

ECTOPLASM

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APRIL -
MAY

1952



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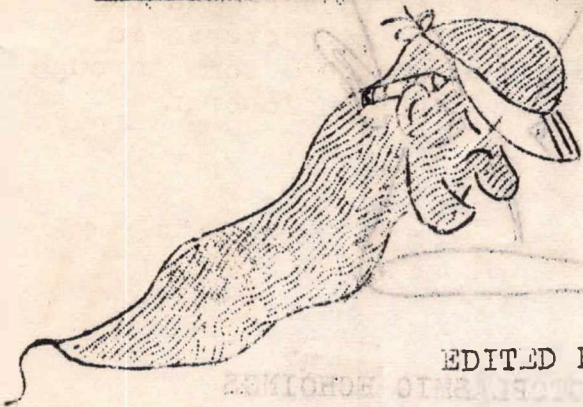
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COVER BY
Myles Callum

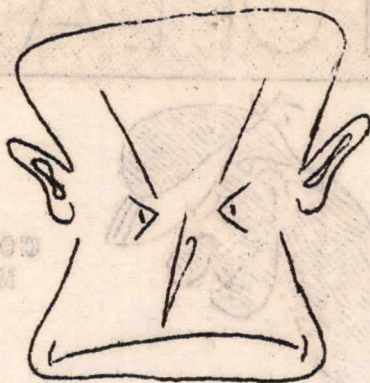
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ECTOPLASMIC ECHOINGS

Well, here we are again. We would like to thank those who responded to the sample issue of Eccie. We still haven't many subscriptions as yet but hope springs eternal as the fella says and we believe (perhaps wrongly) that those funds will start coming in now that we have achieved a more or less regular schedule.

The most important comment that we recieved was phrased to the effect that 20¢ was a bit too much to pay for a zine of the size and content of our last issue. Well, lets get down to brass tacks (said Campbell to Heinlein), we aren't anywhere near rich and must get in the vicinity of that price in order to keep operating and, more important, to keep improving. Eccie isn't nearly as good a mag as we would eventually like it to be and, subscriptions permitting, we would like to make up that quality deficit as soon as possible. As you who recieved Ectoplasm #2 can see, we are on the improvement trail already. We now have plans to decrease the operating expence without any decrease in quality or quantity and if these come through the subscription price will be lowered accordingly.

Also we get comment on our rather irregular publication schedule; the general idea being that an irregular mag is a poor risk to the subscriber. Okay, from now on Eccie is a bimonthly with a possibility of an eventual monthly deal. That takes care of that.

You seemed to like the color effects - you'll find more in this issue.

That's just about all for now regarding the publishing end of this enterprise. We'll see you later in the "Cal-Cal Corner".

Cal-Cal

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THE GNORPH HUNT ON GANYMEDE

A novel of jungle worlds

by E-vad DnohhaH (as told to Dave
Hammond)

Ho there, youngsters, you who play your endless games in the jungles of Ganymede - - you wouldn't have dared to step within a dozen miles of those hidden mazes and the horrible gnorphs they hold if it had not been for me, old E-vad. And what do I get for it - bah! A stinking hut. Hmmmph -- if it hadn't been for me - and my great brain!

I'll tell you how it happened. When man came in, the silver ships from earth to Ganymede he already found the gnorphs in possession. So naturally the gnorphs had to be eliminated. But- before my idea - that was impossible. It was impossible to catch a gnorph. They could move with almost the speed of light. Their thickly armored bodies could resist any ray-bolts. Oh - it was a great problem.

Especially since the gnorphs were almost as smart as man (Well, I'll clarify that by saying that they were smarter than most men: they weren't smarter than I was/am). Those gnorphs could read and write (but only printing) and were partly telepathic. They would intercept the new ideas the gnorph hunters had about hunting and prepare a warm welcome for the hunters. They would invite the hunter to their dwelling place and have him for dinner - literally.

