

THE
PHANTOGRAPH

CONTRIBUTOR'S CLUB

Doc Lowndes has just returned from a month's vagabonding on Shaardol and is collecting notes for a volume which Arkham House will probably bring out next season. You will remember, of course, the hilarious accounts of his expedition to Pellucidar -- and, from what your columnist has seen of the work-in-progress, it is no let-down. . . . Wylie has departed for parts unknown, but it is suspected that the incumbent trouble on Ganymede has some connection. Perhaps tis best to mention that "the Lieutenant", as he has come to be known (he has consistently refused to accept a higher titular rank) has fought on both sides in no less than a dozen minor rebellions and figured highly in the successful campaign against the Vorpial Combine some twenty years ago. . . . Wilfred Owen Morley should be known to all through his anthologies of imaginative verse and fantastic drawings, which have appeared regularly, now, for six years. Morley, himself, has published a number of volumes, orthodox as to slimness, but anything but in content. . . . S. D. Gottesman lives in a blue house, raises giant cockroaches which he has trained to march in military formations, scribbles Latin sonnets over his walls, then repaints them -- always blue -- and manufactures 200 proof brandy, which he, himself, drinks by the gallon without showing any ill effects. Every now and then he goes to a doctor for a complete physical once-over and then makes a tour of public schools as an example of perfect teetotalism. . . . Dick Wilson is a mild-looking young man who writes incredibly bloodthirsty novels. He has a charming wife (who everyone not in the know takes for his sister) and the two can be found almost any evening charmingly osconced at the 42d Street bar, chatting, with intermittent flashes of fiendish plots and ideas for another Wilson chiller. . . . Dale Hart is a very serious fellow who should have been born a hundred or so years back. We greatly fear that this wicked age will be the end of him sooner or later. However, he does seem to manage

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LA LUNE DES MORTES

Recall the hideous brightness of the stars that
leered
Above the stricken town in awful ecstasy,
There hooded, silent shapes moved on relentlessly,
With wooden carts, along the cobbled streets.

There reared
Before us, as we fled, a cairn -- made hastily --
Of twisted, putrid forms the day before had seen
Among us: sunken eyes, and flesh turned lurid
green,

And lipless mouths that laughed in mirthless
mockery,

We saw. ... Yet, life was there amidst that
horrid pile,

The life we dreaded so: the living things that
wreak

Such horror as we knew. ... And then the pallid
moon

Shone evilly upon us, bathed us with its shoon
Of madness: for I saw, against your white flesh,
vile,

As my lips pressed on yours, the tokens on your
check.

-- ROBERT W. LOWNDES

STUFF by WYLIE

Quite suddenly I found myself in a dark, narrow alley, with absolutely no memory of my arrival there. High walls pressed nonstop on me, crushing me, and I cowered in sheer animal terror in a stinking, garbage-strewn corner. The darkness was like a live thing, like the dry, enfolding wings of a bat -- hemming me in, menacing ... I ran.

The clop-clop of my heels bounded from wall to wall and back again along the narrow, velvet-shrouded passage, like a stone rolling down a cobbled hill. I tripped over something soft and yielding. Gravel bit into my splayed palms as I fell and I welcomed the sting of the abrasions. The thing at my feet stirred sluggishly, and if I could have screamed at that moment, I would have done so -- but my throat was dry, choked with masses of cotton. Something touched my ankle, slithered horribly up over my leg ... my body ... my writhing face.

"Here, ol' boy ..."

All the terror oozed from me in one big gush at the slurred sound of that careless, friendly voice. Like a frightened puppy I crawled closer to the man, whimpering in my eagerness to be comforted and soothed.

"Lord, you are scared, an' no mistake", the gentle voice slurred. "But did you have to kick me? Got a bit potted, an' jus' came in here to recover a bit. In case I'm wonderin', 'ol boy, wot scared you? D.T.'s? Got 'em n' self, occasionally. Nothin' to be frightened of; take an aspirin an' they go 'way in a lovely puff of green smoke. No harm done. Ever'body happy. Who are you, anyway?"

way?"

