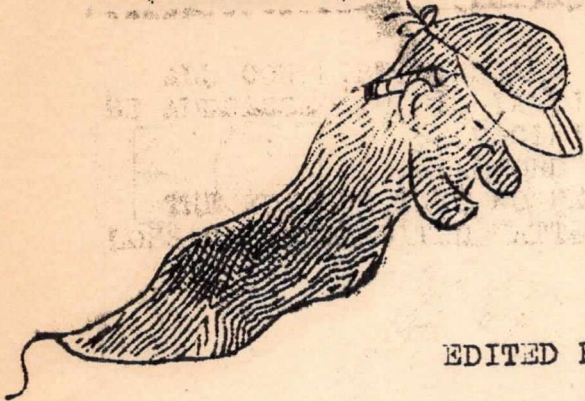


SCOTOPLASM

No. 2



ECTOPLASM



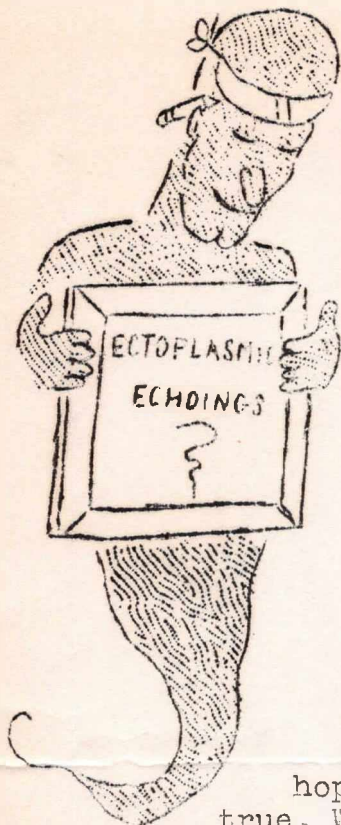
COVER BY
Myles Callum

EDITED BY WILLIAM J.
CALABRESE
AND MYLES CALLUM

PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY BY WILLIAM J.
CALABRESE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 20¢ THE COPY
THREE ISSUES 50¢

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
BE ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM J. CALABRESE
52 PACIFIC STREET
STAMFORD CONN.
THE EDITORS TAKE NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR
LOSS OF UNSOLICITED MATERIAL.



The purpose of this page, Phellow Phenne, is to acquaint you with the revolatory - if ignoble - fact that "Ectoplasm" - this being #2 - is now being revived. We have stagnated long enuf; our Renaissance has arrived, and with this, our pet "Eccie!" We hope you will find this issue an improvement over the first; we think it is, because we have operated on that old, simple, but very effective formula that 3 heads are better than one. No more of this lone-wolf-Calabrese business: from now on, it's going to be Calabrese & Callum, (with the latter's 2 heads, of course), and we hope that our literary math proves true. We've invested in a brand new Jr. Mimeograph and a '52 model typewriter, a ream of good, sturdy paper and Plenny of ideas.

The most important of these is that Eccie is no longer strictly for the S-F men. From now on our scope is going to be as long as infinity, as broad as human conversation, and as deep as Carlsbad's "Bottomless Pit." (yeah, yeah, we know, it's 7000 feet deep, but have you ever seen bottom?) We're going to print stuff on any and every subject, from the merits of Ruppert's Choice Lager Knickerbocker Beer to the profundities of James' elusive ramblings; from snakes to S-F; from metaphysics and the realm of the wierd to the coolly super-scientific and logical.

We want your contributions, pipples, but we're trying hard to make this a quality mag, so keep the stuff good, or

you'll get it right back in your flabby little faces! (feces?) Ah, we have it: "If it's feces, you'll get it in your faces!!" Glop...?

We want anything and everything you see; it's just that it better be good, or we'll be forced to subject you poor b_____s to our stuff!! So there!!

Soooo, if you've got any decent (oh, they can be indecent, too) original ideas about the psychological propensities of our poorish philosophies, the real reasons behind Truman's removal of MacArthur, Dostoyevsky's "Crime and Punishment," or the relative merits of Renuzit as an insect-killer, we want to hear about them! Poems, stories, good jokes, cartoons, fillers, novelettes, short shorts, and/or just "spiel", - send them in!! We won't promise a thing, but if your stuff's worthy of being printed, dear pumpkins, why, printed will it be! Payment (for the present, anyway) will be limited to a free copy of the issue involved.

