

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST

Man what lousy
artwork



TEN



IN THIS ISSUE---We are being invaded!!!!

5*

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST

A science fiction slanted fanzine that appears on the scene (much in the manner of the Abominable Snowman) once ever month, or once ever two months if the editor happens to feel like it. Next issue will be out in one month. You can get this by paying fifteen cents for a single copy, or buying a sub (\$1.50 for twelve issues) or by trading fanzines, or having a letter of comment printed in the letter col. Naturally authors of material printed herein get free copies too. This monstrosity is brought to you by the editor/publisher, Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee, to who, or which, or something....just send everything to him.

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST Vol.---1 No.--2 Whole Number-2 THIS IS THE SECOND ISH
A listing of the existing staff, including people who have columns, they are considered a part of the big brawling family---
Editor/Publisher-----Robert Jennings (the big wheel)
Columnist and frequent contributor---John Hagewood
Columnist and contributor---Mike Deckinger
Helpful and slanted for sure for the next issues---
Joyce Hurt and Linda Kay Jones

ART STAFF &

ART CREDITS

Ken Gentry----pp Cover, 6, 7, 8, 9
Lynne Mainely----pp 4, 10
Judy Pack---nothing this time round
Bob Farnham----19

HORACE THE GHOST---Our Patron Pest

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Notice how much of that is written by me, Bob Jennings? Disgusting, isn't it? Help place this zine on a firm footing, send YOUR article today. The very wose that can happen is a rejection, and that doesn't usually kill. Do it today.

NEXT ISSUE

will feature for sure, articles by Bob Farnham, article and column by Mike Deckinger, Horace the Ghost, our patron pest, in a sick column entitled The Wailing Hope. article by Arthur Rapp, more KEN cartoons, other things here and there, including Clay Hamlin's first column. Don't miss this next one, I think you'll enjoy it. However, we are still waiting for that article by YOU. What happened to it?

Perhaps a snarl for you...

PLEASE NOTICE!!!!---Things are rather jumbled this ish because of late material, and therefore much said in my editorial is wrong. Please use the table of contents as a guide, not the editorial.

Understand that the zine is printed in two parts, and the editorial was printed first, before I received the new material. Sorry, it won't happen again in the future.

Our Saying and Cry for the year---
"Bring SF back to the fanzine"

IF YOU ENJOY THIS ISSUE OF THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST, THEN PLEASE TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT. PASS THIS COPY ALONG TO SOMEONE ELSE. HELP THIS ZINE STAY ALIVE. And don't forget to reserve YOURS next issue.

Bob Jennings

EDITORIAL (Robert Jennings)

Due to editorial stupidity I have misplaced the only copy of my editorial. Well, it'll have to be done straight. That means I'll probably ramble even more than I usually do, and will spell more words wrong. If that is possible.

Anyway, we're back. You didn't expect us so soon, did you? First on the schedule is the fact that the GHOST is now monthly to bi-monthly. Mostly monthly. You have been very kind about submitting material, so that I have a fair backlog now. However don't let that stop YOU from sending me something to print. Send in your article now.

While we are on the subject of material, I have received many requests for some fiction. I'll try to feature more and longer length fiction by fourth issue. I have on hand several nice pieces I'd like to run, but fiction must take second place to articles. This time is an exception. These first two issues are the wild ones; the ones to help the staff and this new neo editor get settled. I am going to try for wider circulation with this issue, much wider circulation. This will really be the Big Money Losing Issue. Next issue will be a worthwhile one; featuring articles serious with a bit of humor here and there.

I might as well take up space and review last issue. The biggest disappointment to me was the Pre-Hysterical Monsters. They received very little comment. So I'll understand that to be a sign of displeasure, unless you tell me otherwise. I'm going to try one more round with them, but if they don't receive any more comment than last time, they shall have to go. Part of them this time will be staff satire. Everyone on this staff must expect to be satirized sooner or later, and no one is immune, not even me. In view of other requests, ye ed won't attempt much work on the Pre-Hys-Mons this time either. KEN can do that, after all, he's the artist around here.

I'm afraid that this issue crowded out Horace and his column. He seems to be a popular item, though I don't know why. But on this column thing, it just goes to show you--never trust a ghost, they can't get in the spirit of things.

What else? Oh yes, no Cynic's corner this time either. No room, it will perhaps return next time. It drew many of the comments, but the one that most attracted your eye was the little filler on BNF's. I got many answers on it, but thus far I don't think anybody has come up with a satisfactory answer or definition.

Ha, nobody solved John's puzzle. I predict grumblings and groans when you read his "logical" answer.

That's that. I recognize that the first issue was a general mess because of the miserable spelling. Interesting to note however, that the only one to catch a very obvious mistake was Bob Coulson. I misspelled mimeo, using memo instead. I like the sound of memo, and memoed, so I will continue to use it.

Now to apologize for some things in last ish. First off I'll apologize for the cuss words sprinkled throughout the thing, I'll try to cut them down. Next I wish to apologize for the article "How to mark a Deck of Cards". I received some objection to that, and this objection was backed by more than one or two of you fans. The article was meant as satire, and was definitely not meant as a sure method to learn how to cheat. Since I did receive as much objection as I did, that type of article won't be repeated in future issues.

Letters are next. I got the usual gripes and well wishes for the first ish. I was tempted for a while to separate everything under two general headings, and head one group, "A. A. Fan" (the one who liked everything in last ish's "letter column") and B. B. Fan (the one who hated everything). However that was too obvious. Then I thought I might try it on an every other basis. But that was too obvious too. So after much deliberation and thought, I have arrived at the best method for a good letter col. Since I can't print everything, I have chosen the best letters, and I am now shuffling them up. See? To bad. Anyway, I will now reach into the stack and bring out some letters. About five should do it. Make it six for luck. There. By the way, since many letters still haven't arrived, I will feature letters on this ish in the third GHOST too. So much for the letters.

Last time round I said that I hated a faaaaaaaaan. I still do. However I shall change a bit of policy and send letters and copies of this zine to them, though I don't like it. This is sheer staff overruling me, for the sake of circulation, and I must admit they have a sound argument. However I still hate, with a cold undying dislike, any and all faaaaaaaams, fake fans, or any other of that breed.

Announcements and thanks. Announcement and thanks to Bob Farnham for material. announcement for him---WILL ALL SOUTHERN FANS PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH BOB. Address

is, Bob Farnham, 506 2nd Ave., Dalton, Ga. Thanks also to Ann Chamberlain for some of her editor stamps.

Lemme see. I've been wandering around Nashville, and I've come across some interesting things. No---that is just too rambling.

Most of you said I wrote entirely too much of the zine. Agreed, why do you think I asked for contributions? Some of you helped me, thank goodness. The rest of you, send things to print, I never get too much. This issue will have some things in it by me. Not much, but I've got tons of stuff for the zine written by myself. Most of it will never get printed, But you ought to be glad I'm writing something. I write more by spells, or moods. (reminds me of KEN) When I feel like writing, I write. And I know that no matter how much I feel like writing now, there will come a time when I won't even give this typer a second look. Right now I can feel that dry spell coming. I'm behind on my correspondence, and that's one step towards nothing. When I feel like writing, I'm a fountain of words. When I don't, there is nothing. So to save this zine from my spells, you send in material to print, and I'll never have to cut pages.

A faned is expected to share himself with the readers. His views on everything from SF to sex, his life his hopes his dreams, his sleeping life, his conscience, his thoughts, everything is for the readers. A mangy think when you think about it. As I sit here, in a lighted room, with shadows falling the wrong way, and the clock heading toward the wee hours, I can say what I want. I put my thoughts down on this stencil, and they are mine, to look at and to enjoy. I can write what I want, and I can print what I want too. But my words, my every thought will come back to me, twisted, scarred, used, and probably recreated in many alien forms, through the mail and your letters. Because no matter how I feel here now, this will go out to you, and you will read it, and each segment of that great general you will take it and read it a different way. You will inturpite it many way, and you will think different thoughts on what I say. You will have different reactions, and will write different letters. But nothing I say here will come back completely my own any more. No matter how simple a sentence I write, you will all find some new way to change it, some way to insert a spark of genfous, or humor, or pure stupidity into it. And in the end I will read the letters, and probably wish I hadn't written that perticular thought, but I will sit down next month and do the same thing. I like to see what you do with what I say. I like to see the twists and turns you take, the way you can mingle your thought and word powers into and idea to produce a reaction. I like it, so I will continue to pour out my mind to you here, though I may regret it later.

This is a testing period for this zine. So far I will have put out two issues. The critical two. I wonder how each of you will take and interpute the thing. I wonder if you will be pleased by it, or revolted. You all have seperate ideas and ~~xx~~ seperate likes and dislikes. So do me a favor, help me through this period. Send me your letters, money, trades, just talk, anything and everything is waited for. Don't make me think all this work is for nothing, tell me if you like it. If you hate it, say so. If you like it, by goly, buy it, and then you'll be sure I'll like you too. Not that that matters, but it's a thought. Or maybe you can just send money and I won't like you, how's that. Enough of this senseless rambling. This might be a perfect place for a table fable, but it isn't.

So I'll close with the thought that you ought to COMMENT, TRADE, BUY this zine. address all correspondence to---Robert Jennings (that's Bob to you) 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee. That's all.



