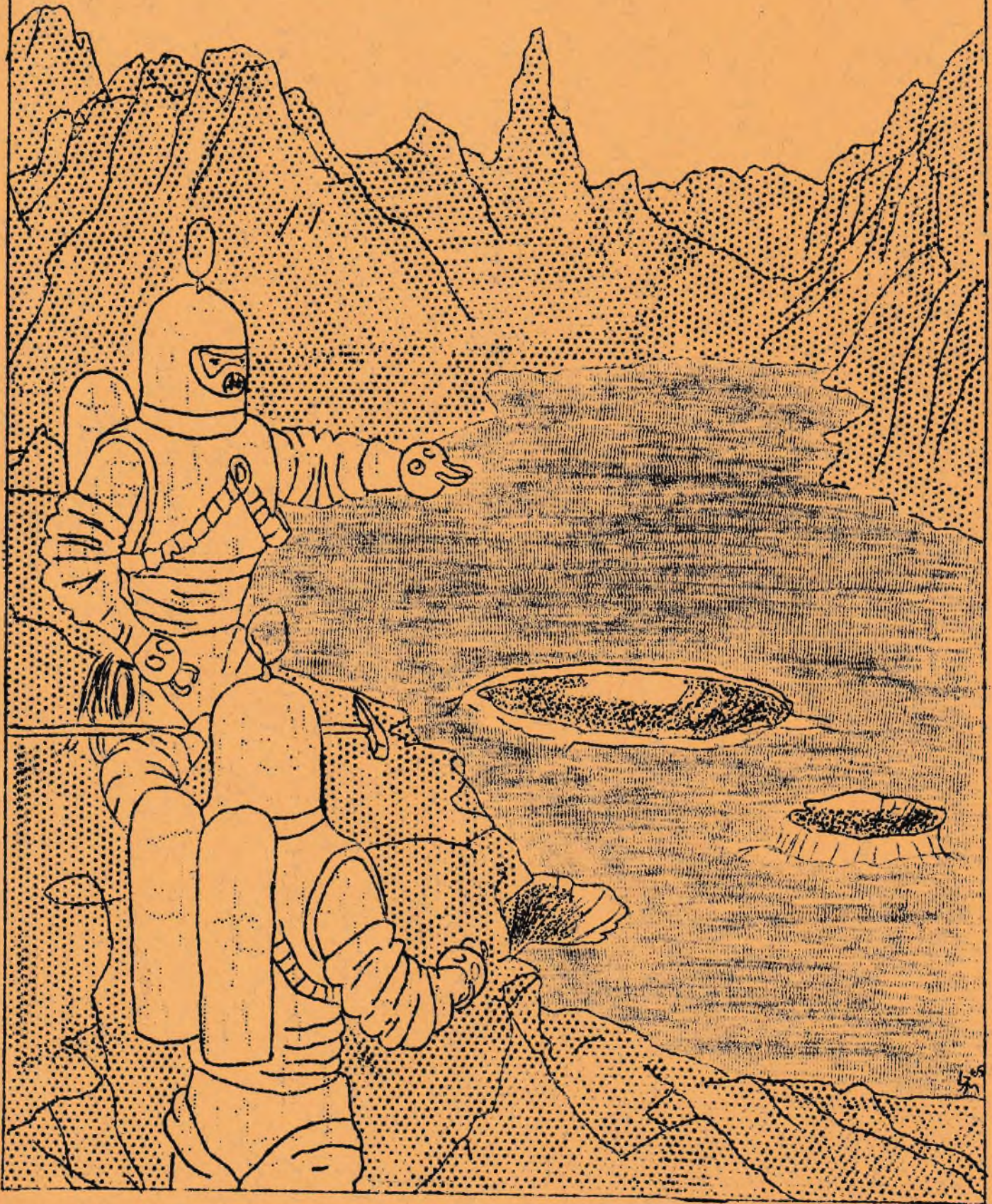


ENDLESS SHADOW



ENDLESS SHADOW TWO

ENDLESS SHADOW#2 is a fanzine edited and written by David Simpson Mitchell; P.O. Box 4124; Blue Mountain, Alabama; published by Larry Montgomery on the Wood Valley Press. This science-fiction fanzine is intended for the 15th Mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, March, 1965.

