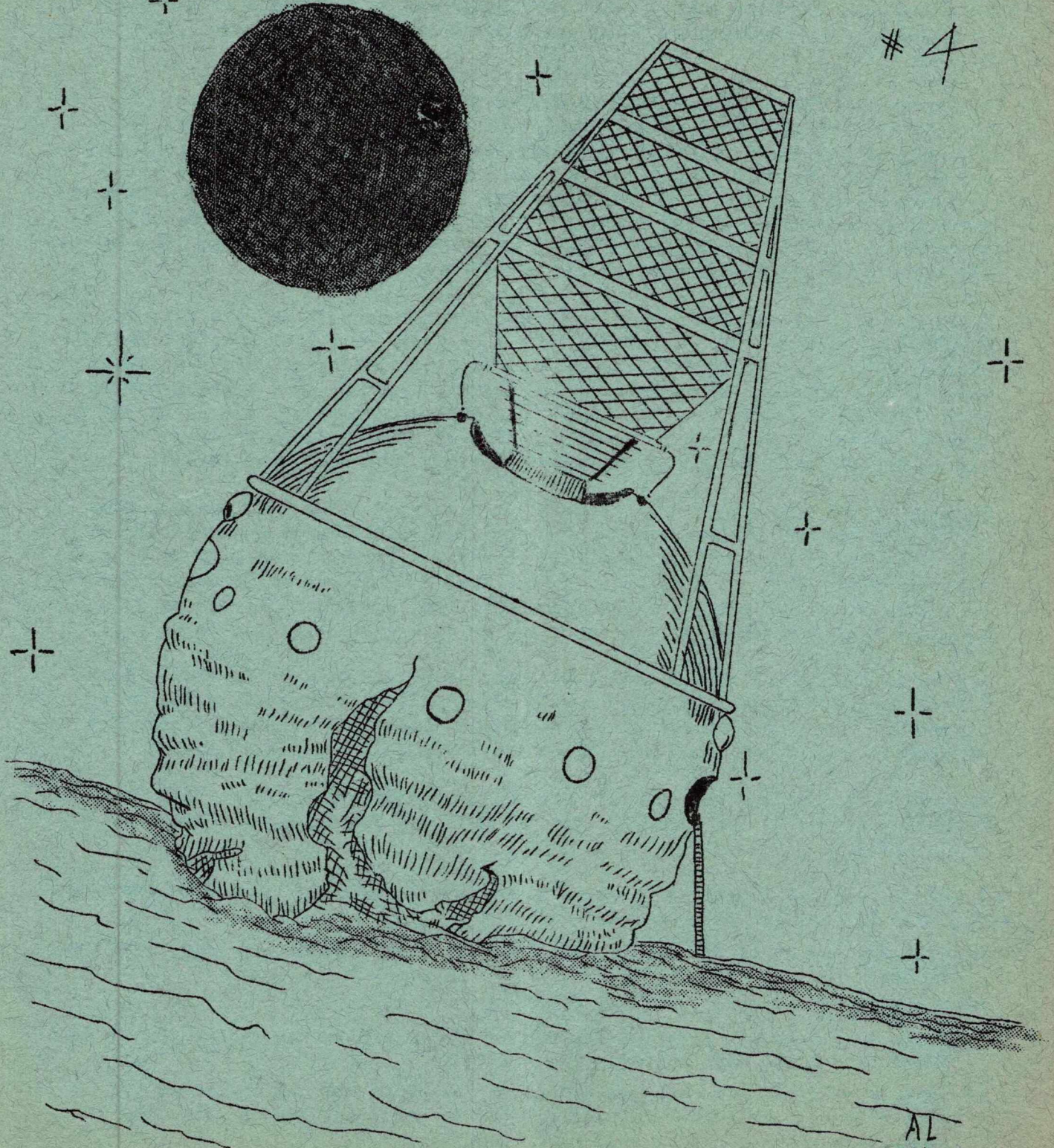


FANTASMACORIQUE

4



AL
JONES -61-

AD NAUSEUM

"G. I."

First, in case you were wondering what the "G.I." in the heading above means...I think it's a phallic symbol or something, but you'll have to ask Dick Schultz for confirmation on that (private joke). Seriously, it stands for "General Information," and in this case, the information is on the zine itself. After wasting space in the first three issues on various trivia, I felt it was about time I settled down and write something serious...perhaps next issue. Seriously, again, I thought it was about time I had a general house-cleaning and told you a few things about the zine...like, f'rinstance...The Policy!

Now that we've got the opening inanities out of the way, we can get serious (?). A zine has got to have a purpose. In general, this fanzine will be a journal devoted to the fields of science-fiction and fantasy, since these are both fields of interest to me, and, I hope, to many others (though the current lack of interest in s-f in fan circles leads us to some doubt on this question). Don't get the impression from this that there will be nothing at all besides s-f and fantasy in the zine. We will accept fannish articles, fiction, etc., but it will be greatly in the minority. The following will best summarize what I want in the way of material:

Articles -- Articles should mainly concern themselves with s-f and fantasy, their relation to fandom, etc. By now it should be clear what I want in the way of articles. I'm not opposed to a little controversy, either, so make 'em as controversial as your fannish little mind permits/wants. Neither am I against humor; it's just that—sniff!—not many sterling souls have condescended to turn in their gems of sparkling wit. Articles with a "How-2" slant will be accepted if funny and/or written on a subject which hasn't already been "How-2"ed to death.

Fiction -- Most fan-written fiction is not very good. For this reason, many are opposed to the publication of such fiction in fanzines, saying they would rather read their poor fiction in a prozine. Therefore, fiction will have to be exceptionally good before it will be accepted here. (Don't ask me to define "good." If I like it, it's "good.") I can guarantee that most fiction will be illustrated by staff artist Al Jones or someone else, which brings us to the point of....

Art -- At the moment, staff artist Al Jones is doing most of the work. While I like Al's art muchly, I think we should have a little more variety in the art department. Contributions are hereby requested—pleaded for—and I'll be much obliged if you'll send them in. The worst I can do is reject it....

Reviews -- My regular staff takes care of the reviews, but if you wish to write a special review in the form of a special article, rebuttal, or whathaveu, go right ahead.

To get off the policy, I think it's about time I stated in detail the ways and means by which this fanzine can be obtained:

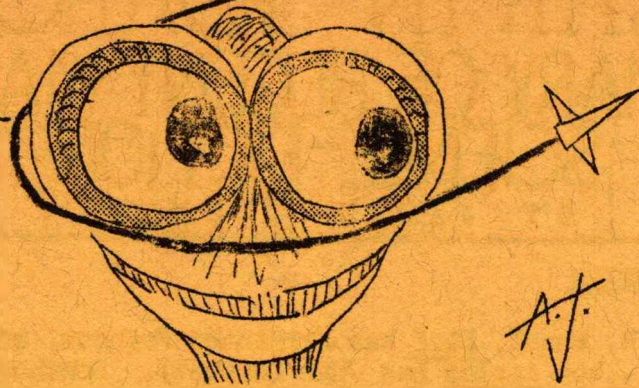
- 1) Subscription -- Single issue: 15¢; 4-issue subscription: 50¢ (none over that, please)
- 2) Contribution -- art, articles, fiction, reviews, etc.
- 3) Trade -- preferably all-for-all. Since I'm on a bi-monthly schedule, I don't think that's too much to ask.
- 4) Comment -- a LOC will get you the issue following the one commented on. If your letter is printed, you will receive the next two issues after the one commented on, though they will not accumulate.
- 5) Review -- Established reviewers receive copies automatically; others need only ask, nicely.

—Scott Neilsen

EDITOR/PUBLISHER—
Scott Neilsen

ASS'T TO THE PUBLISHER—
William Hitchens

STAFF ARTIST—
Al Jones



COLUMNISTS—
Gordon Eklund
Lenny Kaye
Michael Padgett
Peter Maurer
Richmond Wannan

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"S C O T T I S H W R I T E S" — I forgot to announce it last issue in the hurry, but Avram Davidson's "fiction" was pieced together from two letter excerpts. Avram wanted this note put in so other editors who had asked him before me for material would know why they were refused and I got something. Sorry I forgot it last issue, Avram. ## Kaye's Korn did not appear last issue because Lenny was in a state of gafia all summer and couldn't get the manuscript to me in time. ## The first person to correctly identify the book from which the cover scene was taken will receive 2 free issues. ## I should have announced it before this, but I keep forgetting: the logo on the cover is by Al Jones, as are the headings on pages 10, 17, 19, and 22. ## Jim Knotts (6009-B Linden St., Fairchild AFB, Washington) and Bob McDermott (17 Aircraft Rd., West Haven, Conn.) would like to get copies of #2 FANTASMAGORIQUE. Both are willing to pay CASH is necessary. ## Once again I enter my plea: MORE ARTISTS, PLEASE.... I simply haven't got time to contact individual artists and ask personally for art, so please try to understand, you pore li'l ole neglected artists. ## All for this issue. Deadline for #5 is the week of December 17 - 23. Nextish out around beginning of the year. Seeya then, I hope.... —Scotty—

ONE YEAR IN HORRORSPECT

A SUMMARY OF RECENT MAGAZINE SCIENCE-FICTION

BY JAMES TURNER

ANALOG SCIENCE FACT/FICTION

Amazing has David R. Bunch, F&SF has Ferdinand Feghoot, and Galaxy has (or had, that is) Beacon Novels...but Analog has John Campbell. Somehow all of the former three put together appear mild against this vivid personage who can make or break magazine s-f.

The three inches of space taken up in the "In Times to Come" section of Astounding, January, 1960, may well affect science-fiction for the next thirty years. It was there that John W. Campbell, after decades of editorship of the mighty Astounding, blissfully announced the coming of Analog with the lightness of an afternoon tea social. Of course, what is a thirty year beloved name, when there are thirty frustrated lab technicians who may be annoyed by it?

The fact remains that the present Analog is being published for two distinct groups of readership: the s-f readers and God-knows-what. It is similar to putting an article on fishing lures in a magazine such as The Ladies Home Companion. A very few readers will enjoy both, but the majority will resent it, one way or the other.

With the obvious success of Space World, why doesn't Jonathon produce two publications, Astounding and his moronisms? He could even call the new zine F.F. Fampbell's Fantastic Facts of Frustration, or FFFFFFF. And then in about thirty years, the drastic change of title to Fanalog must take place, mustn't it? Think of all the fun we'll have, laughing at the howling lab technicians.

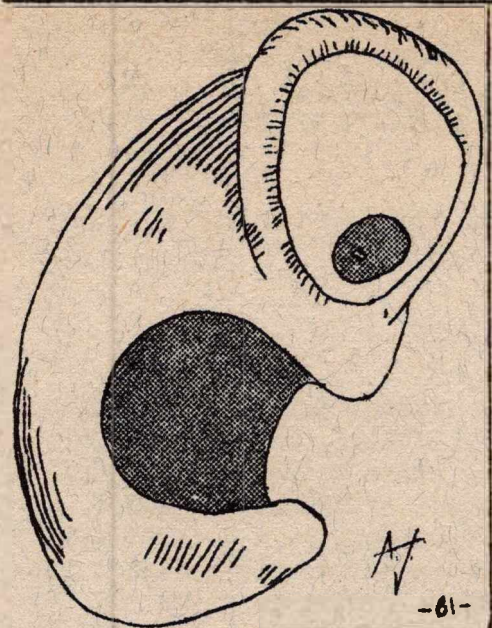
It would be impossible to select a sadder time in the history of magazine s-f than the October, 1960 issue of the now-official Analog. The end had come. The following issues were very poor compared to what had once been, though the serials and Mack Reynold's stories were still excellent in most cases. Yet at least one serial was ruined by Campbell in a fiery cloud of psionics. Christopher Anvil's stories were good, too, but what filled the other 100 pages?

One reason the pages are filled with so much of so little is that all of Analog's writers are word-rate conscious. The Analytical Laboratory doesn't help this situation either, so they cram in passages of irrelevancies. The more verbose, the merrier...for them.

Analog is so abrupt and icy that the reader doesn't know what to expect next. We'll bite, John. What is next?

GALAXY MAGAZINE

Galaxy changes gently and happily in contrast to Analog; there has been a return to high quality fiction (for the most part), change in the usual monotonous cover layout, and more spirit in the magazine in general. "A Planet Named Shayol" is destined for the Galaxy Reader series of anthologies; "Arcturus Times Three" shows us the most promising and imaginative version of Jack Sharkey yet; and Finlay's October cover only makes us all wonder why this terrific artist has been so abused by his long absence from cover work.



I shudder when I go back even a few months and compare the new Galaxy with the time when Gold seemed to delight in padding out his magazines with fiction by total unknowns. I agree that Neal Barrett, Jr., Allen Kim Lang, and all the others show promise, but giving the readers as much of them as he did made Galaxy read like a Creative Writing class for a while.

Perhaps the change of editorship from Gold to Pohl caused the change. I don't know.... But, please, please, Galaxy, stay up there where you belong!