The Living

End

JENNINGS

The chair I'm sitting in at the moment, before my battered old royal table model, is an old chair. What's more, it's a creaky old chair. Everytime I lean forward, it creaks. Everytime I lean backwards it creaks. When I sit in it for a long period of time it creaks too. Oil does only a temporary job, soon it is back creaking again, just as loud as before. I'm afraid it serves no useful purpose at all. Well actually, there are two purposes it serves. (1) it provides me with a name for this column. (2) it provides support---without it I'd be sitting on the floor, and typing that way, which is a horrid method. And (3) it gives me a name for this column.

As you may know, I'm a faned and pubber myself. Naturally, since I am suffering from this incurable disease, I will do everything I can to obtain the necessary supplies in the cheapest way I can. This is not always too easy. For instance; the majority of the mimeoed fanzines out today are done on granite paper. This is paper that is usually yellow or green, and looks as if it is covered with hundreds of tiny pieces of lint, or thread. The main reasons it is so popular are that it is highly absorbent, and thus usually requires no slip-sheeting, and has very little show through. Thus it is preferred for these enviable properties, and thus I decided that I would try to obtain granite paper too.

Now the town I live in, Millburn, is not a particularly large one. There are many larger ones nearby. I didn't bother checking the stationary stores here, since I already knew the condition of them. What I first did was check in the telephone book for the addresses of several stationary stores nearby, and then decided to pay each a visit. There were five of them in all, and out of the five, four had never heard of granite paper. One said he might be able to get some, but it would take weeks of processing, and suggested I try something else. Not a very hearty reaction at that, I suspose.

So I decided to temporarily abandon the paper and shop around for stencils. Here my luck was a little better. All the nearby stores carried them. However, there were at least three different kinds on hand to chose from, ranging from Sovereign to BDC, and I had not the slightest idea which I should use. Finally, after much deliberation and careful thinking, taking in all the facts, I decided I would but the Sovereign stencils (because they were cheaper). So I did just that, buying a quire of them, which I figured would last me for a long tome. How wrong I was.

A few things I forgot to mention before. When I first obtained the mimeo, along with it I got several extras. Included were some styli, drawing plate, etc, etc. Unfortunately the sellers probably thought I was brilliant (heard of my reputation no doubt)///no doubt/// and figured I could solve any problem without difficulty, and had neglected to send along any instructions or tips. Oh, there was one page od "instructions", saying that if I knew anyone who wanted to buy a mimeo or duplicator, I'd be able to refer them to the company from which I had bought the machine. That was nice of the, wouldn't you say? It was very comforting for me to think that they'd worry about the problem I might have if anyone asked where to get a machine, so they had helped me out. With ads like that I was almost expecting the new machine to print out only the name of the company and the reasons you should buy from them.

So I tried out everything myself. My first memeo effort, about a year and a half ago, resulted in me getting more ink on my hands than on the paper. There was some ink on the paper, but only on the sheets I'd used to wipe my hands on. And right then and there I learned a very important thing. Mimeo ink can be a damned nuisance when it gets on a whit shirt. Any ink can be a nuisance on a white shirt, but mimeo ink even more so. I silently thought thoughts about the company neglecting to mention these facts and what to do about them to me. (do you suspose they could be in partnership with a laundry firm?)

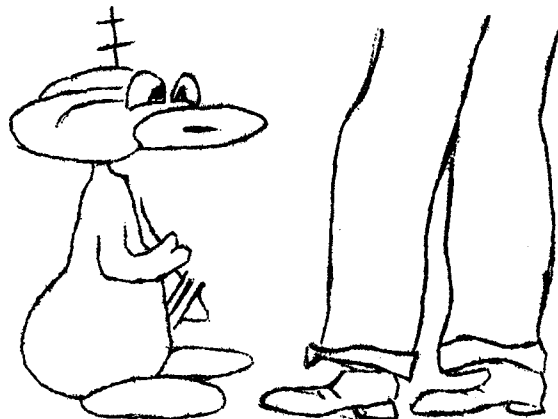
But eventually through trial and error, mostly error, I managed to master the beast, resulting in a minimum of ink on my person, and a maximum of ink on the paper, where it belongs.

A month or so ago I was out of stencils, and decided to go to a place called Union to buy some more. (Union is about two miles away, in case you're interested) It was during the Christmas season, and all the stores were overcrowded,

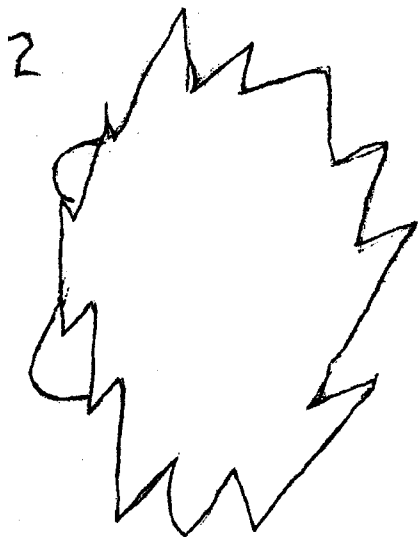
SPECIAL!!!! SPECIAL KEN CARTOON SECTION by KEN Gentry

This is a section devoted entirely to the antics of KEN's little-space-what-you-call-him. So, ignore everything else, drop completely into this world of a visitor with Problems on Earth.

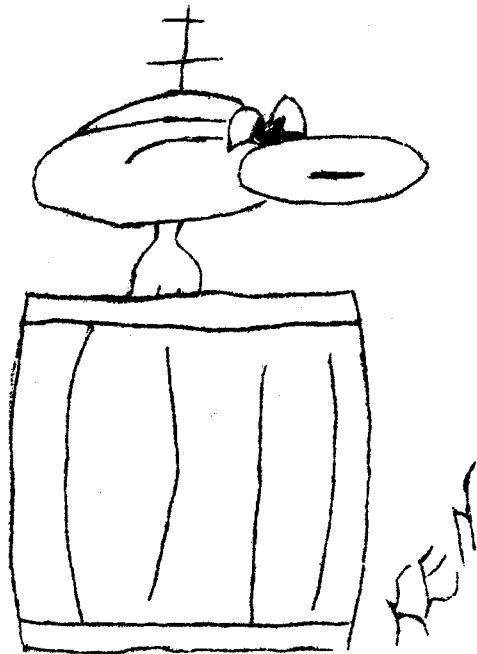
Good afternoon sir, I represent the Press, and I'd like your views on life, Ike, payola, the foreign policy, crime, the movies, the sack dress, men, congress bill no. 186709, state's rights, jets, rockets, UFO's, Science Fiction, BB, love, the Mongariavan Yak, radioactivity, sex, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc, etc,-----



KEN



I hate nosey reporters



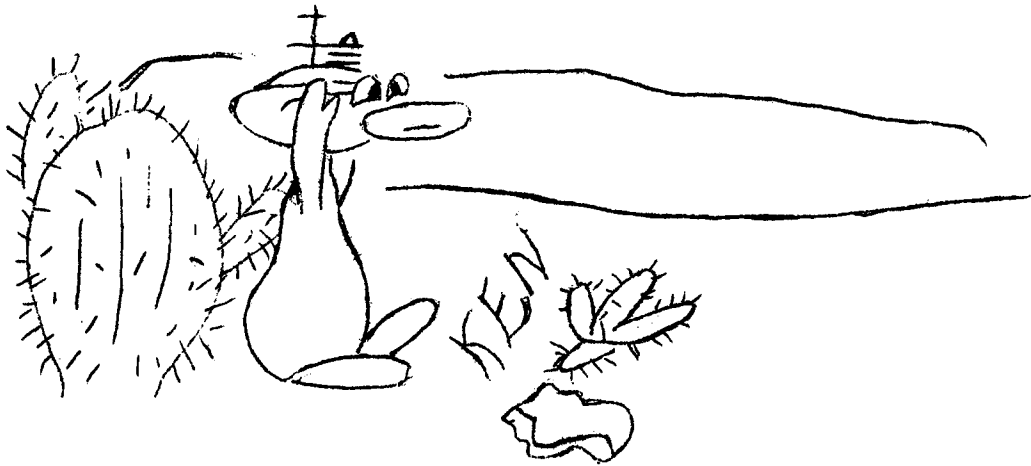
Then there was this
"wall" place, and I
said "check" and he
said "bonds" and--



