

The MONDAY EVENING GHOST



YACHTMAN

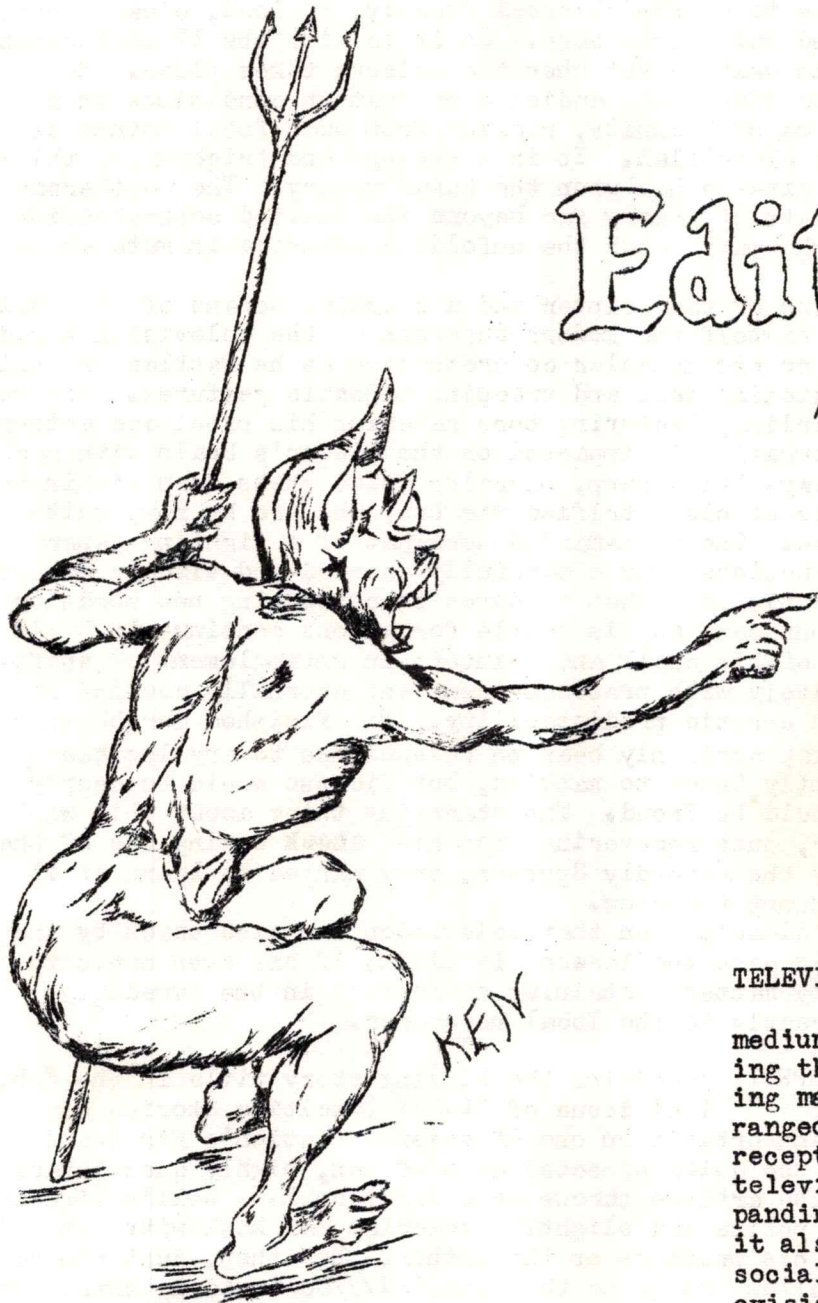
TRANSIT



Editorial

By

ROBERT
JENNINGS



TELEVISION is a much misunderstood and abused medium. Common complaints regarding this, our newest and most promising mass communication device have ranged from bad programming to bad reception. While it is true that television, being a young and expanding industry, has its faults, it also has an educational and socially beneficial aspect. Television regularly increases the store of public knowledge and renders many useful and worthwhile

services which are helpful to the majority of our citizens. Then, of course, there are those educational types the viewer learns to appreciate the hard way.

Take, for example, the weather report. No one can doubt that this is a vital service, affecting in one way or another, persons in all walks of life. The weather report as presented on television, is usually given by a person known as a weatherman, who, having assembled all the necessary data from his own observations and from those of his associates, must present the situation to the waiting viewers. Most television weathermen suffer from a rather common medical disorder; a disorder which is present to a lesser or greater degree in most of the population, as well as this select group. However, the disease, commonly referred to as Television Egotism, is most prominent among television weathermen. The person afflicted with this disease appears to be a normal, fairly-well-adjusted person, until he is situated before the triple-eyed lens of a television camera. It is during this period that the disease reaches its full growth cycle, and bursts forth to overwhelm the unprepared body defenses of its victim. The

normal, fairly-well-adjusted person undergoes a complete personality change, and he feels a sudden desire to express himself vocally, in loud, clear tones. And he talks, and talks, and talks some more. So it is with the TV weatherman, who finds himself before his weather set when the seizure takes place. He feels a sudden compulsion to inform his audience of weather conditions in a variety of off-trail outposts of humanity, ranging from such focal points as Lower Bango-Bongo and Upper Slavolilah. It is a strange and frightening thing to witness the effects the disease has upon the human memory. The weatherman is capable of astounding feats of memory far beyond the limited comprehension of the bewildered viewer, who must watch the unfolding panorama in mute amazement.

With a flourish of the pointer and a slashing scrape of the chalk, the weatherman soon proves himself the modern superman of the television world. None can match his agility or his muscular co-ordination as he rattles off point after point with quick lightning jabs and sweeping majestic gestures. His voice takes on an aggressive, snarling, lecturing tone matching his precise actions, as his endless flow of information is impacted on the viewer's brain with machine gun rapidity and accuracy. His sharp, piercing voice stabs deep within the recesses of the dulled minds of his petrified viewers, who are by now, quite literally a captive audience. One is reminded somewhat of a fighting general detailing last minute instructions over a carefully guarded and vitally important battle plan. No one is his peer when it comes to concocting new words or coining interesting catch-phrases, as his battle formations continue to build under the patient guidance of his chalk and pointer; an entanglement of shifting fronts clashing explosively with pressure areas and eternally counter attacking and retreating with erratic predictability. His finished scribblings spread across the weather map certainly bear no resemblance to any legible writing or symbolism presently known to mankind, but Picasso would be deeply interested, as, I'm sure, would be Freud. The startling thing about this whole business is that the viewer, just recovering from his shock during one of the Vital Messages presented by the Friendly Sponsor, only wanted to learn if it was going to rain or stay sunny tomorrow.

Thus, it is clearly seen that television can also teach by the round about method. In this case the lesson is plain; if one ever wants to learn the basic facts on any matter pertaining to weather in the immediate future, he should refer directly to the local newspaper.

H.G. WELLS: PLAYBOY AND PROPHET proclaims the blazing story title in the Feb. 1961 issue of CLIMAX (Exciting Stories For Men). This is an interesting article on one of science fiction's first and foremost writers. Despite the quite expected doses of sex, highly questionable conversation and scandal, the article throws some light on H.G. Well's life and writing which our own more polite and slightly Victorian Sam Moskowitz managed to tastefully pass over in his writings on the author. Now then, just who is this W. Douglas Lansford fellow who wrote the article? //Co-inciding extremely closely with Dick Lupoff's article in XERO #3 is the announcement that FANAC is thrown on an irregular schedule for the next few years. Dick's article was on the arrival of ninth fandom. One of his points on eighth fandom was the fanzine focal point; FANAC. With the news of FANAC's break the point passes on to Redd Boggs and his DISCORD as the only regular fanzine reaching almost everyone involved in fandom. //I get a lot of strange mail from time to time, so I wasn't too terribly surprised when I received a newspaper titled OCCULT GAZETTE. The paper is devoted to occult affairs thruout the world, and features such items as, Outcome of the Eclipse, Phenomenal Dreams, Introduction to Astrology (Pt2), Astral Travel, and numerous other articles of interest to physic believers. The paper presents somewhat of a jumble. I'm always confused slightly by firm believers in physic phenomena, they are usually firm believers in the Christian God, or one Supreme Being who guides all, yet they present radically conflicting points and ideas all claiming to represent the truth. This newspaper attempts to put it all together as one well fitting jig-saw puzzle for the world, but despite superhuman efforts, it fails to come off. There is much fascinating reading herein, plus some very interesting fairy tales (yes indeed), and fables with hidden meanings. If space permits I'll quote some of these thruout the issue.

A NEW POLICY, ENFORCED means that I have made an amazing discovery. Namely, that I can produce larger issues of GHOST for slightly less than producing small issues for a large circulation. So I have decided to enact a New Policy aimed at cutting down the circulation and this poor starving fanned receiving something in return for all his work.

In the future you can obtain GHOST for fifteen cents per issue, or \$1.50 for twelve issues, for certain trade fanzines, and for having a letter of comment printed in the letter col. If this resembles slightly the old policy, I'll explain the changes.

The cash rate is self explanatory, There have been radical changes made in the trade arrangement. From time to times I have received many apazines, post card sized fanzines, letter substitutes, three and four page "genzines", and announcement sheets as trade for GHOST. In addition I have made trade agreements with fanzines claiming to have a fixed and definite schedule, who appear on a very irregular basis. It irritates me that twenty-four to thirty-three pages of GHOST go out in trade for these fanzines, so some changes will be made. Like from here on out, apazines received will be sent a copy of my apazine as a return trade. Letter substitutes, post card fanzines, and announcements will be discarded unless they contain sufficient material, in which case they will be sent a copy of my apazine also. Of course there are some exceptions. There are two or three apazines I consider worth two issues of GHOST, and I'll continue to trade with them. And occasionally a letter substitute contains some material that makes it worth an issue of GHOST, but in general you people who have obtained GHOST in the past by these shady means will not receive this fanzine in the future. I'm more than willing to trade for any genzine which appears on a regular schedule, however, I have little patience with those people who claim to have a definite absolute schedule, and appear once or twice a year. In the future unless your fanzine appears on a set schedule (a dependable schedule), I'll trade one issue for one issue only. Quarterly fanzines are another problem, I'll trade one for one, unless your quarterly fanzine happens to contain much high quality material, in which case I'm willing to offer up two issues for your one.

In the past my kind hearted nature has allowed many people, for one reason or another, to remain on the mailing list for no definite reasons. Perhaps because of material once contributed, or material in the files, because you might represent some club group or you were just a Special Person or some such item. With the coming of the new year I have placed my kind hearted nature away. NO freeloaders of any kind will remain on the mailing list. As for people who write letters of comment only, unless their letters are quoted in the



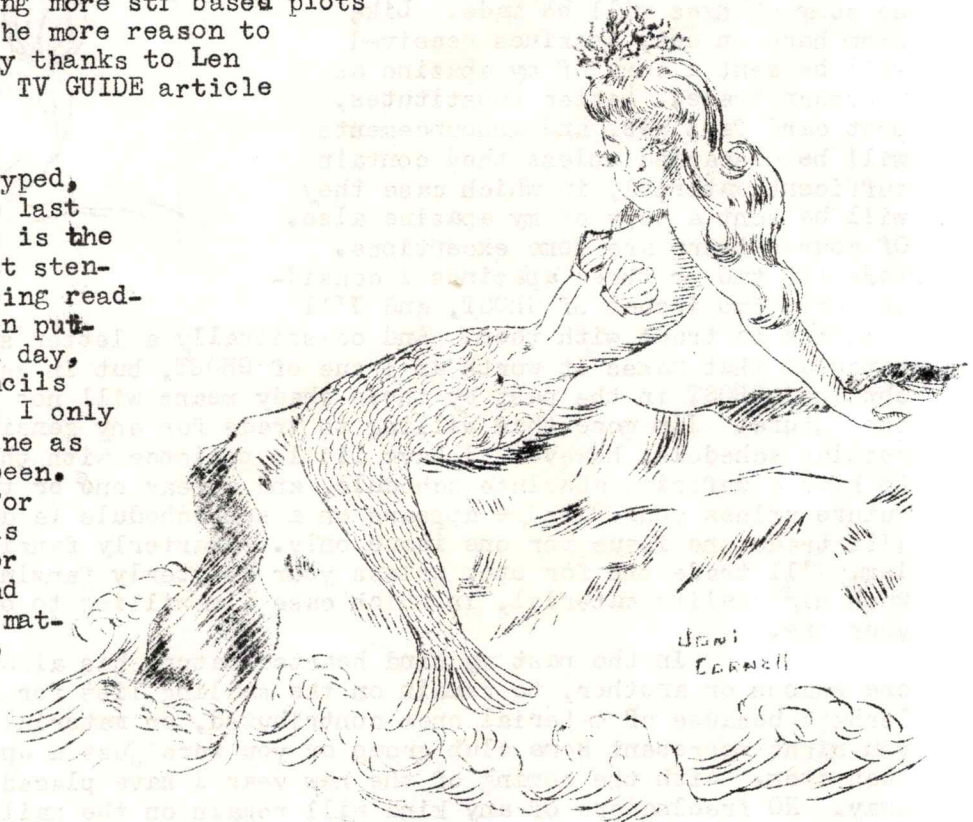
letter column, they will not receive GHOST. In the past it's been the practice to present the person whose letter was run in the letter col the following issue. I've decided to change this somewhat. In the future people whose letters are run in the letter col will receive the issue their letters appear. The letter column will be expanded in coming issues, since many of you have expressed a desire that it be longer. However, there has to be something to fill up those extra pages. If you don't write there naturally can't be much of a letter column. Despite my snarls and growls I do appreciate your comments, and discussions. If you readers want a longer letter column you should be able to fill it with interesting type letters, so, like, write.

THE GHOST of the future will have some changes also. One item will be an extension of pages count. Future issues will run between twenty-four and forty pages. Six to eight pages will be devoted to a letter column, Fan written fiction is a controversial subject. I am going to loosen editorial policy somewhat, if a piece of fan written fiction appeals to me personally (this is not to imply it has high literary qualities) then I will probably print it. On the whole short pieces of fiction might be presented every couple of issues. The zine will still be devoted to serious stf, but with an item of fannish interest injected also.

TWILIGHT ZONE is in danger again. According to an article in TV GUIDE prominent fantasy author Charles Beaumont says that unless the viewers let the sponsors know that we like the show it could be dropped at the end of the season. He implores everyone who would like to see TZ continue to send a postcard to the show saying so. Send postcards (sponsors have an aversion for letters as you may know), to--- THE TWILIGHT ZONE, TV Guide Viewer Service, Box 800, Radnor, Penn. Just say you're buying Sanka by the truckload or anything else, but demand the show remain on the air. TZ won an Emmy and a Hugo for being a notable program, and its stf/fantasy's only hold on the television world, let's not lose it. I also noted in the newspaper this morning that the sponsors originally told Serling not to present stf programs on the series, but now have relented, so its probable that TZ will be presenting more stf based plots in the future, and all the more reason to keep it on the air. Many thanks to Len Collins for bringing the TV GUIDE article to my attention.

THIS STENCIL is being typed, not as the last stencil in the issue, as is the usual thing, but the last stencil in the first item being readied for GHOST. I've been putting illos on stencil all day, and these gestetner stencils handle like soft butter, I only hope repro will be as fine as the stylis welding has been. Thanks to Joni Cornell for stenciling her illos this issue. Thanks to KEN for patience above and beyond the call of duty on the matter of illos. Thanks to me this stencil will soon be completed. So write and tell me what you think of the annish.

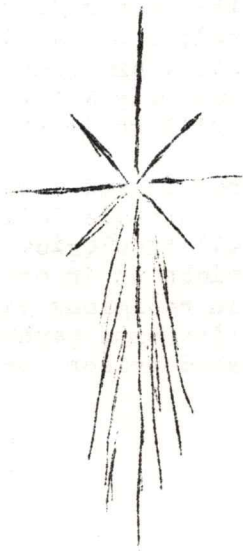
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THE CREAKY CHAIR

by

MIKE DECKINGER



It has become increasingly evident that religion, and the religious factions thruout the country have been launching drives and campaigns in order to enroll, and gain the attention of, new converts to their ranks. One need only to glance thru the paper to read of the latest Billy Graham crusade, as he strives to bring a "sense of civilization" to ignorant natives, who's only crime is that they choose to be left alone by others. In inflicting a conflicting opinion on such people, Graham, and his many followers, make it apparent that religion has resorted to gaining converts in those who have little intelligence of "civilized" actions and common social behaviour in the world of today, rather than trying to sway the opinions of the more learned who have stove to recognize and condemn religion for what it actually is.

Religion began as a crutch and has existed that way, with a number of subtle modifications, for just about as long as mankind has been on Earth.

While the primitive cavemen had little knowledge of the universe or the workings of nature, they set up a complex system of gods, governing all the phenomona which they themselves could not explain. Once established, the "god of the sun" for instance, was worshipped in awe and reverence, because these primitives were truly frightened by the unexplained workings of nature, and deluded themselves with a false sense of security by relying on an unseen god which they themselves had established, to watch over and protect them.

Today, the tendency is to be absorbed by the masses, most notably in the religious field. From birth, youngsters are carefully tutored by parents who earnestly believe that a proper theological background is beneficial for a growing child's welfare. A child at an early age is impressionistic and rebellious towards things he does not understand, or that don't seem to be right. When a mother instills ~~the concept of God into a child, his first thought~~ is that this isn't the case, it just isn't so. Learning that Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny don't exist is fine enough, but to be taught that an invisible, unknown being whom the child has more reason to doubt the existence of than any other imaginery being does exist can have an adverse effect on the child.

In a sense, what he learns is carefully balanced and weighed on a scale, and anything illogical to his thoughts sets the scales out of kilter and distorts true reasoning. A child



will accept many illogicalities and inconsistencies that we would smile at knowing, benignant airs, but generally this child will tend to believe what his senses perceive for him. To stifle this creative output by the addition of a highly questionable fantasy is wrong. By the time the child is old enough to think for himself and not be guided and instructed by his parents, the damage is done. He has received such a careful and detailed education in religion that it is extremely difficult for him to introduce new concepts to his mind, and what person today can actually remember his views on theology when he was only a few months old? The views then are unformed and erratic, but they still begin to grow.

I once read a column by an Abby Van Buren type columnist who had listed a set of ten rules for mothers, to insure that the child would become a juvenile delinquent. One of the rules she had down was; deny your youngster all theological and spiritual training, let him learn about religion from what he picks up in everyday life. She was obviously implying that any child lacking in religious education in early age is bound to grow up to become a juvenile delinquent, perhaps to lead a street gang, and eventually wind up behind bars in some prison for the rest of his life. This statement I heartily disagree with,

and condemn as being untrue, irrelevant, and based on inadequate information. Does the axiom exist that all criminals are atheists, and therefore all atheists are criminals? Have we advanced that far in creating a theocracy in this country?

Thru the actions of men like Billy Graham and Oral Roberts, who's "faith-healing" can be observed on TV, religion has become pretty much of a circus. Can one actually believe that there is any benefit to believing truthfully in an invisible, unknown entity after seeing Billy Graham pleading with a crowd of ignorant natives to join God and sign with him, or after seeing Oral Roberts "healing" the afflicted in an act that went out with the cigarette Indian? The inconsistencies in religion are numerous, too numerous in fact to list here. The least likely one is Christianity. Judasim, on the other hand, puts on a less pretentious show, and does not involve the mumbo-jumbo of a son of god, a mother of god, a Holy Ghost, etc., etc. The concept of one god is the most intelligent of the



whole lot.

The true non-conformist, not just the Greenwich Village beatnik who inhabits the coffeehouses; most not only profess to be in disagreement with the numerous religious tenets and laws, but actually are well educated enough to realize why he does not agree with those things. An ignorant man will accept anything presented him, and if he is ignorant enough, he will not choose to question the validity of the evidence or statements. On the other hand, it takes a person with common sense to ferret out the untruths and superstitious blabbings. I am not referring to a beatnik when I mention a person with basic common sense. Not all beatniks are very intelligent or show a great deal of common sense. But being a nonconformist, whether in beatnik guise or otherwise, indicates one cares enough about logic and truth to try and protest the inaccuracies that are so glibly accepted by the vast majority of people today, the type of people who will complacently believe chocolate milk comes from brown cows if they are told this with any authority.

