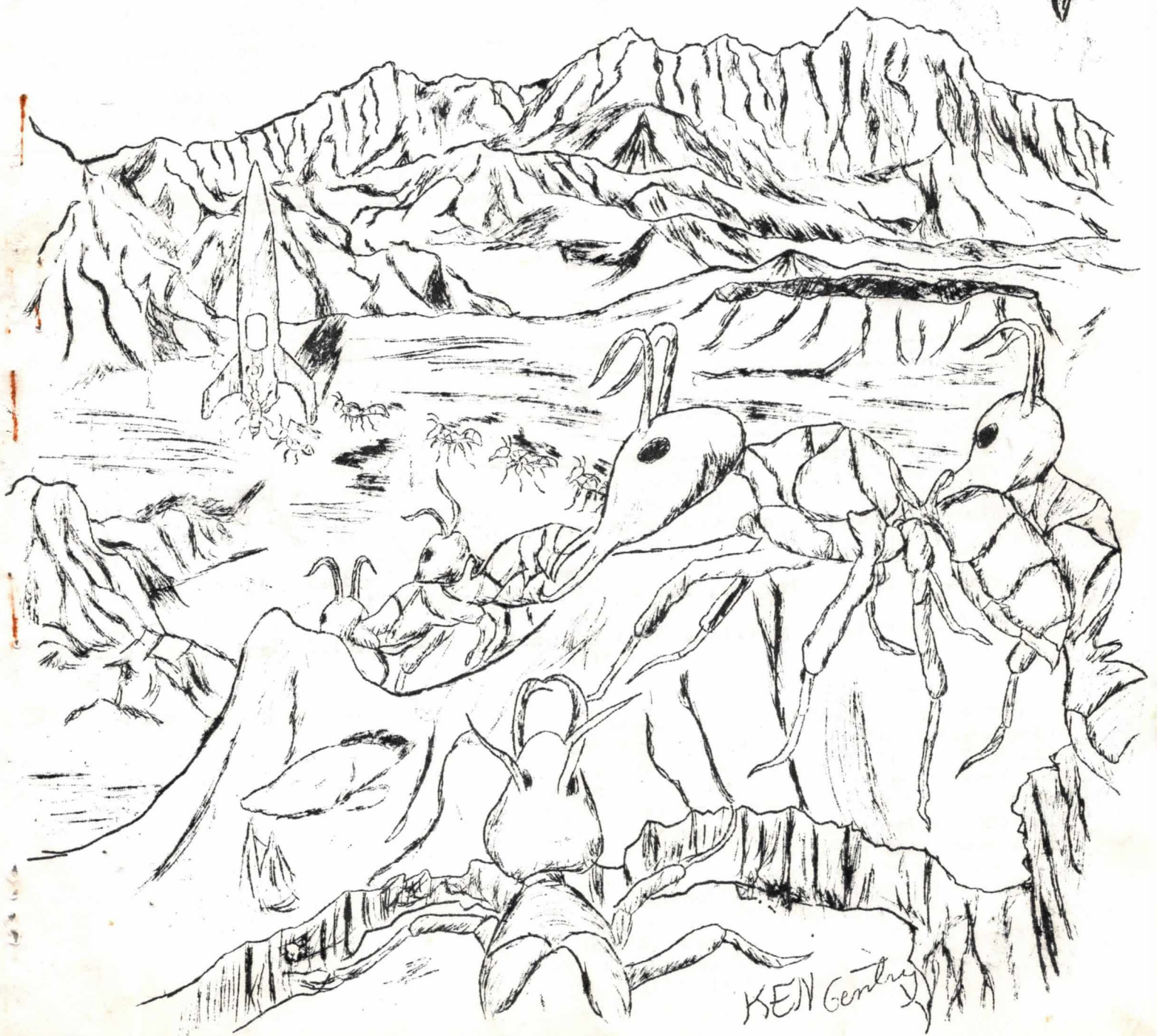


#5

The MONDAY EVENING GHOST



THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST

A 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 as the editor happens to feel at the time. Mainly though, it's a monthly. You can get a copy of this by buying it (fifteen cents a single copy, \$1.50 for twelve issues), have some material printed herein, or having a letter of comment printed. You might possibly get a copy of this for a letter of comment, but I'm weeding out the mailing list and a lot of commenters-only are going to go. This is sent to you (lucky, lucky you) by---Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tenn.

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST July 1960 Vol.---1 No.---5 THIS IS THE FIFTH ISSUE

A listing of the existing staff---

- Robert Jennings-----editor/publisher
- Mike Deckinger-----columnist and frequent contributor
- Clay Hamlin-----columnist and frequent contributor
- Linda Kay Jones and Joyce Hurt---helpful and infrequent contributors

ART STAFF

---and---

- Lynne Manley---nothing this round
- KEN Gentry-----cover, 4, 6, 10

ART CREDITS

- Ralph Rayburn Phillips---7,8
- George Metzger-----4,5
- Al Andrews-----12
- Adkins-----14
- The Evil Eye-----3,10,11,12

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The GHOST always needs material. What happened to YOUR article? Send it along--- TODAY!!!!

Next Issue

Perhaps a snarl for you---

A cover by Ralph Rayburn Phillips begins things. Dirty ole pro Bob Farnham returns with part two of his Advice to a Neofan. That article by Peggy Cook that was squeezed out this round will definately be in next ish. Plus the regular columns and a surprise or two I save until next ish.

Our Cry of the Year---

"help bring SF back to the fanzine"
HELP SPREAD CIRCULATION!! YOU TOO CAN BE UNPOPULAR IN YOUR SPARE TIME, PASS ON THIS COPY OF THE GHOST TO A FRIEND (or an enemy) AND HELP SPREAD CIRCULATION!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

EDITORIAL (Robert Jennings)

If any of you are keen careful observiors, you will notice that this issue of the GHOST is dated July, whereas last issue was dated May. And again if you pause to remember that this is supposed to be a monthly fanzine, you will stumble across another observation, that two months have passed, by the dates anyway, since you were blessed with a copy of this zine. But then again, if you will take time to notice the contents page you will also notice that this fanzine is monthly or bi-monthly as the editor prefers, and this issue the editor preferred to make it a two months' wait. Which should explain that.



Do you honestly think the rest of this page is worth reading?

Last issue was well received, with very few complaints, but there was one, spelling taking the usual high position. The way I caculate the letters of comment Mike Deckinger's article was the best liked portion of the ish, with Gene Tipton's article running a very close second. The other results were muddled up somewhat, except that Phil Harrell's article and the debate were running for third and fourth places. So much for the run down of last issue.

If you will take a look at the top of this page you will see yet another reason why I don't like to use lettering guides. Notice how large it appears, but it was the smallest guide I could pick up at the time, borrowed of course. Notice also how small my name looks next to it. This is definately not the correct position; I like my name large, or at least with equal space, but this heading positively overshadows my poor helpless name there. And I'm just not the type who likes to see his name overshadowed, so the lettering guide on the editorial will go, and back to the typed title.



Seriously tho, do you understand Jennings?

And speaking of type, it may also have come to your attention that I am using a new typer for parts of this issue. I like this typeface just a bit better than I do the typeface of the old typer, but this machine is harder to handel. The other one is a portable, while this is a stationary model. The keys on this one are just a bit harder to use also, you have to apply more pressure, but it gives a more even and, I think, pleasing type than the old one did. You'll probably be seeing both of them mixed in future issues. Perhaps I can use this type for the articles and columns, and the old model for the letter column or for longer articles. This type is just a fraction of an inch larger than the other type, but by the time I'm finished with a stencil those fractions have added up.



This is the sort of thing that happens when you take one step too many beyond...



No, they just call him "Pale Face" because he has a head shaped like a bucket...

Just the other week (I'm not always this definate) I saw what is probably the greatest untapped pool of unaffected humor in the television media; the wrestling matches.

Wrestling is a Big Thing here in Nashville and over the middel Tennessee area. In fact it is such great business that one of our local stations carries the matches live from their own specially built studio every Saturday.

Saturday night is The Day in the lives of the local fans who were so unfortunate as to miss the Big show that was presented Tuesday. There is one great difference of course, the TV matches are free, so naturally you don't get as much of the wild works as you would with the paying matches. But this is a minnor point.

This particular Saturday was a good night. The next Tuesday there was

to be a "Great" card with three grudge tag team matches, and the Saturday night matches were meant to be tidbits, something to sharpen the tastes of the loyal fans. By some strange coincidence several of the men who were to clash Tuesday were there wrestling or watching the matches Saturday.

The first primer match I slept through. The main event was better. A tag team consisting of the two more popular heroes was pitted against two of the most unpopular villains.

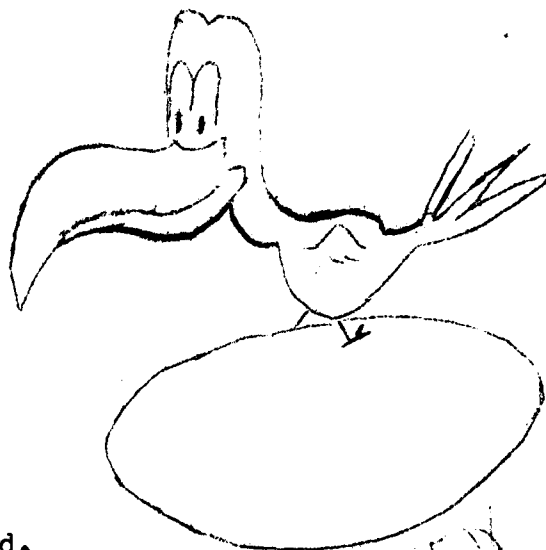
What seemed to be the most intriguing thing was the method used to begin these matches. Ever ready for a good opening, one Villian begins things by slapping the Hero with his robe. And while the referee protected the cowering Villian from the outraged Hero in the name of the Rules, the other Villian was able to fling a handful of salt in the eyes of the other hero.