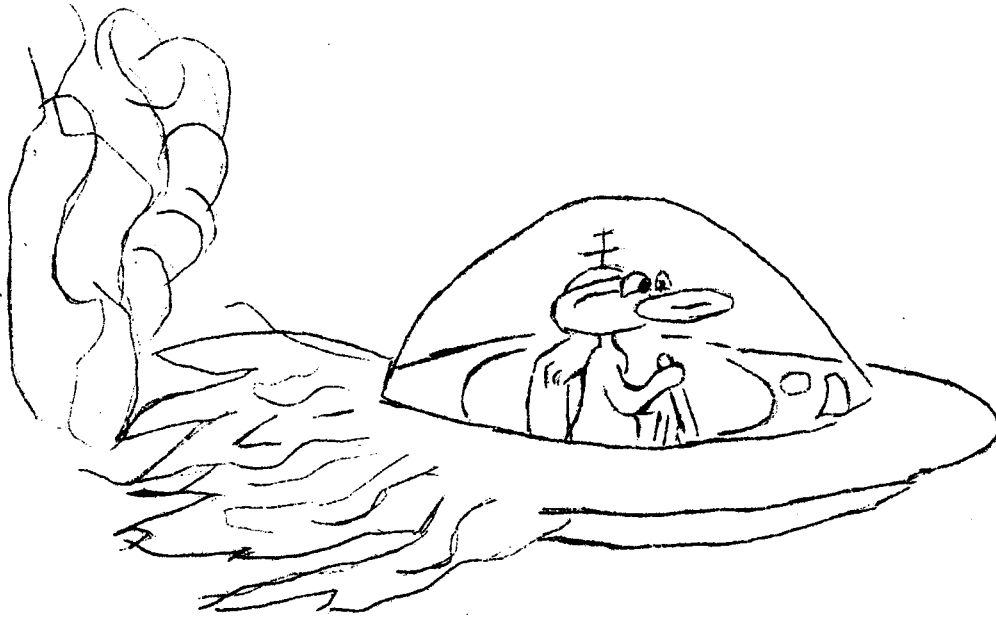
I mean business Earthman



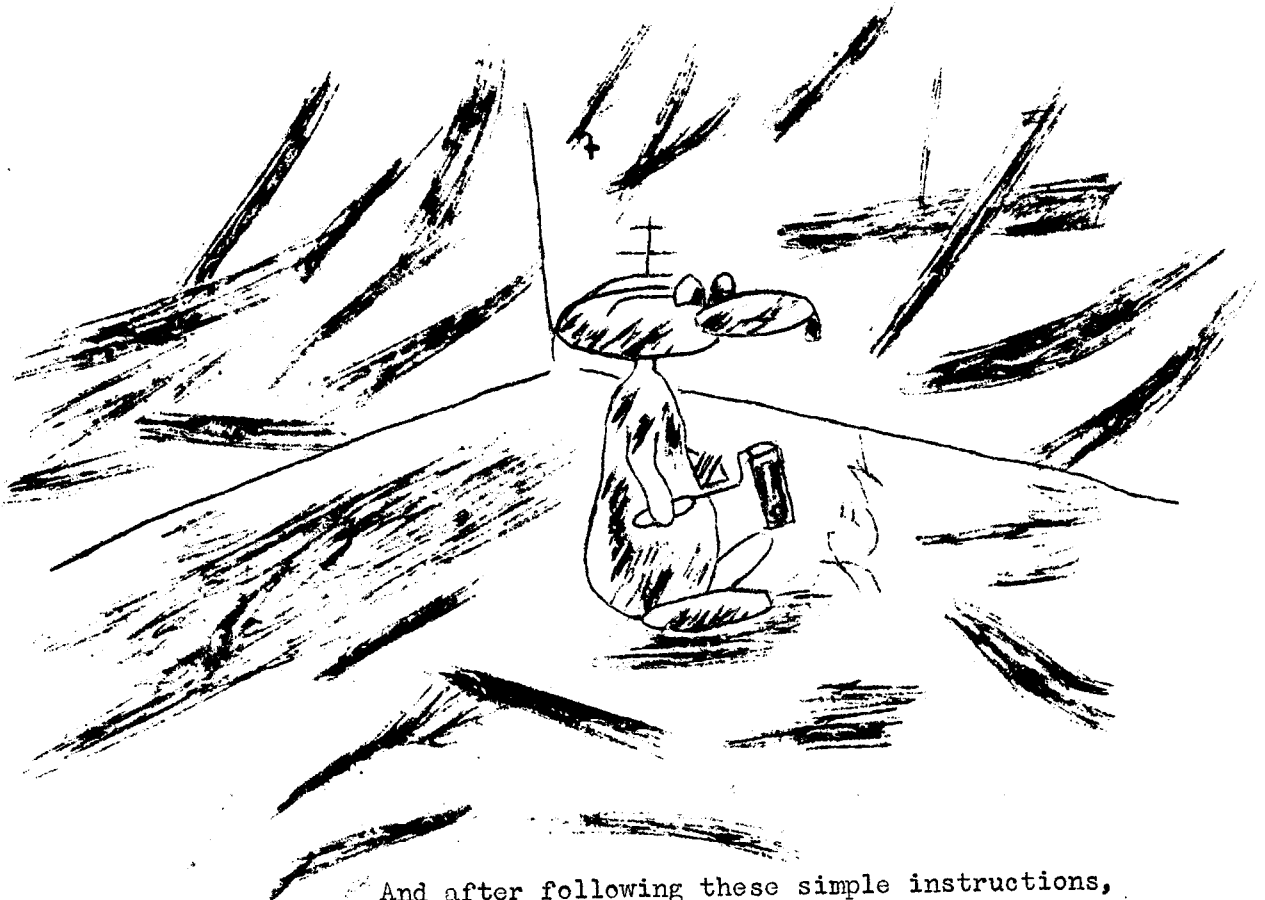
Never try to catch a safe on the bounce



You seem to have the drop on me Earthman



She's handling sluggishly tonight



And after following these simple instructions,
you can step back and view with satisfaction
the neat, clean job you have completed

cont. from pp 5

and as a result they were taking on new temporary help, just to compensate for the added buyers. And it happened that at the stationary store where I usually got me stencils, because of the fact they sold greeting cards and other accessories, they had four new persons working there.

As I entered I immediately took my request to an old woman who I had never seen before, and told her I wanted five stencils. She smiled, and was very nice as she went behind the counter, removed a box, and begin counting them out. Now before I go any further, let me explain one thing. Stencils are packed in most boxes so that one is facing the other; they are together, so to speak. Thus, if one happens to be unfamiliar with this, and if one happens to be in a hurry, it's possible to count every two as one. Which is exactly what the lady did. I must admit that it wasn't until I had paid for five and was outside the store that I noticed the error. Now what should I do? Should I do my good deed for the day and return the extras, or should I forget the whole matter?

So I decided to use logic. If I went and told the lady she had given me too many the manager would invariably hear about it, and that would not be too good. Nossir I would want nothing to happen to the nice old lady, so I silently walked away.

Maybe I'll do two good deeds today, to make up for that.

NONSENSE a sort of column by John Hagedwood

Hello, I'm back again with my high intellect column of nothing. How a neo like me got mixed up in this I'll never know. I'm just plain lucky to have made it back with the answer to my first logic problem. The memo machine got a nasty drip, and although it was no fault of my own ///ha, a likely story/// Jennings threatened to throw me out if I didn't fix it. I have a sneaky feeling that Jennings did it on purpose, so he could blaim it on me, and have a reason to leave out my column and corny poetry.///just reading 'em is reason enough/// Well, I got it fixed, and Bob had better watch his step. What will he do for a memo cranker and columnist?

Some people have asked me the meaning of that poem "The City of the Dead". Most of you preferred to stay away from it. To tell the truth, I really don't know myself. I just threw some lines together, and That came out. Jennings changed a few words here and there, and somehow I get the feeling I was double-crossed, but I haven't figured out how.

I would like to apologize for the wrinkle on page sixteen. I want to say that it wasn't my fault. Jennings held the stencil as it went on the machine, and when I turned the drum, he slipped. Clumsy of him, wasn't it? There were lots of other thing wrong, but you can just blaim them on the editor too, I won't mind.

Now for the answer to the last problem. Most of you probably assumed that all lawyers are men, and therefore the lawyer was eating with the doc. Two men eating. However the lawyer was a woman, and the doc was a two timer. So the hot blooded lawyer saw the doc's wife, and instantly her hot blood got hotter, so she shot the poor doc. There's a moral to this story, but I can't remember that part.

Next month's problem now. Or is it this month's? Anyway, this man, an ordinary man, who wasn't a criminal or anything like that, walked in a bar one time. He walked up to the bar keep, and asked for a drink. The bar keep then pulled out a shotgun and blasted him. Now you tell me why. Gee this is a short column, isn't it? Last time that rat Jennings plastered me on a page of ads. Maybe I'll get better treatment this time. But knowing the Cynic, I doubt it. Anyway, this is all this time, perhaps I'll see you next.



The
JONES
TWINS



THE RETURN OF LELAND HALE (Robert Jennings)

It is hard for a person who has never read any stories about Leland Hale to realize just what kind of a character he is, or what makes me so enthusiastic about him. Leland Hale is the product of the imagination of Randall Garrett, the science fiction professional writer. There are only three stories by Garrett that create Leland Hale, that I know of. The first two stories appeared in the now dead magazine, INFINITY. The third story is now, and marks the return of Leland Hale. It is currently to be read in the February issue of FANTASIO FIVE USE.

Leland Hale's first appearance is in the pages of INFINITY in the October 1957 issue. In the short novel entitled To Make a Hero, Randall Garrett brought forth his marvelous criminal/hero.

The story itself was set on a varying scale. The story was supposed to have been written by a historian, who is trying to set the record straight about a supposed "hero" of a century ago, and a century ago means about the 2100 period. As often happens, the folk singers and legend makers could change any person, good or bad, and make him seem the purest sort of hero. The hero could be either good or bad, that made little difference. He must have been quick and clever; heroic most of the time; and if he didn't happen to be heroic in the good sense of the word, then he would be changed in song and legend. If he happened to be a criminal, then he was unjustly pursued. He must have been a successful criminal, dashing if possible, and must outwit the law and avoid being caught. These requirements of a heroic hero were definitely not Leland Hale. The real Leland Hale is brought into the open by the "historians", and his "noble" deeds are shown for what they really were.