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION

It took five years for Anthony Boucher to realize that his readers didn't want "cute" fantasy; it now appears that we go through it all over again with Robert Mills. I can't imagine anyone actually enjoying this "cuteness" that creeps into everything in the first place. S-F and fantasy weren't meant to be gingles of joy, and any attempt to make them so merely ends up in an insipid, stagnant mess. Of course, This Is Literature...which makes everything all right, doesn't it?

Several items that would have brought F&SF a Hugo this year were thoroughly murdered by Robert Mills as he gayly mowed over them. ("Rogue Moon" turned out to be a "Ragged Moon," whereas "To the Tombaugh Station" was changed to "To the Slaughter House.") Brian Aldiss' inane "Hothouse" series comes out being downright foolish at the very least. But then, what's that, when we get all these delightful fantasies and Feghoot too? What other magazine gives you all this for a nickel extra? None, than Ghod!

On the subject of the extra 5¢ that F&SF charges: it brings up the point of just how much higher can prices go? F&SF has been urging its subscribers to renew NOW to "insure readers against further price increase." Did Mills ever consider stepping from his lofty throne and adopting advertising like other magazines do? It may look regal to sport Spring Byington on the back cover, but I wonder if the magazine could put a few hundred dollars to good use from advertising in that space? Then the magazine wouldn't have to send ominous notes to its readers, threatening to raise an already augmented price.

F&SF is still a good magazine...but not that good, and certainly not good enough for the sophisticated surroundings that Mercury Publications wraps around each issue.

F&SF is still a good magazine...but not that good, and certainly not good enough for the sophisticated surroundings that Mercury Publications wraps around each issue.

AMAZING STORIES

This is the one magazine out of six that really deserves a Hugo. The quality of the material may not have been quite as high as Analog or F&SF, but remember that the latter two had a legacy to live on; Amazing's past was the nutisms of Palmer, the ignorance of Browne, and the scum of Fairman. Cele and Norm worked to make Amazing Stories a magazine to be proud of, and I for one will never be ashamed to walk up to a newsstand and buy Amazing, even if it does have an anti-Campbellish title. Cele and Norm do not have to hide behind a name fade or some ridiculous title—they made Amazing into the best magazine possible in such a short time, and when editors strive for readers, we realize it and are duly satisfied. A name change can only be the fault of the editor, not the reader, for if he appeased the readers in the 1st place, he wouldn't have to hide his stupidity behind ridiculous excuses.

ONE YEAR IN HORRORSPECT

The material remained pleasantly consistent, a relief from the frustration, cuteness, or mediocrity of other magazines. The March, 1961 issue: Marvelous! The only annoying factor is the science-shorts column that Norman considers to be an editorial. I thought that an editorial was supposed to be the editor's unbiased opinion, and not a robotic column of science.

All in all, Norman Lobsenz and Cele Goldsmith—we're proud of you for your admirable and tremendous accomplishment.

FANTASTIC Stories of Imagination

Fantastic hasn't achieved all the brilliance of her sister, but that is easily explained in the lack of good (and alive) fantasy writers. Still, for the fantasy fan, the May, 1961 issue could well be the most promising since Weird Tales folded in 1954. It contained excellent examples of all three types of fantasy writers: anachronistic Fritz Leiber (who has spanned the decades from pulpdom and comes around sparkling as ever in digest size), Robert Howard (representative of all deceased fantasy greats, who we can only look upon in wonder), and Jack Sharkey (who has the raw talent of very few newcomers, waiting to be mined by the right editor). The stories have been a fantasy fan's delight: from the super-stupendous "Scylla's Daughter" to the pulp-reminiscent "Worlds of the Imperium," this magazine has proved more and more to be a match for Weird Tales. The January, February, and March covers were worth 35¢ alone.

This magazine's promise, hope, and wonder make even David R. Bunch seem worthwhile. Once again, Congratulations, Norm and Cele!

IF Worlds of Science Fiction

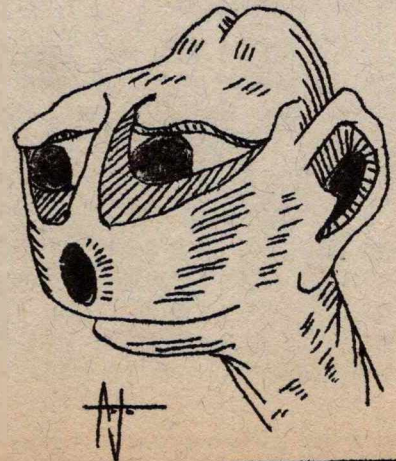
If, also under the editorship of Frederik Pohl, has recently inaugurated a "sense of wonder" policy. It would be wonderful to have a U.S. space-adventure magazine, but such a publication deems superior editorship for a very special reason. In the old days, everyone wrote space-adventure, but now s-f is ruled by sophistication. Only an excellent writer is capable of mixing sufficient amounts of modernization into the space-adventure, still having it retain its "wonder," yet not turning into the antiquated space opera. Andre Norton is about the only writer able to do this well on her own; when the other writers fail, the editor must come in. I believe Pohl is just as capable as Ted Carnell (who has the British S-F Adventures) and If may turn into a unique magazine.

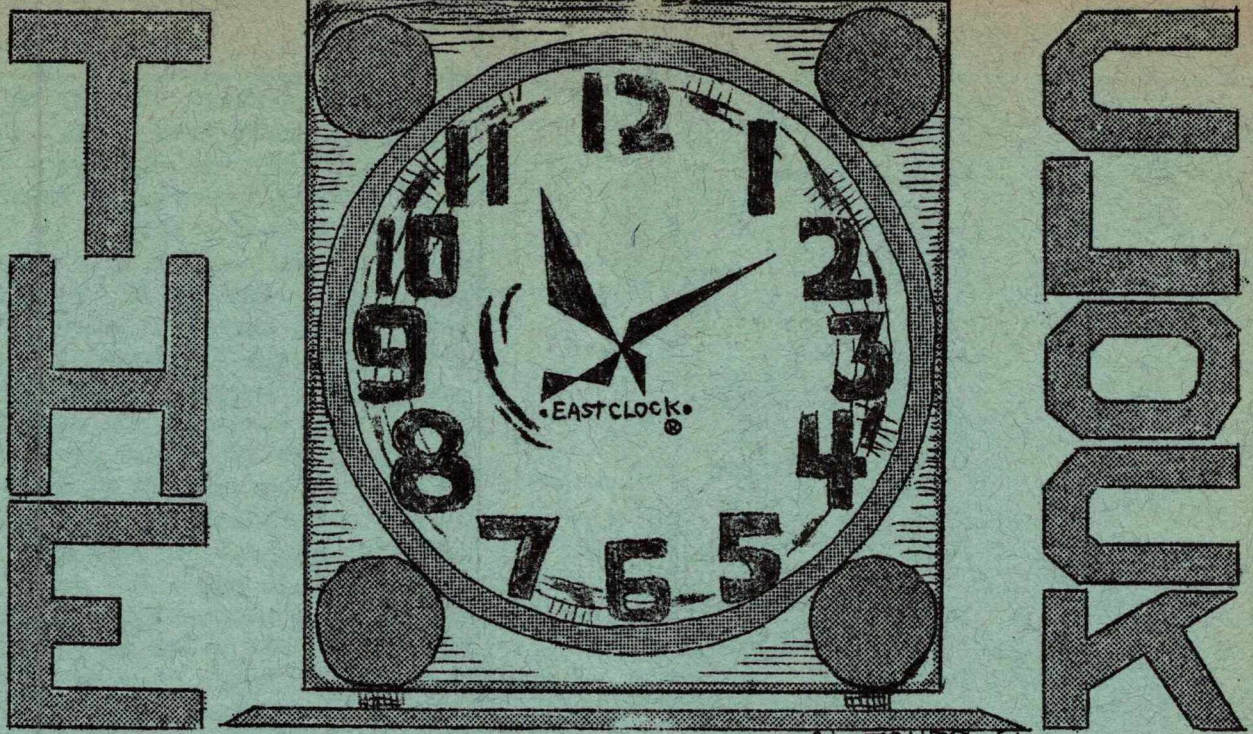
I don't like the idea of a serial ("Masters of Space") in a bi-monthly, and I like the average If illustration (if they can be called such) even less. But if Fred does as good a job on If as he has done on Galaxy, we have nothing to worry about.

CONCLUSION

It's been an eventful year for science-fiction magazines, and it's hard to say just which one deserved the Hugo. Some say that Analog had those fascinating (?) scientific stories; others seem to like to open their magazines to the merry strains of F&SF. I think that Amazing Stories had a certain quality that would beat everyone hands down—the quality of desire. And if you have desire, you need nothing else....

—James Turner—





By BEN EVANS

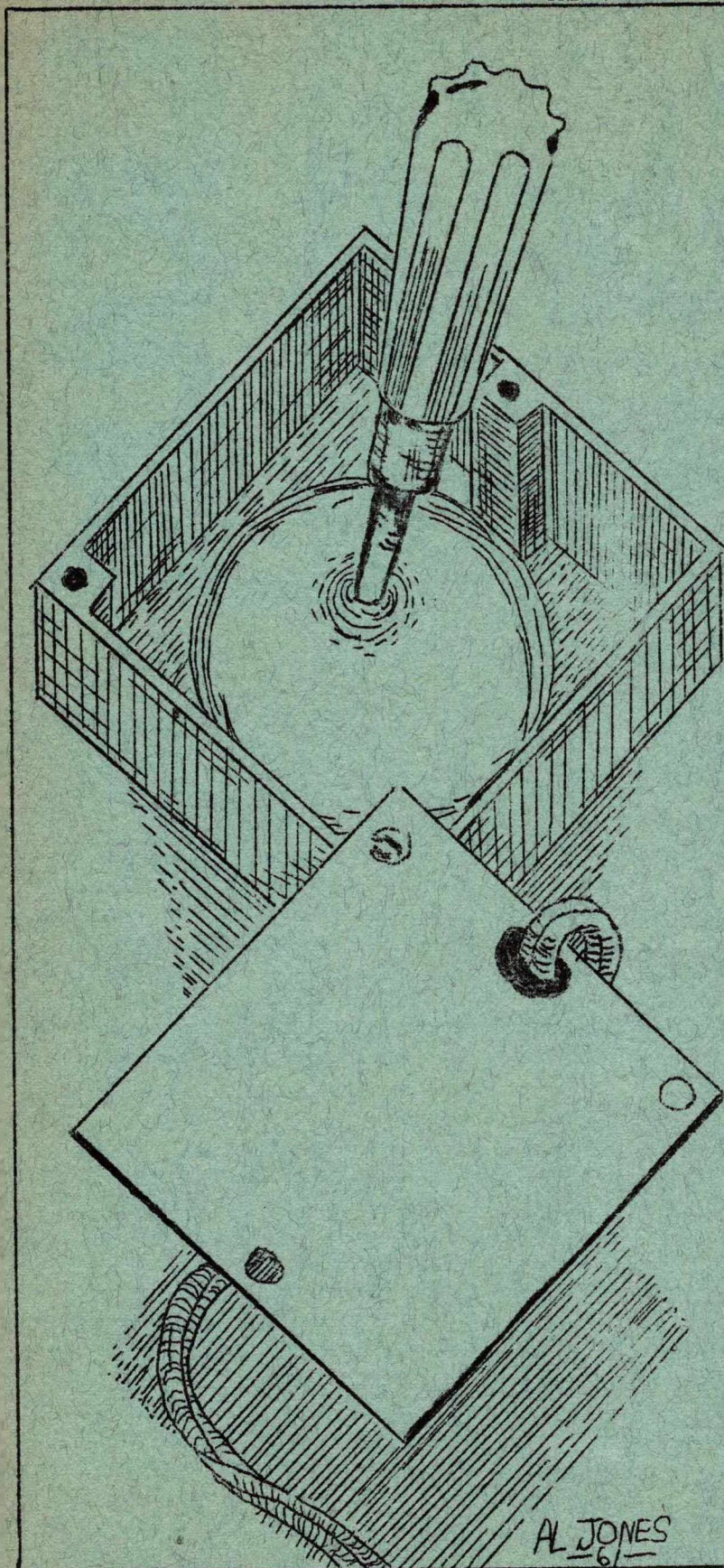
Illustrated by Jones

The clock on my desk read 1 o'clock, yet I couldn't sleep. The project was slipping farther and farther behind schedule each day, and it seemed that there was no help for it anywhere. Before me on the desk lay production charts and deadlines. Each was as discouraging as the last. I cursed the clock as I watched it tick off the time to the deadline. Suddenly, as if in defiance, it made a grinding, gnashing noise and slowly stopped. "Damn motor," I thought. For want of something to do besides straining my eyes on the charts, I picked it up, pulled the plug from the wall socket and began taking off the metal back. I had two of the three screws out, but the third refused to move. "Cheap junk," I reflected. "That's what you get for saving those blasted trading stamps." I tried in vain to get the final screw out, but it wasn't in a co-operative mood. Venting my stored-up exasperation and anger, I slammed my fist against the back, sliding it across the smooth metal. To my surprise, the thing swung on the screw like a well-oiled hinge.