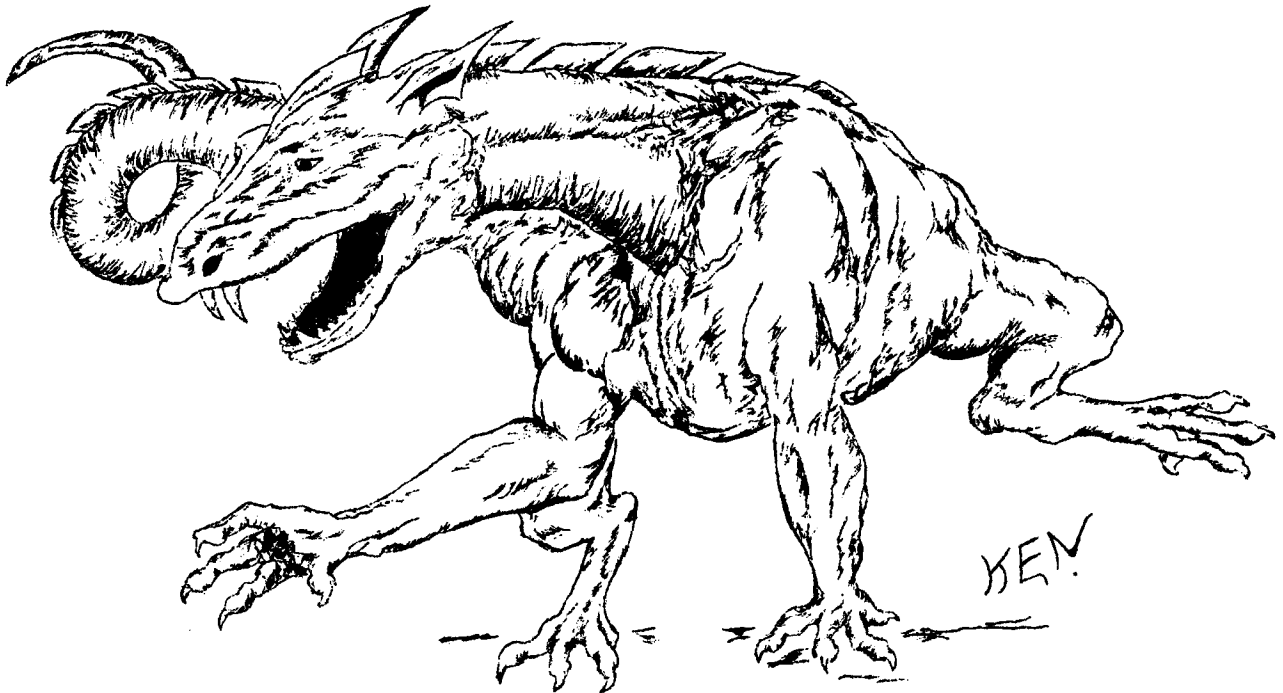
Religion is receiving too much play these days. While it is not

100% accepted by everyone alive, there is a small percentage who would make you believe this is so. They range from persons suffering such aberrations as being Literal Bible interpreters, to the hell-and-brimstone ministers, convincing his flock Satan us out to grab them unless they repent. The Pledge of Allegiance which all school children are required to take has in it the phrase; Under God. This, apparently implies that a free, well governed country can only remain that way with the full co-operation of the deity, and with everyone professing allegiance to him, as well as to this country. The brain-washing is begun at an early age, with schools taking an active hand in it. I often wonder if the people had this phrase added ever thought there might be some who realize the nonsense of it all.

To continue further, what about the coins saying IN GOD WE TRUST, which carry the whole nonsense a bit further along the path of ridiculousness. Does this imply that the user of such coins must believe in God to reap their full benefits? Does it mean that the atheist is expected to feel guilty for his terrible "sin" and accept Jesus immediately, so he may freely use the coin with a clear conscience? It can mean a lot of interrelated things, but one thing it definitely means is, that under the guide of the government, or the religious factions controlling the government, the proper conduct in this society is to instinctively believe in the deity, without questioning his motives.

And this is precisely why the age of non-conformity is upon us. Dissenters in the past were dealt with strongly by the ultra-religious, who only wanted them to return to the flock. Remember the Spanish Inquisition and the Salem Witch trials, all conducted in the good name of Christianity. While these events shall forever be a blot on the name of free speech and common sense, they prove that dissenters from the norm have been around for quite awhile longer than many of us may think. What of Oog, the first caveman who refused to offer a daily sacrifice to the Sky Gods? Did he have his head bashed in by others of the tribe, was he flung from a cliff, or was he shunned completely, as an outsider?

But ~~where~~ are the outsiders today? Are they the sweater and leatard-clad set, blithely languishing in a smoke filled coffeehouse, debating the virtues of Kerouac and Ginsberg and Zen? There can be more to non-conformity



than is on the surface---the seed of dissent can live and grow and take root in others. There are the ~~receptive non-conformists~~, those that instinctively perceive the captivity that humanity has extended about itself thru religion. They will be the beginning, from them shall spring the groups who shun Kerouac and Ginsberg, who don't inhabit dirty coffeehouses, but prefer brightly lit meeting halls, where they will have the opportunity to discuss and exchange opinions freely, and to induct others with similar thoughts into the group.

Arising from the shackling public view is the only thing that can save the imprisoned. The free and clear views have been stifled before, with violence, imprisonment and death, but they shall always exist. As long as religion rules us, man shall be chained by the superstitious nonsense set down in a book of unbelievable age, and by the insane babblings of a man who was no more a "son of God" than we are "sons of God", Religion is quick to accept superstitions as truth, and to drown out free sense in its dictates.

Let us choose to organize a campaign, to educate those who can be educated into the true facts. Some will never learn; the incorrigibles will go on shuffling thru the same formless ritual and nonsense that religion is, praying for help from a non-existent entity that probably would not heed them even if he were around.

But a few fortunate ones are different, and they can educate the undecided to this task. As long as free will and common sense dominate the human being, the will to break away from the invisible ties of religion will be there too. Encourage the dissenters. Discuss the irregularities and inconsistencies yourself. Do everything to remove the religion fetish from us.

Down with superstitious nonsense and up with common, clear headed, logical, human sense.

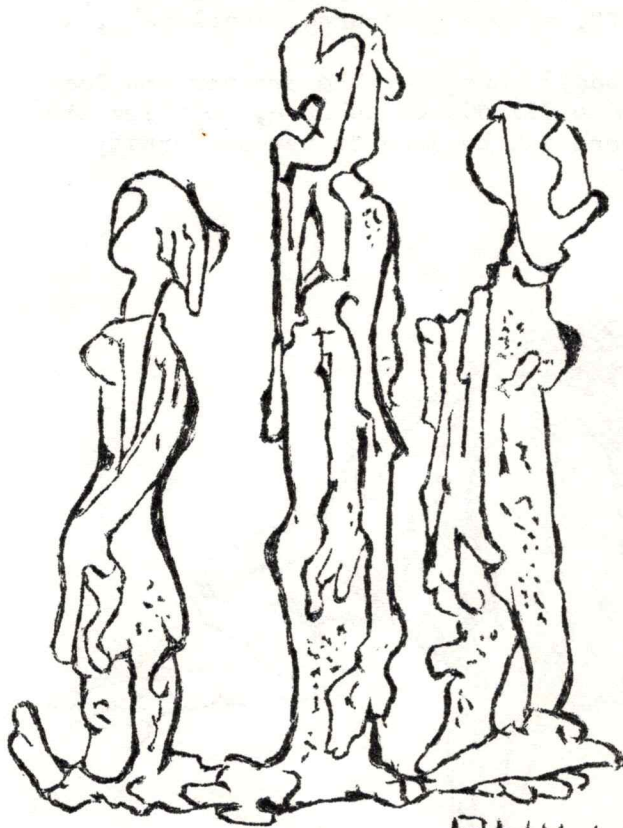
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FANTASY COMMENTS---

Austin Hall and Ron Flint are probably the most colorful and flamboyant team to ever collaborate on a fantasy story. They complemented each other in many ways. Flint had a huge fund of scientific knowledge which he coupled with his imagination, bred ideas by the score. Hall contributed his artistry with words and a remarkable fluency for some unforgettable writing in the famed, THE BLIND SPOT. Flint was a huge, lusty man with enormous shoulders and a keen, analytical mind. He was impervious to cold and fatigue. He didn't drink or smoke but loved candy. Hall had an eidetic memory, with nearly total recall of everything he read. At one time he was on the verge of breaking into the big slick magazines, but turned his back on them for the easy money of the western, detective and mystery pulps. He was never able to break away except for THE SPOT OF LIFE, the sequel to THE BLIND SPOT.

Flint was found at the bottom of a canyon in 1924. No explanation for his death was ever found. Austin Hall died in 1924.

---Len Collins



PHILLIPS

HELLORIC GROUP



ADVICE TO A NEOFAN

By

BOB FARNHAM

In my last article, I gave advice on writing for fanzines. But a far more exciting and exacting task is writing to fellow fans. Now writing to fellow fans can be really exciting, and will more likely than not result, eventually, in Fireworks if you ever do meet at some convention the fellow-fen (plural for fan) whom you have inksalted in the past.

The best way to start the fireworks is to pick out from some prozine letter column (providing you can find a prozine with a letter column) in which the writer praises some particular story. Then you pen a letter which is sure to see print...and pan both that writer's opinions, and the story. This lights the fuse to a feud which explodes at the first convention you both manage to identify each other. Lots of good wholesome fun, unless of course, the hotel management or the police step in and stop it. I don't know exactly how things stand as regards the pro magazines, but that's the way we old guard fen used to work "when the world (of Fandom) was young". I'm not ready yet for a wheel chair, but I'm no spring rooster either, so take much of what I say with plenty of salt...

I'll give a brief run-down on how to be a successful fan editor and win friends and influence people; maybe. The modern method of reproduction is to obtain, first, a mimeograph to run off your zine. If the mimeo you finally wind up with doesn't have any faws, make some. Take a needle and poke a lot of holes in the ink-pad, so that when you run off some fan's contribution, a lot of the words will be mis-spelled and ruin the sense of the entire contribution. This always raises a deep sense of appreciation in the hearts of your contributors. Always publish a zine of not less than forty pages. Never put enough postage on it to cover its transportation and never, above all things, place your return address on the mailing wrapper. In this way the postoffice, in the vain hope of collecting the due postage, will forward the zine to the address on the mailing wrapper. Naturally, fooling with Uncle Sam is distasteful, as well as risky, so the addressee pays up. When he or she discovers that his pet project--- the article or story they sent you---has been so badly mauled by you that its almost unreadable, and after having paid the four to eight cents due-postage, their interest in you rises to fever pitch, and they look forward to meeting you personally at some future convention...



In the matter of manuscripts for your zine, as I have written at other times, a wide scope for your talents as a Fan Editor is opened... First; when an offering for your zine comes in, you lay it aside...FLING it aside is even better. Let it lay for a period of two weeks to two years, and then after you finally get around to opening it and reading it, it matters not whether it is really Good or really Bad; you pick out all sorts of flaws, real or imaginary; fold it about six different ways before putting it back into the envelope, which same you have already soaked apart and reversed, omit your own return address, and send it out in the latest mails available, minus a stamp, so that the addressee has to pay extra postage if he wants his work back.

When it comes back again, neatly done and corrected as you have requested, you give it the same treatment all over again. Put the thing back together with the pages mixed up, reversed, and clamped together with four or five rusty paper-clips. This time you add a brief but tart note as follows: "Where the h--l did YOU learn to write? In Egypt? If this is the best you can do, I'd hate like heck to see your worst! THIS THING STINKS!"

This sort of thing creates Good Will, and a lot of happy Friends will be yours. It's easy to spot the home of any fan-writer by the smoky appearance of his mail box.

Never do anything to anger a femi-fan. Some of them have taken revenge upon their inksalters by marrying them at the first opportunity! This is an event worse than death! (Unless, of course, they are rich, in which case the suffering is worth it. Just think of all the crudzines one can publish with a rich wife...and the Friends that can be created...)

To get the biggest thrill from writing, try the professional or pro-zines. Some of them apparently die at their desks after you send in your submission. From six weeks to six months usually pass after you send in your work before it is returned, rejected. The usually formula is; "We appreciate your letting us see your work, but it doesn't fit the requirements of this magazine. We suggest you B-U-Y a copy of PHONY STORIES and see for yourself."

This always lends encouragement to further effort. It explains somewhat, why certain writers have a perpetual grouch and bellyack... Oh the joys of fanning...



Well, ye editor has troubles, again. If you are reading this fanzine straight thru you will recall a statement I made in the editorial to the effect that now that FANAC has gone irregular, the new title passes on to Redd Boggs's DISCORD. Well, FANAC it seems is not going to go irregular...the next issue of FANAC arrived today with news to that effect. Mumble grumble...burden of defenseless fan editors....

From A Review in OCCULT GAZETTE---

...is an excellent dictionary for beginners or early enquirers into the Mystical Sciences, as it can help the student understand many words that are not used in the everyday language.

Although limited compared with what is required to understand the vast Wisdom of Ages, much help could be obtained by the student through the explanations given.

The H-bomb is our heater in the Cold War---KEN Gentry

review_{of}

WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN_{by}

BILL PLOTT

A theme different, yet not unlike dozens of others throughout the science fiction genre is World Without Women (Gold Medal, 35¢) by Day Keene and Leonard Pruyn. The title caught my eye from the back of the pocketbook rack at the newsstand I thought that I had come across a reprint of Charles Eric Maine's WORLD WITHOUT MEN, a book I have long had a desire to read. At any rate I did discover its running mate, of sorts, from the pen of Messers, Keene and Pruyn.

WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN concerns a disease that strikes the Earth and eliminates practically all women between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five. Prominent Los Angeles lawyer Reed Renner and his wife Connie return to Los Angeles after an extended stay in the tropics, attempting to rejuvenate their floundering marriage. Renner is only mildly concerned at the lack of people in and about the pier, deciding that the torrents of rain kept them away. He is hardly disturbed by the man dressed as a woman who tries to charm his wife into his car. Renner's wife, at this time, is clad in a sailor's outfit making her feminine features indistinguishable.

They reach home after witnessing armed troops lead two Negro teenage girls through a mob of drooling sex-starved males. When Renner attempts to learn what it is all about, he catches a rifle butt on his chin and quietly heads for home with his wife. A phone call to Matt Healy, his partner, sends troops around his house. By the time the troops are entrenched on Renner's lawn, Healy arrives in time to fill in the gory details. Connie Renner is now one of the estimated four hundred and fifty-two adult women left alive in the Los Angeles area.

It is a world wide crisis and strict laws are put into effect to protect the few women left. In Russia every surviving female between the ages of 14 and 35 is required by law to marry and live with as many as the state designates. In France any male in the streets after six o' clock will be shot and killed. Meanwhile back in the states any male of any age who molests or lays hand on any female of any age, against her will, will be summarily shot. The basis for the Communist state's law is the fact that none of the surviving women are able to conceive.

The situation is quite critical, of course, and all surviving females without husbands are herded into hospitals and converted hotels, which are surrounded by armed troops with access to the necessary weapons for eliminating any rushing mob. Groups are organized to test the women constantly for any signs of pregnancy and those men with surviving wives must accept the presence of troops encamping on the premises of his estate to ensure domestic tranquility without interference from sex-starved males. Naturally some of the soldiers get shook up and make attacks, but they are 'summarily shot' as the law states.



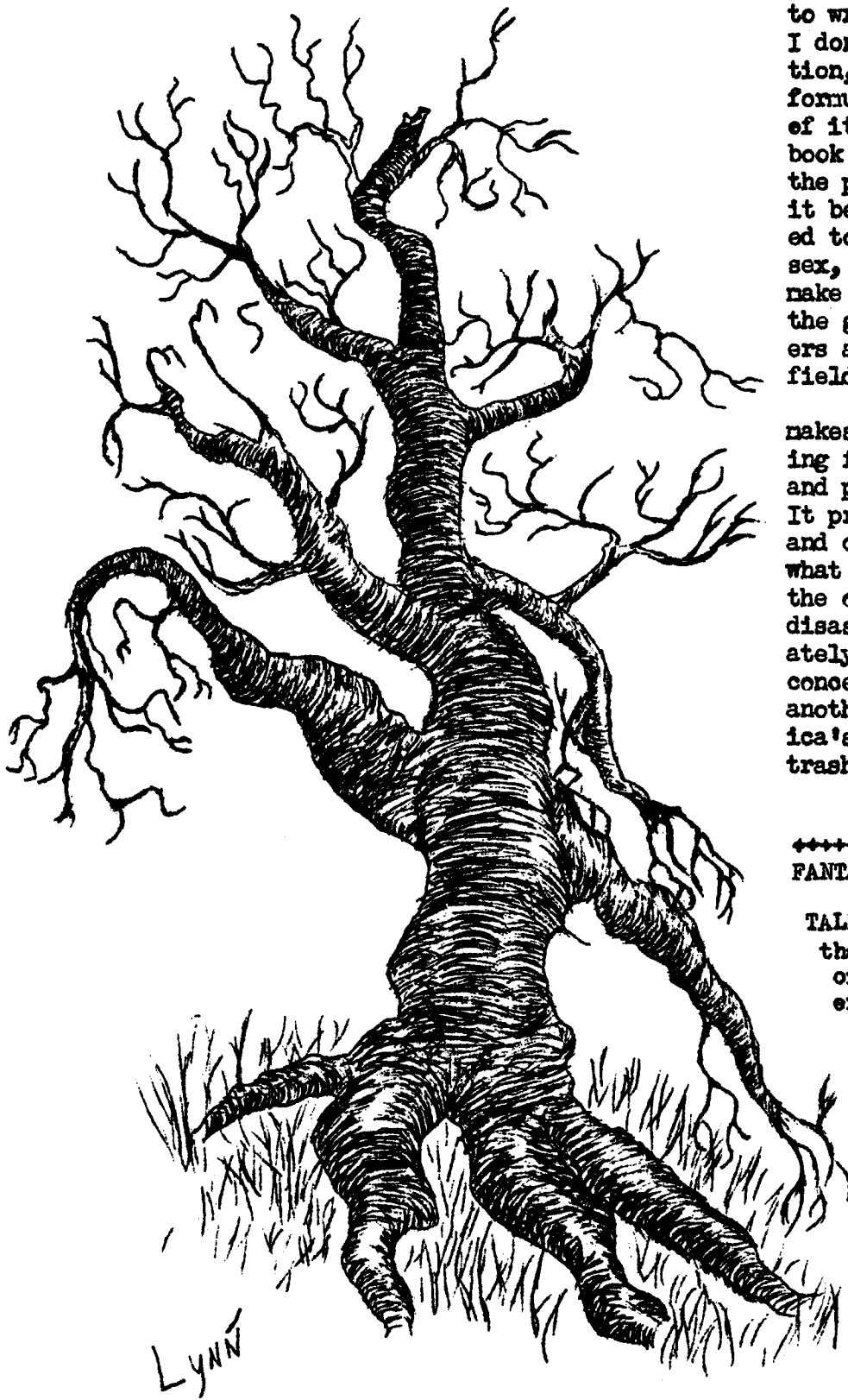
Events that take place include the raid of a fertility cult, obsessed with the idea that they alone are provided, by God, with the ability to impregnate the surviving women of the world. Army machine guns cause the cult to fold. A gangster named Tony Acaro has collected half a dozen chorus girls and gun molls and they reside in his mansion, surrounded by heavily armed hoodlums, and provide pleasure for him and his cronies. Eventually he is killed by a soldier as attempts to kidnap Renner's wife after escaping from jail.

Certainly the most unbelievable scene in the entire story concerns a woman's prison in Renner's home town. He is

sent there to investigate rumors of "a cesspool of perversion where the prisoners, for the most part youthful, all of them female, are being forced to participate in and are being subjected to every known form of sexual degeneration and deviation." This rumor is partially true and Renner's old childhood sweetheart, who turns out to be the matron of the prison since the plague struck the women of the world, is a type of female homosexual. She hates men with an incomprehensible passion, and when Renner becomes absorbed in her beauty and makes mild advances—just to see if he is correct in the theory he has formulated—she at first refuses and then tells him to do what he must, but to hurry up and call in the troops + machine gun the several hundred men gathered outside the prison. Renner refuses to do this, as he knew most of them when he was a kid. She excuses herself and leaves the room. Minutes later she appears outside the prison before the drooping males, strips, and is overwhelmed by the snarling mob of once-human animals. That ends the prison riot scare. The circumstances and events, excluding the riot, are far-fetched and unbelievable.

This pseudo-science fiction story has its good and bad points, mostly bad. Interesting reading for those who enjoy a yarn that, to me, is drastically similar to ON THE BEACH, THE DAY OF THE TRIFIDS, NO BLADE OF GRASS, AND THE REST MUST DIE, and several others in its end-of-the-world theme. Here, a lack of propagation is the cause rather than famine or nuclear war as the others are. Essentially the basic idea is the same, however, if you are one of those rare omnifans, such as myself, who like such plots.

This is my first meeting with either of the authors concerned and I must confess I am not impressed to any noticeable degree. I think any hack writer could have written the same story with the same effects being conclusive. For one thing, I was irked by certain portions of the book. Those of you who know me and my feelings towards perverse stories, are well aware of what I am speaking of. Anyone can write a sex novel; it takes in-



genmity and intelligence to write a good novel. I don't like sex fiction, but I read it and formulate my own opinions of it. Naturally a book of this type, with the plot and theme that it bears could be expected to contain excessive sex, but that doesn't make it a classic in the genre as other readers and reviewers may field.