With a suddenly resurgent panic I realized that I knew not even my own name -- nothing of my past life! I ran feverishly questing hands along my pockets -- empty.

"I don't know!" I babbled. "Oh, God, if I could only remember!"

My companion struck a match; I saw, by its slight flame, a lean, humorous face, just now lax and flaccid with drunkenness. "Take it easy", he advised. He took a small box from his pocket. "Aspirin", he explained. "Always carry 'em; like the taste. B'sides, they're good for you. Here, take one ... tie up all the loose ends -- an' Christ, have you got loose ends!"

I washed the small tablet down with a draught from the flask he offered me, choking fearfully at the foul taste of the liquor, rocking as it did with the taint of the flask. An automobile parked in the street outside, opposite our alley, and the beams from its lights were reflected into the narrow passage. By their soft light I saw my companion place -- an aspirin tablet in his mouth, tip the flask skywards.

I vanished in a lovely puff of green smoke.

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visitant

his bright eyes glaze; the sorcerer is dead; the remnants of his servitors have fled, but . . . horror . . . what is this mad, flapping thing that hovers, bat-like o'er his severed head?

-- Wilfred Owen Morley

THE RETURN OF THE INDEFATIGABLE MINIMUM

(a 6 part serial -- 60 words -- here)

1.

"But like", she cried sharply, "I thought that the Minimum --"

2.

"Nonsense, young man", the president snorted. "Do you think I --?"

3.

Men and women fled through the streets screaming in terror.

4.

"We haven't a chance against this monster from Hell", he sobbed weakly.

5.

"Like, I have an idea."

"By God, honey, you're right!"

6.

"My darling wife!" he breathed, folding her in his arms.

finis

-- S. D. GOTTESMAN

A TALE OF THEN

I had no idea where I was. It was an utterly alien place, with buildings shooting thousands of stories into the air and low, rounded vehicles whizzing breakneckedly through the streets.

I approached one of the hustling inhabitants.

"I beg your pardon --", I began.

"Never give to beggars", he said frowning fiercely. "Find it encourages idleness", and rushed on.

I walked up to a young lady who was looking into a store window, watching a youth industriously shoveling books into a furnace. The name on the store-front was McCLINSTOCK -- MICROFILM.

"Pardon me", I said, raising my hat. "Could you possibly --"

"I'm a lady, see", she shrieked, spinning around. "A lady! And, bein' a lady, I don't have no truck with your sort. Understand? I'm a lady --"

This time I fled.

I had gone three blocks before remembering my Uncle Jason's sage words. "When in doubt", he would say, patting my tousled blonde head affectionately, "ask a policeman."

No policeman was in sight, but a few blocks on I found a reasonably accurate facsimile thereof. He stood stiffly in front of a gas-mask shop. He was about seven feet tall, dressed gaudily in a vari-colored uniform, with a blue-&-red neon sign on his cap, which read "Information" and flashed on and off.

I stopped in front of him. He clapped his hand to his head in a smart salute. There was a loud clang.

"I am Robert the Robot", he said metallicly "and am at your service."

carta caecata

Nihi pateat aliquos scriptores mirabilium quam celerrime usi sint thomas (si Gracciam liceam) omnes facilius compositus. Non modo usi sunt sed abusati etiam ut stultitia cummuna apud quos.

'Carta caecata' appellant Annales Volscii poetarum; et ego nomen similem dico ad libellos mirabilium juventutis. Vide Johannem Miske. Scorbis et minus re litterarum, detinuit supra amicos inimicosque mucum ginguiamque. Olcet Johannulus magna cum effluvia; omnis dictus.

De Paegene satis dicere non possit, non potest, ac non poterit.

Micalis fatuus et stultissimus viragus stetit. Nomen artis hic factor lectorum proposuit aliquos configurationes nihil appellati "symbolos sexualium". Immovero! Ista Perri resurgat: appellati "symbolos." Cavete, omnes!

-- CAIUS IULIUS NEMO

*** **

Line to be addressed at your favorite enemy:--

"The man is insane, but he does have lucid intervals when he is merely stupid."