Leland Hale the man, was a criminal. He had a top priority rating with the IP, the galaxy wide police of that time. He was a successful criminal, being gifted with an exceptionally quick mind, a strong body, and a voice of gold. In fact, the few times he was caught, he usually relied on his ability to sway and influence persons with his voice and logic to free himself. An example was given in To Make a Hero. Leland Hale had been brought before a court on some planet where he had committed a crime. He defended his own case, and after his testimony, the court dismissed charges, and the judge personally and publicly apologized to Hale. Yet after the IP checked the court records, it was found that not once did Leland Hale deny his guilt, and that his long and emotional talk had been an admission of guilt and his humble pleas. That should demonstrate well the abilities of Leland Hale as an orator.

He was intelligent, noting and connecting facts and conceiving remarkable crimes quickly and efficiently. He was also gifted with the idea that he wasn't going to ever have to work for anything, except in his own way. He based his philosophy on one ideal, that the universe deserved to belong to Leland Hale. And so anything he took was rightfully his anyway. To him, stealing was natural. Killing was another matter. He neither liked nor disliked killing; it was done only as a matter of necessity, not preference.

The character and crime pattern Randall Garrett has created in Leland Hale's first appearance is remarkable. Hale is forced to seek hiding on an outpost planet, which is off the mainstream of the galaxy. It was settled by a stray band of colonists and had been separated from the rest of the galaxy and its civilization during the time since the ship carrying the colonists landed until Hale landed, officially. However, unknown to Hale at the time he lands on the planet, a ship carrying crystals for sub-space radios had crashed there, and the inhabitants of the planet, descendants of the original colonists, were using the precious crystals as a medium of exchange. Also unknown to Hale, is the fact that a hospital ship had crashed there, and the planet before him,

and is unable to return to civilized worlds. The planet itself has reached a low civilization, having only towns along a seacoast. The people have a central leader, and most of their living comes from the sea. The next factor involved is the Plague. This is a disease which was fatal to the original colonists, but had by this time degenerated to the level of the common cold, at least to most of the inhabitants and Leland Hale. People still died of it, but not too many. The commanders of the hospital ship are afraid to return to civilization, or even bring in help if they could, because they are afraid of spreading the Plague over the galaxy. Leland Hale finds he is immune to it, and can treat many people on the planet with common aspirin and such. One last factor to complete the picture. In one coast town is a power hungry man who might be elected the planetary leader after the present leader dies. However it is not certain. He wants very badly to own a spaceship. A spaceship would make him the most powerful man on the planet, and thereby an almost certain choice for planetary leader. Not only that, but he will profit by using the ship in many other ways too. Using all these things, Garrett weaves a mastery job of writing, and creates an interesting, and in many places, amusing story. Hale works a crime that leaves the planet without its crystals, and nobody is hurt but a few characters in the story who might have deserved it. A witty ending winds up the first story of Leland Hale.

The inside blurb on that story promises that no matter what you personally think of the hero, Leland Hale, you will be fascinated by him. They were right. The story screamed for a sequel, and so did the readers.

However it wasn't until the August 1958 issue that the readers saw a return of Leland Hale. In that issue of INFINITY, Hale returned in a novelette entitled Respectfully Mine. The story carries with it a slightly more complicated vocabulary, and the story is still enjoyable. Again the "historian" is exposing another one of Leland Hale's "nobel" acts. Hale is again pursued by the IP, and plans and carries out a crime of ingenuity that traps both nations of a small planet in their own trap. The readers have fun. Many of the characters involved don't.

Also noted that the illustrator of this story was not the same one who did the first story. The first story was illustrated by Emsh, who did a facial picture of Leland Hale, and a not as good title page picture showing Hale being led to the village. The artist on the second story was Schoenherr, who did an excellent job of picturing the time capsule, but not so fine on the title page. Of the two I would say Emsh did the better job, mainly because of the facial portrait.

After that story, Leland Hale disappeared, and it seemed, for good. INFINITY folded with the November 1958 issue, and it seemed to me anyway, that Leland Hale died in the rubble of that magazine. So for nearly a year I read and reread the two Leland Hale stories, until the mags are dog-eared and battered. I would like some replacement copies for those two issues, they are not fit for a collection now.

In fact, so sure was I that Leland Hale was gone, and so much did I want his return, that I issued a special plea in the first issue of the GHOST. And hardly had the first issue of the GHOST been mailed, than the February issue of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE hit the news stands.

With that February issue of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, Leland Hale returned. The story is slightly below the average of the previous two, but it is well worth reading. The story Drug on the Market, is of course, a success. Leland Hale obtains unusual information, smuggles dope, and fun is had by all, except certain characters in the story. Entertaining, but parts of the story seem to hang together loosely.

Leland Hale is certainly not the type of character one would pick as a patron hero, or admire because of outstanding good merits. But he is fun to read, pure pleasure to enjoy. The character, the way it is handled, the light touch of humor that runs through all the stories, the plot, everything combines to make Leland Hale an unforgettable character. I cut my SF teeth on INFINITY, and met Leland Hale. I hope I never lose him. If you are reading this, I suggest you lay down the copy of the GHOST, step out to your nearest book store or news stand, and buy a copy of the February 1960 issue of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. Buy two copies, like me, and you won't be disappointed. And somebody thank Randall Garrett from this Leland Hale true fan. So with gladness and joy I shout that LELAND HALE HAS RETURNED.

ATTENTION this is an emergency editorial By that Jennings creep

Due to the fact that I have just received some material I don't want to leave

out of this issue, things will have to be reshuffled. That means the poem section I had planned for this issue won't be in. The Cynic's corner will be in. I never pass up a chance for an argument, and some material from Clay Hamlin opens for a good one. The letter column may be cut short or even left out, I just don't know. This part of the zine will have to be played by ear. I am happy to say that later comment has been favorable to the Pre-Hysterical Monsters, however I'm still going to judge them by the reaction this issue. So, if you like them, please say so. I don't know for sure whether I will even be able to have this printed and mailed by the time planned, it may have to be delayed one more week. The show through on this sixteen pound paper is bad with the KEN illos, so I will make a search of this city for some granite paper, but the chances for it are slim. No more to say at this exact moment, but there may be in a few minutes more. One more thing, please WILL ALL SOUTHERN FANS GET IN TOUCH WITH BOB FARNHAM, address is 506 2nd Ave., Dalton, Ga. That's all for now.

THE WRITINGS OF A CONFIRMED CYNIC

by
Robert Jennings

I have just received some extra material, one item being this article from Clay Hamlin. I print now that article, with only very minor changes (including spelling) here, with my answer. This gives me the slight edge, but I have no doubt Clay will come through with his answer to my answer, anyway, here it is...

So our cynical editor has seen fit to add his complaints to those numerous others who deplore the "golden age of SF"? May I be permitted one loud rescinding NUTS? Thank you N U T S. What more appropriate reply to such an assertion?

Well, if you prefer logic, why dissappoint you. It can be proved logically, emotionally, intellectually, or any other way you prefer. So let's demolish his claims. He (I resist the undeniable temptation to write "it") tells of sampling several issues of those old zines. Now there's a good basis for an argument; just how many did he read, and what were they? Did they include FFM's? Were there perchance some UNKNOWNs among them? Does he mean WIERD TALES, early AMAZINGS? Or what? Let's be more specific. Of course there was crud then, but heaven forbid there was as much as now clutters up the prozines. The reason is simple enough, there were less zines, so they could pick out the very best. No need to include stuff that isn't worth the meagre rates currently prevalent.

Tell me Bob, did you read any Merritt? Any George Allen England? Have you ever heard of him? Francis Stevens? They said she was a pen name for Merritt, so figure out for yourself what the stories were like. How about Clark Ashton Smith who for so long languished in the shadow of the great HPL? Austin Hall? Homer Eon Flint? J. U. Guisey? What about Doc Smith? XX John W. Campbell? Edgar Rice Burroughs? Arthur Machen? Hannes Bok? I could go on for pages, but it wouldn't mean much to you unless you have had the good fortune to have read them for yourself.

Stock characters, eh? Weak characters, stereotyped plots, aliens and such. And what, might I ask do you find these days? Didn't he himself state in the book reviews that of that time there were few believable characters even among the best practitioners of the art today? Surely no one who has read the Martian Odyssey by Weinbaum can claim that those aliens were stereotyped. If The Shining One, Mimir, Worsel the Valention or Keir Gray were weak characterizations they must have changed the dictionary.

It would be amusing to see his squirmings and sidestepping of the issue in trying to explain the continued popularity of Merritt. What name can sell more stf book than his? Each new generation finds the same delight in those stories, so the rights to those titles, practically made Avon books. Over four million copies to date, and there will never be an end in sight. Quality will always tell. An Lovecraft is close behind.

The Lensman stories are space opera. Slan is just another superman story. The Afterglow is one in an unending number of the rebirth of civilizations, and Ship of Ishtar is only a fantasy. That's all. And believe me, that is enough. Who could ask for more than genius?