...And that's about it. We sincerely hope you get a "Lahge Chahge" out of Eccie #2, because we got one out of putting it together. We'd love to get some letters, fellas - - (ayund girls) - - criticism, praise, or pure and fertile stercoricola - it's all very welcome.

(Squeak from the cellar: Callum sez that if anyone wants to write him, too, he can do it by scribbling:

MYLES CALLUM
25 WEBB AVE.
STAMFORD CONN.

in fresh Albatross blood, on the envelope).

Cal-Cal

A Blast

or,

The Story of *Simon Titwillow

Sf is God. There is no god but SF, and Campbell is its profit. ASF is a magnificent mag. 'Tis the only mag. "Life" is batcrap, but one issue is ok because it's got an article on sf in it. Yeats never existed. Stephen Vincent Benet? Who's heeeeee? An sf fan, maybe.

This article in this futile publication is not intended to sneer, despite the first paragraph. It is to let off some steam on what both Bill and I feel is rapidly becoming a verry sad case. It is to air our views on the conclusion we have reached: sf fenne don't seem to know much else than sf! "Why? Whaddaya mean, joker?" What we mean is that you go to a fanference and what do you see? Intelligent people discussing the merits of this or that sf story? Yeah, you see that. What else do you see? Gay guys and gals having one hell of an uninhibited time? Yeah, you see that. So what's the point? The point is the "thing you see" that we haven't mentioned.

And that point is this: always, always, ALWAYS and invariably do you stoops spiel about sf; don't you know anything else? Must your fanferences be completely sf? Can't you talk about anything else? Is the name of Dostoevsky sacreligious? Yes, you can talk about something else. Yes, you can mention the name of Dosoevsky. Go ahead, mention it: Dostoevsky.

And that's just what you get: a blank stare right between your second and third eyes. So why? It must be because fenne aren't reading anything but sf. Now that's pretty sad. In fact, it's tragic. It's especially tragic in the case of some of the younger fenne. Gah-dem little eggheads running around screaming "Campby? Campby? Yayyyyyy!"

Now, don't get us wrong... (not that we give a particular damn whether you do or not, just don't, thass all)...sf is great stuff. We wouldn't be writing this fanzine if it weren't. It makes up a pretty noble proportion of our reading matter, sure it does. But for Gawd's sake, that's not all we

A Blaast (Cont'd.)

read! James Joyce is a pretty good man, as good as a lot of sf writers, honest! Rupert Brooke wrote some pretty good poetry, no kiddin' !! Conan Doyle's put out some pretty snappy stuff himself, and we don't mean Sherlock Holmes...

Now, we know what your reaction to this is going to be. It's going to be one of indignation at having decent literature thrown in your ugly naps. To S! When you get to the point where you can spiel about Conrad as fluently as you now do about the potentialities of a trans-lunar highway, you'll have accomplished a hell of a lot in our eyes. Not that you should, or do, care how much you accomplish in our eyes; that's not the point. The point is that it's pretty miserable when you ghouls can't talk about anything but sf all your lives---it really is.

So let's get on the proverbial stick, fellow fenne, and absorb something beside Eric Frank, even if he is a good man?

Mike Hammer,
Public Dick

The Bookshelf

The Illustrated Man-----Ray Bradbury; Doubleday & Co., Inc.; \$2.75--252 pp.

In this, Ray Bradbury's third hard-cover collection of Short Stories, the young master scores another celestial success. Included are 14 more or less familiar Bradbury items, including his magnificent satire, "The Concrete Mixer," and other stories: "The Veldt," "Kaleidoscope," "The Man," "The Fox and the Forest," "The Long Rain," (previously titled "Death by Rain,"), "The Visitor," and others. The four entirely new stories are: "The Other Fort," worthy sequel to "Way in the Middle of the Air;" "The Rocket Man," "The Rocket Man," "The Fire Balloons," and "No Particular Night or Morning." This delectable collection is a must for anyone who appreciates mature science-fiction written from the human rather than from the gadget viewpoint.