Eventually the match did get underway, say two or three minutes later when the bell sounded.

What never fails to amaze me about wrestling matches is the stamina and vitality of the participants. Take the Heroes for instance. These men are blessed with the resistance of a Hercules. One of the Villians had the Hero draped over the ring ropes, and the Hero was supposedly unable to move from his somewhat uncomfortable position. The Villian, being a true player of his role-in-life, was kicking the Hero in the stomach to the screams of the outraged audience. The Villian threw in a few good chops to the neck too. Dragging the defeated Hero from the entanglement of ropes, the Villian then tossed him around the ring for awhile. Then the strange phenomenon began. After tossing the Hero back into the ring ropes once more, the Villian moved in for the kill, only to find that the hero, formerly a helpless limp mass, was again back to his usual healthy position and with a surge of righteous indignation had brought the Villian to his knees, literally. What I would be interested to know, and I'm sure the army and air force teams would also, is how a man can be beaten around the ring for four or five minutes and then in ten seconds return and win the fall in his supposedly weakened condition.

But this is nothing; by far the most amazing man in the ring is the referee. This woeeful protector and executor of the rules seems to be blessed with the intelligence and capabilities of a wild pig. That his eyesight is failing is evident the moment one first watches a match; he seems totally unable to notice any offences which are, of course, perfectly obvious to the viewing spectator. Yet he is guided by some inner sense of duty to root out and punish any offense in which the Heroes are involved, while by some freak, entirely failing to translate in any seemingly intelligent methods, the rules of the game to the Villians, who by necessity must also be Supermen in the wrestling ring.

And noting these conditions I have come to a conclusion about referees. They must be a crude attempt made by Aliens to infiltrate and destroy our culture. By upholding the Evil elements on our fair planet, and by seeming to give a distorted view of the firm enforcers of Authority he is in his own small way helping to destroy our civilization and lay it open to the beast masters who must at this very moment be waiting for him to complete his task. To see this and the other creatures in action, merely turn on your TV set to your local wrestling show, and sit back to enjoy the comedy, you can't beat it anywhere.



I feel like a focal point too



Is there a doctor in the house?

THE CREAKY CHAIR (Mike Deckinger)

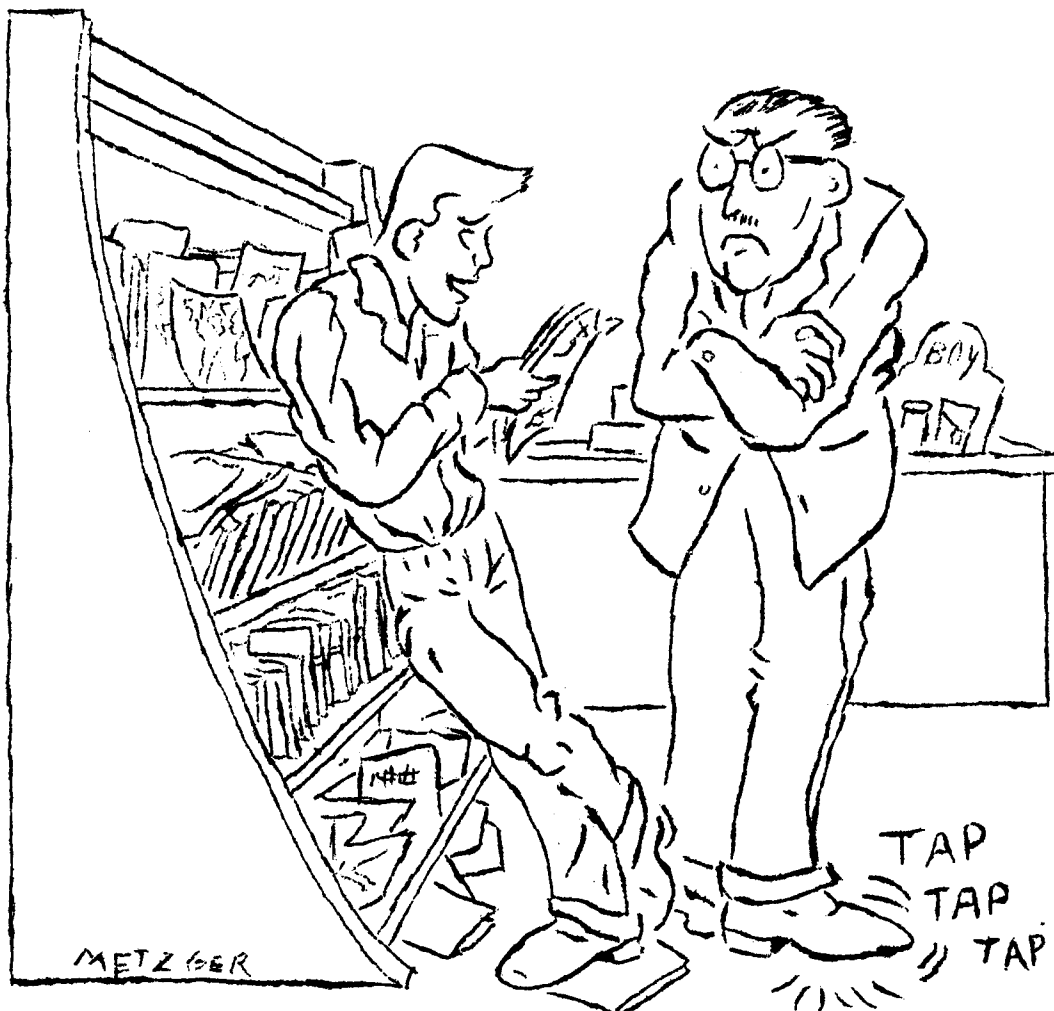
One thing I've often puzzled over is bus schedules. Why do we have them; what good do they do? Do they actually serve any useful purpose? I don't know if I've ever encountered a bus that ran on the schedule printed in the distributed folder. In fact, it seems to me that drivers go out of their way to see that they are not on schedule.

Last summer I had occasion to travel from Metuchen, N. J., to Newark, a distance of about sixteen miles. It takes around forty minutes by car, and close to an hour by bus. There are two routes you travel in getting there; one is along the highway where a vehicle can go 60 miles an hour, and encounter very few traffic lights. The other route is through the cities and is considerably longer.

This particular bus ran only three times a day, at one, two, and three P.M., and had very few travelers even then. The schedule I had emphasized this fact; that it would be in Metuchen at only three hours, one, two and three, and you had to be there at these times or you would miss the bus. So promptly at 1:45, in a light drizzle I was waiting by the bus stop, knowing I could not possibly miss it.

The rain continued, increasing in fury, and by 2:10 my spirits, as well as my clothing had been considerably dampened. And no sight of the bus either. There were no trees I could stand under, just the pole by the yellowed curb. I was rapidly being socked through and through, and I even vaguely considered swimming there, and from the sight of the roads this did not seem too impossible.

By 2:20 I was seriously considering whether to continue standing by the bus stop like a fool, or to pull the fire alarm at a nearby box, and at least summon transportation. The rain continued to fall, heavier than it had before, and my hair, which had not been cut for about a month and a half, bore a marked resemblance to a pile of soaked grass.



However, providence had not entirely abandoned me, for at that moment a bus drove up, came to a halt suddenly, liberally dousing me with a splash of water in the process. Unable to believe my eyes for a moment, I stood rooted to the ground, and then hurriedly entered.

"You're late," I told the driver irritably as I handed him my fare.

"I'm never late," he countered, giving me my ticket, and that was the extent of our conversation. I silently padded along to the rear of the bus and gratefully sank down into an unoccupied seat. As I peered at the window I could see the rain had not abated, and was falling just as heavily as before. I proceeded to dry myself as best I could and settled back to review the situation.

At last I was on a bus headed for Newark, and from there I could get a bus to Millburn, if I did not stop at a movie first. The bus was slowed by the downpour, but we were moving. I picked up a discarded paper and began to read it.

Before one gets to Newark there are a number of underpasses you have to go through. These are around 4 feet below the regular ground level, and it happened that as the rain continued to fall and fill the sewers, eventually overflowed and could find no place to go. Water flows at a downhill rate, to seek its own level, so in no time these underpasses became flooded, until the water in them was level with the streets. And the cars simply could not go through. Neither could buses.

Traffic was backed up for nearly a mile from the underpass that we had to use. Everyone wanted to go through it, no one could. In a nutshell, we were stuck! So what to do? The rain stopped, eventually, as had all the buses, cars, trucks, and any other vehicles foolhardy enough to be out. We sat. After a while everyone got out. I managed to get a look at the underpass, and there was no denying it was in pretty bad condition. A few cars tried to get through, but stalled, and the (cont.

on
page



SILENT TOMB (Ray Nelson)

'Twas evening so soon; the shadows did loom
Their uncanny color within the tomb.
Twas evening so soon; black clouds hid the moon
From the stillness, the silence of that mournful room.
Not a bird made a cheep when the shadows did leep
Over graves and grave-markers, through tombs they did seep.
Why was he embalmed that day of the week
When the long-dead---rose from under my feet?