We forget who originated this.

bloated corpse."

"How very melodramatic", I commented

He looked pleased.

"Do you really think so? Well, here I go!"

And there he went. But he didn't dive. He went footfirst, and holding his nose.

But he made a beautiful splash.

- - - DICK WILSON

POEM FOR THE MAN WHO DID

NOT RECOGNIZE DEATH

IN A SLOUGH EAT

It was difficult for him to think of dissolution.

He saw death in a broken branch of wild thyme
or in the mad gyrations of a web-entangled fly,
but never saw its sullen face in the mirror of
thought.

He saw death only as manifested in other things.

In a narrow lane he plucked flowers that opened
as years within the vase of his body, smiling
when he found the snakes of dissolution under every
blossom.

- - - DALE EART

Note

If you are not a member of the Futurian League
may we suggest that you write to the editor of this
magazine, requesting a membership card?

John B. Michel - -

Suicide is not Enough

I have always said so.

I even painted a picture about it. They called the painting "the least smollicest of the season."

What is suicide
The killing of the body? The annihilation of the
physical awareness? Yes, it is all that. But
above all it is the supreme attempt to negate con-
tinuity.

Continuity. Endless streams of vortex-
ing lines, curving in and about. Lines of smell,
sight, hearing, nostalgia. The terrible longings.
The power drive. Sweating, strain, lies. Attack,
and retreat. The maneuvering, the delicate maneu-
vering. Bodies. "With sweat in between." Is
life enough? Nothing is enough.

A sudden descent
from the apex of smugness. A whirling of dark-
nesses. Faces. Friends, enemies. Faces elonga-
ted, pudgy, elephantine, sugary, endless, super
crowding. And voices. And smells. What hell de-
serves the encumbrance of life. Why bother His
Supreme Evilness with our superficial, our damp
foulnesses? Does the amateur consort with profes-
sional, mouse outrun horse? A bee challenge the
stars? Not in my universe.

What is Power? It
lies in the voice of mornings, in the crash of
bergs on the sea floor. It grows out of our bod-
ies, ties its wings to the wind, possess jealously
the large molecules of a rubber band. Power!
Continuity! Onward and forever.

But tasting
bitterness and the dregs of bitterness is too
much. Against my universe, against every line,
I sweated, against my dictates, against morality,
I raised my hand. In that hand was a gun and it
fired noisily.

Suicide is not enough.

This was wonderful.

"That time", I asked, "is it?"

He replied immediately. "It is now 2.34, post meridian, of the 18th day of June, 2117, Anno Domini. The weather will continue fair, with northeasterly win --"

Never mind the climate", I interrupted. "What's the name of this place?"

"This is the thriving metropolis of New York City. You are now at the intersection of 7th Avenue and West 42d Street."

"A likely story! Where's Minsky's?"

"That to which you refer is on Sublevel Four. It is now known as the Havelock Ellis Museum."

I thanked him politely and walked on. After much walking and many narrow escapes from sundration at the wheels of madly-dashing automobiles I found myself on a long bridge which overlooked the city and what used to be the East River from a tremendous height. About half way across a figure stopped from the rail and grabbed my lapel.

"I'll bet you don't know who I am", he said. "As a matter of fact, I'll give you odds."

I said No, I didn't.

"Well", he said, "once I was first mate a board the interplanetary liner Bounder. One day the captain led me into his cabin and said 'Sign this.' I said No, because I knew no such rations had been issued to the crew. And then there was the episode of the Martian cheese. . . . Anyway he had me spacehauled and turned out of the mercantile fleet."

I said that was too bad.

"And now no one will give me a job", he said.

"So do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to destroy myself."

"No!"

"Yes!" I'm going to jump headfirst off the bridge, and almost before I know it, I'll be

SONG AT MIDNIGHT by ROBERT E. HOWARD

I heard an old gibbet that crowned a bare hill
Creaking a song in the midnight chill;
And I shivered to hear that grisly refrain
That moaned in the night through the fog and
the rain.

