

# The MONDAY EVENING GHOST



Excuse please the use of the typed editorial heading, but the editorial is the last thing being typed, and I'm typing it now, after everything else has been printed. I'm dog tired.

We're a week late. This is due to several things happening. Like, losing the use of the machine. I use another one now, a gestetner 120, which seems to do the job, once I control my urge to over ink. The old machine was an ink gulper from its beginnings, probably its beginnings anyway. Then too, I delayed the issue so that the cover could be printed and sent to me. The cover is stanafaxed and printed by Shelby Vick, thru the help of Rich Brown. Rich will use the same cover with different title on his SAPSzine.

A few things here. It just occurred to me a while back, that it might not be a wise idea, on those protest letters to mention science fiction magazines. Knowing the general public vagueness about science fiction, the post office might be prone to dismissing a hord of protests from SF readers on the grounds that they were a bunch of nuts anyway... So, it might be wise just to mention mags in general.

Last issue sent something like this. Peggy Cook's article was the most discussed, most everything else liked. I'm going to drop it there, and in the future I'm not going to bother with a run down of last issue. You can usually tell from the comments in the letter column, without me having to do it too.



I don't understand it, I said the magic word, why didn't Jennings turn to dust?

Next issue will be a sort of Burroughs special issue. Not really tho, because I haven't got that much Burroughs slanted material on hand. However there will be extensive and complete indexes to all the stories Burroughs ever had published, short biography, special cover, and like that.

Emile Greenleaf paid a welcome visit to Nashville on the twenty sixth of August (?). Emile had the questionable distinction of being the first fan I've ever met in person. I don't mind admitting that when I first learned he was passing thru and would stop, I was scared stiff.

He was to arrive sometimes Friday night, and if he came in before ten o'clock we were to get together then, if he arrived later, we would meet Saturday. He hit town at a little after eight, and phoned. It was a good thing he had located Chambers Drive on the map, I was mere speechless when he called. He said he would try to get a bite and be out by nine. Knowing the route from Nashville out here, I sincerely doubted it.

At nine thirty he arrived. To my surprise he seemed to be a normal intelligent type person. I was very glad my beloved mother had forced me to change from my usual grab (twin prop beanie in eight shades, striped pants, red and purple checked sports coat worn over an untanned cowhide vest and light green shirt). Emile turned out to be an interesting person who likes conversation and luke warm coffee. We talked about various things until after twelve. I confess my carefully hoarded store of Points to Bring Up and Discuss completely deserted me, and Emile had to carry most of the conversation. Next time someone pays a visit I hope to be better prepared.



Oh he's a very strong minded fan---he exercises his ego every day...



Artistically speaking Jennings is a total loss...

I ought to explain also, to Emile, the miserable condition my hair was in that day. I remember the event very vividly. A couple of days before I had decided to have my hair cut (it was rather long then, it hit the beanie). So I went to the usual place I get my hair cut, and noticed immediately a barber who had done an excellent job on my hair a few months back. He was able to manage an annoying curl that is always in the the way. So I wait for him, fully expecting to come up with an

Excellent, if not better, hair cut.

Apparently the barber wasn't feeling good that day. He begin things by shaving the sides of my box like head, then did it again, untill I begin to wonder if he had heard me right when he asked what type of hair cut I wanted. I was about

to repeat "medium trim and some 'off the top" when he tightened the cloth around my neck, effectively preventing any further discussion one way or the other. After he butchered the sides, I was feeling pretty bald there by now, he turne his attentions to the long hair on the top of my head. First he mowed it, then mowed it again. Then he thined it. Thinning or this guy is to grab a few hand fulls of hair, clip what comes beyond the top of three fingers, then toss the hair in a fine shower outward, so that it will settle on the customer's face.

After that he shaved the top as well. The end result was that I looked like a person who has a long crew cut on the top, and has just had a crew cut on the sides.

I'd better mention here and now that the color in this issue was done by hectograph and the editorial colored pencils. I had some rather amusing experiences with hecto. Being a cheap & stingy person, I decided to make one instead of buying one. Everything went along fine untill I was to add the barium sulfate to the heated solution. Now Barium sulfate is insoluable in the mixutæe I was concocting, but foolish me, when the stuff begin to sink towards the bottom, I thought it (meaning the hecto as a whole) had starte solofing... So I rushed out and poured the unmixed mess into the pan, aAs a result the hecto took two hours longer than expected to harden. I then messed it up by forgetting tospone it down, great gobs of hecto jelly clubg to the paper. So, I remelte the thing. The only trouble was that the sheet had had red hecto ink on it, and when the hecto was remelted, it took on the color of strawberry pudding (honest). And that day I didn't get any lunch. It is the most madding feeling to hectosomething, while staring at a hecto that looks exactly like strawberry pudding... Horrible.

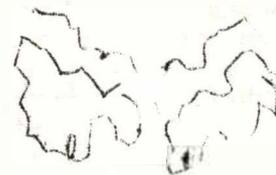
Anyway, after more goofs I remelted it several more times. I now have the only dark blue hecto, by nature, east of the Mississippi. I understand a California fan also owns one, so its not unique.

I might as well fill out the rest of this page with some more words of warning to you people who have taken no interest in GHOST. I am shashing the mailing list, and I am going to despose of most of you people who get GHOST and show no interest in it. As a matter of fact, most ofyou have been cut already, if you are sill receiving GHOST and have shown no interest, rest assured that this is your last copy unless you acknowledge with trade cash or controbution. Don't even think of a LOC unless it is very long and very discussive. People who write short letters of comment are also being cut. Check your name sticker, if there is an "1" after your name, it means this is your last issue, unless you do something. Sp means this is a sample copy, you are receiving GHOST for the first time. T means trade, C means comment, cr means contribution. If there is no symbol after your name it means that you are stayong on the list thru my good graces, and will probably remain on themailing list no matter what you do.

Oh yes, let's not everybody faint at once, but I have bought a lettering guide. Actually its one of those little ruler things, It cost me a dime, so I didn't figure I had much to lose. That's about it this round.



Some faneditors publish because of club work, some because they want to tradd, others because the feel they have something worthwhile to say, but not you Jennings--- you publish for spite...



I once tryed to argue with Ted White...

A quick survey thru the lettercol in the last issue's GHOST revealed that verbal digressions in the form of discussing an amusing and at the time, exasperating bus trip do not go over well with the readership, so in the future I'll make more of an effort to slant this column towards science fictional subjects, and if by chance, you notice me going off into a discussion of something else unrelated, be sure to mention it.

Not that it will do much good of course, but nothing pleases me more than observant readers.

After all, where would a publication, any publication, from THE OHIO CORN-GROWERS MONTHLY to POLICE GAZETTE be without a steady and devoted readership who can not endure the intolerable interval between issues of their favorite magazine, and thus continually besidge the editor with stacks of mail which no human being can possibly read, but which the editor manages to do anyway? This is not to imply that all editors are human---after reading some magazines I have my doubts.

My first introduction to this constant, devoted, and verbally vociferous group came when I began to read magazines like STARTLING STORIES, PLANET, and that bunch. Up until then I had held the rather naive attitude that readers, all readers, were content to sit at home and quietly read the magazines, lingering ocaasionally over stories which struck their fancy, but very rarely doing much in the way of letting the editors know what they thought of the particular yarns.

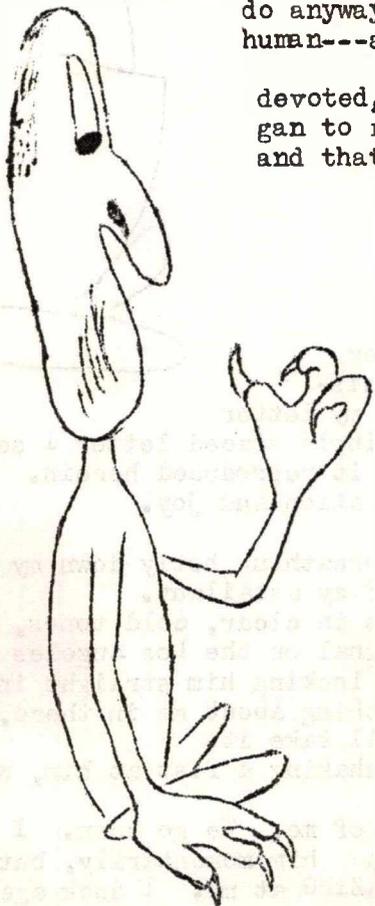
I couldn't have been more wrong had I tried to divine for oil with a Campbell dousing-rod.

You see, the letter-writing readers are a special breed of fñn. They have certain attributes which distinguish them from other ordinary fen and readers. For one thing, a letter writing fan has hands which are a mite larger than those of other people. When I first learned of this fact, I feared for a moment that here, at last, was proof positive that fans had not evolved far from the apes. But I soon learned I was incorrect in my assumption, and that it was a necessity, and that with an assist f om nature, fen had been granted the oversize hands, not grossly oversized, but still, a wee bit larger. The reason for the larger hands is to make the joints of the hands and fingers more operatable.

# THE CREAKY CHAIR

By

## MIKE DECKINGER



thus giving a person better skill with a typewriter, pen or pencil. It must be admitted that small hands are no great aid when it comes to using a typewriter. Some of the models are so contrived so that one can lose his fingers between the spaces if he is not careful. With larger fingers, punching the keys is simpler and easier for the person, and naturally he writes letters quicker.

Another attribute that letter writers possess is an enlarged cranium, housing a more highly developed brain than normal people. As a matter of fact, the brain is so highly developed in some persons, that they are capable of conversing thru mental telepathy, without bothering with the other, more strenuous and archaic method of speech. This naturally affords them the opportunity of thinking faster, which means they type faster, get more words to the page, and have more to say. I do not have the facilities, nor the inclination to launch a full scale investigation, but perhaps in the near future there is a chance others will take up the call to determine why the phenomenon of the highly developed brain exists as it does.

I've often puzzled over the thought, as to whether each editor appreciates the great devotion and regard his letter writing underlings hold. Not even a Campbell Crystal Ball could reveal to him the true thoughts that go thru the minds of his followers. These letter-writers are a strange breed.

But, I keep thinking to myself, perhaps there will be a resurgence within their ranks; a new awakening on the part of the letter-writers to turn more magazines today into forms of publication designed simply to contain correspondence.

