

# The MONDAY EVENING GHOST



RALPH  
RAYBURN  
PHILLIPS

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST

As science fiction slanted fanzine that appears on the scene (much in the manner of the Abominable Snowman) once every month, or once every two months if the editor happens to feel like it. Next issue will probably be out in two months. You can get this by trading fanzines, buying it, fifteen cents for single copies, \$1.50 for twelve, by having some material printed, or having your letter printed in the letter column. This is brought to you by Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee.

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST

Vol.---1 No-3

THIS IS THE  
THIRD ISSUE

A listing of the existing staff, including people who have regular columns---

Robert Jennings,---the editor/publish, and chief slavedriver  
frequent contributor----John Hagewood  
columnist and contributor---Mike Deckinger  
columnist and contributor---Clay Hamlin  
helpful and contributing at last--Joyce Hurt & Linda Kay  
Jones

Art staff

and art credits

Lynne Manley--4, 13

Joni Conkale (sorry if I misspelled that, 21, 23

KEN Gentry--20

Ralph Phillips--cover

Bob Jennings---6,19,18

HORACE THE GHOST, OUR PATRON PEST

Bob Farnham---7

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The GHOST still needs material. We are still waiting for that article by YOU, send it in TODAY!!!!

Perhaps a snarl for you---

Next Issue---

A nice lead off article by Mike Deckinger, you'll all be glad to know that I'll do everything possible to keep Horace's column out. The usual columns, a nice article on radio drama by Gene Tipton, and I think an interesting issue. Perhaps fiction too.

Our cry for the year---

"help bring SF back to the fanzine"

HEP THIS ZINE STAY ALIVE. CONTRIBUTE  
PRINTABLE ARTICLES, AND PLEASE PASS THIS  
COPY ON TO A FRIEND.

EDITORIAL (Robert Jennings)

Back again. Before going further, I want to say that, no, the "it" on the cover is NOT Horace. Next thing, if you will turn the page you'll find a picture of myself, done by Lynne. Done? Good. By now most of you will have guessed that I have finally got a drawing plate. Actually made a drawing plate, since I don't happen to want to put out five or six bucks for one. I think it does well enough to get some of the detail work on stencil. As of now I have no idea how much the memo will smear the detail work on the cover and on Lynne's pictures, but I hope it isn't much. If that page comes out a little light on printing in your copy, it'll probably be because I wanted to get in the picture with the minimum smearing.

To everyone I wrote that this ish would come out two months after No.-2, my apologies. Seems the calander and I got mixed up a bit. Anyway, the GHOST is a monthly or bi-monthly, as I happen to feel at the time. This time I felt like making it monthly, next round it may be out in two months. Of course there were other factors involved too, but pure editorial laziness has the last word.

Now to apologize and summarize of last ish. The mess that last ish was caused by some late material coming in between printings. See, the GHOST is printed in two parts, on the third or second and fourth or third Saturdays of each month, then it is finished, assembled, stamped, addressed on the last or next to the last Monday, and sent on its way Tuesday, either the third or fourth Tuesday. And if you think that is confussing, try putting this thing together in three weeks, and then have late material come between printings, after almost everything had been planned!!!! Thank goodness I hadn't typed up all the stencils that time. But, please, any of you sending in material, please please don't send in any really controversial material, or late columns that might happen to come between printings. Because from now on, as of the third Saturday, at the most, will be the deadline.

Speaking of material, what happened to yours this issue? Every one of you out there is capable of writing a good article for the GHOST, so why don't you? Material is always needed, and so is artwork, especially artwork. So, send something along, it can't hurt to try anyway.

Right up to the bitter end last time round I wanted to get in the Pre-Hysterical Monsters, but right at the bitter end they were crowded out. This ish they will be in. Mostly this round they are staff satire. A satire of Mike Deckinger, who is a new member of the big brawling family, in the Pre-Hys-Mons, won't be in. This is because of some on-perpose-misplacing-of-the-material, so instead, (knowing that Mike would be disappointed if he weren't ~~slandered~~/satirized this issue) there is a little poem for him.

The worst things on the repro last time were, the showthrough on the cover, page 11, and page 13. Taken in order, the situation of showthrough with the sixteen pound paper will be corrected. I've found that our memo has a 'light touch' and doesn't show through much on solid printed pages. Wherever an illo is placed, that page will be printed on twenty pound paper. Otherwise, sixteen. Page eleven was caused by typing with the ribbon on, page thirteen was caused by a torn stencil. Also there was a slight mixup on pages during the printing, so some of you got two page elevens and a blank side to page fourteen. That won't happen again either.

This ish is rather crowded. I am filled with columns, so please do not send any more columns. Articles and very short fiction is always appreciated though.

While we're on this ish, this time Mike Deckinger's very nice article was crowded out because of its length. It'll be in next time. This issue will already have to go into some extra pages, I think, and I don't think adding his long piece would have been properly featuring it.

Everyone, with only two exceptions commented on the lettering last issue. This issue features lettering and cover by Ralph Phillips. If you like this lettering, say so and it might be made permanent.

Another thing, this is my place to ramble. In this slot I'll give a run down on last ish, and perhaps information on forth coming issues, and in the remaining space, just talk. If you want my views and opinions on a subject, try the Cynic's Corner. This time we're still debating old and new stf.

The post office has taken an interest in the GHOST. Many of you commented on the length of my check column, and so did the post office. Seems they thought all those check spaces were allowing me to send a personaly message, so since I don't want to pay four and a half cents on each copy, or crank out issues from behind iron bars, it comes off the back. Nothing like a closed fanzine to agravate postal inspectors! they seem to think something unlawful might be passed inside it.

For all of you who have written me long demanding letters, fiction will be coming. Possibly in the fourth or fifth issue. Understand that this is primarily an article zine, and fiction will be featured only occasionally, or if it happens to be very good, or as a filler, or I happen to think it ought to go in.

I think in the next few issues I might try some more book reviews. Done a different way though. Instead of one person dissecting books, I think about five people criticizing one book would lead to interesting results. Fandoms filled with potential Damon Knights who show their personality in every review. But if several people criticized one book, it would be more likely to give the reader a more definite idea of what the book's good and bad points are. Volunteers wanted. Suggest anyone interested in this write me, otherwise it goes out to the staff and several people who might be interested in this. Suggestions as to the book are wanted too. Think about it and write me a letter.

Nashville is a busy city, or usually is. But with all the snow we've been having, things have been in a general mess all round. With this weather, Nashville at night is noticeably less crowded as other Nashville nights without snow. Even the day city looks a little thinner in the way of shoppers.

All this leads up to something. During all this snow and ice, I would pick this time to take several trips up to the public library. Seems our library has a rather extensive periodical room, and I have found some old magazines (1850-1940) that carry fantasy. No out and out SF/fantasy magazines, but mags like BLACKWOODS, BLUE BOOK, etc. Makes for some interesting reading. But I don't believe those magazines have been touched in fifteen years. On Saturdays, the place looks like Grand Central Station, with all the people moving back and forth, coming and leaving, and busily at work stealing each other's seats. In fact, on Saturdays, there are no seats, unless one happens to be clever, and ambushes one when its owner either leaves or walks away for a few seconds. Twice now I've had to use stools, which isn't a comfortable seating arrangement. Notwith library stools. But back to the magazines. You'd think that with all the people who seem to use the library's periodical room, the magazines would not be riddled with a thick layer of dust. However, this is not the case, because I don't believe I've found any bound magazines back here, with the possible exception of READER'S DIGEST, that hasn't got layers of dust over it. Nothing like dirty hands and dust clouds everywhere to get you in the mood for reading a good fantasy.

And then some of those older magazines were clever with their fantasy. After hauling some volume down, flipped it and snapped it open and closed a few times, (being very careful to keep it at arms length and slowly walking backwards to avoid the resulting dust storm), carrying it back to your seat, if the seat is left, and thumbing through with dirty dusty hands, you find that the editor and publisher didn't point out the fantasy with pictures or blurbs. Even the titles were changed and watered down. But after about ten minutes thumbing you might have the good fortune to find some worthwhile piece of fiction, or some tripe written for no one except the idiot

pet white rat that signed the editorial acceptance or rejection slips. Oh well, if that's what it takes to get the old fantasy, I guess I'll have to last it through. But it is rather inconvenient, especially with the night visits. The place is less crowded, and you can keep a seat, but I usually have only a limited time for the night visits, and by the time I locate something worth reading, time to go. Then, with my luck, the next time I'm there, someone else has the volume, and the constant vicious circle rolls on.

After seeing this picture, of me you I can note a few minor mistakes that will probably come out on memo. Like, I've had a haircut recently, and I don't think I'm that stragly haired. The original was done in pencil, and you know what that'll be like with dark black ink when printed. Hope it comes out alright. address everything to;

Robert (that's Bob to you) Jennings  
3819 Chambers Drive  
Nashville 11, Tennessee

Write now.