This couldn't go on, so the government offered a reward to whoever could rid Ganymede of the gnorphs. This interested me



the lordly ghorgh

so I got together my equipment for ghorgh hunting. I had the following:

1. A bathing suit
2. Insect repellent
3. A Ray Cummings novel
4. A pair of tweezers
5. Field-glasses
6. A match box

I was ready. I jumped into my little one-man flier with my equipment and drove it out over the jungle. I was a little worried.

I had found gnorph tracks in my bedroom the night before and you know how horrible they are - they're three feet across! I noticed, also, that my paraphernalia had been studied. I desperately hoped that they had not figured out the idea behind it all.

Well, I landed my ship by the side of a jungle river where the gnorphs come to hunt oogle-berries (their favorite food - as you know) and, carrying my stuff, went to an old abandoned hut on the jungle bank of the river. There - in order to be more comfortable - I donned the bathing suit (I perspire so) and rubbed some insect repellent on me. Then, I settled down to read the Ray Cummings novel.

As you may have guessed, it wasn't long before I was fast asleep. I figured that an ol' gnorph would come creeping up on me. And, sure enough, he did. (He told me all about it later) Well, sir, he just peaked in (gnorph are the curiousest critters) and saw me there. Well, being curious, he couldn't help reading the book. And, sure enough, he fell asleep. I had it all figured out. Since I went to sleep first it was probable that I would awaken first. This I did. Well, sir, from then on it was simple. I took the field glasses. I got a thrill as I did it - this was the beginning of the end of the gnorphs: all I had to do was prove that one could be captured.

I took the field glasses and looked at the gnorph - - through the wrong end! This made him so small that it was nothing to pick him up with the tweezers and put him in the match box.

That's how I trapped the first gnorph.

- the end -



THE CAL-CAL CORNER

The nicest thing about this column, gang, is that you never know when we're kidding and when we hain't ... TSK, TSK ... (hee - hee...)

For the "Joiners" ...

We just read of the existence of the **GENERAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER LIBERAL CHRISTIAN WOMEN**. Of course there's always the good old **ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER OF THE NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE**.

O.K., Kiddies, this is it: we're organizing the **NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE SANITY OF JOINERS OF HIGH-SOUNDING SOCIETIES...** founded February 28, 1952, it has 2 members, looks promising... if interested, write us, or your nearest psychiatrist, for complete details, free, colorful, illustrated folders, catalogs galore, and our sealed book **THE SECRET OF A MORE POWERFUL LIFE**. This book is so secret that it is printed on blank paper... please enclose \$19.95 for postage and handling, also a '52 Cadillac, also a 20-room mansion and a complete printing outfit, also... aw heck, fellas, you get the idea... by the way, it's **N.A.I.S.J.H.S.S.** (pronounced NAIS-JHSS, with the accent on the GAH...)

* * * * *

FOR THE SPAGGY DOGS

Sweet Young Thing - Look what my boy
friend sent me, an alligator
belt, an alligator purse, and this
lovely pair of alligator shoes.
Second Sweet Young Thing - My, he must
be a philanthropist.
S.Y.T. - Why no, he's an alligator.

It seems that a certain wire-haired
terrier learned how to play poker and
won constantly for a while. Then suddenly
he began to lose heavily. His secret was
out. Every time he picked up a good hand,
he just couldn't help wagging his tail.

FOR THE SEX MANIACS...

HE: I suppose you dance?
SHE: Yes, I love to.
HE: Great, that's better than dancing.

FOR THE SADISTS...

HE: Goodness, this isn't our baby!!
SHE: SHUT UP, it's a better carriage.

FOR THE KNICKERBOCKERS...

PROFESSOR: I will positively not begin
today's lecture until the moon
settles down.
STUDENT: FROM THE PLATE, he came and sleep

ORCHIDS... To Leslie Charteris, author of "The Saint"... for refusing to lazily indulge in the cliché, the trite aphorism... for his flawless descriptions, his beautiful satire, especially that on the Hoppy Uniartz-type intellect... for his prime unconcern with conventional style, which has won him to the non-conforming conformists... for being, generally, a good man.