In a rapidly conceived dream sequence I can picture myself going to the corner newstand.

"A copy of LADIES HOME ANALOG SEX STORIES," I tell the newsdealer very succinctly, plunking down my fifty cents heavily on the counter.

"Last one left," he mutters, as he leans over behind the counter, kneels down, and after several minutes of groping, (just enough time for me to swipe a candy bar from the counter), he reappears with a grimy magazine clutched in grimy hands.

Quickly I hurry to another side of the store, as someone else goes to the counter, and thumb thru the copy. Damn, I think in annoyance, another blasted story, and taking up eight pages too. Bighod, what's Crumple trying to do, turn this into a story book? At last in desperation I reach the letter section, and my eyes scan over the sixty-eight pages of micro-elite type consisting of the letter column. At last I come to my letter

too. I happily remember the fourteen page, single spaced letter I sent off three weeks ago, and it's with great joy that I see it reproduced herein. And only edited to seven paragraphs too, I think in admiration and joy.

Suddenly a hand grabs me.

"That's my copy," a bull voice, breathing hotly down my neck roars.

I back away, so I can see more of my assailant.

"I want that magazine," he states in clear, cold tones, his eyelids opening and closing like a frantic traffic signal on the Los Angeles freeway.

"You can't have it," I tell him, looking him straight in the eye.

"I've got to. Someone said something about me in there, and this is the last copy in stock. Give it to me or I'll take it.

"You'll never get it," I state, shaking a fist at him, with my knees echoing their approval.

Suddenly he lunges and is on top of me. We go down. I pick up a copy of the FARMER'S ALMANAC and hit him. It stops him momentarily, but he regains his balance and tosses a copy of FAMOUSLY AMAZING at me. I duck again and...

But of course this is all a dream sequence, and can only exist (cont. on page 7)



# THE HEART AND THE MACHINE

By  
ART RAPP

Peggy Cook has brought to light a little-explored subject in her article, "The Retarded Development of STF Poetry" (MEG, August, 1960). And tho I applaud her raising the question, I disagree with many of her statements and conclusions.

Statement: "...the first half of the nineteenth century, a period in which poetry became little more than maudlin slop."

Disagreement: A period in which the common man's adulation of technology could cause the Poet Laureate of the British Empire to view Queen Victoria's 75th Anniversary celebration like this:

Far-called, our navies melt away;  
On dune and headland sinks the fire:  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget---lest we forget!

...

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard,  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding, calls not on Thee to guard,  
For frantic boast and foolish words---  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

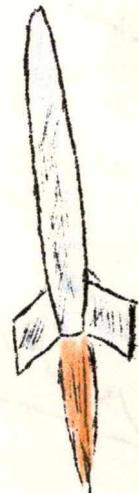
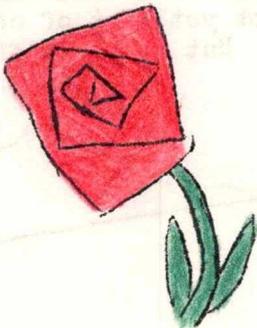
or another Poet Laureate think of progress as being like the irresistible rush of a railroad train, and write:

...As the great world rolls forever  
Down the ringing groves of change.

This is not a period whose poetry can be called "maudlin slop"! It is, of course a period of over-optimism on the part of the poets, who were infected by the prevailing opinion that the future would quickly bring an age of Arcadian utopia, where technology would provide so bountifully that no one would even dream of committing a crime or starting a war.

Another statement: "Science fiction and poetry share the same limitations."

Science fiction is far less limited than poetry, in the sense which Peggy means. Science fiction merely describes the world of far away, or future time; poetry must not only describe it, but convey the impressions which this strange world makes upon the observer. This is quite obvious in the latter half of her article, where she describes an alien world, then shows how



a poetic observer might react to it. Read the poem without the introductory prose description, and see how incomprehensible it becomes.

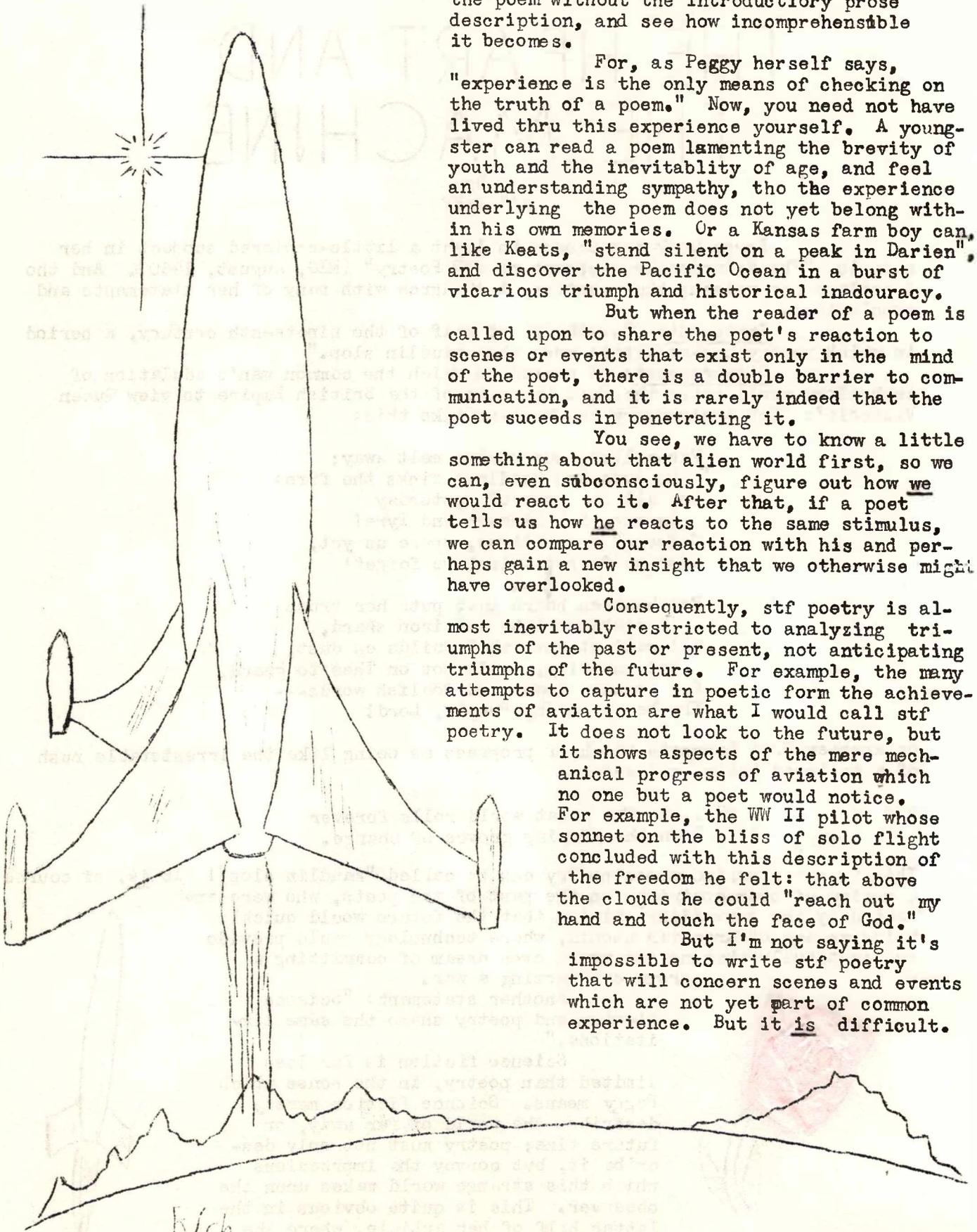
For, as Peggy herself says, "experience is the only means of checking on the truth of a poem." Now, you need not have lived thru this experience yourself. A youngster can read a poem lamenting the brevity of youth and the inevitability of age, and feel an understanding sympathy, tho the experience underlying the poem does not yet belong within his own memories. Or a Kansas farm boy can, like Keats, "stand silent on a peak in Darien", and discover the Pacific Ocean in a burst of vicarious triumph and historical inaccuracy.

But when the reader of a poem is called upon to share the poet's reaction to scenes or events that exist only in the mind of the poet, there is a double barrier to communication, and it is rarely indeed that the poet succeeds in penetrating it.

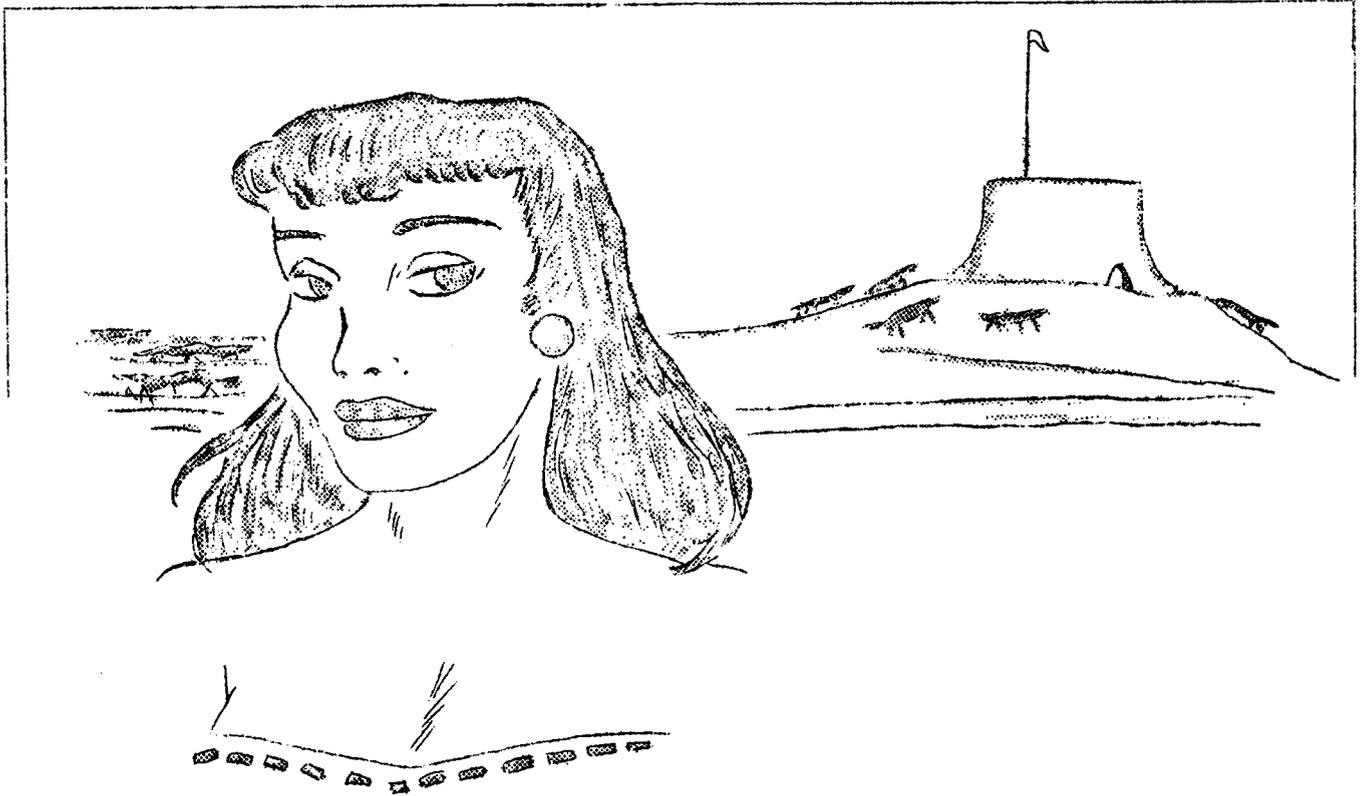
You see, we have to know a little something about that alien world first, so we can, even subconsciously, figure out how we would react to it. After that, if a poet tells us how he reacts to the same stimulus, we can compare our reaction with his and perhaps gain a new insight that we otherwise might have overlooked.

