of meetings and congregatings of like-minded spacenuts and other oddball characters. In no time at all, I was not only writing away for sample copies of some of those fanzines (sticky quarters stuck to the

letter with Scotch tape), but writing fan letters to Mari Wolf as well.

And Mari wrote back, which was the biggest surprise of the year. In no time at all she had arranged for me to meet Ed Wood, editor (with Charles Freudenthal) of the prestigious fanzine *The Journal of Science Fiction* and well-known fan around the Chicago area. I was just dumb enough and just active enough to inspire Ed to take me under his wing so to speak and teach me the necessities for surviving within Chicago fandom.



Pictured (L to R) are, top row: Earl Kemp, Jeannie Smith, Phil Farmer.
Bottom row: Nancy Kemp, Frank Robinson, Phyllis Economou.
Beatley's on the Lake, Midwestcon. Cincinnati fan group photo. 1952.

At the same time, and still through Mari and "Fandora's Box," I also began corresponding with some strangers who were rapidly becoming friends...people like Docs Barrett and Smith from right off the top of the heap, one could say. And they suckered me in like the willing fish I was. Doc Barrett made it impossible for me to refuse an invitation to Beatley's on the Lake to something called a Midwestcon...literally picking me up and delivering me to the gathering.

And baptizing me in the middle of Paradise or Heaven on Earth...your choice. I met everyone I had ever wanted to meet including, actually from *Weird Tales* my first favorite pulp, my first favorite spooky writer, a guy named Robert Bloch...and Tucker and....

Marty Greenberg, Arthur C. Clarke, Philip Jose Farmer, Ted and Judy Dikty, Evelyn Gold, Don and Margaret Ford, a pushy huckster known as Big Hearted Howard DeVore, and....

Over the years, numerous fans who have scaled the heights to Big Name Fandom (BNFdom), have paid allegiance to "Fandora's Box" for helping navigate them through science fiction fandom. Among those fans were people like Lee Hoffman, Robert Lichtman, Bruce Pelz, yours truly, and even a passing nod from Ted White.

#

Then Ed Wood was recalled into the Army so I was left to flounder around on my own, still almost not knowing a single person in Chicago's science fiction scene...and The Big One was coming up momentarily...ChiCon II, The World Science Fiction Convention (many uppercases, drum rolls, and 1812 cannons) on Labor Day weekend right there in river city Chicago.

In fear and trembling, I approached the convention in the Morrison Hotel with reluctance. I hated to be alone and unprotected in a place like that with people like those who would surely recognize me for the fraud I certainly was and reject me totally. Nevertheless, I registered as a convention member, paid my pittance, received my badge and program book, and was cast out on my own.

I wandered around for a bit, checking out the scene, hanging back from groups but listening to fragments of their conversations. *I could do that, I figured, say those things, stand like that, gesture the same way.* Still, there was no one I knew to talk with. As the program was well underway, inside the large semicircle arrangement of the main convention room, I began walking around looking for a place to sit where...alone and neglected...I wouldn't be doing something wrong.

Even though I had already met many of the people in attendance, I still had problems convincing myself that all that had been more than just a dream. I was so insecure I doubted my own existence. I wasn't sure a one of them would remember me, much less accept me as belonging. I had to go it alone.

One table, near me, looked like a possibility. There were already four people seated there at a table for eight and it was in a good location to see the stage, where Judy Dikty was just introducing Robert Bloch to the crowd. Two nicely dressed couples, looking almost as much out of place as I thought I did, looked like my target for the day, so I walked right up to them.

"Are these seats taken?" I asked.

"No, go ahead and sit down," the man closest to me said, pushing a chair out slightly from the table.

"Thanks," I said. "My name's Earl Kemp and I'm a stranger here."

"Well I'm not," he said, taking my hand, "and my name's William Lawrence Hamling." And the lovely lady facing him was the writer Frances Yerxa, Mrs. Hamling.

#

In that moment I committed what I would learn a decade later was the worst possible sin. I didn't know who William Lawrence Hamling was.

Even though I had been reading *Imagination* for a while, and writing to Mari Wolf there, I somehow had failed to notice the name of the editor/publisher. In my greed and lust for science fiction almost all my attention had been directed toward the writers and the artists who populated my world for me. Somehow Hamling had slipped through the huge gaping rips in my science fiction sieve.

He was gracious, considering my ignorance, and we spent hours together that afternoon sitting there and talking about almost everything I ever wanted to hear. We were interrupted time and again by people coming up and intruding on our bonding, demanding something of him or giving something to him...anything just to get that much closer to him.

And I still didn't really know who he was, even though he told me at least twice, and gave me a copy of the latest issue of *Madge*.

Lee Hoffman was there, I remember...one of Mari Wolf's star fanzine editors...plus a brilliant young nuisance who kept running all over the place, injecting himself everywhere, touting his exemplary fanzine *Dimensions*.

Our friendship started that way, under those trying circumstances, and it was a friendship. Hamling was just enough disconnected from what was ongoing to recognize that I was just enough disconnected

from everything to be ready for anything and, by God, it was out there waiting for us already, only neither of us knew it yet.

After the convention was over, I found every excuse I could to go to Evanston and to visit with Bill [he had become Bill by then] in his basement office. I would drool over his books and his pulps and the awe-inspiring cover paintings hanging on the walls. Now and then he would tell me tales of the good old days when he was at Lane Tech and some of the stunts he and Mark Reinsberg had pulled. He would show me copies of *Stardust* and let me fondle them, leaving finger marks on their perfection.