* * *

As a 19 year old who thinks that he and every other citizen between the ages of 18 & 21 should have the right to vote, your senior editor would like to go on record as being 100% behind General Dwight D. Eisenhower for President of these United States and solidly against the flim-flam of every other candidate except that other fine middle of the road Republican, Harold Stassen. We have just been reflecting on what a great supporting force Ike would have behind him come November if we youngsters (by seniority only in a great many cases) now possessed suffrage. As the man whom we watched crush Nazi Germany in the last war and whom we watched do the lion's share of the unification of free Europe, it is only natural that Dwight Eisenhower should be the overwhelming choice of the young people of America and a symbol of the kind of honest and fearless government that we so sincerely desire.

See you next ish,

CAL-CAL

NO NO, MR. NASH

Let us begin by saying we have nothing but
the deepest aversion
Against casting an aspersion
On the beautiful works of Ogden Nash.
In fact we might say we go for his stuff like
a vegetarian goes for his succotash.
But the thing that swerves us
From downright admiration is the length of his
lines which sometimes look more like
paragraphs than lines - frankly, it
unnerves us.

In fact we have it from reliable sources
That several people have narrowly missed
death by asphyxiation while attempting
to read aloud one of these book-length
sentences in one breath, all of which
forces

Us to request that Mr. Nash please stick to
a line that can be written entirely on
one page, for when we see one of these
endless lines looming up over the edge
of the next stanza, we have been known
to turn the page and start something
else; while on the other hand, when
Mr. Nash sticks to a briefer line with
a definite rhythm,

We're ~~wh~~hythm.



THE BOOKSHELF

THE IRON STAR by John Taine
Fantasy Publishing Co. - \$3.00 - 312 pp.

THE IRON STAR by John Taine is a pleasantly paced adventure story; no more, no less. It has neither the depth of characterization or concept to make it a top-notch sf yarn. Still it is delightfully smooth reading for a dull night. You could do lots worse.

JACK OF EAGLES by James Blish
Greenberg -\$2.75 - 246 pp.

JACK OF EAGLES is the hard cover version of Mr. Blish's pulp novel LET THE FINDER BEWARE. It's a pretty well done yarn of a fella named Danny Caidon who suddenly finds himself the possessor of ESP, telekinesis, etc. and gets into a devil of a mess because of it. Not a must but a good yarn.

READINGS FOR FRIENDS

Well, kiddies, here's your fiendish book reviewer back again to tip you off to some of the finest reading in the galaxy.

Ever read Tom Hardy's masterpiece JUDE THE OBSCURE? It's in this reader's estimation one of the really great (and we make a point of not using the word "great" as a synonym for "good") novels. Much more slice of lifeish than RETURN OF THE NATIVE which we didn't care for. The edition we have is the MODERN LIBRARY job at \$1.25.

A book that belongs in every well stocked library is Will Durant's THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY along with the basic works of the philosophers delt with.

Andre Gide's IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS has the unique distinction of being an anti-nazi book published openly in France during the occupation. It seems the nazis were too thick to see through the master's clever phrasing. Knopf published the post-war english edition.

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A POST DEADLINE EDITORIAL *

Pumpkins, has come the revolution!
We have balenced our books at lung lest.
From here on in, ECTOPLASM will be sold
for 10,000,000 Rasbuckniks (10¢, 25¢ for 3)
per copy.

Also we would like to make another
plea for material. We want to increase
the content of Eccie but can't do it
alone. Articles, fiction, and letters
are our main wants but we can use almost
anything.

Arise, phellow phans, you have
nothing to lose but your dime.