Consequently, stf poetry is almost inevitably restricted to analyzing triumphs of the past or present, not anticipating triumphs of the future. For example, the many attempts to capture in poetic form the achievements of aviation are what I would call stf poetry. It does not look to the future, but it shows aspects of the mere mechanical progress of aviation which no one but a poet would notice. For example, the WW II pilot whose sonnet on the bliss of solo flight concluded with this description of the freedom he felt: that above the clouds he could "reach out my hand and touch the face of God."

But I'm not saying it's impossible to write stf poetry that will concern scenes and events which are not yet part of common experience. But it is difficult.



Rich  
Armstrong



Sometimes tho, the poet succeeds. For example:

LETTER FROM LUNAR STATION  
by Rue Bowdoin

Had I ear for melody  
I should have heard  
in this keen silence  
overtones of ageless sound...  
the music of the spheres.

But endlessly I hear a song  
of Earth only, of spring winds  
and billowing weatfields under the sun  
and the evening call of one robin  
in the darkling meddow  
and I hear  
the song of a girl walking  
on a green summer street.

(this theme is loudest  
and constantly recurring,  
whirling out of the hurdy-gurdy  
of my soul  
like an air from II Trovatore  
or the garish Midway of a ragshow)

Not the soprano of her throat,  
but the white melody of her body  
freely striding  
and the caroling chiffon music  
of her summer dress  
blown distractingly,



all liltng together the fragile leitmotif  
of my heart's grand opera  
of Earth.

What this proves, I believe, is that stf poetry will never succeed in describing to us the unimaginable future. Rather, when it is successful, it will show us that, regardless of environment, the dreams and hopes and emotions of humanity remain the same.

Things have never been adequate as subjects for great poetry. It is the reaction of humanity to things that inspire the poets. Nevertheless, I hope that the crew of the first interplanetary spaceship includes at least one ameature poet, particularly if their destination proves to be a planet containing intelligent life. Because maybe the BEM's will have their own poetry and their own poets, and in such a case, we need a qualified human on the spot, or else such trivia will be swept aside and lost in the wake of the bargaining or battle which is more important to the nonpoetic types.

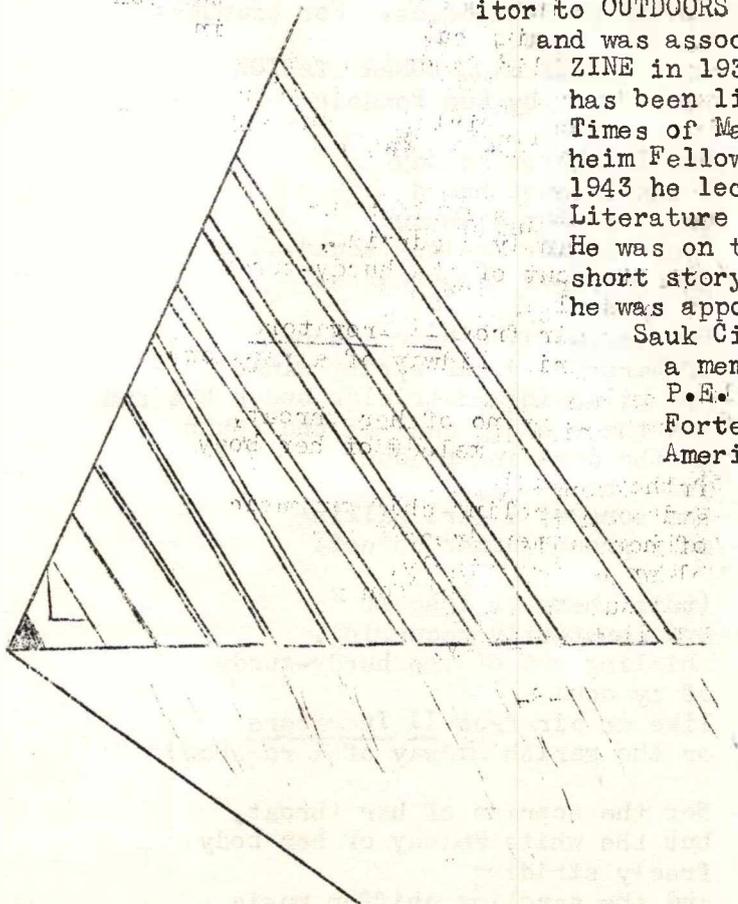
Personally, I'd like someday to read Thuungvar Grkk's "Ode to the Rising Crescent Earth", even if translation difficulties raise hell with the meter and internal-rhyme system.

And by the way, Rue Bowdoin is better known to fandom as Redd Boggs.

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Fantasy Comments---

August William Derleth was born in Sauk City, Wisconsin on February 24, 1909. His parents were William Julius and Rose Louise Volk Derleth. He attended the University of Wisconsin where he received a B.A. in 1930. He began writing in 1922. Derleth was contributing editor to OUTDOORS MAGAZINE from 1934 to 1943 and was associate editor of MYSTIC MAGAZINE in 1930 and 1931. Since 1941 he has been literary editor of The Capital Times of Madison. Derleth won a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1938. From 1939 to 1943 he lectured on American Regional Literature at the University of Wisconsin. He was on the O'Brien Honor Roll for his short story, Five Alone in 1933. In 1937 he was appointed Director and Clerk on the Sauk City Board of Education. He is a member of the Author's Guild, P.E. N., the Baker Street Irregulars, Fortean Society, Mystery Writers of America, United Ameateur Press Association, Milwaukee Press Club as well as a dozen others. At present he is publisher and editorial director of Arkham House, Mycroft And Moran, and Stanton and Lee. He was married August 1953, to Sandra Evelyn Winters. There are two children, April Rose born August 9, 1954 and Walden William, born August 22, 1956. However the Derleths were devored in 1958,

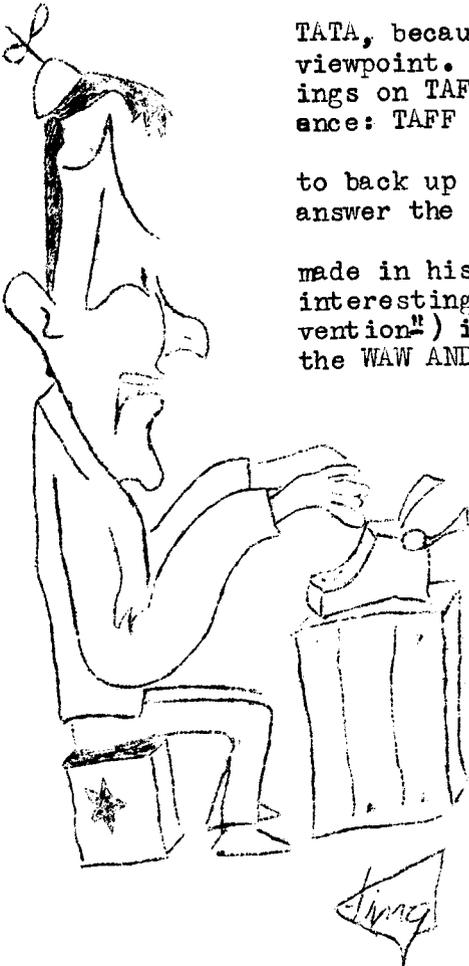


---Len Collins

--A Sirius Column-----  
-  
---..or one of a fannish cometary--  
-  
-by Rich Brown-----

DEPT. OF NEWS: By the time you see this, it probably won't be news to you, but on the off chance that you haven't seen or ~~seen~~ about, I might tell you that your richest, brownest columnist (short, possibly, of Carl Brandon) has been sick, sick, sick. One Friday night I lay on my bunk reading the recently received CRY OF THE NAMELESS, when suddenly I felt this dull ache in my back. Arrggghhh, I said, or something to that effect; and it wasn't more than an hour later that I ended up in the base hospital, with stones in my kidneys, wondering if CRY was really quite that bad...

DEPT. OF VIEWS: Also, by the time this gets into print, many of you (I hope) will have received my TAFF AND TAFF AGAIN. It is my hope, thru publishing this, to get fandom's viewpoint, via poll, of TAFF, and get something dome about it.



Now I've tried to keep my viewpoint out of TATA, because, if possible, I wanted to get an unprejudiced viewpoint. But I would like, here, to state my own feelings on TAFF. And they can be summed up in one simple sentence: TAFF as we know it, has never served its purpose.

That was the simple statement, now I've got to back up by defining what purpose, and how served, and answer the oldest of all cliches: Who am I to judge?