He almost never talked about his experiences as an Infantryman.

At other times he would reminisce about the good old days at Ziff-Davis with LeRoy Yerxa and Ray Palmer, remembering some of the crazy things that went on in the editorial office. Then he gave me a bound volume of *Amazing* that had been Yerxa's personal copy. It had his name stamped in gold on the front cover. Several decades later, I gave the same volume to Richard Yerxa, feeling it was best in his care rather than mine.

And all the while it was Bea Mahaffey I really wanted to spend my time with, just down the way a few blocks, where she was running *Other Worlds* for Palmer. I would run into Ray also, now and then, just enough to get to thinking I was understanding him a bit, and liking him. It was his truly nut-fringe associates that gave me problems. I was never sure Palmer was putting me and everyone else on with them or if he was deadly serious. He had these freaks like George Adamski and Madame Whatsername the Seer and numerous others always passing through town giving seminars, lectures, etc. that Palmer sponsored and profited from. I would make it a practice to try to debunk them because I thought every one of them was a fruitcake and that did include Richard S. Shaver. But Palmer always escaped the nuthouse at the last minute, leaving me uncertain again. And then he died.

1953 was most noteworthy because it gave birth to two outstanding, significant magazines: Hugh Marston Hefner's *Playboy* and Earl Kemp's reborn *Destiny*.

Destiny 7 included this:

In dedication...

For Mari Wolfe

To Mrs. Roger Graham, this issue of *Destiny* is fondly dedicated. In appreciation of her tireless efforts on behalf of fen everywhere. The efforts that have made her justly deserving of the title we herewith confer on her, the title of First Lady of Fandom.

In *Destiny 9*, Winter 1953-54, I published Mari Wolf's short story "Prejudice." It was illustrated by Julian C. May ("Judy," Mrs. Ted Dikty), Chair of 1952's ChiCon II. That story and the illustration drawn for it are reprinted elsewhere in this issue of *el*.



Meanwhile, back at the ranch, I had somehow become President of the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club, mostly because I talked more than the rest of the members, I suppose. But it was while I was in this position, that seemed to last forever, that William Hamling showed his true colors. Perhaps it was only nostalgia for his own days as a student at the University of Chicago, but he seemed to particularly favor our organization.

By that time, the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club had grown quite large, active, politically aggressive, and very hungry. We took advantage of his generosity every chance we had to do so.

He was continuously and consistently helpful not only to me but to the whole loosely organized group of Chicago area fans. This was especially so after my political ambitions surfaced and I enlisted the club in helping me achieve my personal goals.

The first one was to Chair a WorldCon. This required a large amount of politicking over a few years, which usually turned out to be hosting drunken parties wherein many votes were “purchased.” It took lots of money and lots of discounted Walgreen's booze to hold those parties to persuade the voters who or where to vote for. Hamling made contributions, through the years, of used manuscripts, artwork, cover paintings, and all the other miscellaneous junk that piles up around publishing offices. We were able to turn those gifts into cash to finance our way toward becoming Big Name Fans.

Hamling, through “Fandora's Box” plus direct tangible value contributions, helped finance science fiction fandom in numerous ways. It was as if he was paying a little of it all back to the sea of readers that made it possible in the first place. Or trying to create his own market of readers by catering to their wishes as well as their needs.

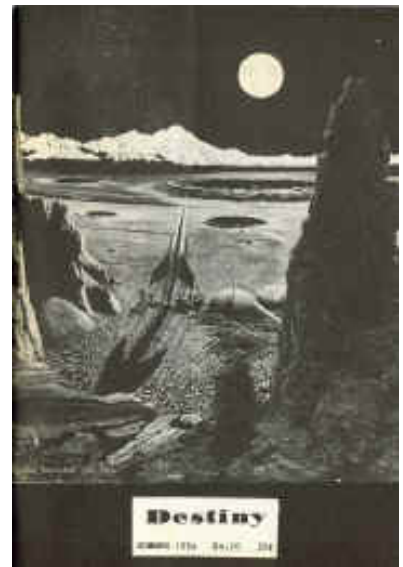
Hamling began publishing *Imaginative Tales*, a companion to *Imagination*, in September 1954. It ran for 23 issues, tentatively dying in May 1958 (with a name change to *Space Travel*).

In June 1954 *Imagination* featured Hamling in “Introducing the Author.” Among other things, he wrote, “...let's call this the Editor's Story—for which he conveniently made room in this June issue of the World's best science fiction magazine!... The above statement will assure you of my complete lack of modesty, and that is true wherever Madge is concerned. The little lady is the love of my life and I am as proud and fond of her as I am of my family. This is understandable when I reflect that science fiction is not just a means of livelihood to me: science fiction is my major interest, both as a pastime and career....” He was 33 years old at the time, and I was 24.

Meanwhile, across town on the south side quite near the campus of the University of Chicago, I was being instructed in the fine art of editing science fiction anthologies (without reading science fiction) for Frederic Fell (or anyone else) by Ted Dikty. Although I felt I had reason to feel abused and mistreated, I learned some very valuable lessons. I was able, later, to ghost edit for a few well-known people who landed anthology contracts without knowing which way was up.



Also in 1954, the tenth issue of *Destiny* was published. It was called a “special fourth anniversary issue” [what a record of punctual appearance]. I remember going all out for that issue, doing my damndest to make it something special. To start with, it sported a rather attractive cover painting by Chesley Bonestell and featured material written by a number of prominent fans and pros. And, I solicited advertising sales from the promags.