There I did sit; the tomb dimly lit;
The terror of silence did tighten its grip.
Why was fate so cruel to allow me, a fool
To have morned him so long upon yon wooden stool?
A stool and a coffin, so silent, so still,
So horrid, so evil, I shuddered with a chill.
Terrors of "thick-coming fancies" did fill
My mind, and these fancies, my senses did kill.



And then all alone where no lamp-light shown
There surely had grown an ironic moan;
A moan from some lost soul alone
Buried within the infested loam!
I choked on a gasp, I shuttered, I cried,
And drew further back from where the corpse lied.
I fought back a shudder of horror inside,
And fixed my eyes on the one who died.

Now it was night; bleak, dark and cold,
The wind was stirring as in days old;
But this night it sang a hymn of lore,
And with such lyrics so eerie it bore;
Rustling through the gnarled boughs
Of ancient willows, strong and stout.
From this, I knew in a moment's thought
The dead were rising, decayed with rot!



I then realized how simple I'd been
Of committing such a simpleton's sin
Of even ever having the whim
To let superstition dim
My senses. But on that dark midnight
The ghostly color of pallid white
was on my face throughout the night;
And my heart was filled with evil fright.

My lips gave forth a series of cries
When at first I saw those eyes;
Red and white: (I gripped my fists):
The eyes of vultures and will-o-the-wisps!
Infernals desiring to be fed
On the blood of mortals red.
The bodies of beasts long since dead
entered the tomb above my head.

The silent tomb was no longer still,
Full of chaos it soon did fill;
The tomb; a playground of spirits alike.
The vision of Hell was truly a sight;
A sight no mortal dreamed of before.
Godly silence I did implore.
Zombies and bodies and goblins and ghosts;
My dear, dead colleague, the party-host!

I opened the door of the damp, haunted tomb
And blindly plunged in the obscure gloom.
Behind me I could still hear the screams
of haunts among man's wildest dreams.
How long I dashed through the yard I know not;
A sanctuary was all I sought.
How horrid the doom for my comrad---I thought.
How horrid those things that thrive on his rot!

And to this day, a decade later;
No dying friend shall I cater;
And to death; I'll always hate her,
And lay to rest in the cremator.
Ritualistic, though it may seem;
My fear of macabre in even a dream;
But I know the reason for this fear
Of cruel, cruel death which does draw near.

END

(continued from page 6) the drivers were forced to get out. The only thing we could do was wait.

Someone said it would take about three hours for the water to sink low enough for us to get through, and he was wrong by only half an hour. At long last the vehicles were able to proceed again, after a wait of more than three and a half hours.

I didn't arrive in Newark until 7:30, and by that time it was too late to do anything, and I was forced to take another bus that brought me home.

I don't know what I'd do without the buses, and the efficient sewer system Newark has, but I can tell you I'd sure like to try.

---END---

HELL'S NOTEBOOKS (Robert Jennings)

The usual group of fanzines, thanks to everyone who has been flooding me with apazines. There is still some confusion about the rating system. I RATE FANZINES FROM 1 AS THE BEST FANZINE DOWN TO 10, FOR THE WORST ZINE. Now on to this month's, er, issue's zines.

YANDRO #88/ Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash Ind./monthly/ 15¢ a copy, or \$1.50 for twelve/ This issue gives the reader a Prosser cover, and a quarter page Prosser inside. Besides this you get the usual editorials, a long article on series characters by G. H. Scithers. Not particularly good, but commentable. A review of a book (vantage 1740) by Gene Dewessee, a not-very-good piece of fan fiction, fanzine reviews, and a letter col that's below par. In fact, an issue that's below par.



A one mind tracked what?

rating---5½

SPACE CAGE #4/ Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Dr., Apt. A-3, Indianapolis 5, Ind./ Monthly/ trade, comment, asking for it, or joining ISFA/ This issue begins with a bad cover, then into a book review column, whose only worthwhile effort was mentioning MACABRE. Then on to some fanzine reviews, which have improved a bit, a Deckinger article on those smell-type movie, an extremely bad column by Sandy Mitchell, a poem by Peggy Cook, and a fairly long letter col finish this zine. 19 pages it is, and a rating of---8

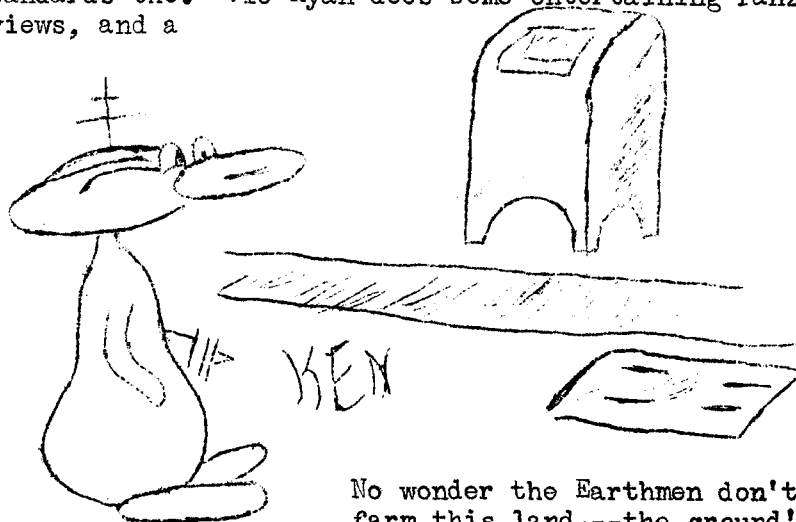
THE BIG THREE: TEN YEARS IN RETROSPECT/ Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl., N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota/ distributed to FAPA/ I don't make a regular practice of reviewing apazines and don't intend to start. But this deserves some sort of special notice. It covers the big three stf mags throughout the fifties. In this booklet is found information on staff, size, page count, policy, features, in fact, just about everything. It also contains a list of stories from each mag the editor feels are memorable, and while there are some few you might not agree on, this is still a sort of Definate Work. A zine that ought to be read by every stf fan. This is an apazine, but find some way to get it, buy, beg, even steal it if you have to, but get it.

rating---2½

JD-ARGASSY #54/ Lynn Hickman, 224 Dement Ave., Dixon, Ill./ trade, or a buck for monthly/ This issue features a two color cover by Barr. Then it opens with the final installment of Bob Madle's long report. While the Madle report ends, a new serial begins, this one is The Superfan Saga, by John Berry. This impresses me as being below the usual Berry standards tho. Vic Ryan does some entertaining fanzine reviews, someone does book reviews, and a fair letter col rounds out the issue. This is done in large type on multish (?) so you can probably finish it in less than ten minutes.

rating---4

MEMIOTOR 12/ Art Hayes, R.R. 3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada/ distributed to all N3F members, so I suppose that's a large enough circulation to consider this a ganzine/ This issue shows a great improvement repro wise. Art has bought a gestetner and most of this ish is done



No wonder the Earthmen don't farm this land---the ground's too hard....



I once let Clay
Hamlin help me
with my income tax

with it. This issue features many things, but I'm just going to attempt listing the articles and fiction, etc., that take up more than one page. There are two editorials, a full page illo of Bob Lambeck, another of Mike Mitchell and Clay Hamlin's enjoyable Letters to a Witch, plus some follow up material on a sort of feud raging between the weres and the vampires (as championed by Clay and Mike) and the humans (as defended by Art). I have a faanish story, Phil Kohn has the last installment of his article on the social engineer, Clay Hamlin again with the first part of an article on Myths, Legends and Religions, then again with an opinion on fandom. There are bits of fiction

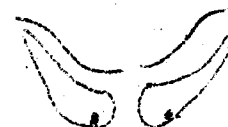
and quarter page articles floating around everywhere, KEN cartoons and other illos at noticable places, and all of this comes out to twenty-ninepages. rating---5½

CENTAUR #1/ Jack Chalker (is the editor, I list him in preference to the publisher) 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore 7, Md./ bi-monthly/ \$1.10 a year, checks payable to Harry T. Brashear/ Here at last is the well advertised CENTAUR. I'm afraid the contents of this were spoiled by the publisher not bothering to slip-sheet his white paper zine, and this gives it an all over bad appearance. However, there is material. A bad cover and an editorial begin things. Then a Berry article, tipically good, but ~~it's~~ spoiled it spots by bad illoing and a poor excuse for double columning. A sort of column by "Edward N. Onymous" adds the controversial note tothe issue. Then something on UFOs. is about average for a UFO article I suspose; at least it's not fanatic. A piece of fiction By Mike Deckinger. A short fanzine review columb by the editor and the bacover. This will improve, I think, in the meantime-----6½

HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL #5/ Earl Noe, 3304 E. Belknap, Fort Worth 11, Texas/ Irreg-ular/10¢/ This begins with a bad cover, and goes into an editorial on speed traps and highway safety. Good enough. A one page letter col adds nothing, and a reprint article from the FORT WORTH PRESS doesn't seem to need reprinting, a bit of short fiction by Mike Deckinger is worthless, as is a thing (susposively satiringly humorous I believe) on a typical KKK member, And a parting editorial rounds out nine pages.

rating---9

RETROGRADE #3/ Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl., N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota/ monthly/ trade or comment only/ This issue features the usual long editorial ramb-ling, followed by a review (again by the editor) of the FU OMNIBUS. This review includes a susposively humorous thing on how Santesson might have sold his book to the publishers. Besides that tho the article does have some excellent criticism of the book. Jim Harmon rambles dully, and letters finish off the issue. rating-----7



CACTUS #5/ Sture Sedolin, Vallingby 4, Sweden/ monthly, it says/I can't find any US price; no doubt there is one, but I can't find it/ Well, I knew it would happen, even-tually. I've gotten my first European fanzine, and I sus-pect it was not directed to me for the sheer business of getting rid of those extra issues either.