BILCAL

THE GOLDEN AGE

They say that this is the golden age of science fiction because of the popularity it is gaining in all mediums. Herein we will list some of the news about science fiction via the popular mediums such as movies. Here are some of the things to expect in the next few months.

THE 5000 FINGERS OF DR. T
A whimsical Technicolor fantasy.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS
H. G. WELLS in Technicolor!

LOST IN SPACE
A science fiction saga that's supposed to be accurate!?

A-MEN
A cybernetics story by Curt Siodmak.

1984
George Orwell's classic being filmed.

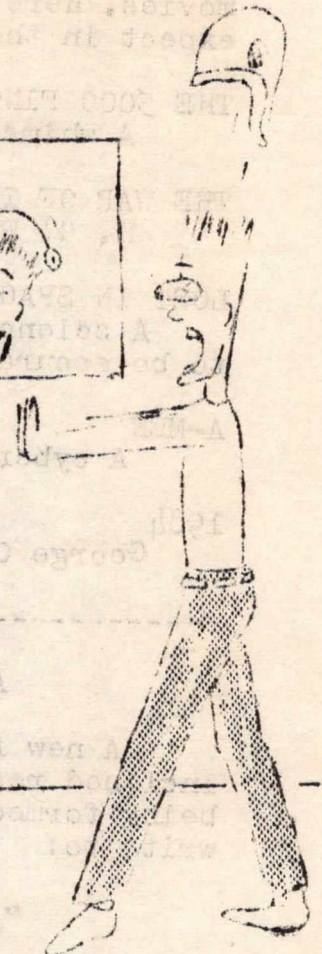
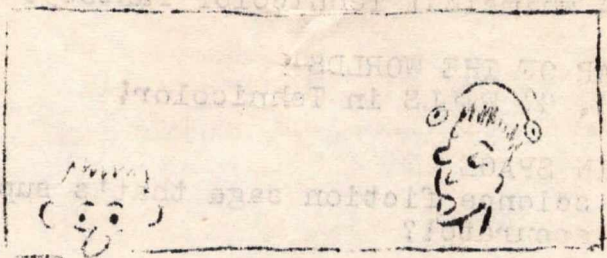
ATTENTION CONNECTICUT FANS

A new fan club for the fanatically inclined residents of Connecticut is being formed. For further information write to:

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TELEVISION STUDIO

TOPICS OF THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW - SCIENCE FICTION



"AND NOW - A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR."

NIGHT THOUGHTS

by

DON WOODWARD

Night crept slowly upon the city. The huge, fragrant flower of it took root and bloomed; enfolding the miles of humming human machinery in its soft, dim petals. And then the second life began.

From his window, John could see the change in the narrow and hushed street below him and could sense the change in the hundreds of other streets in the great city. The great god night was here, the second life had begun.

Below, the small shops had opened their doors to the trickling heat which was flung upward from the sidewalks as if even this reminder of the sun must be banished to make way for the dark brother. In the shops electric lights were lit, feeble barriers against the night's encroachment. The few passers-by turned blank, questioning faces to the thousands of shadows and millions of half shadows that crept and whispered around them. Shadows; from the nooks and angles of faded brownstones, from around the corners of Mr. Fineberg's candy store, from a hundred unlit windows, from over the housetops they came. And below the blank faces questioned; like things painted on a backdrop - and the backdrop - the night.

As he sat in his dark room looking out, John thought long and deep. He thought of the shadows and wondered of what strange cloth they were made. He thought of the day, which is often strange but never terrifying, and of the night, which is always both. And he thought of the strange second life which came with the first shadows of twilight. The strange subconscious second life that comes to make into fantastic shapes those things that have seemed mundane during the sun's bright hours and now stir faintly in the sleepwalking city to the