The story makes interesting reading from an objective and perspective point. It presents a clear and concise picture of what would probably be the outcome of such a disaster, but unfortunately, as far as I am concerned, it's just another bit of America's best selling trash.

END

FANTASY COMMENTS---

THE WITCH'S

TALES was a magazine that appeared for only two issues; November and December of 1936. They were edited by Dean Cole, with Tom Chadburn as Managing Editor. There were five shorts in the first issue, and seven stories and two features in the last issue. None of the stories or authors were the ones normally found in weird anthologies or magazines. It was published in England.

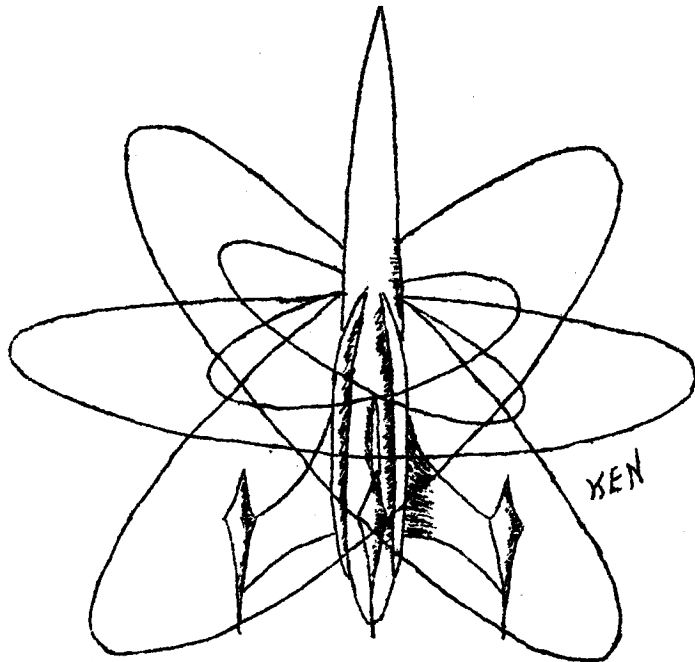
---Len Collins

LET'S TALK

STF

By

ART RAPP



Don't let the title mislead you. You're expecting me to talk about stf I suppose. The main feature that makes GHOST stand out among current fanzines is that it features articles about science-fiction and fantasy rather than about fandom, as so many others do. Eney's SPECULATIVE REVIEW is GHOST's only serious competition, far as I can recall offhand.

But what I'm thinking of is the problem of why there aren't more fanzines featuring what we might pretentiously call "literary criticism"---and I can think of several reasons.

For one thing, it's work, and since most fans are human, they share the universal human revulsion for undue effort. So it's much easier to dash off an account of the party you attended last weekend than to sit down and marshall your ideas about Heinlein's latest novel or the current issue of F&SF. You can't just dash that off---not if it's to be a successful article---you've got to decide which of your private opinions on the subject you are willing to set forth in public, and then try to defend it against the inevitable counter-arguments from readers who don't agree.

Secondly, you've got to have a certain amount of confidence in your own mental processes. Or, to put it rather badly, you have to be egotistical enough to believe your opinions on a story are unique and authoritative enough to be interesting to other people who have read the same story and formed their opinions. It always helps, of course, if you are a maverick type whose opinions differ from the rest of the herd. When all of fandom is gurgling in awed appreciation of Sturgeon, you can be sure a fanzine editor will gleefully leap to print your attack labeled "Can Sturgeon Write?", in which you proclaim that he is a sensation-mongering hack who sells only by pandering to moronic mass greed for sensationalism. If you can make out a good case for your opinions the editor will be even more joyful, and will twist your arm until you write a follow-up article in rebuttal to the denunciations which your original piece has brought from every ink-blooded, right-thinking Sturgeon lover.

I'm not exaggerating: I know of at least one case to illustrate this claim. Wilkie Conner was virtually unknown in fandom until he wrote a

couple of articles criticizing the then-current idols, Kuttner and Lovecraft. By the time the dust settled and the outraged screams died down, all fandom had heard of Wilkie Comer, and fanzine editors were begging him to honor their zines with his byline. Within a few months he progressed from article-writer to columnist (this is a shady dodge whereby the fanzine editor assures himself of a more dependable stream of contribution from his prize writers). You can easily do the same, if you can overcome your tendency towards conformity enough to rear back and shout your minority opinions to fandom. (It helps, of course, if your minority opinions are thought-provoking, rather than merely crackpot, as, alas, minority opinions too often are.)

Thirdly, and the big stumbling-block in writing factual articles, is the necessity to check your facts. You may trust your memory at first, and even get away with it for awhile, but when you get overconfident and calmly state something that just isn't so---and which your readers will promptly throw back in your face, triumphantly---then you'll learn that an article-writer has to have his prozine and fanzine files where he can reach them from his position at the typer, and has to waste hours sometimes, tracking down a document to verify his memory on some insignificant incident which he wants to include in his manuscript. Unless you are by nature a perfectionist or the truest of trufans, this gets to be work.

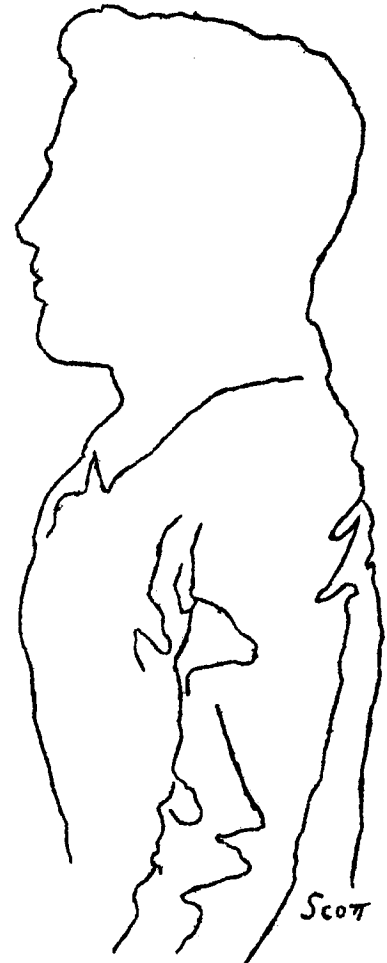
Well then, why bother?

Mostly, because the top-of-the-head stuff you dash off for fanzines is great for gaining temporary egoboo, but that's all it will do. (I'm assuming you are an ordinary fanwriter, not an unsung genius.) Painstaking research and careful writing will get you the same thing---but it will also stretch your mental muscles, and if you keep up long enough, it will bring you to the level of people who get paid for writing. You see, fandom is full of fine writers, people who can string together the right words in the proper manner and style to create just the effect they are striving for. But, alas, 99 percent of the writers in fansom just don't have anything to say. Nothing that hasn't been said over and over again in the thousands of previous fanzines.

Now of course, you've got to have some small nubbin of an idea to write a factual article on stf. But the point is, that if you're willing to do some research in order to gather material around that idea to make it worth an article you not only have created that much writing, you've also, whether you consciously know it or not, stumbled across several more topics worth discussion. And they'll pop up in your mind on future occasions when you are searching for something to write about. It's almost a chain reaction: the more you write, the more things you find to write about. It's work, but it benefits both your audience and yourself in the long run.

As long as we're going to expend out time and money on this fascinating hobby of writing for and publishing amateur magazines, why not get all we can for our investment? Once in awhile, let's talk stf!

---END---



WEIRD TALES

A COMMENTARY

by
GENE TIPTON

During its thirty-one year existence---from 1923 to 1954---the magazine WEIRD TALES won the enviable reputation as the world's foremost publication of its type. It was, for all practical purposes, the first magazine to concentrate exclusively on stories of the strange, the fantastic, the bizarre. It is true that tales of this sort were featured in THRILL BOOK, which was founded five years prior to WEIRD TALES. However, THRILL BOOK was not devoted solely to fantasy; other types of fiction could also be found in its pages, although material of a weird and fantastic nature was emphasized. The same reasoning could be applied to BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE, BLACK CAT or any one of several such magazines published before WEIRD TALES.

The founder of WEIRD TALES was Edwin Baird, who served also as editor during the first year or so of the magazine's existence. He was succeeded in this capacity by Fransworth Wright. Late in 1924, the Rural Publishing Company, under which the magazine was initially managed, went bankrupt, and WEIRD TALES was taken over by Popular Fiction Publishing Company, (not to be confused with the later-emerging publishing giant, Popular Publications, Inc.). Farnsworth Wright was still editor following the change in ownership, and remained so until his death in 1940.

Wright was a dedicated editor, responsible for making WEIRD TALES the great magazine it was. He worked unwaveringly toward that end, even in periods of progressively failing health. WEIRD TALES had its ups and downs during those years, and several times was on the verge of failing. Wright

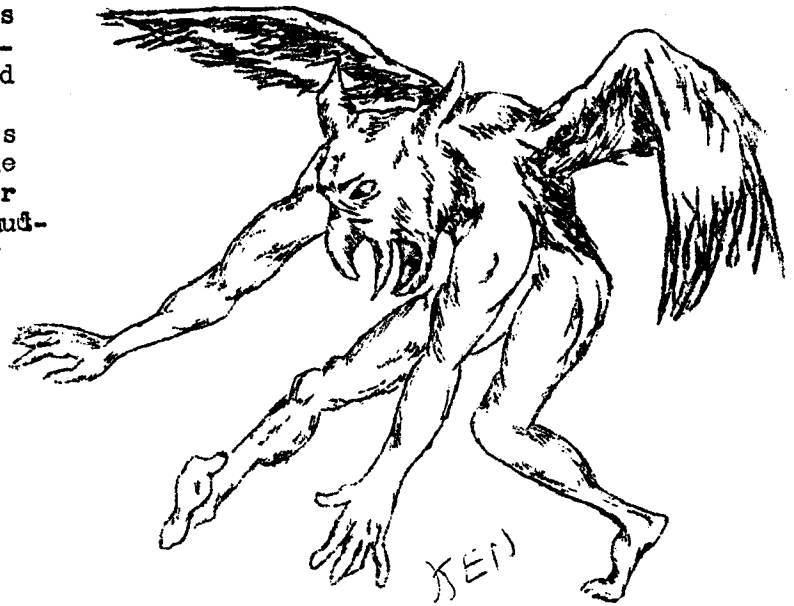
sometimes dug into his own pocket to keep things going. It was he who first focused reader attention on the work of such authors as August Derleth, Edmond Hamilton, C.L. Moore, E. Hoffman Price, Donald Wandrei, Robert Bloch, and many more. Not a few of Wright's discoveries later became big-name contributors to the "slicks", and many have gone further into the writing of popular novels. He was also first to publish illustrations by Virgil Finlay, who went on to become fantasy's number one artist. Time and time again, tales which Wright published made their way into anthologies. Edward J. O'Brien found occasion to give his envied three-star rating to numerous WEIRD TALES yarns. It was WEIRD TALES which inspired the series of NOT AT NIGHT anthologies edited in London by Christine Campbell Thomson during the years from 1926 to 1936. The bulk of the material published in these collections was drawn from WEIRD TALES.

Although noted for the excellence of its fiction during Wright's editorship, WEIRD TALES was seldom distinguished for its artwork. In this respect, about the only redeeming feature lay in the illustrations of Virgil Finlay. The bulk of Finlay's work appeared in



the 1937-1939 issues. Probably the magazine's greatest infamy could be found in its cover artwork. Scantly clad females---to work of one Margaret Brundage ---adorned practically every cover during the 1933-39 period, and were the subject of much controversy among the readers. Nor were Miss Brundage's cover paintings distinguished in other ways; they always managed to carry out an artwork formula that was all too typical of the lowest grade pulp magazines. The underclad damsel was invariably oringing in terror, threatened by a many-mawed, blood-slurping goul that had just emerged from a nearby cemetary (while Sir Galahad, armed only with a sprig of wolfbane, rushed to the rescue). The magazine's perchant for overexposed cover dolls caused it to be banned in Australia in 1938 on moral grounds.

In 1940, following the death of Farnsworth Wright, the editorial reins were taken by Dorothy Mollwraith. The nudes forthwith disappeared from the magazine's covers, to be replaced by artwork of decidedly better taste. Also, the editorial policy was somewhat modified in other ways. Previously, the yarns in WT had been noted for their strong, forcible element of horror, Farnsworth Wright, believing in giving readers the full treatment, had gone in for sinister and spooky tales that pulled no punches. The new policy toned down the horror a bit, and stressed a wider variety of fantasy. Even an occasional story with touches of humor met with no objections. The change perhaps was not altogether for the better. Confirmed shiver-and-sud-der lovers were somewhat let down by the milder type of fiction. On the anemic side, lacking in vitality and conviction, when compared to the earlier stories. The vampires and werewolves that had for so long prowled through the magazine's pages, now appeared less real and less fearsome.



Improvement could be noted in WT's fiction during the middle and late 1940's, although the magazine never quite regained the pinnacle of fame which it had attained under Farnsworth Wright's leadership. Even so, its standards continued to be higher than those of most pulps. Some of the better tales published under the new regime were written by Ray Bradbury, who was a regular WT contributor during the early years of his career. Several notable Bradbury yarns were THE LAKE, THE JAR, THE CROWD, THE NIGHT, and THE SCYTHE (all of which were later incorporated into this writer's first book, DARK CARNIVAL). A;ison V. Harding contributed some memorable stories during the 1947-50 period also. THE CITY OF LOST PEOPLE, THE HOLIDAY, THE DEEP DROWSE, and THE COMING OF M. ALKERHAUS are four good examples of this writer's art. The last mentioned title was voted the best story to appear in the special 25th anniversary issue.

During the early 1950's the pulps began to fall into a state of declining public enthusiasm for the pulp style of fiction and presentation, a condition from which they were never to recover. WT was not immune to the sickness---borne in large part by that expanding arch-villian, television--- which descended upon the publishing world in general and the pulps in particular. Beginning with the September 1953 issue, TW "went modern" and switched to the more popular digest size. But the change in size failed to resolve certain basic troubles that were in little way connected with format. This period, which found science-fiction steadily gaining in popularity, saw a corresponding decline of reader interest in things supernatural. Moreover, a number of old standby authors had, for one reason or another, disappeared from TW's contents

page. On the whole, newcomers to the field---and few they were---failed to measure up to such departing veterans as Harding, Bradbury, Sturgeon, and Quinn. As a result, the magazine published comparatively little material of merit during its last few years, apart from reprints. This death of new talent did little to boost circulation figures that were already sagging. There undoubtedly were other factors, not known to this individual, which led to WT's demise. Leo Margulies took over as editor shortly before the end, which came with September 1954 issue.

The authors who appeared in WT during its long existence represent a veritable honor roll of literary "greats". Its contents page was at one time or another graced by practically every famous name in the fantasy world. There were even occasional appearances by writers whose specialty lay in other fields. Some examples: Q. Patrick, the celebrated spinner of detective yarns; Frank Gruber, prolific both as a writer of mysteries and westerns; John D. MacDonald, most noted for his detective fiction; and the late Jim Kjelgaard, famous for his animal stories. Also, authors prominent in the science-fiction field were often prone to temporarily abandon their space ships, sizzle gas, and two-headed Martians, and to turn up in WT with material of a radically different nature. At this point, it might be mentioned that WT, while primarily a vehicle for supernatural fantasy, published a fair amount of SF itself. Indeed, in its pages were spawned some all-time sf favorites. Donald Wandrei's THE RED BRAIN and C.L. Moore's SHAMBLEAU, are good examples.

Seabury Quinn, of Jules de Grandin fame, contributed more stories to WT than did any other author. Quinn's nearest rival in the quantity department was August Derleth. Several of Derleth's tales were published under the "Stephen Grendon" pseudonym.

A reader poll taken during the 1930's revealed A. Merritt's WOMAN OF THE WOOD to be the most popular story published in WT up to that time.

During its long life WT constantly presented excellent fantasy and weird fiction. When the magazine fell, an era in fantasy writing ended also.

----END----

Additional Note on the previous material by its author---

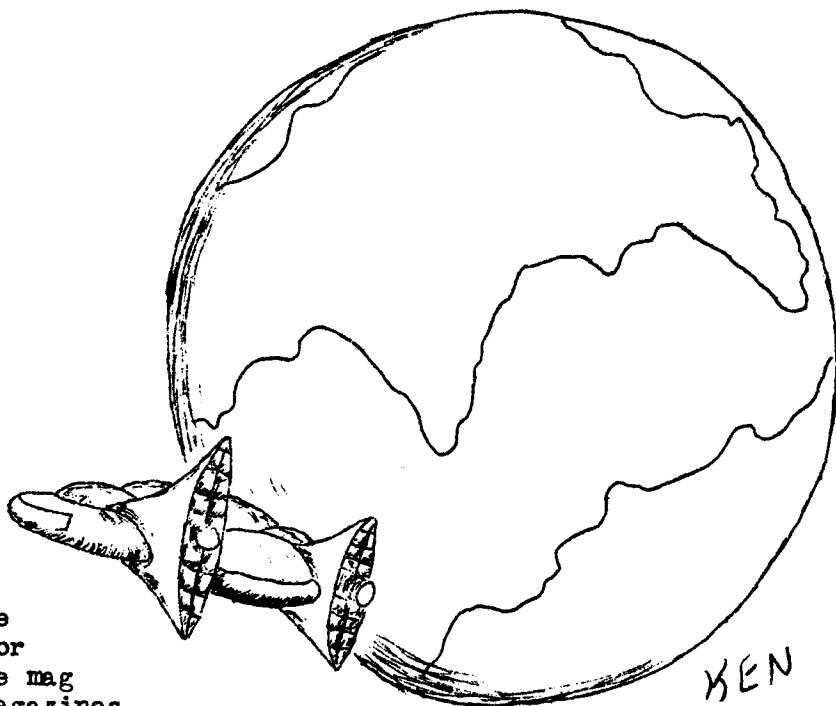
"I believe that, officially, Farnsworth Wright did not become editor of WT until it had been taken over by Popular Fiction Publishing Co., late in 1924, altho he had been editor in an unofficial capacity before then.



STF QUIZ

By
RICH
ARMSTRONG

Below are three columns; one of story titles, one of authors, and one of magazines. The object is to match the story title with the author who wrote it, and with the mag that published it. The magazines will be used more than once, of course, but not every one will be.



1. Adam and No Eve
2. Barrier of Dread
3. The Cloak
4. Coming Attraction
5. Dr. Grimshaw's Sanatorium
6. Fear
7. The Fires Within
8. Hobbies
9. Hobbyist
10. The Huckle is a Happy Beast
11. Hyperpilosity
12. Jerry is a Man
13. The Man Who Mastered Time
14. Minsky were the Borogoves
15. Night
16. Nightfall
17. The Pedestrian
18. Q. U. R.
19. Revolt of the Pedestrians
20. Shambleau
21. Sidewise in Time
22. There Shall Be No Darkness
23. To Serve Man
24. What Mad Universe
25. The Wizard of Linn

1. A. E. Van Vogt
2. Theodore Sturgeon
3. Don A. Stuart
4. Clifford D. Simak
5. Eric Frank Russell
6. Fletcher Pratt
7. Lewis Padgett
8. C. L. Moore
9. Judith Merril
10. Murry Leinster
11. Fritz Leiber
12. Damon Knight
13. Dr. David H. Keller
14. L. Ron Hubbard
15. H. H. Holmes
16. Robert A. Heinlein
17. L. Sprague de Camp
18. Ray Cummings
19. Arthur C. Clarke
20. Fredric Brown
21. Ray Bradbury
22. Robert Bloch
23. James Blish
24. Alfred Bester
25. Isaac Asimov

1. AMAZING
2. ASTOUNDING
3. AVON FANTASY READER
4. FANTASTIC NOVELS
5. FANTASY AND SF
6. FUTURE
7. GALAXY
8. STARTLING
9. THRILLING WONDER
10. UNKNOWN

answers on page 60

THE CREATION OF ROGER LEE

by
Bob Jennings

There are strange things done in a convention sun,
By the men of the fannish fold,
And the fannish trails have their secret tales
that would make your blood run cold.
The convention lights have seen queer sights,
but the queerest they ever did see,
Was that night in the wake of a convention break
We created Roger Lee.

On a convention day I was pushing my way
thru the Flittscon roar,
Talk of the drink, there were fans on the brink
of dropping out flat on the floor.
If our heads we'd turn, where the bright lights burn,
a bottle we'd be sure to see,
And man was it fun, and there wasn't a one
who wasn't taking it easy and free.

Thru the convention glare and the smoke filled air
a form I happened to spy,
I knew that fan from the drink in his hand
and the murderous way he could lie.
I shuffled to meet thru the roar and the heat
a fan I had recognized,
And I followed his sight and the bellowing might
of the words he emphasized.