But what did those stories have that you can't have today? Well, they called it the sense of wonder without bothering to define the term. But there is a term

that explains it. Scope. Excitement. Or if you prefer it simple, just call it ideas. How many new ideas have there been of late? I prefer to forget. They were so very few. Yet every single page of the old mags was quite likely to come up with one or more new concepts. Where a modern arthur would be content to write a full novel on a single one of those ideas, the old timers were so prolific with ideas they could dismiss the most imaginative idea with a chapter, sometimes only a paragraph. Note The King of the Two Deaths. Note also Last and First Men, and the Starmaker by Stapledon. Enough in those two to last practically forever.

So the new readers still have the same old sense of wonder, do they? Well, naturally they do, but what of it? The first exposure to imagination in writing will always do that. But how much more would it be if they were reading the great stories instead of the so-so ones that are now published. And don't think I can't prove it. Having lent out books and zines from my collection in large numbers it is the simplest thing of all to prove that. I only wish you could see a couple of letters from a new fan who had just been exposed to the Lensman epic. Or the comments from others who had the opportunity to read some of the harder to find Merritts. That would make an unbeatable argument all by itself. So don't tempt me boy, if I were the type to enjoy gloating and saying 'I told you so', that alone would be all that had to be done.

Yep, there are some good stories today, but in what proportion to the crud? The "golden age" wasn't just that one period you mention anyway. It continued with changes in the titles of the zines from one period to the next, right up to the fifties. Then with the so called "maturity" cycle things went into a slump. The atom bomb didn't help, that's for sure. There was a rash of "realistic" type things then. Text book stuff. And how can we overlook the psychological stories that dissected all the foibles of the protagonists. That is stf?, Any dissenter will be banished to the purple hells of Palain.

No mere words here. I will back it up. Any five current sft zines for one ten years old or more. There are some limitations of course, there were many I didn't enjoy. But Ray Palmer's AMAZINGS, FFM's, STARTLING, UNKNOWNNS, or ASTOUNDINGS and I will know that I got the best of the deal. Any takers?

So leave us in peace. We KNOW that we are right, and nothing will ever prove otherwise. Take your current stf, if that is what it is. And welcome. If you enjoy yourself, more power to you. But you know not what you are missing.

Clayton Hamlin

Alright Clay. You say nothing can ever prove to you that the stuff was a mess. I guess that makes you a brick wall to argument. I am not that inflexible. If you can prove to me the so called "golden age" produced better stuff, then I'll be with you. In the meantime I will defend my cause, and try to persuade you. So here is.....

THE ANSWER

Clay, Clay, you misunderstand the whole point of the article. Admitted that I aimed a blast at the literature of that period, but that wasn't what I was trying to get across. Clay, I was not trying to attack the type of stf pubbed in the thirties, but the people who continually tell everyone in sight how good it was. And you have done just exactly that. In your defense of the fiction of the period you have taken the part of people I don't like. Your article is a shining example of what and why I dislike those people. Look at what you have done; without bothering to look any further than the first part of my article, and get the point of the article, you preferred to stop with my attack on the literature. And from that, and only that, you built your case.

Now please, I won't deny that some of the stories of that time were good. I said as much last time round, but you chose to ignore that too. I don't object to the fact that you like the stf of that time, but when you, and others like you start spouting the idea that it was the Very Best SF ever, and say it over and over and over and over again, then that is what I don't like. You go right ahead and enjoy your SO, go right on thinking the stereotyped characters and plots were real and believable, but don't impose your belief on those of us who don't care to hear you. Just as you "know" that those times and that stf was best, I know that I am sick of hearing about half a dozen of you scream about it to everybody. I don't want to hear it. It irritates me. You base your argument on the mysterious sense of wonder; on the strangeness and beauty and pure alienness of the stories. Alright friend, if you think it was all so good, then go right ahead

and enjoy it to your heart's content, just don't bother me with it. YOU claim that period was better. YOU say they had enough characterization. YOU say the plot was good enough. YOU say that there are no new ideas today. Well then, why don't YOU keep quiet? I didn't read every single story of that era, I didn't think that they were all as good as you claim. YOU liked them, liked them all, from what you say. I, and a good many besides myself, think that today's SF is much better than the gadget crazy, non thinking, SO filled mess of yesterday.

If you want to say and think that was good reading, then go ahead, just don't impose your ~~godly~~ beliefs on the ones of us who aren't interested. I feel that the SF of today has as much to offer in the "sense of wonder" department as the crud you read twenty years ago. I am entitled to my own ideas on the subject, and I am entitled to make my own choice, without having a bunch of loud veterans of the era telling me continually how good the stories were. I happen to feel that today's SF offers more than your old stf did.

In defense to your methods of "advertising" the old stf, many modern readers have developed a separate defensive method. Run down the old stf and maybe the oldsters will run down. Neither side is entirely right. The old SF was readable. The modern SF has much to offer that the old did not.

The old SF was readable, much of it was memorable, a very small percentage was classic. But a whole lot was crud, pure and simple. Back in the so called "golden era" SF was just getting its first sound footing as a separate literature. It had its own magazines, and its own followers, and like the baby that it was, its writers and readers didn't bother with many things they should have. Note the first pure science stories. Science first, fiction later. That gave way to the science with fiction, and that in turn to other forms. It was a growing progress, and like most growing babies, SF wasn't very careful of what it did or how it did it. Well, times change, and babies grow to men and women. After SF had squandered about two thirds of the immediately usable ideas in stories that weren't worth it, SF started to grow and develop. Stories stopped being entirely based on Jack Spaceman and his Super Blaster, and turned toward subjects with an eye on making fiction to remember. Instead of the gadget happy, hero complex, idea by the bundle stories, writers took a little time, and aimed toward more reader enjoyment. Saying that Right will win in the end, doesn't make it true. So, stories appeared that were more realistic. And the first fans, the ones who had stayed through and liked baby science fiction's first troubled steps didn't like it. Children don't usually enjoy growing up. A baby doesn't like to have his favorite toy snatched away. So the ones who liked those stories, blood and thunder, straight science, SO, wierd strange travel, what have you, they didn't like it, and they failed to see, just as you have failed to see Clay, that times and ideas change. The SF was and is getting better, not worse. You got caught in the change, and instead of going with the change, you stayed behind, and got lost on the way. You wanted your first stories, your toys, back, and you didn't like the new form of SF much.

You made your attack, defending your pride and joy, using one tiny section of my article, and I suppose I am expected to reply in kind. You just didn't look far enough in my article, just as you didn't look far enough when the form of SF begin to change. I like an argument, you want to fight over your toys, why disappoint you? Let's look at your claims logically and soubdly.

Notice this little line, "Of course there was crud then, but heaven forbid there was as much as now clutters up the prozines." Well apparently heaven didn't forbid, on a precentage basis, or a ratio, or whatever you want, the old mags had more crud than we have today. Everything revolves around what the word crud means here. Does crud refer to space opera? Many think so. Does it mean trips to wierd worlds? Does it mean a "what if..." story? A problem story? A story that explores men's minds, hates fears and disires? Does it mean the social problem story? The time story? I could go on for at least six more pages, and still wouldn't have scratched the surface. Just what does your crud mean, clay?

I'll tell you some of the crud I didn't like from your time when I read it. I didn't like the revised horse opera. Old Joe becomes Hufhtge of the Space something-or-the-other, the horse is overhauled as a space ship, the girl trades in her twenty foot bull whip for a blaster and a title of Queen or Princess or something. The russlers become space pirates or war like aliens, and the action-rolls in true form. Sickning. Or let us not forget the space wars. Ah yes, nasty ole aliens invade, grab something, like Earth women, the trusty hero dashes

off to the rescue, gets captured, escapes, and being a clever chap, manages to grab one of the Nasty Ole Alien's super weapons, and using it demolishes the whole alien fleet. Inbetween there are battle scenes, and other things happen, but usually the story doesn't vary much. Then we have the Dangerous Invention, which either started out as a Good Thing and ended up bad, or some scientist had it and used it for some evil purpose. Shop talk, ho hum. Situation? Give your hero a problem, say why the aliens of XghtgetRDFR LXII insist on eating every red-haired yellow-eyed explorer that lands there. Of course the hero must be red-haired and yellow-eyed to make the tale interesting. Try for another? What about the one in some future society where time travelers are hated. Or just go on a time travel tour. Big deal. Let us not forget humor either (not that most of those stories didn't provide enough laughs). This usually begin with some invention, which went wild, and the hero, be he clumsy or straight, has to get everything under control. Gets discouraging after a while. But the one kind I disliked most of all was the one with perpetual adventure. Adventure to the left, right, behind, everywhere. I enjoy my adventure alright, but man, when you get it as much as some of those stories had it, I just don't bother to read.

