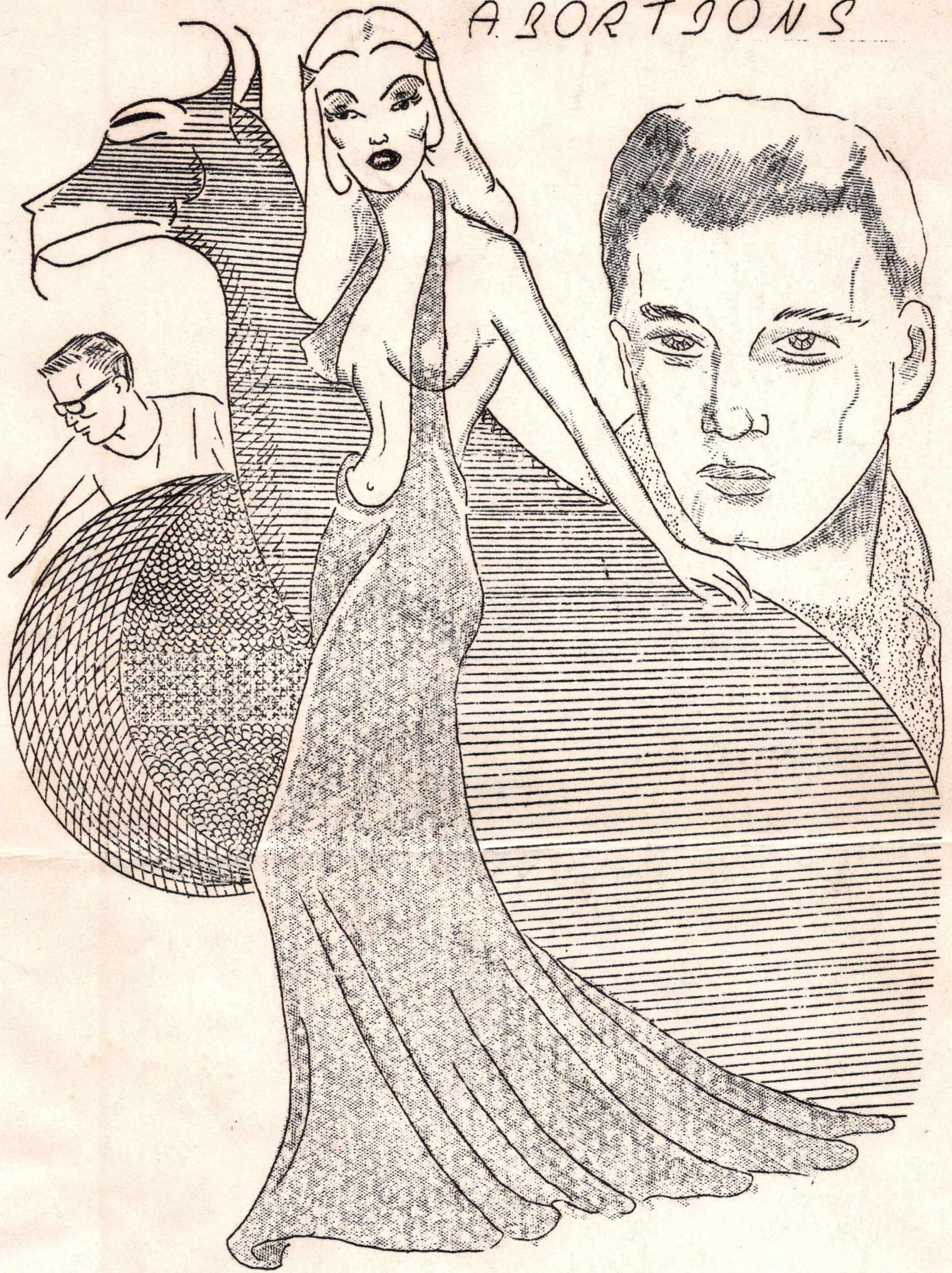


ABORTIONS



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CHRISTMAS ISSUE

December 1951

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 Vol. 1 No. 4 dtime2 onst
 Whole Number 4
 December, 1951

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This magazine earnestly solisits material. For every story, drawing, or poems used we send a free copy of the issue it appears in. Unless otherwise stated, unusable manuscripts submitted willl be turned over the NFFF Manuscript Bureay for plasement in another Fanzine.

We will trade issue for issue with any fanzine being printed. We will also trade for Pro-zines (yak-yuk)

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The reaction to the third issue of Abby was very varied, to say the least. All in all we were fairly well pleased with the turnout and have decided to get this thing on a fairly even keel. Therefore, there is a date on this issue and we can foretell when the next issue will appear. From now on Abby will appear every third month unless there is a decided upswing in reader reaction and enough sensible replies to make more frequent publication plausible. But let's clear up a few points before we go any further.

Point One - Your status with this magazine appears on page 21.

Point two - To get the following issue you must at least acknowledge the current issue. You do not get issues after issue without at least writing to us. We put a price on this magazine but we would much rather have reader reaction than your dime. To subscribe assures you of receiving this steady, otherwise, you must write.

Point three - Figure it out for yourself. We printed exactly 100 copies of #3. It cost us something like \$14.75 including stencils paper, and postage. If we sold every one of the 100, an obvious impossibility, it would net us exactly \$10.00. To think that anyone could ever make a penny profit from a fanzine is, to put it a tiny bit bluntly, a crock of shit. It just isn't done. That should silence our detractor's.

Now -- I switch from my prepared script. I wrote a fine editorial for this issue, thanking many people but I'm a gonna scrap it for some other things that you should know. You will note the use of two typewriters. This size is stenciled by Ken Krueger, the smaller size by Gene Smith.

Got to switch to a different machine now to save space. Anyway, we run ads in this thing. We would appreciate it very much if you people would buy a back or two. If the damn things aren't what they are advertised we will cheerfully (with tears in our eyes) refund your money. There is also a classified section for the benefit of fandom at large. It might not do a bit of good but we want to swap ads with your fanzine. Inch for inch. At the null reaction to that department you would think that we sent out a bomb to everyone who wanted to use it. You general readers can have up to two inches free for nethin. That's cheap enough, and you can advertise for just about anything that's passable by the laws of the land.

Ah, well, back to Abby. The reaction to the past two issues has been a little discouraging. There is nothing obscene in this fanzine, but the editors have learned throughout a long and varied pair of lives that there are two sexes. This basic fact fandom has chosen to ignore in all but it's drawings. We are open minded enough to admit that there is a slight, but all important difference between man and woman. All not liking it, just don't write. You won't get the next issue to be shocked at. But, for the love of Jesus, don't do as one lamebrain did and send a postcard asking how we get away with "printing that filthystuff". There has never been anything filthy in this fanzine. If you found something wrong with Gil Cochrun's story in the last issue, that's tough. If you think the word "whore" is obscene and shouldn't ever be printed, burn your dictionaries, but leave us alone. If you like the policy of this magazine let us know.

There are credits to hand out for this issue. Neither Gene nor I can draw, so Max Keasler kindly stencilled his own cover. Thanks are due to David English who kindly agreed to a rewrite of his story, and didn't object to it being speeded up. To those who sent in material, our special thanks. We need it. We need still more.