"Oh, where are the men who came to me
"And danced all night on the gallows tree?
"Gallant and peasant, man and maid,
"Many have walked in that long parade.
"My chains are broken and red with rust,
"My wood is scaled with the moldy crust.
"Have men forgotten their debt to me,
"That they come no more to the gallows tree?"

The drear wind moaned for a dark refrain,
And a raven called in the drifting rain:
"Oh, where are the feasts that awaited me
"Long, long ago on the gibbet tree?"

A slow-worm spoke from the gallows foot:
"Death is spoils for a crew to loot.
"The winds and the rain they worked their will,
"The kites and the ravens have had their fill,
"But last of all when the chains broke free,
"The fruit of the gallows came to me.
"Men and their works, so swiftly past,
"Come to a feast for the worms at last.
"Here I have gorged on this narrow good,
"There now I gnaw on this crumbling wood.
"For men and their works are a feast for me --
"The bones, and the noose, and the gallows tree."

god bless america
 leslie perri



God blees America

this then. is america: you and i all of us in our separate ways, and leaning together in a common scare. but the scare is nothing compared to a movie marquee, the subway rush and mr. john doe, who is your boss and my boss, and who makes the noon-day whistle mean a quick lunch and sally, who runs a sewing machine on 2.98 dresses, wish he had a younger son, because lipstick from woolworth can make a blonde look pretty good.

but then america: is the land of cars, long dark birds and -squat, wheezing junk-heaps, of soaring planes and signs: "the army needs you son" so what the hell. you think of mr. hitler and relief and w. p. a. and you say to the guy: "i want to join". and they stick you in khaki, hand you a gun and it makes you feel swell 'cause all girls go for a uniform, even dances in packards.

since america: is the land of the free, you don't mind conscription, drafts, third terms and "shut your mouth" when you talk about peace. you think about the tomies, the poilus and you agree that hitler can't get away with that here. this is america, god bless it, with late smith, and we gotta keep it clear of an asiatic horde, of nazis, red and everybody except americans and refugees. america means liberty!

and that's swell americanism: you can shoot a gun, now, peel potatoes with the best of them and you know all about bugles, drill, and army obscenity. the army is a career and though the pay is little, it helps in crap games. when you think of the guys, doing things outside, lawyers, doctors,

 and salesmen, buying "superior homes", with wives
 and golf and poker games you say "ah hell", be-
 cause they had a chance and you didn't. anyway,
 who wants a wife and kids and a time-clock to
 punch? who?

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SOUL MATES

She was

atritelyric

he was

apasseideal . . .

they looked for each other
 many years finally meeting
 in a chop-suey restaurant
 neither could spell
 reincarnation.

--- DALE LERT

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VERSIFLAGE

Tyranthine suitors wooed Eudippe
 In vir venescence. Soft she weeps.
 Columbant circles amaranth
 Amorphate listrous eels. She sleeps.

--- FREDERIK POHL

 If you, dear reader, have anything on hand
 bearing slight resemblance to the type of material
 you've read herein -- let's see it.

PHANTAGRAPHY

by

DONALD A. WOLLBEIM

As copies of this issue
 will be sold at the Chicago
 Science Fiction Convention,
 to many people who are not
 familiar with this strange little magazine, a few
 words. "The Phantagraph" claims to be the oldest
 fan magazine in existence, having first appeared
 in May 1934 and having appeared more or less regu-
 larly (with the exception of the past two years)
 since then. At one time a crusading science-fic-
 tion magazine; at another the sole weird fiction-
 fan magazine, & at another period, just an amateur
 press item of the FAPA, UAPA, and ALPA, it is, in
 its present form, somewhat amorphous. That is to
 say: it will publish practically anything that
 takes the fancy of its editors. The present issue
 tends to be occupied chiefly with the effusions of
 Futurians: this is unplanned; it just happened
 that way. We like all manner of stuff, but, in
 particular, the wilder forms of "transition" writ-
 ing take our fancy. But, anyway, here's "The
 Phantagraph", still going after six years. . . .