The insides of the infernal machine were like no clock I'd ever seen before, mainly because there were no insides. Well, not exactly none. There seemed to be something in there, but I couldn't quite get my hand inside, although the opening had seemed large enough at first. The something in there can only be described as something. Or, conversely, as nothing. It appeared to be tangible, but when you looked directly at it, it was nothing, although you could still sense its presence. If you are wondering what the thing looked like, I can't tell you since I don't know myself. In frustration, I jammed my screwdriver into the opening. Now the screwdriver is easily ten inches long, while the clock is at most two inches wide. Yet the tool went in up to where my fingers gripped it, which was easily six inches. I pulled it out again and peered into the cockeyed chronometer. Where there had been only a velvet darkness before, there was a circle of light about the diameter of the screwdriver.

I was determined to get my hand in there this time. I shoved and pushed, heaved and grunted, but to no avail. In desperation, I turned the monstrosity over and proceeded to lever the face off with the screwdriver. Under the savage attack I launched against it, it gave way and fell to the floor with a clatter. I looked through the opening where the face had been and saw the other side of the room. I turned it over again and looked through the back side. Sure enough, the black velvet with the circ

"THE CLOCK"

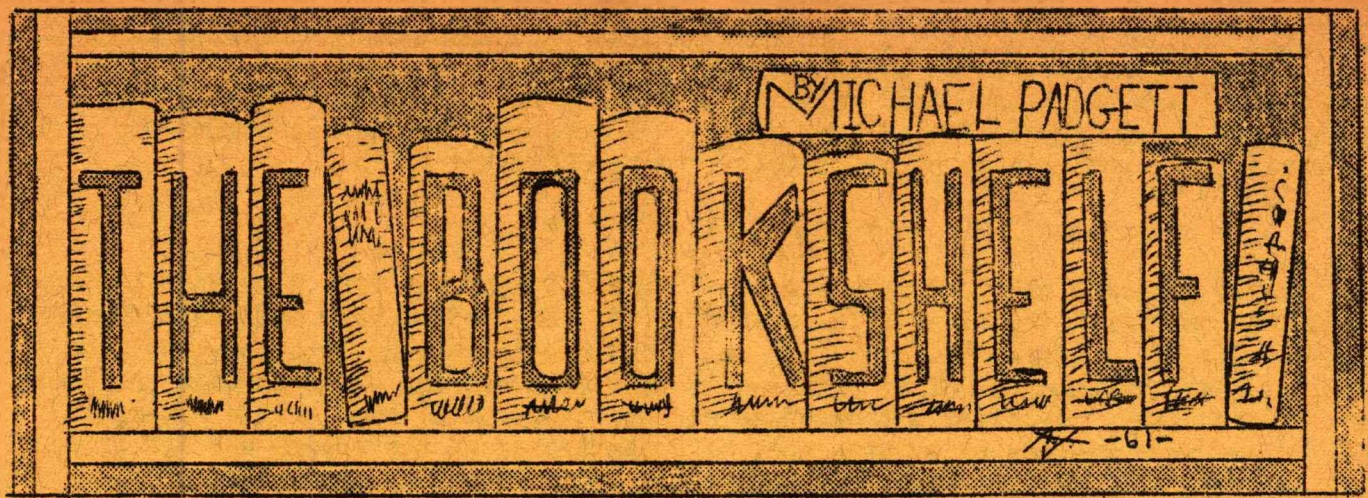


of light was where the far wall of the room should have been. I pushed my fist through the front side quite easily, but when I tried the same thing on the back side, I was blocked. Once again I put the screwdriver through the back and twisted and turned it around the interior until I thought I had covered the entire space. I looked in and was rewarded for my efforts by the sight of a cold blue light instead of the velvet black. It looked artificial and reminded me of a laboratory. I looked harder and soon made out a few details in the sterile blueness before me. It was definitely a lab or workshop of some sort. There were benches against the walls made of a blue-tinged metal that looked as if they were welded to the rest of the room. But it wasn't the benches that caught my eye, but what was on them. For there, spread out on the benches from end to end, were hundreds of clocks exactly like mine.

I stared in fascination through my private little television receiver. I looked around the room as best I could, since my field of vision was extremely limited. I happened to look down from my private port hole and saw that my clock was resting on a bench similar to those across from it. I took the clock from my eyes and looked around the room. I was still in my room with the desk in front of me. Satisfied that I was still where I belonged, I returned to the clock.

The scene hadn't changed. The clocks were still staring at me from across the blue room. I pushed my head into the clock as far as I could and looked around the edges of my vision, trying to take in more details. Surrounding my clock were dozens and dozens of the phony clocks. Except for the shelves, benches, and clocks, the room was

empty. From where my clock was placed, I couldn't see a door or any other means of entering the room. The place was as quiet as a tomb, but much more efficiently lighted.



One of the most exciting things about each year's Worldcon is seeing who walks off with the Hugos, and the SeaCon was no exception. Walter Miller's Canticle for Leibowitz was not the best novel of the year, but it wasn't surprising to see it take the award in that category. Sturgeon's brilliant Venus Plus X was my choice, with the others offering only a minimum of competition. High Crusade was fairly original, but still silly, and Mills hacked out any merit Budrys' Rogue Moon might have had. Deathworld by Harry Harrison could have been a solid contender if it hadn't faded out into such a maze of "Analogy" psionics.

In the short fiction category, there were two excellent nominees, and oddly enough, one of them W*O*N—Poul Anderson's "The Longest Voyage." Almost as good was Farmer's "Open to Me, My Sister," with "Need" and "The Lost Kafoozalem" by Sturgeon and Ashwell respectively trailing far, far behind. Biggest surprise of all, though, was seeing Analog cop the prize for best prozine. Poking fun at Campbell now seems to be the Fannish Thing To Do, but I don't suppose it bothers JWC if these same fans hand him a Hugo. Not that ASF was so good in 1960, mind you; it was downright lousy most of the year. F&SF has won for three years by publishing crud, so I guess it was about time someone else won for publishing crud.

It may be a little early for talking about the ChiCon Hugos, but unless somebody does some mighty good writing in a hurry, the best novel of this year is going to be Three Hearts and Three Lions by Poul Anderson (Doubleday, \$2.95). Doubleday is stretching things a bit by calling this science-fiction; it's fantasy pure and simple, and just about the best fantasy since Tolkien's Lord of the Rings trilogy. It concerns Holger Carlsen, who leaves America to help his Danish homeland fight the Nazis. He is wounded and slips into a world of Carolingian romance, where elves and trolls roam, and where magic works. A dwarf and a swan-maiden befriend him, and together they set off into the land of darkness in search of Carlsen's true identity. Just as in the above-mentioned trilogy, the forces of evil are preparing for an all-out battle against the forces of Law. As one might expect (and who would have it any other way?), Carlsen becomes an important factor in the pending struggle.

Anderson has portrayed his characters flawlessly, put them in an utterly fascinating setting, weeded out all stock incidents, and mixed in fast-paced action. In short, he's given fantasy fans a treat they won't forget for a long time.

Arthur C. Clarke has finally come out of the water long enough to write a new s-f novel called Fall of Moondust (Harcourt, Brace, and World, Inc.; \$3.95), and it's something of a disappointment. Not at all what we could expect from the author of City and the Stars and Childhood's End. Clarke says (and who am I to dispute the fact?) that the moon is covered with dust, very fine and dry, and pretty deep in some places. The "Selene," a Dust Cruiser, encounters a moonquake while traveling over one of the deep spots and gets buried a good ways under the stuff. The plot consists of the interplay of character in the trapped ship and the efforts of the authorities to get them out.

"THE CLOCK"

I waited for close to an hour, but nothing happened. I didn't know where the room was, or how the clock could bring it into view, but I felt sure that I would learn something if I only waited long enough. I made some coffee and resumed my vigil. However, after another hour or so, I fell into an exhausted sleep.

* * *

Slowly I became aware of voices near my head. I awoke to find myself collapsed across the desk with the clock lying near my head. The voices were obviously coming from the clock. I lifted it to my face and found myself looking into somebody else's face. I almost jumped out of my skin seeing that face staring at me through the empty case of the clock. At first I thought he saw me, too, but it soon became apparent that he was very unaware of my presence. I concentrated on the speech and was finally able to bring my mind into focus and understand the words. The man looking through the clock was talking to someone elsewhere in the room.

"Whose section is this? When I catch up with the nitwit behind this carelessness, I'll have his head on a platinum platter. Imagine! He goes off and leaves a warp unfinished. If this thing were already sold and in someone's possession, we'd really be in trouble. It's bad enough that we're behind schedule, but now we have to have incompetence. When I catch up with him I'll have him sent back to the Vegan diamond mines to learn how to follow orders."

"Yes, sir. I'll have his name for you in a moment. Meanwhile, we've got some visitors to entertain."

"Oh, yes. Show them in."

I sat and watched in amazement as a part of the wall slid away and three more men entered. The one who seemed to be in command put the clock down and went over to greet them. The speech turned from faultless English to gibberish which I had never heard the like of. But then one of the three visitors spoke in English.

"Don't you think we ought to use the local language in order to become more accustomed to it?"

"I agree. It's very tricky in places," said the commander.

"Very well. I believe you are going to explain the operations you have under way here, correct?"

"Precisely. These mechanisms you see around you are copies of the local instruments of measuring time. Since this is the most widely used appliance suited for our needs, we have selected it to use for mass distribution. Each is equipped with a warp which enables travel through the sub-ether to any point where one of the mechanisms is located in the normal universe. They permit us to view what is happening in that location without being seen ourselves. These you see here are complete and only await being shipped to distribution centers.

"Once they are in use, they relay everything around them back here. When the time comes, we will also use them to distribute our troops since the size of the opening makes no difference on a warp such as this. At present, they merely appear to the inhabitants as useful machines since they are extremely accurate and never fail."

This last statement made me laugh despite myself. These birds weren't as smart as they thought. But then I thought about what they were saying. Being an engineer, and also a science-fiction fan, my brain quickly fabricated the obvious conclusion.

[Concluded on page 21]

THE BOOKSHELF

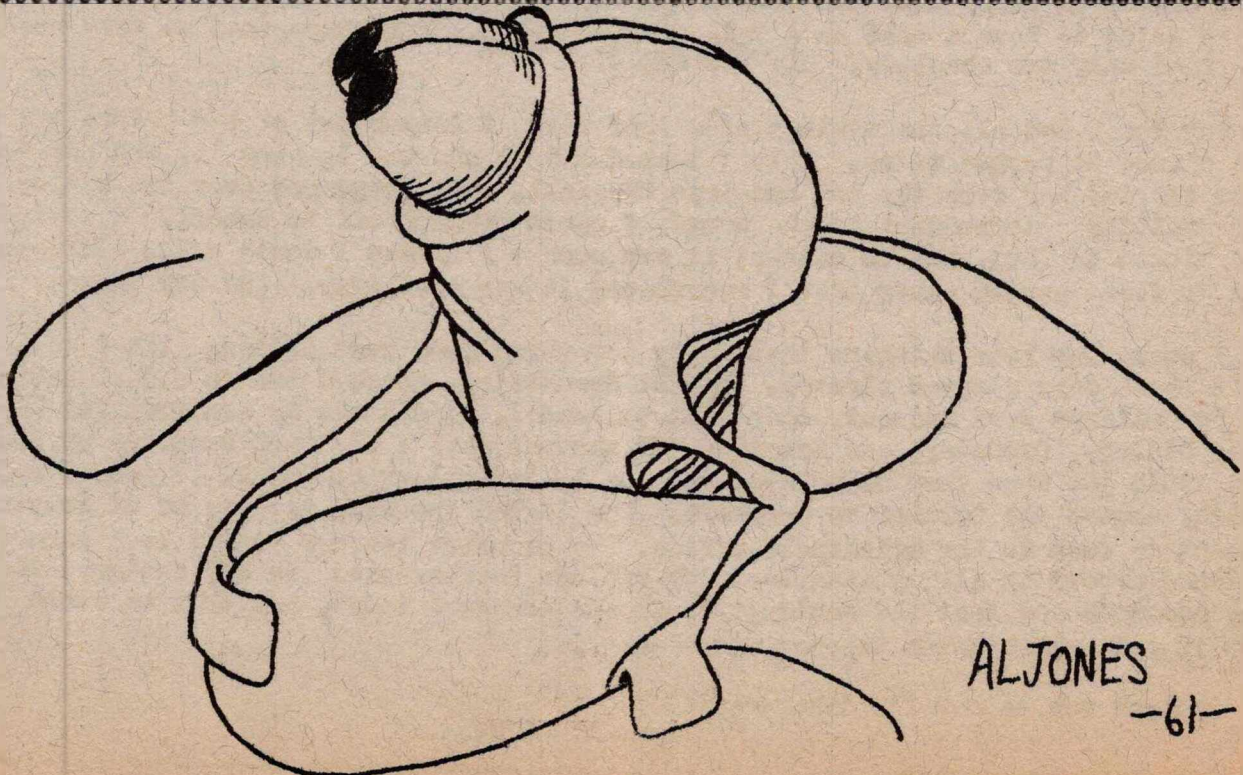
In the ship are just the type of people you'd expect: the experienced old space veteran, the elderly lady who spends most of her time looking for ulterior motives, etc. The touchy problem of finding the ship and getting it out of the dust is a little more interesting, but despite Clarke's air-running-out type of rapid action, I didn't really care whether the people were rescued or not. Chalk this up as one for the SCIENCE-Fiction fans, and let Clarke have another go at it. With some of the great stuff he's written in the past, he deserves it.