It's not the final quality of the illo that's so surprising; it's just the reali-zation that he knew how to pick up a pen-cil---

This is an annish-ish, and shows it. Unfortunately, it is printed on yellow paper, and I think you know how I feel about that. But besides the yellow paper, it is printed in red ink, and together they have a destrutive effect on my eyes neither could accomplish alone. UGH.

This ishfeatures many things, Bob Lichtman has a page, Les Gerber reviews fanzines, Clay Hamlin with fiction, Alan Dodd on meeting Sedolin and snapping at another British fan, who, apparently, has been snapping at Dodd as well. SFARIA #5 seems to be a zine within a zine, a something piece by Michel Boulet, a letter colu and other things by Paul Rehorst, Artji Mercer, and a couple of people I'm sure I left out somewhere.

The zine arrived in a paper wrap-around mailing holder, and once within my hands, promptly fell to pieces. This I take it is susposed to be standard for zines not sent acrss the seas in mailing envelopes. A nice photo cover too, by the way.

rating-----5

FANAC #'s 58, 59, 60, 61(just received today yet)/ Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, 1818 Grove Street, Berkeley 9, Calif./ 4 for 25¢, 9 for 50¢/bi-weekly/ FANAC, like usual. News f om the fanmish world in general, but mostly from the west coast. And of course the addition of the Willis column to add a touch of foreign news-----4½

THE REJECTED CANNON/ Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va./ distributed t through FAPA and OMPA, with extra copies going to SAPS, to Cultists and Deserving Strangers/ This is made up of bits of information left out of the FANCYCLOPEDIA II. More info on fandom with updating by the editor. Special Interest



Man in full Campbell senseo rig, 2540

HOBGOBLIN #6/ Terry Carr, 1818 Grove Street, Berkeley 9, Calif./ distributed with FANAC/ irregular/ This time round there is a short discussion on fanzine fans vers. convention fans---again. Next the editor defends his position on the FANAC staff. I'd rather he stuck to reviewing fanzines. rating---6

BANE #1/ Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Ill./ 15¢ or 4 for 50¢, trade, letter of comment/ This issue begins with a poor cover, the usual long first issue editorial, and then to the articles. Harry Warner tells Other Ways to locate fans who have no desire to be located, Mike Deckinger on a visit with a New York fan club, a piece of faaan fiction, Bob Coulson reviewing books, someone does a lengthy and very dull British type column, ad then you come tothe Dpdd article. This is about the best thing in the issue, an article on how to cheat the post office, including a method I knew nothing of. Very good. The repro in the zine ranges from poor to unreadable, and the staples aren't firm either. The high points material wise are the Dodd and Coulson pieces, others are fair or poor.---6

EXCON/INSURRECTION/ Robert Lambeck, 868 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Michigan/ 10¢/ irregular/ Forgot to mention that this is issue no.-8. This consists of a very long fanzine review column by the editor. There are a few other things tho, like a letter column and another poem which also seems to be an excuse to feature an illo there. This time the illo came out. There is a one page editorial as well explaining the name change. rating---6



I'll bet this is one spot Captian Future has never been in---

HABAKKUK Chapter 1, Verse 4/ Bill Donaho, 1441-8th St., Berkeley 10, Calif./ trade and letter of comment I think, it never says definately how you get this/ irregular/ This issue happens to be eighty pages long, and some forty-six of those pages are made up of a letter column. (I read four pages of it all total, I am not overly fond of long letter columns) The issue contains mainly talk on beatniks and nonconformists and like that. People like Bill Donaho (the e itor), Mel Ashworth, Jerry DeLuth, Lew Kovner Felice Rolfe, Art Rapp, and some other people take mostly the "square" side of it. Apparently last issue was the beatnik's and non-conformist's time to chatter. Special Interest

DENTION FINAL REPORT/ distributed withFANAC 61/ The final expenses, thanks, the same old picture and all to finish the Dention,

That about takes it for this round. I have a few other zines I just got, but I'm going to save them untill next issue, I count this as time GHOST is being pubbed. send all zines to---Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee.

FORGOTTEN CLASSICS

By Clay Hamlin

This issue I would like to bring to your attention a really remarkable story, deserving of the title classic by any definition you prefer, yet just as surely forgotten. The title is The New Adam, by Stanley G. Weinbaum.

Whenever you mention classic and superman stories there are several standards which all seem to accept immediately. First there is the rather philosophical ODD JOHN by Olaf Stapledon. And then there is SLAN, by A. E. Van Vogt, in all its numerous variations.

But a story comparable to both of these, and just possibly better than either, is The New Adam. This story was so good, and perhaps because it was relatively unknown that its plot and characters were actually imitated some years after its publication; and by none other than that well known practitioner of stf, Theodore Sturgeon.

Weinbaum burst upon an enthusiastic stf in the early thirties. Even today his first story, the remarkable A Martian Odyssey, is remembered with well deserved awe. Later on he bettered his fame with Dawn of Flame, and its sequel, The Black Flame. Both of these are very well remembered today.

But his best story is in many ways forgotten, and it is hard to furnish any explanation. Unless the story first appearing in a fairly limited AMAZING STORIES series in the days before AMAZING attained its rather enormous readership can be the reason. In 1939 Ziff-Davis issued the story in book form, but just try to find a copy today. So possibly it was not seen by enough people for it to receive the fame it is so greatly entitled.

Generally a superman story has a hero who either has extra powers and abilities (witness SLAN), or who thinks differently, and probably better than human beings. The hero of this story is of the latter kind. Edmond Hall is an alien being, but still a human styled alien. His difference is sometimes a little devilish, but always appealing. Without any help he is able to cope easily with problems that strictly human beings will never be able to meet. So naturally with his powers it is no problem for him to invent a few little gadgets that allow him to forget such minor items as money worries and the like. This allows him to delve into the matter of what humans really are; how his race will overcome them. He can push their emotional and intellectual buttons and they react in just the way he intended. Yet this is the tragedy of the story; he is, or thinks, that at present he is the only one of his special breed in existence.

Yet this superman has his limitations too. Human emotions sometimes plague him to the point of seeming insanity. When intellectual stimulation fails to produce any problems with which he is unable to cope, he attempts to find some problems beyond his control in the field of physical stimulation and emotions. Unfortunately he finds his problems, and nearly destroys himself by doing so.

Nowhere is the difference between alien and human presented more completely than in his love affair with the girl Vanny. She is unable to cope with him on the intellectual level, yet he is unable physically to carry on his affair with her, and it is a question of whether her mental stability will give way before his lack of stamina kills him.

Their problem is finally solved, but in a way no human character would have thought of. It isn't necessarily a happy ending, but it is seemingly the only ending possible without cheating the reader. You might call it philosophical; outlining the eternal conflict that will always attend man, and the creation which will supplant him.

Years after this story, Theodore Sturgeon wrote a tale called Maturity. It is well remembered, tho never compared to classics in the field. Yet astonishingly enough no one seems to have realized that the plot is exactly the same as the Wein-

(continued on page 15)

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES: BEST OF THE REPRINTS (Len Collins)

From the mid-1890's to the beginning of World War Two, the Munsey magazines ran, in their various magazines, a great many stories described as "different" or "off-trail". They were all imaginative yarns whether weird, fantasy, of science fiction. Their general excellence is evident when you consider how many saw hard cover publication.

By the end of the thirties, there was concerted cry from old readers and newcomers alike for the re-publication of these old classics. Realizing the ready market, Munsey begin possibly the first full length reprint magazine with publication of the September-October 1939 issue of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES.

What an issue that was! Merritt's famed novelet; The Moon Pool, with Cummings's first "Atom" story; The Girl in the Golden Aton and Tod Robbins', The Whimpus. The issue was rounded out with a trio of shorts by Gerisy, Well,am and Fonald Wandri.

Immediately it became a collector's item and within two years the early issues sold for seven or eight times the original cost. Old readers of ARGOST, ALL STORY, CAVALIER, ALL AMERICAN and MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE re-read nostalgically stories first seen thirty years in their past. Newcomers, for the first time, read the masterpieces of Merritt, Cummings, Flint, Hall, England, Stilson, Gerisy and a score of others, discovering magnificent new horizons for their imaginations.