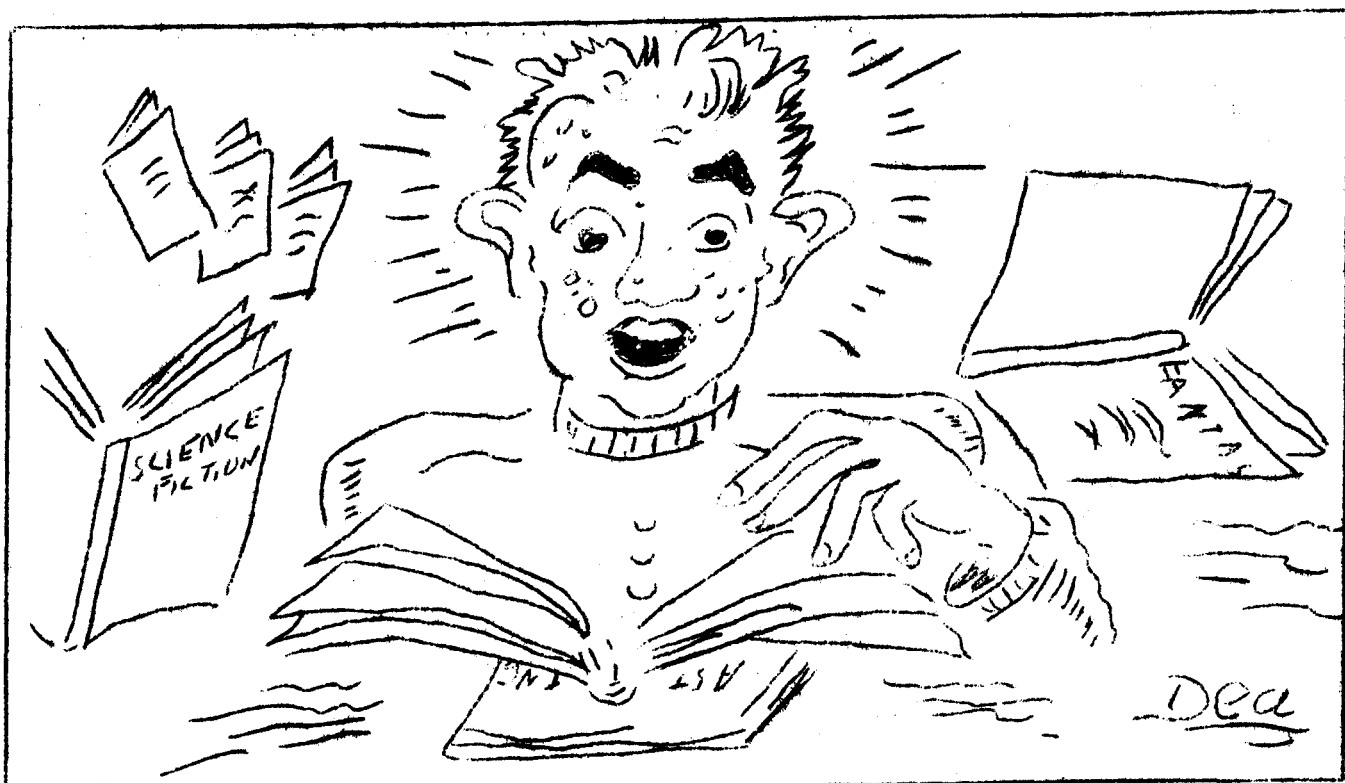
We are up for suggestions for a new name. We do not like "Abortions" especially since this thing got classy. It was fine for the little copies, as they were, but we think this is pretty.

After due consideration, we have decided against any change in size. We find the legal size easier to work with, and more economical in the long run.

LLL is again a separate department, but won't be used in every issue.

Again we solicit your letters. Let us know what you think of this 'zine, please. We don't give a good Goddamn if you like it or not, but we would like to know.

And as this is the December issue -- Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.



TWENTY-FIVE SHORT BOOK REVIEWS

1 - UNTHINKABLE by Francis H. Sibson, Smith 1933: An Antarctic expedition sets out from Cape Town and flounders on a glacial island. The party waits a year for rescue, but no word comes from the outside world. Then, overcoming incredible hardships, the straggling remnants fight its way back to civilization. Weak and starving the expedition arrives in port only to discover that a world war has almost wiped out human existence and that its few survivors are dying men and women. - N Y Times

2 - F. P. 1 DOES NOT REPLY by Kurt Siodmak, Little Brown 1933: A story of the Atlantic airways of the future and of the intrigue which surrounded the anchoring of the world's first floating airport, the F. P. 1, a huge landing platform for planes in the middle Atlantic.

3 - THE LORD OF LIFE by Neil Bell, Little 1933: Trapped in a disabled submarine 20 people survived a world cataclysm. These 19 men and one woman, Sylvia, find an empty world. Courageously they went about the task of founding a colony, with the hope of repopulating the world. After Sylvia had nine husbands and seven sons the colony seemed no nearer to its goal than in the beginning. Then Sid Larkins set out on adventure in the colony's motorboat, and when he discovered Elma, another survivor, things looked more hopeful.

4 - THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS by Guy Endore, Farrar 1933 - Bertrand Caillet, son of a peasant girl and a priest, is born with hair on the palms of his hands, sign of a werewolf. After an unhappy childhood and youth he escapes to Paris where, during the days of the Siege and Commune of 1870, he commits many horrible crimes before he is finally incarcerated in an insane asylum.

5 - BELINDA GROVE by Helen R. Ashton, Doubleday 1933: Story of a beautiful London house and of the ghost which haunted its garden. In 1818, three years after the house was built, an elderly naval captain was killed in a duel with the owner, and thereafter, from time to time during the century, while the old house fell from shabby gentility to disreputable decay, the old captain appeared to the inhabitants, usually in warning against impending disaster.

6 - MAN'S MORALITY by Michael Arlen, Doubleday 1933: A novel of the future written presumably about 2060 AD. It relates the events which led up to the World War of 1987. In that year the International Aircraft and Airways, Inc. was overthrown by rebels within its own ranks and by revolts in Italy and China, two countries in which the feelings of nationalism were still latent. The disaster of this war was followed by the formation of a world state which the 21st century author describes as "a workhouse, a sanatorium, an asylum."

7 - FULL CIRCLE by John Collier, Appleton 1933: The scene of this novel is England in 1955 -- an England laid waste by a series of wars -- it's civilization destroyed, it's people reduced to a state of primitive savagery and living in scattered settlements. The tribe chosen to illustrate the novelist's theories is a little band of men entrenched in the Hampshire valley. They feel the need of more women and plan a raid on the Swindon settlement. Henry, the leader of the raid, captures a girl named Rose. Attracted at first by her beauty he learns genuinely to love her, but only to lose her in the end.

8 - DISTANT WORLDS by Friedrich W. Mader, Scribner 1933: Lord Flintmore invents a world-ship which, by a reversal of the laws of gravity is able to leave the Earth and travel thru space. With a small party of friends he travels to the Moon, Mars, Saturn and other planets, having many adventures and beholding many strange sights on the way.

9 - TO A GOD UNKNOWN by John Steinbeck, Ballou 1933: Joseph Wayne leaves his father's farm in Vermont to seek a new life in California. Shortly afterwards his father dies. To Joseph a huge tree on his ranch became a symbol of his father's spirit. His brothers came to live nearby and the earth repays them for their labors. But one of the brothers, who is terrified by Joseph's pagan beliefs and his sacrifices to the great tree, kills the tree and goes to another town to set up a shop. The lean years come to Joseph and his little community; death, disease and famine descend upon them, and Joseph sacrifices himself. Even before he dies the rains come and fertility is assured to the land.

10 - MEMOIRS OF SATAN by W. A. Gerhardi & Brian Lunn; Doubleday 1933 These memoirs of Satan, beginning some millions of years before the Christian era, & closing with a murder in London in modern times constitute an irreverent, episodic history of mankind enlivened with anecdotes of the devil's love affairs.

11 - DR. ARNOLDI by Tiffany Thayer; Messner 1934 - This tale takes for its theme a world in which no-one dies. "The earth becomes overcrowded, wars & revolutions occur and international trade & communication languish. Then, when navies begin to defend the ports from smugglers, the nations take to unloading their surplus, but undecaying human beings in mid-ocean. The end is a débâcle in which cannibalism becomes the necessary instrument of survival for those wild races that then people the Earth." - NYTimes

12 - CASTAWAY by James Gould Cozzens, Random 1934 - A catastrophe has overtaken New York and the sole survivor finds himself in a store which, like himself, has escaped destruction. Here is all that a human being would need, not only to support existence, but to offer him luxury and comfort. But there is the mental side of the picture and here the truly frightening realism develops as the story proceeds. - Sat Rev of Lit.