If this issue has a cover, then credit it to Larry Montgomery. He promised to do me one. Larry is also stencilling this thing for me and I'm extremely grateful. I only hope he can read my sloppy handwriting. I want to apologize for not having something in the 14th Mailing. I had mailing comments, editorial, and the piece "The Failing Fangs of Mr. Desmo^ous" (which is in this issue) all written out and ready for Larry to stencil. But when I called him he simply didn't have the time to do mine or his. As Larry is pubbing this in between semesters at Jacksonville State, this fanzine is written almost three months before you read this.

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LARRY MONTGOMERY FOR OE OF THE SFPA!!
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My good friend Larry is running for the Official Editor of our apa and I'm behind him 100%. He's a fine person and very capable of doing the job. At least with him the SOUTHERNER would be readable!!

I invested 75¢ the other week in a Ballantine paperback called "Davy" by Edgar Pangborn. Larry thinks it should win the Hugo and I agree. It seems a shame the "OUTER LIMITS" is being taken off the air. It had actually improved this season. You can still see an occasional wierd one on the "Alfred Hitchcock Hour". Since July, 1964 I've borrowed most of Larry's fanzines and read them. Needless to say I've learned a heck of a lot more about fandom. I guess I'm still a neo, but not as much of one as I was.

Rich Mann has written me a couple of letters and invited me to join the N3F but it seems I'll stick to getting my fannish education from Larry and reading good fanzines like YANDRO, which I've subscribed to. Well I see you next mailing.

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THE FAIRING FANGS OF MR. DESMODUS

By
David Mitchell

Mr. Desmondus was dreaming an ugly, disquieting dream. In it, he saw three men plod up the steep hill to his house. The first was a cloaked friar holding aloft a silver cross. The second wore a blacksmith's apron and hefted a heavy mallet. Last came a dwarf carrying a long wooden stake, sharply pointed.

Now the trio stood over Mr. Desmondus where he lay sleeping. The friar began to chant in Latin while the blacksmith raised high his mallet. The dwarf placed the wooden stake point-centered upon Mr. Desmondus' chest. The mallet crashed down.....

THUMP!

Pain! Awful pain! Down came the mallet again. And again.....

THUMP-thump! THUMP-thump!

Mr. Desmondus awoke. Awoke with a toothache! A throbbing, thumping, pounding toothache.

Now Mr. Desmondus' teeth were his most highly prized possession. He had always given them the best of care. But when you're a vampire, you can't always brush after every meal.

Throwing back shroud and slumber robe, Mr. Desmondus sat up on his black catafalque and nursed his aching jaw. In all his 1200 years, Mr. Desmondus had never known toothache, had never, in fact, suffered any human ills. Perhaps he was getting old. After all, 1200 years is regarded, in some circles, as a ripe old age. But no. The Desmonduses of his world, so long as they stick to a high-plasma diet, enjoy eternal youth. Their insides are as simply constructed as possible with no mortal or moveable parts to wear out.

Then had he been careless. Hardly that. Every twilight before he sallied forth and each dawn when he hurried home ahead of the crowing cock, Mr. Desmondus had always brushed his teeth and massaged his gums, using only nationally-advertised brands of toothpaste. Recently he had invested in an electric toothbrush. Even his most reluctant victims rarely failed to compliment Mr. Desmondus on the lovely whiteness of his teeth. No, the toothache was just one of those things. Some tiny, unseen particle of blood bacteria had lodged between his fangs and now decay had set in.

Mr. Desmondus would have to see a dentist. Or starve!

Since he only went abroad by night, it took a bit of phoning before he found a dentist with evening hours. But at last, Mr. Desmondus and his aching incisor were tilted back in the swivel chair of a Dr. Albert E. Agony, D.D.S.

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"Open wide," said Dr. Agony.

"Agh, agh," said Mr. Desmondus.