The final item this time is neither science-fiction nor fantasy, and to tell the truth, I don't know exactly what it is. It's Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer (Grove Press; paperback 95¢, hardback \$7.50). The book's been taboo in this country since it was written in 1934, and Grove Press, printer of the unprintable (i.e. Lady Chatterley's Lover), finally got it past the postal censors and is obviously making a fortune off of it. Just why they are running the risk of cutting the sales on the \$7.50 edition by publishing a pb edition is something of a mystery. They don't have anything to worry about, though. They've already cleared the rights to publish the sequel, Tropic of Capricorn, which will appear sometime next year, and probably gross another fortune.

Anyone's ears would perk up after reading some of the quotes concerning Tropic. Karl Shapiro calls Miller the "greatest living author"; Lawrence Durrell says, "American literature today begins and ends with the meaning of what Miller has done." Just what it is that Miller has done is a little hard to say. He's written a biography about his experiences doing nothing, telling his story in the disconnected style of Alexander King carried to the nth degree. The book is filled with Miller's philosophy, rather offbeat, but at least interesting. It's also dirty, very dirty, in fact. But somehow I get the idea that somewhere beneath all that obscenity lies a great book.

The idea of having a book banned, however, just rubs me the wrong way. I don't care what the book is or what it's about, book banning is one of the most fuggheaded and intolerable things any government can do. And I'm just itching for a good argument on that point....

—Mike Padgett—



KAYE'S KORN

BY LENNY KAYE
"The Fifth Columnist"

Several fans have knocked the seeming waste of time this column is to read by saying it says nothing. I agree...it's not meant to say anything, really. This column is fun for me to write, and I hope it's fun for you to read...I'm not trying to

be fannish, not in the least. I just want to leave a hazy pleasantness with you after you've finished. But, it would be unwise for me to go against reader opinion. Therefore, bowing to the readers' demands, I will inject one serious note in the two or so pages I use up in "Fan-whateveryoucallit." It won't start with this column, but the next, as I want to leave comment hooks all over the place to draw reader reaction. OKAY WITH YOU???? It better be. After all, you are the readers and this is YOUR magazine.... (No, no! Scotty, don't shoot!....)

* * *

I am discouraged. It all began a few weeks ago, when I received a letter from Dave Ettlin. Now what, you may ask, is so important about a letter? Was this my favorite correspondent who was going to gaffiate? No. Was this fan planning to start a feud with me? Heavens no. Why then??

Well, he enclosed something called a Good Luck Prayer.... It said that it had been around the world four times, and brought luck to whoever passed it on—and five copies with it, in 24 hours—within four days.

Being a curious cuss, and also needing some good luck, I decided to give it a try. I worked far into the night, turning out the five copies, then shoved them into five envelopes and mailed them off that night. "Okay," I said to myself, "Let's see what happens."

The first day was a Sunday. I awoke in the morning when my dog leaped on my bed at 6:30, which is nothing unusual. I trudged downstairs and made a show of eating, then trudged upstairs to work on some letters. I finished that and made preparation to go to the shore for a bit of swimming, as the day was beastly hot. That is, beastly hot until I alighted from the car, changed into my suit, and walked out onto the beach. It then commenced pouring. So ends day one.

The next day was a school day, and I again woke to the dog's jumping on my bed. I stumbled off to the bus-stop, climbed on the bus, and in due time arrived in school. I fell asleep in study hall and arrived in English in time to hear the teacher announce we were going to have a test on A Tale of Two Cities. This surprised me very much; I had read only two chapters. Day Two ended.

Day Three had all the makings of a good day. I leaped out of bed before the dog had a chance to pounce on me. Only I leaped out as she was leaping in, and her momentum carried her over the bed and into the wall. She staggered over and bit my leg. After applying a tourniquet to the wound, I again bounded off to school. I noticed I had missed the bus, but no matter; it was such a fine day I would walk. It wasn't until my first period class that I remembered it was a holiday. End Day Three.

I awoke Day Four thinking that Today something good must happen. After all, hadn't three days elapsed already. I went downstairs, checked the calendar, making sure no holidays were eminent, then went to school. I did all my homework for English, Biology, Geometry, and Spanish, and thought what a pleasant surprise my teachers would get when they discovered I actually did all my homework. I walked into English, showed the teacher my homework. She looked shocked, accused me of copying, and sent me down to the principals office. My geometry teacher didn't look surprised, but found errors in all my examples. My biology teacher said she had assigned the wrong homework and that she wouldn't check the homework today, but that we could throw it out. My Spanish teacher was absent....

And you ask me why I'm discouraged?

- Lenny Kaye -

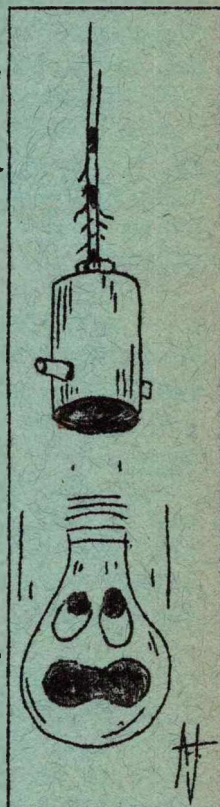
THE CRY FOR HORROR

By Alan Dodd

Quite recently I had my first inkling that a new wave of horror and fantasy fiction of the "Weird Tales" type was circulating very widely over England. This came on a trip to Southampton. Walking down a street, I glimpsed two kids carrying a paperback with a very striking cover—the title eluded me—but the memory of the grim sightless purple skull on the cover made it something I could identify quite easily in a bookstore.

On the assumption they had only just bought it, I walked down the street to the nearest big bookstore and searched for the paperback. After much searching I found it—and quite a treasure it turned out to be! It was nothing other than a collection of the works of the old master himself—H.P. Lovecraft! Entitled Cry Horror, it is a reprint of his famed collection, The Lurking Fear. To my knowledge, this must be something of a rarity. Lovecraft has in the past been available only in the Arkham House hardcovers. Yet here in one paperback were eleven of his finest stories—"The Lurking Fear," "The Colour out of Space," "The Nameless City," "Pickman's Model," "Arthur Jermyn," "The Unnameable," "The Call of Cthulthu," "The Moon-Bog," "Cool Air," "The Hound," and finally, the grim "Shunned House."

A WDL book, it comes from World Distributors (Manchester) Ltd., 36 Great Russell Street, London W.C.1. Under their abbreviated heading of WDL books, they have produced, it would appear, some real collector's items in this field. With this in mind, I searched for further titles from the same publishers and came up with The Moonlight Traveller, yet another collection of stories, edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Originally a bound edition published by The Bodley Head in London, this is the first paperback edition issued. Here the selection is of the "Greatest Horror Stories in World Literature." The names and the stories must speak for themselves: "The Celestial Omnibus" by E.M. Forster; "Desire" by James Stevens; an old favorite for anthologies, H.G. Wells' "The Man Who Could Work Miracles"; W. Somerset Maugham's "Lord Mountdrago"; Walter De La Mare's "All Hollows"; "Our Distant Cousins" by Lord Dunsay; Jan Struther's "Cobbler, Cobbler, Mend My Shoe"; almost surprisingly, J. Scott Fitzgerald's "A Diamond as Big as the Ritz"; O Henry's "Roads of Destiny"; and finally, Saki (H.H. Munro)'s "The Music on the Hill." To be added to this collection is a similar volume of equally famous names entitled The Midnight Reader. These two give the biggest collections of famous names that any two paperbacks in this field have ever done.



To leave WDL is to visit Consul Books, for Consul and WDL are the same company, same firm—just a different title. As may be expected, the volumes from this company are in a similar vein and possibly even richer than the first.

Consul itself has at least two major classics in the horror fiction field. The first is by August Derleth. The title is The Mask of Cthulhu! It contains six of Derleth's stories originally published in Weird Tales, and all owe much to Lovecraft for their inception. In fact, the idea of the first story ("The Return of Hastur") was suggested by Lovecraft to Derleth shortly before his tragic death. The other five stories of distinguished horror are "The Whipoorwills in the Hills," "Something in Wood," "The Sandwin Compact," "The House in the Valley," and "The Seal of R'lyeh." The collection is appropriately and somewhat sadly dedicated by Derleth as a tribute to the creative imagination of the late H.P. Lovecraft—no writer could ask for greater compliment.

THE CRY FOR HORROR

Also from Consul comes Donald Wandrei's The Web of Easter Island, long famed as a masterpiece of underground horror guaranteed to freeze the marrow. Carter Graham uncovers a strange image and wonders where it could have come from. His wandering and wondering lead him into the grimly warning web of the title. This book too is dedicated to H.P. Lovecraft, signifying that those who came after him recognize his true genius in the field of horror fiction.

Consul's current offering is a collection of spine-chilling supernatural stories entitled Ghosts and edited by Elliott O'Donnell. Himself a writer of such stories, his words include "The Horrible Red Sisters," "The Churchyard Bride," "The Ghostly Horrors of Rainford Hall," "The Ghosts Hampton Court Palace," "The Visionary Prediction of Mrs. Porteus," "The Two Ghosts," "The Ghost of Berry Pomeroy Castle," "The Ghosts of Danton Hall," "The Strange Case of Camilla Flint," and "The Cries in the Old Churchyard"—these stories comprise almost the entire collection. The other stories are Benjamin Barry's "It Could Happen to Anyone," Colin Evans' "Nowhere Without Her," Suzy Smith's "The House Beloved," Robert Caldwell's "The Valley," and Colin Evans (again) with "The Bust and the Scent." This was originally a bound volume published by W. Foulsham and Co. Ltd. of London. The pb is a completely unabridged version of this hardcover with the added interest of a suitably grisly cover—a skull predominating over a ghostly figure in a old churchyard studded with the wooden crosses of graves.

Arrow Books, 178-202 Great Portland Street, London W.1. is an offbranch of the Hutchinson Publishing Group. For many years they have been the exclusive paperback publishers of the British master of black magic fiction, Dennis Wheatley. Arrow has now come up with two companion volumes in paperback—Not at Night and More Not at Night, both edited by Christine Campbell Thomson. There is a little story behind these two paperbacks. In the 1920s, just before World War Two, the firm of Selwyn and Blount, Publishers, was looking for a moneymaking proposition. They came up with the idea of a series of books entitled Not at Night. For over eleven years these little volumes could be seen on sale at most railway stations and bookstores. It is the original editor of these books that now makes the selection in these two volumes.

Not at Night is somewhat disgraced by a green faced man on the cover trying to look frightened. It has a simple subtitle—"These stories will make you AFRAID." With head shrinkers, Chinese tortures, snakes, and amputations, you can be sure that this is no idle jest. The connoisseurs of Weird Tales will no doubt find very many familiar names and stories. The stories are—"Mary Elizabeth Counselman's "The Accursed Isle," Vistor Roman's "Four Wooden Stakes," Galen C. Colin's "Teeth," R. Anthony's "The Witch Baiter," "Pussy" by Flavia Richardson, Zealia Brown Reed's "The Curse of Yig," Guy Preston's gory "The Way He Died," Oscar Cook's "When Glister Walked," Arthur Woodward's eerie "Lord of the Talking Heads," H. Warner Munn's "The Chain," Bassett Morgan's "Island of Doom," Hester Holland's "The Scream," Romeo Poole with "A Hand from the Deep," and Edmond Hamilton's "Pigmy Island"—a rich, all enveloping collection with something for every horror fiend and friend.

The companion volume, More Not at Night improves the cover somewhat, but it is still not what one might expect on such a quality book. Here the selection of material is juicy enough to whet the appetite of anyone. Here you can read all about the odd happenings in Rom 317 at the Hoffman House Hotel, what is behind an odd seven-locked door at Colfe Castle, the man-eating prehistoric plant, the Thing From The Sea, the giant leeches, or even—yes...batmen. The authors of this selection are not as well-known, but the material is of equally high quality. The titles include Harold Ward's "The Closed Door," Mortimer Levitan's "The Third Thumbprint," Romeo Poole's "The Death Crescents of Koti," "Swamp Horror" (a joint effort of Will Smith and R. J. Robbins), Oscar Cook with "Golden Lilies," J.D. Kerruish's "The Seven-Locked Room," Loretta G. Burrough's "Creeping Fingers," Flavia Richardson with . . .

"Out of the Earth," B.W. Sliney with "The Man Who Was Saved," Hester Holland (again) with Dorner Cordaianthus," Robert E. Howard's "Rogues in the House," Dr. David H. Keller's "The Thing in the Cellar," Oswald Blakeston's "The Crack," and Archi Binn's "The Last Trip."