13 - HIS FIRST MILLION WOMEN by George Weston, Farrar 1934: At some undated period in the future, a visiting comet deprives the men on our planet of their virility and the world faces the terrible fate of no more babies. But one exception is found, and with ballyhoo and publicity, emergency acts and international diplomacy, he is employed to repopulate the planet. (Pub in England as COMET Z)

14 - INTRIGUE ON THE UPPER LEVEL by Thomas Temple Hoyne, Reilly & Lee 1934: The future gradually degrades itself to a point where in the year 2050 it becomes nothing more than a mechanized, corrupt & evil society. The country is ruled by a dictator who is a descendant of a 1933 gangster. Thru this chaos runs a slight love story and plenty of plots and intrigue.

15 - BEFORE THE DAWN by John Taine, Williams 1934 - Story of the rise of the great saurians during eons of time before the first cave man, of the defeat of these lizard leviathans by nature's own ruthless processes, and the escape of only the tiny mammals from a dying continent. - Boston Transcript.

16 - BLACK AUGUST by Dennis Wheatley, Dutton 1934: In the midst of a particularly hot summer some years hence England is in the throes of a Red revolution. Panic & fear fill the cities and the people flee to the country for food and safety.

17 - **THE PEACEMAKER** by C. S. Forester, Little 1934: A young mathematics teacher in a London boy's school perfects a machine by which he can stop motor traffic at any given point. Led on by his own vague altruistic notions, strangled by his love for the idealistic daughter of the headmaster, he employs his weapon to back up demands made for World disarmament. Inevitably he misjudges the world's reaction to his plot and tragedy is the result.

18 - **CARESS AND FAREWELL** by Loiner Houser, Messner 1934. The story of a beautiful woman doctor, who, as a result of her experiments, was able to make a human being live a lifetime in 23 days. She sought to create a perfect lover whose whole brief life would be absorbed in her body, and the result was bitterness and near tragedy.

19 - **FOREVER** by Mildred Cram, Knopf 1935: Story of Colin and Julie who met and fell in love while waiting to be born. Arrived on Earth they forgot what went before and in due time Julie was married and Colin became engaged. But they both responded to a mysterious urge to go to Chamonia, and again fell passionately in love. They were both killed almost simultaneously but were united in their love, after death.

20 - **LADIES WHOSE BRIGHT EYES** by Ford Maddox Ford, Lippincott 1935: William Sorrell is injured in a railroad accident and thereby projected back into the middle ages. The story relates the adventures that then befell him, due principally to the possession of a fabulous crucifix. Eventually he is again injured and returns to his own time.

21 - **JOHN LILLIBUD** by Francis Gordon Hurrell, Kendall 1935: John Lillibud, an unsuccessful author invents a gadget for reading in bed, and becomes a successful promoter of novelties. But he also discovers a means of fashioning a new nose for himself, and ultimately a new personality controlled by the putting on and off of the nose. The two personalities war with each other with a fatal outcome.

22 - **LAND UNDER ENGLAND** by Joseph O'Neill, Simon & Schuster 1935: Anthony Julian finds a road to a subterranean world which he believes had been taken by his father seven years before. This underworld is peopled by descendants of the ancient Roman inhabitants of Britain, now suffering under the yoke of a great fear which has forced them to surrender all individuality. Anthony is threatened with absorption into this race as his father had been, but is finally able to win his way back to the upper world.

23 - **THE TRANSIENTS** by Mark van Doren, Morrow 1935: John and Margaret are immortal beings who, for a short time, live as mortals in the Connecticut countryside. While they are temporarily separated from each other, Madge, the daughter of a jailer who has arrested John for hitch-hiking falls in love with him; while Margaret, during her wanderings is picked up by a wealthy young man, Stephen, who cares for her during the absence of his parents. Afterwards, the transients are reunited and live together in the solitude of the wood and an abandoned house, to enter, at the beginning of winter, the other dimension from which they came.

24 - **GOD'S SECRET** by Arthur Stanwood Pier, Scribner 1935. At some future date economists have succeeded in eliminating poverty; medical science has practically abolished disease from the earth. The final step is achieved when a famous doctor discovers a serum which practically renders man immortal. Other problems crop up, crime increases a violent sensationalism springs up, overpopulation has to be dealt with. At the age of 600 the discoverer of the serum shoots himself. The solution is considered a good one, and many others follow suit.

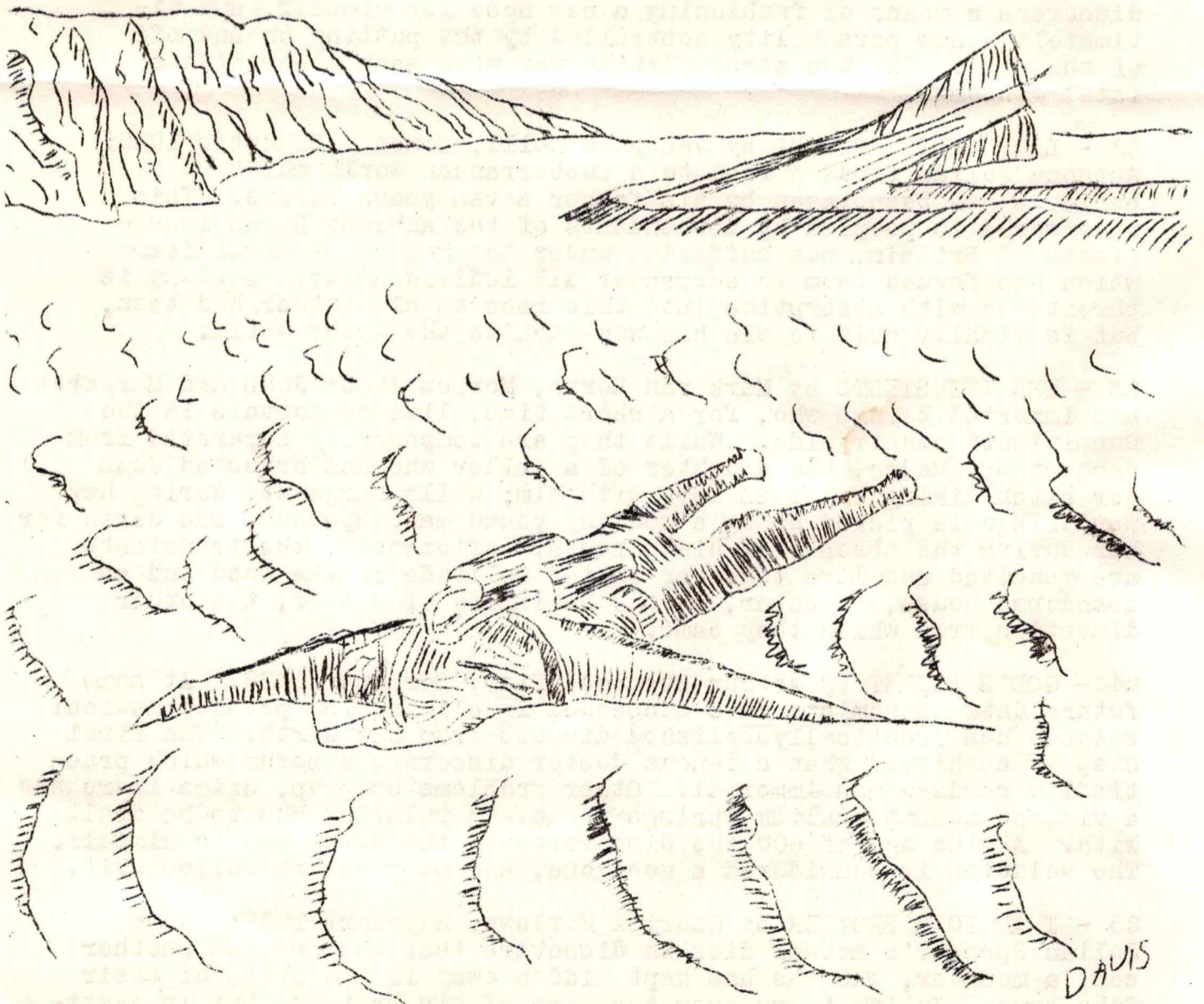
25 - **I AM YOUR BROTHER** by Gabriel Marlowe, Harcourt 1935: When Julian Spencer's mother dies he discovers that she has had another son, a monster, who she has kept hidden away in the attic of their Soho home. Julian takes over the care of his brother, but is eventually driven mad, kills the monster, and is sent to an asylum.