"Now where does it hurt?"

"Here Doc," said Mr. Desmondus, indicating with a sepulchre-whitened finger. "I'm afraid it's one of my sipping teeth."

"Sipping teeth? Ha, ha! We call these canine teeth. There is no such thing as sipping teeth."

Mr. Desmondus almost smiled at that. That just went to prove how little dentists know. He stopped smiling, however; as Dr. Agony approached with a shiny dentist's mirror.

"If that's silver," cried Mr. Desmondus, "take it away! I can't abide anything silver!"

Dr. Agony, true to his trade, paid no attention. "Open wider," he said, probing in Mr. Desmondus' mouth. Then his brow furrowed. "That's funny," the dentist said, "but I can't see you or your teeth in this mirror. It's amost as if you weren't real!"

"I notice the same thing with mirrors, Doc." said Mr. Desmondus.

"Well, well, what have we here?" murmured Dr. Agony. "Cavities, cavaties! Looks like you've been using the wrong toothpaste!"

"But I only use the best!"

"Ah, but have you tried Krust?"

"Krust? Is that a toothpaste?"

"When I was in dental school, sir, half the class tried using their regular toothpastes while our half used Krust. Our side had 42% fewer cavaties! However," Dr. Agony went on, "it's too late to do you any good. They'll all have to come out."

"My teeth! Come out? But I can't survive without teeth, Doc! You see, I am a vam----"

"There, there. We'll make you a set of plates just as pretty---"

"Plates! Falsies! A fat lot of good plates'll do a vamp---"

"Relax and open wide again. We'll have those aching old teeth out in a jiffy. But first we'll just deaden them with a shot of Novocain."

The needle plunged into Mr. Desmondus' gum, flooding his mouth with a bitter, cotton-puffy but pain-killing numbness. Suddenly, his toothache was gone!

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For the first time, Mr. Desmodus could forget his pain and regard the dentist with a gourmet's eye. He so regarded him now. A fine, ruddy-complexioned fellow. Obviously full-blooded. Good veins. Chock full of tasty goodness. Yum, yum, yummy!

"Feeling numb yet?" asked Dr. Agony with impatient cheerfulness.

"Not quite as numb as you're going to feel, Doc," cried Mr. Desmodus, leaping out of the chair and straight at the dentist's juglar vein.

"Help!" cried Dr. Agony.

"Relax, Doc," soothed Mr. Desmodus. "You won't feel a thing."

Dr. Agony, who had used this line many times himself, had little hope it would turn out true this time. He was right. There is no such thing as a painless vampire.

For Mr. Desmodus, who had never tried dentist before, it was an unexpected and memorable treat. Dinner over, he removed the napkin so thoughtfully provided by Dr. Agony himself, helped himself to several sample tubes of Krust, and flew back to his house on the hill.

Today, Mr. Desmodus has this advice to young vampires: "See your dentists at least twice a year---or as long as the supply lasts."

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LENGTHENING SHADOWS
Mailing Comments By
DAVID MITCHELL

THE SOUTHERNER

It's a shame that this mailing isn't as big as the last one. The 13th Mailing set a record in the SFPA for largest number of pages didn't it? I almost forgot about voting on the ammendments but I called Larry and he reminded me during our conversation. I hope this March mailing is larger.

NOTHING-3

Seems like I've seen this before, Rich. Didn't you send me one in a letter some time ago? I keep all my letters but I'm too lazy to get up and check on it. On the last letter I received from you the letter had stamped on it, "please remit", so I did and haven't heard from you since. What happened?

KABUMPO-1

Gosh, Dian, it sure must have taken some time to cut out all those parts of the purple elephant to let the yellow show through. It's a pretty cover. If you'll look back at my editorial you'll see I've LEARNED a lot more about fandom since I joined the SFPA. By the way, I've read Arthur C. Clarke's "The Nine Billion Names of God" and

thought it was excellent. After reading the stories in the anthology called "The Hugo Winners", I'm surprised this one didn't rate one of the little space ships it surely deserved one.