## THE CREAKY CHAIR (Mike Deckinger)

The popular entertainment medias---television, radio, and films, have done much to spread science fiction throughout the land, and pretty well acquaint other non-readers with stf. However, it seems to me that there is still much to be desired in the treatments these media have given the SF story. Why has the treatment been so bad? Well mainly, because the science fiction shows have previously been directed to the juvenile or younger element, and thus one associates them with SF.

Previously I said. Previously! Times have changed. Today, on my TV screen at least, there are several shows that merit one's attention.

Probably the best remembered is TALES OF TOMORROW, which enjoyed a vintage season in the early fifties, and then quickly faded away into obscurity. Now the only trace of TALES OF TOMORROW are occasional kinescopes or old films rebrown on TV in some areas. They used to be in my area, but no more. From what I had seen of TALES OF TOMORROW, most of them were pretty good. The reason was due to the fact that many were adaptations of actual pulp stories, and the best material for any screenplay will come from a prozine, and not from the imaginative mind of some screenwriter.

My particular favorite of the TALES OF TOMORROW series was an adaptation of John D. MacDonald's TWS story: A Child is Crying, which starred Robin Morgan. As far as I could tell, the only change affected in the transition from printed page to TV screen was changing the main character from a boy to a girl. And that did not really affect the quality of it much. However, it must be remembered that I did not see all the TALES OF TOMORROW shows. It's entirely possible that others were better, but A Child is Crying was the best I've seen.

After that came SCIENCE FICTION THEATER which had too much emphasis on science, and too little on science fiction. However, there is no doubt that SCIENCE FICTION THEATER was aimed at a more adult audience. The introduction always consisted of Truman Bradley demonstrating some scientific principal. Most of the time it had little, or nothing to do with the show, but it was interesting just the same. Produced by Ivan Tors, SCIENCE FICTION THEATER generally relied on film strips from Tors himself, rather than the prozines, which may partially explain its downfall.

After awhile I began to notice that SF THEATER had one standard plot; that of revealing some strange disturbance or phenomon, which later turns out to be a whole hoax. Well, these ending may appeal to some, but as for me, I'd prefer ones that didn't evade the question through devious actions, but brought the ideas into the open.

There were, of course, several outstanding shows; Jack Finney's I'm Scared was altered and made into a rather good show, concerning a traveler who comes back to this era to escape the future, but is located through some means and returned. And then there was another about a husband-and-wife photography team who go to South America to photograph some flying saucers, and have pretty good luck in obtaining shots. One of the films: No Food for Thought; about the search for and development of a nutrient to tide the human race over when our natural food reserves grow low was made into a monster film: TRANTULA, and bore very little resemblance to the original plot.

But, as I mentioned above, the "formula" plots continued to creep in, and after about a year I lost interest in SF THEATER, and only watched it occasionally. Now there are re-runs of it, but all are old ones I've seen before.

But today is today, and Rod Serlings' excellent TWILIGHT ZONE just began last season, and the weekly films it features are something to bring delight to the tarnished heart of any SF fan. They're good. Better than good, some are even outstanding. Serling is a good TV writer, he knows how to develop a plot into a worthwhile and enjoyable hour or half-hour, as the case may be of entertainment. And Serling wisely demonstrates it here. Of the numerous shows I've seen on TWILIGHT ZONE, I feel there are several that deserve special mention and commendation here. For instance, there was the show about the German submarine commander who finds himself in the Atlantic on a British ship, and can't recall what he's doing there. It isn't till the end that we learn he's been sentenced to his own private hell, where he is on the ship for an eternity, and must die each night. And then there was the weirdie who could change his appearance as often as he chose. And there was Richard Matherson's adaptation of Disappearing Act, and Charles Beaumont's Elegy and many more, which were emitted due to carelessness, rather than because I disliked them.

Wisely, Serling does not run scripts exclusively by himself; that is, originals

that he writes himself. There have been several magazine adaptations, and I believe a few originals by top name writers. Rod Serling has done a great service to fans of SF with his TWILIGHT ZONE, and this series deserves all the praise and commendation it can get. I certainly hope it will be with us for a long while, and not suffer the same fate that TALES OF TOMORROW did.

Another new-comer is MAN INTO SPACE, which is more of a science fact show than science fiction, though it could properly file in both categories. It appears in serial form each week, depicting the adventures (and misadventures) of Commander MacCauley, the first moon explorer, played by William Lundigan. The producers of this stick steadfastly close to the facts, and as a result there are no aliens, no Martians, no UFO's, etc., etc. The scenes of the surface of the moon are poorly simulated, and resemble an eroded backyard more than they do lunar scenes. But the scenes of outer space are very good, several of them employing Bonestell paintings. Which is one reason this series should be in color; just to view the marvelous Bonestell paintings.

However, MEN INTO SPACE lacks not adventure, but expectancy of the unknown. Knowing that there is no possibility of Mac Cauley and his crew discovering an ancient Martian city, or Martians themselves sort of takes something away from the show. It is science fact to the point of boredom. The alien atmosphere or mood that is so important to these series, is practically non-existent here. At best MEN INTO SPACE is an amusing bore, and I would really not grieve if its option was picked up this year or not.

On another network is ALCOA PRESENTS: ONE STEP BEYOND, which is a sort of ESP type show, featuring films with strange or unusual powers. But again this series fails to emerge beyond the planning stage. The formula is too deeply buried here to be removed, and you rarely find something new or different.

Now, there is one more that I would like to mention, and this is perhaps restricted to a more defined area. It is a recently begun half hour show, titled the LONG JOHN NEBEL SHOW, which is seen (at least by me) on Thursday nights. Long John has a radio show, running seven nights a week, from midnight to five A.M., in which he interviews and talks with numerous interesting guests, mostly discussions on psychic

phenomena, hypnotism, and even (yes) science fiction. His first TV show featured SF writer Lester Del Rey (who is a regular on Long John's show) and they talked with a man who is constructing a space ship to the moon, and he is convinced it will get there. The principal on which the ship is based was effectively taken apart by Del Rey. Last show, John's guest was a hypnotist who used a subject for a fascinating case of pre-natal regression. Whether this was a fake I can't tell, but the man's speech pattern changed, and it was one of the most unusual experiments I've seen. So perhaps there is some use for TV after all.

This unusual illustration might be explained in the fourth ish. Or possibly the fifth. In the meantime, I leave you to use your imagination.

Undoubtedly the most expensive science-fantasy book is THE SHIP THAT SAILED TO MARS, by William Timlin. It was published in 1923 by Harrap in London in an edition of 2000 copies. Stokes distributed 250 copies in this country. The book was only 96 pages long, but had a great many excellent illos. The current price is \$240, wish I had about a dozen--LC

ADVICE TO A NEOFAN by FANDOM'S PUGGHEAD OF THE YEAR (Bob Farnham)

It is not often that I seek to offer unasked for Advice to anyone new to fandom and its mysterious ways, but as your editor has sent out a plea for Material, and has put out as "fine" a magazine as the media for carrying that same Plea For Material, I'll strive herein to do my level best to offer advice and suggestions based on fifteen of the happiest years I've ever known--in fandom. The advice offered in this writing is sincere and honest as the day is long, so be wary, be wise, and be guided herein

\* \* \* \* \*

About one of the worst and most irksome things a real fan--especially a neofan, (new fan) ever had to contend with was the reproducing method known as a Hectograph, and called by other various names after a little experience with one. None of which could ever stand the light of print, or pass thru the postal department without the passer running serious risk of a fine, or jail sentence, or both. I'll be brief in my description of a 'hecto'. It consisted of a shallow pan holding a sort of jelly. Masters were made with a heckto carbon and paper. The paper was sometimes used as the first sheet in a publication, but frequently found its way to the trash can. The jelly was first wiped lightly with a wet rag. Then the carbon was laid on it face down, which act left print on the jelly, in reverse. When a clean sheet of paper was placed on the jelly, and gently (!) rubbed with a soft cloth, or a roller, it took print from the jelly, was carefully peeled off and placed in a safe place to dry... Thus until the desired number of pages were 'printed'.

When the first page was finished, the only way to get the print off the jelly was with a soft wet sponge, applied LIGHTLY to the jelly, and rinsed in a slightly-warm running water. My first attempt at this resulted in the running water, for some reason, becoming scaldingly hot, washing the jelly right out of the pan and down the sink drain... Where..hitting the cold sections of the pipe, it returned to jelly-form and plugged the drain pipe tighter than any cork could have.

Naturally, the resulting plumber's bill caused a great delight for the plumber, but this writer got the blues, and went broke..and the Hecktograph got the old heaveno into the garbage can...

That, in the early days of fandom was the method used to reproduce a fanzine, or good fan magazine. (Some of them were actually bad.)

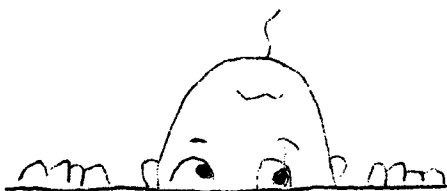
A method that gradually became standard practice of both fan and pro editor in collecting material soon found such favor (!!) with fan and professional writers that it stuck, and remains stuck, to this day in the craniums of all editors...