These reviews were used in **BOOK REVIEW DIGEST** and are used with permission. Those taken from other sources are noted. These particular books were used because they are all readily available in second hand store. At one time or another the compiler of this list has bought each of these books for about 25¢ each.

INSCRIPTION

Trav'ler, beneath this plaque of bronze,
We lay, who first from Earth
Came out to space; and linger
Forevermore, in alien soil.
Our oxygen was used,
And all else we needed
Here on this tiny globe.
We rested -- waited for the end.
Be not moved by pity --
We should rise with reddened cheeks.
Uncover here, for we were fiercely proud --
THE FIRST!!!

---Raymond L. Clancy



DAVIS

THE PASSING STRANGE

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THE PASSING STRANGE by MARIE-LOUISE

I can't sleep. Perhaps the wildness of the storm hammering at the windows accounts for my wakefulness. Or maybe the sudden, sharp remembrance of the strange events that transpired in this very room four years ago tonight, at almost this exact time. Perhaps it's a combination of both reasons plus the growing realization of my plight, and the conviction that I shall be forced to spend the night alone in this ugly, gloomy house.

I long to be away from this unhappy place, back in my own snug, cheerful room. A picture of it's warmth and daintiness rises in my mind's eye in comparison with my present dismal surroundings. The nylon and taffeta covered windows, my row of books, my bed turned invitingly down. The soft glow of the lamp on my bed-table and the volume of Keats open and waiting.

I wish now, that I had accompanied Mother and Aunt Lou into town instead of choosing to remain behind. What if the roads became impassable? They might remain in town all night. But surely, they would never allow me to stay all alone in this depressing house, without companionship of any sort!

To ward off loneliness I've been reading John Masefield. If you are acquainted with his "Passing Strange", I need not describe the power it's sober beauty exerts. Nor the manner in which it leaves one shaken at the mystery and certainty of Death:

"Out of the earth to rest of range
Perpetual in perpetual change
The unknown passing through the strange."

"The unknown passing through the strange." I look up from my book at the black curtain of rain falling across the panes, and with a rush of memory it all returns.

The past four years are blotted out and once again a wild, black night is battering at the windows, once again I am a terrified child of thirteen lying in this very bed, rigid with fear in the presence of the unknown and the strange.

Uncle Dan Donor was a savagely jealous man. Through fifteen long years of marriage, he made life a living hell for Aunt Lou. A plain, meek, little creature, she went through life with her head down, literally, lest some man should give her a careless "Good morning" or a friendly "Hello", and invite the wrath of her insanely jealous mate.

When salesmen or insurance agents knocked at her door, she spoke to them through an infinitesimal crack, carefull never to allow them to set a foot inside.

A drab, mousey, little woman, with no visible claim to beauty, it was bewildering to all concerned just wherein lay her fascination.

One day when I was about twelve, I came upon her sitting quietly in her room with such naked despair on her face I was shocked into flinging my arms about her shrinking figure and seeking to comfort her.

She said to me slowly, "Never imagin, Marise, that you can ever find happiness with a jealous man. If you are ever tempted, remember me as a living example of the result. I lost my individuality long

ago. When your turn comes to open your heart to a man, make certain that your future is built on a solid foundation of mutual love and trust."

Looking back now, I know that a more unwholesome, unhappy existence than hers would be difficult to conceive. It must have given her a heady feeling of relief when Dan Donor was killed outright in a train wreck and she was set free of his moody tyranny.

I remember well the day of the funeral. Mother is Aunt Lou's twin sister and I am her namesake. So we arrived at the Donor house an hour before the services on an afternoon that was as mournful as one could wish for such an occasion. The skies wept copiously, and when the small line of cars reached the cemetery, catastrophe awaited.

The open grave was so full of rocks that dynamite must be used to clear it. Interment, obviously, was impossible. However, services were read and the body placed overnight in a small chapel on the grounds awaiting burial on the morrow.

Through the heavily falling rain the cars speeded away from the dismal spot and we returned to Aunt Lou's for the night.

At bed-time, she insisted on Mother and me sharing the huge bedroom she had spent so many unhappy nights in, while she doubled up with another relative.

Unable to sleep, I lay beside Mother listening to her quiet breathing, my fevered imagination reliving the scenes of the day. It was hard to believe that Uncle Dan was dead, his powerful personality crushed out forever. Where was he now, I wondered. And what had he found at the end.....oblivion, or an open door to still another world?

It was still raining and black night pushed against the panes.

Downstairs was a queer, muffled noise. Before I could ponder on its source, another, even more eerie sound fell on my ears. I heard distinctly, the slow, dull tread of footfalls on the stairs. There seemed to be an interval of seconds before each step sounded. As though the climber was very tired, or very ill.

At the top of the landing the steps halted. Then the sound of the attic door opening, and the steps going up.....up. Down they came again, turned the corner of the landing and came directly into the room where Mother and I lay.

Paralyzed by fear, unable to utter a sound, I lay and waited. The noises ceased. By the feeble ray of the street light across the road, I strained my eyes but could see nothing in the room.

But something was wrong with Mother! She lay on her back, her face a queer, grayish cast. Horrible, muted sounds came from her throat. Suddenly, my voice obeyed me! I screamed till the house rang!

In a moment the room was full of relatives. Mother was given attention and when she could speak above a whisper, told the uneasy group of her horrible nightmare.

"Dan was standing over me, mistaking me for Lou, trying to strangle me, and moaning over and over that he could not bare to be parted from me."

No one slept any more that night. We kept to the brightly lighted living room, talking away the dark hours till dawn.

At breakfast time the phone rang. The caretaker of the cemetery was calling Aunt Lou to tell her the grave had been cleared and the body finally interred.

All that was four years ago, but those nightmarish hours left a lasting impression on me. Many times I've wondered why I never told anyone of the footsteps I heard in the night. Many times I've wondered why I allowed Mother to believe she had a nightmare when I knew better. Most fantastic of all, what strange power had insignificant, little Aunt Lou over handsome, strapping Dan Donor

that was strong enough to pull him back from the brink of eternity and compel him to seek her presence?

And, push that thought away though I try, still the question persists. Why had Aunt Lou never spent a night alone in this house in all the ensuing years, nor ever since occupied this bedroom?

The storm grows no calmer. Instead, the wind is rising and moaning around the eaves like a woman in labor. But the fury and violence of the storm does not bring fear to me. It is another sound in the night I have just heard. A far different sound. Someone or something is moving around below saairs. The outside door was bolted. I saw to it myself.....I am cold....and afraidafraid...The telephone is ringing! The telephone is ringing.... ...and I cannot answer it...because it is below in the hallway...and to reach it I must open my door and go down the stairs...down those stairs where someone...something...is waiting. The telephone is silent now, but I am not alone....someone...something...is on the stairs.....

---Marie-Louise

.....

A E S O P ' S F A B L E S

In a small village on the Isle of Man, there once existed a rather odd situation. The residents of this village, each and every one, owned an ass. There were little asses and big asses, lean asses and fat asses.

There lived in this village a preacher and his wife. Each owned an ass. The preacher's wife had a big, fat ass. The preacher's ass was not as fat as that of his wife. This fact made Mrs. Preacher feel that she had a pretty superior ass. Everyone in the village also thought that she had the best ass. They would say to the people from other villages; "That's the preacher's wife, she's got the best ass in town."

On Sundays everyone took their asses to church to hear the preacher preach. The preacher also brought his own ass to church, and tied it right outside the window.

But tragedy stalked the village this particular Sunday. A local group of Commies got together and plotted to blow up the church. Posthaste they skulked to the church, and while the congregation listened to the preacher inside, outside were these fouldCommies planting a charge of explosives practically under the preacher's ass, and right underneath the window. The foul deed finished, they withdrew, taking their own asses with them. They didn't want their asses blown to smithereens.

At the predetermined instant, the blast went off. Of course, it blew the preacher's poor ass to smithereens. The Commies, damn their eyes, chuckled. Inside the church everyone, except the preacher, rushed for the nearest door. HE dove out the window, thinking he would land on his ass. Instead he landed in a big hole, caused, no doubt, by the explosion.