The Day of the Triffids-----John Wyndham; Doubleday & Co., Inc.; \$2.50, 222 pp.

More mature fiction...this time a novel from the pages of Colliers' magazine. Mr. Wyndham has here written an end-of-the-world novel either equal or superior in plotting, freshness of conception, and characterization to anything of the type ever read by this reviewer. A Good Bet for stimulating reading.

An Intimate Peek into the More Fabulous Aspects of the Sex Life of the Immature Tse-Tse Fly-----

by Sugarman Treacle

An unadulterated expose of the undreamed-of (until just now) facets of the amatory propensities of aforementioned fly. Don't spend too much time looking for this. (Sorry, fellas--we had to use it up.)

The Bookshelf (Cont'd.)

Shadow on the Hearth-----Judith Merrill; Doubleday
& Co., Inc.; \$3.00; 277 pp.

And yet more from Doubleday! This time an
entirely unsensational, entirely believable, and
entirely human account of atomic war and its effect
on an average Westchester county household. Worth-
while fiction.

Possible Worlds of Science Fiction-----Edited by
Groff Conklin; Vanguard
Press; \$2.95; 372 pp.

A satisfactory anthology composed of fairly
recent science fiction. There are some gems and
some clinkers, but on the whole the reader gets his
money's worth. You could do lots worse.

Typewriter in the Sky & Fear-----by L. Ron Hubbard,
"the founder of Dianetics"
(so it says on the jacket)
Gnome Press; \$2.75; 256 pp.

The "great" L. Ron comes up with two good yarns
from Unknown. The first is pretty good adventure
and should hold, with a pleasantly light grip, the
reader's attention to the end. However, it is the
second story which makes the book. As to it, as
Lafayette himself says, "It is not a very nice
story, nor should it be read alone at midnight--
for it is true that any man might have the following
happen to him." Try it--we liked--maybe you will,
too.

FORTIAN OCCURANCES

THE FOLLOWING QUOTED FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

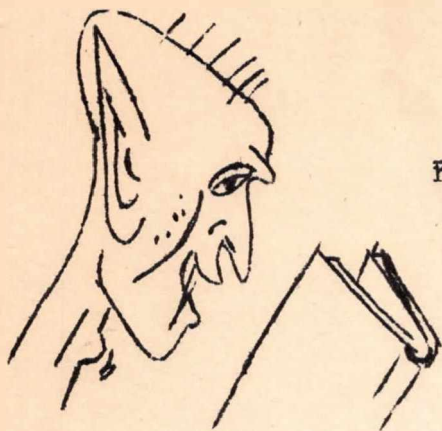
ROME Nov. 17 - The Vatican newspaper L'Osservatore Romano today published two photographs that it said were documentary evidence of a miracle that occurred at the Cave of Iria near the village of Fatima in Portugal on Oct. 13, 1917. The newspaper added that thirty-three years later "another surprising fact" occurred in the Vatican when the present Pope, while walking in the Vatican gardens, saw a phenomenon similar to one that had taken place at the Cave of Iria.

According to L'Osservatore's description of the miracle at the cave, the sun, shortly after noon, was seen to "revolve swiftly round itself" and then to dip down suddenly toward the horizon over which it hung for a few minutes. This miracle, stated L'Osservatore, was observed by several thousand persons and was even photographed by some. Two photographs published by L'Osservatore show the sun in about the position it would normally occupy shortly before sunset.

As for the Pope's vision, L'Osservatore quoted an account of them given by Federico Cardinal Tedeschini at religious ceremonies held at Fatima on Oct. 13 of this year. He attended as papal legate. Cardinal Tedeschini, speaking "in my personal capacity," said that on four different occasions last year the Pope saw an exact counterpart of the miracle that had occurred in the Cave of Iria thirty-three years before.

ROME, Nov. 17 (AP) - According to Roman Catholic records, crowds at the Cave of Iria witnessed the "revolving sun" miracle on Oct. 13, 1917.