deep, vibrating heartbeat of the night. Now, he knew, was the time of the night thoughts, the wordless thoughts that came like the quiver of pan pipes across the soul, the time of the building of vague fantasies and shimmering shadow shapes in dark corners and cobwebbed garrets, the time of the projection of a myriad of dreams, secrets, sins, and sorrows. From the dark places of the soul the thought shapes came. Dark they were and furtive. From millions of slumberers of the city they came, black thoughts, deep thoughts, dream thoughts; from the painted things upon the backdrop, black thoughts, deep thoughts; from thousands of unpainted rooms in a thousand unpainted buildings came the old thoughts that had imprinted themselves through the years on the blank, peeling walls that had sponged them up like a roll of super-sensitive film, black thoughts, deep thoughts, dead thoughts. Thoughts of passion, of murder, of cruelty, of perversion, of suffering, of broken hopes and the unfound key.

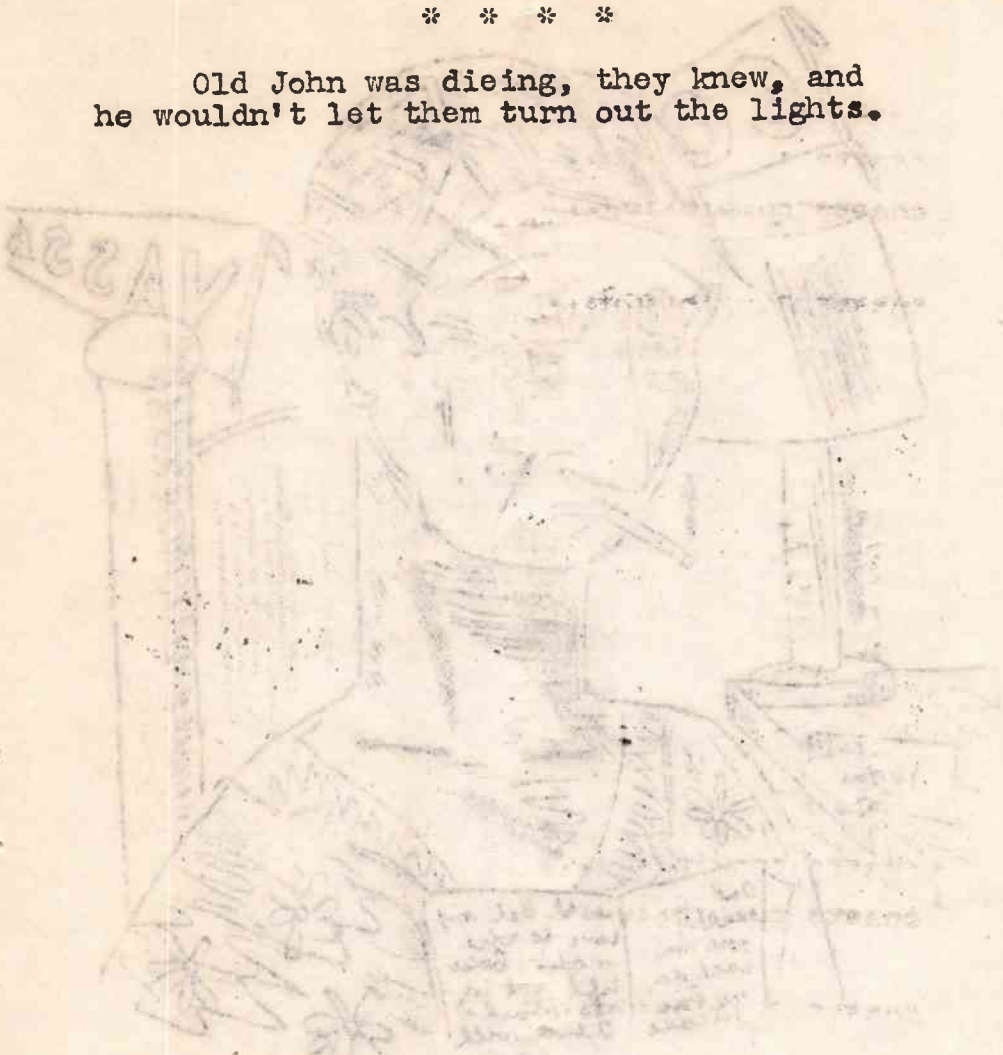
As John watched, all these began to fuse into a swirling matrix of semi-life. Moving, whirling, combining into a dark dead-alive thing, sired by the city and given life by the night, the huge black child of black thoughts, deep thoughts, night thoughts.