William Hamling was the first of several editors to place a full-page ad “...to all our friends...” And, not to be outdone, his buddy Ray Palmer also placed a full page for himself and Bea Mahaffey.

In 1955 my first son, Terry, was born and my good friend Rog Phillips, then divorced from Mari Wolf, became his godfather, with Roberta Collins as his godmother. Later that year, in November, the first issue of Hamling's new men's magazine, *Rogue*, was released.

#

Throughout the lifetimes of William Hamling's science fiction magazines, he went way out of his way to support fandom. He singled out fanzines and fanzine editors as being special and helped promote whatever they were doing. He also supported fandom directly through contributions of valuable materials to help finance local clubs, convention committees, and things of that nature. “Fandora's Box” wasn't his only venue for helping fandom either.

Hamling also tried to bring humor into his magazines by running fannish cartoons by artists like Scheffy, Ludway, Sharp, and Kohler. He was also one of the very few professional science fiction magazine editors who published material by fan writers. At irregular intervals he would publish articles written by fans for fans on fannish subjects. This included, naturally, WorldCon reports, film news, etc. And, these articles appeared in both *Imagination* and *Imaginative Tales*.

In April 1956 Mari Wolf resigned from “Fandora's Box” and my good friend Robert Bloch took over the column. Bob would continue with it for the life of *Imagination*. And, in that same year, a bunch of struggling fans [Bob Briney, Sidney Coleman, Earl Kemp, James O'Meara, George Price, Jon Stopa, and Ed Wood] from the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club decided to try for a piece of the pie and Advent:Publishers was formed. Damon Knight's *In Search of Wonder* was Advent's initial offering.

On October 4, 1957 the Russians took a permanent lead in the race for space by launching *Sputnik I*. And, I edited and Advent published *Frank Kelly Freas A Portfolio*. [And you really got your \$1.50 worth too.] The cover was an experimental, separated two-color drawing Kelly had done for Hamling. The original of that cover resides in the Alex and Phyllis Eisenstein collection.



And in May 1958, *Imaginative Tales* died with a name change (while retaining the same old volume numbering) to *Space Travel*. *Space Travel* itself only lasted for three issues, July, September, and November. *Imagination*, Hamling's original science fiction magazine, died with the October 1958 issue.

Just like that it was all gone. No more *Tales of Imagination* and *Space Travel*...

#

*For Frank M. Robinson, Harlan Ellison, and Ajay Budrys; it's not the same without you. Dated November 2002.

Science fiction writers, I am sorry to say, really do not know anything. We can't talk about science, because our knowledge of it is limited and unofficial, and usually our fiction is dreadful
--Philip K. Dick

The William Lawrence Hamling Digital Reference Archives

By Earl Kemp

Archive One: *Stardust*

William Hamling created *Stardust* while he was still a teenager. *Stardust* lived for five issues, all within 1940. They were dated March, May, August, September, and November. Special thanks to Gregory Pickersgill and his Permacollection of Memory Hole fanzines for the cover scans and other information regarding *Stardust*. Thanks also to Ron Brown.



V1#1 March 1940
Cover photograph



V1#2 May 1940
Cover by Jack Binder



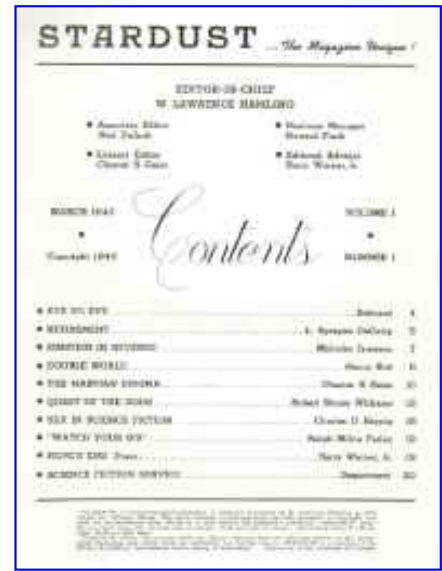
V1#3 August 1940
Cover by H.M. Jenkinson



V2#1 September 1940
Cover by ?