Now you don't often see fans from Tennessee
in the thick of a convention crowd,
And I was about to rejoice, for I knew that
voice---

but the noise had been pretty loud.
And I could have been wrong, that ~~it~~ wasn't
Jack Long,

but I meant to find out true,
And I thought I had, and I felt right glad
that he was at the convention too.

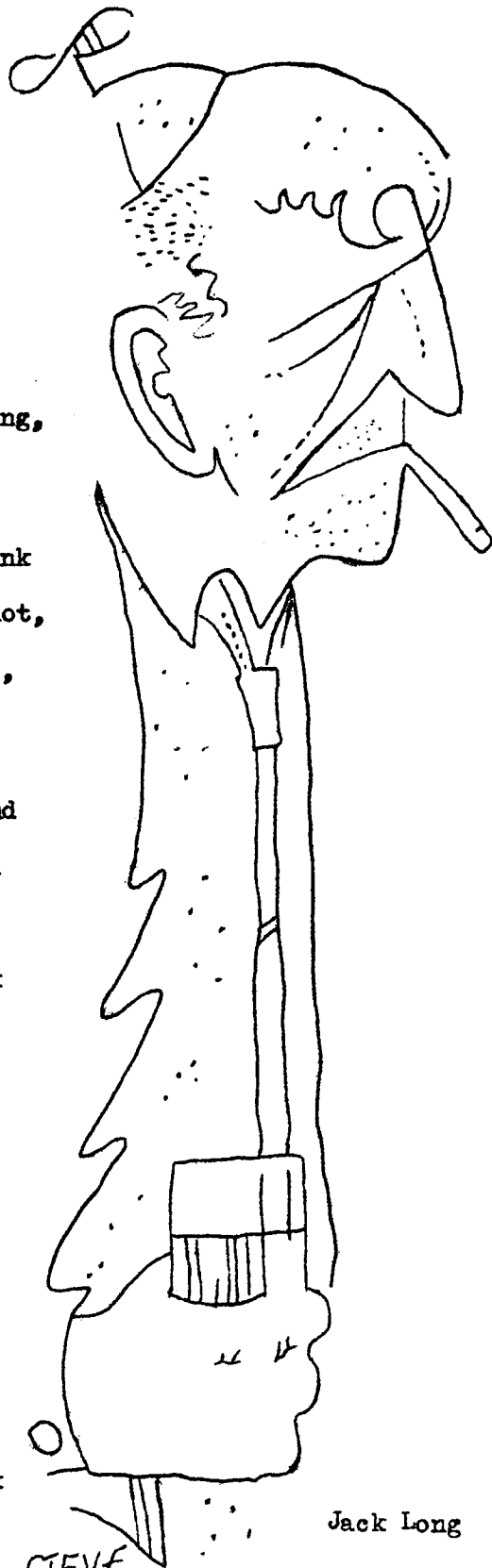
And that very night, as we lay liquor light
in the crowded Chicago suite,
And we both had been fed and the sounds overhead
were pounding a bongo beat,
Jack turns to me, and "Bob", says he, "I'm quitting,
I want to be free,
But before I go we ought to throw
just one last big spree."

Well he seemed so drunk, stretched out on the bunk
that I figured I ought to say no,
But I was just about shot, and it was too damn hot,
and I was lost in a pleasant glow.
He seemed sort of dazed and his eyes were glazed,
and he chocked on a liquid flow,
Then he looked at me, with a smirk of glee,
and spoke with his voice down low.

"Now a convention's fine, but they give me a kind
of shock that lasts me almost a year,
And by the time I'm quited, I'm not so delighted
to hear another one's near.
I'm awfully tired of con pranks that soured,
! and con songs that never do rhyme,
So let's jar 'em awake at the next program break
with the greatest hoax of all time.

Now you listen here," he says with a leer,
a hoax is an ancient bit,
But if we play this right, on the pannel night,
we'll pull one they'll never forget.
The very thought of a new hoax brough
a smile of glee to my face,
Then Jack filled me in, and both waring a grin,
we got up and left the place.

And past daybreak we stayed awake,
completing the rest of the plan,
We'd create a freak, one sercon and meek,
a most unconventional fan.
And we finally decided we'd best be guided
by fannish history,
And that night in the wake of a convention break
we created Roger Lee.



Jack Long

STEVE
STILES



We'd create a freak, one sercon and meek,
a most unconventional fan

Now Roger Lee, as was plain to see
must never really be "seen".
Since he didn't exist we ran the risk
that his lack of form would mean.
And we were agreed that the way to lead
our plan to greatest success,
Was to use Jack's voice, and by this choice
keep his exposure less.

Jack was to stay out of the way
while I was to mix with the crowd.
By being shown I would make myself known
and keep the discussions loud.
And tho the troop might stay or regroup
on its fringes Jack would lurk,
And late that night when the time was right,
his voice would do our work.

At last was complete, our fannish deceit
in the form of Roger Lee,
And we settled to wait till the hour was late,
and the talk would be flowing free.
The talk was fast but it wouldn't last
in the over-crowded place,
For Johnny Phan had taken the stand,
and a smile he wore on his face.

Then, from the very back, where the noise was slack,
a sercon voice did loom,
And we all heard it say in a peculiar way,
from there in the back of the room,
"Why is it that you, never review
science fiction in any form?"
And over the crowd fell a silent shroud
like the calm before the storm.

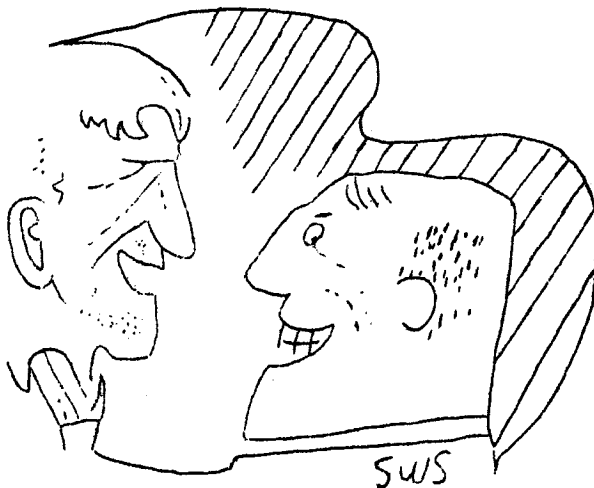
And Johnny Phan, who had taken the stand,
felt a frown come over his face.
His jaw bone fell like a shot out of hell
had just bombarded the place.
"Well...I never review science fiction, that's true,"
he said in a low tense tone,
"In a fannish light, it just ain't right..."
But the background noise had grown.

The noise hadn't slacked when that voice from the back
delivered another blow.
Words on fan fiction increased the friction,
and the muttering were no longer low.
With no holds barred it hit 'em hard
in another more sensitive spot.
On a September night in the conroom light,
tempers were flaring hot.

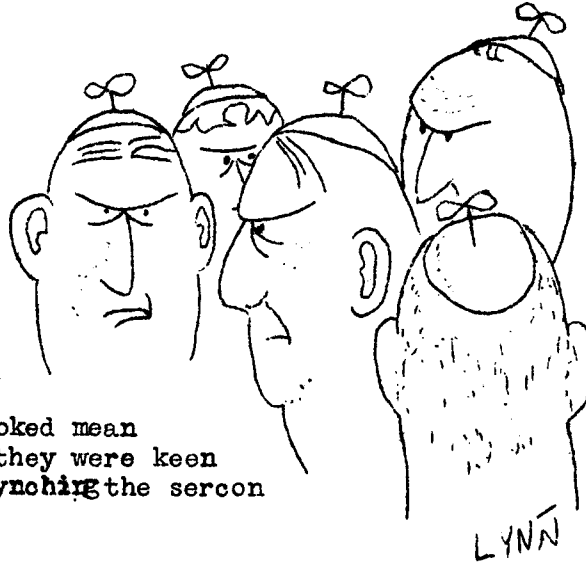
Muttering loud passed thru the crowd,
arousing the restless throng.
Phan had a slight dread that he might have said,
perhaps a few things wrong.
He tried to step down, but the crowd gathered round
forced him back to speak.
His face was white and his fine fannish fright
made his voice a high pitched squeek.

He muttered a word, not clearly heard,
and spoke, tho his nerve was spent,
"I know that I'm right, the fiction we write
is just too cruddy to print.
It's poorly stated and not punctuated,
and the styling itself was rough."
"Well how would you know," came from the front row,
"when you never print the stuff?"

Denyals came loudest from fans who were proudest
of their own fictional product,
But I felt inclined, that were they mine,
I'd sooner trust to luck.
From what was said and what I had read,
their versions couldn't be the same,
A styling antique and phrasing quite unique
were its only claims to fame.



The crowd looked mean
 and I think they were keen
 on lynching the sercon
 fan



As the noise grew louder, fans far prouder
 than had a right to be,
 Were battling out with the curse and the shout,
 the cries of Roger Lee.
 Then once more loomed from the back of the room,
 the voice all came to dread,
 On the quiet relations between deligations
 of fan and pro he did tread.

A long loud groan passed thru the drone
 and the noise redoubled again.
 I would have hated to be Roger Lee
 or to have been a sercon friend.
 The crowd looked mean and I think they were keen
 on lynching the sercon fan.
 And with tempers as bright as they were that night,
 they just might have hung our man.

Then came Jack straight from the back
 at a somewhat hurried pace,
 He claimed the back room was quiet as a tomb,
 and he'd had to retreat in haste.
 Then, "Let's try it again," he said with a grin,
 and I agreed we should,
 So outward we plowed thru the raging crowd,
 to start what else we could.

Then, into the scene, sanity was seen
 in the form of one Jake Gage
 A definate quiet stilled the mob's might
 as Jake walked onto the stage.
 "It's a Ghudamm sin when clear headed fen
 are routed by a sercon type.
 Where's your fan spirit, of the tru-fan's merit,
 or are you believing his serconnish trype?"

"Then tomorrow night we'll settle this right,
and I'll meet and debate this 'fan'".
We felt elated since we weren't obligated
to continue the rest of the plan.
We'd have the last laugh at Jake's behalf
when no Roger Lee would appear.
And fandom was saved from that sercon knave
now his word would be nothing to fear.

On the morrow eve, there were none who would leave
or miss the memorable event,
The hours grew long; something might have been wrong,
but the crowd would not relent.
Jack was looking up when I heard him gulp
and he pointed for me to see,
For up on the stage, talking with Gage,
was our creation, Roger Lee!!

Well, you all must know how the stories go,
and how Lee won the debate.
How his well formed attack set the eighth back,
and of his activities of late.
He's formed ninth fandom, which has become
what the eighth might have been,
And he might be right, he's won his fight,
and created a lot of new friends.

Roger Lee was in Tennessee
a couple of days ago,
We talked a bit and he seemed to fit
Jack's idea of a sercon foe.
I've written it all down, and tho it will sound
a sort of rhymless rhyme,
You'll plainly see that Roger Lee
was the greatest hoax of all time.

There are strange things done in a convention sun
By the men of the fannish fold,
And the fannish trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold.
The convention lights have seen queer sights,
But they queerest they ever did see,
Was that night in the wake of a convention break,
We created Roger Lee.



NIGRATION

by
RAY NELSON

The young man walked from the grave, inwardly saddened deeply, but outwardly walking erect, eyes unclouded. It was the way of his people. The death of his father saddened him deeply, but men do not weep; particularly sons of rulers.

He had left his two aides at the gravesite, for he wished to be alone to think out the new problems of leadership and administration. He was now ruler of the world.

As he entered the throne room, two men stepped out of the shadows to greet him. Age had wrinkled their faces and stooped their bodies. They were the Ancients, the dying sons-sons-of-sons of the original settlers of this world; the oldest and wisest men in the world.

H'lasn knew why they had come to him. All knew. J'larth, the younger, spoke first; "Your father is dead, my son." He glanced to W'vuth. The older nodded. J'larth went on, "You are now ruler. The burden of decision falls upon you."

H'lasn's mind wandered. It flew over memories of years of grooming, intensive training for this day, this hour. For this day a boy became a man, a ruler's son, a ruler. 'Now!', his mind screamed at him, 'now is the time.' He walked over to the throne, hesitated, then sat down on it. His voice took on a deeper and more authoritative tone, more demanding; repeating words he had learned long ago: "This was the throne of my father and his father before him. Now it is mine. Let no other take rest on it until my death. I am ruler."

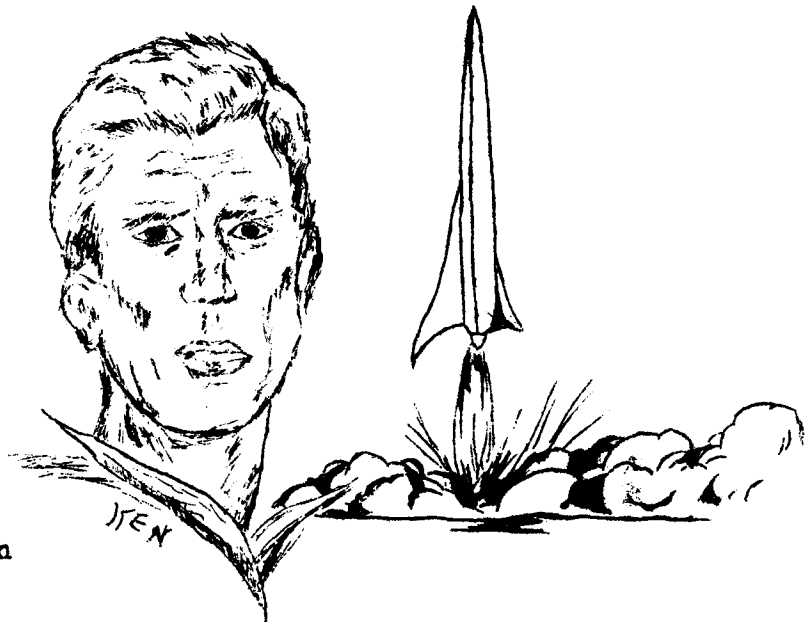
J'larth looked to his companion. He nodded assent, and they stepped forward and bowed to the new ruler.

J'larth spoke, "H'lasn, the duties of state fall now upon your shoulders. You know why we are here. We will council you, but it is you who must solve the problem." He glanced to W'vuth. The elder person's voice would be more suited for the explanation.

"Your already known my son, of the general nature of the problem that confronts our people. What we alone know, and your father knew, was the details and the seriousness of it. Now that you are ruler, we must impart this information to you." He paused. "By your leave."

It was spoken as a statement, but H'lasn knew it was a question. He nodded. W'vuth went on,

"Ever since the coming of the People to our world, our population has been growing, beyond the bounds of the first few. The food capacities of our world have been strained before, but each time before there have been wars or pestilences, and these lowered the population to a safe number once again. But then, under the



under the rule of your father's father, all were united; and now all the diseases have run their course. We still have a margin of safety, O King. It will keep us alive. But we must think of future generations, of the babes in cribs now. What will their life be, if the problem is not solved now? The rationing is slight now; in their time it will become acute. Hunger will not be the exception, but the rule. The problem must be solved now, while there is still time, or it will never be solved."

"It is true". H'lasn leaned back on the throne, "we must decide now."

The Council was begun. They talked for many hours in the throne room, discussing the pros and cons of several possible, but in reality, unworkable plans. Finally H'lasn came up with an answer. The only workable answer.

"You say that ours is not the only world in existence?" he asked.

"No, your highness, ours is not alone," J'larth answered. "There are other worlds, but at great distances."

"Did not the People span those distances to bring life to our world?"

"They did, O King." J'larth turned to his companion with a look of approval on his face. The older man shrugged. J'larth turned back.

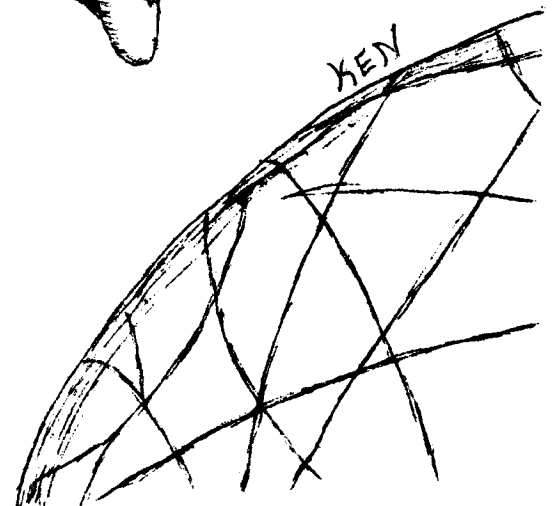
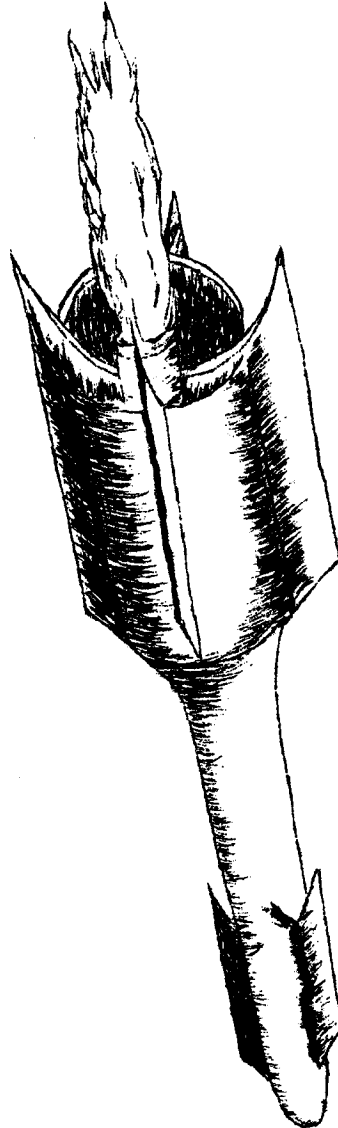
"Did they not go on to span even greater distances to get to other worlds?"

"That much is known."

"Pah!" spat W'vuth disgustedly. "That much is legend."

So!, thought the surprised H'lasn. The wise W'vuth fears to tread on paths that might try his knowledge beyond his means! He is a fox, that old one. He reads my thoughts even as I think them myself. He would bear watching.

"You read my thought, W'vuth," he began with a note of sarcasm in his voice. He had gotten to know W'vuth well during the past few hours. The counselor opposed any measures that were either too radical as opposed to his conservative viewpoint, or that might try his fabled intellect if ac-



cepted for use. This plan, seemingly embraced both these characteristics. "Exactly what objection do you have to the plan you know I will suggest?"

"I would reserve comment until the plan is completely laid out, my lord." The old man was being very cagy; he would block the plan, thought H'lasn.

"Very well, we shall continue." He looked around the room to see if there were any dissenting council members. He went on; "How did the People get from world to world?" He already knew the answer.

"In great and magnificent ships, lord," a junior council member replied.

Are we without knowledge of these ships?" He was building a bridge, a bridge of fact from the original idea he had conceived to the final conclusion that the idea was the only possible answer.

"We have the plans, sire, but the skills of building are deep within us and will not easily be brought forth." J'larth sat back down.

'That was what W'vuth was worried about,' thought H'lasn. 'The skills of building will not be easily brought forth'. He was worried about being shamed for not being all the wise and knowledgeable man the people thought him to be. Contempt grew in his mind. He spoke; "can we build such ships?" All now knew the plan formed in the mind of H'lasn.

"They can be built," insisted a craftsman.

W'vuth snorted. H'lasn ignored it. He gathered his thoughts and stood. "Then we shall build such a fleet, to be rivalled only by the fleet of our ancestors; and into it we shall place a third of our population, chosen by lots, and these shall find another world to live upon." He paused, "such is my plan. We shall hear the words of those against it. Are there any?"

Altho he could not see him clearly from his position on the throne, H'lasn instinctively knew that the old man had risen to take up the attack upon the plan. He sat down, giving the old man the floor and the undivided attention of the council members.

The old man stood for a moment, looking from one council member to another, staring each in the eye for just a second, letting the influence of his wizened features have its full effect on each individual. He began, "you all know the problem at hand. Our ruler proposes a solution to that problem. His plan would solve the problem, true, but also would mass murder of half our babes each year be a solution. Also would a forced war be a solution. He proposes to send one third of our people on untried ships to unknown worlds. Why does he not just suggest that our people draw lots, and the unlucky third be killed by the rest? Would it not amount to the same thing---mass suicide by one third of our people? He suggests that your friends, neighbors---perhaps you yourself---be sent off into the unknown, never to return. Is this not madness? What know we of that which lies beyond our limited vision?"