From the same publishers Bram Stoker's immortal Dracula and his much rarer The Lair of the White Worm can be obtained.

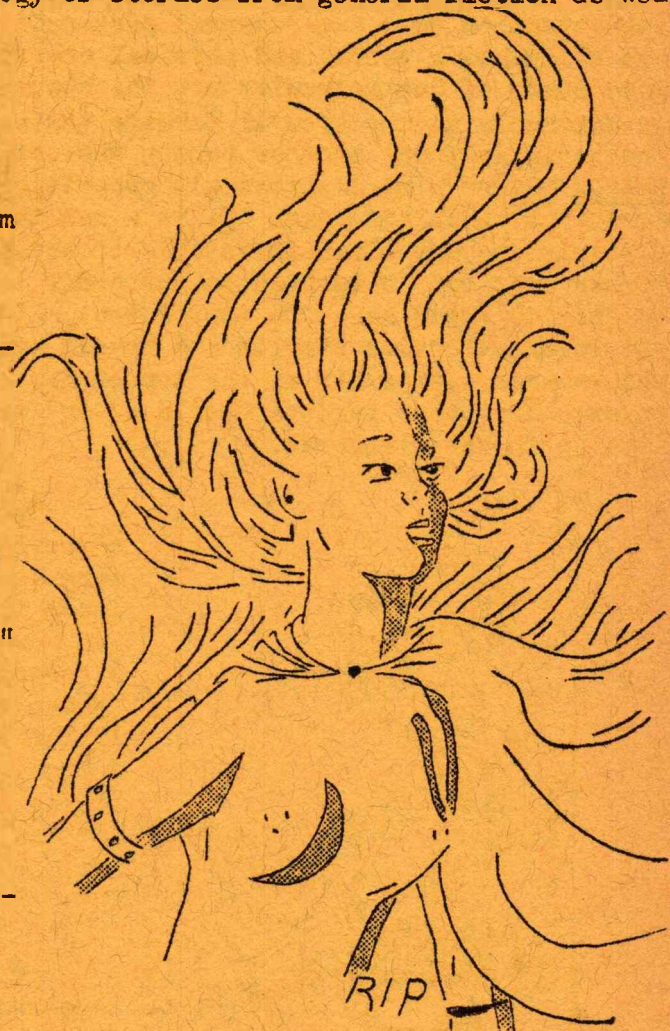
The Best-Seller Library (owned by Paul Elek, Ltd.), 14 Great James Street, does not have such a wide selection of horror material as the two aforementioned publishers. They do have a large paperback anthology of stories from general fiction as well as H.P. Lovecraft's noted "The Dunwitch Horror," Bram Stoker's "The Squaw" and "The Judge's House." Arthur Machen's "The Novel of the Black Seal" is here along with F. Marion Crawford's two stories, "The Upper Berth" and "The Screaming Skull," plus another eight stories whose authors range from De Maupassant and H.G. Wells to Fitz-James O'Brien. The type face of this particular book is interesting to note since the technical name of it comes from horror fiction—it is known as "Baskerville" type.

Pan Books, 6 Headfort Place, London S.W.1. also has twin companion volumes of horror stories, this time selected by Herbert Van Thal. The first volume is The Pan Book of Horror Stories and the second, The Second Pan Book of Horror Stories. Oscar Cook makes two appearances with "Piecemeal" and "Boomerang," while three classics which have been made into films are also included—George Langelaan's "The Fly," Carl Stephenson's "Leiningen Versus the Ants," and Edgar Allan Poe's "The Black Cat." Among the remaining stories are William Sansom's "The Vertical Ladder," Geoffrey Household's "Taboo," and Vernon Routh's "The Black Creator."

Finally we come to Digit Books, published by Brown, Watson, Ltd., Digit House, Harlesden Road, London N.W.10. It is their custom to reprint Ace Books in England, but they reprint only half of an Ace-Double and sell it for the same price you pay for the whole Double-Novel in the U.S. There are two recent editions worthy of attention if you missed the originals—Lenore Bredeson's One Step Beyond (a collection of stories from the Alcoa Presents series on television) and More Terror in the Modern Vein edited by Donald A. Wollheim and copyrighted by him in 1955.

This then is a run-down of the current books available in this particular specialized field—and it is only the start. The future sees from Digit The Fall of the House of Usher and The Picture of Dorian Gray; from Arrow The Prisoner in the Mask; while Best-Seller Library will give us Harold T. Wilkin's macabre and bizarre collection of Mysteries. And who knows what classics from Lovecraft, Derleth, Wandrei and others Consul and WDL will come up with?

The cry has been for horror—and these publishers mean to satisfy it.



FANTASY

BY PETER J. MAURER

Mine editor has informed me that some readers don't understand the purpose of this column. I repeat my original statement from No. 1: "...to share some of the pleasures (and pains) of a very critical science-fiction and fantasy reader with his equally critical (I hope) readers." I wish only to express my personal opinions, based on long reading experience, of the books, magazines, and people that make up the pro science-fiction/fantasy world. I do this in the hope of stimulating a more critical and realistic attitude toward the literature we all love. Amen....

* * *

The most unforgettable character in the s-f field today is without a doubt the editor of Astounding S.F. (I think the name still applies), John W. Campbell, Jr. At the Detention this supercharged personality dominated the official proceedings with his stimulating mental and physical energy. Neither the booming voice and infectious good humor of Sam Moskowitz nor the beauty and charm of Mrs. Poul Anderson were quite so memorable as the (you'll forgive the expression) "amazing" J.W.C., Jr. Where in the world is there another person who can express himself so well and with such devastating reason? He destroys all opposition in one sweep, leaving confusion and often exasperation in his wake. He is a man to admire or hate, but never to be ignored! His opinions are often impossible to accept, but are expressed in such a convincing manner that one is tempted to surrender to them. Such an orderly mind is rare indeed in this confused age. On top of that, his magazine has published hundreds of the finest science-fiction stories and novels ever written. John Campbell's record of achievements places him at the top of the science-fiction honor roll. He would make an excellent hero for the "world saver" type of novel. No fiction character could live up to his standards.

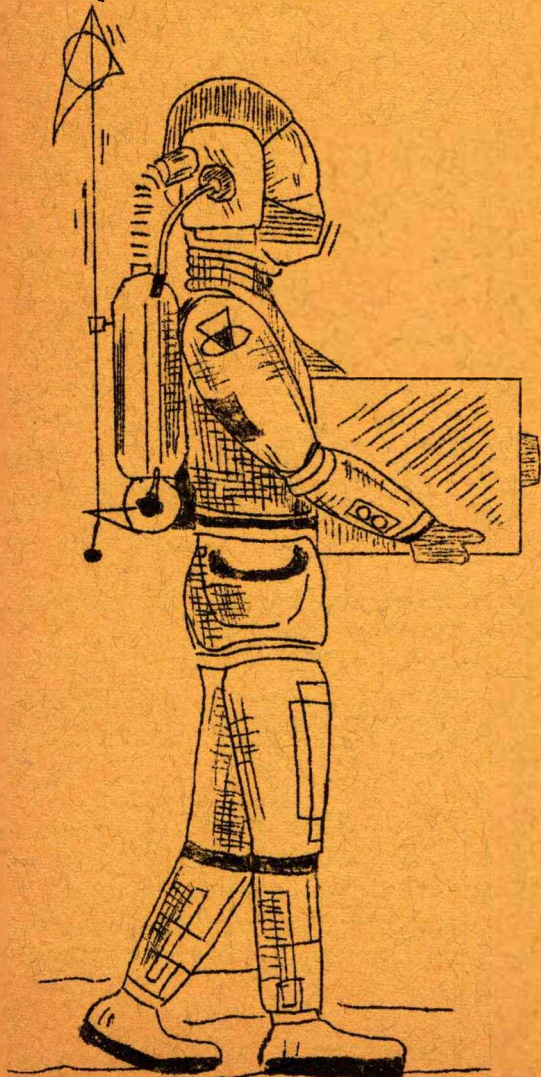
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The popularity of Jack Sharkey has always been a source of wonder to this reader. Of all the writers for the Ziff-Davis twins, he has displayed the least talent. His stories lack substance, meaning, and common sense. All too often he substitutes wise-cracking, humorless jargon for plain, ordinary, garden-variety English. While good solid pro's like Arthur Porges and Henry Hasse are ignored or condemned, this relentless hack receives peons of praise. Now and then an effective scene or character appears, but any comic strip can claim as much. Jack Sharkey has not made his contribution to s-f or fantasy yet. He has a long way to go.

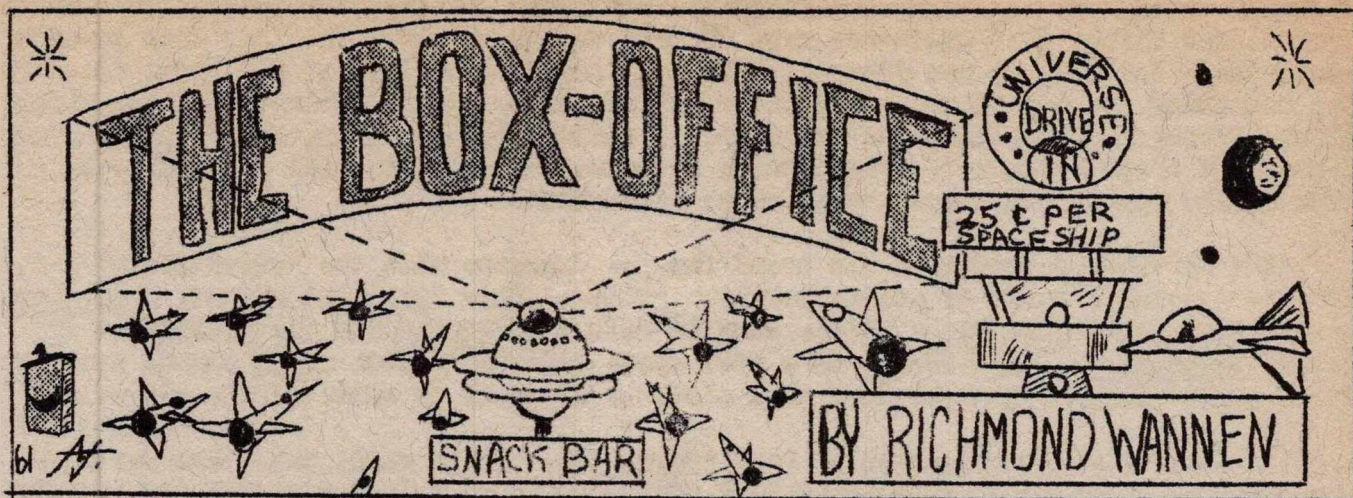
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Frederik Pohl and the late C.M. Kornbluth have made several notable appearances in recent magazines. "The Quaker Cannon" from Analog strikes me as being one of the best shorts by this dynamic duo. It will be much too tame for most s-f addicts, but the idea is an intriguing one and is presented in the usual smooth pro manner. Kornbluth will be (is) missed. Pohl's "Abominable Earthman" (Galaxy) might have been better as a collaboration, but the leading character made me shudder nevertheless. I have met several like him in the U.S. Army. Fritz Leiber's "Beat Cluster" from Galaxy shows the superlative talent of a fine writer who has been wasting his time lately with that tepid Conan caricature, Fafhrd. Heroism never dies in the primal heart of man. Ah, Romance!

—Peter J. Maurer—



AL JONES - 61 -



JAPANESE SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIES IN THE UNITED STATES

Today the foreign films appear to be the best place to go for good s-f entertainment. And as far as true s-f goes, the Japanese have been the leaders. I am, as you undoubtedly have gathered from this, not opposed to the Japanese films. I think this article will probably bring about a little controversy because a good many people don't like the Japanese films. This is probably because they (the films) are too much spectacle. I myself don't think they should be downgraded because of a little too much action. It's a little boring to watch ten minute shots of cannons, artillery guns, and missiles blasting into rocket ships or huge dinosaurs, but the fact that it's well done helps me overlook this little matter. All fight shots are original, done with very intricate minatures instead of clips of old World War II movies as most U.S. made films have.

The Japanese films (s-f) released in the U.S. are as follows (as chronologically as possible): GODZILLA, HALF HUMAN, RODAN, THE MYSTERIANS, GIGANTIS, H-MAN, BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE, and THE SPLIT. And as far as the Japanese end of production goes, all have been okay in my book. However, when they hit the American shores....

As far as American production goes, the first two (GODZILLA and HALF HUMAN) were pretty bad. Both had the majority of their guts torn out. The people who brought these two films into the U.S. apparently thought that, "P'rhaps we could draw more suckers to the theaters to see our pictures if they had names in the cast like Raymond Burr or John Carradine instead of Akiro Takarada or Takeo Murata." Of course, it would be legal to use these names as stars of the pictures when they weren't even in it, so Terry Morse (GODZILLA) and Kenneth Crane (HALF HUMAN) grubbed up a few bucks, the afore-mentioned stars, a camera, and some cheap indoor sets. They set about faking American film portions into the Japanese films as though they'd been there all along. This is pretty bad, even when you think of the detail they go into to put this little ruse over, such as getting a model of the "little monster" from HALF HUMAN. After filming of the Americanized version, the Japanese versions were stripped of most of the plot so that the real heroes and the plot were incidentals to the American parts

After these two attempts, it dawned on importers that either 1), nobody really believed that the American actors and plot were parts of the film and the idea of gutting the film wasn't liked, or 2), it was just too dern costly to import the films in whole from Japan, dub the whole thing into English, and then throw three-fourths of the mess away. So producers were just content to bring the films in, dub in English (this I'll talk about later), and let it go as an "art form."