Its eyes were pools of the stagnant waters of the evil swishing sewers that go their dim way beneath the feet of the city; its ears were for the walls of the wounded in the battle of life; its mouth was grim and gaping, lined with the teeth of hunger and frustrated efforts; its hair was made of hangman's nooses and the frayed ropes of suicides; its claws, hooked and sharp, were fashioned of man's inhumanity; in one twisted hand it held a black cup of the wine of indifference, in the other

the writhing snake of corruption; and from its nostrils came the stench of the unremembered dead.

* * * *

Old John was dieing, they knew, and he wouldn't let them turn out the lights.

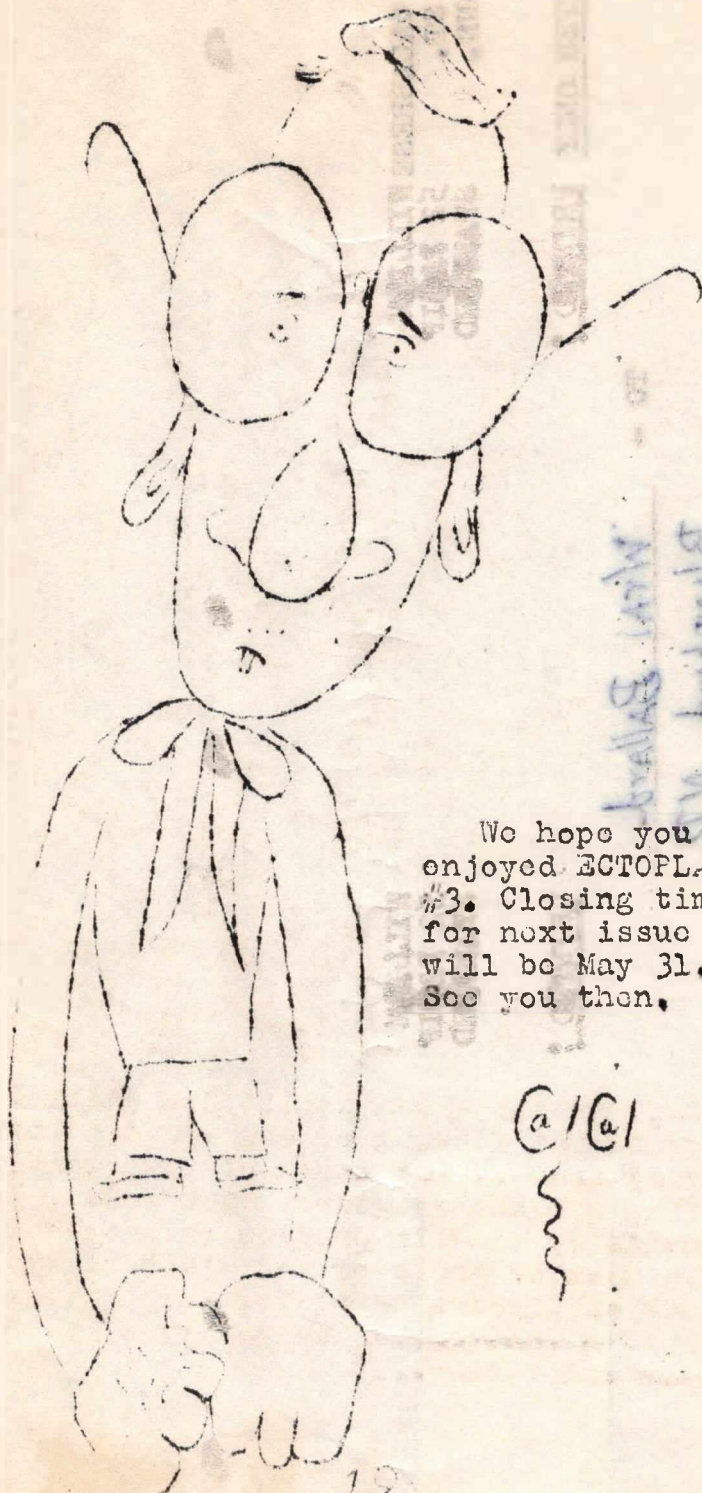


"Oh, my soul's own light, how shall I describe the feeling of your golden locks from my brow... The touch of your hair - swirling eyelashes against my cheek... Your penetrating glance a prickle of fire in the orbital pools of your lambent eyes... The touch of Carrara marble... The perfume of a Goddess... The purity of your chaste complexion..."