V2#2 November 1940
Cover by Paul Quaver



V1#1 Contents Page

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| Ackerman, Forrest J.
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article, Nov. 1940 |
| Binder, Jack
Cover May 1940 | Photo (uncredited)
Cover March 1940 |
| Bott, Henry
Double World, article, March 1940 | Quaver, Paul
Cover Nov. 1940 |
| de Camp, L. Sprague
Inverse Variations, ss, Sep. 1940 | Reynolds, Amelia
Justice in Time, ss, May 1940 |
| Retirement, ss, March 1940 | Schwartz, Julius
Private Papers of a Science Fictioneer, article,
Sep. 1940 |
| Farley, Ralph Milne
"Watch Your G's," article, March 1940 | Startzman, Paul
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| Fellows, William Carter
Bridsby's Hoax, ss, Sep. 1940 | Tanner, Charles R.
It's the Strain, filler, Aug. 1940 |
| My Lady of the Poppies, ss, Nov. 1940 | Tarr, Dale
Reminiscence, filler, Nov. 40 |
| Geier, Chester S.
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| Martian Enigma, The, ss, March 1940 | Travis, Virgil
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| Haggard, J. Harvey
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Ladies-You Bless Them, The, article, Sep. 1940 |
| Hornig, Charles D.
Sex in Science Fiction, article, March 1940 | Warner, Harry, Jr.
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| We Like Our Work, article, May 1940 | Hurrah for Fan Fiction, article, Sep. 1940 |
| Jameson, Malcolm
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| Jenkinson, H.M.
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City in the Far Off Sky, ss, Sep. 1940 |
| Jones, Neil R.
Concerning Prof. Jameson, article, Nov. 1940 | Cycle of Age, The, ss, Aug. 1940 |
| Ley, Willy
Poisoned Soil, article, May 1940 | Do or Die, ss, Nov. 1940 |
| Three Eras, article, Aug. 1940 | Liederman's Generator, ss, May 1940 |
| Liebscher, Walt
"Blotto," filler, Sep. 1940 | Quest of the Gods, The, ss, March 1940 |
| Manning, Vincent
Laboratory Skeleton, filler, Aug. 1940 | Williamson, Jack
Ashes of Iron, ss, Nov. 1940 |
| Moskowitz, Sam | |

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Archive Two: *Imagination*

Imagination was William Hamling's biggest contribution to science fiction and to fandom. It ran for 63 issues beginning in October 1950 and ending in October 1958. Harold W. McCauley, a favorite cover artist from the Ziff-Davis days, made many of these popular covers memorable.

Imagination was also best known for the fan column "Fandora's Box" that was conducted originally by Mari Wolf and then by Robert Bloch after Mari retired.



V1#1 October 1950
Cover by Hannes Bok



V1#2 December 1950
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



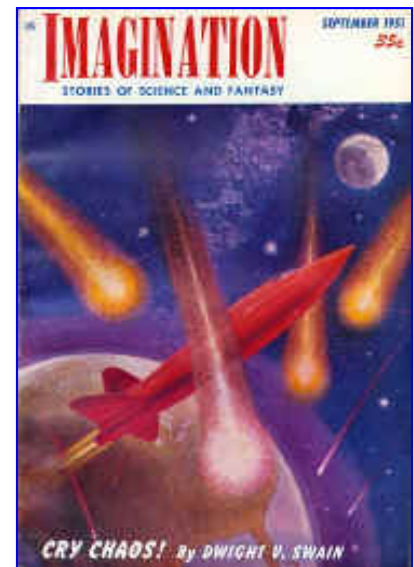
V2#1 February 1951
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V2#2 April 1951
Cover by Malcolm Smith



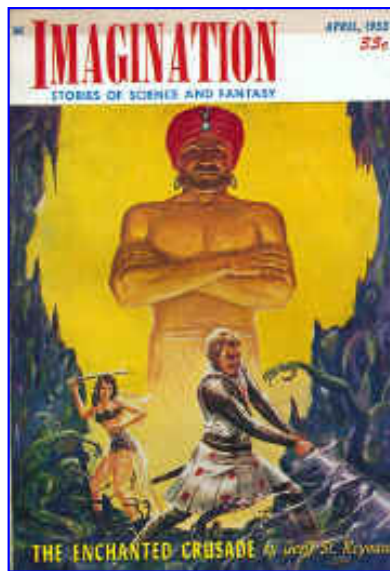
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Cover by Hannes Bok



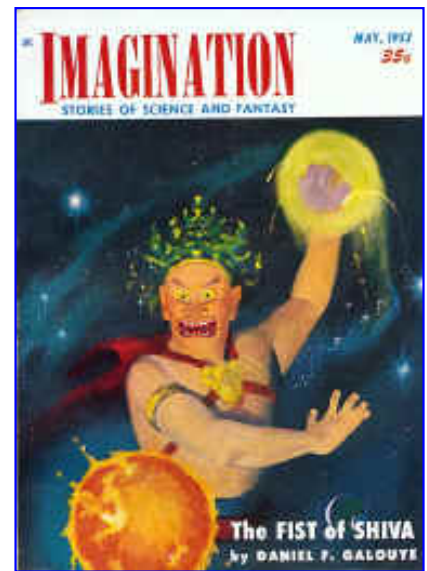
V2#4 September 1951
Cover by Walter H. Hinton



V4#2 February 1953
Cover by W.E. Terry



V4#3 April 1953
Cover by W.E. Terry



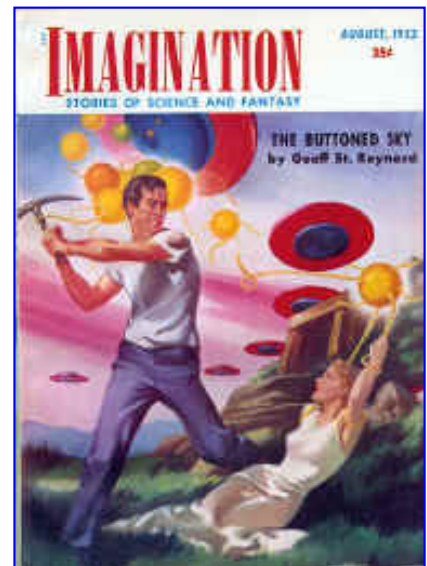
V4#4 May 1953
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V4#5 June 1953
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V4#6 July 1953
Cover by Malcolm Smith