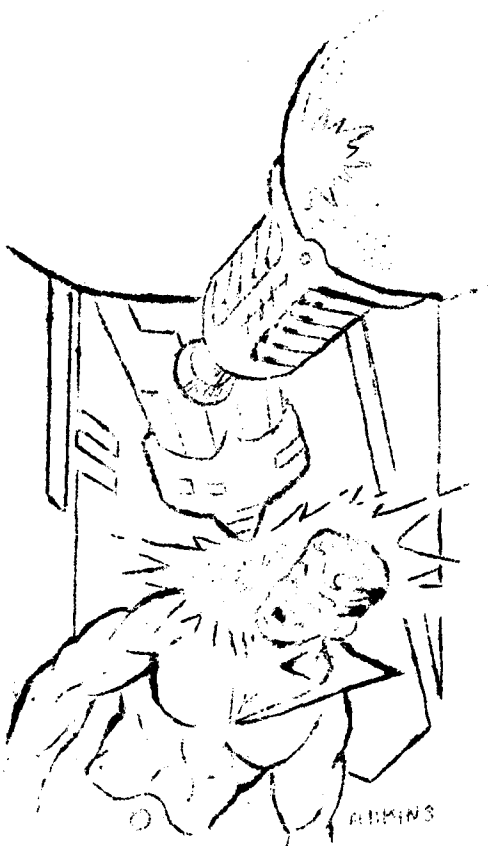
The parade of hits went on. First bi-monthly, the magazine went monthly with the November 1939 issue. The editor began running serials and so popular were they, that it became obvious another magazine was needed for the longer stories. Thus, with the July 1940 issue, FANTASTIC NOVELS was born. That issue featured Flint and Hall's remarkable THE BLIND SPOT, which had began serially in FFM and was an acclaimed classic.

The editor during the entire lives of both magazines was Mary Gnaedinger, undoubtedly the first woman editor in the fantasy and science fiction field. Mrs. Gnaedinger maintained a fine camaraderie with the readers, often answering queries in The Readers Viewpoint, and revealing long term plans in its pages. This department was one of the best letter columns in any magazine and featured miscellaneoes from Chal Oliver, Joe Gibson, Samuel Peeples and many others who later became writers.

Sensitive to the desires of the readers, superior artwork reached a peak in these magazines. First Paul, then Finlay and Lawrence were turning out some of their best work, to be joined later by newcomer, Hannes Bok. Others were added from time to time, but the former three did the bulk of the illustrations.

With the April 1941 issue, FANTASTIC NOVELS ceased publication and was combined with FFM, which begin running a novel and shorts each issue. Paper restrictions were all ready in effect due to the imminent war and in May-June 1940, FFM again became a bi-monthly.

At the beginning of 1943, Popular Publications bought the Munsey chain and begin instituting a new policy. FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES would become a quarterly with the March 1943 issue, and could feature only fiction from hard cover editions with an occasional new story.



The March 1943 issue would feature the final Munsey reprint; John and Ward Hawkins' ARK OF FIRE. Hall's INTO THE INFINITE would be concluded in the following issue (it had been running as a serial) and would end all Munsey commitments.

John Taine's THE IRON STAR began the new era, with Chambers' THE YELLOW SIGN and a new story by C. L. Moore, Doorway Into Time. Succeeding issues were to see classics by Dunsey, Machen, Blackwood, Tooker, Benson, Stoker, Wright, London and many others. Interest was revived in the works of William Hope Hodgson and several of his stories were printed. Many people discovered H. R. Haggard for the first time in the pages of FFM and new interest in his novels was aroused. The editor drew heavily on English authors since the British have a fine tradition of fantasy stories.

With the United States at war, only Lawrence was left to do the artwork, with an occasional assist from Ronald Clyne and a few others not subject to the draft. This he did, and very well, until 1945 when Finlay, Paul and the other artists returned to resume their peacetime occupations.

With the February 1946 issue, the magazine became a bi-monthly and remained so until its demise.

In March 1948, Popular revived FANTASTIC NOVELS and began using the old Munsey reprints for the magazine. A new generation liked the Merritts so well, that a new magazine, A. MERRITT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE was issued to print Merritt's stories and other reprints from the enormous Munsey storehouse. It began with the December 1949 issue and continued till October 1950, when it was folded after five issues due to a declining market.

FANTASTIC NOVELS continued until June 1951, when it too was given up. FFM tried several things to keep up circulation. In 1951, it nearly went digest size, without illustrations or advertising. After four issues, it went back to pulp size and remained so until the end. The logo was changed, new artists were tried, all to no avail. Competition and declining interest had ended an era. The magazine continued until June 1953 when it folded, without warning. The market for reprints had disappeared. Other magazines continued another few years, but all followed FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, probably the first of the reprints and certainly the best.

END

(continued from page 15)

baum story of years before. In at least a half dozen episodes it is apparent that the earlier story is repeated almost exactly. Nowhere is this fact more evident than in the ending, which is so duplicated you could almost expect it to be repeated word for word. Of course the ending is not repeated word for word, but the action and narrative are identical in every respect. You might call Sturgeon's story a modernization of the earlier tale, since there is a great deal more science, less of the philosophical considerations and more of a light hearted attitude than in the original. That at least one person realized it was copied is evident from the fact that when the Sturgeon story was anthologized someone had taken great care to change the ending completely, and thereby losing practically all the story value by doing so. A remarkable coincidence? No, I hardly think so.

There is one other thing to close this. The original magazine version in AMAZING back in 1931 also had another advantage. It was illustrated with four pictures which may well have been some of the finest illustrations Virgil Finlay ever turned out. Need I say more?

END

IT'S NEW, YES, NEW INSTANT WATER IS NEW The greatest thing that's happened to space ship travel in half a century. IT'S NEW INSTANT WATER, now available. Saves space, saves time. Just add liquid and get sparkling water...

THE WRITINGS OF A CONFIRMED CYNIC

by
Robert Jennings

This issue features the final arguments in the debate on old stf vers. the new, with the article by Clay Hamlin:

Since this is the last round of the debate, a summation is in order, is it not? So here goes.

First an apology of sorts. Last issue did not seem to receive the favorable comment of previous ones, at least you tell me it got a bit too personal and wandered a bit from the subject. Might as well admit it, you are perfectly right.

But on to the subject matter.

Golden age of stf. What does that really mean. Naturally they wrote better stf back in those days of the thirties. I still say it is true. For the following reasons: 1) the best stf is always the longest stories. In these days of 30,000 word novels the only thing comparable is serialized stories. And just how often do you see them? But in the old days there was FFM, presenting a full length novel nearly every month. None of these "short novels" but the real thing. Can Bob deny that an author can do a comparable job in half the number of pages? Of course not.

2) My honorable opponent would have you believe that I base my entire case on the works of one single author, Abraham Merritt. This is not true, and I can throw that right back in his teeth (or should I say fangs?). Sure Merritt was fine, he even admits it himself, but with only seven or eight novels to his credit you can imagine there were others who did a vast majority of those stories, FFM being a monthly. Only reason I haven't stressed them is simply that almost none of you would recognise the names, they simply aren't available to the fans of these days. The first story I read was in 1930 in a copy of ARGOSY. The title was THE BLIND SPOT, by Austin Hall and Homer Eoh Flint. I doubt if one out of five of you have heard the name. Yet that story and its sequel are more exciting, in spite of certain crudities of writing, than anything you can find today. Admittedly action was stressed somewhat, and characterization is not quite what some look for today, but there were more ideas, and more excitement than anything in the past ten years. I am perfectly willing to prove it to you, if you don't believe me.

But that, after all, is only a personal opinion, even if I am right. So let's take up the point that no one can argue with, sales. Today we have Heinlein, pocket books, enormous book club editions and serialization in various zines. Still he never did outsell Merritt, on pocket book editions alone Merritt wins. So shall we ignore both of them, as equal. There was Lovecraft, again in pocket books. He gained his fame later, sure, but he wrote them in the period under discussion. So to eliminate his sales we have to eliminate Alfred Bester.

So just what do we have left? Well, nothing short of the biggest seller of them all, for all time in this field. Take a look at an old book dealers catalog and see who has the longest listing of them all. That is perfectly right, Edgar Rice Burroughs. Haggard can be thrown in for good measure too, any book dealer lists a good twenty to fifty titles by him. Perhaps quality is hardly what some look for, but they were for fun. But do you honestly think that any editor today would have the temerity to reject stories by either of them? Don't be silly.

Ever hear of "Skylark" Doc Smith? 'Course you have. Lest we forget Doc started back in that "golden age". Check back on when the first Lensman epics were written.

I wonder if you have ever heard or read any of John Campbell's stories? You have missed something pretty special if you can't answer yes. There was Henry Kuttner and C. L. Moore, you surely know of them. What about Philip Wy;ie, who wrote WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, co-authored by Edwin Balmer? And let us not forget Nelson Bond, Or T. Horne Smith, even if only in books.

There were lesser known ones. George Allen England, J. U. Guisy, who became famous for the "Palos" trilogy. George Allen England, Francis Stevens, Ray Cummings, with his "Atom" series. In the same period there was more original talent to invade stf since the advent of Merritt. That could be no less than Stanley G. Weinbaum, who in his tragically short career remade the whole meaning of the term. You might take a look at this issue's Forgotten Classics for more on that. I sort of think you would be surprised.