First, the call goes out for material. Fans, eager to get a taste of egoboo, respond en masse. And then the fun would start... Back would come your manuscript, carrying with it, marked all over the clean sheets, which were further dirtied up by rusted paper clips, such comments as the editor desired to impress the writer with, plus a terse demand to "write this stuff in ENGLISH, and send it back..if it's decent I'll print it."

So then the writer did as bidden, following to the very letter every comment noted in the editor's notes.. He would often sit up the entire night correcting, re-writing, and spending half his pocket money to buy fresh paper, more mailing envelopes in which he could let his Opus to the mails in a flat condition for easier reading by the editor of the fanzine he was trying to get his work printed in.

In a couple of weeks--or months, according to the energy or downright laziness of the editor, back would come his precious Opus once more, scratched and scrawled all over every page like the last one had been, and jammed into an ordinary business envelope with none of the pages in order, many reversed and criss-cross creased in every way imaginable. This, naturally, made the fanwriter very happy, and he held thoughts of love(!!!) for that editor.

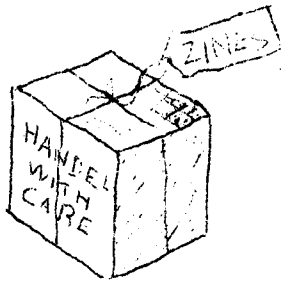
Then he'd work like a farm horse



rewriting, buying more paper and postage, and sending back a neat, well written, order-followed manuscript. His highest height of ecstasy was reached in about two weeks, when the manuscript came back, in the identical shape the last two had. In-cluded this time would be a brief, tart note from the editor:

"Is THIS the very BEST that you can do????????? Brother!! Does this thing STINK! Who in the blue blazing Polka-dot sun ever told you Y-O-U could W-R-I-T-E? ?????????????????????????????? You'd best to return to school, and when you graduate, if you ever do!..join the army digging latrines... Your 'manuscript' is herewith rejected..."

Of course, at this, the fan writer loses the last of his patience and control, and fires back a letter far worse than the fan editor could think up if he tried forty years... A fued developes that embroils so many fans it takes on the appearance of a mineature world war. After the battle clouds have rolled away, he starts putting out his own fanzine, and proceeds to fãbbow the methods and tactics of the editor he'd just wound up a fued with..and so becomes a Gau-line Experienced fan.



It takes sometimes, quite a while to learn all the ropes of fandom, but if persistence prevails, one can become an Expert at making people mad at him. This one factor goes far in making any world conventions at which he may will meet up with some of those he has inksalted..in this event, the results of the meetings provides more excitement than a bob-cat at a dog show.

It is not the wish of this writer to put Bad Ideas into the fuzzy heads that have not yet to be shown by Crifanac, but the one way to truly get another fan's goat is to send him a stink bomb in the next mail...

A Stink Bomb consists of a pound chunk of Limburger Cheese.. Said cheese is first placed on the back of a well-used-and-soaped-up old fashioned wash board, and place in a spot where the hot sun will be directly upon it for the most of a fair day. Then, wrap-pãdghthinkly in waxed paper, again in a sheet of tin or lead foil, then in a heavy paper wrapper, tied securely, and then rewrapped in two thicknesses of heavy wrapping paper, a tag is addressed to the one you wish to inksalt, and tied to the package marked FANZINES...then posted. After that you sit back and await results.

Chances are 50-50 you may not even hear from the inksalted fan, especially if you neglect to place your return address on thr package. But if he is wise to who sent it---watch your mail carefully.

There are many many ways in which fandom can be made to be terrifically exciting, but that's enough, for now...

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(continued from page 8) If you can get a copy for a dollar, by all means do so. I personally will guarantee your satisfaction.

Next issue, my own personal favorite of all the stories ever published. Dear Devil, by Eric Frank Russell.

FANTASY COMMENTS---My files show MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE begin as a weekly in 1889 and continued so untill 1891, when it became a monthly. It continued u untill 1929, when it combined with ALL STORY MAGAZINE to become ARGOST WEEKLY AND MUNSEY'S ALL STORY MAGAZINE. Though not much fantasy was published (my files show only from 1912 through 1929) it had some good titles and used material by such authors as Rohmer, Abdullah, Dreiser, Cummings, England, Benson, and other early fantasy lights.

Len Collins



## FORGOTTEN CLASSICS (Clay Hamlin)

In those countless years since the first stf story was written there have been numerous gems of prose which immediately earned the title of classic and which held on to such acclimation for years. None too plentiful perhaps, but there were some. But there were others that surely deserved more consideration than they attained. Limited distribution played its part, the hardship of buying everything in the genre was a factor to be reckoned with, and the sheer overwhelming numbers of stories made it easy for one to be forgotten. So these epics became consigned to old stacks of yellowed zines, a fate which they surely did not deserve. There were short living pocket book publishers whose titles were sometimes never to be even known. And there were well known authors in some other field who made a brief excursion into the realm of the imaginative, but which the reviews saw fit to overlook. The great American humorist Mark Twain was one such. Steven Vincent Benet can be added to that illustrious list for Doc Melhorn and the Pearly Gates, The Devil and Daniel Webster, and By the Waters of Babylon. Jack London too, and Earl Stanley Gardner, and numerous others.

So to prevent these tales from being consigned to oblivion, here is the first of what I hope will be a regular column reminding of stories that you undoubtedly have never read.

THE DYING EARTH, by Jack Vance. Hillman Periodicals, Inc., #41. Price 25¢ (and try to get it for that price today), published in 1950.

A bit of history first. I recently had a copy of this book, and gave it away to a fan who submitted some remarkable material for a fanzine that I publish. He mentioned that he had heard of it, that Forrie Ackerman did not have a copy in his enormous collection (and this should give you some idea of the scarcity) and did I know where he could get a copy. So I sent it along. Next letter was something of a rave notice. He mentioned that a younger fan saw the thing, and immediately remarked with awe, "It actually exists..."

Yes, it does exist, and stf is the better for it.

You have heard of Jack Vance, you have probably read BIG PLANET. Good story wasn't it? Well this is much better.

The tale is laid in the far distant future, when the sun itself is losing its heat, and the end of the Earth and mankind is in sight. A familiar plot.

With such a setting, thoughts of immense cities, and mechanisms come immediately to mind. A foregone conclusion almost.

Well, it just isn't so. This book tells of a civilization of sorts based on magic. The only mechanisms are spells; words of power which when uttered accomplish the most unlikely things. The few times when machines are used, the magic is much more powerful. Eternal life, a force field to end all force fields, invisibility, a lowering down of the normal time rate, and an exceedingly effective weapon, among others. There are gods and goddesses too, but the human beings make the story. Black Magicians, white magicians, and others which can only be called demons, Blikdak for instance. Javanne the witch, and a true witch she was. Pandelume the Sage in his land of Embelyon. Kandive the Golden, Mazarin the Magician. Guyal of Sferre journeying to the ruins of the Museum of Man, where all knowledge was stored. Liane the Wayfarer, and creatures like the Twk men, and the Deodands. Awe inspiring creations, each and every one.

These words are pitifully inadequate to describe the story. So let me quote one brief paragraph to show what the story is like:

"'Earth,' mused Pandelume. "A dim place, ancient beyond knowledge. Once it was a tall world of cloudy mountains, and bright rivers, and the sun was a white blazing ball. Ages of rain and wind have beaten and rolled the granite, and the sun is feeble and red. The continents have sunk and risen. A million cities have lifted towers, have fallen to dust. In place of the old peoples a few thousand strange souls live. There is evil on Earth, evil distilled by time... Earth is dying and in its twilight, yet is it a place of beauty."

The story has a few disconnected incidents, but the reader does not mind that. Men and women seek magic, knowledge, satisfaction for their lusts and revelty and sloth absorb their time as Earth spins its last few courses and prepares to plunge into eternal night.

This is a classic in the truest sense of the word. (continued on p 8)

HELL'S NOTEBOOKS (Robert Jennings)

There ought to be some kind of law set up to regulate the ebb and flow of fanzines. A few weeks after the second GHOST went out it didn't seem as if I was going to get any fanzines this round. Then in a few more weeks, two trickled in. Good grief, I told myself, if this is all you get for your work and trade... Then things begin coming a few days ago. In at a rate of about two a day, until this present number was reached. I have no idea what tomorrow's mail will bring, but it'll have to wait a month, since the first printing will include this column.

Again this ish is going to widen the circulation, so again I'll explain the rating system. I review and rate, ratings for the very best range from 1, excellent, down through to 10, the very worst. Others or lesser degree are found inbetween.