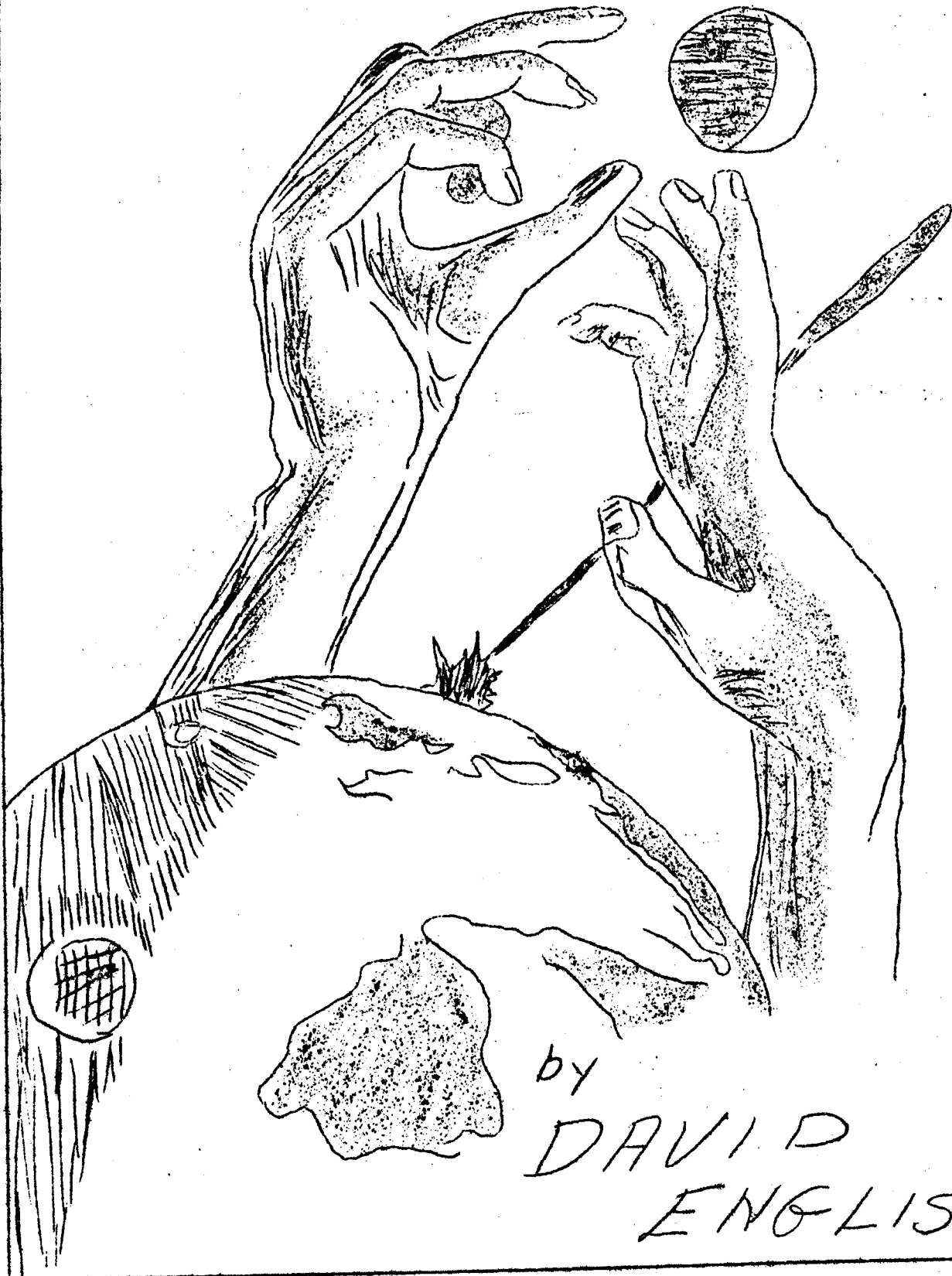
The Commies, damn their eyes, sneered.

MORAL: This little tale just goes to prove that some preacher's can't tell their ass from a hole in the ground.

-----Robert Q. Fultz.



FALVAY'S HANDS



Outside of the dome that protects Ore City, and outside of the domes that protect all other Venusian cities, the howl of the eternal dust storm is like that of a damned soul; inside, it is the whimpering of a beaten child. It has never stopped, and will never stop; at least not in Man's lifetime, and perhaps not in Venus'.

The wind snatches up the powdery, dry dust, and hurls it forever onward. It twists it into weird patterns of walking shadows and dancing ghosts of the men it has claimed. It shrouds the planet in an ever opaque veil.

Julius Sundholm didn't care for the storm that raged outside; he was completely engrossed in the brooding fear that lay within him. The fear that came to the surface only in the tiniest haunted lock in his one remaining eye and in the permanent tenseness of his body; but which was always there. Sometimes it would lay dormant for days, a small shrivelled thing, hidden away; then, suddenly, for no reason at all, it would surge upward to coil his intestines into hard knots of steel cable that rebelled at the slightest touch of food.

He was an ugly man, a very ugly man; both in countenance and disposition. His temper was said, and probably truly, to be the worst on Venus; and his face was not well thought of either. It was square and coarse, heavy. A ragged scar began on his forehead, slashed temporarily beneath the black lens that hid the absence of an eye, then emerged, and, as though ashamed of its ugliness, hid itself in his uncombed beard.

"One-eye" they called him behind his back; and to his face, "Boss". They feared and respected him because he was the toughest foreman in the short, but brutal history of the Ore City mines. For that they respected him. They feared him for another reason: the belligerent drunk who had insulted him four years ago. Who had been beaten into a bloody pulp. And who had died. Law enforcement in frontier cities has been poor all through history, so Sundholm was still around to inspire the kindred emotions of fear and respect.

One of the favorite pastimes of the miners, when they were at home or out drinking, was speculating as to his origin. He might, some said, have escaped from one of the asteroid prisons! And there were sundry others, each one as unfavorable. But all that was really known about him was that he had stepped off the Earth-Venus rocket ten years ago to take a job as a miner. After a few years he had become a foreman, not because the company had wanted him, but because the men had elected him as per a new custom. And that was not because the men had wanted him either; it was because of their fear of him.

Many things were suspected though, for suspicion thrives on lack of actual knowledge. For instance, Old Baxter, the junkman whose body was as broken as the rubbish he dealt in, spoke insinuatingly of the many, many bottles found among the other rubbish set out by Sundholm. He would nod wisely and state: "He's a secret drinker, and they oughtn't let him have the lives of men in his hands! No good'll come of it!" But the news of Sundholm's habit never came to the attention of the company, or, if it did, it didn't bother them, so he kept his job.

Sundholm, for the three thousand five hundred and eighth time stepped into the elevator in his hotel. He reached down, stabbed the plastic button set in the wall, and was sucked up fourteen floors to his room. It hissed to a smooth stop, and he pushed his way into the rooms, locking the door behind him.

The room showed every sign of having been lived in for years—most of which should have been obliterated by cleaning long ago, before it had become too late.

One thing was well cared for though—the lighting. There were few shadows; the lights might well have been arranged by a lighting expert. Sundholm had spent a whole night years ago placing them carefully and abundantly until every shadow had been diligently hunted down and destroyed. When a man lives with fear he must also live with light or go mad.

He went to a small table where two bottles gleamed coolly and invitingly. Several others, empty ones, were lying on the floor, not yet thrown out to reassure Old Baxter of his suspicions.

"Thank God!" breathed Sundholm, trembling some of the fiery liquid into a glass. His hand shook so that he dribbled some of it down his chin, but he neither noticed nor cared. He sunk despairingly into a chair.

All through the long days, he held the fear down with all his strength; but when he was alone, the outward courage sloughed away. It was, at most, a precariously thin veil put on for the benefit of the men he commanded.

The fear boiled to the surface.