In 1952, prompted by a remark Walt Willis made in his report of the London Convention ("It would be interesting to see what I might do with an American Convention") in the oft-lamented QUANDRY, Shelvy Cick started the WAW AND CREW IN '52 campaign. It was successful in bringing Walt Willis to the Chicago convention in '52, and led to the publication of the finest of all convention reports: The Harp Stateside. It was Walt Willis who was brought here, for his fine fanzines, SLANT and HYPHEN; it was Walt Willis, for his fine writings; it was Walt Willis, for being the fanzine-fans' fanzine-fan; it was Walt Willis, who was the #1 outstanding fan on the other side of the ocean, the #2 on this side---yes, and it was Walt Willis because he was capable of paying back the money put into getting him here by giving us solid hours of reading enjoyment.

The success of the WAW & CREW IN '52 campaign was the foundation of the present day TransAtlantic Fan Fund. It was, I think, a strong foundation. However, due to several mule-headed actions, I think the foundation has all but crumbled; and with apologies to Issac Asimov, I think it is time

for a Second Foundation.

My personal knowledge of TAFF goes back only as far as the '56-'57 campaign, with the exception of its beginning, outlined above. The winners since that time have been Bob Madle, Ron Bennett, Don Ford, and Eric Bentcliffe.

It would be interesting, I think, along the "who am I to judge" category to note just who the fanzines supported at the times.

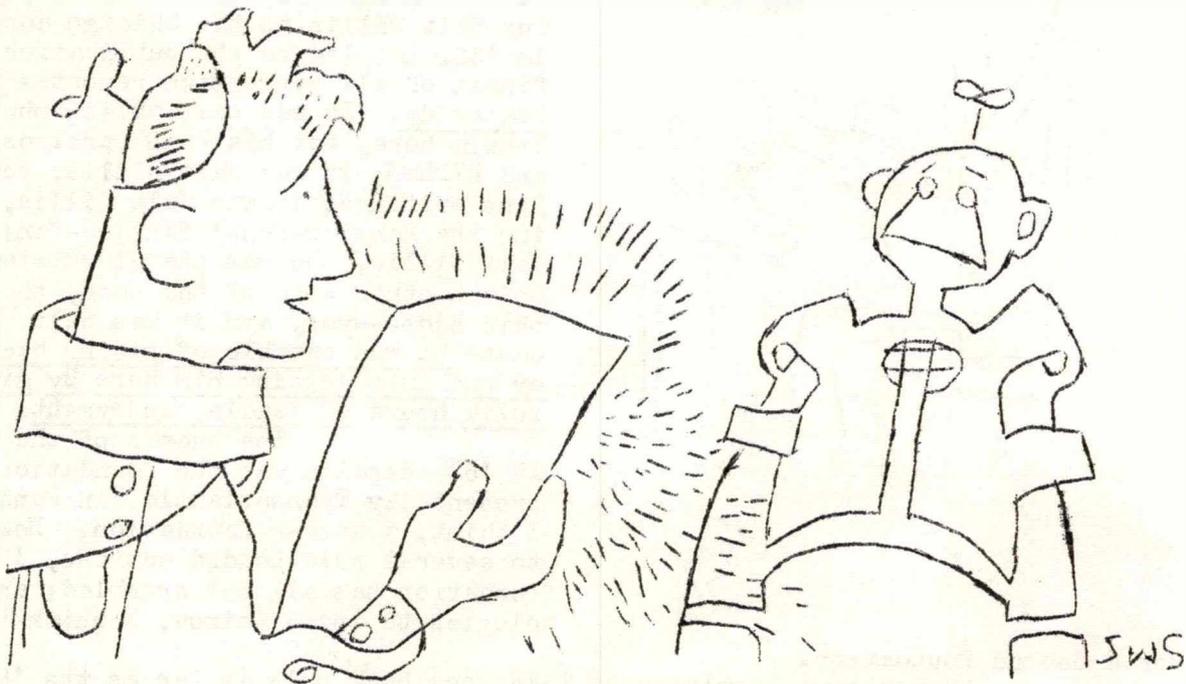
The fracas started when Madle won his trip, and I personally don't remember any fanzine support, tho I may be wrong. In the fanzines, it was considered

a race between Dick Eney and Boyd Rayburn---and it was one of these two, that most of the Anglofans were expecting. The important thing to remember in this particular case is that several of the most active Anglofans had never heard of Bob Madle. This is not overly surprising; Madle was mostly a club fan, who came out of the woodwork for three days out of a year to attend a convention, only to disappear at the closing remarks, and not appear again until the next one. His only contact with the segment of fandom most familiar to us was a column, "Inside Science Fiction", which appeared sporadically in various prozines edited by RAWLownders, and consisted mostly of talking of fandom's past, and conventions and occasionally mentioning one or two fanzines.

When Rob Bennett ran, it was not the fact that he won that outraged fans---Bennet was and is still a good enough fan in his own right---but the fact that John Berry, the top writer that he is now, as proven by the recent FANAC Poll, came in third, with Dave Meuman (like, who he?) with very little and possibly no fanzine support copping the second place. The reaction to this was that Berry was brought over here on a Special Fund, as you all know. And I think it should be noted that Berry's trip has been the only rewarding one since Willis', and it was not a product of TAFF.

Don Ford won against Terry Carr and Bjo Trimble, then Wells. Terry Carr is the best fannish writer on this side of the ocean, as well as being 90% of the Hoax of the Century (Carl Brandon), co-editor of the #1 fanzine, FANAC, and editor of a fine fanzine entirely on his own, INNUENDO, which was also in the top ten. Bjo Wells is the best fannish artist/cartoonish, as well as being the person who pumped life back into LASFS, causing the club to buy the LASFSstenter, and putting out SHAGGY again, and the instigator of the Fashion Show at the SOLACON, a multi-apan, and a fannish personality the match of Willis or Berry. They both lost to Don Ford, who was one of the founders of the MidWestCon, and who had once served as a TAFF administrator---the distinction being that he was the only one to do so without taking the trip himself---a distinction which is now lost. I know of two fanzines that supported Don Ford.

The Benclife-Ashworth-Sanderson bit, which was staged quite quickly



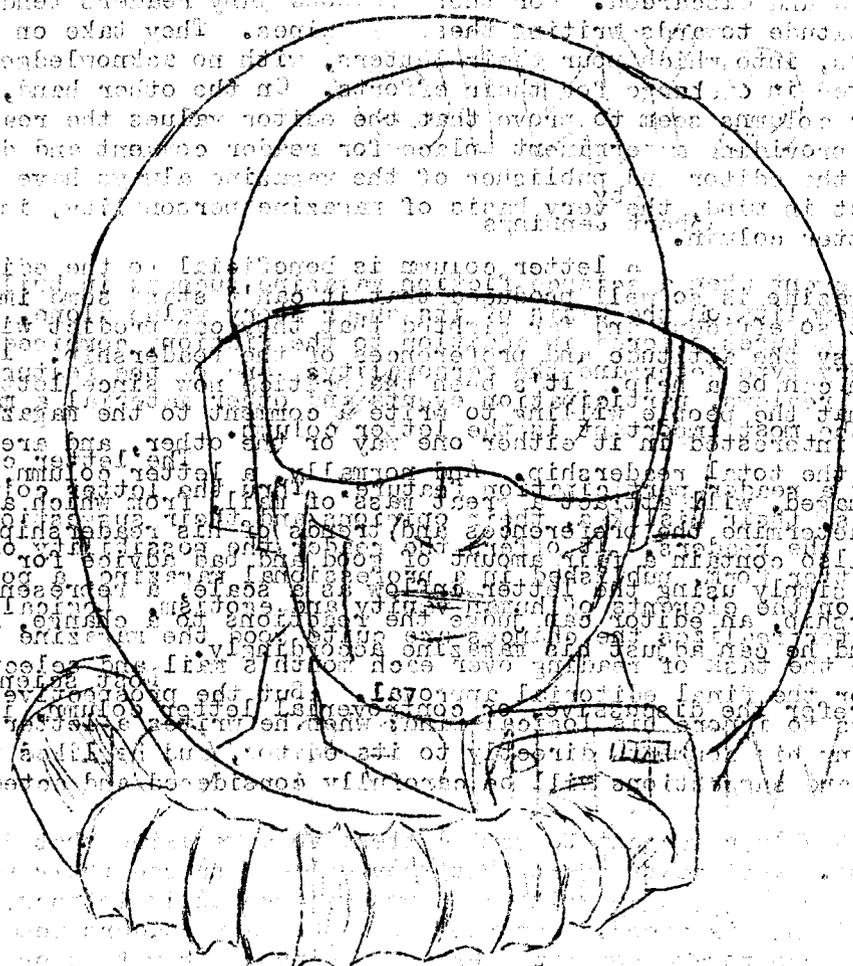
Glow in the dark printing, three dementional hetter heads, 72 full color illos, 6 two page fold outs of the Venus con---No, I'm sorry Kryxxptsk, I can only give your zine a 'crud zine' rating...

wasn't much to judge from; all three, rather generally speaking, were imminently suitable. But even in this case, it seemed to me, the fanzine support was mostly for either Ashworth or Sanderson.

I have no dislike for any of these men-- but I honestly think that they are not, unfortunately, truly representative of us. And the great misfortune, so far, seems to be that the Anglos are able to give us, at least, a decent representative-- whereas we, in this respect, have failed. It is my opinion that there is no use in crying over spilt milk. It is also my opinion that we must do something, for the simple reason, that we can keep from spilling any more.

///Editor's note, much as I would appreciate your comments on this, if you have any specific suggestions, please send them directly to Rich, whose address is A/3c Rich Brown, Box 1136, Tyndall AFB, Fla.)