***** The recent deaths of Farnsworth Wright and
 T. O'Connor Sloane remove a couple of fantasy's
 oldest landmarks (in a manner of speaking). We
 had the pleasure of having met Mr Wright several
 times and regarded him highly. The Phantagraph
 had the honor of being one of the very few fan
 magazines to which Mr Wright contributed, when, in
 the issue of December, 1936, he answered some of
 the criticisms levelled against Weird Tales by
 Fred Anger and others. Mr Wright had his faults:
 his odd treatment of H. P. Lovecraft, for example.
 But he still put out one of the most fascinating
 periodicals we ever expect to see. T O'Conne r
 Sloane was another gentleman for whom we had con-
 siderable respect, although disagreeing with most
 of his opinions. We recall vividly our first

meeting with him, and, in particular, his piercing and amazingly youthful blue eyes, set deep in that aged and bearded visage. We had thought his Amazing Stories something with which we could dispense painlessly, but, after months and months of the Ziff-Davis Amazing, we find ourselves looking back on Sloane's placid magazine with a certain nostalgia. . . .

***** Fred Pohl is now known as editor of Astonishing Stories and Super Science Stories but we prefer to think of him as the editor of that particularly unique vehicle "Mind of Man". We doubt that there has been any fan magazine that could match it (unless we except our own "Mentator", which was a deliberate take-off). Its forte was Carroll-esque poetry and prose, sometimes in the daffier "transition" style, with illustrations by La Perri to match. Fred has been tinkering with the idea of bringing forth another issue, and we urge connoisseurs of madness to poster him toward that end. We are publishing elsewhere in this issue a bit of Pohl-ian poetry, snatched from the unpublished pages of his anthology "Not I But Ego", collected and illustrated by Doc Lowmde.

***** Fan magazine collectors who are interested in getting back copies of "The Phantagraph" will please not hesitate to write for our list. We have lots of copies of many different issues, dating back to 1935 for sale at quite low prices. Also copies of "Fanciful Tales", a semi-professional printed magazine of over forty pages. "Fanciful Tales", while the supply lasts, is ten cents per copy.

.
 "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl
 fhtagn. Cthulhu fhtagn!"

to bear up under the terrific burden, and his poetry is permeated with a certain nostalgia at once romantic and real. He is always inviting us down to his rancho near the Rio Grande, where, he vows, he will make of us a rip-roaring, cow-punching mass of 100 % muscle. We always decline politely. . . . Les lie Perri needs a press agent with a sense of Humor. We met the lady recently (Perri), and can assure readers that she does not ride broomsticks of nights or stalk about looking like lapis-lazuli of days. She throws things when annoyed and rarely misses; moreover, she's not half bad at wrestling. You can see her latest exhibit at the Kingsport Foundation, daily and Sundays, up until the end of next month. Arkham House is now considering a folio of her first four exhibits. . . . Don Wollheim is the genius (or is it fiend?) behind "Dawdlings", subtitled "a compendium of useless misinformation. It has, to date, we believe, seen 15 printings and has been translated 5 times in the past week, so that it's now available in 35 languages on this planet. Interplanetary Culture, Inc., is now dickering for Shaaardolian, Martian, and Ganymedian rights. . . . John B. Michel is one of the planet's foremost exponents of nonconformist and rebel poetry. His works have been suppressed more often, and by more planetary administration (please imagine an "s" at the end of that last word) than those of any other writer of the past century. They finally grew tired of arresting him. At the present moment, all his works are available in one edition or another, throughout the System. The day that all bans are withdrawn everywhere, he will, we fear, commit hara-kiri in despair. . . . Frederick Gregorius von Eechden und Pohl started editing his science-fiction magazine 30 years ago. At that time there were a dozen or more other magazines of the same general type. Now, only Astonishing Stories remains, selling at the original price, but vastly altered as to size, makeup, material and content. Almost as Astonishing is Doc Lowndes' record of a letter in every issue from the very beginning. Pohl is raising giant centipedes and training them to exterminate Gottesman's cockroaches. Some day . . .