Three Portuguese children earlier had reported seeing visions of the Virgin Mary, who implored Christians to strive for the salvation of Russia. On Oct. 13 the children said they again had seen the Madonna and church records say other persons present saw a white cloud over the children's heads and then witnessed the "revolving sun."



READINGS FOR FIENDS.

In each issue we will run this little feature and it doesn't make a bit of difference whether you like it or not because we're gonna run it anyway for the simple reason that it amuses us.

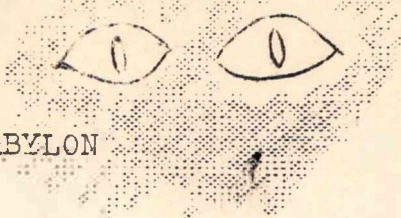
This is not a book review, we refuse to tell you anything about the books mentioned. If you are interrested you can go through the trouble of reading the volumes referred to. The purpose of this space filler (besides that of filling space, which all good space fillers should do anyway) is to suggest to our readers (if we have any left by this time) books, articles, etc. that have interrested us and that we think deserve your attention also.

TO those who want to learn just what factors make civilization stink, we recommend a reading or two of Philip Wylie's fabulous works. Our particular favorites are GENERATION OF VIPERS, OPUS 21, and THE DISAPPEARANCE.

If you crave a good bitter-type allegorical horse laugh at politics, utopias, labor unions and such like, try George Orwell's neglected ANIMAL FARM.

In pocket magazines, your best bet (radio blurbs to the contrary) is the NEW AMERICAN MERCURY.

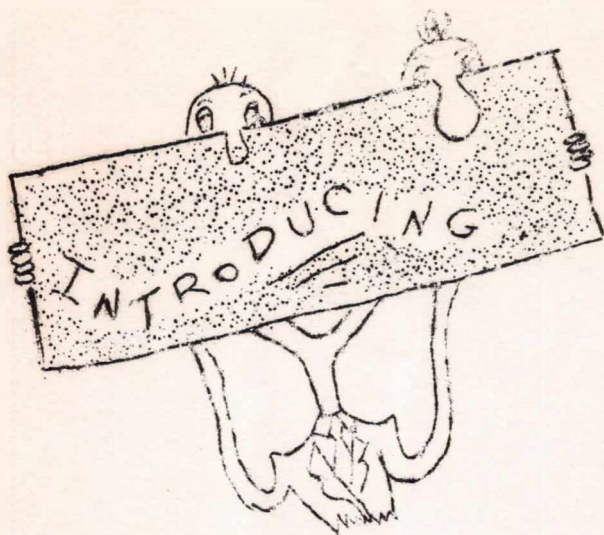
Don't tell anyone you read it in ECTOPLASM. Mer have been hung for less.



SIEGE OF BABYLON

by
DWIGHT AUGUSTINE

Babylon's bells are jangling tonight,
A coppery pall obscures the moon's light.
Bats in the belfries, rats in the bin;
Upin her penthouse, priestess of Sin.
Mogul of Evil smokes a cigar,
Rings for the butler, calls for his car.
No fancy frocks and tails and no horn --
Horns and like any other man born.
Presses his buzzer, scores fall and die;
Raises his finger, and children cry . . .
Means in the cellars, groans in the street;
Upstairs, amnesia dulls the great beat
Closing them in - - eternity's sound - -
As they importantly scurry around. . . .
Oh, how the doom-bells are jangling tonight!
Even the cats of comfort take flight!



THE "CAL-CAL CORNER" *****

... Something new to Eccie: here, we just spiel on whatever irrelevant bits haven't made their insidious entries into some other place in the issue... Unlike its governmental prototype, our "C.C.C." will serve no useful function whatever * * but we can almost guarantee you that the Cal-Cal Corner will be one of the most interesting parts of the mag.

(BT THERE is conspicuous by its absence from the TV circuit lately. That leaves only TALES OF TOMORROW to represent adult science-fiction - - That is, unless you are the type that enjoys Captain Vidio.