"I am but an old man, but even I can see the obvious, the worlds are far apart, that much we know. Know we also that all worlds are not habitable. The supplies on the ship---if such lunacy is undertaken---will not last forever, certainly they must be depended on to feed one third of the population of our world for an indefinite length of time. What if the first world they come upon is not habitable. Or the second? Or the third? And what if they are habitable? Do not forget that if a world is habitable, it may also be inhabited!

the new... "Fellow council members," he concluded, shaking his head, "I feel the need for a solution as much as you do, but to undertake this plan would not be simple foolhardiness; it would be madness." W'vuth sat down. He could sense that his short speech was well taken by the council members. He would win yet.

The murmur that had swept the council room after W'vuth's speech was stilled as H'lasn stood up to make a rebuttal speech. It would have to be a good one, he thought to himself; right now W'vuth holds these men in the palm of his hand. He waited for absolute silence. When he got it, he began:

"The elder, W'vuth, has spoken to you about the risks of the plan

I have offered you. I would like to continue in that same vein.

"This plan I offered you was not the product of a moment's thought. It was the plan of my father, who passed it on to me at his deathbed. 'Son', he told me, 'there is a great amount of risk involved in this plan; but it is better to have a grave risk than a certainty later.' And this same thing I pass on to you, you who are to decide the fate of our future generations. Is it not better to have the diseased limb amputated now, at grave risk to the life of the afflicted, yet which act might save him, than to be certain of seeing him dead the next day?" H'larn sat down, suddenly older and wiser than all the others combined.

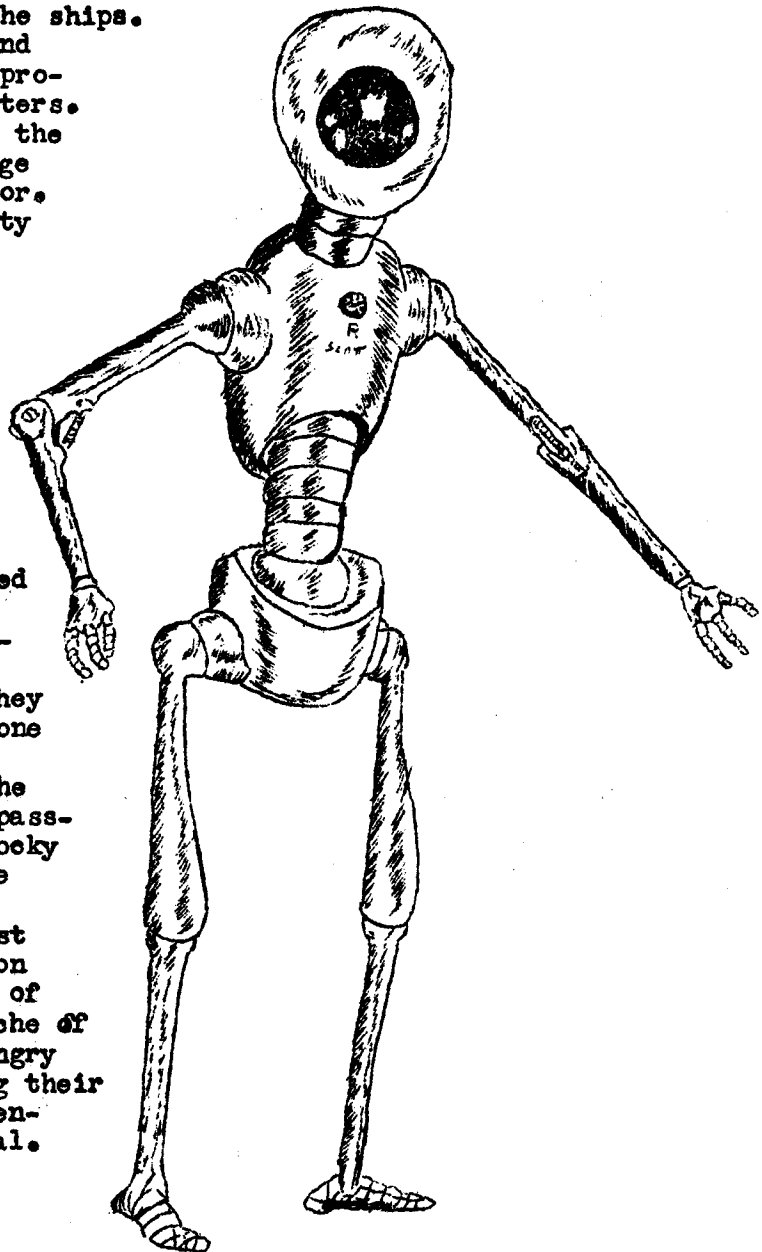
The casting of ballots was begun. Only one was needed.

The preparations were almost complete. The ships were taken on trial runs and preformed perfectly. All the food that could be stowed on board was placed in the ships, and lots were drawn over the whole world to see who would go. W'vuth had stomped around the capitol for a few days after the vote to send the ships, but softened up after he was asked for assistance in planning the construction of the ships. He grudgingly gave his help, and soon was as enthused with the project as its most ardent supporters.

Upon the arrival of the third who were to leave, a large festival was held in their honor. After the celebration, solemnity reigned as those selected by fate boarded the fleet and made final preparations for departure. All who could think of an excuse waited until the last moment before getting out of the way of the ships. Finally the moment came. They waved their arms until they ached and cheered themselves hoarse as the fleet swiftly disappeared from sight.

Conditions were desperate in the fleet. They had little food and less water. They couldn't turn back, they had gone too far. Unless they reached a habitable world soon, all in the fleet would perish. They had passed two, but of them, one was rocky and without vegetation, and the other was already inhabited by fierce animals. Hope had almost left them. There was dissention throughout the fleet, and many of the people were preparing a cache of death for the coming weeks. Angry men were on the verge of taking their individual ships by force, to enact desperate plans for survival.

(continued bottom ext page)



THE WRITINGS OF A CONFIRMED CYNIC

by
Robert Jennings

---The Personality of a Magazine---

In past issues of this series I have attempted to review the various service features a science fiction magazine might present that will increase its magazine personality. This issue will deal with the format of a magazine.

The format of a magazine, its arrangement and general appearance, can be a very efficient aid to the magazine as a whole. An attractive magazine, with interesting, well placed artwork, eye-catching cover and well arranged and balanced fiction and features will generally improve a reader's enjoyment of a magazine. I feel pretty safe in saying that a sloppy magazine does not make an extremely strong impression on any of its readership.

One of the more important features of a well balanced format is its artwork. And certainly the most important piece of artwork is the cover.

With hundreds of magazines now selling on the newsstands, and with science fiction magazines in their present minority, I don't think I need to emphasize the need for an interesting cover to attract the casual buying public.

The mechanics of an eye-catching cover are interesting. It always helps matters somewhat if our ideal science fiction magazine is arranged so that all of its cover is visible. Various tricks have been employed in the past to make a cover stand out from dozens of similar covers round about it.

Contrast, for instance, is an important advantage. If the cover of our magazine is going to attract the casual browser it has to attract his attention, it has to make itself known to him. A simple solution would be to choose a color scheme and arrangement completely different from the surrounding magazines. Currently the vogue among sf magazines seems to be towards the deep-space, moonscape type scenes, as practiced by Bonestall and to a lesser extent, Hunter. If only one magazine were using this effect it might prove to be a useful item, but success and popularity have made the moonscape scenery such a common sight at the newsstands, that it has lost all contrast design or uniqueness it might have once possessed. In addition to being so common to science fiction magazines, these covers are in close competition with the hordes of space

NIGATION; continued from page thirty

Finally, the lead ship signalled that a world was ahead. Those who had the strength left, cheered weakly. It was their last chance. The lead ship went in to investigate. This ship hove to and a small boat was launched, carrying the chief and two rowers. The gentle waters of the lagoon lapped at its sides. The skiff landed and the tall Polynesian chieftain sprang out upon the beach, spear ready. No sound issued forth from the jungle. He turned about and waved his spear to the waiting ships out in the bay. All aboard cheered wildly. They had found a new world. It would be good to set foot on solid ground again. END

fact magazines publications that have flooded the stands. GALAXY uses an interesting method. Their cover scenes are bordered on three sides by white, which frames and draws attention to their covers when they are displayed. I never have trouble picking out a copy of GALAXY when I shop around for the stuff, its cover is immediately noticeable, simply because Gold used an old but still useful advertising trick on his cover design. The purple styled combinations of pulp size used were noticeable because of their color contrasts. The dark somber colors stood out quite well on the newsstands. FUTURE and SF during their last days used the black-white-yellow combinations. While Lownders may have been making excuses about the lack of more suitable color work, his combinations of black and white or black and yellow stood out extremely well on the newsstands. If a magazine is to sell it has to be seen, and such tactics bring the magazine to the potential buyer's attention. The standard colors today for all magazines are brown-blue-green and sometimes yellow. An original color contrast will utilize other colors primarily to clash with these adaptable, reliable and comfortable standards.

Color tone work is also an interesting contrast. Not only do soft, blurred lines catch the attention of the potential buyer, but they also have the effect of presenting a false sense of artistic perfection to anyone who does not bother to inspect the work too closely. Hannes Bok was the grand master in tone and pastel work, and though his work had little to boast on true artistic merits, the tone work and unusual color schemes he employed were enough to carry over an ordinary or often poorly utilized idea with a superb touch. Tone work can change the most drab and ordinary scene into a brilliant and attractive piece, and it's a method that ought to be employed more frequently than it is now.

Subject matter for covers has always been a hotly debated question. Magazines such as POST and LOOK must almost necessarily confine their cover illustrations to people or simple scenic views. A science fiction magazine has, probably, the most extensive range of subject matter available of any magazine, yet it is also limited in many ways.

Very roughly, I have never thought that just people should make up a science fiction cover scene. The science fiction artist has a choice of, very roughly, three categories to choose from, humans and aliens, machines of various types, or scenery. These themes can be expanded, combined, overlapped or changed in any number of ways to fit various specifications. In addition, the artist has a choice of cover moods, horror, surprise, action-adventure, sense of wonder combinations, weirdness, surrealism, and so on.

As I said back there, people, just plain people, do not impress me as outstanding subjects for science fictional covers. Whereas POST or LIFE can feature common everyday people in a variety of interesting, amusing or portray famous people, science fiction magazines generally cannot. Not that science fiction doesn't have interesting, humorous features, or its famous people, it's just that when a science fiction magazine features these subjects, the humans are featured with aliens, machines, scenery



or some other such help. To bring the situation in more clearly, science fiction is not ordinary in the POST, LOOK, TIME sense, and therefore it can't generally concern itself with ordinary happy, everyday type citizens as cover subjects. I find it hard to picture a POST style cover on ANALOG or AMAZING, even if the characters were dressed in futuristic garb. When science fiction covers are humorous, interesting from the human interest point of view, they almost must use a combination of other features. A typical example of this is the Apr. 1959 cover of GALAXY, which shows the poker players from many worlds involved deeply in game. Here you will notice that only one figure is human, the others are aliens and robots drawn in a variety of amusing shapes and sizes, playing in what is apparently a vacuum (since all are wearing helmet except those aliens and robots who are presumably not needing air). How many science fictional covers can you recall that utilized people exclusively? How many of these were well received? Human beings come alive in a science fictional cover only when they co-exist with other items. I think this is one of the reasons the Emsh covers for INFINITY were so popular (save a couple of scenes for Richard Wilson's story). Emsh combined human figures into a background that was strange and interesting. His humans co-existed with machines, strange cities, in strange situations with a touch that makes the cover an interesting scene that offsets humans and the background equally well. Take away the backgrounds and the covers are worthless. Remove the humans and no matter the detailed work involved in his superb backgrounds, they are static and lifeless. Compare his effect with action-adventure magazines that used human figures primarily, there are miles of difference.

Machinery and scenery are interesting, but often lack the sense of combination to bring them off successfully. Bonestell paintings are a wonder to behold, the effect of a deep space scene or a moonscape is truly breathtaking. Unfortunately, once you've seen one, you've seen 'em all. There is a limit to moonscapes and scenery. Machinery is also impressive, but bigness and delight in complexities the paint brush welded were thin too soon. There are several avenues along these lines that have not been exploited very efficiently. For instance, the matter of alien landscapes. I have seen very few outstanding alien landscapes. Invariably the place is inhabited by diansours or strange beasts rushing from the nearby strangely Earthlike jungle. The other alien world scene is, of course, a great desert, perhaps peopled by crumbling buildings or a mysterious tower in the background. I have not seen artists use the alien background idea with any great originality, and this is a shame since alien worlds would allow so much freedom of expression. The artist is supposed to be bound by the words in a story, how often he is is a question much disputed. The matter of machines has been pretty well covered in scenes thruout the years, but I wonder by this time if we have run out of ideas. There is so much the artist can do with scenery and machinery that he does not do...

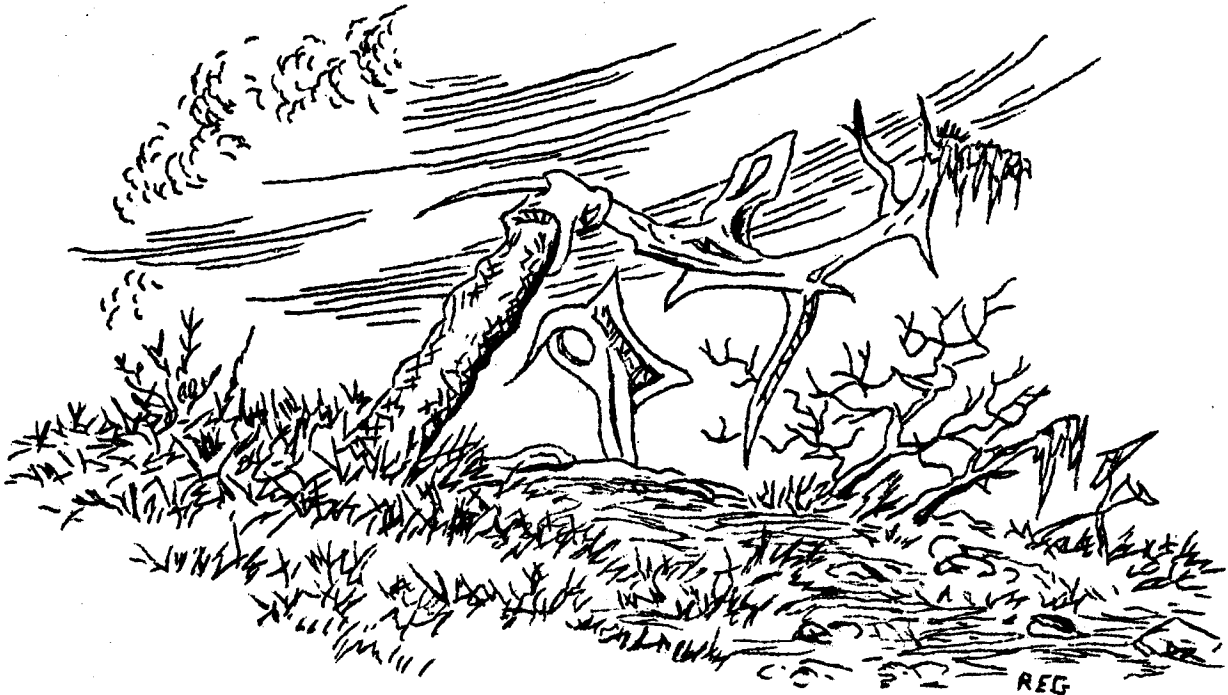
Perhaps it is only human vanity, but generally speaking readers like to see covers that feature humans or aliens on their magazines. The human being occupies most of the stories a magazine presents, so it could be argued that the artist is merely following along, very roughly, the story line.

Science fictional cover scenes, in fact, all science fiction and fantasy art bears with it a strong tinge of the sensational, that so called sense of wonder expanded all out of proportion, run thru a different mill and then diluted a hundred different ways into as many different parts. The sensationalism may range from the wonder, the bigness and strangeness of Bonstell painting, to the action-adventure type of painting Anderson did for the old PLANET magazine. How many ordinary peaceful cover scenes can you recall offhand without consulting your files? Not many I'd be willing to bet. How many others have the humans in dire danger, being pursued, being attacked, perhaps being eaten or ripped to shreds, or in battle or some such scene. How many pictures without humans can you recall, where the scene does not portray something sensational happening. I count the covers of the Fairman AMAZING as some of the most outstanding examples of science

fiction cover work available. The scenes showed humans in dire danger. The inanimate objects were in motion. Remember the scene where the city was being blown sky high, still all in one piece? Sensational and impressive at the same time, with contrast provided by the dark blue sky. How about those other paintings? The cover where the aliens picture the sphinx? Or the FANTASTIC cover showing the dragon like creature holding the sleeping girl. All of these are sensational in theme, all of them are impressive and inspiring, and all of them helped sell the magazine. The ordinary scenes you will find should you look thru your stacks, probably never did arouse much comment. If they didst likely it was unfavorable.

I think this indicates that not only is science fiction a media which must utilize the sensational standards to impress or convert other people as well as satisfy ourself, but shows that science fiction is strongly bound by tradition. The tradition extends back into the files of the Munsey Magazines, and comes to life later on the drawing table of Frank Paul or Leo Morray. The sensational standard was set by enterprising artists, the founding artists of our form who had to compete and compete bitterly in the action-thronged pulp world. The pulps have vanished, but the sensationalism and action scenery behind them remains very much with us. Tasteful artistic covers are a thing for TIME or perhaps REVIEW, but not for science fiction magazines, at least not yet. And should they ever get here, I'm not so sure I would appreciate them. I enjoy the sensationalism in those old FFM covers, I like the AMAZING covers presented during Fairman's reign.

Perhaps the history of our media will record that the fifties were a varritable time for the field. They might record that the fifties were a changing period, where the robes of one styling and writing form were shed for another better and more useful form. Perhaps they might recall that science fiction begin feeling death pangs during this period too, but I think along with this that the files will reveal the fifties as an experimental period in science fiction cover illustration. The covers on IF, usually done by Emsh will be recorded as typical examples, Freas wonders for ANALOG and FUTURE will perhaps be fondly remembered. SUPER SCIENCE, INFINITY, SFA, AMAZING, FANTASTIC, IF, SFS FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, and FUTURE will certainly be recalled as providing



valuable examples of experimental work into different types of science fiction cover illustration. Some, like SUPER SCIENCE, will be remembered only as having eliminated almost totally one particular cover form. Others might be studied for future reference. In any event the fifties provided some fabulous artwork, some extremely interesting artwork and it should be a useful guidebook, a beginning to more developed forms in the future.

Another significant factor of a good format is the magazine size. Presently all science fiction magazines are digest sized, though perhaps not digest priced. Before the fifties the magazines had been pulp or large size. Led by Campbell's ASTOUNDING the whole field finally changed to the digest size. I've read a number of interesting theories on magazine size, most of it in comment on Art Rapp's article in GHOST #3. I believe Harry Warner expressed the most logical explanation of the digest size phenomenon. He remarked that during the fifties printing costs rose tremendously, yet except for the boom period of the early fifties and 1957, the circulations did not rise much. The digest size then was just a clever method whereby the magazines presented a thick page count without having as much material or having to pay as much for printing costs. If, as was implied, by various editors and publishers, the digest size change was affected solely to give the magazines a more noticeable position on the stands, then I think the plan has pretty well failed. Here in Nashville the science fiction magazines are carried primarily by the book stores (though a few brave drug stores feature a few on and off). The book stores have about twenty-four to thirty feet of magazine space, most of which is sectioned off. In the first section you will generally find the higher priced or more popular magazines, SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, PUNCH, McCALLS, POST, REVIEW and such as that inhabit this section. Next section contains the men's magazines, the humor magazines, the slick men's magazines, the hot rod mags and all the speciality magazines. The newspapers are shoved under the mags. The digests come last, they aren't even on the stands generally. Someone had thoughtfully provided a whole eighth of a wall of racks wherein all digest mags are placed in haphazard order. Sometimes the excess digest mags, including science fiction and the detective magazines, are piled underneath the other magazines. They are not in competition with the other faster selling magazines, since they are either hanging on a rack along with about fifty other digests, or they are stacked neatly, and unnoticed, beneath some part of the other magazine sections. Maybe Nashville is just an exception, I don't think so though, in traveling thru the state and to other states the situation seems to be just about as bad, but my point is that if the digest size were to obtain better positions on the newsstands, at least here in Nashville the plan has fallen thru. Is it getting better viewing space to be stuck with dozens of other digests in a segregated section of the magazine section? I don't think so. Drug stores that feature magazines often attempt to offer the digests a separate place. Invariably the digests are absorbed behind a pile of slicks or covered and hidden by men's magazines or hot rod mags, or, lively as not, are stacked neatly so only the spine is noticeable.