OK, so there were later times which might claim the title of "golden age". When Van

Vogt got going, it was something pretty remarkable, surely. But even by limiting ourselves to the single period under discussion it is hardly possible to claim only one or two good writers, with the rest only imitating them. I picked the group above with extreme care so that it simply isn't possible to claim they imitated any single master. Just try to find two styles even similar among that list above. It can't be done, each and every one of them influenced a completely separate field of writing, all of which are still with us today, even though enormously deteriorated through over-use. The imitation is done these days, not when no one really knew what stf was, and before it became stereotyped to certain plots and styles. It's getting to the point where you don't need to read the stories, the names of the authors can pretty well tell you not only how it is written, but even what it will be about. Not so in the old days. One month you would see a Purple Cloud by Shiel, next a Merritt tale, after that a Day of the Brown Horde by Tooker, then a Lion's Way, Purple Sapphire, Into the Infinite, The Afterglow, or Citadel of Fear. Ah, what memories those titles can stir up, and to read them today is a breath of fresh air into the erstaste of some of the "maturity" type stories so prevalent. How far the mighty have fallen.

And to wrap the whole thing up neatly, let's not bring in the business of anthologies again. Novels aren't anthologised anyway, and just imagine the glee with which today's editors would grab a Dunsany story, or a Martian Odyssey, to say nothing of Harry Bates story; Farewell to the Master. The dates are perfectly right to fit the scope of this article, Bates being the first editor of what is today ASTOUNDING..eh, ANALOG. And the best stf movie yet made came from the afore mentioned story. Ever see Day the Earth Stood Still?

No Bob, when it comes to quality and quantity, it just has to be the thirties and early forties. Each era may lay claim to some measure of fame, surely, but for sheer overwhelming quantity of really classic stories those days simply can't be beaten. No matter what differences there are now in styles, and instead of obsolete plots, they read as well today as ever. Who wants more?

THE ANSWER

Clay makes several statements here in the way of summarizing. I think that the science fiction of today is better than that of the thirties for a variety of reasons. First because the stories are written better than they were in the thirties. The story of the thirties was generally, a story that emphasized ideas, or science, to the point of subjecting the other qualities that make up any good piece of fiction. Then too, today the treatment of ideas and situations are handled more completely, so that the maximum story value may be obtained from a single idea. In the thirties the ideas were all important, and often ideas were crammed into one body of fiction so that whatever slim story value that had been worked in was lost to this continual flood of unused ideas. Then, on the average, there is more science fiction of excellent quality produced than was during the thirties. And besides this, the average stories of today are better written and are better than the average story selection of the thirties. One only needs to look over the past few years to find many examples of quality writing.

Today's writers are more experienced in the qualities that make a good story. As Clay mentions several authors, but I don't think many of them would even compare with the authors of today. You can begin with Alfred Bester and his classic THE DEMOLISHED MAN, you can move on to Kornbluth's THE CYNIC, and Smith's HIGHWAYS IN HIDING or Shiras' CHILDREN OF THE ATOM. If you prefer a tight, well balanced story done in excellent fashion, then I recommend any story by Clifford Simak. For science-fantasy you can hardly find another writer's piece of fiction to compare to his CITY. You enjoy ideas? Read some of the works of Theodore Sturgeon, a writer who not only presents new ideas, but develops them carefully and enjoyably. For sheer unsurpassed beauty in a story there is none to compare with Ray Bradbury. Masters of the short story exist too, read some of the works of Asimov and Knight. If you prefer the humorous touch, read any of the works of Bob Tucker and his numerous pennames. Do you like points to ponder? A philosophical situation? I recommend the works of James Blish or Phillip Jose Farmer. Read CASE OF CONSCIENCE or for sheer story value, THE SEEDLING STARS. And if you are the type who enjoys action and adventure, would you even possibly consider comparing Burroughs with Poul Anderson? Or could you possibly ignore Heinlein and Clarke for ideas and perfect stories? How many of the authors of the thirties can compare favorably with these and the other authors that turn out fine quality material today? Not very many.

Next you mention sales figures. I might also add that perhaps the reason for

the enormous Burroughs sales figures are that there is so much material by him, that if each book only sold a very small percentage, the total sum would still be breathtaking. However I will leave that as a point to ponder. Instead, I suggest you look over sales figures for all the books and paper backs sold in the thirties, and today and compare figures. Or better yet, work it out on a ratio, and even taking into account the smaller number of fans in the thirties you'll find that on the average the average book or paperback of today sells much better than it did in the thirties.

Another point you might take into consideration is the bulk of material published. I maintain that the average stories of today were superior in the average stories of the thirties. To prove this one needs only to pick up several different issues at random of the magazines of today and compare them with the Gernsback mags or AMAZING or, ASTOUNDING of the thirties. You'll find that the quality of story found in today's magazine is far superior to that of the magazine stories in the thirties.

A main reason for this is the general type of story found in the thirties. Space Opera was a very prominent form throughout the thirties, but unfortunately, it was not done very well. It was hackwork, pure and simple. You will find that probably the more memorable stories of the thirties came under the heading of fantasy or science fantasy, and what we consider as science fiction was a premature, undeveloped mass of writing inferior to even others in the pulp field.

And it does seem logical, doesn't it, to remember that the science fiction of today has a tremendous head start of the science fiction of the thirties, and a good thirty years of experience to look back and draw from. This fiction we read today is better than the fiction of the thirties for one part because it was built on the mistakes and good qualities of the past years. Writers today have the added advantage of science fiction history and science fiction's mistakes to correct and build more readable, memorable stories. And I cannot see how a new form of fiction, unfounded as it was in the thirties, and crudely as it was written, can even faintly compare with science fiction today, with thirty years of experience and careful study to look back and draw from.

Another great change and advantage science fiction today has over that of the thirties is the changes of style. In the thirties the science and the ideas were perhaps overlapped too much. The entire story was subjected to the ideas. Anyone who has had a fair sampling of the early Tremaine ASTOUNDINGS can put his finger on this fault. Today the treatment is different. There is generally one idea or situation, and more characterization and story plot. Since the readers are generally interested in people, a strong characterization plays an important part. One idea can be treated and developed fully, to allow for the most story usage. Instead of a half dozen half formed, half played with ideas, the idea and the story combine to give the reader the maximum of readable story and story plot, using this central idea as a theme that generally continues throughout the entire story, instead of skipping and jumping by leaps and bounds so that the reader is often left unsure of even the original status of the hero.

Writers of today are more careful with their stories, and they bring forth a better product for it. But just as today's science fiction is superior to the science fiction of the thirties, so will be the science fiction twenty or thirty years from now. I don't advocate the fifties and early sixties as any "golden age", I expect to see more advancement in science fiction as more time passes. Each separate era is a sort of stepping stone, adding its fine writers and quality stories to the storehouse of experience and styles found throughout science fiction. And twenty years from now I certainly hope I don't hear anyone bemoaning the good old days of the fifties, because I expect the fiction in 1980 to be as far advanced as the fiction of 1960 is over that of 1930. Science fiction, the literature of the future should be able to change with the future, and make the best of its history and experience. Changes are made in every era, for the betterment of the form, and instead of arguing about the past, we should be thinking of the future. The past and its mistakes are dead, and so are the mistakes and misgivings that go with it. Let us turn our eyes to a better future for the literature of the future.

END

KEN Gentry would like to purchase old Pogo comic books in good condition. Write care of KEN at the editorial address if you have Pogo comic books to sell.

VOICE OF THE SPIRITS
OR
THE EDITOR ANSWERS WITH A FIFTH

Bob Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind.

A few comments on GHOST #4. Gene Tipton has a good article on radio fantasy, tho he left out "Demension X", the first show featuring stories from ASTOUNDING. (Incidentally the stories used on "Adventures in Tomorrow" were not all from ASF. Many of them may have been; but due to the virtual impossibility of getting the show where we lived I only heard one program, and the story on it was from SCIENCE FICTION STORIES.)

Deckinger's article was okay; the position of the prozines is changing so fast at present you have to print this sort of thing the day you receive it or it's outdated. Mike omitted SHOCK!, a partial reprint mag which I assume is edited by Otto Binder, since it's published by the same outfit that puts out his space fact mag. (Incidentally, Great American seems to have killed FU in order to get into the space fact field---have you seen their new pulp, COUNTDOWN?)

I get the idea Phil Harrell doesn't like MEN INTO SPACE. Well, I don't either; in fact I don't watch the show. I don't object to the errors in science as much as I do those asinine plots. What the hell, even TWILIGHT ZONE regularly has scientific errors, but it's still a good show.

Clay Hamlin just lost my support. Richard Shaver? Even as a joke, that's in bad taste. In the first place, what he means is he likes Ray Palmer, as an author, because Palmer had admitted to rewriting everything Shaver sent in. However I commend his guts in making the statement. As for Merritt vers. F&SF, I'll take F&SF---but I don't think that today's stories are the best ever; they're just better than Merritt's.

///I don't really care who Clay choses as his favorite author, that's his business. I suppose he likes the description and the action, I don't know. But it would be rather foolish to make an issue of something that should be a person's choice anyway. I prefer F&SF to some of Merritt's material. A lot of it is dated and crudly written, while other parts stand alone and still other supass the stuff we see today. But as a whole F&SF puts out more quality with more consistantly than you will probably ever find with Merritt.