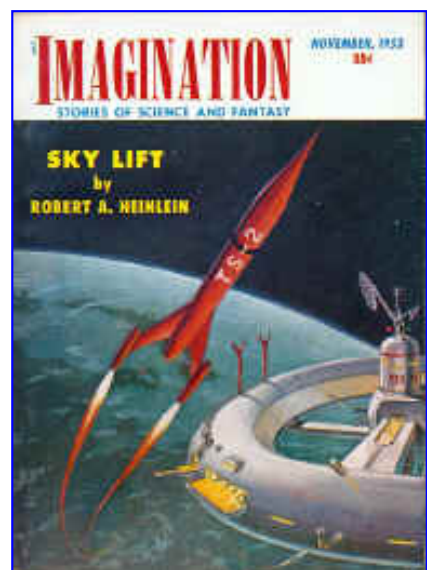
V4#7 August 1953
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V4#8 September 1953
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V4#9 October 1953
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V4#10 November 1953
Cover by W.E. Terry



V4#11 December 1953
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V5#1 January 1954
Cover by W.E. Terry



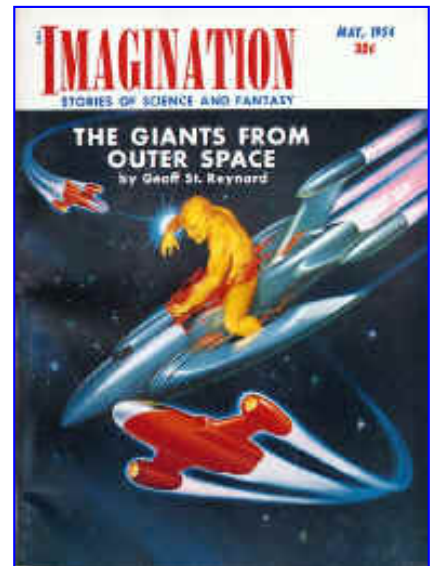
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Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V5#3 March 1954
Cover by W.E. Terry



V5#4 April 1954
Cover by W.E. Terry



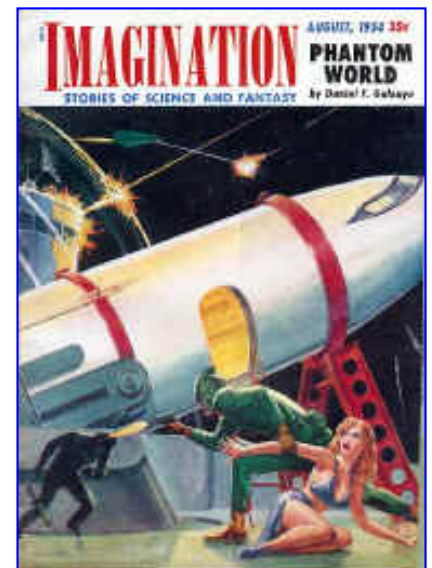
V5#5 May 1954
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V5#6 June 1954
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V5#7 July 1954
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V5#8 August 1954
Cover by W.E. Terry



V5#9 September 1954
Cover by W.E. Terry



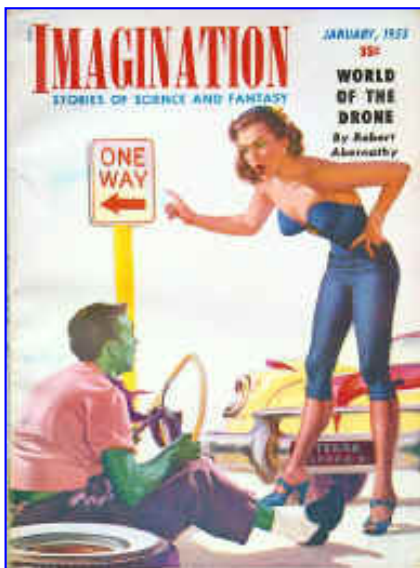
V5#10 October 1954
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



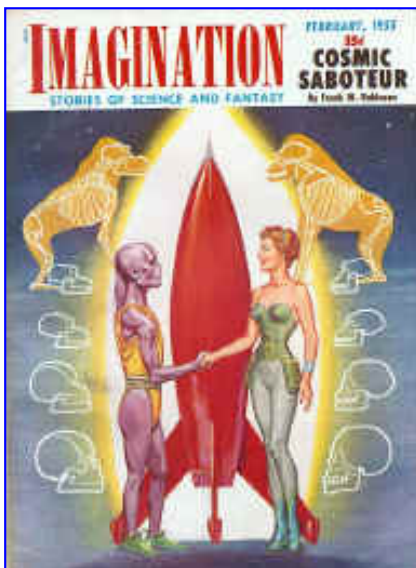
V5#11 November 1954
Cover by W.E. Terry



V5#12 December 1954
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V6#1 January 1955
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V6#2 February 1955
Cover by Richard Loehle



V6#3 March 1955
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V6#4 April 1955
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V6#5 May 1955
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V6#6 June 1955
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V6#7 July 1955
Cover by W.E. Terry



V6#8 October 1955
Cover by W.E. Terry



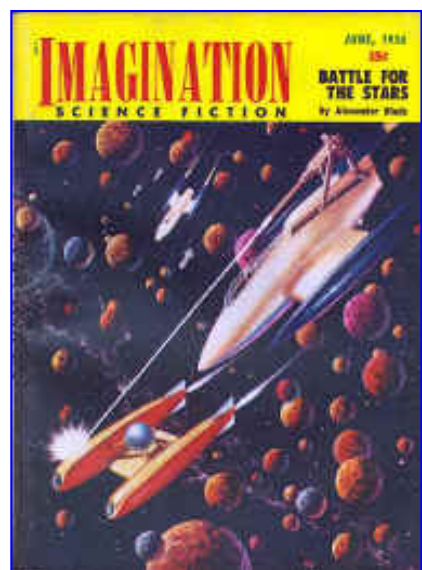
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Cover by Lloyd Rognan