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John

Fantasy Comments--- The magazine stories of C. A. "Tod" Robbins

ALL STORY MAGAZINE		
Jul 14 1917	The Terrible Three	serial-4 parts
Jan 19 1918	Old-Dog, New Tricks	short
Oct 26 1918	Safe and Sane	serial-3 parts
Dec 31 1918	Who Wants a Green Bottle?	novelet
Apr 5 1919	The Living Portrait	novelet
Oct 25 1919	The Whimpus	novelet
Feb 14 1920	Wee Wullie, The Waster	novelet
THRILL BOOK		
Jul 1 1919	The Bibulous Baby	short
Jul 15 1919	The Voice From Beyond	short
Aug 15 1919	The Conquerors	short
Sep 1 1919		short
Sep 15 1919	Undying Hatred	short
Oct 1 1919	Crimson Flowers	short
MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE		
Jan 1921	Toys of Fate	novelet
FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES		
Sep-Oct 1939	The Whimpus	novelet
Sep 1942	Wee Wullie, The Waster	novelet
FANTASTIC NOVELS		
Nov 1940	Who Wants a Green Bottle	novelet
Nov 1948	The Terrible Three	novel
Mar 1949	The Toys of Fate	short
Nov 1949	The Living Portrait	novelet
CANADIAN SUPER SCIENCE		
Jun 1945	Toys of Fate	novelet

# THE WRITINGS OF A CONFIRMED CYNIC

by  
Robert Jennings

It's a rare event when a science fiction magazine succeeds in building a strong magazine personality on the basis of its sheer story value alone. More often the various service features offered in addition to the fiction, combined with both story quality and story type determine the personality. And of the features, the articles, the columns, reviews, participation events and other material a magazine may present, one of the most important is the letter column.

The letter column fulfills the need for a reader participation feature. Thru the letter column readers may air their likes, their dislikes, their opinions and their suggestions in print to the editor and the readers. It offers the reader the possibility of having his material, in letter form, published in a professional magazine, a possibility that plays heavily on the elements of human vanity and egotism. Logically the prospective letter writer realizes the chances are quite good the magazine he is writing assigns someone the task of reading over each month's mail and selecting a few promising letters for the final editorial approval. But the prospective letter writer often prefers to ignore his logical mind; when he writes a letter to a magazine, he is addressing his comments directly to its editor, and he likes to believe that his opinions and suggestions will be carefully considered and acted upon.

Readers are instinctively reluctant to send letters to a magazine that does not feature a letter column. Besides the fact that they will never see their name in print, there is the chance that the magazine does not welcome their letters, and their effort will go unread and discarded. For these reasons many readers tend to take a 'what the hell' attitude towards writing these magazines. They take on the aspects of bottomless voids, into which pour their letters, with no acknowledgement or noticeable result received in exchange for their efforts. On the other hand, magazines featuring letter columns seem to prove that the editor values the readers' comments, and shows it by providing a permanent place for reader comment and discussion. The belief that the editor and publisher of the magazine always have the readers' interests uppermost in mind, the very basis of magazine personality, is thus strengthened by a letter column.

A letter column is beneficial to the editor in other ways too. No magazine is so well produced that it can't stand some improvement. And few editors are so efficient and far sighted that they can predict with any great degree of accuracy the attitude and preferences of the readership. In both cases a letter column can be a help. It's been the practice now since letter columns began to assume that the people willing to write a comment to the magazine are usually the ones most interested in it either one way or the other, and are generally representative of the total readership. And normally, a letter column, unless stupendously mismanaged, will attract a great mass of mail, from which an editor should be able to determine the preferences and trends of his readership. This mass of mail should also contain a fair amount of good and bad advice for improving the magazine. By simply using the letter inflow as a scale, a representation of the total readership, an editor can judge the reactions to a change, a story type or a policy, and he can adjust his magazine accordingly.

Most science fiction readers seem to prefer the discussive, or controversial letter column, in

where subjects of interest to the readers may be argued and discussed. But no matter what the readership may want, it is the editor, or someone appointed by him, that will determine exactly what goes into a letter column, and exactly what type of column will be featured is solely up to that person. If the editor feels that discussive letter columns won't serve the best interests of the magazine, he is in a perfect position to sort thru the mail and choose letters that conform to his idea of what a letter column should be. Eventually he will collect a group of readers who appreciate his type of letter column, no matter what type he chooses. An excellent example of how editorial control can change a letter column would be the Fairman edited AMAZING and FANTASTIC, in which the formally discussive letter columns were changed into little more than sounding boards to complement Fairman and his writers. An editor can also use the letter column as a propaganda feature, aimed at convincing the non-letter writing element of the circulation that his policy has been approved of by the other readers. This is an unhealthy situation, because the chances are good that the majority of readers did not agree with the policy in the first place, and if the editor continues the policy, no amount of false information will affect public opinion, and he will realize it in declining circulation.

The popular discussion letter columns are fast becoming disappearing freaks. The so-called "humorous" letter column has already vanished it seems. In the past more presentable letter columns were possible thru the pulp sized magazines, with the lower printing costs and the extensive use of micro-elite type-face, all of which allowed a great many pages that could be devoted to the letter column. One of the requirements of the discussive letter columns seemed to be space, room for much argument and discussion. The coming of the digest era, with its soaring publishing costs, high premium on free space, and the rapid disappearance of fine type-face, caused a drastic change in both the appearance and the quality of the letter column. Restrictions on space naturally caused sharp restrictions on the number of letters that could be included in the letter column. But perhaps the primary cause of the drop in quality of the letter columns was the inability of the editors to utilize the digest form to its best advantage. What is needed if the discussive letter column is to remain, is an editor with imagination and an eye for controversy. Offhand I can think of one magazine in the past few years that presented a discussive letter column thru the digest size, with more or less successful results. Larry Shaw's INFINITY letter column combined variety, and controversy to provide the best digest letter column since the Browne AMAZING days.

At present the digest form letter column lacks much, about the best of the current crop is carried in the Ziff-Davis magazines, and they are a far cry from the discussive letter columns of the pulp days. The discussive letter column can't continue to exist as a discussive, controversial form, unless both editor and reader is willing to accept and adapt to the limitations of the digest size. If an editor is willing to extend his imagination on this problem, and is willing to feature controversy, and not shy away from it, and perhaps even bother to answer his commenters defending his point of view; then I think that the digest size magazines can host as fine a letter column as the pulp era ever produced. A digest sized letter column brings on special problems and its own advantages, if there is an editor willing to exploit the digest form.

(this was the second in a five part series titled The Personalit of a Magazine, the third part will deal with the other service features)

END

THIS IS AN EMBARRASING BLANK SPACE

# FORGOTTEN CLASSICS

By CLAY HAMLIN

For this time round I'm going to desert my usual policy of writing about one single story. There is good reason for this. If you are an avid collector, go back into those treasured stacks of prozines and find THRILLING WONDER STORIES, December, 1952. If you are not a collector, I urge you most sincerely, if you ever buy an old magazine, make sure this is the one. It may very well be one of the best single issues of a stf magazine ever published. It's like this---

The lead story is The Caphian Caper, by Kendall Foster, considered by many fans to be among the top science fiction humorists. And this is almost certainly the very best of the haliarious and memorable Manning Draco stories. Far be it for me to attempt to describe a Manning Draco story, those of you who have experienced this character before need no prompting, and those who haven't are missing a rare treat.

That makes a good beginning, but it is only the beginning. Next comes Canterbury April, by Raymond F. Jones. It may not be Jones' best stories, such an honor takes in an awful lot of ground, but it is a brand new twist on the time travel yarn, a field in which seemingly there are few, if any, new twists left to try. And it's a very good story.

Then there is one of the finest stories by ole world wrecker Edmond Hamilton, the first story, I feel, that truly showed his qualities as a writer, not of simple space opera, but a writer comparable to the best practitioners of the art.

Yes, there are a couple of interesting short stories as well. Authors? Well, one is by Frank Belknap Long, perhaps you've heard of him. And Roger Dee as well. They are fine stories, both of them, but the competition is so terrific that even these examples of fine stf short story writing must be dismissed as merely interesting.

By now you might be suspecting that all this was leading up to something, and it has. May I bring to your special attention one of the few stories of stf that can rightly claim the title of masterpiece? The name is No Land of Nod, and the author is Sherwood Springer. Never heard of him? Well, neither have I. Perhaps there is a Sherwood Springer who wrote just one story. It happened before with E for Effort, by T. L. Sherred, so this may well be another such case. But upon reading the story one might suspect that it is by some other author, who, because of the subject matter, preferred to have it released under a pen name. Remembering well those days, it's reasonable to suspect that this name might merely be one more of the numerous pseudonyms of Hentry Kuttner. If this is true, surely there can be little argument that even Kuttner outdid himself this time. But again, it could be that Ray Bradbury, just rising to his present status, deserted his own style to say something special, and deserting his own style, because this tale did not fit in with that specific writing type he had developed.

Those are the only two authors of the day I can think of, whose fame was great enough to have a story such as this printed without wanting their own name put on it. It is actually a tragedy that this tender and moving tale has been completely overlooked by the anthologists. The reason must be the touchy subject matter. It's hard to imagine such a gem of prose being forgotten.

What exactly is the subject matter? Well, it is the story of a single couple left alive from all of Earth's billions. Nothing new in that; you

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continued from page 6

in my subconscious. But it should give some idea of the avid fanaticism residing in the cold, calculating mind of the letter writer. Perhaps some day, this copy of THE MONDAY EVENING which I hold in my hand may develop into a prototype of the ultimate letterzine. But knowing its editor I doubt it.

might say. But in this case there is; this is the very first time any author has seen fit not to ignore certain ideas about the second and third generations. Where exactly will these generations come from except thru matings between brothers and sisters? A taboo subject? Not if you consider the biblical tale of Adam and Eve. But this story is a completely honest one, presented in a sober and decent manner. The sex part of it is not emphasized, indeed, it is played down.

Yet even that idea is not a real surprise, if you can call it a surprise. Certainly the author does not actually hide just what would have to be, when the three children of the two survivors are all girls, and then the woman dies. No, it isn't a surprise, but the delicate and gentle manner in which the author presents the story is one that sort makes you a bit proud of humanity.

This is certainly one of the remarkable stories of sf, and it is undeniably one of the best. Without a single character which the reader can identify himself with, as much as one would like to think of himself similar to the characters, it still manages to create a mood that will hold your interest, and it is a story you will never forget. It's a lovely piece of prose, and probably it could only have been done thru the science fiction media.

This one above all, get it and read, you won't be disappointed.

END

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SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY QUIZ (Gene Tipton)

How familiar are you with the the careers of SF and fantasy authors? Consider yourself sufficiently acquainted with an author's work to name his or her first published story? Below are the names of ten wellknown writers, Three stories are listed, one of which was the first work by that author to be published. Can you pick the correct one?