He thought: "What's the use of living? Just to drink until I pass out, then dream of Falvay, then wake up and go to work, come home and drink, then --- Hell, what's the use? Why don't I kill myself and get it over with?" He knew the answer to that question but he didn't like to say it. It didn't sound nice. He was afraid.

One of the plastic floorboards, cooling after the warmth of the day, creaked. Sundholm let out a shrill gasp. Even after he realized what it really was, he trembled, and cold perspiration ran down his face. He looked down at his hands and saw that he was twisting his fingers together nervously. There had been an old woman who used to visit his mother years ago. She had done the same thing.

"Christ!" he exclaimed angrily. "I'm getting as bad as Old Lady Lescynski!" That called for another drink. He took it.

He wouldn't have been able to tell you why he was nervous if you asked him. Wasn't Roger Falvay rotting on Pandora, the asteroid hell, never to be released; and escape impossible for him? Of course he was. So why should he worry.

He shouldn't. But he did!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

.....

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D A R K G E N I U S

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.....

One of the plastic floorboards, cooling after the warmth of the day, creaked. Sundholm let out a shrill gasp. Even after he realized what it really was, he trembled, and cold perspiration ran down his face. He looked down at his hands and saw that he was twisting his fingers together nervously. There had been an old woman who used to visit his mother years ago. She had done the same thing.

"Christ!" he exclaimed angrily. "I'm getting as bad as Old Lady Lescynski." That called for another drink. He took it.

He wouldn't have been able to tell you why he was nervous if you asked him. Wasn't Reger Falvay rotting on Pandora, the asteroid hell, never to be released; and escape impossible for him? Of course he was. So why should he worry?

He shouldn't, but he DID!

And if Falvay should get out, why should I worry even then, he asked, in his more courageous moments. But his more courageous moments were few and short-lived, and when they left him he immediately knew what he would have to be afraid of should Falvay ever escape and track him down: Falvay's huge, strong, hairy, never-still hands. "Paws" was a more apt description.

God, But they were strong! It seemed that the muscles in them were steel cables, and the nerves, taut wire; the skin, hard, toughened, unbreakable plastic. Falvay was proud of them; he flexed them constantly, and loved to take the knuckles of one hand in the other, bend them--so--POP! He loved to do it for he knew now it annoyed the others.

How many men--traitors, or suspected traitors, to the smuggling organization--had Falvay used those hands to strangle? Sundholm hadn't counted; indeed, he might not have dared to, for fear that the number might horrify even him, hardende though he was against brutal death. He shuddered when he thought of it.

He knew that shudder hadn't been like him. Ordinarily the thought of death--even his own--didn't bother him. But this was not ordinary death; this was death at Falvay's hands. That was different. He didn't wish to die gasping for breath like some unwanted kitten with its head held beneath water.

"Why the hell am I worried? He's on Pandora; he can't get away. They'll never let him go. Heh, I saw to that, he said proudly. By this time he had emptied one bottle, and was talking out loud. He added fearfully; "Yeah, I fixed it, and that's why he'd want to kill me...Oh, Hell, it's impossible for any one to escape from Pandora.

Well, perhaps for just anyone, but Falvay was different....

"God, if he ever got--his hands--on my throat, he'd squeeze...and squeeze... until everything begins to go black...and my face'd swell...and turn purple and..."

He cursed, "Why do I think such things?"

A river of thought ran through his mind. It roared in his ears, splashed about and turned everything green with the fears that swam in it; it gushed around the twisted rocks of his memories, and wound in the dark places of his impending madness...

He remembered the old days--when he and Kendricks, and Falvay, and all the others had smuggled forbidden things on the White Lily (incongruous name for such a villainous vessel). The long hours he had spent with Falvay in the radar-detector room came back in terrible detail.

The times that Falvay had come up behind him to put his hands around his throat, and squeeze playfully were remembered. When it had happened, he had known that Falvay hadn't actually planned to harm him, but what Falvay planned and what he did were, all too often, different things. You could never tell what he might do next.

They had all known he was somewhat mad, but just how mad they had never known until they had heard his psycho record read at his trial...his trial and theirs.

Ah yes, the TRIAL. Sundholm remembered the trial...the long speeches by harried lawyers; the pompous bulldog(bastard) of a judge; and, most of all, Falvay sitting beside him, listening as he, Sundholm, blamed all of his crimes on him. Falvay had not denied a word of it; instead he just sat there... promising to return and avenge the wrong; his hands writhed, and seemed to promise too, as if they were separate animals.

Well, the lies had done their work well; Sundholm got a mere five-year sentence on one of the more pleasant asteroid prisons, while Falvay got life on Pandora.

As soon as the bulldog (bastard) judge had pushed the last syllable of that sentence off his tongue, Falvay sprang! He tore himself from the hands of his guards and leaped across the low rail that separated him from his betrayer.

He snarled as he sped toward Sundholm, and in his hand gleamed a silvery knife. (Where had he gotten it? Some careless guard?) Never touching the floor, he flew across the rail to send Sundholm crashing over a desk.

Then, on the other side of the desk, he crushed his knees into his enemy's chest. He towered above him, his eyes aflame with beast-like hatred. Everyone looked on in open-mouthed horror, unable to comprehend what was happening, Sundholm screamed!

The knife rose---the knife FELL. Sundholm shut his eyes.

Agony burned his brow and flamed in his eye as the knife seared its way across his face.

Then it was over; Falvay had been dragged from him, and he was alone with his pain. For one eye there was nothing; the other saw Falvay struggling with two enormous guards in a red mist. The brain behind them merely filed this away for future interpretation. At the moment it was interested only in the fear, and the pain that filled it.

"That's only a down payment; I'll get you again--but good! You wait, there'll be another time! Yeah." shrieked Falvay.

And that was how he knew Falvay would kill him if he escaped and found him. That was why he drank so much, and slept so little. Why he was frightened by small sounds like...well, like the elevator starting below, just then.

"The Elevator" Choked Sundholm.

He heard the smooth, almost inaudible, hiss of compressed air that sent the elevator gliding up. He had heard it thousands of times before, and each time it had shocked him as much. What if Falvay was in it?

Up to that time, his mind had been becoming steadily duller with the consumption of alcohol; now it became crystal clear. All signs of drunkenness left him. He waited for the elevator to stop, preferably at some other floor.

The waiting was almost unbearable. And then...it stopped..BEFORE HIS DOOR.

Someone kicked at the door as if to break it in. Thump, thump, THUMP. A choking dry wad arose in Sundholm's throat. "Who is it?" trembled by his lips. The Thumping continued but his cry was unanswered. Sundholm Shouted again.

"Why the hell doesn't he answer, God, Why doesn't he answer? He wanted to run away and hide. He wanted to shut his eyes tight and pretend he couldn't be seen, as a child does. He couldn't though, it might be one of the men from the mine. He might be needed at the mine. HE HAD TO OPEN THE DOOR.

He got up and walked to the door. As he came nearer, he felt like turning and running, but he didn't. When he reached it, he unlocked it slowly, then turned the knob. It slipped around in his sweating palm, and finally clicked and was torn open by...

FALVAY.

Sundholm's throat rasped horribly when he tried to draw a breath to scream with. Every bit of strength drained from him leaving a weak, sick shell. His face grew pale and wet (his pants just grew wet). His legs became pillars of dough; his brain went numb, and he felt as though he were about to fall down. Within him, he heard the machine gun thunder of his heart. And--as in a nightmare, just as some horrible doom was about to overtake him--his feet seemed to be rooted to the floor.

Perhaps that moment wouldn't have been so bad if he hadn't waited for it for so long. Maybe if he hadn't brooded about it all those years, and built it up in his mind, it would have been different. But he had run from it, dreaming of it every night, thinking of it all day long, until, now, it was the ultimate of horrors.

"Well, aren't you going to invite me in?" asked Falvay. He moved forward slowly--enjoying the moment. He was laughing silently, as if at some private joke. He wore one of the long, all-enveloping cloaks that had become so popular lately. Because of it Sundholm couldn't see the man's hands. He was glad of that! If he could have, it would be the final shock that would send him mad.

"I've waited a long time for this," whispered Falvay. He knew exactly how to pronounce each word for maximum effect. He had rehearsed this moment carefully; he had had plenty of time. "You know why I'm here, don't you?"