RODAN was a good story and had a good plot, the the general idea was too much like that of GODZILLA — atomic experiments revive preserved prehistoric monsters.

(con'd next page)

I mentioned before that producers were through toying around with films from foreign countries. However, it now dawns on me that a little bit was done on RODAN, too. At the beginning, we are treated to shots of atomic tests and a bombing of Japan, which shows Americans controlling the tests and is definitely U.S. film, and there is also a short of about a minute's length which shows an American official supposedly on Wake Island typing a message about Rodan, the monster.

THE MYSTERIANS started a new trend for the Japanese with the "outer-spacy" s-f. It also started a trend of comic-book-like titles. This time, the planet, a mystery planet from which mysterious people come is called Mysteroid and the people are of course Mysterians. The picture is a good space spectacle, with weird sights and beautiful space concept, as well as a good plot. I liked it in spite of the title.

Next is GIGANTIS presented by Paul Stephenson. It is good, but below par for the Japanese. The story is a revival of GODZILLA, et al., including the same monster, fiery breath and all, plus another beast resembling a Stegosaurus. The first monster is big and gigantic—hence, GIGANTIS. The other is short, but angry with Gigantis—hence, is called ANGURUS. Whew! The monsters crawl along the ocean floor, thought dead, and wind up burning or stepping all over Tokyo.



The other three I haven't seen. I do know something about H-MAN and BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE, though. The first involves an amoebic mess resembling a man (and which once was a man until a hydrogen blast caught him) which slimes around in sewers and burlesque houses, dissolving any living thing it touches. BATTLE involves a flight to the moon where the Mysterian's cousins are discovered and a big outer space fight.

Every one of these pictures has come from the same studio (Toho Productions), has had the same producer (Pomoyuki Tanaka), the same director (I. Honda), and the same special effects technician (Eigi Tsuburayo)—all of which explains the quality. The dubbed English is always the worst part. The importers always figure that as long as the faces are Japanese, the American voices should at least have Japanese accents. This gets pretty bad, because not many Japanese-Americans can speak good English. One really bad goof which sticks with me is in GODZILLA when the old doctor (Fuyuki Murakami) Tabata

calls the monster a "vewy stwange phenonemon." The least they could do is get the actors to speak good English.

This about covers Japanese films in general. If you like this idea of capsule analysis and a discussion of the facets of film making, tell me so. I need the encouragement. If you don't like the idea, say nothing.

NEXT ISSUE — Next issue will definitely see a review of Poe's PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

—Richmond Wannan—



SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES #22, September, 1961

Due to recent loss of many of the American s-f magazines, the British s-f market has come under some discussion. There are presently 3 titles being published in the British Isles containing original material, i.e. they are not reprints of U.S. magazines. These are all published by a single firm—Nova Publications, and are edited by one-time fan John Carnell. The magazines are New Worlds, a monthly, and Science Fantasy and Science Fiction Adventures, two bi-monthlies. New Worlds is much like the average monthly prozine. It runs serials, shorts, novelets, etc., and reprints a few items from America. Sturgeon's Venus Plus X was serialized here a while back. Science Fantasy publishes both s-f and fantasy. The fantasy is generally in the "Unknown" tradition and Science Fantasy provides one of the few—if not the only—markets for this type of material in the world. This review is not dedicated to either of those two worthy magazines, but to Science Fiction Adventures....

Science Fiction Adventures began in England as a reprint mag for Larry Shaw's American prozine of the same title. When the U.S. SFA folded in late '58, SFA continued as a British edition, using new stories, but retaining much from the earlier zine, including the policy of running three short novels in a single issue. I think I need not say that these are not "novels" except by the good grace of the publisher—since they seldom run over 50 pages or so in length. Oddly enough, the U.S. SFA withdrew this policy near the end of its time, but the reprint edition did not. The stories are, as the title claims, adventurous s-f. Much of this type in the U.S. SFA and Infinity were quite good; all in this issue is not.

The lead story is "Should Tyrone Fail." Written by Ian Wright (known in this country for a couple of novels published by Ace Books), the details of it didn't linger long in my mind. This is truly primitive s-f. It's a spy thriller and a suspense yarn. Science in the story is either lacking or non-existent. The hero is nearly perfect and the villain sneers. The plot is quite unoriginal, needless to say. A spaceship has crashed for unknown reasons in the forests of an alien planet. The biology of the planet makes it extremely hard to recover anything, and the ship had a treasure in something-or-other on board. The hero Tyrone hooks up with a band of bandits and thieves and goes out with them to recover the cargo from the ship. They have a rather ingenious plan for doing so, and the author almost made accept it. However, it never seems quite plausible that capturing a whole city (as the group tries to do) could be so easy.

There is a girl who is at first one of the nasties, but in the end turns out to be true-blue. Ah well....

The badies fail, some aliens show up, and it is all quite sick. This story is for those who enjoy being nostalgic about their s-f. No U.S. prozine would have published it, with the possible exception of IF.

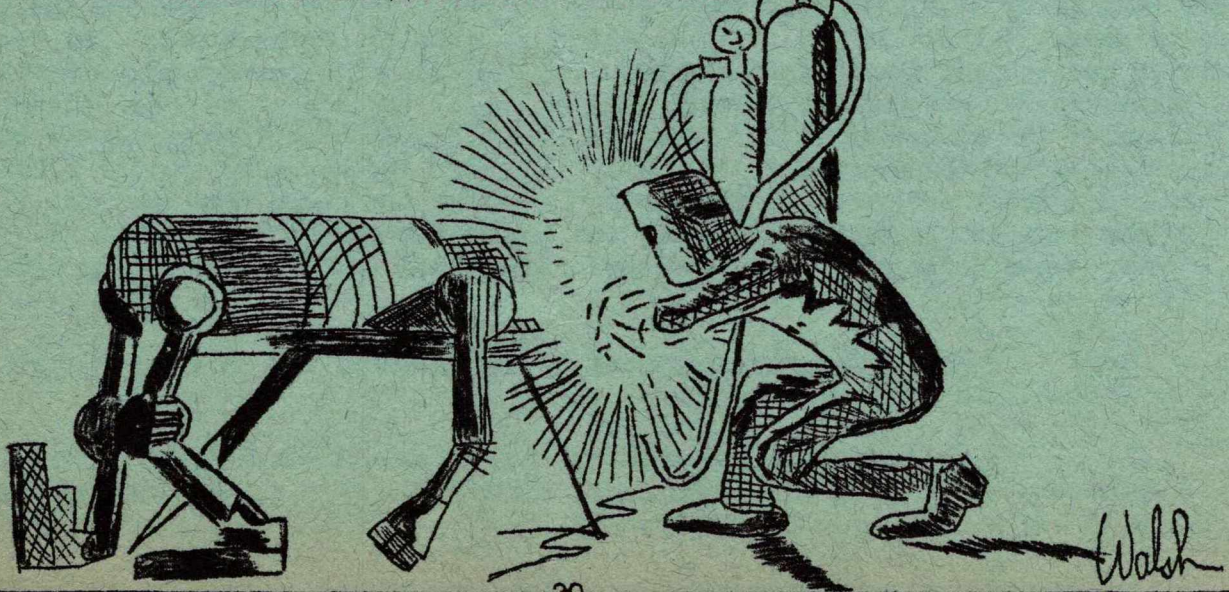
The other two authors, David Rome and W.T. Webb, were complete strangers to me before reading this magazine. I presume that they have appeared only in Britain, and only to a fairly limited extent there. Both, especially Rome, show promise, but neither has reached his peak yet. Neither will ever be a Heinlein or a Sturgeson, but they aren't really too bad compared with some s-f "writers" of today.

The plot and theme of the second story ought to become quite apparent to the more active s-f reader when I mention that the title of the opus is "The Game." The author of this one is David Rome. It's a 20-pager using as its theme the old idea of the planetary games based upon the ancient Roman games. It seems altogether Fitting and Proper that a "Mr. Rome" should use this plot.

Again the story is written on the action-for-the-sake-of-action level. It really doesn't come off too bad at this level. Sadly, the characters never seem real. The story has an aura of implausibility cast about it. The civilization that is created in the tale is totally lacking in depth. The author doesn't spend enough time on it to make it seem the least bit real. The story is too short. The only good sections are those in which the actual games occur. These are well-handled, but the mechanics of the Games are never explained to my satisfaction.

The third and final "novel" closing out the issue is W.T. Webb's "Babel Has 500 Floors." This is a little better than the other two, due to the fact that the author has a most ingenious idea and peoples the story with almost living beings. The idea is simple. At a time in the future a giant department store has been created. It is possible to live out one's lifetime in the store without ever leaving it. The customer entering the store is equipped with a card of credit. Upon spending more than shown on the card, he must stay in "Babel" (as the store is known) and work off the money he owes in various jobs. A young farmer (a former spaceman) arrives home one day to find that his young wife has gone to the store to buy something for him. He follows her, becomes lost in the store, and spends over his allotted amount of money. He then does a number of jobs, going from level to level in the wink of an eye. Despite the above slightly "goshwow" comments, the story leaves much to be desired. The ending is sadly superficial, and none of the characters really come to life. I somehow wish that a more experienced and more imaginative writer could have tried his hand at this story.

In conclusion, Science Fiction Adventures deserves to be placed about sixth among today's magazines. That places it above Amazing, Galaxy, and If, but below the remainder of the nine magazines. It is worthwhile as a time passer, but don't expect to find unforgettable stories in it. —Gordon Eklund—



"THE CLOCK"

The only thing left to explain was what had happened to my clock that allowed me to spy on them instead of them on me. And to top that, how did my clock remain in the workshop, sitting quietly on the shelf while I lifted it and carried it around? It was obvious that these little bombs weren't meant to do that. The others remained in the possession of their owners. Enough of this speculating. I had to find out what I could of this scheme before my clock started working "right" again.

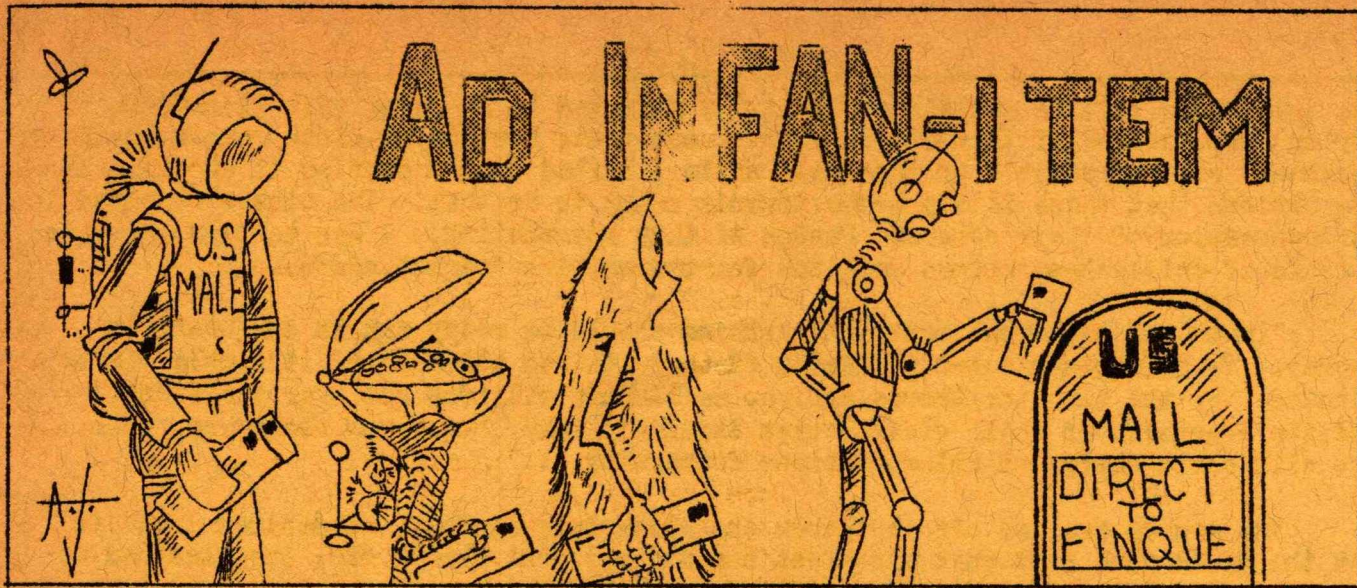
"In two of the local months everything should be ready and we can bring in troops. We have distributed thousands of these things already and it's only the beginning. By the time the troops arrive, we'll have millions all over the planet, and the overthrow of their civilization shouldn't take long. Now about your jobs. You will be in charge of all operations concerning...."