I don't notice the errors on TWILIGHT ZONE, which probably means that they are either few or the story camafloges them well enough so they are not noticable. But MIS has such glaring mistakes it's hard to avoid them in any form. Which is natural I suppose, for a show that tries to interweave fact and story so much.

I have seen COUNTDOWN, and WAGON TRAIN, and TIGH TROAP and 77 SUNSET STRIP and some hot rod mags as well. I think GA just dropped FU because it wasn't paying for itself, or even beginning to. It seems they are trying to build a pulp chain tho, nearly all their new mags are in pulp size.///

Fred Galvin, 840 Algonquin Ave., St. Paul 19, Minn.

Maybe I'll watch MEN INTO SPACE to see if it's as bad as Phil says it is. I don't doubt that MIS is technically inaccurate, but even if that technical stuff was 100% correct, MIS would still be a rotten show. MIS is not good drama, and suffers from dull plots. (This is quite a sweeping statement for me to make, in view of the fact that I only actually saw one show, read the newspaper blurbs for the others, But the one I saw was pretty horrible, and I think I can imagine what the others are like,) Anyway, how much drama can you squeeze into a half hour show on anything so commonplace as the careful uneventful exploration of the moon and planets? Particularly if you aren't going to add anything to it in the way of Martians, Flying Saucers and BEM's. Oh sure Heinlein and Clarke and a few others have written good moon stories, but they won't use them on TV. Even if they did, wouldn't the CONQUEST OF SPACE look kind of silly on a half hour TV program?

Speaking of SF on TV, this item in the newspaper's TV section caught my eye; 'Explained Roger; (star of 77 SUNSET STRIP) Howie (Producer of 77SS) once told me he wanted to do four types of shows before the series was over;.....(2) A science fiction story, which would be hard to do in a modern setting like ours.... I've never watched 77 SUNSET STRIP, I don't even know what kind of show it is, but is they do a SF story I suppose it's my Duty as a Fan to watch it, if only so I can gripe about how bad it was. I wonder what he means about SF being hard to do with a modern setting? Since when does future type SF need old fashioned settings?

Well, I see you have all serious articles this issue too; no humor or poetry. Unless you consider the "Horrorscope" to be humor. Outside of that I liked this. Even the spelling seems to have improved...a little. Or maybe, horror of horrors, I've been con-

ditioned so that I think your misspellings are correct!!

///I hope the spelling has improved. This issue I even took the trouble to proofread it all the way through. Spelling seems to be the one Big Gripe the readership has, and I admit that my spelling isn't the most desirable.

As to 77SS, I don't think much of the show anyway, it's a detective thing, and if they put a SF story on it would probably set television stf back another five years. All ready television stf is back to 1930, one more year and the thing won't even have been invented.

I think this character doing the talking either doesn't know what he is talking about or the producer is perhaps the stupid one. I don't think a straight stf story would be presented on 77SS anyway, and if one were it would probably be in the order of 'BBS visit Earth' or such and such a scientist invents weird machine or some equally assinine plot. If you'll reread Phils article you'll notice he pans both the mistakes and the plotting. With a show like MIS, where the two are so closely linked you can't very well crit. icize one without stumbling over the other///

SFC Art Rapp RA36886935, FB, 1st Msl Bn, 40th Arty, Fort Bliss, Texas

While granting Harrell's assumption that MIS is full of blunders (I can't argue; I've never seen an episode of it), I wonder if some of those examples he cites aren't intentional; for dramatic effect? Sure, stfen are aware that sound does not travel in a vacuum, but if TV had presented those space scenes with technical acduracy, most of the nonfen viewers would have probably leaped to twiddle the volumn controls on their sets, convinced the audio had cut out on them. Remember that motion picture classic ROCKETSHIP X-1 with its popcorn-ball meteors "wooshed" past the spaceship. To the nonfed in the movie audience, they wouldn't have been half as deadly a menace without the whoosh!

"Fantasy Dramas on Radio" also evoked pleasant memories. Gene should also have mentioned THE HERMIT, whose bloodcurdling chuckle and eerie wail of "The HERMIT know..." gave nightmares to many an embryo fan in years past. Seems to me THE SPIDER, THE SHADOW and THE GREEN HORNET also haunted the airways for a time, tho these were at best semi-fantasy, except for the incredible gadgets which helped the mysterious heros in their work of stamping out crime.

After reading the lettercolumn, I find that most of the people who commented on my article brought up very pertinent points which I'd overlooked. However I'd like to voice a mild protest against citing FU's folding as evidence that I was mistaken in my theories. Tho it is pure guessing, I believe FU was folded not because it was unprofitable, but because the publishers figured they could make larger profits in other fields. (The PX magazine rack has burst out in a heap of WAGON TRAIN, vol 1, whose format leads me to guess it is published by the same firm as FU was). And secondly, no matter how striking, no magazine's format is going to build up a vast circulation overnight. (Not often anyway: The vest po cket format of PIC may have done so, at least up until the time imitations begin appearing on the stands)

As I recall, Santesson himself stated, during the fanzine panel at the Dention, that no stfmag except ASF was breaking even on expenses; their existence is mostly because the increase the profits of the publishing chains thru technicalities in the corporate tax laws. In a sense, I guess you might even claim they are being subsidized by the taxpayers.

So, of course when a publisher finds some other loophole to escape a higher tax bracket, out does his stfzine. As fans we may gripe about this, but we can hardly blame the publisher; even fanzine publishers prefer their zines to be profitable.

Qell, I'll stick by my statement that, under present conditions, magazine science fiction is probably doomed to extinction within twenty years. But let's not despair: conditions today are vastly different from those of twenty years ago, and while they may never again become favorable to the rise of pulpzines, they quite possibly could, in the future, change to favor stf mags in a form that, as yet, even w/e future looking fans can't imagine. After all, in 1940 could you have imagined pocket books as a serious rival to magazines? Or a futuristic device like TV as a rival to reading in general? (Tho H. G. Wells, in WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES predicted with fiendish accuracy not only TV and radio newscasts, but even the nerve-croggling commercials designed to attract attention, and the decline in literacy resulting from verbal and visual information media.)

///I don't think that magazine stf is necessarily doomed, even with conditions what they are at present. It seems to me that the only satisfactory replacement for the magazines would be something on the order of a microfilm type magazine, but their inventors had

better invent some method of preserving the film, as cellulose only lasts twenty years. There has been a lot of talk about paperbacks replacing the magazines, but this I can't see. A paperback is too limited, both in size and convenience. A paperback isn't nearly as well bound as a magazine, and tho the smaller print and size may be a convenience to some people, there would be other things to hinder paperbackstyle magazines. For instance--there is distribution. Paperbacks are often allowed to remain on the racks until they sell out, a magazine styled paperback would probably have to be issued regularly, only to find its current issues piling up with, or perhaps refused, because of the backlog of old unsold paperback-magazines all ready there.

As for the mags that make money, I would estimate that there are perhaps more than ASF making money at the present time. The Ziff-Davis mags, probably are, and possibly F&SF and GALAXY. I believe that the reason GA folded F U because it didn't show a substantial increase in profits during a time limit, or an increase in circulation large enough to suit GA.

Gene covered the fantasy shows that featured a great deal of what you might call "honest" fantasy as opposed to "gadget fantasy". Actually there were so many of those old series shows that one time or the other featured an episode of fantasy or science fiction that it would take a volume or two to begin listing everything.

You may be right on parts of the MIS show. The sound in vacuum isn't their only blunder tho. With as many as they have I hardly think that all of them could be for effect.///

A/3c Rich Brown, Box 1136, 4756th A&E Sqdn, Tyndall AFB, Fla.

Hmmm, Deckinger is pretty vague through most of his article; he leaves out the last of the trimmed pulps, bar FU; SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, edited by Lownders. And NEW WORLDS has folded too, I understand. Ellison used more pennames than Ellis Hart--- Cortwainer Bird comes immediately to mind, and I'm sure there are others, however evasive that may be in my own mind at this moment. Too, Mike tends to think in terms of the prozines wanting to please fandom, and in this respect he's wrong. What is fandom? About 500 people who, in one way or the other, are interested in going to conventions and reading science fiction. There are, maybe, 20,000 people interested in science fiction regularly. And you must realize that these 20,000 have different tastes. So science fiction magazines don't get the largest part of their revenue from us "regular readers". It's the casual reader, the one who buys maybe ten mags a year or less. And so Campbell is being wise; despite the fact that there is a preponderance of psi-stories, (and remember, Campbell isn't forcing his writers to write psi-stories; if they push his psi-button for him, it's of their own violation). ASF (or ASF&F) is still second only to F&SF. The fans who like ASTOUNDING type material will know that the zine is changing name, and follow it; grumbling in their collective beards, but they'll follow---and Campbell will have them and the lab technicians he's shooting for. ASTOUNDING is an adjective-type name; and if you want a mature, lab-assistant type, you'd probably be jumping up and down with joy at the prospective name change. And, after all, what's in a name? It might be "nice" and "keeping in tradition" to remain as it is, but neither of these aspects are really building the circulation of the magazine---and this is something an editor almost has to do, if he's a good editor.