Sundholm took off like a B. A. B.

He charged at Falvay with the desperate courage of a cornered rat. How else could a cornered rat charge? Pushing Falvay aside, he rushed to the elevator, and just managed to close the doors as Falvay flung his body at the opening. Inside the elevator, as it fell through the building, Sundholm gibbered insanely. He swore and shouted at, and pleaded with the elevator for more speed. When it reached the bottom floor, Sundholm jumped out and paused to get his bearings. Behind him, the elevator started back up for Falvay. Oh, why hadn't he thought to try to jam it, somehow?

He began to run again...Take thirty seconds to get back up...thirty more down...ten for him to get to the street. God--seventy more seconds and he'll be after me again. He kept on running, most of the time with his eye on the street behind him. He ran up dark alleys, between buildings, deep in shadows, hiding twisting, running. Many times he collided with men who were going home late. They probably thought he was a crazy man. He didn't care, he picked himself up and ran faster.

As he ran down the street he mumbled "Oh God, he saw me; he'll tell Falvay. Falvay'll trail me...got to hide...God, did that shadow move?...Falvay?...No..Yes; Yes it was.

So now Falvay was on his trail. He tried to run faster, but his legs ached, and Falvay was gaining, and his lungs burned, and Falvay was still gaining on him every minute, and it seemed as though there was a knife buried in his side. He didn't look back anymore, for he didn't have to, the steady clumping of those space boots told him exactly where his enemy was.

Just then, Sundholm's impression of hell would have been for this race to continue forever. It was a fantastic nightmare--one of the bad dreams of his prison term come true; running, eternally running. And his surroundings might have come from a nightmare, too. The buildings were no longer common, ordinary structures of stone and steel and plastic. They were the legs of evil titans, being moved about and placed before him to block his way. It seemed to his sick mind that any moment now the street would tip up before him and send him scratching, sliding, squirming back into Falvay's writhing hands.

Suddenly something sprang up eighty feet ahead that gave him hope; the main office of the mine.

He remembered that. It was the place from which he led his crew to the mine each morning. The place where they donned plastic suits to protect them from the eternal dust storm and the poisonous atmosphere. An idea came into his mind. It concerned the long guide cable that stretched from the dome to the mine. When making the perilous journey, you had to hang onto it for dear life or be swept away by the wind. You had to be an expert to reach the mine alive.

You had to be an expert to get there alive...

An expert--Sundholm was an expert, but Falvay had probably never seen a guide cable before in his life.

If only he could make it to the airlock in time to put on an airtuit, and get out, he would be safe. He ran faster, though his legs seemed to be made of stone, and his muscles purty. The office was only fifty feet away...now forty...and now twenty-five...only ten. Then he was there! He made it. But, the door was locked, and Falvay grew closer every moment. Sundholm knew he had the key; he had to have the key. Oh, what if it wasn't in one of his pockets.

Finally he found it. He stabbed at the keyhole with it, and by sheer luck, thrust it in the first time. (Ed. Note: Remember this series of words for possible use in filthy detective story) The door was unlocked quickly--just in time. As he slammed and locked it behind him, he heard Falvay thud against it.

For a moment he swayed dizzily. He wasn't used to such prolonged exertion, and the fear made it worse. His heart seemed about to burst. When he was somewhat rested, he began to fumble his way into an airtight suit. Falvay continued to thud against the door, and each time he did, the door seemed to splinter slightly. It was only imagination, but such imaginings could drive Sundholm mad.

The door finally really did splinter. A great crack split it down the middle. In less than a minute, Falvay would be in. What would Sundholm do? His suit was only half on; he'd need at least another minute to get the upper half on, and make all the adjustments.

He tried to think of some solution, but he couldn't. His mind refused to work. The horror of the last half-hour had shattered it beyond repair. A part of his mind saw Falvay stepping through the smashed door. Another part dwelt on the future horror...the choking. Others thought of stupid, incoherent things culled from his younger days. But they couldn't get together to think out a feasible solution to his problem. He was now insane.

Suddenly he screamed a long, hopeless, drawn-out scream. Then he dashed to the airlock, and out through it--into the eternal storm. Into death. "Perhaps" he thought insanely, "he could make it to the mine; perhaps he would not perish. His momentum carried him ten feet beyond the door, before the shrieking wind hurled him sidewise into time (Whoops--typographical error) hurled him sidewise into the deep, smothering dust. It pushed and pulled him over the choking powder while his screams echoed above even the howl of the storm. Soon he could scream no longer, for his lungs were full of poisonous gases and dust, and his head was full of blackness, and his body was rapidly filling with death.

The wind continued to carry its prize; perhaps to some secret burying ground only it knew of.

For some time Falval listened to the deadly wind. Then he laughed. He lifted back his head and roared his laughter to the heavens.

"You can't kill now, Falvay!" he shouted, "That's what they said; 'You can't kill now.' when they did this to me. But I showed them. I showed them."

And Falvay laughed until the tears streamed down his face, and he waved aloft in defiance to the skies the stumps that had once been his arms: :

FINE

(DAVID ENGLISH)

Requisat in Pace

(And another redskin bit the dust---: **** ... : so there)

If a word of advice to all you young and struggling authors would not be remiss, may I extend to you the following thoughts which occurred to me as I typed the above story, which you just finished. I hope you all finished it. It was a good story. However, even after deleting several hundred exclamation marks, I feel that there are still one or two in excess of good taste. Also may I request that if you ~~if~~ people would rather not write in the first person singular, please choose as your main character someone with a typographically euphonious name. Remember this thing is put out on a typewriter; not a nasty word printing press.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

This fanzine is co-operating with the NFFF Manuscript Bureau. It is, however, not sponsored by the NFFF, nor does the policy of this magazine in any way reflect the opinion of any known members of the NFFF.

Max Keessler has also requested us to insert a notice the FANVARIETY is no longer sponsored by the NFFF. FANVARIETY is no longer sponsored by the NFFF.

I have did my duty.

Pisans:

Any questions that come up in the course of the letters are answered in the editorial. Shall we be off:

From: Bob Fultz, Box 203, Rte 1, Eamms, Ill.

Well, how do you like that? A mag that increases about 6 times larger in size and 20 times in material. I've seen everything now. Muchly enjoyed Cochrun's "Sign of the Burning Hart". May Dr. Keller and the NZF rest in peace. I've tried like hell to figure out how the new paper could have splinters in it, but no soap. So I'll save myself the expense of the tweezers. I'd have to have a rear vision mirror anyway. Yerz in pain - BOB FULTZ

From: John Davis, 931 East Navajo Road, Tucson, Arizona

Just got Abby #3. What ever happened to #1? And I thot it was you and JFillinger going it, not you and Gene Smithereens or somethin'. The cover was good. Arful good. Slurp. The format's much better too. There's artwork, too! I want more of Julius Jerque! He's funny. He's interresting! He uses MOM! "The Sign of the Blowing Fart" was fair. Only fairy, tho, tee see. ((about this time I'm starting to have my doubts about this lad)). The letter section was good, too. Do I get a copy of the next one????? ??????????or don't I? I want one...but if, well, such to say, you don't think I might - There, that's taken care of. Re: the forthcoming attractions, Since when am I best known for anything except ((the following seven words are deleted as the editors have some ethics)) Here I am shouted about as the biggest ((again!)) and loudest laugh since Fillinger tought a spittcon was a drinking cup. Thanks for the egoboo. The Itachics typer was funny looking...I like it. Does it work?? Who's Stein? Bob? Beer? Franken? -- JOHN DAVIS

From: Gilbert Cochrun, Rt 3, Box 51, Claremore, Okla.