NEW FRONTIERS/ P.O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, Calif./30¢/or four for a buck/ This second ish photo-offset job brings an article on the Science in Poul Anderson's novel, WE HAVE FED OUR SEA, as a serial, THE ENEMY STARS, as a hardback book. Anderson goes into detail on the reasons for his starship. The science is complicated; I got lost on the way, perhaps you'll have better luck. A nice article on why he wrote SF by Bob Olsen, long and enjoyable. Stanton A. Coblenz comments on the old stf and the new. I disagree, but you read it and decide for yourself. Again the reviews are too long for me. I don't think nine reviews in a quarterly publication, such as this one, are really much use. Too many letters, too many book reviews. This can also be had for trade, an admirable feature, as you faneds will agree. Next issue gives promise of artwork, perhaps. Smaller type than last time too. This is good, don't miss it if you can possibly help it. So it gets a rating of 1

EX CONN #7/ Robert Lambeck, 868 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Michigan/ yours for cash, 10¢, trades, or contributions/ pubbed about once every six weeks/ The thing is marred by the use of yellow paper. If there is any color paper I hate it is the yellow stuff. UGH. But, besides that, the editorials were of some interest, readable let's say. The rest of it is fiction and letters. Not very good fiction at that. A nice illo for a short-short poem would have been better if my copy hadn't been illegible. Then there is a story using Conan as a hero, and like most of these, it doesn't come off. What the writer needs is a little experience and originality. This thing takes up most of the issue, so most of the issue wasn't much interest to me. A very nice pun story by Peggy Cook almost makes up for the Conan piece. Mike Deckinger reviews fanzines, mostly the British, but the editor cuts them and adds some of his own, ruining efficiently both pieces. Letters are featured in a long letter column, but that is the faned's business. It features a good many illos, but these unfortunately aren't much either. I'd say they were above average, and I suppose they do improve the zine a bit. Mainly because of the Cook pun, a rating of 6

ZENITH #1/ Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J./for trade only, probably no future ishes/ Mike claims this is for sercon material, and that it came into being because he got the 'urge to crank again'. Well, it is handled fairly well for something done on the spur of the moment, as he implies. An interesting piece of fiction begins it. Nothing that hasn't been handled a dozen times before and almost that many times better, but it is still interesting. Another one of those articles on the '64 con, written with a slightly different viewpoint. A something science article and some rocket history. Eleven pages. Not too much to tell the truth. Nice if you have few minutes with nothing to do. rating of---6½

YANDRO #85/Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind./monthly, or so claimed anyway/ 15¢ or trades/ This ish is nice mainly because it contains some stf critism. Ted White's column makes nice reading, attempting to place that fantasy novel, Transient that ran in AMAZING. Hope this column continues. Bob Tucker counters Ted White's last column. Read both and I think you'll agree with Tucker. Also read the book in question. A disgusting "poem", news, a thing by Alan Dodd, and fanzine reviews by Bob Coulson. Letters chopped somewhat, which is one case when they shouldn't be. YANDRO's letters are interesting, not many other zines can claim that. Illos throughout, best being the cover. Read for the White and Tucker articles. rating of---4½

THE FANTASY COLLECTOR/714 Pleasant St., Roseville, Calif./10¢/the collector's zine.

There's not really much I can say about it. I suppose the most unusual thing, that is, out of the ordinary, is the use of an electric typer to stencil this ish. This is the magazine for collectors. rating-----4

INSIGHT #1/Jack Cascio, 401 East Central, Benld, Ill./twenty-five cents, trades, and I would guess that maybe letters of comment too, but don't count on it/quarterly/ This, the winter issue, comes my way a little late. INSIGHT is double spaced, and double columned, a waste of valuable typer space, but next ish the zine will single space. I don't know about the double columning though. I imagine the editor will soon find it too much trouble. Illos this ish are nothing, clever use of shading plates for the cover is about the best of the issue, which isn't really much. This is fiction slanted, with a story by the editor, and a poem-story. The editor writes fairly well, but I can't say much for his subject matter. The poem-story has about the only real contact with stf or fandom, excluding the ads. This may possibly improve with the next issues, wait and see. rating----8

PSI-PHI #5/Bob Lichtman & Arv Underman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif./ 20¢ this ish, payment is  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent a page, but trades and worthwhile letters of comment are preferred to money/ quarterly/ Part of this issue is on slick paper, slick like slick paper!! Another part is memoed, the slick part is dittoed. A long con report, which is fairly interest holding. Other bits follow, none of which interest me. Something by Rog Ebert is about the only hold on stf here. The illos in the dittoed section are humorous, faanish, and well done. The ones in the memoed section aren't. They just didn't come out at all. In fact, just about everything in the memoed section didn't agree with me. A piece on, of all things, fudge bars, root beer, and beer, by Leslie Gerber, which strikes me as idiotic. A travel-log for you travel fans no doubt. A Willis piece improves the ish very much. A letter column I couldn't stomach finishes the thing off. I imagine you faaans will like it. I didn't. rating of-----7 $\frac{1}{2}$

I'm through with it this time round. Late zines go in next time. Address all zines to Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee.



a faned's job often leads him into many interesting situations, and offers the use of many new methods and instruments to help him better perform his job.

Ray Rubin

## LITTLE EDITOR, WHAT NOW? (Arthur H. Rapp)

So you've started this serial in ASTOUNDING -- or maybe it's GALAXY -- see, so you want to find the current issue before the dealers turn the unsold copies back to the wholesaler. (I almost wrote "before all the current issue was sold out", but that's a laugh: who ever heard of there being much demand for a stfzine?)

"ASTOUNDING?", says the dealer, when you give up trying to find the zine by sight and question him, "Oh yeh, that's one of those crazy Buck Rogers mags, isn't it? Sure, we handle it, it's back in the corner somewhere."

So you go rooting around in the corner, ignoring the shelves of HOT ROD, PLAYBOY, LITTLE LULU COMICS, movie and confession mags on the eye-level shelves, displayed with their covers showing to attract the attention of the casual browser. (The comics are on the knee-high shelves, but they're eye-level to the comic-book customers, except those past adolescence.) And you ignore the above-eye-level shelves, where ATLANTIC, ANTIOCH REVIEW, BUSINESS WEEK, and the more technical and intellectual wares are stored, presumably on the theory that the eggheads who look for that sort of thing are beanpole types who wander around with their noses in the air anyway.

But you still haven't found that ASTOUNDING. At last you are clobbered with inspiration. Down at floor level, in front of the rack, in a sort of apron projecting out a couple of feet. And on it are stacked LIFE and TIME, and then a row of digest-size stuff like READER'S DIGEST and PAGEANT and CORONET and...but wait, why is there only one stack of all the others and two of PAGEANT? So you pick up the top PAGEANT, and sure enough, you find that there's a whole stack of ASTOUNDING's there, concealed by the fact that someone picked up a copy of PAGEANT to see if their featured article was really as sexy as the blurb sounded, was disappointed, and replaced the zine in the wrong pile.

You know why they put covers on stfmags? No, stupid, it's not just to give the readers something to bitch about, or even to provide space on the inside for the foot-power ad. That cover painting with its lurid colors and improbable monsters is supposed to catch the eye of the guy wandering by the newsstand, and make him dig down for the price of the zine so he can take it home and find out what the picture is all about. And if the editor in his huckster facet gets really desperate, he doesn't even depend on cover-art alone for this. He collects an issue full of stories with at least one BEM in each, and then blurbs his front cover "SPECIAL MONSTER ISSUE" -- in the naive hope that the unsuspecting buyer will interpret this as a bargain, extra-large magazine for the usual price.

At the time I write this, there is one stfzine currently on the stands which really attracts attention -- it's Hans Stefan Santesson's FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. Why? Because, unlike the rest of the field, FU is in the 6x9 (or thereabouts) size which takes up too much space on the floor, so the dealers stick it in the racks where the zines overlap to show at least part of each cover. And while Santesson's purple-and-brown color schemes may induce active nausea after you contemplate it a bit, at least it stands out among the reds and yellows which the majority of its neighbors on the stands use.

I applaud Santesson for this: he's supposed to be getting as much circulation for his zine as possible, and he's using his imagination in doing so, which is what the publishers pay him for. But how many other stfzine editors do so? Remember back when all the pulps went digest size (there weren't many digest-size mags at the time, so when they did, they moved out of the pulp racks into a more prominent position.) And then all the pulps went digest-size in a mad rush -- and the stfzines were right in the middle of the stampede.

Now I'll concede that no doubt a number of these format changes were out of the hands of the editor: the publisher said "all our pulps will go digest-size" and that was that. But the point is, the stfzine editor is supposed to be looking into the future: if digest-size was the way to increase sales, he should have deduced it long before the editors of the mundane pulps, and if, as Santesson now seems to be demonstrating, the way to get prominent display is not to go along with the crowd, the stfzine editor should have been pounding the editorial conference tables and pleading to retain his old format.