The sounds trailed off as I took the clock from my face. I decided I had to let the government know what was afoot immediately, but when I did, they laughed me out of their offices. I finally got one official to listen to me, but my playmates on the other end of the line must have heard of my misadventures with red tape, because the clock was suddenly missing from my suitcase only minutes after I put it in. I tried to buy another to show the official, but none would work the way mine had. It seems that mine was a million-to-one freak that had come about against impossible odds and would never happen again. I finally gave up trying to convince anyone. Instead, I wrote this fictionalized version to try and warn anyone who had one of these clocks in his possession. If you do, you have only two days, by my calculations, until the attack comes.

As for me, I believe in the old proverb about, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." I have drawn out my entire savings, quit my job, and am living in Las Vegas as long as my money or the world holds out. Don't say I didn't warn you!

—Ben Evans—





Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

Aside from a few niggling imperfections, Fantasmagorique looks like one of the best of the new fanzines. It's not a remarkable achievement (yet), but it's one you can be proud of. It has a distinctive personality, and an ingratiating one. It—and as long as I mentioned niggling imperfections, I should mention one of them immediately: the title. Reminds me of a paregoric, but it hardly assuages pain: it compounds it. It's much too long, and I shrink from typing it for that reason. Or maybe it's because I'm not sure I can spell it. I'm afraid I'll get lost around the 20th or 30th letter. [Nonsense! It only has 15 letters.... Anyways, the title will be changed starting with the next issue, and a BIG SECRET will be unveiled, most likely.—sn/

Al Jones is shaping up as the best staff artist west of Tom and another of the Jones boys, Eddie. I don't mean to say that Al is the best fan artist outside of those two, but I am beginning to suspect that he's the best tamo artist any fan editor has at his beck and call. Al has been illustrating your material with a real verve that I enjoy. I remember his full-page illo for Don Anderson's "Operation: Cleanup!" and I liked his half-pager for the Avram Davidson here, as well as the heading for "Ad INFAN-item." Otherwise, well, I don't see any particular virtue to the Ran Scott pic on the front cover except that it's big enough to take up most of a page.

Avram Davidson's "History of Webster Groves" was quite tremendous, and I believe every word of it. 'Course—my god, the style is catching!—I neveh heerd of Cephas Bloggs, but the mention of his plundering the Latter Day Saints reminds me that I once learned that one of my black sheep forbears figured in "Muzoorra" history as an army officer who helped kick the Mormons out'n that part of the country.

You've built up quite a high-powered contributing staff. Mike Padgett's "Bookshelf" reviews books I haven't yet read (except for some of the stories in Nightmare), but he seems to make eminently good sense about most of them. Richmond Wannan's "Box-Office" reviews movies that I haven't seen, but he too seems to make eminently good sense about most of them. Hmmp, I could say almost the same thing about Gordon Eklund's "The Newsstand," because I haven't really read most of the prozine stories he talks about, but I'm tired of that sentence. A small correction on Gordon's comments on T.D. Hamm: 'tain't (Avram's style still influences me) Mr. Hamm atall. The "T." stands for Thelma.

Peter Maurer's "FANTasy" on Weird Tales was enjoyable. I own that I didn't realize several of these stories appeared in WT. The only comment here I actively disagree with is Pete's characterization of "Woman of the Woods" as "a perfect work of art." This roused me to tiny yips of horror that half the dogs in the neighborhood joined.

Seth Johnson's "Past, Present, and Future" says nothing new—in fact, it says the same thing I've been reading everywhere else—about the present and the future, but I enjoyed his reminiscences about the past.

(Boggs con'd) Ed Bryant often impresses me as potentially one of the finest recruits we have had in years. I qualify it that way because he's pretty young yet, and shouldn't be burdened with too extravagant praise as yet. I liked his article "Solution: Unsatisfactory," though I didn't agree with very much of it. For one thing, what in the world would the inauguration of a fan column in Amazing do for science-fiction. I agree that if we the fans could muster 250 letters each month for three months, we could maybe influence the policy of the prozines, but how is that going to improve the market for sf? Supposing that all the letter-writing fans would be able to agree on what sort of sf they want to see; do you suppose that that's the sort of sf the great unwashed public wants? And even if it is, do you suppose the public could be induced to bite again, after being driven away from the sf magazines years ago? I agree. What possible good would come to sf from the inauguration of a fancolumn in a prozine? It seems to me that repeated fan arguments for such a column are merely wishful thinking. The only possible group that such a column would benefit would be the fans themselves, and that's not quite fair to the rest of the readers of the prozine.—sn/

I didn't realize that "the top dogs in fandom" were opposed to adding "a couple thousand new fans" to fandom. I suppose there are objections to it, as Ed Points out, but my only reaction to the idea is to wonder why anybody wants such a huge fandom.

I must agree with Ed that Ed Gorman's comparison of me to the "erudite Damon Knight" was mind-boggling. Nevertheless, I think I have reviewed as much science-fiction in the past year as Damon has. So far as I know, he hasn't written a single review lately, and I have written a few at least. As for Ed's next point, which might be summarized as "If you're such a good writer, why ain't you writing professionally?" I can't answer for Willis, Bergeron, Hoffman, Berry, and Castillo, but for myself, writing is primarily an avocation. For all I know maybe the general public is anxious to peruse my "excellent, literate prose," but I'm not particularly ambitious to provide it to them. Maybe someday I'll write the great American novel, but till then I'd rather enjoy myself at the typer rather than grind out copy for money.

I didn't know Berry has "sold quite a bit to the prozines." Can Ed be confusing our John Berry with the other John Berry? I didn't know, either, that David Bunch is one of the pro writers "who have risen from the depths of fandom," but this may be the case. As far as I'm concerned, Bunch is a writer "who has risen from the depths of the can-making factory"!—sn/

Letter departments: Avram Davidson's letter was lovely. I also liked Don Wollheim's rather sour missive. I couldn't disagree with him more about Rogue Moon, which strikes me as one of the best sf novels of the past ten years. As I write this, I don't know whether Rogue Moon won the Hugo, but I certainly hope it did. Deitchman sounds pretty sour, too, and unlike Don he hardly has any justification for being like that. He is hardly an old fan and tired. Incidentally, I'm interested to note from your announcement that Deitchman was responsible for the fanzine Martian Hern. I received a copy with no name attached and a note scribbled on it "No egoboo allowed." Not liking anonymous communications I was only too happy to take note of this warning; I filed the magazine away unread.

Do you realize that Webster Groves was once the home of F. Towner Laney? No, can't say that I did. Thanks for telling me. Now perhaps if you will give me that old address I can put a shrine in front of the house.—sn/ Seriously.—sn/

Chester Flippo, 109 Parkhill House, SHSTC, Huntsville, Texas.

Just finished reading Fantasmagorique #3 (whew!) and decided to answer your plea for FANmail. I stumbled onto it because my roommate Earl (Noe, publisher of KARMA) left it on the floor and I tripped over it on the way to the john. F...E is one of the best fanzines I've read in my short fannish spell. Especially liked Davidson's article, The Bookshelf, and the lively lettercol. Al Jones artwork is above the fannish norm for artwork and is appreciated.

Wilson "Bob" Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois

Many thanks for sending Fantasmagorique #3...and if you must have an abbreviated name for it, may I suggest something close to that one suggested by some of your readers? Transpose the N and I and call it "Finque." And then pretend sweet, injured innocence when readers look down their noses at you. Well, at least that is more noteworthy than all the other names it was called in this issue: "FANetc.," "Fanma," "Fnique," "Fique," "Fantasetc.," and those simply avoided saying anything. Pack of cowards, I say!

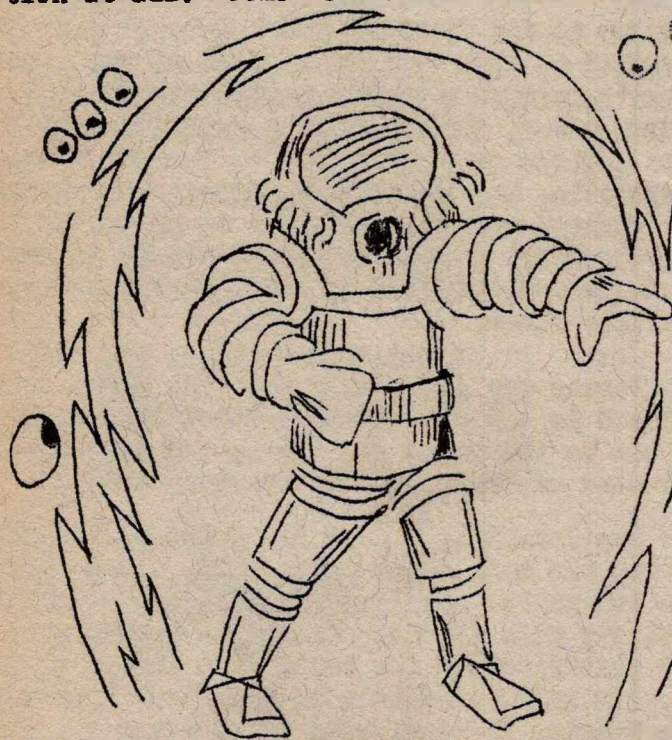
Enclosed I am returning the string and the mailing wrapper which came with my copy. The stamp was never cancelled and I'm sure you can think of something to do with that.... As for the string, perhaps the postmaster put in there to save the pages; I dunno. The staple was gone; and my postmaster is a kind-hearted man. I hope mailing the zines out lengthwise this time will remedy this situation. How about writing another LOC and telling me if the same thing happens this time, Bob?—sn7.

I found a surprising amount of humor in this statement appearing on page 26: "The public seems to have lost interest in magazine fiction altogether. If you'll scan your newsstand, you'll find nothing but Male, True Adventures ... True Love Stories, Movie Confessions...." I would say that the public hasn't lost their taste for fiction at all. Some well-known science-fiction names are cranking out those "true"

stories every week, you know. And a small note about a statement on page 24: I think the T.D. Hamm referred to (author of "The Survivors") is Thelma Hamm, widow of E.E. Evans. I have a vagrant memory knocking around here to the effect that that was her maiden name.

Well, I enjoyed "it" despite this complaining.

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.



I have here a fanzine that is supposed to be FANTASMAGORIQUE, but it must be some kind of MISTAKE. This fanzine contains correct spelling and excellent grammar, there is nothing in it calculated to raise the pulse rate of a postal inspector, and so it can't possibly be the fanzine published by someone 16 or thereabouts. Ever one knows that modern youth can't spell at

all, has a command of English somewhat inferior to that of Tarzan in the movies, and never sends anything through the mails unless it runs the risk of postal or parental confiscation, preferably both.

However, if you've slipped up somehow, I appreciate the issue and hope that you won't be shocked by such a prompt letter of comment. Fanzines arriving these days get replied to immediately for the best possible reason: the drawer in which I keep unanswered mail is filled to and past capacity and there's nowhere to put incoming mail except in the drawer that gets the answered letters and commented on fanzines.

As you may have guessed, I like this very much. Back in the dim past before you seriously considered being born, it was the custom to nickname fanzines for women, in which case yours would probably have been called Tassie or Maggie. Rickie would be another possibility, since girls occasionally use that nickname, but that name has traumatic associations to a number of persons still active in fandom because of things that happened involving one of its possessors quite a few years back.

(con'd next page)

(Warner con'd) Almost everyone will probably tell you that the illustrations and Avram's article loom menacingly but triumphantly over everything else in the issue. Davidson seems to be the only person in prodom since Bloch who realizes how much fun it is to let the typewriter clatter away for fanzines uninhibited by professional editors' fetishes and the drastically limited intelligence of the readers of the newsstand magazines. Besides, his subject matter is one particularly dear to me. I love to get a mental picture of a town solely from its name, and even once wrote a fanzine article to that effect. He's a coward, however, for failing to take a crack at the problem of explaining how the community that he depicts happened to acquire at least 19 postal zones. [Webster Groves is a suburb of St. Louis, and it comprises the 19th postal zone of the St. Louis metropolitan area. You could address your letter to St. Louis 19 and it would arrive here safely.—sn]

The rest of the material suffers mostly from a fault which may be more my fault than the articles: I've read these things in slightly different arrangements of the words in so many other fanzines down through the years. If your mailing list contains lots of persons fairly new to fandom, then you're giving them an ideal type of material. But for a shriveled and decaying fan like me, it's a little hard to retain a sense of wonder over articles that say that we should recruit lots of new persons into fandom or that television is driving youngsters away from the printed world.

I should point out one thing that Ed Bryant ignores: the fact that a fan does not become a prolific and widely published professional writer may have one of two causes: the one he suggests, that the fan doesn't have the talent, or the one that he doesn't mention, that the fan prefers to earn a living in some other field and keeps his writing in the hobby category. I don't mean to cite myself as an example of a superb writing talent lying fallow, but my experience might be similar to those of some of the fans he mentions. I found the knack of selling fiction to the prozines a few years back, kept writing stories until I was selling about half of what I wrote and had had about a dozen accepted, then stopped. There were several reasons, but the main one was that it was hard work that didn't pay very well per hour of labor, I didn't really need the supplemental income while I was steadily employed, and my fiction was perceptibly better or worse than the average in the prozines of that period, so it wouldn't be missed if I stopped turning it out.