I have glanced at Abortions #3 and I know the late and very illustrious one his excellency baron Wrangle must regard it as his heir in a direct straight line. Tisk t'sk fel format sblat, an e'boulement from Circe's throne room. The Tartar camp fires will flash multicolored signals when the Deros in the caverns ask their surface pals to send down a copy of Abortions #3. - GILBERT COCHRUN -----((Hold The Fort - the mailman just brought the following from the above named lad)) "I missed the NFFF with that first Nonce: I think perhap's one's aim is for Heeste's lap but a bounce might give the boys W. Max Keasler broke away from a look at it." ((This guy kills me. I don't know what hae hell he's talking about nine/tenths of the time, but who cares))

From: Walt Klein, Mansfield, Ohio

After debating seriously for an hour and thirteen minutes, I have decided that I would rather receive the next issue of Abby than another book. Enclosed is a dime: 1st criticism - slightly too much obscenity. 2nd criticism - you didn't give the address of the Cafe Pola Negro. -- WALT KLEIN

From: Eldon Everett: PO Box 513, Tacoma, Wask.

Just got Sept ish Abortions. It stinks, but I like it. Send me next ish. The poem on p 16 and story on p 17 are something, wot if the postal authorities saw, they would quit sending your 'zine through the mails. I imagin F. Wadsworth Thirkingham is a pseudonym but I'd like a little more info on The Blood Is The Life, and Four Wooden Stakes. Left out was Rohmer's Batwing. -- ELDON EVERETT

From: David English, 203 Robin Street, Dunkirk, N Y

I didn't like the cover. There was a time when the artist would have had her right leg thrust forward. Why didn't you use the back cover for the front cover? Clancy's opus surprised me, and pleasantly. That Cochrun guy is really talented, you can make you laugh even when you don't know what he's talking about. DAVID ENGLISH

From: Raymond L. Clancy, 1917 Davidson Ave, Bronx 52, New York

I received the copy of Abby and can't keep from saying it was a gem. It does have a weird name, though. I particularly liked that cover and Bergeron's really lifelike amazed dinosaur. I liked the editorial touches on my Black Beetle story, but not the one on my humble effort in the direction of poetry. I am flattered to learn that the Brutal Bum is getting another chance in Abortions. I like the whole darn idea of having us know what's coming.

-----RAYMOND L. CLANCY

DELUGE!

by SAM COOBOBLIATZ

(An independent sequel to FURY which appeared in Abby #2. This story is fiction and any similarity to actual names and events is purely co-incidental)

This is a tale of two people: one a nobody, and the other a high society lady; and of how one caused the disgrace of the other in a most unforeseeable manner.

* * * *

Slowly, drippingly, W. Max Koester walked away from Nuts, the elephant. He felt that life no longer had any meaning. He made his weary way to the big city, where he proceeded to look for another job. Finally after a long, hard search he again became employed. He began as a shipping clerk in the firm of "Shacraft & Willata". There he worked for five years, never raising himself above his humble position, and never forgetting his experience with Nuts, the elephant that understood any spoken command. As you may recall, Max had been scrubbing the elephant's belly when a vendor walked by and hollered "PEANUTS".

Never could Max forget that wetting. It was still lodged in the back of his mind the night that he went to the firm's 25th annual banquet, where catastrophe awaited.

* * * *

On the very day that Max was hired by the firm of "Shacraft & Willata" the very prominent socially Mrs Josephine Gillinger was talking very earnestly with her Doctor. "Doctor," she said. "It seems to be a pain in the lower right hand side of the back of my abdomen."

"Aha", said the doctor gravely, feeling the spot.

"I simply can't imagin what on Earth it could be."

"Aha", said the doctor gravely, feeling the spot.

"I eat only the very best, healthy foods."

¹/₂ "Do you eat Green peas?" asked the doctor gravely, feeling the spot.

"Oh, yes, I eat green peas all the time. I love green peas. Whenever I have a choice of vegetables, I always take green peas." answered Mrs Gillinger.

"No more Green peas." said the doctor gravely, feeling the spot.

"No more green peas?" echoed Mrs Gillinger. "None at all?"

"None." said the doctor gravely, feeling the spot. "Come back next week."

* * * *

Weekly after that Mrs. Gillinger returned to the doctor, who gravely felt her spot. And weekly she obeyed his orders, and ate no green peas. And weekly, the pain grew less.

The weeks grew into months, and the months into years. Mrs Gillinger got her spot felt weekly, and ate no green peas. Then, on the day of the "Shacraft & Willata" 25th annual banquet, she made her final trip to the doctor.

"Aha," said the doctor, gravely feeling her spot. "No more pain, you say."

"No more pain." Mrs Gillinger announced grandly. "When can I try green peas again?"

"Anytime you like, madam." said the doctor, giving the spot one last feel.

* * * *

That night Mrs. Gillinger attended the "Shacraft & Willata" banquet as one of the guests of honor. At a point near the foot of the huge table, sat Max Koester. The two had never met. This night was the change their entire ways of life, to disgrace one, and cause the other to face starvation.

The party proceeded on schedual. The meat course was a wonderous success, the came the vegetables. GREEN PEAS were served. Grandly, Mrs Gillinger got to her feet, and walked to the podium at the head of the table. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, raising her fork aloft, "This will be the first pea I've taken in five years"

"My God!" screamed Max. "Everybody who can't swim jump for the chandeliers."

-----SAM COOBOBLIATZ

For the next issue we have some fine material lined up. Joe Fillenger has torn apart one of fandon's finest with an expose of the black heart of Rickard Elsberry. Everyone but Elsberry should enjoy reading this one.

RAYMOND L. CLANCY will be present with a fine short-short entitled "The Back Streets of Venus". It's a goody.

JOHN DAVIS will be present with the epic that we mentioned last issue but we don't want to play up again as he went into a tailspin over it.

LILLI will be back with book reviews, movie re views, and review reviews.

HAROLD KAISER will enter our pages with a fine review of that exceedingly scarce book on witchcraft - MAGICA SEXUALIS.

CLASSIFIED ADS SECTION

FANZINES WANTED - #1 issue of Abortions, and many others. Please send lists to Robert W. Chambers, Coos Bay, Oregon.

FANVARIETY continues to lead the field in fanzines. 10¢ a copy from Max Keasler, 420 South 11th Street, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

THE BARGAIN OF THE YEAR - X-CELLOs, in packages of three and one dozen. A special @ 35¢ for three, only \$1.00 per dozen. These are sold for prevention of disease only, send first class mail, postpaid in plain wrapper. Quantities are limited at this special low price. Write to Box EX, care of this magazine.

HERE IS YOUR STANDING WITH THIS MAGAZINE.

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_____ Contributor's copy.

_____ Sample copy, how about a subscription?

_____ How about some material from your gifted pen?

LILLI MARLENE

Beautiful nymphs enchantments of crooked streets lie in alluring wait.

And exotic thought forms near the lamp post at the barrack gate

Lieutenant Zola who at sunrise must give the Coup de grace to LeDocteur the lady spy

Passes through the garrish light at the gate and the nymphs hear him say "The world is a sty."

Then the rising sun flashes through the heavens and dispells the shimmer of the gates lamp

And on the ground the gun fire of the squad blanches the demons debouncing from hell's ramp

Lieutenant Zola advances and bends over the fallen LeDocteur a lady spy so brave And flashing from Zola's side arm pistol speeds the bullet that sends LeDocteur to her grave

Then Zola straightens his aplomb somewhat shattered as he looks down a tunnel into the earth's core

And watches the soul of LeDocteur fade into the raptures that reside in the lap of the old whore.

This is the end of what we feel is a pretty good issue. There should be no loud lamenting on anyone's part when they get this. Again, may we call your attention to a few items of interest.

1 - You can advertise free in this magazine. Send us your copy for the next issue.

2 - Unless we hear from you within two weeks after this issue is mailed, you will not get the next. Unless you subscribe, that is. We have a mailing list with over 500 names on it. This magazine is sent out alphebetically now. We print 100 copies, no more. If you won't write, maybe the next guy will so why not give in and send us a letter.

3 - Please co-operate with our advertisers. If you have something they want, quote them.

I fear that's all for now. Remember to send your letter. That's a small enough payment for the amount of work that goes into this.

The next issue will be out very shortly, so be warned.

Sincerely yours:

Gene Smith
Ken Krueger

9/29/51

Postmortem: All upside down pages can be blamed on Skippy Fillinger, who was trying to help.

From: Gene Smith
Ken Krueger

TO:

11 Pearl Place
Buffalo 2, N Y

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