If you can recall, or have ever seen, the "bedsheet size" ASTOUNDINGS of the early '40's, join me in a bit of fantastic imagining: suppose Campbell put out his current issue in that format. The package of assorted zines arrives from the wholesaler, and the newsstand dealer begins unpacking it. When he comes across the ASTOUNDING's

he is baffled. It seems to be one of those crazy Buck Rogers things, all right, but with differences. It has a dignified, wide-bordered cover, it's large, like HARPERS and ATLANTIC, and even on that pulpy paper such as the college-sponsored literary quarterlies use. Finally, baffled, he decides it's not a pulp magazine at all, but a quality publication, so he puts it on the "intellectual" shelf, where it stands out like a headlight among the non-pictorial covers of its neighboring zines. And where it sells to people who wouldn't be caught dead reading a "trashy pulp."

Owell, it's a nice dream, but I doubt that any stfzine editor has the imagination to do such a thing with his format. It would take too much arguing with the publisher; and after all, it might not work.

But then, if what Harlan Ellison says is true, and magazine science-fiction is doomed to slow extinction, to be taken over entirely by the paperback books and the girlie mags, what has an editor to lose by experimenting with format changes? If stf is the literature of the future, it should look ahead of the crowd and be pioneering physical changes as well as talking about them.

What will magazines look like ten or fifteen years from now?

That is what the stfzines should look like today!



THE WAILING HOPE (Horace Ghost) // of course this isn't Horace's real name, but he won't tell us any more, so we're stuck///

Due to circumstances beyond editorial control, this column will appear. Horace sneaked in the proofs when I wasn't looking.

Recently I was asked to <sup>IMPLACE</sup> impact my sterling personality into a cheap, common magazine. I flatly refused, until I was told the name of it's editor, one Bob Jennings. He informed me I would be writing for MONDAY EVENING GHOST. Then I realized I had been in error. I suspected it would be a classic example of stupidity, idiocy, and general blundering all around, and I wanted to be on hand to taunt and jeer at Bob's failure. (cackle, cackle)

Agast! Once more I was wrong. The editor, a person I had met and been on many haunting trips with before proceeded to ignore me. He seemed the type who considered Mack the Knife merely a gay blade; batty as Termuncy Church. Just what can you do with that kind? So I decided to reform the magazine. I decided to raise the poor, lowly, disgusting hackwork and miserable circulation up from the gutter, to the heights of public acclaim, in ghosthood. After all, it all ready had the name for it. The thing would be ghost slanted, and to the grave with SF and neos. But I underestimated the staff and ignoring power of the editor, so this issue will be science fiction slanted, but next issue... The witch waves two lanterns in the moonlight, one if by mimeo and two if by duffer..

But getting back to the business on hand, or off hand.. That reminds me of a character I met the other day. The Mummy's Hand. We met in back of Cemetary Lane's Dead Beat, a sort of jazz house we frequent. I think Hand has just gone a little far with this beatnik stuff, why, he can hardly keep a grip on his fingers anymore, snapping and twitching all over the place, and some of the beat stuff he talks is even beyond me. Hand begin telling me about a cute zombie he had housed at his pad a while back. Hand always was a bragger though, so I decided to cut him down a little.

"Hand, you kinda remind me of a goul on a cliff, once you start down you just can't stop."

"Oh, and what do you mean by that?" Hand asked rather coldly.

"I mean that if get the cobwebs out of your stories, even they are going to fall asleep listening to you." // don't ask us, that's the way it was written///

Hand's an odd character. The Dead Beat is full of odd-dolls. Take this ghost I ran through from Florida way. He had a nice tan, but I don't think it's from the Florida sun myself. Some of us...you know. He'll probably lose that tan with all the weather around here, but he claims he likes the snow. Probably because of so much time spent elsewhere.

He claimed to have met one of my old army buddies, from the 19870 division. That's the division that I led in glorious attack and victory while I was overseas in one of those little wars. // that was too much. We inturupt this to set the record straight. The only army Horace was ever in was a band of British ruffians he scrap-ped up and tacked on numbers to make it look respectable. He led them down to miserable defeat when the group tryed to storm a whiskey distillery. The whole band scattered at one shot from the outraged owner, and Horace was right there in the lead./// But my war memories are for some other time.

I'll explain more about this character some other time, he stayed around here quiet a while. I've purchased a new house, more to the center of the cemetary. It's a nice place, the shingles are falling in; the roof leaks; the floors are warped and squeek wonderfully; and the spiders seem to have adopted the house as a long time convention hall. A really wonderful place, and I got it for a scream. Only one thing wrong, I suspect the place nearest me, about five miles away, is inhabited by live humans. @'m running out of things to say, so I'll close here.

///wall we're not running out of things to say. After this, the first, and probably the last commentary by Horace, I think some of the staff will get together and write something about Horace, to show you readers what kind of ghost he really is. Perhaps in the fourth or fifth ish///

INSANITY (Joyce Hurt)

The midnight depths swirl and fume with mystic patterns.  
Deep in the soul's black night, murky flames twist and rise  
On tortured wings up to the winless skies.

And deep within, a voice cries out for light,  
A thin, small voice that shrieks its agong and pain  
And pleads for peace to come again.

Shadows deepen and the madness grows and grows,  
And weird black shapes commence their flutterings  
And the voice is nought but senseless mutterings.

---

A WEREWOLF'S LAMENT (Gene Tipton)

Why do you fear me, and those of my kind?  
I am but a fading myth, the product of man's once benighted mind.  
Flee from me not; your pity I would not seek;  
Knowledge and science have rendered me weak.  
Vanishing are the forces on which I thrive,  
Ignorance and superstition, from these; life I derive.  
The power of a silver bullet to distroy me is naught,  
When compared to the destructive blow which man's enlightened mind has wrought.

---

THE SHACKLED (Mike Deckinger)

Reprinted from YANDRO #75, with the kind permission of Robert Coulson,  
Co-editor of YANDRO, and Mike Deckinger

We are the shackled, the chained,  
Shackled by unseen forces,  
Imprisoned by abstract lusts,  
Living in seething pits,  
Fighting in seething pits,  
Dying in seething pits,  
In raging dispair,  
In hellish disbelief,  
Everything surrounded,  
Nowhere freed,  
Release is but an interval,  
Time is but a stoppage,  
All is but a hell.

---

THE ROAD OF LIFE (Gene Tipton)

Ahead of me the dusty road begins to bend.  
Dense trees conceal what lies beyond the end.  
When reaching that turn, what shall I find?  
Poverty---sorrow? Or will good fortune be mine?  
'Tis best n.t to know what awaits past yonder curve.  
I fear I could not continue; I would not have the nerve!

---

And now students, we will preform Issic Newton's great immoral experiment---  
a slip f the tongue

---

There is no snob on Earth like an apa snob---Seth Johnson

---

People are the poorest conductors of knowledge known

---

Quotes don't really take up much space at the end of any page-- A A Fan

THE WRITINGS OF A CONFIRMED CYNIC

by  
Robert Jennings

This issue Clay Hamlin again returns with his answer to my answer to his answer to my article. If you can't follow this, think of it as his entry in our current debate. To Mr. Hamlin's current piece without further ado---

Since our friend and editor Bob has seen fit to stack the deck against me in the matter of printing his answer right after my letter, let's see what can be done to discomfort him. Well, for one, this arguement, discussion if you wish, has been carried over into our personal correspondence, so why not take advantage of it by including in this defense of the "golden age" of stf all the matters he hasn't answered particularly well in said letters.

There is the ~~matter of~~ ~~where~~ ~~his~~ knowledge of that era came from. He says that he got it from anthologies, and zines. The zines, as is rather obvious were the old AMAZINGS, and the Gernsback zines. Yes boys and girls, he hasn't read an FFM. Why? Cause he says it wasn't published till 1939, which is outside the dates under discussion. Now that does seem rather reasonable at first glance. Untill one remembers that FFM was a reprint zine. No new material was presented. By delving into the so-called Munsey classics and hard covers that were almost impossible to find even in those days, they presented full length novels, not the short stories that must of necessity comprise anthologies.

Friends, one statement in his latest letter shows just what preparation our editor has made in stating such a violent opposition to the stories of that era. He states, (capitals my own) "TRUTHFULLY, I HAVE NEVER READ ANY MERRITT." That's what the man said. Figure out for yourself just how qualified anyone is to judge that particular age under such conditions. Considered that Merritt was responsible for two distinct types of stories, as examples; BURN WITCH BURN and THE MOON POOL. This is about on a par with someone attempting criticism of detective stories without having read either Earl Standley Gardner or Mikey Spillane. And since it seems that at one time Abe was imitated in style and plot by about half the authors, you can surely figure out how much of the good material he does not know about.

I'll give him one thing. He doesn't like being the target of fanatics who constantly tell how much better those days were. That is a personal thing, and outside of this argument, which is more to entertain the readers than to convince him, he is entitled to a little peace on the subject. Our Bob states he is willing to be convinced, and I think it can be done. Various things from my collection will be dispatched to attempt that.