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

- A. Our Fair City
- B. Life-Line
- C. Elsewhere

C. L. MOORE

- A. Doorway Into Time
- B. The Dark Land
- C. Shambleau

AUGUST DERLETH

- A. The Shadow On The Sky
- B. Glory Hand
- C. Bat's Belfry

RAY BRADBURY

- A. King Of The Grey Spaces
- B. The Candle
- C. Pendulum

E. E. SMITH

- A. Spacehounds of IPC
- B. The Skylark of Space
- C. Galactic Patrol

FRANCIS STEVENS

- A. Sunfire
- B. The Labrinth
- C. The Nightmare

A. MERRITT

- A. The People Of The Pit.

JACK WILLIAMSON

- B. Through The Dragon Glass
- C. The Moon Pool
- A. The Metal Man

JOHN W. CAMPBELL

- B. The Wand Of Doom
- C. The Reign of Wizardry
- A. The Metal Horde

ROBERT BLOCH

- B. When The Atoms Failed
- C. Rebellion
- A. Power Of The Druid

- B. The Feast In The Abbey
- C. Black Barter

(answers on page )



# I REMEMBER PITTSBURGH

by  
EMILE GREENLEAF

## I. Prelude

"Y'know," Bob Jennings remarked quite casually, "I'm going to want a Pittcon Report for MONDAY EVENING GHOST. Would you do it?"

I was relaxed and comfortable upon his living-room sofa, enjoying his mother's coffee and cake, chatting pleasantly with his father, and looking over the lineup of material for future issues of MEG. In short, I was feeling human again after having just driven from New Orleans (a mere five hundred miles). So, I agreed. But I felt duty bound to warn Bob. For Jennings, in his brief tenure as a faneditor, had acquired a fearful serconnish reputation. Sort of a poor fan's Norman Metcalf.

"It'll probably be quite fanzish in a great number of places."

"That's OK."

This answer wasn't too much of a surprise. For a brief conversation had established that Bob Jennings, the fan, was in some respects not the same person as Bob Jennings, faneditor. So, perhaps, the stern, dictatorial editorial personality was beginning to soften up a bit, who knows? But I had warned him, and if he was still game, far be it from me to discourage him.

The rest of the evening passed in conversation, all too quickly. But finally I had to take my leave and head back to my motel.

The next morning I was on the highway again. I spent a few days with some friends in Ohio, and on Wednesday made the last leg of my journey, to Pittsburgh.

## II. Wednesday

My watch said approximately six o'clock when I pulled the Lark up to the door of the Penn-Sheraton. It was a few hours before I noticed that the local clocks were on daylight-saving time! Luckily I hadn't made any appointments for that evening!

I think I may have been the first out-of-town fan to arrive. Reva Smiley thought she had copied the title when she pulled in at around three AM the next morning. So, if anyone who can or cares to dispute me and wished to do so, speak on the matter.

I was established in an eleventh floor room. It was air-conditioned as advertised, but I could never get it any cooler than seventy-five. But since I was hardly in the room except to sleep, it didn't really matter.



As soon as I got my bearings, I phoned Marion Mallinger's home. Her mother answered. Marion was still at work (which I expected), but she told me to come on out to the house and wait for her. I told Mrs. Mallinger that I would be out as soon as I freshened up and got a bite to eat.

About two hours later I was drinking coffee with Mrs. Mallinger and admiring the modern decor in which their apartment had recently been redecorated. Including an all-electric kitchen, which looks like something stolen from Cape Canaveral. And it's all theirs; they own the three-apartment building in which they live.

Marion came in a little after eleven. She's a relief pharmacist and the majority of her assignments are afternoon and evening shifts.



From all the discussion in the fanzines lately, the question is no longer "who or what killed science fiction", but why hasn't it dropped dead before now...

So, I had been trying to help her make up her mind during the past months: had I known as much about conventions back at the Nolacon as I do now, I would have stayed at the hotel; it's so much easier to merely take an elevator to go "home" after a party than a taxi; and you're more a part of things when staying at the con hotel anyway.

"Yes," she answered. "Bea Taylor is coming in for the convention, and we're sharing a room. I'll be checking into the hotel on Friday afternoon." I felt relieved. I had had visions of seeing Marion into a cab at four AM, and then having to beat on her doorbell at eleven AM so that we could be sure of having breakfast in time to make the next convention session, and similar traumatic fantasies.

"Swell!" I said, "when did you decide to stay at the hotel?"

A smirk of devilish amusement crossed her face as she answered: "Oh, I've had the reservation since last September."

"September!", I groaned, "you mean, all those months I was trying to sell you on the idea of staying at the hotel, I was just wasting time and paper?"

She laughed, "you think I was going to run back and forth from here to the hotel thruout the convention? Not on your life. Oh, those arguments you put forth with so much effort were quite nice, but I had already made up my mind long before."

So, I laughed with her. What else could I do? A gentleman doesn't strike a lady.

We talked till

"Surprised to see me here waiting?"

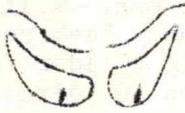
"Not exactly. I figured you would come out to the house if you got to town fairly early.

At this point her mother broke the news to Marion that the hot water heater, which serves all three apartments, had gone on the blink. No hot water. Tenants unhappy. All the trials and tribulations of a property owner.

Later, over a cup of coffee, I asked Marion if she had decided to stay at the hotel during the convention. Months before when I had asked her, she had said that she was undecided.



You sure this is the IRT subway?



Oh the convention hall had excellent acoustics...the speaker's voice almost carried past the first three rows...

Jackson Street.

The morning was spent in shopping, after which Marion dropped her mother off at the little variety store which she runs ("my mother's hobby"). We returned to the house, and phoned Dirce Archer. Dirce was surprised to find that I had gotten to town so early, and remarked that Bjo and some of the California Caravan had arrived at four AM that morning.

Neither one of us felt very hungry, so we skipped lunch and headed for the museum. For the next few hours we walked the corridors of the Carnegie Institute, looking at everything from dinosaur fossils to modern art.

As the afternoon lengthened, we headed back to the house. On the way, we pick up some provisions to go with the broiled steaks which were on the menu for dinner. Calling for Mrs. Mallinger at her store, we proceeded homewards.

The steaks were tender, and the electric oven broiled them to perfection. Or perhaps I had better say Marion broiled them to perfection! I kidded her about being so domestic, and was told very emphatically that she was, "...doing this under protest, kid!"

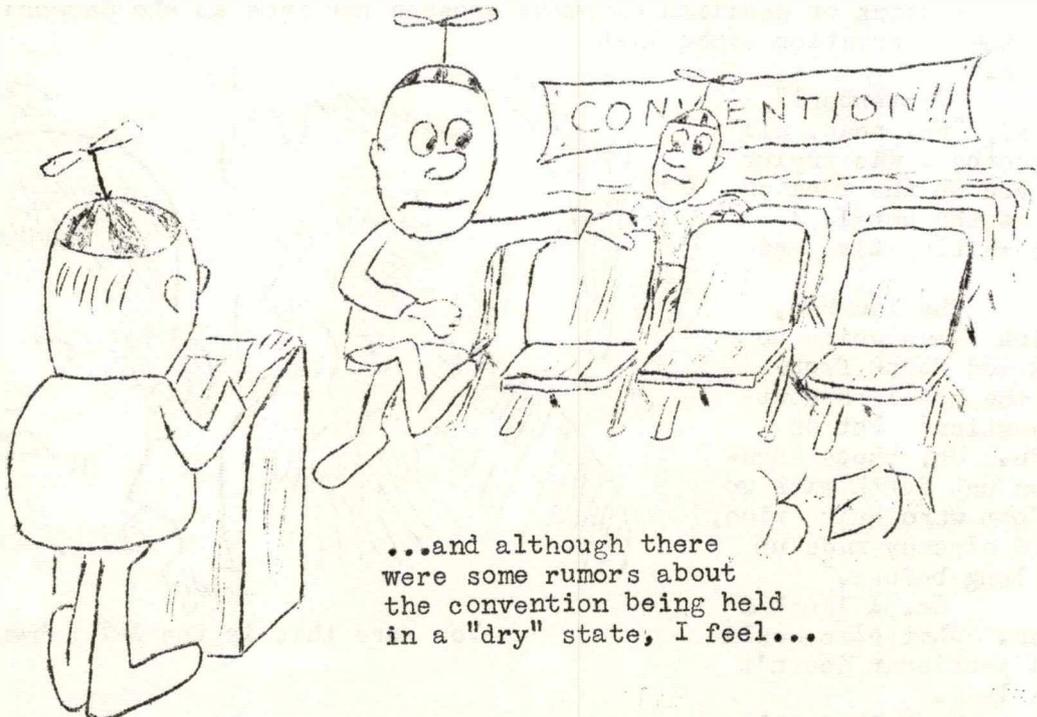
I returned to the hotel around midnight, and decided to run up to the seventeenth floor, "just for a minute", and see if there were any fans about. Stepping out of the elevator, I almost ran down Forry Ackerman.

around one AM, when I could see that Merion was getting tired. I took my leave, with instructions to phone in the morning and come out for breakfast.