THE INVADER-5

Another of Larry's blue-print covers added greatly to this fanzine. Larry has promised to do me a cover for this issue and I'm sure it will look nice. Thanks for the nice words of welcome. I do don't know anything about mimeographs or stencilling but seems like you could get better printing from yours.

SUCH AND SUCH-2

First of all---don't call me "Mr. Mitchell" heck, I'm only fifteen and I'm sure you're older than I. Okay, so my first issue didn't have much science-fiction in it and for that I am sorry; I would've had more if it had been possible. I would like to publish NOTHING but science-fiction and related fields, IF I could get the material. I'm in fandom primarily because I like the field of literature known as science-fiction, associating on other levels of thought are secondary with me. Personally I don't think much of the members of this apa who ONLY publish mailing comments and get genzines in exchange. Happily you have a genzine in this mailing.

STARLING-3

I really enjoyed this fanzine because of the fiction and the emphasis on s-f. I don't particularly care for sword and sorcery stuff but I do read it occasionally. Roger Alan Cox's fiction was very well done for an amateur. Artwork and lots of it would be about the only improvement I can think of for this well-done fanzine. I do think that Avalon's "Virgin Planet" by Poul Anderson is one of their better books.

DAMN YANKEE-4

A cute cover there. Joe Staton is a fairly good artist. Guess it'll be about four more years or so before I can make it to college. I'm thinking of going to Auburn University---WAR EAGLE!!! (Maybe I shouldn't have done that, because Larry is stencilling this and he's a football fan of the University of Alabama.....so just for Larry--ROLL IDE!!!) Arnold you didn't review my first issue, but I don't much blame you---it was pretty bad. Oh, the Christmas Greeting was pretty funny.

ZAJE ZACULO-4

Another cover by Larry. I like this better than the other. A wierd name and a wierd cover---they fit! Nothing here but mailing comments and I have trouble commenting on them unless they're directed at me, personally.

SENTINEL-1

Thanks for the kind words of advice. I HAVE written somewhat better fiction, but not much better. Larry seems to like the two

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humorous (I hope) ~~pieces~~ that will be in ENDLESS SHADOW#2 and WARLOCK #7, I think they are well-written---for me. My English teacher thinks I have possibilities in some field of writing. The short thing by Jim Williams was really FUNNY! But his longer thing was pointless and the sex could have easily been left out.

OUTRE-3

I was never interested in comic books except for the ones having to do with science-fiction. They really weren't too good and they still aren't. I would think your reasons for missing should be explained to us. I missed a mailing and even though it wasn't my fault I explained why. The two fables were amusing in a way. I still disapprove of nudity because I'm a Christian. I will admit that I like girls and consider myself normal, but I DON'T like nudes in s-f zines.

LOKI-9

A pretty good cover by Staton. With ISCARIOT not making the mailing and WARLOCK only a "shadow" of itself and postmailed, your only competition for BEST FANZINE in the mailing was STARLING, which you beat out for the honor. I'm not going to adopt a rating system for reviewing fanzines, but I am going to note the best fanzine in each mailing. The whole issue was interesting and very well done. The report of the convention was read with interest and enjoyed. I liked Joe Staton's "Desert Pursuit"--blending s-f and western cowboys. I remember seeing an old Gene Autry movie on tv one time where the cowboys discovered some people living underground, but I forget most of it.

UTGARD-3

Another here by Dave Hulan. Atom drew you a very cute cover. No I am not a HOAX, by any stretch of the imagination. Even though I've never met with Larry (for a good reason which I won't go into) I have talked with him on the telephone about eight times. Honest, I'm for real, just ask Larry.

WARLOCK-6 (Postmailed)

I never realized college could take up so much time, but I'll take your word for it. I never heard of a guy who had as many interests and things to do as you. That girl you were telling me about sounds like a real DOLL! This small issue had another cover by you. I can't decide which of the SFPA's two artists are better--Montgomery or Staton. I thought Robert E. Gilbert's heading for "The Warlock Speaks" makes it look a lot better and I'm glad you'll have a standard size Warlock in the March mailing.

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