So much for a few standard pieces of crud I didn't like. Let me see now... Ah yes. Ideas. Ideas were certainly forever being presented in those old stories. I notice most of the ones that last through the years don't have so many many ideas crammed into one tiny story though. I'll let that pass. Ideas crammed into a story...dozens of ideas alright. What did you say now.. "the old timers were so prolific with ideas they could dismiss the most imaginative idea with a chapter, sometimes only a paragraph". I'm glad you said that. I am glad to see that the old timers were so free with ideas, so lacking in the qualities of a good story teller that they could throw even the most imaginative ideas out the window in a single chapter, without bothering to develop the full content of it. Without bothering to use it, they could rub it out in a chapter or a paragraph. Instead of developing it so the full force, the many sides and problems of a new idea were presented, they stuffed it into some cruddy piece of fiction, and forced its oblivion in one chapter. After all, no one wanted to be accused of stealing another author's ideas, even if he did crucify them with dismissal and misuse, or non usage. So that is where all our ideas have been staying. Crying for another chance on page fortyfour of some space opera that is buried in your files, never again to see the light of decent fiction and full development of the sense of wonder. It takes a full novel to dissect and present fully a new idea, yet you are willing to admit that the old timers rattled off ideas one to the page or more, and didn't bother to use them. Now there is THE crime against science fiction. When today many good writers are praying for some marvelous new idea, the oldsters were able to use them and throw them away like so many match sticks. Lighted match sticks at that, the kind that destroys the best patience of SF and its writers, the modern writers that could have made something of the ideas. And after the ~~old~~ oldster writer finished his page long chapter of his idea, what became of it? Not much. Most of the new ideas were used to form problems. Isn't that nice? Isn't that clever? Problems for the hero to get into, and problems to get out of. One page with a revolutionary new idea would leave him stranded on some planet, and with another revolutionary idea, he could whip up a gadget, call for help, and he was off again. Now there is a story for you. Thank the good Lord there aren't many writers today who would be so squandering or stupid. And all this idea snapping amounts to just about nothing. Your greats, Merritt, Stapledon, others who at least wrote fairly well, they handled the idea rash with some degree of sanity. Their work will certainly be remembered, at least they didn't fall into the hackish habit of an idea a page to impress the reader and keep the hero alive and in trouble. Now Clay, you say there is a loss of new ideas today, why don't you think up ten brand new ideas that haven't been used yet, and send them to the authors. If our SF ancestors hadn't been so free with new ideas, there would have been room for enough memorable literature to enshrine SF as real literature forever. But that doesn't matter too much now anyway, because I can easily think of ten new ideas, it is now a matter of letting the pro writers use them. New ideas have been developed in the past year, you were just too busy to see them. Thinking about your golden era no doubt.

Another sentence, "Didn't he himself state in the book reviews of that zine that there were few believable characters even among the best practitioners of the art today?"

Well now, try as I have, I haven't found anything in my zine review that said there were few believable characters today. I criticized Anderson's hero, and Silverburg's hero, and I think they both deserve it. But I have not said that even among the best practitioners of the art today there are few believable characters. Let's see now, do we recognize Anderson and Silverburg as the best practitioners of the art? I like to get the groundwork straight first. I could think of better ones. Anderson and Silverburg are both capable of producing memorable stories, and heroes that are more than cardboard, and they do whenever they bother, but I don't happen to believe they did so well with the stories I reviewed. However, criticizing a hero in one story is far from claiming there are few believable characters today. (I have since been informed that Anderson's character was actually brought back before, in PLANET STORIES, and several other pro mags) So, you have twisted my words, but I won't hold that against you, I plan to do the same thing with your article.

"It would be amusing to see his squirmings and sidestepping of the issue in trying to explain the continued popularity of Merritt". Would it? I attempt to explain it the simplest way, he was and is popular because he was an excellent story teller. His novels and short stories combine the best elements of plot (though not too much of it) character, and weirdness to produce memorable classics. There is nothing to explain. As I said, I do not deny that your period produced some fine SF, just as in the early childhood a youngster forms his morals, and sorts out unconsciously the meanings of love and hate, etc. So, the early years of SF produce memorables like the Merritt books, and of course the baby who bites into too many sweets before he is capable of handling them sincerely, will come up with some decay. Too bad baby SF didn't have to brains to look ahead in their own field as they did with everything else.

Clay, you say you have been reading SF for some thirty years now. You admit that new readers still have the old sense of wonder, because of their first exposure to imagination in writing. Nice thought, at least we agree on that. By clever subtraction I place you for your beginning reading of SF somewhere around the early thirties. Your first encounter with the field would bring on that desired effect wouldn't it? How can you say that your first encounter just didn't blind you to the true merits of early SF? How long would it take this first encounter to wear off? Took me about three years before I begin finding some SF not as good as some other. Wonder how long it took you.

It is the simplest thing to prove, say you, that if new comers were exposed to the old stuff they would have more sense of wonder. And to back this up you give us a sample of a letter from a new fan. How nice. I lend out my hardbacks to a few friends locally, and I too can judge reactions. Even before this argument was thought of I have noticed that most new readers either have one of two reactions on their first encounter to the stuff of the "golden era". The first is mute confusion and dislike. They can't take it, the second is as you say, love at first sight. Now you can prove any point by selecting either reaction you want to use. Your proof isn't worth a wind blown pile of space ash. It proves that people are people, and what appeals to some will not appeal to others, nothing more. It is not an unbeatable argument by any stretch of the imagination. You won't have to enjoy gloating, you have nothing to gloat about.

Let us go back now to the Merritt paragraph. You ask what name can sell more SF books than Merritt's. I don't happen to have exact sales figures here, nor do you, I imagine, but I could suggest a few books written by Asimov or Howard or perchance Lovecraft might do it. However these are mere stragglers compared to the sales figures on Robert Heinlein's books. I don't doubt that Merritt can sell the books alright, I buy a lot of pure fantasy too, but I challenge openly this statement, "Quality will always tell". Quality will certainly always tell, but you are making the assumption that quality and quantity are the same thing, and they are not. For quality, take a book you mentioned, LAST AND FIRST MEN. Yet there isn't any quantity in that book, as I understand it, the thing has almost become a collector's item. Lovecraft for quality doesn't seem to be widely reprinted in quantity. The Arkham House books do most of his reprint work. Quality and Quantity are not related in direct proportion. A book of perfect quality may not even be noticed until twenty years after its publication, and then of course, there is no quantity, adding to the odds to make it a collector's item. Kindly keep your argument in some kind of order.

Another thing, quality will always tell what? I assume you mean that quality will always tell in success. Nonsense. Look at Lovecraft's work. Quality, but is it recognized with two or three printings of each of his books? How about Robert Howard's books? My friend, quality and quantity are not measured in direct proportion to each other. They usually are, agreed, but that is no scale to measure anything by, especially SF. What you consider a simple story today may well be hailed as a great classic in twenty years.

Hmmmmmm. Notice this paragraph about the "maturity cycle" and the "realistic" stories. I think that the forties produced high quality material, certainly much better than your so called golden era of 1930 thru 1938. You refuse to think that some attempts are really stiff. Just what is your definition of science fiction? How can you say whether it is or it isn't when most of us aren't even sure where the boundaries of SF begin or end. I call it SF, and let us not forget that that "text book stuff" is, was, and will be the basis of SF. Text book stuff as you call it was originally meant for SF. Science in any form is supposed to be within bounds of the SF writer. Now you tell me where your space opera hero with his blazing blasters fits in SF. FANTASY is more in the line you are thinking of. SF at least tries to base some of its ideas and stories on fact today as it might be tomorrow (or yesterday even) or fact that might be tomorrow applied tomorrow and the results tomorrow. You are speaking of straight fantasy, if you want to argue about fantasy, then kindly take the argument elsewhere. I will argue about that section of fantasy known as science fiction.

"The lensman stories are space opera. Slan is just another superman, etc...And believe me, that is enough". By what right do you have to make that statement? That is not enough, any more than it is enough for my body to let blood clot. The skin and metabolism must adjust and repair in my body. It is not enough to say that the things you like, the SO, supermen, and such are alright. SF is something like a human body. It must grow too. You can't expect a body or a literature to stand still forever, to rest on its past achievements and try only to imitate its earlier success. The only field I know of that has done that would be the romance- and -love crap. And how many readers do they keep forever? SF must grow and develop or it will die. It is not enough to relax and claim that it is enough to keep on reading and rereading the same old SO over again with new names but old old plots. We as people undergo continual change, and SF as a literature also undergoes changes. It can't rest or go back to something it has outgrown. Today SF is better than it was in the days of the "golden era", it is expanding and reaching beyond fantasy as straight fantasy, beyond SO, beyond all the superman and reconstruction stories. It isn't shackled by the memories of yesterday, because it is supposed to be the literature that reaches for tomorrow. SF has entered new phases. It still has the superman story, but it has a new way of treating it. Instead of the superman as the hero of some adventure, the hero is his own hero, and SF tries to explain what and why and how the superman will act in a situation, why he acts as he does. Not because His Heart is Pure, but because perhaps the superman may have emotions, just may be human underneath his strength. Man's greatest challenge in the future will be man himself, and why do you think it is wrong or bad that SF, the literature of the future, study mankind? Are you ashamed of it? There is still adventure, certainly, and new strange worlds waiting. There are new ideas to be handled in new ways, but the way they are handled, the way the writer presents his case, that has changed most of all. Where a writer used to skip over a person's feelings or reactions as unimportant, today the writer might stop and look, and explain. Natural events fall as they will, no matter if your hero is Right. If he is going to be blasted dead because he forgot to oil or take care of his weapon, then he will die. "Who could ask more than genius" you say. Correct, who could? Those stories aren't genius by any means. I don't ask for genius, I ask for a story with believable characters, a plot that will stand alone, ideas that are developed for the betterment of the story, and I ask a story that will leave an impression that the author has succeeded in putting his point, his idea across skillfully and enjoyably. That is what I ask, and I think that is what we are working for today with our modern SF. It is miles beyond the gadget crazy or pure science days of early, very young science fiction. Today we are reaching forward and outward for the right stories presented in the right way. The past is dead. It served its purpose, and in the future our time will have served its purpose. Until then, SF has grown, is growing and will continue to grow until the goal is reached. END

I have decided that there will not be any Pre-Hysterical Monsters in this issue. They will be back next time for sure. Some short items I had thought to use next ish will be featured here instead. Also, I will try to put some letters in. Next issue will be planned. If I do not receive your submitted material by the second Saturday, please do not expect it to be in the next GHOST, even if it is worth it. At the very latest please have all material you wish to send in to me by the third Saturday. I am now all filled up for columns, please do not send any more columns. The people I now correspond with can take care of them. Caly Hamlin's column won't be in this ish unfortunately. Please, will someone send me a history of one particular magazine? I have only one person who has agreed to do one. And don't forget, I'd like to have YOUR article for the next issue. Bob---

CRIME PAYS BETTER

by
Peter J. Maurer

The following names are familiar to all fans the world over: Robert Bloch, Richard Matheson, Paul W. Fairman, Henry Slsar, Fritz Leiber, Theodore Sturgeon, and Isaac Asimov. They all write the best in S. F., but that is not all they have in common. They also write mystery and crime stories.