WE were glancing through a list of the various societies for this and that and here are some of the weird names we came up with: National Frozen Food Locker Association, National Fertilizer Association (I wonder if they bring samples to meetings), Ducks Unlimited, Dutch Treat Club, Daughters of Ohio in New York, Blizzard Club of 1380, National Society of Autograph Collectors, National Shuffleboard Association, American Sunbathing

Association. That just goes to show, even if your hobby is collecting peach fuzz, there is always a club that you can join.

Also brought to the attention of your reporters are these interesting origins of some of our best known trade names: "Vaseline" comes from the German word wasser, water, and the Greek word elaion, meaning oil; Mimeograph comes from the Greek mimēsthai, to imitate, and graph, writing; Yo-yo comes from the habit of American children, while playing with the toy, shortly after its introduction in 1925, to shout out "You, you!"

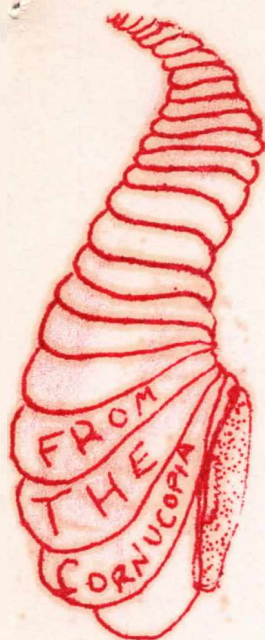
We're interested to know what television commercial you consider the most revolting. Our suggestions include: the Oxycodol thing which opens with some broad opening her mouth as wide as she possibly can without fracturing her jaw bone and then rushing at the camera coughing, "Haven't you heard?"; also the watch band commercial that is shown on Tales of Tomorrow every other week, where a charming young couple sit in a picture frame and chant a tuneless and nonsencical ditty about a watchband and then end up fighting tooth and fang about which one of them owns the damned thing after all.

Speaking of Television, we seem to be included in the minority who like Bob and Ray. We think they are pretty clever. Anybody else think so?

We'll be back next issue with more blitherings.

SEE YOU SOON

CAI-CAI



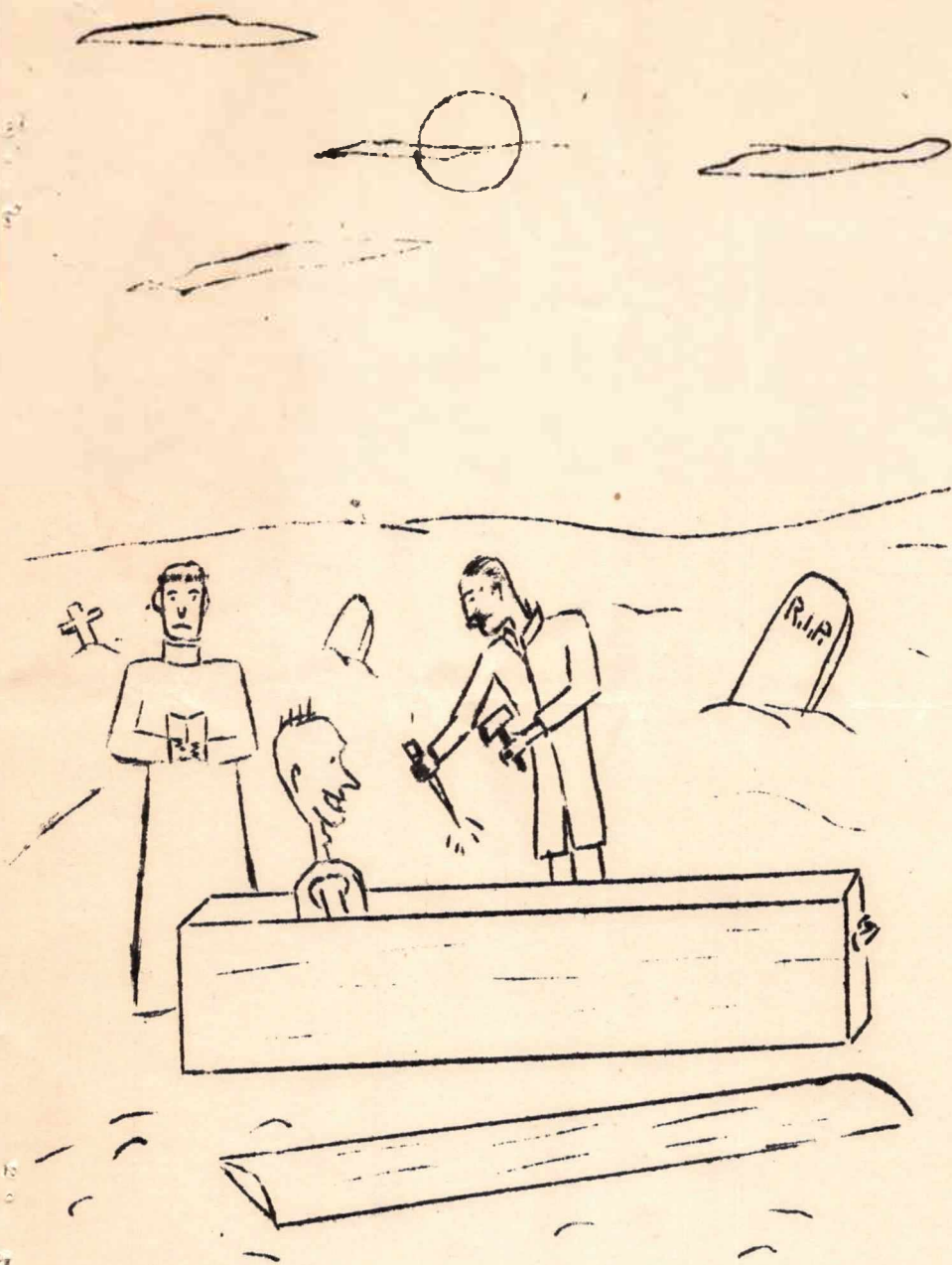
... Just that you might be interested in knowing what's coming up in future issues; among other promising li'l embryonic masterpieces that need more development, the following topics are slated for blurb...