V7#1 February 1956
Cover by Lloyd Rognan



V7#2 April 1956
Cover by Malcolm Smith



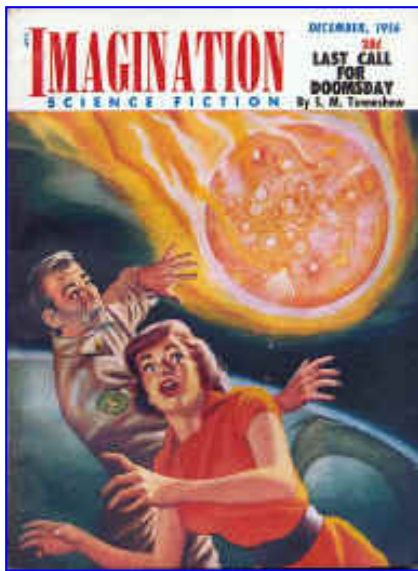
V7#3 June 1956
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V7#4 August 1956
Cover by W.E. Terry



V7#5 October 1956
Cover by Lloyd N. Rognan



V7#6 December 1956
Cover by Lloyd N. Rognan



V8#1 February 1957
Cover by Lloyd N. Rognan



V8#2 April 1957
Cover by Lloyd N. Rognan



V8#3 June 1957
Cover by Lloyd N. Rognan

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V8#6 December 1957
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V8#4 August 1957
Cover by Malcolm Smith

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V9#1 February 1958
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V8#5 October 1957
Cover by Lloyd N. Rognan

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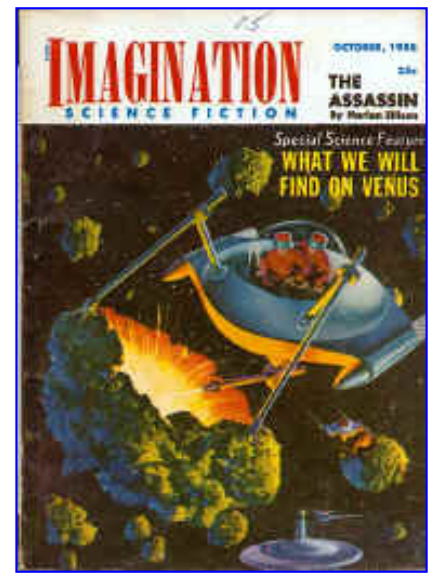
V9#2 April 1958
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V9#3 June 1958
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V9#4 August 1958
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V9#5 October 1958
Cover by Malcolm Smith

Contents: Some of the contents of Imagination were reprints. Reprint history is not carried in this instance. Note also a self reprint; see Chris Neville.

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 Next Stop the Moon, article, Aug. 1958
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Crutch, Leslie A.
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Curtis, Betsy
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Daniels, Louis G.
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 Supermen Need Superwives!, ss, Aug. 1954

de Camp, L. Sprague
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 Cosmic Poachers, The, ss, July 1953
 Crawlers, The, ss, July 1954
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 Introducing the Author, article, Feb. 1953
 Mr. Spaceship, novelette, Jan. 1953
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Dickson, Gordon R.
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Donnelson, Allyn
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 Beasts of the Void, The, novelette, April 1956
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 raitor's Choice, ss, Aug. 1956

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Furth, Carlton
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Gault, William Campbell
 I'll See You in My Dreams, novelette,
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Geier, Chester S.
 Run, Little Monster!, novelette, Jan. 1952
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Gilbert, Robert Ernest
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Graham, Roger Phillips
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Granger, Darius John
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 Citadel of the Star Lords, novelette, Oct. 1956
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Hamling, William Lawrence
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Hardy, William

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 Blessed Are the Meekbots, ss, Dec. 1953
 Cosmic Santa Claus, ss, May 1954
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 Disposal Unit, ss, March 1954
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 Levitant, The, novelette, Dec. 1952
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 Second Wind, novelette, April 1953
 Secret of the Immortals, novelette, April 1954
 So Says the Master, novelette, Oct. 1953
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 Six Frightened Men, ss, June 1957
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 Goodbye, Dead Man!, ss, April 1958
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Haseltine, Robert W.
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Hawkins, Willard E.
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Heinlein, Robert A.
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 Sky Lift, ss, Nov. 1953

Henderson, Zenna
 Dark Came Out to Play, The, ss, May 1952

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 Substitute, The, ss, Aug. 1953

Hershman, Morris
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Hinton, Walter H.
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Holden, Fox B.
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 Introducing the Author, article, Oct. 1953

Time Armada I, The, novelette, Oct. 1953
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 Yachting Party, ss, Jan. 1952

Hunter, Evan
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 Miracle of Dan O'Shaughnessy, The, ss, Dec. 1954
 Plagiarist from Rigel IV, The, ss, March 1954

Jacobi, Carl
 Dangerous Scarecrow, The, ss, Aug. 1954
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Jakes, John W.
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 Most Horrible Story, The, ss, Jan. 1952
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 Day of the Comet, ss, Oct. 1956
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Josephson, Harry D.
 Listening Post, The, article, April 1953

Keene, Day
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Knight, Damon
 Beachcomber, The, ss, Dec. 1952

Maddock, Larry
 Disembodied Man, The, ss, April 1954

Magruder, Richard
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Maples, Richard
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Marks, Winston
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Nourse, Alan E.
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Parkhouse, Jack, Dr.
Can Man Tolerate Space?, article, June 1957
Petaja, Emil

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 Harwood's Vortex, ss, April 1957
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 Hamilton, some Robert Silverberg)
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 Terry, William E.
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Wolf, Mari

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Archive Three: *Imaginative Tales*

Imaginative Tales ran for 23 issues and was born in September 1954 and died in May 1958.