Since he read AMAZINGS isn't it obvious why those plots he mentioned were used as ammunition? There were plenty of space opera things in that zine. Particularly in the early days. And later on that kind of thing went to PLANET STORIES. Yet even they had their audience. Purists of today still gripe about AMAZING and FANTASTIC being written for kids. And that is exactly what they are intended for. To get the readers who have just discovered imaginative literature. No critical sense to speak of, top notch writing is hardly necessary to appeal to that group. Conversely, they just naturally have more excitement in them. Adventure stories, pure and simple, with some new ideas, not necessarily fully developed. Each zine in the old days, and today too, had its own particular audience. Some of the crudities of those olden times showed up, and particularly so they are obvious to those who read them today, when they are the kind who have passed on to something different, the F&SF readers; those who prefer GALAXY or ASTOUNDING. Still, there were stories by Nelson Bond, John Collier, Doc Smith, and ever so many others. Not one of which has ever been accused of crudeness of writing, which is why his anthologies were the worst place to look for the top stories of that time. Simply because the good stories of those days were presented in a single collection, by a single author. Anyway, anthologies never could present the best stories, many zines simply would not allow anthologizing, and that practice still occurs to this day.

Bob practically accuses me of disliking stf of this day. Thinking that only old stories can please me. Boy, is that a laugh. Every copy of every zine



published that I can find is always persuaded carefully in hopes that something will be comparable to those elder ones I love so well. And did you know, sometimes it happens. There are plenty of good satires these days, usually novel length as always, but an Eric Frank Russell short story makes the cost of the poorest zine well paid for. So too for Sturgeon, and countless others. But still there is an awful lot of junk presented too. It was always thus, and always will be.

And Bob, finally, I'll let you in on a little secret, stf isn't even my favorit reading. Main-line fiction often offers ever so much more to the one who is willing to wade through a mass of junk to find the little gem.

Everyone let Bob know when you get tired of reading this arguement, and perhaps we will change the subject to something else that might interest you more. Fair enough?

#### The Answer

Well Clay, I don't see how I could have harmed your case too very much by printing my answer right after your piece. What would you have me do? Print your piece one issue and my answer the next? That would be a sure way to lose the reader's interest. I notice that while you don't like my placing my answer right after your piece, (you don't bother to take it apart) or disagree with it, or even so much as comment on it. This, I take it, is a sign that you agree completely with everything said in my answer last time? Surely there can be no other reason for you avoiding it so carefully.

I don't print our personal correspondence in which I haven't answered so well, for the same reason I don't print our correspondence where you haven't answered so well. It would not give the readers a strong debate for one, and then too, I don't think personal correspondence should be flashed through any zine. I think you are just a bit underhanded with using our correspondence, but I might as well go on and point out some things in your piece this time too.

For your information I got my material from anthologies, for shorts, novels, for the longer stories, (susposively the "best" of the crop) and single author collections were included. Zines I read also, to cover any possible ground left out. I lie to think that I looked over the "golden era" pretty well. True I did not read any Merritt, but for you I have bothered to try to get some of his novels. I'll come back to that later.

Now on this matter of the FFM's. At first sight, your argument, that FFM was a reprint mag seems logical enough, untill you bother to remember that it reprinted material that also came from years outside of this supposed "golden era". FFM was a Munsey reprint mag, and if you'll bother to check you'll find that most of the Munsey magazines died before 1930. In other words, the material FFM reprinted from was also outside the years under consideration, so your "proff" with FFM doesn't hold up at all. I do believe that ARGOSY lasted sometime into the thirties, the so called "gol'n era", but I don't think any other Munsey fantasy was printed during that time.

Now on this Merritt. True, I haven't read any Merritt, which is unfortunate, since you seem to depend so much on him to support your case. But this part here, "since it seems that at one time Abe was imitated in style and plot by about half the authors, you can surely figure out how much good material he does not know about." Well, perhaps Merritt is good stuff, I wouldn't know, but if he was imitated in style and plot by about half the writers; then I don't think your "golden era" had too much to offer. Considering that any imitation of the real thing will fall short of the actual writing. Usually an imitation will be a shabby mess, because the author is trying to imitate someone else's style and thereby can't let his own show through. I imagine most of the Merritt imitations weren't really worth the time it took to imitate. And I imagine a lot of the fans in that "golden era" weren't very pleased to see these imitations of what you say was their best writer. I know I wouldn't appreciate it if a group of writers begin turning out material in close imitation to Heinlein or Sturgeon or Clark.

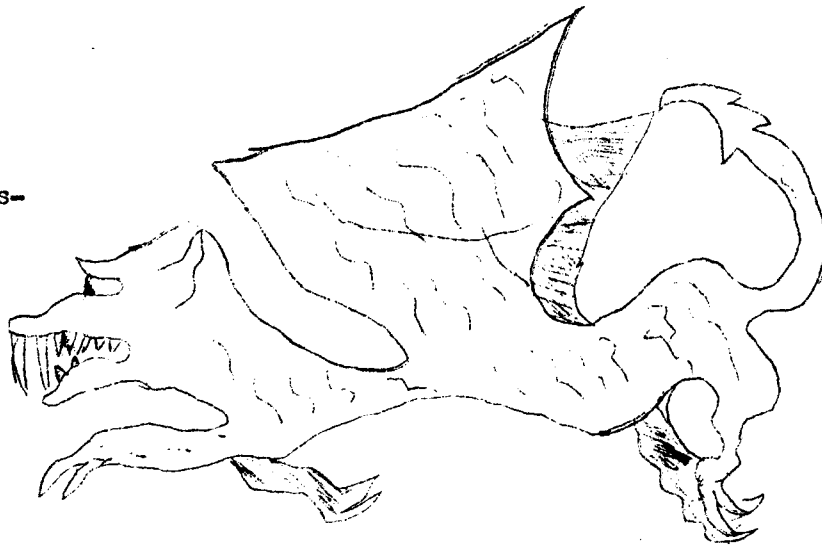
I'm glad you are willing to allow me the peace of mind from others who shout their praises to this s-called "golden era". Now this I don't understand. You first say that this arguement is more to convince the readers than convert me, and then you say that since I am willing to be entertainm<sup>ed</sup>, it can be done; and you imply you are the one to do it, Which one are you doing? Just talking, or trying to convert me?

cont'd on p. 18<sup>-17-</sup> on back of p. 20

PRE-HYSTERICAL MONSTERS Part Two (the staff)

This cute little thing is the Baby-candyius-atorous, known everywhere as the Commie Caper. This nickname is applied because of his somewhat unusual interest in politics. He is a staunch Party man, and regularly attends the Party meetings. His unexpected visits lend much to the excitement and drama of politics in action. He is often the last to leave an especially well attended meeting, showing his vivid interest in each and every member. His wide bat-like wings allow him maximum support, so he is able to glide gracefully aloft, where his wide bat wings cause no end of trouble to Air Force radar stations, and it is believed that fully half of the so called UFO reports can be attributed to this unique creature. His peculiar eyes have a weird effect on all living matter; they instantly create dislike and distrust. This is unfortunate, since this is undoubtedly one of the friendliest creatures the staff has ever encountered. His attractive features and his sweet cuddly appearance make him a pet anyone would be proud to own. He eats raw meat, preferably fresh, and isn't particular what kind it is. He only eats 34 times a day, and is, if well fed, lovable and affectionate. However, just let him miss one meal, and he is willing to kill anything in sight, including his owner. If you should meet this monster in the wild, the best thing to do is--- pray.....