Seth Johnson seems to have tried to combine two or more themes into one article: an account of his discovery of stf and what the field was like in those days, followed by an unrelated series of speculations on the recent decline of the prozines. He should have been more careful about some of his statements, because the inaccuracies are numerous. Argosy did not always have four serials going at one time, and the magazine is still appearing regularly, even though he regrets it is no longer published. There were three, not two, stf magazines on the market after Bernsback sold Amazing, because he started Air Wonder as well as Science Wonder. The prozines didn't stop publishing serials when the prozines began to fold, half of them didn't fold in any one year, pocketbook royalties can be far better than the money an author makes from the magazine sale of his stories, fiction is as prominent as ever in the slick newsstand magazines, the craze for comic magazines occurred during the 1940's, several years before television, and so on.

Most of the reviews are very well done. Your reviewers have an infallible instinct for picking out the books, magazines, and movies that I haven't encountered, so I can't compare impressions, but they leave me with a wish to read some of the items.

And whatever you do, don't let Al Jones get away from you. His art is distinctive, unlike any other prominent fan artist, and quite skillfully done. [Gad, if everyone wrote their LOCs this long, look where I'd be!—sn]

Avram Davidson, 410 West 110th Street, NYC 25

It is rugose, dammit, R*U*G*O*S*E, not "regose"! Jack Chalker and Aug. Derleth will love your blocf. [Sorry about that typo, Avram....—sn] (con'd next page)

(Davidson con'd) Well, stap my vitals if I had any idea you were a mere stripling of 15. I thought you were an adult. On the other hand, Fan N.N. (publisher), whom I had taken to be an adolescent, turns out to be an adult. So it goes.

Here's something which has been bubbling and fermenting in my mind for a time, since hearing all the pro editors at some convention explain it was out of the q. to have a fan column or anything like so. Is there not enough money in all SFandom to take one small ad perhaps a couple times a year in each sci-fi magazine (pro) alternately, reading something like, "Science Fiction Fans, Would You Like To Meet Your Own Kind? If So, Write To-----, Enclosing Stamped, Self-Addressed Envelope. Stimulating Discussions! Fun And Games!" The blank could be one agreed-upon central address, which would in turn turn names or envelopes over to agreed-upon regional addresses, which would communicate with potential fans about the nearest organization—or, assuming he/she/it lives someplace like South Polygamy, Utah, miles from any club—the nearest fan. Well, it has lots of bugs, but it's an idea at least. [Yes, and it's a darn sight better idea than just standing around talking. It would take a big organization to handle such a program, and taking a completely objective and non-prejudiced viewpoint, I believe the N3F is the only organization capable of handling it. How about a little discussion of this sterling idea?—sn7

So stop bitching, you prozine-neglected fans; if you can't convince 'em, pay'm! They won't refuse your moneys, and the rates are cheap enough.

Mike Padgett

(his real name is Kuttner?)—it's not "3'6," but "3/6," viz. three shillings and sixpence, or 3½ shillings. The shilling is now @ 14.5¢

Thank Al Jones for his illustration of my item (What do you mean, it's not fact?). It was just that the name "Webster Groves" sparked something. Can I help it if, say, "Madison, Indiana" didn't spark something?

Peter J. Maurer neglects to explain why Weird Tales folded in '53. Because they consistently refused to print the contributions of Avram Davidson, is why. I tried them the very first, during WW II. And again and again. Not even a note—only printed rejection slips. All the ones they nixed have since sold, I think. Well, after all, if they nixed me, who knows what other gems they downturned? And who can wonder at their demise?

There would seem to be reason to think that Seth Johnson's idea is corrent, that "television is wooing the newer generation away from the pleasure of reading..." and that we are in the process of seeing fulfilment of Fred Allen's prophecy that "The next generation will have eyes as big as melons and no brains at all." But the facts are that more books are being printed and bought than ever before—and I'd guess, read, too. Book publishing has become Big BIG business, mergers, stock deals, etc. Maybe TV crud is driving printed crud out of the market—Gresham's Law?—if so, hope it drives more out.

Prosper and flourish; you have a good 'zine in

FI(N)QUE.

Walter Breen, 2402 Grove Street, Berkeley 4, California (Note New Address)

Ed Bryant: I suggest that just possibly Redd Boggs is not interested in writing for the usual pro market, while Damon Knight is. Without intending to sound egotistical, I readily admit to being a dirty pro; I make my living at it, though likewise I am not vitally interested in breaking into the sf pro market. It doesn't pay well enough for one thing. Bob Silverberg and Harlan Ellison could tell you the same. I find your attitude that "if these are polish, entertaining, pertinent authors, why do we not see them in the sf prozines—or in the mainstream mags?" incredibly provincial. For Bloch's sake, man, don't judge a writer by what or where he has sold; judge him by the quality of his writing after you've read enough of it (and enough else in the same idiom) to know the genre and how he stacks up in it! Would you seriously prefer "Mark Phillips" (because he's appeared in ANALOG) to Boggs, Willis, or Bergeron (because they haven't)?

WE ALSO HEARD FROM—

RAY CUMMINGS (1701 Butternut Drive, St. Louis 31, Mo.), a local fan, who finally came through with a LOC after I'd sent him 3 issues. Sorry I couldn't find the space to print it here, Ray.

GEORGE WILLYCK (856 East Street, Madison, Ind.) who reveals that his middle name is "Clifford." ("Remember, you read it here first.") He also says that Avram Davidson is his some-time correspondent because Avram never answers his letters.

JIMMY TURNER (R.R.#1, Box 415, Collinsville, Ill.) who liked The Bookshelf; didn't agree with Peter Maurer nor Seth Johnson, and screams in terror at Eklund's review.

We got postcards from JOE SANDERS (601 Anderson St, Greencastle, Ind.), ANN CHAMBERLAIN (2440 W. Pico, Los Angeles 6, California), MRS. ARTHUR G. ARCHER (1453 Barnsdale St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.), and DONALD FRANSON (6543 Babcock Ave., N. Hollywood, Calif.). DON also sent a letter later, plus a \$1 sub, saying he doesn't like "to fold 50¢ pieces."

ART HAYES (R.R. 3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada), who subbed and wrote a 3-page letter. Art says that us fans shouldn't bother trying to save the promags because it isn't a hobby to the editors of the mags, but a business; if they don't please the readers, their business deserves to fold.

ED BRYANT (Route No. 2, Wheatland, Wyoming) who says, "Good Grief, but my article didn't have a whole lot of continuity. But then, it was supposed to be a series of comments." Also, to Mike Padgett: "...the first story in the Dominic Flandry series was not 'A Handful of Stars.' 'The Game of Glory' in the March, 1958 Venture S-F definitely predates 'AHOS.' There were possibly other Flandry tales, but I'm not sure."

DICK (RIP) SCHULTZ (19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan) who wishes to inform Mike Padgett that Joe Stefano is not Bob Bloch. Bloch has denied the identification. "Stefano has been a hack in the scripting business since sometime before the Second World War...."

ALAN DODD (77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., England), who comments that The Beetle cost approximately 47¢ in England; quite a difference from the 85¢ you paid for it, huh, Mike?

JIM KNOTTS (6009-B Linden Street, Fairchild AFB, Washington), who didn't like the BOX-OFFICE. He sent along some fiction which will probably appear nextish.

FRANKLIN HILLER (99 Sellinger Street, Rochester 5, New York), who comments on how the staples keep coming out and suggested a solution. I think perhaps mailing the zines lengthwise will solve that problem, Frank. Tell me how it works out.

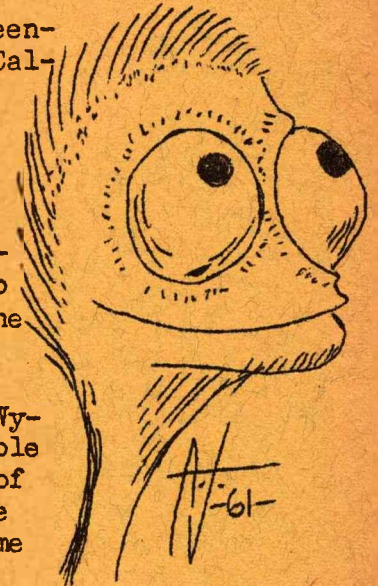
JOHN JACKSON (R.R. 7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Ind.), who says the title is distinctive ("Goshwowohboy!"), thinks we should keep our sf slant, and disagreed with Mike Padgett on his review of Stranger in a Strange Land.

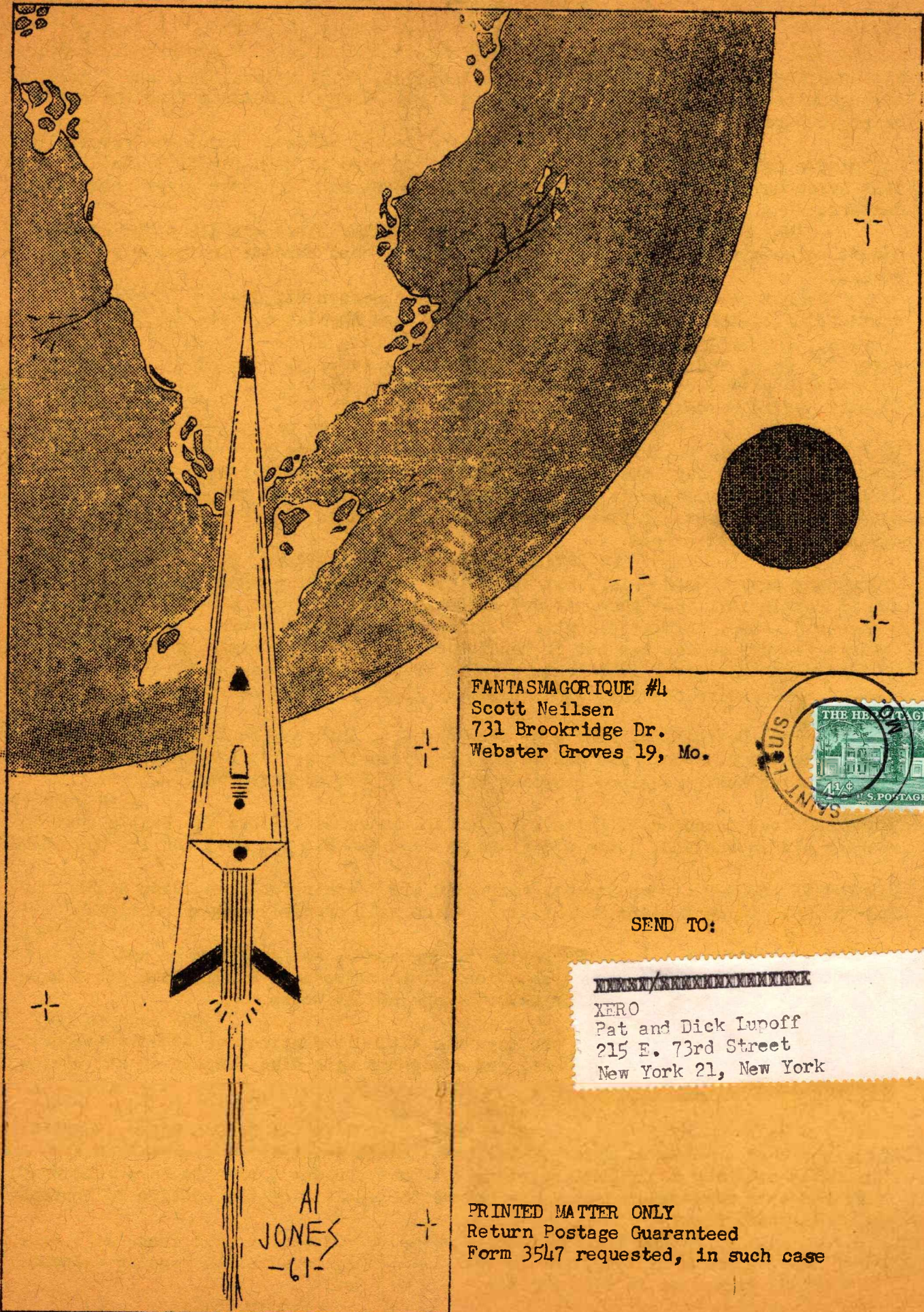
And finally,

GARY DEINDORFER (11 De Cou Drive, Morrisville, Pa.), who sent an 11-page letter. Too bad I can't print it as a serial, Gary. He especially attacked Ed Bryant, pointing out that you don't have to have your writing published in a professional magazine before the quality of the writing is professional. Well said, Gary!

And that just about wraps up this. The next issue will be out around the beginning of 1962, and to tell the truth, besides the regular columns, I don't really know what it will contain. See ya then.

—Scotty Neilsen—





AI
JONES
-61-

FANTASMAGORIQUE #4
Scott Neilsen
731 Brookridge Dr.
Webster Groves 19, Mo.



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