V1#1 September 1954
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



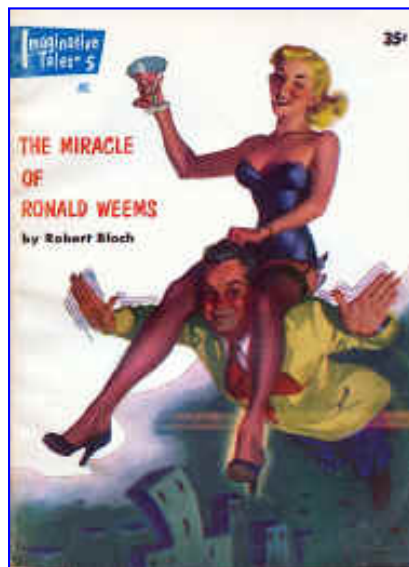
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Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V2#1 September 1955
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V1#2 November 1954
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V1#5 May 1955
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V2#2 November 1955
Cover by Lloyd Rognan



V1#3 January 1955
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V1#6 July 1955
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



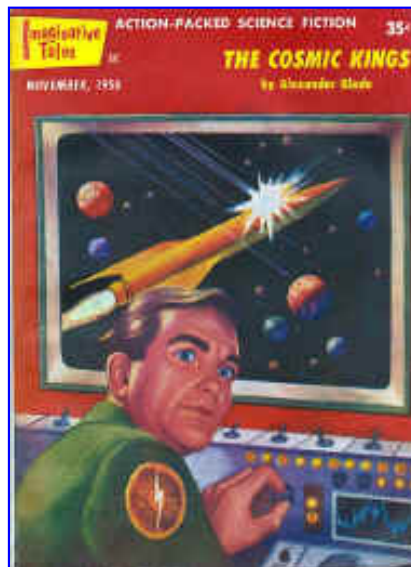
V3#1 January 1956
Cover by Harold W. McCauley



V3#2 March 1956
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V3#3 May 1956
Cover by Lloyd Rognan



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V4#1 January 1957
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V4#2 March 1957
Cover by Malcolm Smith



V4#3 May 1957
Cover by Lloyd Rognan



V4#4 July 1957
Cover by Malcolm Smith

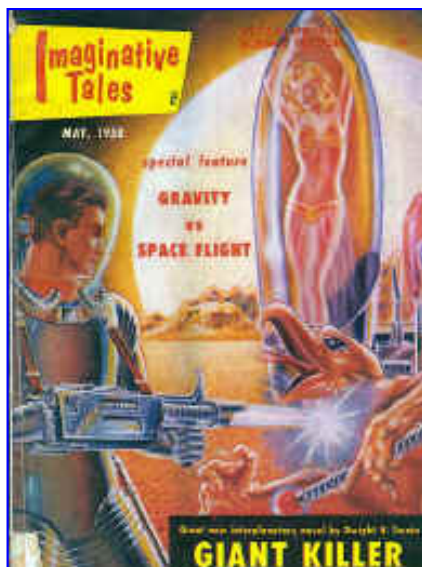


V4#5 September 1957
Cover by Lloyd Rognan

V4#6 November 1957
Cover by Lloyd Rognan

V5#1 January 1958
Cover by Lloyd Rognan

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V5#2 March 1958
Cover by Lloyd Rognan