This fact may not please the S. F. addict, but it certainly pleases the authors themselves. The plain truth is that crime pays better than S. F., any money is one of the main reasons for writing at all. It follows that these authors are going to work where the greenbacks are more plentiful.

Many of these names have been turning out Who-Done-Its for years. However, at this point, almost every S. F. author has had his hand in the bloody pot of gold. That leaves S. F. with a dwindling number of new stories from the top men in the business. And what is the S. F. fan doing about it? Nothing as usual. What can he do about it? He can stop talking and start buying. Money is the root of this problem, and always has been. Everyone talks in very learned language about the troubles of their favorite literature, but they still go on trading and buying old magazines and books instead of putting out the cash for new ones. Somebody has to support Robert P. Mills, Hans Stefan Santesson, and their associates, or else they will go out of business. If the S. F. fan doesn't, nobody will. I can only repeat what I said before, Crime pays better.

Support S. F., and encourage others to do so



"Why do you think there is something wrong with your income tax report..?"



".... because I've got 18¢ left . . ."

Bob

VOICE OF THE SPIRITS
OR
THE EDITOR ANSWERS WITH A FIFTH

Carroll Collins, Route #4, Church Hill, Tenn.

In general, it's a good first issue. Don't like to cover and would suggest a colored sheet with the inside white sheets. Your editorial was too rambling though you got off some essential remarks. Naturally, I liked the DeMuth article. Your piece as a "Confirmed Cynic" was good. I think every fan has his "good old days", just as in later years you will probably look back on this time as the good old days. In 1939, when I was 11 years old, I read the first issue of FFM. I loved every story in it, I thought the stories were the ultimate. The only one I still care about is The Moon Pool and to a certain extent, The Whimpos. In those days I was tremendously impressed with Cummings' Golden Atom stories. Now, they make me yawn. The only difference is that 20 years of reading has made my tastes more critical and "sophisticated". Today still brings stories with impact like Childhood's End, More Than Human, and Courtesy. Though the 40's had some of the finest writing in ASTOUNDING anyone will ever see, I think the mag still prints top stuff. Everyone looks back into the past, I think, but as you say, it's not good to live there.

"How to Mark a Deck of Cards" was alright too. Amusing enough, and not technical. Keep these brainstormers up. The book reviews are good, and will probably improve. Same with the fanzine reviews, though I was never one to read fanzine reviews. I think you will keep improving till you really have something good. After all, Rome and fanzines aren't built in a day.

///I will agree with you that the forties produced some wonderful SF, and if anything it diserved the false title of "golden age". SF is changing, and some things, some points and ways of presenting a story are left behind. I feel that there are points our present day writers could pick up, but on the whole, I think the SF today is an improvement over the SF of yeateryear.

I'm afraid there won't be any more "criminal information" like the card article. Too much objection. I will have someone who can do competent reviews of the books, old and new in next ish, no room this time. I think our last issue was more of a trial and testing period, now the staff and ye ed are on firmer ground, and we'll go headlong into the fight for a worthwhile zine///

Clayton Hamlin, 28 Earle Ave., Bangor, Maine

Just got the GHOST. I like it. For a first issue it is something special.

Artwork is pretty good, KEN, the Fan, are both good. But the best is easily the cover by Judy Pack.

And exactly why shouldn't you write everything in the zine? Course people have been shot for suggesting lesser things than that. But you write well enough.

But really the thing I like best is the non-fandom slant. Three Loud Cheers for that decision. How much can you say about such a meager microcosm as fandom before repeating yourself?

Pre-Hysterical Monsters was most amusing, More, by all means.

///Clay's letter got cut up quiet a bit. That may leave some of you on the short end, but I don't feel personal correspondence should be flashed through a letter col. Anyway, glad you liked it, after seeing the cynic's corner this round you may hate me. Your column will be in next round.///

Robert Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind.

A few comments on GHOST. I see you won't be getting any European fanzines. GHOST isn't worth 15¢ plus a fanzine, and even if it were, European editors can't afford that kind of deal.

Okay, I'll bite; what's a scall?

I see that you apologize for the spelling, but wouldn't it have been better to have used 2 bottles of correction fluid and been able to omit the apology?

Who-besides you-says that the golden era of stf was 1930 to 1939? Hell, the two most fondly remembered magazines are the Campbell ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN. Campbell didn't take over untill '38 and UNKNOWN wasn't even published untill 1939. The 1939-1945 era produced the most good stories. If anything, it deserves

to be called a golden era. (And I first read stf in 1948, so don't accuse me of remembering my early reading with nostalgia) I refer you to the letter in the Feb. ASTOUNDING from the woman who had read about 200 issues of the mag--all of them recently acquired--and her opinion of the issues containing the best stories.

What's unpronounceable about Aycharaych? Did you ever try sounding it out? It's simply "HRRH", spelled out more or less phonetically. (And HRRH presumably stands for "His Royal Highness", or at least it does now, and I suppose that this is the way Anderson intended it--one of the various hidden puns in the story) Incidentally, Dominic Flandry has already appeared in other stories, in something like four magazines, and it isn't likely he'll be killed off now. I detest him myself; I dislike all series stories because there is no possibility of the hero losing.

By the way, I don't know of any fanzines that are memoed. The term is mimeo.

///I happen to like the word memo, and memoed, so I'll continue to use it. As I said in the editorial (that vage hope for sanity printed last week), you were the only one who caught it.

If you will check the Cynic's corner you will find somebody that thinks the '30 thru '39 period was a "golden age" Check on Len's letter back there too for comment on the forties. If you want to call the period from 1939 to 1945 a golden age, then go right ahead, just don't bother telling me about it constantly. Actually, I would put that period of SF development more in the years of 1938 thru 1951, then from 1951 to 1955 or '56 is you want to be exact, and from 1956 on. Campbell did most of his best editing in that period, and today I think I think the mag has dropped a bit in quality. Today, finding a story in ASTOUNDING..er, ANALOG that doesn't mention psi at least once is like finding a limestone rock without lime. I am getting tired of his constant talk of psi, it exists, but he is bringing out stories on it to the extreme. Anyone out there remember a rash of tele- stories during the golden age? I hear tell that things got so bad there was almost an invisible taboo against anything with tele- in it.

I don't happen to want European fanzines. If they meet the requirements, then I'll go through with it, in the meantime I'll take the American zines only.

I never bothered to go through and pronounce the name. One or two trys was enough. You don't like series stories because the hero always wins? A clever writer ought to be able to handel a series so a hero wins and loses. My favorite series character is Leland Hale, which I hope will remain. Like you, I'm not very fond of Flandry, but he'll do.///

Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Well now, where do you get off writing in "This is for trade" and demand a letter of comment? Other than the fact that it's mighty poor English, I wonder if you realize I could just as easily as not throw your zine in the crudbox?

But I wouldn't do that--you've sent the first crudzine I've seen in months, and I'm all goshwow and like that about the occasion. A fandom like the one today needs a few crudzines now and then to spice it up--like "Variety is the spice of life", as the old cliché goes.

Next thing I wondered, upon peering through your not-to-well-but-easily-readable mimeoed pages, is "who is Robert Jennings?" That took a bit of research. I had suspected that I had heard your name somewhere before, and sure enough, I found you mentioned in MONITOR #11, one of the NSF crudzines that was foistered on me because I happened to join that group to join their apa. But it said something like "brand new member", so I presume you haven't been in fandom too long. Your writing attitude in this issue of the GHOST goes to further that notion.

Your title is near plagiarism of another already existing fanzine title; THE SATURDAY EVENING GHOST, published for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by one Robert Lee. I don't think this is too much to worry about though, since SatEveGhost is limited to a circulation of 40.

I would send you a copy of my fanzine in trade, but you say, "There is one thing I hate in this world, and that happens to be a faaaaaaanaaan", and I am somewhat of a faaaaaaanaaan, and I publish faaaaaaanaanish material for the most part, so I doubt if you'd appreciate it. Where do you pick up your attitudes anyway? You say you will not write to anyone who you think is a faaaaaaan, etc, yet I am somewhat of a fan (I like stf, but don't go out of my way to read much anymore. Forgot all the a's up on that last, sowwy), so I suppose you won't write me in reply to this. A shame too, for if you don't say a thing about the rest

of this letter, I have one burning question to ask of you: Why do you hate faaaanaa, etc., ns???? You didn't specify, you know, and I'm curious to learn why you hate me and most of my fan friends.