the writing style of the artist and from
the artist's name the artist of the
drawing is dead.



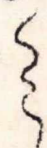
"Oh, my soul's own idol!! How shall I describe the feeling of your golden locks upon my brow... The touch of your gently-curling eyelashes against my cheek... Your beautifully classic profile reflected in the orbicular pools of your lambent eyes... Throat of Carrara marble... That guileless look of a Goddess... The purity of your chaste complexion..."

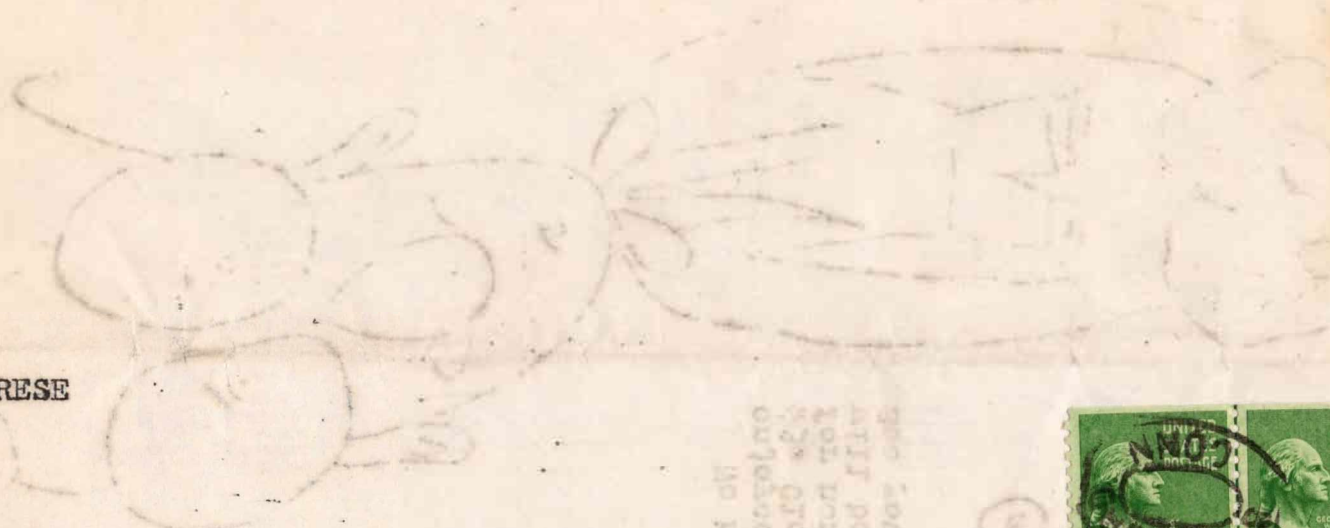


We hope you have
enjoyed ECTOPLASH!
#3. Closing time
for next issue
will be May 31.
See you then.

Blanchard, W.
Miss Blythe

@/a/





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TO - Wrai Ballard
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