///You are possibly right about Mike bear emphasising the stf-fandom idea. But I think Campbell is making a fool of himself and ruining his magazine with this title change. He claims that he wants to make the title more mature, so he can attract the lab workers, As a basis for this he claims that ASTOUNDING is an adjective title, and therefore would be embarrassing to the people who might want to read the mag. It seems to me that the type of cover pictures he uses are a lot more noticeable and a lot more embarrassing to the casual buyer than those titles would ever be. When you look over a newsstand or the magazine someone else is holding on that bus, you notice the cover picture before you notice the title. Unless of course the title is surrounded by lots of white space, which ASTOUNDING's title never was. That picture conveys a more dramatic impression than the title ever would. A science fiction magazine featuring a quiet conservative cover picture would do more good and attract more lab technicians than any sort of name change would.

But there is more to the thing than that. Campbell insists on bringing in a serious science article every month, and even with the added sixteen pages (and the addition in price) the articles extend over into the pulpish paper of the mag, and force out that much more of the fiction. Not that I object to an occasional science article, but when I buy a science fiction magazine I buy it for the fiction, not for the science articles it may contain. The lab technicians won't buy Campbell's mag for the science articles,

either, they get those in plenty from recognized trade journals, they'll buy his mag for the fiction in it, and those science articles won't be any more of interest or circulation building help than they would be to the regular readers. But Campbell has sixteen extra pages and an increase of fifteen cents so he may use those extra pages and more besides for science articles. But do you honestly believe that Campbell will stop here, with just one science article? Why is that "Fact" in his new titles, ANALOG SCIENCE FACT AND FICTION? Right now, while the name change is progressing and until things have settled down enough, he is running only one science article. But this peace can't last, and I am willing to bet that in the coming months we'll see two three and even four long science articles through the magazine, and with increased regularity. This is not going to to the magazine or the people who buy the mag for the science fiction in it any good. Nor will it do the state of science fiction any good either.

As for building the readership with the name change, I believe that if you will bother to check among those regular readers you happen to correspond with, you will find an increasing number who just aren't buying the thing anymore. Now this is as much the fault of his psi-slanted stories as the name change, but I wonder if the title change hadn't have gone on if more than half of those ~~κ~~-readers would have been willing to last the psi siege out. It seems tho that Campbell is not going to have the string of regular readers he needs to hold his mag together. The regular reader is the backbone of any magazine, he can be counted on in good times and bad. The irregular read will desert the post in times when he is needed the most, and in these times the money the regular readers are willing to sink into the magazine can often tide the mag over those rough spots, and in some cases, actually save the magazine from folding.

However even with all the obvious disadvantages the name change is bring^{ing} about, the method of changing the name is perhaps its most harming feature. If Campbell had given say, two issues warning, then changed the name, with perhaps a footnote on the cover for the next half year or so, saying that ANALOG was formally ASTOUNDING, he wouldn't have had as many gripes and objection as he is getting now, simply because it would be done, and everyone would know there was little chance of ASTOUNDING being returned. But instead of progressing the safe and sane road, Campbell invents this idiotic name-fading method, whereby each month names fade in and out. Over a long period of time I suppose whis would show the regular and the irregular readers that ASTOUNDING is to become ANALOG, but the other effect it gained aren't worth it. Look at a copy of ASTOUANALOG and look at the title and I think you will have to admit that the way the title is set up is pretty ridiculous. The gradual name change leaves plenty of chance for people like Mike and myself to raise hell over it, and during all of this, Campbell loses readers. What actually has he gained by his name change? Nothing except trouble and an increasing loss of readership, plus harming the general state of science fiction and magazine science fiction in particular. Is it actualy worth it? I think not.///

Peter J. Maurer, 818 S. Jefferson St., Hastings, Mich.

Your endless debate with Clay Hamlin about the "golden age" of SF is without a doubt, the most interesting feature of the GHOST. I agree with your point of view 100%. Clay's admiration for the uninspired hacks of the past is very hard to understand. His classic example of great SF seems to be A. Merritt. Merritt had some talent for writing wild and colorful fantastic adventure stories, I admit. But when he compares that with the careful craftsmanship of today^t is pure nonsense. Merritt's characters are too flat and lifeless; his plots too slight to carry such a heavy load of purple passages. Merritt loved words too much for their sound rather than for the meanings they should convey. Perhaps his finest story should have been THE SHIP OF ISTHAR, but to please an editor he padded it with about 100 extra pages and so spoiled the best idea he ever had. THE WOMAN OF THE WOOD stands as his most perfect work of art. It most certainly is not a typical example of fiction in the "golden age" though. A much better example would be the popular Albert Otis Kline, who wrote more childish rubbish than any other pulp fiction author of his time. Close rivals would include Robert E. Howard (who dreamed up the unspeakable Conan), Ray Cummings, and hundreds of others who played the same tune over and over again with slight changes in the wording. Do Heinlein, Clark, Asimov and Bradbury belong in the same class as these outmoded relics of the past? No! They have more talent, more knowledge and perfected literary technique than the old ~~timers~~ could ever match. And most important of all, they understand human nature, and are thus able to portray human actions. I will give the devil his due, some fine writing and even some great writing was done in the "golden age", but what we get today is much, much better.

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST certainly contains a lot of information and argument about SF and fantasy. For myself, you could leave the pictures out and print more information.

///This business of illos in the GHOST has got to come into the light sometime. I think a few illos throughout will do the job. I have no intention of making the GHOST an illo saturated fanzine unless almost all of the readership demands it. Would like some opinions on artwork in GHOST, and whether you want more or less of it.

I'm inclined to agree with you on the "golden age" (naturally). I liked the Conan stories of Robert Howard tho. Mainly, I think, because of the description throughout the stories. The hero certainly isn't one that should have been allowed to remain on thru series after series, but the almost magic description and fantasy plots Howard dreamed up fascinate me. The blood and thunder is sometimes handled well, but I like Conan for Howard's writing, not for Conan as Conan.///

Poul Shingleton, 320-26th St., Dunbar, W. Va.

While the GALAXY novels aren't Great, they aren't being driven off the market. True, Beacon sexes 'em up and adds sexy covers, but generally the story remains intact. Look at Wellman's TWICE IN TIME...it is/was a good Galaxy novel. But then we have George O. Smith's TROUBLED STAR---sexed up to the point of being unreadable.

I cannot agree more with Clay Hamlin's column. I've read Dear Devil at least five times and loved it as much each time as the first reading. It's a warmly intimate story with an inner part to it. Hamlin has taken the words right out of my mouth; superlative in every respect.

The only thing I can say about Gene Tipton's article is; outstanding. That took some research. I used to listen to programs like that, and still listen to SUSPENSE. More by Tipton please! The best piece in all four GHOSTs thus far.

///The Russel story is well liked by almost anyone who reads it. He is an excellent short story writer. Humor and good story as well.

The novel TWICE IN TIME was one of those put out by Galaxy pubbing Corp I believe. In any event it wasn't issued under the Beacon trademark. After the first two Galaxy Novels under the Beacon trademark I stopped buying Galaxy Novels.///

Jerry Page, 193 Battery Pl., NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia

The trouble with Merritt is Mrs. Merritt. Towards the end---and this is evident in the Merritt chapter of THE BLACK WHEEL---she was trying to get him to write 'better' (i.e., more respectable) stuff. And probably to please her, his style was undergoing a noticable change. Neither Merritt nor Bok's portions of THE BLACK WHEEL have been revised (Merritt's because Mrs. Merritt would not permit Bok to touch her husband's work, and Bok, because the publisher rushed him and printed the book before he was ready.) Merritt's chapters drag, and while there are some slips in a couple of chapters towards the end (characters leave the room but still speak up in conversation and so on) Bok's far outshines him. Bok considers the style change the result of Mrs. Merritt's nagging, and A. Merritt's own failer; in other words, Merritt had reached his peak and was sliding. Anyone who's had dealings with the Merritt estate knows what I mean. ASFO press was going to print COSMOS instead of THE IMMORTAL STORM... until Mrs. Merritt interferred.

///I'm afraid I can't add much to your Merritt-comments, since I don't have your advantage of knowing Bok or having read the book you mention, nor being closely associated with the situation and Atlanta fandom. Oh well, maybe it will clear up something.///

Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn.

Mike Deckinger's article on the current state of the prozines is very good, if somewhat inaccurate in spots. Mike would have us believe that the pulp era was almost over in early 1950, which is very far from true. Within the next few years the pulps did lpe out, rather obviously, tho not before some magazines--FFM in particular--went back to something approximating pulp size after trying small size. Mike says that "by early 1950, the only pulps were the Ziff-Davis duo, PLANET STORIES, FFM, FANTASTIC NOVELS, SF QUARTERLY, and others of less importance." Well now. I don't know which magazines he calls "of less importance", but others still in pulp size or somewhere close included TWS, STARTLING, FANTASTIC STORY QUARTERLY, WONDER STORY ANNUAL, SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, FUTURE-COMBINED WITH SF STORIES, A. MERRITT'S FANTASY, OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES, and a bit later, but still in 1950, MARVEL and TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE ADVENTURE BOOKS. At least 16 titles were still appearing in pulp size in 1950, which hardly sounds like the pulps were dying.

///I must agree that Mike overlooked this error in his article. With only a line here to go, I finish with--send all material & letters to R. Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tenn.

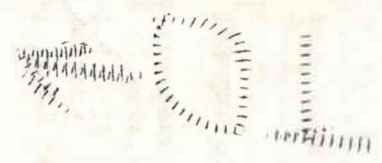
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