Why "I" is a good question. Jack Speer, a mostly gaffaed elder fan of note uses the lower case letter in his fanwriting, and others have affected it at one time or another. As for myself, I don't like the way it doesn't stand out, as in this sentence. So I upper case it, because I'm such a bloody egotist and because it looks better.

Hmm, I disagree almost 100% with your fanzine reviews, but this is because of the basic difference in our viewpoints. You, Bob Jennings, are a science fiction fan, per se, and you like to read articles on and about science fiction as a literature. You would be right at home in the serious manderings of Eofandom and several other era since then. I, Bob Lichtman, am a science fiction fan, but I am also a fandom fan; that is, I enjoy discussions on science fiction up to a degree, and there are several stf slanted publications I receive and enjoy, but not the point of obsession. I also receive fanzines that may not even mention that crazy Buck Rogers stuff in their pages, or only in passing perhaps. These zines may contain everything and anything, from fiction about fans to articles on classical music. The portion of fandom I like deals with personalities and their interests--science fiction got us all there, but it's not worth discussing over and over again in verbose articles, nor do I (and many others) feel that much fan written stf fiction is worth printing in the fmz. Therefore we don't do it--though we usually tolerate it.

///Well, I too am glad you bothered to send me a letter. I was beginning to think there wouldn't be any read dislike for the first ish. Of course I had letters saying that they disliked this or that, and one or two ones that didn't like the whole thing, but yours...now here is the letter for dislike and disgust. I may frame it with one letter that just loved everything. A pair, you might say.

Anyway, I had no idea that there existed any such fanzine as THE SATURDAY EVENING GHOST, untill Art Hayes mentioned it, and then it was too late. However, since Saturday's ghost has such a limited circulation, I think I shall keep MEG as a name.

How discouraging. As I explained in the editorial, I will write and send the GHOST to faaaanaans, though I don't like it. The prime reason the GHOST was sent to you was for want of a letter of comment, and I don't think that was a loss. You commented, and I expect you will comment on this issue too.

Well, I still hate the faaaetc., ns, I dislike them wholeheartedly. No, I won't tell you why I hate them, why should I?

You are so right. Our viewpoints are miles apart. I can enjoy a fanish-fan-fanzine, but primarily I like zines devoted to serious discussion of stf. Humor I like, fan patter does not interest me. In a fanzine anything is in bounds, but I feel that the primary reason for a fanzine's existence is to act as a sounding board for the editor/publisher's views on SF, for discussion and argument and history of SF. The other is so much additives, there to add variety. A fanzine that strays completely from that, to the point of having everything, even the letter column devoted to something else, ceases to be a fanzine to me, and is merely a variety sheet, like LIFE, or LOOK or something along those lines. True, most fan fiction isn't worth pubbing, but there is a portion that is. My zine will be mostly an article zine, fiction is secondary. Fan articles about their favorite form of literature, stf and fantasy, are interesting and informative. I won't kick when zines put in extra things, just as long as some portion of the zine is stf featured and devoted. Our viewpoints are far apart, I happen to think mine is the best one, and you think that yours is better. Neither of us is entirely correct. But they are viewpoints, and untill you come up with a convencing argument or convencing proof for your fanish zines, then I'll stick to my viewpoint.///

No more letters here. Please send all correspondence to---Robert Jennings (that's Bob to you), 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee. Next issue will definately be more settled, and please try to get all your articles or artwork in by the first half of each month. Next issue will feature material by KEN Gentry, Horace the Ghost, our patron pest, Bob Farnham, Arthur Rapp, Mike Deckinger, and myself. Other goodies are there, but not definately planned yet.

HELL'S NOTEBOOKS (Robert Jennings)

Last time round I was cramped for space, and squeezed everything into one little page. That won't happen again, I hope. Since this ish is going to be widely circulated, I'll explain again the rating system. I rate 1 through 10, in order of the best. An excellent zine gets a rating of 1, a very bad crudzine gets a rating of 10, and so on inbetween. Now on to this month's pile of zines.

NEW FRONTIERS/30¢ or 4 for \$1.00/better send to c/o Stellar Enterprises, P.O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, California/ this is a photo-offset, center stapled, half sized job. And even with its smallness the price comes out at a penny a page. However, in this case it is worth it. I've got the first ish here, which is a bit out of date. The second ish is supposed to be on its way here, but thus far I haven't seen it. It is a nice zine, nice articles, nice layout, nice print job. This ish looks like a pro lineup, with articles by De Camp, Clifton, and Johnson. If you think thirty cents is too much, then don't bother to buy it. I happen to think it is worth it. So just buy, it might be worth your while. Only thing I can find wrong is the staff reviews, which are too long.

YANDRO/Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana/15¢/memmed/ It won't do any good to ask for a copy of this issue, try for the next. The Coulson's make a practice of printing just enough copies. If you were so unfortunate as to miss this one, you really missed a good one. This is a huge issue, for YANDRO anyway. Gene DeWeese has a very nice story, and a not so nice article on a well known comic character. Other articles, some good, some not so good. The heart of the thing is a special art section, featuring art from some well known fan artists. The Prosser work takes top honors, though you may squirm a bit when you first see it. A review on a book, which shows things about both the author of the column and the author of the book. A good issue, now if only they would get green instead of that blinding yellow paper..... anyway, a rating of---2

THE FANTASY COLLECTOR/10¢/ 714 Pleasant St., Roseville, Calif./ I'm going to cut this one short. Advertisements, a column, an editorial, a nice ish, and a rating of---4

AMRA/20¢/ Box 682, Stanford, Calif./lithographed/ This zine is well noted for its high quality artwork, which helps to compensate for the murderous price. I may subscribe to it if I ever get around to it, not now. This issue isn't making its quality felt on me. Mainly because of the articles this time. A long updating of Conan's biography, articles which left me unfeeling, and illustrations. What illustrations!!!! Anyway, this gets a rating of-----3

MEMORITOR 11/ Art Hayes, R. R. #3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada/ This one is distributed to all members of the N3F, and I don't know if it would be sent to anyone else. You might enclose the price, 25¢, and a pleading letter. The price is too high for this small a zine, even with the material it features. Most of it is from the N3F, part perhaps from the MS Bureau. Humorous stories here and there, serious articles everywhere, pictures scattered somewhere. Noted that our very own KEM has two cartoons in it, so buy. One of the jokes was covered by a margin and a staple. I know what it is, but you might not. This issue is also marred for me, by the fact that some sheets are printed upside down. This is not recommended as a general interest, happy go lucky zine. The changes in the color of ink don't do it much good either, but for a zine that covers serious science, articles, fiction, humor and perhaps a bit of club and fan talk, this is the best. However I wasn't too terribly impressed, so----4

I've also got a four pager called THE CHIGGAR PATCH OF FANDOM, Bob Farnham or Mary Quinn, addresses misplaced, wait here's Bob's anyway. 506 2nd Ave., Dalton, Georgia. Mostly humor, no price that I can see. A nice poem by Ray Nelson on poems, news, jokes. No rating until I know more about it.

PSI, distributed with YANDRO, to me anyway. A smaller than pocket book size eight pager, no staple, printed, I think. Misplaced address, not worth it for this issue anyway. You might write Coulson and send fifteen cents if you want it. Just enough room to say---Send all zines for trade or review to Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee That's all.

This (at last) is the back cover

THE REASON(S) YOU HAVE RECEIVED THIS
PIECE OF TRIPE are/is---



- I want a contribution
- You have contributed, and I want more
- What happened to YOUR article?
- What happened to YOUR column?
- Please contact me immediately about artwork
- Please contact me immediately about contributions
- Please contact me IMMEDIATELY
- There is something of interest inside for you
- You bought it (sucker)
- Sub (ha ha no backing out now)
- Subscribe to this thing, I need the money
- Your sub is about to expire
- your sub has just expired
- Please renew your sub
- This is an issue to show you what you missed by not renewing your sub
- I will not accept your sub
- We'd like your life story for Re-
- Hysterical Monsters
- This is a sample copy, you know what to expect now
- Trade zines with me
- We trade too---What 'cha know
- Please send a letter of comment with your trade
- I'd rather have a letter of comment
- I like the sound of your name
- Freeloader
- Partial payment for your kindness
- Full payment for your kindness
- I WANT A LETTER OF COMMENT!!!!
- To help speed your immediate death
- Help me with a project
- I felt sorry for you
- We had a goul time together
- N3F
- Review this thing for me
- Kindly check on this
- Argue with me
- This is from me to you to let you know I still exist
- Let me know you still exist too
- Your last issue unless I hear from you
- This is absoltely your last issue
- You will not get next ish unless you do something QUICK
- Your name was given to me by a mutical ~~friend~~ friend
- You know Horace, you poor wretched soul
- YES
- NO
- I don't know
- I'm drunk
- You are sick, sick, sick
- We correspond regularly, better sub, or you might not get next ish
- GOOD RIDENCE
- BUY NEXT ISSUE

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