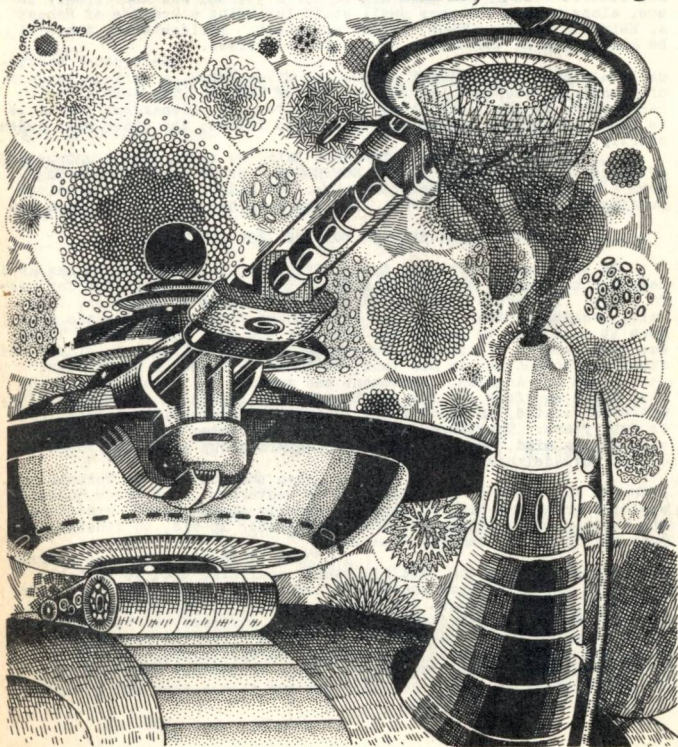


the FANSCIENT

25¢

No. 8

SUMMER, 1949



With this issue, The FANSCIENT completes its second year of publication. It's been a busy two years—a lot of work and a lot of fun. In these last 8 issues, we hope we've brought you a lot of enjoyment as well as a little solid meat to chew on.

As usual, a lot we'd hoped to get in this issue got crowded out, including fine material by William Wallrich, Jon Arfstrom, R. Flavie Carson, Dr. Keller, Thyril Ladd and others. You'll see them all in our next, the 2nd Anniversary Issue, along with a lot more swell stuff including a profile of Robert A. Heinlein in the AUTHOR, AUTHOR spotlight. Incidentally, there'll be more pages in the annish plus a few surprises.

Joe Krucher continues the CLASSICS OF FANTASY series and Miles Eaton, a serious student of mythology, starts a new series, OUT OF LEGEND. The text is well researched; we can't say about the picture. Dr. Richardson's article is the first of two on the rare Burroughs titles; the other will appear shortly.

If this issue is a few days late, we trust you'll understand after reading the report on The NORWESCON. We're still recovering from a wonderful, tho exhausting time. We rather extended ourselves putting on a dry run for 1950. Yes the time has come to announce it:

PORTLAND IS BIDDING FOR THE 1950 CONVENTION!

In 1946 when I attended the PACIFICON at Los Angeles, it was as a newcomer to fandom, tho I'd been an avid reader and collector for over 20 years. Therefore, when there was something to be voted on, I usually sought opinions from more experienced fans. Such was the case when it came time to select the site for the next convention. There was considerable discussion, but remarkable unanimity of opinion. The first Convention was in New York, followed in rotation by Chicago, Denver and Los Angeles. Agreement was general that such rotation by time zones was fair and for the benefit of all fandom as it gave fans, wherever located, an opportunity to attend a convention at least once in four years. Therefore, when it came to a vote, with that understanding in mind, the predominantly western group attending voted to accept Philadelphia's bid for 1947.

When the nod went to Toronto for 1948, it was a bit of a setback for us westerners, but since no more-westerly group had bid, we were not greatly disappointed, expecting the march west to resume the following year. It did, to Cincinnati, just barely in the Central Time Zone.

We in the West have no quarrel with the choices of the last few years, realizing that no suitable groups in the right time zones made their bids. This year tho, it's different. It's the West Coast's turn again and the coast is ready. The Portland Science-Fantasy Society, with a record of over two years outstanding activity, is prepared to put on a bang-up convention. More people have moved to Oregon since the war in proportion to its population than to any other state. Come on out and find out why. See the Northwest's famous scenery; see our famous fans and authors. See you in Portland in 1950.

Don Day

the FANSCIENT

Volume 3,
Number 2.

Whole Number 8

SUMMER, 1949

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Fiction becomes Fact at the NORWESCON

The 24 fans from Oregon, Washington and California who gathered in Portland on Saturday, April 23 for the NORWESCON, the 1st Northwest Science-Fiction Conference, had a unique treat. In addition to all the usual features of a fan-gathering, the first public demonstration of an important new scientific discovery was made.

Longest trip to attend was made by Forrie Ackerman, who came all the way from Los Angeles for the occasion. Eric Carr and his mother, both fans, came down from Seattle. Mark Walsted arrived from Corvallis, Ore. and from the newly formed Eugene (Oregon) Science-Fantasy Society came a delegation consisting of Prexy Roscoe Wright, Secy-Treas Norm Hartman and Dennis Fraser.

Ackerman arrived early Saturday morning and went directly to Don Day's home where the meet was held.

The Eugene contingent arrived shortly before one and was closely followed by a horde of fans, plans and even a few people.

The meeting was called to order shortly after two by Chairman Don Day.

Following a few words of greetings, scientist and author John de Courcy was introduced.

Mentioning his interest in science and his constant experiments, de Courcy spoke of his pleasure in introducing his latest invention to a group so well able to appreciate its implications. This discovery, de Courcy explained, was none other than the oft-postulated "Matter Transmitter". Acknowledging the hints given by several sf authors, he touched on the principles and made some explanation.