Baby-candyius-atorous

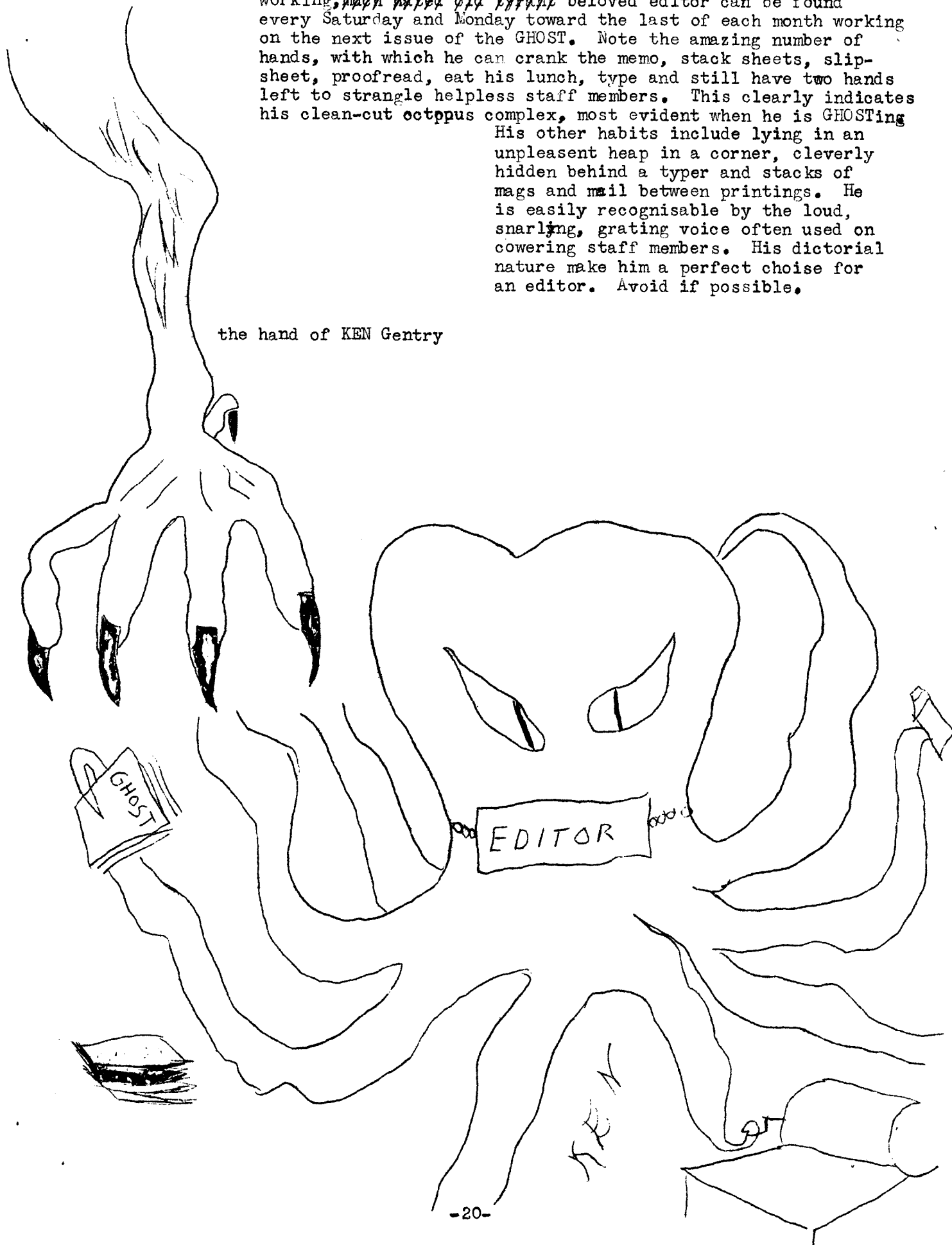


This is the hand of KEN Gentry, ace artist, cartoonist, and murderer. Note the long tapering fingers, used successfully to grasp a pencil for that "right" effect, while cartooning his little space thing. Also they are "right" for other little things; safe cracking; strangulation. The long claws are merely a heritory prenagulation, whatever that means. They have many uses, all to unusual to place in this clean, honest family zine. KEN is a strange sort, leading what might be best described as a double life. By day he draws his space thing, but by night he changes into a fearsome monster, stalking through the ill lit streets frightening teen aged girls and such. This strange night wanderer has some dark secret hidden in his past, some awful secret that is too horrid to share with the rest of the very talkitive staff. He often snarls viciously while the GHOST is being run off, clawing and snapping playfully at any stranger that dares enter our domain. However we take this in good spirit, merely one of his little unpleasenties. It is the big unpleasenties that bother us. Because of his somewhat handsome features, we shant show his features, you know, shock effect and all that. But, despite all that we've said, he's really a Good Joe, or would be if his name weren't KEN, and since his name is KEN, he is vicious as a tigar. This handsome young rogue, this dashing playboy, is in the market for some girl, young and beautiful. So if you happen to be young and beautiful, and young, and happen to see KEN coming your way, run, you might make it.

Surprise, this next creature isn't a Pre-Hysterical Monster at all, but the editor of the GHOST, Bob Jennings. This hard working, ~~highly valued old tyrrant~~ beloved editor can be found every Saturday and Monday toward the last of each month working on the next issue of the GHOST. Note the amazing number of hands, with which he can crank the memo, stack sheets, slip-sheet, proofread, eat his lunch, type and still have two hands left to strangle helpless staff members. This clearly indicates his clean-cut octppus complex, most evident when he is GHOSTing

His other habits include lying in an unpleasent heap in a corner, cleverly hidden behind a typer and stacks of mags and mail between printings. He is easily recognisable by the loud, snarling, grating voice often used on cowering staff members. His dictorial nature make him a perfect choise for an editor. Avoid if possible.

the hand of KEN Gentry



Now me go on and he makes the assumption that all I read was AMAZINGS. It's obvious you didn't bother to check, in fact you didn't bother to explain why you thought I read all AMAZINGS. Those plots I used last time as ammunition were some of the worst I could find, so naturally I would use them as ammunition. Let's not forget, by the way, that while you are busily trying to prove that the AMAZING of the "golden era" contained nothing really worth reading, and therefore shouldn't be counted, that for a while the type of things that made AMAZING made up all the mags on the market. Take a look at the Gernsback mags which for five years in the thirties made up most of the reading entertainment. ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, and whatever mag Gernsback currently had issued made up the early stf reading. Seeing as you use letters, I might as well. In our correspondence you have implied that the ASTOUNDING of then wasn't much, and here you groung AMAZING, and in other letters you seem to eliminate the Gernsback mags. This far you have eliminated most of the reading of that "golden era". I suppose you want the field narrowed down to just one or two authors, or perhaps one short living mag? In the balance, the amount of crud produced in your so-called "golden era" overweighed, much overweighed, what good material was produced. And some of the things you would call good don't really seem so worthwhile when you compare it to the SF we have today.

And by the way, have you noticed the change in AMAZING over the past half a year? I think a new better AMAZING is in the making.

Since you say you but every mag you can, in hopes of finding stories like those of the "golden era", I would be greatly interested to know just what kind of story pleases you. You as much as say you don't appreciate the adventure stuff published throughout that time. What kind of SF do you like anyway?

So stf isn't your favorite form of reading, it is my favorite. Some of the main-line novels are worth reading, but I would prefer SF before that. I do other reading besides stf too, but I don't really see how your statement is connected to this discussion. Remembering that this is a discussion on SF.

Alright Clay, this is the end of my answer.

Whenever the reader, that's you, gets tired of this, do tell me and we can finish this. Otherwise we can battle this question over for a few more issues.

THE END

ONE AGAINST HERCULUM by Jerry Sohl,  
Ace D-381 1959 124 pp. 35¢

Expanded from a shorter novelet in SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, this hardly seems worth the trouble. Alan Demuth is a flyer cabman on Herculum. He takes the yearly test to improve his rating, feeling sure he can rise, possibly to executive status. Bohannen, the Status Director, tells him his tests place him below his present rating. He proceeds to prepose doctoring the records and making Alan an executive for a ten percent kickback. It seems he has a regular racket of this. Incensed, Alan refuses and goes to Branner, thinking that the Director of Herculum can help him. Branner doesn't believe it believing him just another sore-head.

Alan decides to join the Criminals and kill Bohannen. The Police have a regular game each day with the Criminals declaring their intentions and trying to commit their crimes without getting captured. If they succeed, without being captured within the twenty-four hour period, they win a certain number of points, dependent upon the crime and whether they specify the object of the crime. Alan's choice of murder, with the Status Director as victim has the highest points, with death as the reward for failure.

What little drive the novel has stems from this quest, his falling in with a group of Insurgents, living in the sewers; their attempts to bring proof of corruption to Branner's attention, always harried by the crooked police. It all seems overly familiar. A ho-hummer.

Len Collins

STAFF VERS.(ES) AN UNKNOWN WRITER

We want to apologize to Mike Deckinger for not having a ~~slender~~ satire of him in the Pre-Hysterical Monster section this time. However, to help substitute for that, this poem is included. It was written by Unknown Writer, but we actually suspect that is just a pen name for a fan called Nameless Anonymous, but that's unproved, of course. We hope this form of ~~slender~~ satire will become popular.

It was a clear and lonely night, /  
By Millburn on the Rhyme,  
Where sat the stately Deckinger,  
As whisked from ~~mitch~~ in time.  
ST ITC

This lonely, bold and clever fan,  
Whose fame is known to all,  
Holds in his heavy muscular hands,  
Some zines, his one downfall.

Ah pity this poor resolute soul,  
Who knew not when this fate begin,  
When whisked into this pit of hell,  
By a former fanish friend.

This "friend", a cad, no doubt,  
Had used one zine, or some,  
To pull one more into the pit,  
That place now known as fandom.

Ah see the stately fanish form,  
Against the pale moonlight,  
Ah see his brave and muscular form,  
And eyes that strain against the night.

As he pauses ~~ore~~ some ill typed page,  
Of one such well known zine,  
Ah see the struggling fellow,  
And the flickering light does gleam.

The fellow sit~~th~~ by one light,  
And a lonely typer bright,  
Where nimble fingers and flashing wit,  
Are portrayed throughout the night.

With his typer to the right,  
And pro mags piled on high,  
He types on through the thick or thin,  
Till Ga~~f~~ia, or time does die.

One letter gone, six more to go,  
Where does the trail now end?  
Who knows the life he might have led,  
The life that might have been?

Here a stamp, and there a page,  
And now he only hopes,  
That with these many letters,  
There'll still be envelopes.