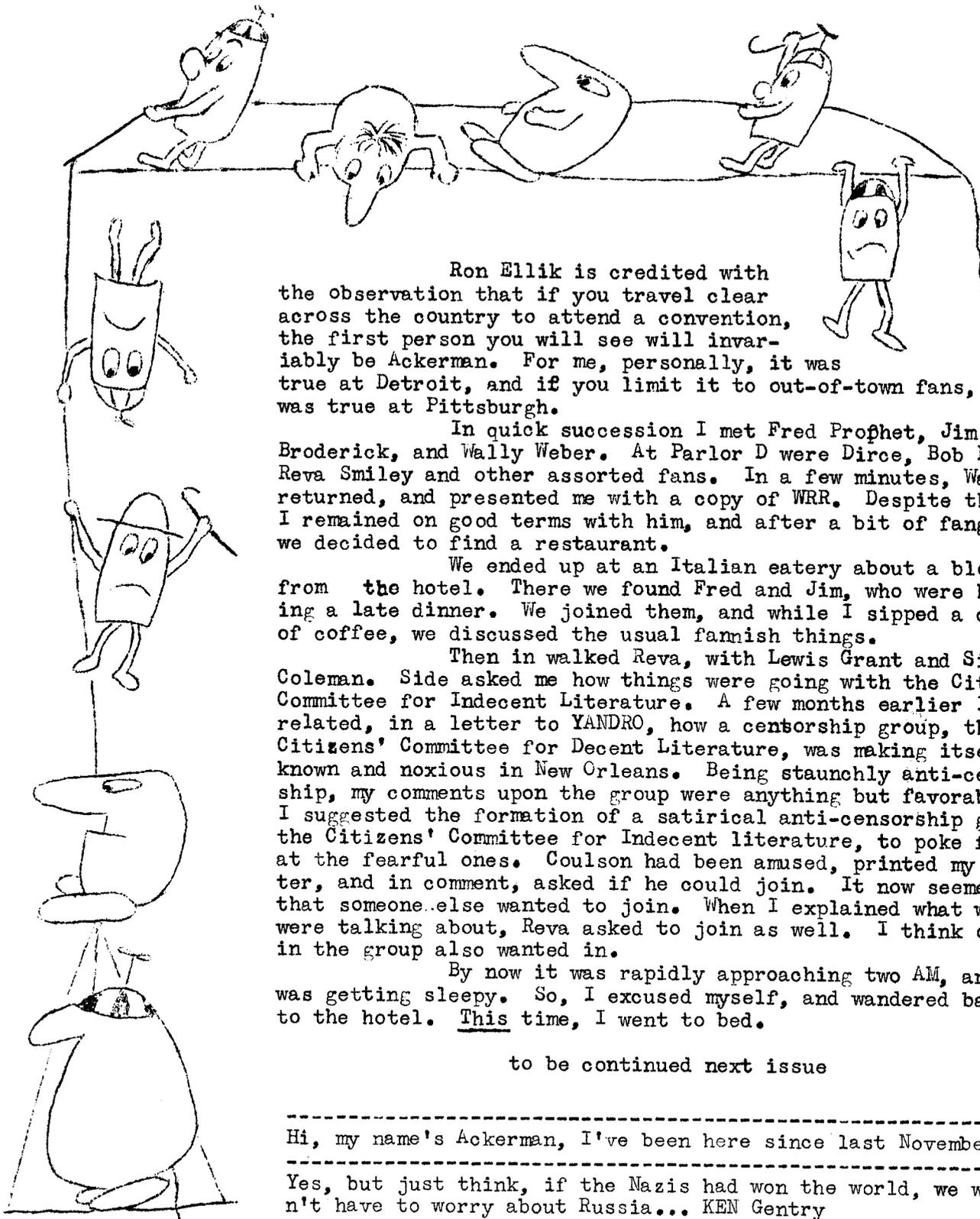
### III. Thursday

This was the day the Pennsylvania Railroad went out on strike.

As requested, I phoned the Mallinger Mansion upon arising, and found that Marion was among the conscious. The breakfast invitation was repeated, so, about a half-hour later, I was on my way to



...and although there were some rumors about the convention being held in a "dry" state, I feel...



Ron Ellik is credited with the observation that if you travel clear across the country to attend a convention, the first person you will see will invariably be Ackerman. For me, personally, it was true at Detroit, and if you limit it to out-of-town fans, it was true at Pittsburgh.

In quick succession I met Fred Prophet, Jim Broderick, and Wally Weber. At Parlor D were Dirce, Bob Hyde, Reva Smiley and other assorted fans. In a few minutes, Wally returned, and presented me with a copy of WRR. Despite this, I remained on good terms with him, and after a bit of fangabbing we decided to find a restaurant.

We ended up at an Italian eatery about a block from the hotel. There we found Fred and Jim, who were having a late dinner. We joined them, and while I sipped a cup of coffee, we discussed the usual fannish things.

Then I walked with Reva, with Lewis Grant and Sid Coleman. Sid asked me how things were going with the Citizens' Committee for Indecent Literature. A few months earlier I had related, in a letter to YANDRO, how a censorship group, the Citizens' Committee for Decent Literature, was making itself known and noxious in New Orleans. Being staunchly anti-censorship, my comments upon the group were anything but favorable. I suggested the formation of a satirical anti-censorship group, the Citizens' Committee for Indecent literature, to poke fun at the fearful ones. Coulson had been amused, printed my letter, and in comment, asked if he could join. It now seemed that someone else wanted to join. When I explained what we were talking about, Reva asked to join as well. I think others in the group also wanted in.

By now it was rapidly approaching two AM, and I was getting sleepy. So, I excused myself, and wandered back to the hotel. This time, I went to bed.

to be continued next issue

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 Hi, my name's Ackerman, I've been here since last November...  
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 Yes, but just think, if the Nazis had won the world, we wouldn't have to worry about Russia... KEN Gentry  
 -----

KEN  
 CONTINUED  
 NEXT  
 ISSUE

VOICE OF THE SPIRITS  
OR  
THE EDITOR ANSWERS WITH A FIFTH

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

The cover by Phillips was good. But frankly, once having seen him in offset, memo is a sort of let down. Still, it comes close to being excellent. At any rate it's the best art in MEG #6, and as good as anything around elsewhere.

From your edit and from the Cynic, it would seem that you're learning to write. The organization still slips at times, but you've surpassed Mike in that respect, and will probably lick it soon. Creaky Chair doesn't seem to hold much interest for Mike; I don't know why, but his current article supports that claim beautifully. It was horribly disorganized. Apparently Mike decided what he's going to write about, sits down at the typer, and begins writing, and as he progresses, decides what he wants to say. He constantly digresses, apparently to bring in facts he's uncovered just because he has uncovered them. Hell, if a fact doesn't look right it either doesn't belong or should be placed in elsewhere or stated in some other way. Also, he just doesn't seem to give a damn about his subject. Take his grimly serious questioning of the wisdom of publishing the Asimov-French remarks in Venturings...when the whole thing is a joke and one amusing only in context anyway. I can't agree with his cavalier dismissal of Sturgeon's reviews, simply because in not being Knight, Sturgeon lifted the art of criticism to new heights. His reviews drew opinions simply by stating facts---not by jumping to conclusions. And he had reasons; no half-baked emotionalism as in the juvenile tantrum-throwing of Jame Blish or Damon Knight's occasional lapse of insight.

A couple of facts he left out; Dick Shelton was known primarily as a GALAXY artist, interiors mostly, and I think one or two covers. Also, he worked for Z-D during the comic book heyday of Browne. Rose Sharon seems to have been Judith Merrill; at least the VENTURE story, The Lady is a Tramp, which was published under the Sharon by-line was pubbed in the last Merrill collection. I doubt if it was a house name, so that leaves only one logical conclusion.

The main complaint against VENTURE was sadism, not sex. But I don't feel that's a legitimate complaint. In SF ADVENTURES sadism did run rampant, mostly because in trying to imitate Hemingway (Hemingway is Ghu), Harlan Ellison mistook incident for theme and the result was a vast amount of needless and sadistic killing for pleasure, tho not always the hero's pleasure. In VENTURE the sadism was there, but not for effect. Sadism played an integral part in the thematic structure, and is therefore just as valid as sex, fear, or any other human factor in a story when discussed honestly. But there was not so much sadism as has been charged; there was, rather, grimness.

I think it was this grimness that helped kill VENTURE. Not because grimness is death to a story, but because VENTURE was blurbed as an adventure magazine. It was not an adventure magazine; grimness does not make a story adventure. Adventure must deal with a strong-willed character determined to accomplish something. Most of the so-called adventure mags of the boom of '55-'58 featured the same passive character that has become the great cliché of modern fiction, both SF and non-SF. Invariably the hero is not the protagonist, but some character the writer drags in for the simple purpose of pushing the protagonist into conflict. When I read an adventure story I want Edison Marshall or Edmond Hamilton or Robert Howard, not some soap-opera hack with an added grimness. The magazines also might have sold better if the covers had been Bergey-like. If I don't happen to check before I go to town, I can't tell one cover from the last these days. Also if VENTURE had managed to continue publishing, there would be no shrinkage today, because VENTURE was killed by the same factors that killed the others.

To the Peggy Cook article; there is SF poetry around by the reams---but it isn't published in stf mags, either pro or fan. You can read lots of it in any collection by Graves, particular since his THE WHITE GODDESS formulated a scientific approach to poetic mystique. Off hand I would say that Peggy Cook understands neither poetry or SF. The resultant poem that rounds out the article demonstrates my point. That is merely purple prose that would be laughed at as belonging to the dark ages were not the lines cut into poetic-looking stanzas. Also, this is fantasy, not SF; perhaps it's just imagery. In order for a poem to be SF, the poem should, I feel, be not merely descriptions, but plots. Coblentz and Lillith Loraine have done some good examples, all vastly enjoyable verse, and I recall some highly enjoyable verse in early AMAZINGs by Bob Olson.

The cynic article says nothing that most people aren't aware of, but there is value

in stating it, for which you are to be commended. You have a slight goshwow attitude to it all. If you want to learn about personality, you should lay out a complete collection of OTHER WORLDS from the original period and study them. Palmer was doing well with the magazine, and had he not been forced to fold it to get the money needed to pay his doctor bills, I think he'd still be going. But Palmer not only had an intensely interesting editorial, a letter column wherein both he and the readership said what they felt about things, but a good, often downright artistic format, and a policy. His stories were either SF or fantasy, but off-hand I can't think of a base when he published a hybrid such as you can find in any magazine today. Super-science, but no hybrids. I hope you don't forget policy in your discussion of the factors that make up a personality.

Palmer apparently liked the Finlay illos from THE NEW ADAM. Shaver and Geier's SHAYER MYSTERY CLUB MAGAZINE reprinted them in connection with the serial MANDARK. TASP has a stationary that consists of a four-color repro of the cover on the same stock as the cover, and apparently printed at the same time. In connection with polls and reader-reaction type items they have given away covers. Their rejection slip (Yes, I'm an expert on the subject of rejection slips,) is also printed on a cover repro. But the other mags use a slicker grade of paper unsuitable for use of that nature. And the cost of changing to a cardboard stock paper on a four color press after a normal run with slick stock would be exorbitant. Printing without the logo and writing would mean making another set of photographs and another set of plates. You couldn't sell that for a few cents. You can always pick up an original at a con auction.