Various answers to the digest problem have been suggested. A currently popular one seems to be to feature the magazines in paperback form. I have some objections to this. First, to feature a paperback magazine would almost eliminate all excess features, all columns, all interior illustrations, and confine itself to one or two novelettes or a scad of short stories. Paperbacks here are usually sent in bundles. The bundle contains some ppbacks, along with the current mags and comics. The bundle is unloaded and the magazines and comics are put out within a week's time. The paperbacks remain in the original bundle until there is room on the ppback racks for the new additions to be placed out. Magazines are checked and old ones taken up once every two weeks, and with larger magazine selections, once every week. The ppbacks are never checked this way. Every once in awhile, about three times a year, someone comes by to look over the situation, perhaps to check that stand rights have not been violated, and the titles of the best and worst sellers are checked. A title stays on the stand anywhere from six months to a year before any pretense is made of removing it. I somehow can't imagine

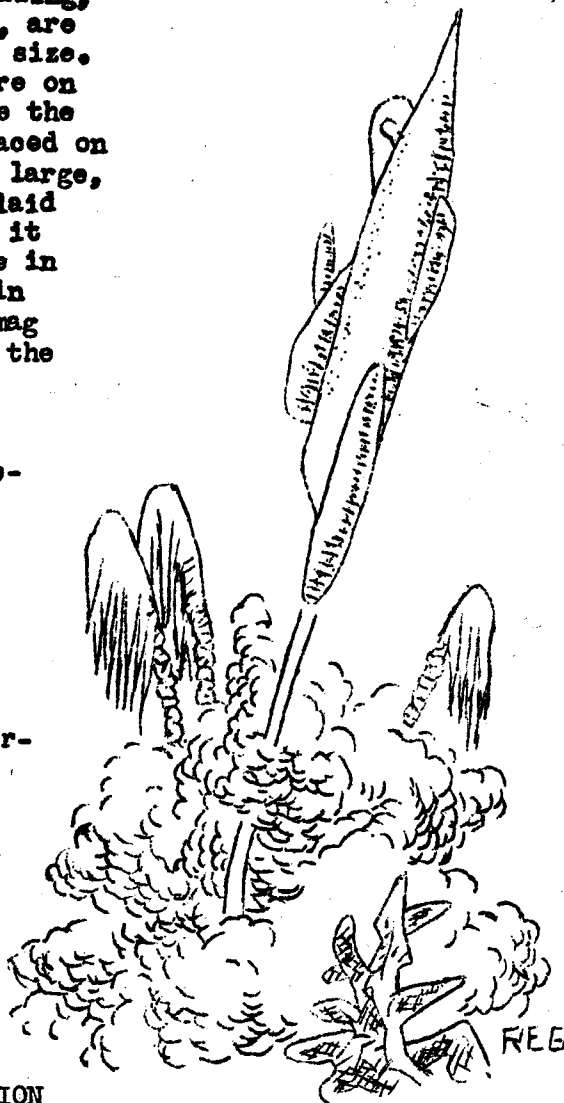
a paperback styled magazine operating under those conditions. The circulation problem is one of the main headaches of all magazine forms today. It seems to me that a paperback magazine would have about the worst circulation possible. The magazine could never be counted on to appear on time, except in the book stores or other stores that had a very rapid turn-over in paperbacks. The past issues, instead of being removed periodically, would collect and become a drag on the stands after the customer potential of one section was exhausted. Paperbacks aren't bound together very well with, they fall apart with astounding quickness. How is this going to accommodate the magazine collectors in the audience? Advertisers would probably not want to risk money in a paperback to begin with, and such an erratic form as a paperback magazine would eliminate this source of extra income entirely. A final very minor objection, I hate the extra small size of paperbacks, they are cumbersome to read. I don't think I would enjoy reading a magazine that had the fine print, speed or blotched printing and the ability to come apart when one spreads the pages to read the last few words on a line the way many paperbacks are.

Another muchly debated magazine size is the pulp size and of course, large size. My objections to large size magazines are purely personal; they don't fit my book cases and have to be laid out flat. However, the large size SATELLITE claimed that it sold very well large size where it was displayed, so if large size is an effective answer to the size problem, then I suppose I could build new book cases.

I favor a return to the old pulp size. Today most magazines selling, save those not large or digest size, are a couple of inches shorter than pulp size. A pulp sized magazine placed anywhere on the stands would stand out and above the other magazines. It could not be placed on digest racks, since it would be too large, it would not likely be stacked and laid aside as the digests are. Anywhere it was placed on the stands it would be in competition with magazines smaller in size than itself. The old FU pulp mag stood out well wherever it was put, the purple color scheme and the title that stood several inches above the tops of the other magazines made it pretty obvious to all. We want something that will attract new buyers, well then, why not utilize all the means available, including size.

Other advantages of pulp size are, of course, more page space, more page count and so on. Pulp also fit my bookcase nicely.

Interior illustrations. I feel magazines should feature interior illos, the add to a story. Compare the illos in FFM or WI with another fantasy magazine that featured no illos. The illos add much to any story. The iron clad rule with interior illustrations should be that the illos illustrate the story, or they perhaps mislead the audience. They can be the simple black, white ink combinations, but I feel that some experimentation should be given the colored interior illo. IMAGINATION utilized the excellent Berry drawings with color overprints very well this way. About two or three well placed illos help a story greatly. END, last installment nextish



FORGOTTEN CLASSICS

by
CLAY HAMLIN

It's been a year now since this column first appeared GHOST. It all started with "The Dying Earth", and in the last issue expounded on "The Lion's Way". Yet in all this no thought has been given to presenting any definite theme or of offering a coherent whole in those stories brought to your attention. So, with this first anniversary a new series will be begun. This being a sort of FFM special issue, what is more appropriate than an anthology of stories taken from that magazine, and each deserving to be called a classic.

Realizing the necessity for at least two volumes to fully cover the stories; here is a brief listing of the stories that will be presented for your consideration within the next year. Understand this is strictly a personal choice, there will be room for disagreement. However, I feel that these stories will make a fine representative anthology of FFM.

Novel	THE LION'S WAY	Charles T. Stoneham
	King of the Grey Spaces	Ray Bradbury
	Before the Dawn	John Taine
	The Willows	Algernon Blackwood
	Pickman's Model	H. P. Lovecraft
	Three Lines of Old French	Abraham Merritt
	Gentlemen, Be Seated	Robert Heinlein

Volume Two

Novel	MORNING STAR	H. Rider Haggard
	The Scarlet Plague	Jack London
	Anthem	Ayan Rand
	The Yellow Sign	Robert Chambers
	Novel of the Black Seal	Arthur Machen
	Donovan's Brain	Curt Siodmak
	The Wendigo	Algernon Blackwood

The first in the series was presented last month. For this issue I will cover two more.

Tyrannosaurus! That most magnificent of creatures. Let me introduce Bellshazzar, and defy you not to sympathise; and as odd as it may sound, to keep from identifying with this remarkable character. The story is one of the great works of science fiction, Before the Dawn, by John Taine.

It is surely no great secret that John Taine was in reality the equally well known Dr. Eric Temple Bell. He was one of the best known mathematicians, and one who had done much to popularise that rather abstract science as any man. It is seldom that one man can become so well known in two such widely variant fields. In the greatest tradition of Charles Dodson-Lewis Carroll, our own field has its claim in John Taine-Dr. Bell.

This novellette, is almost his greatest claim to fame. In the master tradition of enormous epic prose it might be compared to Olaf Stapledon's fine works, THE FIRST AND LAST MEN and THE STARMAKER. But, whereas Stapledon set forth the whole history of man to the end of eternity and beyond, Before the Dawn presents the entire panorama of pre-history in great detail, quite a feat when one considers the length of the story. It is in precisely this manner that the story makes its claim to greatness; taking that most difficult of problems, presenting millions of years of history in such a way that the reader is

not cheated by having only a few incidents with wide gaps between. It is, first and foremost, an adventure story, but one using the inanimate forces of nature and evolution, instead of man and his adventures. It delves deeply enough so an understanding of this vast theme that can be felt rather than just read is presented. By a completely ingenious narrative device, the gaps between incidents are an integral part of the story itself. It used the development of a time viewing mechanism that by its very nature can almost never view single incidents except in their barest outlines. The actual theme used is one of geological epochs rather than mere incidents passing, and it is doubtful that any more competent handling is possible. Yet in the nature of the scientific exploration, some incidents are shown, from the comic relief provided by the sub-idiotic creature that is little more than a living stomach, who sacrificed every thing including the instinct of self preservation, but possesses an utterly devastating defense when he was forced to apply it, to the saga of the mighty of the mighty Bellshazzar who fights not only his own natural enemies, but the worst that nature at its cruelest can throw at him, and who dies as he lived, wholly magnificently. Not an admirable creature, but one with the natural instinct of greatness in him, from those earliest moments when he was hatched. You have never read anything comparable; a brute courage, the faintest glimmerings of intelligence, which, strong as they may be are still not comparable to the instincts that governed him. The only



Yet thru this recurrent theme runs thruout the story, it is merely a theme, an incident to set forth in detail, that can not be given meaning in any other way. It repeats the story of the overpowering forces of nature, its purposes and its methods of achieving those purposes. It makes man seem small to consider his own inability to cope with such forces even with all his vaunted scientific prowess. Our own science could no more cope with such vast upheavals than do the dumb beasts which form a recurrent theme in this story.

It is rather astounding to consider that Taine was much better known for his scientific excursions into the realm of the biological sciences, as his two other ^{such} stories to appear in the pages of FFM show. THE GREATEST ADVENTURE and THE IRON STAR demonstrate this. Many of his stories use the best race theme, THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE and THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN among them, and his versatility is shown by the countless other themes he used, a cosmic grandeur in THE COSMIC GEIODES, the superman theme, from the genetic viewpoint with SEEDS OF LIFE, and such eminently capable stories as GREEN FIRE, THE CRYSTAL HORD, and G.O.G. 666. Yet with all of these and countless others, it seems that his shortest story is his best, perhaps because it is a vaster story than the others, and because it is not a story of man with all the limitations of such a theme, but concerns itself entirely with the vastness and greatness of the Earth itself, and gives the reader an understanding of those forces, not just intelligently, but in a way that the events and theme can be felt and experienced. The story is more than a review of passing events, it sweeps the reader into it and holds him thruout its chain of events.

This indeed is one of the great works of science fiction, one that is virtually impossible to find fault with. It is not imitated often for that very reason. How does one improve on perfection? Read it.

There was a story recently, titled The Cyber and Justice Holmes, in which a question was asked of a cybernetic machine; "Define the magnetitudes of a dream." Obviously a machine, being unable to dream, was unable to explain this. The question is a valid one, science fiction, in fact, all imaginative literature, while not defining this, ~~does~~ demonstrate it. From the grandeur of the previously mentioned story, right down to the small and personal, but still extremely potent, is this next story, King of the Grey Spaces, by Ray Bradbury. This is perhaps one of the best Bradbury tales, it certainly is one of his earliest. Yet despite its period, it contains almost all that his immense talents can create.

This is a story small and personal, one that touches close to and engulfs the reader, yet is big as all space. More so than any Bradbury it gives the Why, Why men dream of something as basically useless as conquering space and the universe. It tells what the drive inside them that lets them spend years to bring the goal nearer.

When you get right down to it, this story breaks just about every rule of writing there is. It's mostly narrative, the main character should be hard for adults to identify with, since he is only a boy, there is no real plotting; its merely an incident. But of course, Bradbury was always noted for his disregard for the rules of writing prevalent in his days. Even when he began he tried to develop a highly emotional style at the expence of the accepted rules. Which made him one of the great, is not the greatest, innovaters in this field of writing. He seemed to write for one motive, to make you feel the story (or the message if you prefer, and never did get around to explaining things. This he left to the reader himself, and no matter what strangeness, or what limits of imagination were needed, they usually did so.

Such is the case here. This story is odd in many ways, but it is effective in the highest degree. Part of this is due to certain subtle styling tricks; things like the just bearily suggested background, which employs the reader to fill in all the gaps. There is precisely enough such information given to lead the reader to an understanding of the background, but leaving enough in doubt that the reader must supply the missing information, and by doing so the writing and story become more personal. This is a difficult effect to achieve in a short story, it calls on the imagination, but not so much that imagination is overworked or oversaturated with details so that the main story line might become lost. There are the weather control machines on

on the corner, there are vac tubes,
schools that teach semantics, and
all seems perfectly logical. But
first and foremost is the dream it-
self. It is difficult to review a
Bradbury story. Any paragraph chosen
at random---

"It was something to 'Good Lord'
about. It was an hundred years,
of dreaming all sorted out, chosen
and put together to make the
hardest, prettiest, sweetest dream
of all. Every line was like perfect
steel muscles sleeping there in the
middle of the field, ready to wake
up with a roar, jump up and hit
its silly head against the Milky
Way's ceiling, and make the stars
fall down like frightened confetti.
You felt you could do that, kick
the universe right in the belly and
tell it to get out of the way."

The story itself, what there is of it,
is an appealing one, lots of people
you would like to know, and they are
real people, not just characters cut
from cardboard. The story starts now-
where in particular, wanders around
thru a couple of small incidents that
wouldn't even be noticed by someone
actually watching it, and ends with
more questions raised than have been
answered. Yet somewhere in these few
pages you relearn and feel that big
dream again, and in a way you can't
quite shake out of your mind.

It's odd, FFM was never
noted as a science fiction magazine, fan-
tasy was its primary product. Yet this
one, one of the perhaps dozen really
memorable stories to appear in those
pages is science fiction, a story
that not a magazine published to-
day in the field would be likely to
turn down, even a full nineteen years
after its first publication in 1943.
What more can one ask of a classic than
that?

---END---

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Publishing Co. and was edited by Walter
Gillings. Only three issues came out
before paper restrictions folded the mag-
azine. They were Dec. 1946 (1-1), Apr.
1947 (1-2), and Aug 1947 (1-3). Many
British authors such as Clarke, Cleaton,
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it.

---Len Collins



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	THE SLAYER OF SOULS (N)	May '51
Chesterton, G.K.	THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY (N)	Mar '44
	THE ANGRY STREET (S)	Feb '47
	GUARDIAN ANGLE (S)	Apr '50
Clarke, Arthur C.	FISHHEAD (S)	Jun '42
Cobb, Irving S.	FIRE GAS (S)	Apr '40
Coblentz, Stanton	THROUGH THE TIME GLASS (verse)	Aug '41
	THE SUPER RACE (Verse)	Feb '42
	THUS I REFUTE BEELZY (S)	Oct '52
Collier, John	THE STARKENDON QUEST (N)	Oct '49
Collins, Gilbert	THE VALLEY OF EYES UNSEEN (N)	Feb '52
Comington, J.J.	NORDENHOLT'S MILLION (N)	Dec '48
Coppard, A.E.	THE KING OF THE WORLD (S)	Jan '51
Croutch, Leslie A.	HEMANU GROWS UP (S)	Jun '48
Cummings, Ray	GIRL IN THE GOLDEN ATOM (N)	Sep '39
	THE OTHER MAN'S BLOOD (S)	Dec '40
	CRIMES OF THE YEAR 2000 (S)	Dec '41
	CRIMES OF THE YEAR 2000 #2 (S)	Jun '42
	A BRAND NEW WORLD (N)	Sep '42
Dane, Clemence	THIRD PERSON SINGULAR (S)	Oct '46
Deeping, Warwick	THE MAN WHO WENT BACK (N)	Dec '47
DeMaupassant, Guy	THE HORLA (S)	Sep '42
Derleth, August	THE LONESOME PLACE (S)	Feb '48
Douglas, Norman	AN UNNATURAL FEUD (S)	Apr '42
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan	THE HORROR OF THE HEIGHTS (S)	Dec '47
	THE DISINTEGRATION MACHINE (S)	Jan '51
DuBois, Theodora	THE DEVIL'S SPOON (N)	Jun '48

Dunsany, Lord (pseudo)	THE POSTMAN OF OTFORD (S)	Sep '44
	THE HIGHWAYMAN (S)	Dec '44
	THE HASHISH MAN (S)	Dec '45
England, George Allen	THE MAN WITH THE GLASS HEART (S)	Nov '39
	DAKNESS AND DAWN (a Biography)	Aug '40
	BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVIAN (N)	Jun '41
	THE AFTERGLOW (N)	Dec '41
	THE ELIXOR OF HATE (N)	Oct '42
Ernst, Paul	HE DIDN(T WANT SOUP (S)	Dec '51
Farley, Ralph Milne (pseudo)	THE RADIO MAN (serial)(4pt,3ish)	Dec '39
	THE RADIO PLANET (N)	Apr '42
	THE GOLDEN CITY (N)	Dec '42
	THE HOUSE OF SECRETS (S)	Feb '46
Farrere, Claude		:
Faust, Frederick (See Max Brand)		
Ferris, Benjamin	FIND THE HAPPY CHILDREN (S)	Jun '53
Fisher, Phillip M.	LIGHTS (S)	Dec '39
	THE DEVIL OF THE WESTERN SEA (N)	Apr '40
	FUNGUS ISLE (S)	Oct '40
	THE SHIP OF SILENT MEN (S)	Feb '41
	BEYOND THE POLE (S)	Jun '42
Fletcher, J.S. (see also see Hall, Austin)	THE NEW SUN (S)	Apr '42
Flint, Homer Eon (also see Hall, Austin)	THE LORD OF DEATH (S)	Dec '39
Forester, C.S.	THE PEACEMAKER (N)	Feb '48
Frederick, J.George	THE PLANET JUGGLERS(S)	Mar '40
Geisy, J.U.	BLIND MAN'S BLUFF (S)	Sep '39
	THE GRAVITY EXPERIMENT (S)	Dec '39
	PALOS OF THE DOG STAR PACK (N)	Oct '41
	THE MOUTHPIECE OF ZITU (N)	Nov '42
Gilmore, Inez Haynes	ANGEL ISLAND (N)	Feb '49
Glaenger, Richard B.	GOLDEN ATLANTIS (verse)	Nov '39
Greene, L. Patrick	OUT OF THE DESERT (S)	Oct '41
Gregory, Franklin	THE WHITE WOLF (N)	Aug '52
Groner, Augusta	CITY OF THE DEAD (N)	Apr '48
Grover, Leonard	THE PLUNGE OF THE KHUPFEN (S)	Feb '40
Haggard, H. Rider	THE ANCIENT ALLAN (N)	Dec '45
	ALLAN AND THE ICE GODS (N)	Apr '47
	MORNING STAR (N)	Feb '50
	THE WANDERER'S NECKLACE (N)	Apr '53
Hall, Austin	ALMOST IMMORTAL (S)	Nov '39
	THE MAN WHO SAVED THE EARTH (S)	Feb '40
	AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH--	Apr '40
	THE REBEL SOUL (S)	Aug '40
	THE SPOT OF LIFE (N)	Feb '41
	INTO THE INFINITE (N)(serial)	Oct '42
	THE BLIND SPOT (N)(serial)	Mar '40
and with Homer Eon Flint		
Hasse, Hentry (See Ray Bradbury)		
Hawkins, Hohn	ARC OF FIRE (N)	Mar '43
Heinlein, Robert A.	AND HE BUILDS A CROOKED HOUSE (S)	Dec '51
	GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED (S)	Dec '52
Hoar, Roger Sherman (See Ralph Milne Farley)		
Hodgson, William Hope	THE DERELICT (S)	Dec '43
	THE GHOST PIRATES (S)	Mar '44
	THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN CARRIG"(N)	Jun '45
Howard, Robert E.	SKULL FACE (S)	Dec '52
	WORMS OF THE EARTH (S)	Jun '53
Hume, Cyril	ATLANTIS'S EXILE (S)	Dec '47
Hyne, Cutcliffe	THE LOST CONTINENT (N)	Dec '44
Irvine, Clyde	THE DEVIL'S BODYGUARD (S)	Dec '40
Irwin, Margaret	MONSIEUR SEEKS A WIFE (S)	Oct '51
	THE BOOK (S)	Dec '51
Jenkins, Will F. (See Murray Leinster)		
Jerome, Jerome K	THE DANCING PARTNER (S)	Mar '51