He pauses a moment in firm debate,  
His typing is finally done,  
A moment's rest for the noble faned?  
No---a memo now to run.

With hands stained from the memo ink,  
With stamps now lifted high,  
One more shot for apa,  
Before the ink runs dry.

He writes for many a zine,  
EX CONN, HOCUS, and NAPA too,  
ZENITH, CLAMBER, OMPA,  
And GHOST; ah sweet egoboo.

His long and sensitive fanish hands,  
Grasp every cent they hold,  
For without ink, paper, and mimeo-  
graph,  
his zines would surely fold.

Yet on into the morning sun,  
Doth the stately faned work,  
He knows his fanish duty,  
And never does he sh~~rk~~.

Never a moment's rest,  
For this fanish typer's hand,  
He know~~s~~ his duty oh too well,  
He claims the name of Fan.

See the stately Deckinger,  
With weak and suffering (???) smile,  
He thinks the many fanish thoughts,  
And pretends it's all worthwhile.

You've seen this poor misguided soul,  
You've seen his plight and fate,  
Remember now this word of advice,  
Get out before it's too late!!!!



VOICE OF THE SPIRITS  
OR  
THE EDITOR ANSWERS WITH A FIFTH

Len Collins, Route #4, Church Hill, Tennessee

Now for the latest issue of the GHOST. Liked the cover better. A good lettering job on the title would help. The editorial still rambles, but maybe you're just a locuacious individual. No gripe, I enjoy those editorials. Deckinger's article was fine. Liked KEN's cartoons this time more than last. Your article about Leland Hale was all right, since I'm not familiar with him. I think I enjoyed most your setto with Clay Hamlin. That was ~~whathmade~~ it worth while.

Incidentally, Hamlin is right in his figures on Merritt. The Putnam edition of an early Merritt (forgot which one) has never been out of print in forty years. I doubt if even a Burroughs book can make that statement. And Avon has sure made a mint with their various editions of Merritt. I don't doubt that sales of Merritt's books have been greater than any other writer, besides Burroughs, and that includes Heinlein.

But not so with Lovecraft, regardless of the extremely high prices his books have commanded, all editions of his books have been so small as to not be worth assessing. That includes the two Gollancz editions printed in England.

Francis Stevens was not a penname for Merritt. Her name was Gertrude Bennett, and while little is known about her and what became of her, she was definitely not Merritt. But in her five year writing span, she wrote some remarkable yarns. I have never read anything quite like her Citadel of Fear.

My idea on this question goes like this: Look ahead and keep up with what is being produced today. But don't forget the good things that are part of the past. Both eras have their standouts.

///I concede the point that Merritt sells more than any other writer, and I think his books do practically make Avon. I did not know this information about Francis Stevens though, and I think Clay might be interested in seeing it.

I think your views, that the fiction of today is fine, but we should not forget the fiction of yesteryear is shared by most people. However, I am of the opinion that today's fiction is better than most of the fiction of the past, which is what makes up the core of the debate.

Incidentally, Len has an excellent article coming up in the fifth issue, and has his Fantasy Comments sprinkled throughout this and the next issue.///

Emile Greenleaf, sorry, but the address is presently misplaced

My main criticism of your magazine is in such matters as typos and misspellings, which everyone seems to be gleefully pointing out to you. But this you know. But I think the magazine's appearance would be greatly improved if you'd indent new paragraphs further than you do, and/or skip a line between paragraphs. As it is, the pages have an overcrowded look.

I began reading SF in 1943, and cut my teeth on the prozines of the day. I found that my preference ran to ASF, FF,, WEIRD TALES, and the better stories in STARTLING and TWS. I liked (and still do) Merritt, Lovecraft, H.G. Wells, Stapledon, and in a thud-and-blunder mood, Burroughs. Around 1949-51 we had a local club, and several of the members had been reading since the early thirties. They used to talk about how wonderful the old stories were, such as the Skylark series. I would remark that all I had been able to find were the Lensmen series, and though I considered them space opera, I thought they were good space opera. "oh," they would say, "wait till you read the Skylark stories. The Lensmen series can't compare!" The they would rhapsodize over the "golden age".

To make a long story short, I finally got around to reading SKYLARK OF SPACE and a few other stories of the "golden age". What a letdown! I fail to see how anyone who has looked over the SF field, at least the magazines, cannot observe that the best SF of today is far superior to what passed as the best twenty-five or thirty-five years ago.

Does anyone imagine that the science-fiction fans of a quarter of a century ago, much less the magazines, would have accepted CHILDHOOD'S END, THE STARS MY DESTINATION, or Clad Oliver's recent anthropology-based stories? Give them their choice between Heinlein's DOUBLE STAR and THE LEGION OF SPACE, and which



do you think they would have pick-  
ed?

What don't I like, by and large  
in the old stf, which I think the  
more modern stories have altered  
or eliminated

For one thing, the nice little  
narrow, boy-scoutish code of morals,  
which assumes automatically t h a t  
the middel class American J u d e o  
-Christian standards are valid ferr  
all of time and space. You nev er  
see the hero and girl look at each  
other except as though the girl's  
old aunt were sitting in the same  
room with them. And one of the re-  
asons, to my mind, why the storiés  
of Merritt and Stapledon are still  
fresh and alive is because t h e y  
were quite realistic in the matter  
of relationships between man a n d  
woman.

Another grip of mine was the was  
the nice little arrangement of every  
thing into good or bad, with no mid-  
dle ground. Can you imagines a n y  
magazine of 1935 publishing T H E  
STARS MY DESTINATION, with the hero,  
Gully Foyle, who cheats, robs, rapes,  
murders, and does everything imagin-  
able untill he slowly comes to the  
realization that man does need ethics?

Also, if any alien appeared in the  
stories, he was either good or bad.  
Very seldom was the idea put across  
that an alien culture could be total-  
ly different from us, without being  
"good" or "bad",

Inconclusion, it is my opinion  
that at the beginning the best SF  
was published in books, and it was  
not untill Campbell took over ASTOUND-  
ING that the magazines began approa-  
ching the books in maturity and  
treatment of style and character  
delineation. And in many cases, the  
magazines of today publish the  
best stories FIRST.

Bob, I am hearily in favor of your  
effort to make MEG into a SF-centred  
zine. Fandom and fanish chatter I  
like, but ocasionally I like to  
kick around a few ideas on SF proper.

//Well from the first of your  
letter, I think spelling has im-  
proved a bit this ish. I had  
never bothered too much with the

paragraph indentions. I notice that most other zines use a three space indention,  
whereas I just use two. I don't think it really makes that much difference. I  
couldn't very well skip spaces between paragraphs, too much stencil space wasted.  
I think the crowded look last time came from the lack of illos. That has been  
changed this round, as you see.

I enjoy some SO, but so much of it, and SO handeled in a bad way, then I don't

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There is something of interest inside for you  
you have some egoboo in this ish  
you gave me some good advice  
you gave me some bad advice  
you are a BNF  
you are a WKN  
WE are LKF  
I WANT A LETTER OF COMMENT  
why didn't YOU comment last ish?  
That's no excuse  
you bought it (ha ha, no backing out now)  
perminant sub  
sub (sucker)  
subscribe to this thing, I need the money  
your sub is about to expire  
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 Pre-Hysterical Monsters  
this is a sample copy, you know what to expect now  
your name was given to me by a mutual ~~friend~~ friend  
you signed one of my quote cards  
I stold your name from some letter col  
review this for me  
I felt sorry for you  
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  
why hasn't your trade arrived yet?  
I like the sound of your name  
you happen to be a special friend of the editor's  
we correspond regularly, but you'd better buy next ish, or you ~~might~~ might not get next ish  
N3F

buy next issue  
you'll get next issue  
we have things in common; just you, me, and Dracula  
this is from me to you to let you know I still exist  
let me know you exist too  
your last ish unless I hear from you  
you will not receive next ish unless you do something QUICK  
this is absolutely your last issue  
who is Brother Frank Jares?  
I want a special type comment on a part of this zine, the part that happens to be underlined on the contents page  
unless you send something tangible, like money or a trade, or at least a printable letter of comment, you will not receive next issue  
why do you hate me?  
you have done me a favor  
you owe me a favor  
I owe you a favor  
unless you at least read this I'll vote NARY!!!!  
help me with a project  
when will the project be finished?  
you know Horace, you poor wretched soul  
the postal services will be even slower unless you restaple this and deliver it  
partial payment for your kindness  
full payment for your kindness  
to help speed your immediate death  
kindly argue with me  
kindly discuss with me  
you are a ~~staff~~ staff member  
freeloader  
we had a goul time together  
I hate you but you have a facinating personality  
I just dislike you for other reasons  
you sell old magazines  
so this is merely a courtesy  
and I'd like to do business  
kindly chock on this  
please sub to this, for real  
I don't know  
you are new to me and I don't know much about you. If you are a faned please trade with me. If not please comment and/or buy next ish.