On the subject of Shaver, I've yet to see concrete examples of his science being proved inaccurate. Lately medical and physical science have seemed to prove him right in many cases. There is still doubt in some realms of theory, but the most concrete of the evidence at hand indicates he's more accurate than Heinlein in his gadgetry and theories. The recent advancement of psycho-kinetics is an outstanding example; and it was recently announced that a group of scientists were working on the theory that gravity is a push and not a pull.

Weinbaum seems to have been trying to write literature with THE NEW ADAM; also he did not submit that for publication. I understand that he gave it to a friend, and Palmer, one of his closest friends, looked it up after Weinbaum's death, and pubbed it. It gives a definite hint of what might have come had Weinbaum lived.

There was a mention of Woman of the Wood in the last issue. There are two versions to that. Merritt wrote the novelet for WI in the thirties ('34?) and that version was recently reprinted by SATELLITE. But when Wolheim edited the collection of short works for Avon, he re-wrote the last paragraph, thereby totally altering the meaning of the story, and ruining it as a work of art.

///I imagine you will be seeing significant replies to your stements on Shaver. What specific medical advancement were you referring to? You also mention the fact that a group of scientists are working on the theory that gravity is a push instead of a pull. What special meaning is this supposed to have? Thus far I have not heard results from this team. Take into consideration that today the government and most of the large industrial firms as well as the larger colleges and universities are all researching, and often are willing to sink money and energy into theories and developments that will and are not expected to have any return value by way of proving anything. The main duties of these groups is to prove that such and such a process cannot ever be used, to to add related data that might be of some use to other projects, or to future projects. It's like oil drilling, a company will drill a good many test holes to gain information that will be useful when they begin to drill in earnest. Untill one of these groups working along lines of thought similar to ideas preposed by Shaver come up with something, I will refuse to seriously consider his science as valid.

You make a good point about the cover paintings. However the magazines don't necessarily have to sell the enlarged paintings without cover title or wording for a few cents. Even if the total readership were to purchase a cover on that basis I doubt that it pay off. Instead, suppose one of the magazines today were to present the idea that once or twice a year, a cover would be enlarged and printed on light cardboard or the heavier stock paper. Then, over the next year, the readers could send in suggestions as to that particular cover to be enlarged. A contest or painting election if you prefer, might be held, and the selected painting would be enlarged. Careful publicity wouldn't harm the resulting sales either, and the enlarged painting to sell for one or two dollars untill the entire printing sold out. That would give the readers a chance at a particular cover painting, and a year to completely buy out the enlarge-

ment as well.

A general story policy will probably be mentioned somewhere in the cynic series.

I understand there is a fanzine devoted entirely to publishing stf/fantasy poetry. Unfortunately I've forgotten the title and who puts it out. If I remember it I'll try to include it in the editorial this issue, if not, next round I'll make a mention of it somewhere. You tend to think of science fiction poetry in terms of epics I believe. Art's article in this issue looks at it another way, Peggy thought it should convey emotions and sensory perception. Now, it ain't considered t' be nice to make comments on material appearing in the same issue, but I will partly agree with you. Most stf poetry, or what is passed off as stf poetry, is mere fantasy. This includes the bulk of the sensory impression type as well. A hybrid combination of actions, physical descriptions, then emotions and sensory impressionism is what I would consider to be a true science fiction poem. There is no reason also, why a competent poem, science fiction or otherwise, could not be done in rhyming, metered verse. I hardly think the form is impossible to use, merely unfamiliar. What science fiction poetry needs, in my opinion, is not any particular type or formula, but some poets and some practice. The form has been so restricted during the history and development of science fiction the prose form, that we need someone, or a group of someones, to break the new grounds and lay the foundations. So I believe all types and forms ought to be experimented with, and compared with the prose science fiction, until the forms of a true science fiction poem are realized.

The main objection I heard to VENTURE was sex, sadism was mentioned in the criticisms I managed to find, but sex was the primary gripe. I don't think that a 'grimness' played such an important part as you mention. In any event, I think I would welcome a few stories with a hidden 'grimness', to break the monotony and just to see what a grim looking story was like. I don't believe VENTURE was billed as an adventure magazine. Anyone who read it for adventure would probably be sadly disappointed. I echo Mike's sentiment that it shouldn't have died, tho I do doubt that it would have replaced any of the big three. I don't think either that VENTURE folding had anything to do with the dropping of so many other mags; it was a series of events that would have probably occurred anyway, if it hadn't have been VENTURE it might have been another one. I personally have no trouble telling the stf mag covers apart. I almost hate to think of the consequences of a Bergy-type cover on VENTURE...

I don't think Sturgeon raised the art of reviewing to new heights, his reviews were different, and more 'easy-going' you might say, than the standard Damon Knight erected. I am sorry someone hasn't picked up the feature tho.

WHY does everyone insist on calling GHOST the MEG???? Is everyone against calling it the GHOST or something? In the future most Phillips covers will be stanafaxed, which will be better than the usual hand stenciling.///

Clay Hamlin, 28 Earle Ave., Bangor, Maine

I bow to the superior knowledge and research of those fans who saw fit to disagree with my chronology of THE NEW ADAM. I am in a sort of difficult position, the deadline that our good editor enforces (and my how he enforces it) and the fact that it is only on weekends when I get down home that my collection is available to check on data I use. The rest has to come pretty much from memory, or that small number of books and mags and indexes I have here in Bangor. THE NEW ADAM was printed in 1943 in AMAZING, but it was written in 1931, and the hard cover edition was published by Ziff-Davis in 1939. It does seem odd, but it's true. A quick verification can be offered for those not wishing to check indexes and original copies with the Sam Moskowitz article on Weinbaum in the late lamented SATLELLITE. But it's nice to have fans around who are quick to let out an uproar when I err, and I stand corrected.

Now besides the obvious goof on those dates, there are a couple of other comments that seem to call for an answer. Like Harry Warner for instance. Let's correct the misconception that I don't know the name is Thorne Smith, rather than T. Horne Smith. That is a typo, and there is a distinct possibility that I made it myself ///tho not really probable, in this matter I'm afraid I erred, ye ed/// It could have come out that way on paper, and if our good editor was not familiar with those hilarious epics it might have stayed that way. ///I claim sleepless hours over the typer and not bothering to proofread as my only defense/// I have read every one of his books, including the non-fantasy, BILTMORE OSWALD and others, and I can't think of another author who handles that kind of story better. Just for the sake of the completists, I wonder just how well known it is that a sequel to THE PASSIONATE WITCH was written, titled BATS IN THE BELFRY. However, it was after his death, and thus the author is

not Thorne Smith, but one Norman Metson, or does my memory fail me again? However, it is a perfectly legitimate sequel in plot, characterization and style. No matter how they claimed Charles Myers as the one to take up the mantle of the master, his work never even came close to this story,

Al Andrews has a good point in his comments on Weinbaum. Certainly his fame was gained on the two Mars stories, and what a welcome relief it was, in the days of the space opera hack, to find a person who would part from these standards and write something different; alien beings that were really alien, characterization comparable to THE NEW ADAM or Dawn of Flame, philosophical stories; again THE NEW ADAM and also The Lotus Eaters, and still come out with such minor, but hilarious things as the Van Maderpootz series. Then there were those rather intellectual exercises like THE BRINK OF INFINITY (and how many practitioners can actually base a story, a good story, on a point of mathematics?). And in between he turned out rather minor items like Pygmalian Spectacles and The Ultimate Adaptive, minor only in comparison with his deeper work, but far ahead of the ordinary run of stories in those days.

Such a varied and versatile talent as his would really create as much a stir today as he did back in those days. After all, most authors these days seem limited to a single style, and the editors would greet with open arms anyone who could write all types competently. Oh, the writing is different these days, but that is not such an enormous problem to a craftsman of Weinbaum's stature.

Al is also correct about THE BLIND SPOT. It is very dated, the style seems practically prehistoric to a reader today, but still, the story itself is amazingly powerful if you can overlook the archaic style used. It is exciting in the same way a DRACULA is, on the narrative itself; the basic story, but not on the writing.

For a story that has every fault of the early days of sf, and actually seemed to invent a few brand new ones on its own, try Rebirth, by Thomas Galvery McClary. Yet in spite of the absolutely ridiculous characterizations, this can be called nothing less than the classic for a detailed and explicit story of the rebirth of civilization. You have to overlook an awful lot in some of those old stories. (Remember the Sky-lark series by Doc Smith). But once you adjust to it, there are some awful good stories to be found, class many of them as adventure if you will, but there is a lot of excitement lacking these days.

///For another story that has almost every fault of the early days of sf, try the recently released THE SWORDSMAN OF MARS, distributed thru the Pick-A-Book club. Now having encountered Otis Kline before I was halfway expecting what came, but truthfully, it is about the worst book I've ever read in years. The thing reads like a first draft, and there are mistakes in the story and plotting that could have easily been ironed out had someone bothered to read over the story twice, or blue pencil a few lines. And to think, I read somewhere that a fan was making an appeal for more stories like this one!!!!///

\*\*\*\*\*

ANSWER TO SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY QUIZ

Heinlein-----B	
Moore-----C	
Derleth-----C	
Bradbury-----C	
Smith-----B	
Stevens-----C	
Merritt-----B	
Williamson----A	
Campbell-----B	
Bloch-----B	
	<u>Score yourself as follows</u>
	9-10 correct An Authors best friend
	7-8 correct An on-the-ball fan
	5-6 correct An average reader
	3-4 correct Evidently a newcomer to the field
	2-1 correct An insult to fandom
	0 correct a bad insurance risk..

Just enough room left here to say, send all letters, material trades and cash to Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee



THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST (vol 1, no-7)

is a science fiction slanted fanzine that appears on the scene, (much in the manner of the Abominable Snowman), once every six weeks. Next issue due the second week of November. This can be obtained by sending fifteen cents for single copies, or \$1.50 for twelve, trades, or shrunken heads to Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive. Don't even bother considering receiving an issue for a LOC, unless I feel in a very rare good mood, it won't work.

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 Mike Deckinger-----columnist and frequent contributor  
 Horace The Ghost, Our Patron Pest  
 Clay Hamlin-----columnist and frequent contributor  
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Art Credits  
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 Rich Armstrong---7 Evil Eye-----2,3  
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