Keampffert, Waldemar	THE DEMINISHING DRAFT (S)	Dec '39
Kafka, Franz	THE METAMORPHOSIS (S)	Jun '53
Kelley, H. & Barton, F.	RAIDERS OF THE AIR (S)	May '40
Kerráidh, Jessie D.	THE UNDYING MONSTER (N)	Jun '48
Kuttner, Henry (also see C.H. Liddell)	PEGASUS (S)	May '40
	BEFORE I WAKE (S)	Mar '45
Leath, Robert Neal	KARPEN THE JEW (S)	Sep '39
Lee, William Ross	TO A COMET (Verse)	Dec '42
LeFarge, Oliver	I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU (S)	Jun '52
Leinster, Murray (pseudo)	THE DAY OF THE DEEPIES (S)	Oct '47
	PLANET OF SAND (S)	Feb '48
	NIGHT BEFORE THE END OF THE WORLD (S)	Aug '48
Liddell, C.H. (pseudo)	GOLDEN APPLES (S)	Mar '51
London, Jack	THE STAR ROVER (N)	Feb '47
	THE SHADOW AND THE FLASH (S)	Jun '48
	THE SCARLET PLAGUE (NT)	Feb '49
Lovecraft, Howard Phillips	THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE (NT)	Oct '51
	THE OUTSIDER(S)	Jun '50
	THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN (S)	Mar '51
	PICKMAN'S MODEL (S)	Dec '51
Lownders, Robert A.W.	THE FACE IN THE ABYSS (Verse)	Oct '40
	THE WOMAN OF ICE (Verse)	Dec '40
	THE PEOPLE IN THE PIT (Verse)	Feb '41
	NYAGHOGGUA (Verse)	Apr '41
	H.P. LOVECRAFT (Verse)	Oct '41
Lull, R.W. & Ainsworth, L.M.	AN ASTRAL GENTLEMAN (S)	Jan '41
McClary, Thomas Calvert	REBIRTH (N)	Oct '51
McMorrow, Will	A WORLD OF INDEXED NUMBERS (S)	Jun '40
	THE SUN MAKERS (N)	Dec '40
	Autobiographical Sketch	Dec '40
	VENUS OR EARTH (S)	Apr '41
Machen, Arthur	NOVEL OF THE WHITE POWDER (S)	Sep '44
	NOVEL OF THE BLACK SEAL (S)	Jun '46
	STRANGE OCCURENCE AT CLERKENWELL(S)	Feb '50
	HER WAYS ARE DEATH	Jun '52
Mann, Jack	WHO IS CHARLES AVISON (S)	Dec '39
Marshall, Edison T.	DIAN OF THE LOST LAND (N)	Apr '49
	OGDEN'S STRANGE STORY (N)	Dec '49
Marshall, J.P.	WORLD IN THE BALANCE (S)	Nov '39
Martin, Stuart	THE SLEEP OF AGES (S)	Dec '40
Marvell, Andrew	MINIMUM MAN (N)	Aug '47
Mason, Elmer Brown	BLACK BUTTERFLIES (S)	Apr '49
Maurois, Andre	THE WEIGHER OF SOULS (S)	Oct '50
Meehan, John James	ATLANTIS (verse)	Dec '42
Meriweather, Lee	A ROMAN RESURRECTION (S)	Aug '52
Merritt, Abraham	THE MOON POOL (NT)	Sep '39
	CONQUEST OF THE MOON POOL (serial)	Nov '39
	THREE LINES OF OLD FRENCH (S)	May '40
	Autobiographical Sketch	Jun '40
	FACE IN THE ABYSS (N)	Oct '40
	THE METAL MONSTER (N)	Aug '41
	BURN, WITCH, BURN	Jun '42
	ARTICLE ON MODERN WITCHCRAFT	Jul '42
	CREEP, SHADOW (N)	Aug '42
Mentiplay, Cedric R.	THE EYES OF DROMU (S)	Feb '53
Metchell, J. Leslie	THREE GO BACK (N)	Dec '43
Moore, Catherine L.	DOORWAY INTO TIME (S)	Sep '43
	DEAMON (S)	Oct '46

Mullen, Stanley	MIRROR MAZE (S)	Jun '49
Mundy, Talbot	THE GRAY MAHATMA (N)	Dec '51
"Nanek"	FULL MOON (N)	Feb '43
Nevil, James B.	DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE (Verse)	Sep '43
Newton, Douglas	THE WHEREABOUT OF MR. MOSES BAILEY (S)	Jun '41
O'Brien, Fritz-James	SUNKEN SITES (S)	May '40
Pollack, F.L.	WHAT WAS IT? (S)	Dec '49
Rand, Ayn	FINIS (S)	Jun '40
Redman, Amabel	ANTHEM (NT)	Jun '53
Rees, Authur J.	OUT OF THE DARK (S)	Oct '40
Renolds, L. Major	THE THRESHOLD OF FEAR (N)	Mar '51
Rich, H. Thompson	BLIGHT (S)	Feb '52
Richards, Phil	THE BEAST PLANTS (S)	Apr '40
Robbins, Tod	HALL AND FLINT, RECOLLECTIONS (A)	Feb '41
Rohmer, Sax (pseudo)	THE WHIMPUS (S)	Sep '39
Savage, Arthur D.	WILD WILLIE, THE WASTER (S)	Sep '42
Seddon, Robert W.	BLOOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN (N)	Jan '51
Serviss, Garrett	TCHERIAPIN (S)	Jul '51
Shakespeare, William	THE BAT FLIES LOW (N)	Oct '52
Shanks, Edward	BERNIE GOES TO HELL (S)	Jun '53
Sheehan, Perley Poore	HALF PAST TWELVE IN ETERNITY (S)	Aug '40
Shiel, M.P.	THE MOON METAL (S)	Nov '39
Sibson, Francis	ARIEL'S SONG FROM "THE TEMPEST" (V)	Sep '42
Siomak, Curt	THE PEOPLE IN THE RUINS (N)	Jun '47
Smale, Fred C.	BELATED TEARS OF LOUIS MARCEL (S)	Mar '40
Small, Austin J.	THE PURPLE CLOUD (N)	Jun '49
Smith, A.E.D.	UNTHINKABLE (N)	Dec '46
Smith, Garrett	DONOVAN'S BRAIN (NT)	Aug '50
Smith, Langdon	THE "V" FORCE (S)	Jan '40
Smith, Wayland	THE DEATH MAKER (N)	Apr '52
St. Clair, Margaret	THE COAT (S)	Dec '52
Starzl, R.F.	ON THE BRINK OF 2000 (N)	Jan '40
Stevens, Francis (pseudo)	EVOLUTION (Verse)	Apr '41
Stilson, Charles B.	THE MACHINE STOPS (N)	Mar '45
Stoker, Bram	JAMIESON (S)	Dec '49
Stoneham, C.T.	THE ESPADRILLES (S)	Apr '43
Stribling, T.S.	THE RADIANT ENEMIES (S)	Nov '39
Stringer, Arthur	THE RED GEM OF COURAGE (S)	Jan '40
Sturgeon, Theodore	BEHIND THE CURTAIN (S)	Jan '40
Sullivan, Edward S.	CLAIMED (N)	Apr '41
Taine, John (pseudo)	THE CITADEL OF FEAR (N)	Feb '42
Tenn, William	SERAPION (S)	Jul '42
Thiessen, V.E.	THE SKY WOMAN (S)	Feb '40
Tooker, Richard	POLARIS, OF THE SNOWS (N)	Sul '42
Vivian, Charles E.	THE SECRET OF THE GROWING GOLD (S)	Aug '46
	THE BURIAL OF THE RATS (S)	Oct '46
	THE LION'S WAY (N)	Oct '48
	THE GREEN SPLOTCHES (S)	Aug '52
	THE WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE (N)	Oct '50
	THAT LOW (S)	Oct '48
	KILLDOZER (NT)	Dec '52
	LET CLARENCE DO IT (S)	Dec '48
	THE IRON STAR (N)	Sep '43
	THE GREATEST ADVENTURE (N)	Jun '44
	BEFORE THE DAWN (NT)	Feb '46
	THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE (N)	Aug '48
	THE HUMAN ANGLE (S)	Oct '48
	PRISONER OF TIME (S)	Apr '47
	DAY OF THE BROWN HORDE (N)	Sep '44
	THE CITY OF WONDER (N)	Oct '47
	THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN (N)	Sep '49

Waldo, W. Luther (see Theodore Sturgeon)		
Walton, Harry	BOMB FROM BERANGA (S)	Mar '40
Wandrei, Donald	THE WITCH MAKERS (S)	
Ward, Arthur Sarsfield (see Sax Rohmer)		
Wellman, Manley Wade	SPACE STATION #1 (S)	Sep '39
H.G. Wells	THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU (N)	Oct '46
	THE TIME MACHINE	Aug '50
White, Edward Lucas	LUKUNDOO (S)	Mar '51
Whitley, George	AND NOT IN PEACE (S)	Dec '46
	BOOMERANG (S)	Aug '47
Wintle, W. James	THE SPECTRE SPIDERS (S)	Feb '47
Withrow, Laura	THE KISS OF DEATH (S)	Feb '40
Wright, S. Fowler	THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW (N)	Apr '46
	ADVENTURE OF WYNDHAM SMITH (N)	Jun '50
*-----THE WAR OF THE WORLDS (Following THE TIME MACHINE) (N)		Sep '51

THE SAGA OF MIGHTY MELVIN

by
KEN Gentry

Mighty Melvin of the Space Patrol,
is a mighty manhunter, fearless and bold.
He stalks space bandits in his rocket ship,
Never a villian gives him the slip.
He chases madmen and their evil machines,
Along with his sweetheart; they make a great team.
An evil scientist once stold Melvin's girl,
So in his spaceship, he's off like a squirril.
Melvin has a ray gun that he can fan,
And he chases the villian, to foil the plan.
But just as the villian runs her thru a buzz saw,
Melvin breaks in to rescue her from its maw.
Mighty Melvin fights the villian with only a knife,
and while fighting, swears that he'll take the girl
as his wife.
They fight and battle, but the villian bests the law.
And what's Melvin's fate?---Why, into the saw!

By George, another one of those embarassing blank spaces!

It is written, that a faneditor cannot survive by cashard trade alone, he must also have some comment from his readers. Let this be a gentile hint that I need more letters. Also be reminded that large letter columns cannot survive with few letters.... So, like, write commenting on this issue.

I REMEMBER PITTSBURGH

by
EMILE GREENLEAF

VI. Sunday

I had breakfast with Jean bogert, an old fanne-friend from the days of Sixth Fandom and the Nolacon, and then caught the last half of the Interplanetary Exploration Society meeting.

Hans Santesson presided, assisted by Alma Hill. Most of the discussion was about matters of organization, tho John Campbell did mention that he had been experimenting with astrophotography and the photographing of artificial sattelites. Alma mentioned that Asimov would speak at the October meeting of the Boston Chapter, and asked, "What are you going to speak on, Ike?" To which Asimov replied, "I haven't the slightest idea. I never know what I'm going to say five minutes before hand."

Marion came in just as the convention was about to start up, and announced that she was short on film. So, off we went in search of movie film.

On returning to the hotel, we ran into some friends, and consumed coffee for awhile. All of this took up a few hours, and before we realized it, 'twas time for the LASFS-CHIAC presentation of "Purple Pastures", a fan-nish play by "Carl Brandon". This was, of course, a parody of the Biblical play, "Green Pastures". Carl Brandon, in this instance was Terry Carr. Ron Ellik gave a brief history of the Brandon Hoax, and then introduced the play.

Had I read the original "Green Pastures", I might have enjoyed the parody more. I was a bit disappointed; I expected it to somewhat funnier than it actually turned out to be. Bruce Pelz was a superb Great Ghu, and Red Johnstone and Ruth Berman played their roles quite well, so all in all I suppose I have few complaints.

Then came Willy Ley's excursion into his first love, natural history, in a most interesting talk on "The Natural History of Some Unknowns". This is, I think, the only time at a convention where Ley has not delivered a speech on rocketry or spacé travel. Since I am a biologist by trade, I found the half-hour or so amost delightful change of pace.

Ley spoke about some of the "mystery animals" which have bedeviled naturalists, such as the spotted lion of Kenya, and the unidentified bird-call recorded in Europe by an ornithologist several years ago. Surprisingly, the Abominable Snowman and the Nandi Bear were not mentioned.

I stayed around for the question session which followed, and then went down to my room to fresh-



Thank you JWC, Jr., for your interesting and informative talk on psi.

en up and dress for the banquet. Marion had left earlier, to try and find her mother, who was to meet us and attend the banquet.

I called for Marion, Mrs. Mallinger, and Bea, and the four of us walked into the banquet hall and tried to find a table. Bea got lost, or vice versa, and the remaining three of us ended up at a table with Bob Ravlat, Sandra Caton, Nick Falasca, Howard Devore and a fellow whose name eludes me at the moment.

The banqueters had piano music while they ate, thanks to Joe Christoff, who went without dinner in order to play for us.

After dinner, Marion went to tend camera, along with Belle and Chris, and everyone sat back to enjoy Asimov's toastmastering. Ike carried on in his usual screwball style, referring to Avram Davidson as "the matress that walks like a man", and accusing Andy Young of growing a beard to imitate Avram. He apologized to Willy Ley for referring to him as "the second-best science article writer in the field": "Willy, I'm sorry you're the second best..."

Ike also hit us with the electrifying news that finally, after all the years of their marriage, his wife had finally read one of his stories. Which one? I'm in Marsport Without Hilda!

"Now," continued Ike, after the howls of laughter had subsided, "I don't know if there is any connection, but two days after my wife read one of my stories, the Pennsylvania Railroad went out on strike."

Ike then introduced Don Ford, who gave a brief speech on his recent TAFF-trip to England, and was followed by Eric Bentcliffe, who gave what seemed like an even briefer speech of appreciation and thanks.

Guest of Honor, James Blish, then spoke on A Question of Content.

I enjoyed Blish's speech very much, as I did most of the serious talks. But since I am not gifted with eidetic memory, nor do I take notes, I find it extremely difficult to remember exactly what a speaker says. Here is a chance for some sercon faneditor to do a great service, by printing as many of the convention addresses as he can get hold of. Tho come to think of it, Norm Metcalf has already declared this part of his policy with NF.

Hugo Awards were then given out. CRY OF THE NAMELESS was best fansine, THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION copped the award for the best prozine, Ed Emshwiller was voted best artist, TWILIGHT ZONE won in the best drama category, Daniel Keyes' Flowers for Algernon won the prize for best short length fiction.

Asimov then announced that Heinlein's STARSHIP TROOPERS had won the Hugo for best novel. At that, Heinlein walked up to the podium to accept the award. It was a most dramatic effect. So much so, that later I heard remarks to the effect that it might have been staged. Actually he had arrived about fifteen minutes before his name was announced, crept up behind Dirce Archer's chair and told her that he had arrived, and then went and sat with the group at L. Sprague deCamp's table.

A special Hugowas awarded to the man who made it all possible, Hugo Gernsback.

Porry Ackerman then came up to make the E.E. Evans Memorial "Big Heart" Award to the person who had done much for fandom in past years. This time it went to Sam Moskowitz.

The business meeting followed. This was conducted by L. Sprague deCamp, strictly according to proper parliamentary procedure. Now, I'll be the first person to admit that rules and regulations are necessary to the conduct

Gee Mr Devore (sniff), I don't know what to say G-gee, imagine-- the first issue of MARVEL OMPHA TALES!



of the business sessions, but this was quite an aggravating bore, by the very nature of the session. Also I feel that an attempt was made to decide matters that should have been kicked around in fanzines, letters and at clubs for about a year before any attempt is made to come to a final decision. I'll not go into detail about what happened at the session. The registration fee was raised for attendees at future cons, the rocket design for the Hugos was retained, and nominations for Hugos was decided to be wasted in fandom at large, with the final vote by convention members only. Tabled were proposals to change the date of the Worldcon, and to permit mail balloting for future Worldcon sites. Referred to committee was a proposal to standardize the categories of the Hugos.

Then Seattle was awarded the next Worldcon by acclamation.

The Fanzine Editor's Panel was postponed till the next day, and Harlan Ellison was turned on to conduct an auction.

After a bit of wandering and chatter, Mrs. Mallinger decided that it was past her bedtime, and asked Marion to get a cab for her. After seeing her mother off, Marion complained of a headache and begged off partying for the night. I thought I might do well to get some sleep myself.

But on the way to the elevator, I ran into Earl Kemp and a platoon of fans on their way to a party. I succumbed to temptation, and ended up in Don Ford's suite.

There I received considerable egoboo. I got to talk to Lee Anne Tremper for the first time at great length. Lee told me she remembered me from the days of Fifth and Sixth Fandoms, when she was a neo. All in all, I felt somewhat like a cultural hero...

Lee was using an inhaler. "Cold?" I asked her. "No, I'm just a nasal erotic," she answered. And then told me two feeble limericks on the subject which she had composed. Wish I could remember them.

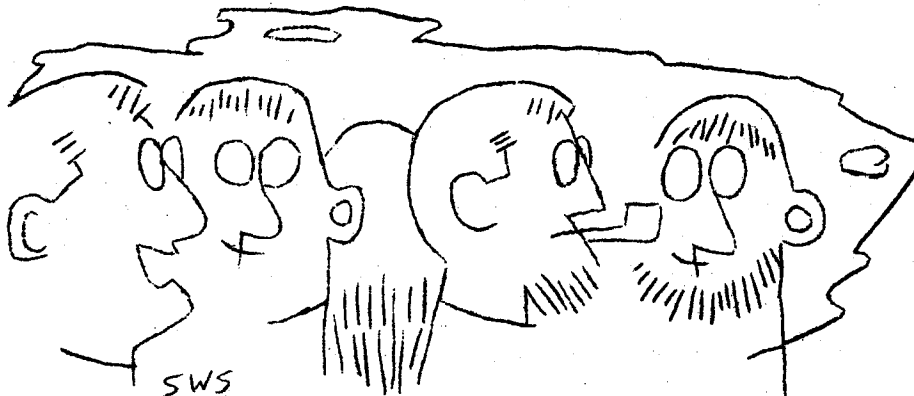
Like most party conversations, this one was chaotic, with other people drifting in and out all the time. Hal Shapiro, Bob Ladle, Dick Eney and a few others contributed to the exchange from time to time.

Around four AM Don decided that he needed sleep, so he called a halt to the party. Some of the others started out in search of other parties. Me? This time, I went to bed.

VII. MONDAY

Marion's headache was still with her in the morning, but she felt better after eating breakfast.

The first item on the program for the day was the drawing for the door prizes. Marion made some last minute sales, which brought the



The thing I like most about conventions is the meeting of new faces for the first time.

raffle intake to a bit over a hundred dollars. Moral: If you want your raffles to be a success, have a pretty, vivacious, energetic girl to sell the tickets.

In spite of having bought around five bucks worth of tickets, I didn't win anything. I forgot who won the Tolkein; Chris Moskowitz won the magazine subscriptions.

The Fanzine Editors' Panel, postponed from the previous night, was held with many drastic changes in personnel from those who had been listed in the program. Seems that many had to leave early, including Lynn Hickman, who was supposed to moderate the panel. Eric Bentcliffe stepped in and managed to preserve order. But, in truth, I found it rather placid. I missed the marathon session such as was held at Detroit, and was hoping to see and hear fireworks this time. But all the panelists seemed to be in basic agreement with one another. Harlan Ellison did bring out the point that such material as the speeches given by Guests of Honor at conventions and similar serious material should be preserved, and that fanzines were the logical place for them. As I've mentioned, this, according to editor Norm Metcalf, is one of the aims of NEW FRONTIERS.

Frank Belknap Long then conducted a question session devoted to H.P. Lovecraft. Frank was originally scheduled to deliver a formal talk, but a couple of weeks before the con he got married, then his mother-in-law passed away. And, to cap it all, the bus which he and his bride took to the convention broke down three times on the way to Pittsburgh. Amidst such confusion and personal worry, who has time to even frame a speech in his mind? But the question session came off superbly; the half-hour passed all too quickly. But since I like HPL, I'll confess to being somewhat prejudiced.

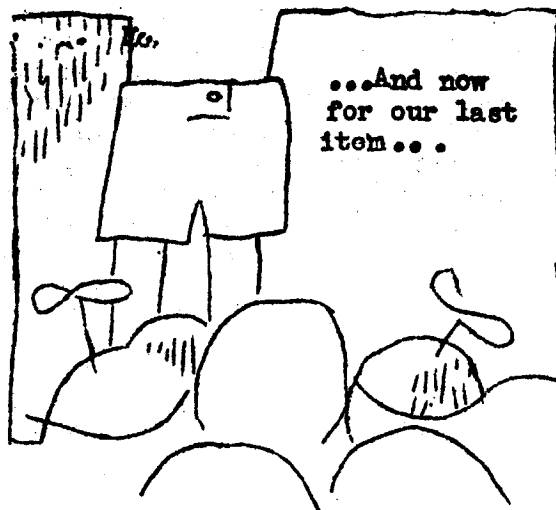
The scheduled pro play fell thru, so Harlan Ellison was called on to handle the final auction. At one point he lit a sparkler, with the comment, "there's always fireworks at an Ellison auction!" And I broke down and bid on a few items, eventually getting the manuscript of DeCamp's DIVIDE AND RULE, for seven bucks. Later, I ran into deCamp, and had him autograph it.

Marion then decided to check out. The hotel gave her an extension on checkout time to five PM, and a little later extended it to ten PM for everybody. But Marion wanted to get her stuff out of the room before the last minute. So, I played porter and helped her move her clothes to my closet, and then to Dirce's apartment---or rather, to the Convention Suite.