Articles on snakes, sex, 'n sadism... exposés along the "New York-, Chicago-, and Washington-, Confidential!" line... Evangelist movements, and - Why... some superb cartoons movie -, book-, and play-reviews... Theories on theories, and all of this permeated with the particular brand of Cal-Cal satire that only Calabrese 'n Callum can slop around...

Extra Added Distraction,

coming up real soon: a story from Don Woodward's Ess-Eff repertoire: we think you'll like this one ...

As to format and quality of workmanship, we plan to improve issue by issue. We are already experimenting with multi-color processes as is shown on this page; also better and better impression, better stencill cutting and shading methods, and special effects are under study. Offset covers and spreads are planned. But all this is subject to your acceptance of Eccie. If those few to whom this semi-sample issue are interested enuff to subscribe and if the word is passed along to others to gain for us a larger circulation - only then will we be enabled to put these improvements into operation. We can promise that the next issue will be bigger and better than this one; how much better it will be depends on you. Cal-Cal



HAVE YOU SOMETHING IN MOHOGANY?

ECTOPLASM'S ADDS

ALL ADDS COMPOSED ON SPEED - O - PRINT
JUNIOR STENCILS OR SIZE EQUIVALENT.

RATES - STENSEILED BY EDITOR

Full page - - 50¢
Half page - - 25¢

RATES - STENCILED BY SUBSCRIBER

Full page - - 25¢
Half page - - 15¢

n.b. - These rates absolute for next
issue only and are subject to change at
any time thereafter. ~~Closing date for~~
~~next issue~~

WEREWOLF BOOKSHOP -



Weird, fantastic, and science-fiction
books and back-dated magazines bought and
sold. Lowest prices.

Write for free catalog to:

Bob Michael
Werewolf Bookshop,
1508-G Riverside Dr.,
Verona, Pa.

A FINAL WORD

The preceding was a sample copy of ECTOPLASM, submitted to you on approval. Next issue will be at least doubled, perhaps tripled in quantity.

Closing date for next issue, March 31, 1952.



William J. Calabrese
52 Pacific St.
Stamford Conn.

PRINTED MATTER

Wrai Ballard
Blanchard, N. Dakota