V5#3 May 1958
Cover by D. Bruce Berry

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<p>Introducing the Author, article, March 1956 Late Arrival, ss, March 1956</p> <p>Chase, Adam Final Quarry, The, ss, May 1956 Man Without a Planet, The, ss, July 1956 Valiant Die Hard!, The, ss, Nov. 1956</p> <p>Christopher, John Manna, ss, Nov. 1955</p> <p>Dick, Philip K. Psi-Man Heal My Child!, novelette, Nov. 1955</p> <p>Fairman, Paul W. "I'll Think You Dead!," ss, Sep. 1956 Jason and the Maker, ss, July 1956 This Treasure Is Mine!, ss, March 1956</p> <p>Galouye, Daniel F. Introducing the Author, article, May 1955 Man With Two Lives, The, novelette, March 1955 Over the River..., novelette, May 1955 ...So Very Dark, novelette, July 1955</p> <p>Garrett, Randall See Ralph Burke, Robert Randall Deathtrap Planet, ss, Nov. 1957 Devil's World, ss, July 1957 Hungry World, ss, March 1957 Killer-First Class, ss, Sep. 1957 Last Killer, The, ss, May 1957 Star Slavers, The, ss, Jan. 1957 Strike the First Blow!, ss, Jan. 1958</p> <p>Graham, Roger Phillips See Rog Phillips</p>	<p>Code of the Bluster World, ss, Jan. 1956 Intruder From the Void, ss, May 1956 Music of the Spheres, The, ss, Sep. 1956</p> <p>Lewis, Richard O. Introducing the Author, article, Jan. 1956 Practical Joke, ss, Jan. 1956</p> <p>Marin, S.A. Science Is Easy!, filler, July 1955</p> <p>Marks, Winston K. Coffin for Two, ss, Sep. 1955</p> <p>McCauley, Harold W. Cover painting Sep. 1954, Nov. 1954, Jan. 1955, March 1955, May 1955, July 1955, Sep. 1955, Jan. 1956</p> <p>Myers, Charles F. Toffee, novel, Sept. 1954 Toffee Haunts A Ghost, novelette, Nov. 1954 Toffee Takes A Trip, novelette, Nov. 1954</p> <p>Nourse, Alan E. Ounce of Cure, An, ss, Nov. 1955</p> <p>Palmer, Raymond A. Introducing the Author, article, Nov. 1955 Metal Emperor, The, novelette, Nov. 1955</p> <p>Peters, Robin Last Enemy, The, ss, Nov. 1956</p> <p>Phillips, Rog (Roger Phillips Graham) Lefty Baker's Nuthouse, ss, Jan. 1958 Refueling Station, ss, May 1958 Truckstop, ss, Nov. 1957</p>
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<p>Purcell, Dick No Cause for Alarm, ss, May 1956</p> <p>Randall, Robert (Randall Garrett and Robert Silverberg) Decision Final, ss, March 1958 Vanishing Act, ss, Jan. 1958</p> <p>Reinsberg, Mark Mentaller, The, ss, Jan. 1957 Pink Puppy Dog, The, ss, May 1957 Suicide Run, ss, March 1957 Tag, You're It!, ss, March 1958</p> <p>Reynolds, Mack Buck and the Space War, ss, Sep. 1955</p> <p>Ritter, Ed Private Secretary, ss, Jan. 1955</p> <p>Robinson, Frank M. See S.M. Tenneshaw Dream Street, ss, March 1955</p> <p>Rognan, Lloyd N. Cover painting Nov. 1955, May 1956, July 1956, Sep. 1956, Nov. 1956, May 1957, Sep. 1957, Nov. 1957, Jan. 1958, March 1958</p> <p>Rose, George Universal Logic!, filler, July 1955</p> <p>St. Clair, R.G. Secrets of the Decade, filler, May 1955 To the Stars, filler, July 1955</p> <p>St. Reynard, Geoff Cosmic Bunglers, The, novelette, Jan. 1956</p> <p>Silverberg, Robert See Robert Randall Assassin, The, ss, July 1957</p>	<p>Slesar, Henry Brat, The, ss, Sep. 1955</p> <p>Smith, Malcolm Cover painting March 1956, Jan. 1957, March 1957, July 1957</p> <p>Sohl, Jerry Invisible Enemy, The, novelette, Sep. 1955</p> <p>Still, Henry Christopher Hart's Borkle, ss, Sep. 1956</p> <p>Swain, Dwight V. Enemy of the Qua, novelette, March 1956 Giant Killer, novelette, May 1958 Horde From Infinity, The, novelette, May 1957 Stay Out of Space!, novelette, Jan. 1958 Terror Station, novelette, Sep. 1955</p> <p>Tenneshaw, S.M. Doormen of Space, The, novelette, March 1956 Four Hours To Eternity (Frank M. Robinson), ss, March 1955 It Fell From the Sky, ss, May 1956 Juggernaut From Space, ss, Sep. 1956 Man Who Hated Noise, The, ss, March 1957 Ultimate Weapon, The, novelette, Jan. 1957</p> <p>Thames, C.H. Day for Battle, A, ss, Jan. 1956 Microscopic Nightmare, ss, Nov. 1956 No Place for an Earthman, ss, March 1956 You'll Go Mad on Mars!, ss, Sep. 1956</p> <p>Wilder, Stephan Town for Mr. Sntzl, A, ss, May 1956</p> <p>Williams, Robert Moore</p>
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 Monster in the Night, ss, Sep. 1957
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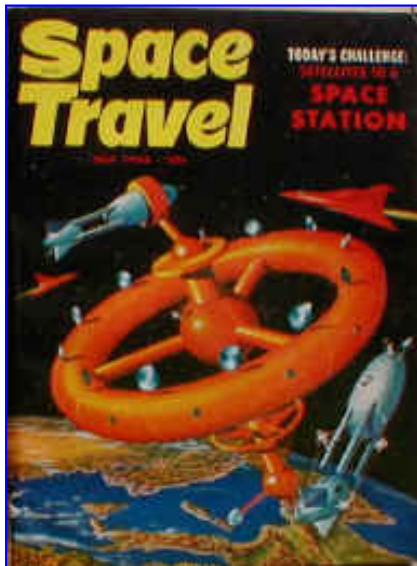
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The volume and issue numbering from *Imaginative Tales* continues with *Space Travel*.

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Archive Four: *Space Travel*

Space Travel continued the volume and issue numbering from *Imaginative Tales*.



V5#4 July 1958
 Cover by Malcolm Smith



V5#5 September 1958
 Cover by Paul E. Wenzel



V5#6 November 1958
 Cover by Paul E. Wenzel

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 First Trip to Mars, The, article, Sept. 1958
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 St. Clair, Margaret
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Isn't it interesting that the same people who laugh at science fiction listen to weather forecasts and economists?

--Kelvin Throop III