We returned to the Urban Room and found that Ellison had sold everything except the rostrum, and that the final event of the convention, the panel discussion on the form and function of the science fiction club, was rolling along under a full head of steam. This turned out to be one of the most interesting items on the program, as Elinor Busby, Al Lewis, Howard Devore, and Hal Lynch revealed the details of the inner workings of the various local clubs. Interesting comments were made from the floor by Ed Wood, Sam Moskowitz, Dirce Archer, and Marion, to name just a few. Bob Pavlat rode herd, and the discussions probably could have gone on for hours, but all good things must come to an end.

Dirce then presented the gavel to Elinor Busby, and the Pittoon was officially concluded. But not the social activities!

Marion, Dirce, Arthur, Dirce's long-suffering non-fan husband and I went down to the Riverboat Room for dinner. The food was good, but the service was slow. Marion and I both ordered Lobster, and we waited.



And we waited. Finally, the waiter told us that our orders would be ready in a few minutes more; the cook had forgotten to put our orders on the stove! We both fumed, and were ready to walk out, when the waiter came up with the orders. We were able to eat dinner, and be at the registration desk by the ten PM checkout time. Needless to say, I didn't leave a tip at the restaurant.

After Marion checked out, and her luggage was moved to the Convention Suite, we headed for a party at Bob Pavlat's room.

As we entered, we saw a prostrate form on one of the beds, totally oblivious to the world. It was Ackerman. Some of us began to look around for a flower, preferably a lily, to place on his chest, but the chatter of conversation woke him. A few people seemed disappointed at finding him alive; after all, it would have been another Pittoon First.

Bentoliffe was at the party. It seemed like Bentoliffe was at every party I attended. I have a vague memory of him being at a party which I felt, and also being at the party to which I directly proceeded, after leaving the first party. Oh hell, that's confusing. It's a little unnerving to tell Eric farewell at one party, head directly to a second party and find him waiting for me there...

Sam Moskowitz and Nick Falasca were the epicenters of a vigorous discussion about Campbell's editorial policies, the Dean Drive and the state of science-fiction in general.

Marion heard rumors of a party in Don Ford's suite, so off we went. And when we got there, there was Bentoliffe! But this time I'm fairly sure he left Pavlat's before Marion and I did.

We joined the Kyles and Schultheis's in one corner of the room, sitting on the floor with all the other late arrivals. I decided to be comfortable, so I stretched out on the floor and rested my head in Marion's lap. At this, one of the bystanders came up, looked to see who I was and remarked: "Oh, it's you. Seeing someone lying on the floor with his head in a girl's lap, I thought for a minute that George O. Smith had arrived."

Heinlein came in shortly after this, giving a lot of people a chance to meet him, myself and Marion included. I chatted with him a bit then and later, but never did get around to asking him just how much of the philosophy in STARSHIP TROOPERS was really his personal belief.

At this point in the proceedings, the shutterbugs decided to use up the remainder of their film by shooting racy scenes of pretty girls sitting in men's laps. Since Marion seemed to be the only single, pretty girl present, all the pictures were of her and various males. I should gripe; I was one of them. This culminated in Marion being shoved into the lap of a very surprised, somewhat embarrassed, but quite game, Robert Heinlein, and photographed.

Heinlein later remarked that he was supposed to drop in at Dirce's suite, but wasn't too sure he knew where it was. So, Marion and I volunteered to guide him there. It was getting late, and we both figured that a flying visit to Dirce's would be it for the night.

But at Dirce's we sat around listening to the discussions, while shuttled back and forth, and around and around among Heinlein, Dirce, Arthur Archer, Doc and Mrs. Barrett, Randy Garrett and Judy Merrill.



I take it
this means a
rejection?

The subjects ranged from sex education and juvenile delinquency to censorship and politics. Someone should have had a tape recorder going at this session for sure.

Around two AM Marion decided she had better be heading home, as she had to go to work around noon the next day. We told everyone good-night, goodby, farewell, and regretfully left. I saw Marion to a taxi, and went to bed.

VIII. Wrap up

Tuesday morning, there were still a few fans around. I again had breakfast with Jean Bogert, after which we said farewell till the next time round---whenever that might be.

I went back to the room, phoned Marion for a final, all too brief chat, and packed my bags.

While packing, I turned over my memories of the con. They were pleasant, by and large. I was disappointed that Bloch, Tucker and Leiber were unable to come. There were several people who I had wanted to meet, but didn't get the chance. And there were a few items on the program which I would have liked to have seen. But the convention as a whole was a howling success. The hotel bent over backwards to be nice to us; we had an entire floor to ourselves, with a bar for our exclusive use.

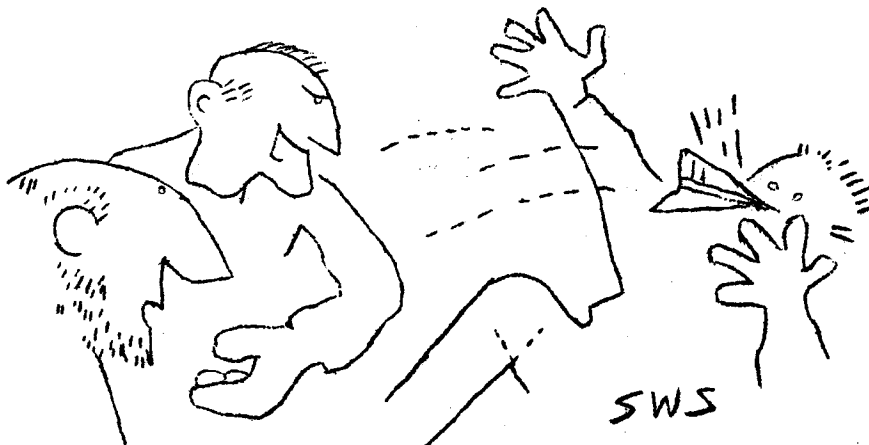
I was also wondering if I would be able to make the Seattle Convention or the Midwestern, or perhaps both. After all, once can wonder.

I thought of the innumerable jokes, bright sayings, and amusing happenings, which I would like to have written down for inclusion in my con report. I knew that I would forget some of them at the time of writing,---and I have.

At the checkout desk I met Bob Faylat for the last time, and as I left the hotel, the last fan I saw was Fred Prophet.

I got into my little red lark, and begin battling the traffic on the way south, out of town. The convention was over.

----END----



Even if you didn't like his article, you could've handed it to him...

VOICE OF THE SPIRITS
or
THE EDITOR ANSWERS WITH A FIFTH

Ed Gorman, 242 10th St. NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The GHOST arrived Wednesday, I think it was, and I read it sparingly at first, mainly because I'm going thru THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES and want to finish it before beginning much else. Last night, Saturday, I decided to stay home and catch up on some fanzine work. So, I did, and later had my sister arrange some popcorn and Pepsi's to come my way, then settled down like a king in my living room, and read two fanzines and the February issue of AMAZING. So on to GHOST.

I think it would be easier if I group the Burroughs discussion into one paragraph. Actually, I've read only three books by Burroughs, and so haven't the experience to offer any authoritative conclusions. What I will say about Burroughs tho, which the Deckinger column discussed, is his place in literary history. I think that Burroughs will be remembered, not as a great writer, but rather as a great story-teller. I agree with Hervey Allen that much of the chance that any given author will last the ages is luck. Excluding the classical authors, many have remained that weren't actually too well rounded, literarily speaking. Charles Dickens, for example, wasn't the best of his generation, but because of the wide popularity he saw fairly late in life, his books were printed and reprinted and carried from generation to generation. There is a good chance that Hemingway, whom everyone expects to last, will not live very long in the literary world. Why? Well, if this spontaneous prose style continues and finally laps over into the popular fiction world, Hemingway's prose style will seemingly become obsolete. No one can deny that Hemingway is good, but if three generations have become indoctrinated in the Kerouac school, who can say what will happen? Burroughs, as I've said, was a story teller, as was Poe. And Poe has lived on simply because his stories appeal to each succeeding generation. The same with Burroughs; everyone enjoys the misty "Utopia" which Mike perpetrated, and unless human nature shifts radically, things will continue along this line. Personally tho, I would take a Bradbury before a Burroughs any day. Why? Well, mainly because I've studied English, I've had it up to here, and I'm taking it in college. I know a little bit about that is supposed to be good and what is not. And when I read a Burroughs piece now, the writing is often so damn bad and the characters so superficial, that I can't get thru it. In my boyhood days, I would have liked Burroughs. Then I wouldn't have known the difference between Spillane and Faulkner, and wouldn't care either. But MOTHER GOOSE and THREE SHEEP and TWINKLE TWINKLE have lasted one hell of a long time, and it's my proposal that they did because they appeal to kids. And kids aren't particular; if something makes them laugh, or feel excited, it's good, no matter how badly the vehicle of prose is dilapidated. With their parents it's different, because in their life time they might have seen three distinctive schools of writing come to the surface, popularize themselves, then falter. So, if Burroughs continues to remain well-liked by children and teen-agers he will last along with the best of them.

///You make several very interesting remarks on Burroughs. I remember back when I was in the eighth (?) grade, I stumbled across a stack of Burroughs books at the local library. I didn't know such a thing as a fandom existed, but I was pretty well hooked on science fiction then. So, having read some informal essays in various introductions and thru the few pro mags my megar budget allowed me to buy, I had run across the name before. Well, I figured, what-the-hell, and checked the first three books of the Mars series, determined to read them in chronological order, to get the most pleasure from 'em. I read thru the first book. The writing was pretty bad, but I figured it was the first book, probably the series would improve, he's just flexing the mental muscles and such. So I jumped into the second book. If anything, I found it worse than the first book had been. I managed to plow thru it. The third book I started, then dropped in disgust. I never picked up another Mars book, and probably would never have bothered with Burroughs again, except for a stack of Tarzan books the library had. I got out two books of this series, figuring they would be about as crummy as the Mars series had been, but lo, I found Tarzan to be an entertaining character. He seemed well writer and considerably better than the Mars books. Even today I can pick up a Tarzan book and still find the same enjoyment in it as I can with a Sturgeon or a Blish story. Outside of the Tarzan series tho, I am no Burroughs fan.

Burroughs addict.

In general I agree with your ideas on Burroughs and literature. However, some minor points. It's a fact worth mentioning that many people who encountered Burroughs during their younger days carry an appreciation for him, and for writing of that type thruout their lives. It can be pretty much explained that the continued Burroughs enjoyment might be mere nostalgia, but it also seems likely that a good many of these people have had four years of high school English, and probably two years of college English as well. They should be able to drop the enjoyment of Burroughs style then, if, as you imply, English courses point out the difference between "good" literature and "bad" literature. Why then does this appreciation for Burroughs and Burroughs styling continue? Klaine is a type of Burroughs imitator, one of the worst authors I've had to suffer thru, today we are getting a rebirth in popularity of his works, and an interesting point, a goodly portion of his new readers are adults. I wonder if perhaps our present literary standards, geared to the "reality" paradox, and the characterization and idealism supassing plotting and rank narrative might not enter into this all. The misty Utopia filled with action romance and high adventure is probably a basic human trait that is not erased by four to six years of English and a dozen semi-radical styles of writing, plus a new view of literature as a whole. There have been many fine fantasy books which combine the misty Utopia in this case meaning a sense of wonder, with excellent characterization and well balanced writing, as specified by our present set of literary standards. I can think of very few that were especially well received. Yet the action adventure story continues to sell extremely well. Perhaps what we need is four to six years of basic human imagination and a reworking of literary standards.

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J.

I have one suggestion to those articles you printed on the perfect new prozine. Why not just eliminate the fanzine reviews, lettercol and such, and simply print a fine fanzine in conjunction with the prozine? The zine would carry all the reader's letters, with lengthy replies by editors and authors if they cared to defend themselves, plus fanzine reviews and publicity for all fanzine projects. This fanzine could be mailed to all subscribers, plus all letter hacks who had written printable LOC in the past six months, plus those faneds who had sent fanzines in trade.

There would be practically no limit to what the prozed could pub in way of fannish material for this fanzine supplement. He could run reprints of the best articles from all the fanzines, provided, of course, that both editor and author agreed. In fact, since few faneds copyright their zines, he could probably get away with printing without their consent. I think that would get more paid subscriptions for the fanzines than any mere review could do.

As for the idea of a National League of fantypes run by the prozine, I doubt if there would be much enthusiasm for such a project on part of the fen. First, you must remember that outside of N3F and ISFCC, most of the fen are apa fans. They belong to some apa group or other, and are not really interested in recruiting new people. Matter of fact, some of them have waiting lists it takes a year or more to sweat out. The rest are local club fans, centering around such groups as LASFS, ESFA, CIRCLE, HYRDA and the handful of other such clubs meeting in their region. The clubs themselves would be too few to form a league of fan-organizations, or a league of fans.

So as of now, the present set up does fulfill about all requirements of fandom. N3F recruiting the neofans, and supplying an unending stream of applicants to the various apa groups. The local clubs all preoccupied with local interests, and the N3F and ISFCC acting as correspondence groups for those who neither pub zines or belong to local fan groups.

///I disagree with you on several points. Mainly on your opinion that fandom is made up of apa fans and national correspondence club fans, with a few local club fans thrown in. You state that the apa fen don't particularly bother to recruit new blood into the organization, and point out the waiting list as an example of this. You yourself are an example of how one fan can be several fan types at once. You belong to an apa group, therefore you are an apa fan (tho perhaps not a multi-apan), you are active in national type club work, therefore

are a national club fan, you are active in local club affairs, therefore you are a local club fan, you correspond with hundreds of people, which makes you one of the most active correspondence type fans I know, you receive and write letters of comment to many fans, so you are also a fanzine fan and a letter-back, you attend conventions so you are a convention fan, now then, how are you to say exactly what specific type fan you are if you are all at once. There is more to fandom than correspondence and fan publishing. Convention fans would tell you this in a loud clear chant. Fanzine publishing interests me more than fan publishing, and apparently it interests nearly a hundred other fanzine publishers also. There are people who enjoy writing for these fanzines, I don't think they would take kindly to you eliminating letter hacking and fanzine hacking from the list of fan activities. There are also people who correspond exclusively, who draw and correspond, who edit yet don't publish, and people who enjoy fanfests get together on a local scene. I think fandom would be pretty dull if all fan activity were centered around fan publication, national correspondence clubs and local clubs preoccupied with local club matters.

On your idea for a fanzine to carry the features of a pro mag. It is an interesting idea, and no doubt it would probably be a great benefit from a fan's point of view, but somehow I can't picture, say, John Campbell issuing a fanzine containing all the features plus fanfests material and reprints and sending it out free to all the subscribers. For one thing, the cost of doing such a fanzine would probably make the idea worthless from a monetary point. Then too, with all the features carried in this fanzine, what's going to happen to the news-stand buyers? They will be denied some of these items that help greatly to create a magazine personality. Since most science fiction magazines depend primarily on news-stand sales, the majority of the readers would be denied the benefits of the features and other items that might be carried in the fanzine. If the persons who bought the magazine from the stand knew and had seen several copies of the fanzine they might be inclined to buy a sub, but not unless they knew that it existed, and that it carried worthwhile features. Also, a couple of copies of it might make them loosen up a bit, sight unseen and unknown I doubt that it would boost subscriptions.

Bill Donaho, 1441-8th St., Berkeley 10, Calif.

I enjoyed the Burroughs issue. The Tarzan books are among the first things I can remember reading. The Pellucidar series followed some three or four years later when I was ten and eleven. John Carter and the Venus series I didn't read until I was in my late teens and I didn't---and still don't---like them nearly as well as Tarzan and Pellucidar. I get the impression that most Burroughs fans rate John Carter as the top.

Burroughs had a wonderful imagination and I think, excelled in two particulars: (1) the wonderful appropriate names he gives his characters and animals. They always fit perfectly and after reading Burroughs it is impossible to think of lions without thinking of Numa the lion, or leopards without thinking of Sheeta the leopard. And so on right down the line. (2), the entertaining plot ideas; rickarious adventures if you will. Why, in just one book, THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT (which I think is the best of his non-series novels), he brought in enough ideas, characters and incidents to furnish other writers with ten or twenty books. The effect was somewhat chaotic, but interesting and memorable.

I am glad to have Clay Hamlin and Len Collins' lists; however, I have a couple of corrections:

In the listing of Burroughs magazine stories that have not appeared in book form, Clay lists BLACK PIRATES OF BARSSOM and THE YELLOW MEN OF MARS. Both of these were incorporated as part of LLANA OF GATHOL.

In the Pellucidar series Len lists these two and also INVISIBLE MEN OF MARS, which is also part of LLANA OF GATHOL, and since he did list LLANA OF GATHOL he shouldn't have also listed individual stories which are part of it.

Also a couple of minor quibbles. When Clay listed the series NEW STORIES OF TARZAN, I think he should have mentioned that the book edition of this was called JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN.

I also think that when Len listed the various series of Burroughs that he should have listed them chronologically to a series rather than alphabetically. After all, he had already given us a complete alphabetical listing of Burroughs work so more alphabetical ordering was not needed. A listing in order of events would be very useful. I know off-hand all but the Tarzan, and can construct the Tarzan easily enough, but as long as you were printing them, I think you should have printed them chronologically.

Do you know a dealer in Burroughs books? I am missing a copy of TANAR OF PELLICUDAR and various Tarzan titles. Didn't anyone collect or know anything about the Big Little Books of Burroughs characters?

As Mike Deckinger says, Burroughs had a host of imitators. None of them came close to his work, altho Otis Aldbert Kline also became a best seller. While the Burroughs imitators are crowded with the same type of incident, they don't come alive as Burroughs does. Burroughs really dreamed those dreams himself, the others just wrote, and it made a difference. Of course, each individual sees different things in Burroughs so that when even a true Burroughs fan writes a Burroughs-type story, it doesn't seem the same to another Burroughs fan. Different things are emphasized. The characters (or stereotypes if you insist) are different. The whole tone may seem wrong. There is only one Edgar Rice Burroughs, and I wish to hell his heirs would quit squabbling over his estate so that his unprinted material could be brought out.

For me the illustrations of J. Allen St. John are always inescapably associated with Burroughs. They were in all the first Tarzan books that I read, and as far as I am concerned, that's what Burroughs characters and scenes look like. I even imagine them in the same style when ~~St. John~~ John didn't draw the illustrations for certain books of the series. John Coleman Burroughs did not begin to capture the spirit of Burroughs for me in his work. I would hesitate to defend St. John's illos as art, or even as drawing, but early association is too powerful. I enjoy them.

///I have a somewhat different picture of Tarzan. My early association came from a monster collection of Tarzan comic books (in much younger days I was interested in their running, never ending series, "Brothers of the Spear". The comic book style was captured pretty well in the Gosset/Dunlap editions of the Tarzan books I was able to buy later on, so whenever I think of Tarzan now a crudly drawn muscle man with shaded eyes, black curly hair looking strong and handsome pops up. When I became involved more deeply in the series the tone of Burroughs work distorted my Tarzan picture considerably. The comic book Tarzan and the written Tarzan are characters far apart. This brings to mind an old editorial Browne once wrote in an AMAZING, to the effect that imaginative adventurous literature (like the stuff he was printing then) would never die, because it depended so completely on reader association and reader identification, and these stories drew and held their readers completely. Interesting.

As for a Burroughs dealer, if you are really a Burroughs addict, and want all his works including foreign translations and all additions, write to D. Coleman Rich, Pembroke, Kentucky. He also handles other material in the fantasy and science fiction line including some old type fanzines.

You have just about covered the list of corrections and such to be made in those indexes. Some of the titles were spelled wrong, like THE GAIANT OF MARS instead of THE GIANT OF MARS and some others. Dates are correct.

The indexes did not cover the Bib Little Books, the comic books, Tarzan movies (and other Burroughs movies), the cheaper reprint Burroughs editions or the daily and weekly comic strips, mainly because the other Burroughs zines have gone over that ground pretty thoroughly.///

Bob Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind.

I might quibble a bit about Deckinger comparing Burroughs with Steinbeck and Saroyan; Burroughs never attempted to write the type of story they did. If he wants a comparison with present day authors, use present day writers of the same type, either the stf writers (who can also write rings around him), or the present writers of popular series, such as Ian Fleming, William Campbell Gault or Ed McBain (and against them, ERB's literary ability looks a lot brighter).

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST

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 will be out the first week in April. You can obtain this for fifteen cents for single copies, \$1.50 for twelve issues. Or acceptable trades. This is sent to you by Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11 Tennessee

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST February 1961 Vol---2 no--1

THIS IS THE ANNISH!

A listing of the existing staff---

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 Rich Brown-----columnist

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 Imilani---7, 13
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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

the GHOST will feature another article by Gene Tipton, a short biography of a famous fantasy author. Clay will continue building his FFM anthology, there will be more indexes, probably author indexes, placed at the end of the zine for easier detaching. I will complete my series on the Personality of a Magazine (aren't you glad), and a longer letter column, it is hoped, if you will write. A somewhat crowded issue.

Perhaps a Snarl for you---