The visible portion of the equipment consisted essentially of a control panel and a cabinet, in which the re-materialization of the transmitted matter took place. Telling that it was not strictly a "matter transmitter", but rather a "receiver" since it required no transmitter, inventor de Courcy proceeded.

First he turned on the main switch, whereupon a 60-cycle power hum was heard from the machine. Mentioning that the transmission was done by the newly-discovered "magnetic current", de Courcy flicked another switch, putting into operation the "accumulator". With a fitful whine, the generator built up, to suddenly explode into a runaway crescendo as the accumulated power was shunted over into the "capacitor" to the accompaniment of flashing pilot lights.

While the "capacitor" was building up to the required operating potential of 200 mega-Ehrenhefts, the inventor continued his explanation. With the aid of a television-like view-finder mounted near the top of the control panel, a directional antenna is focused upon the desired object by a series of 3-dimensional vernier controls. Once located, the application of the magnetic power stored in the capacitor instantaneously transmits the desired object to the receiving cabinet.

This cabinet, about 6 feet high, thirty inches wide and half as deep, serves primarily to shield the observers from unwanted radiation. The front is made up wholly

Photographs by DALE C. DONALDSON



Upper L: Jack de Courcy explains his "Matter Transmitter" and resorts (Upper R) to the transmission of a "rare dish"; is calm (Center) in the presence of a Venusian. Lower L: Walsted, Day (on steps), Ralph Rayburn Phillips, Dot de Courcy and others. Lower R: Waible & Salta.

of two doors the full height of the cabinet, with three smaller observation doors set into one.

For the first demonstration, the inventor focused on a rare volume in the library of a prominent bibliophile in a distant city. The view-finder flickered, the generator whine mounted to a roar, tension mounted, the transport generator spun as it fed from the capacitor. The thud of relays told that the transmission was made. Hurrying to the cabinet, de Courcy flung wide the door and removed the volume he found there. Alas, due no doubt to the distance involved, the focus had fixed on the wrong part of the library. The volume proved to be a copy of AMAZING STORIES containing "I Remember Lemuria" by Richard Sharp Shaver.

As demonstration followed upon demonstration, it became apparent that results were uncertain when applied to distant points, due doubtless to the fact that the antenna was not based on bed-rock.

On the other hand, two experiments in temporal transport were highly successful. A trip to the past brought back the fabulous "Golden Fleece", the aroma of which alone attested to its antiquity. A reach to the future brought back an incontestable Sunday newspaper, dated the following day.

Following the spectacular success of these two demonstrations, one more attempt at distant transmission was essayed. This time the receiver was focused on a rare dish in the home of a collector of old china. The accumulator accumulated, the capacitor filled to capacity, lights flashed, meters flickered and with a roar of power the transmission was completed. With a quick stride, de Courcy stepped to the cabinet and flung the door wide. Alas, once more the focus had shifted during the transmission. Cowering in the

corner of the cabinet as she frantically clutched a towel to her heaving bosom was a shapely blonde.

Hastily slamming the door of the cabinet, de Courcy repaired to the machine to return the embarrassed damsel to the privacy of her bath. The generators hummed and roared as the process was reversed.

Approaching the cabinet once more, de Courcy cautiously opened the center observation door. Finding the cabinet empty, he flung all three observation doors open. Imagine the consternation of all to see the blonde's extremities in their respective places while her midsection had obviously been transported away. Glancing down and discovering her piecemeal condition, the poor girl screamed and dropped her towel. Slamming the doors in confusion, the now-panicky inventor finally succeeded in dematerializing her completely.

So unnerved by all this was the inventor that it was with trepidation that he essayed the final part of the demonstration. Voicing his doubts of success because of the extreme difficulties, de Courcy announced that he would attempt to contact the planet Venus and bring back some other-worldly creature. Turning to the machine, he reached out across the interplanetary darks. As the hum of transmission died away, he opened the cabinet, only to find it empty.

Sorrowfully closing the doors, de Courcy turned to apologize for his failure. But as he spoke, paralysis gripped the audience as, behind him, the upper inspection port slowly swung open. Thru the ever-widening aperture peered a pair of red-rimmed eyes. Slavering fangs gnashed in anticipation as a taloned claw dripping green slime reached forth for the unsuspecting inventor. Poor de Courcy! He was not to witness his greatest triumph. Even as the audience viewed in frozen suspense this



Above: Ruth Newbury, Davis, Ford. Ackerman, Dot de Courcy, Fraser. Center: Ackerman speaking, Carr, Don Berry, Jack de Courcy, Waible, Norm Hartman, Roscoe Wright. Below: Phillips dances, also Gil Williams and Grace Centlivre. Walsted, Carr, Dot de Courcy, Waible, Ackerman.

monstrous creature from another world, he expressed his regret that he had been unable to bring some "outré" creature from another world. Concluding his apology, he snapped off the main switch and the Venusian was gone.

Following the demonstration the gala served a buffet supper with the quickest pigs getting the seats while the rest squatted on the floor to consume great quantities of spaghetti, potato salad, cold cuts, cheese and rye bread as well as gallons of coffee.

The evening session opened with a short business session at which the formation of Oregon and Washington S-Y Societies was discussed. Forry Ackerman then gave an interesting talk, illustrated with many of the older magazines on "23 Years of AMAZING STORIES".

Immediately following, the traditional auction took place with Don Day wielding the hammer. Due partly to the large amount of fine material on hand and partly to the poverty of the fans present, the prices were ridiculously low. Top price paid was \$15 for a Bok original, with many at from 15¢ to \$2.

The evening was capped off with a party as dancing and elbow-bending vied with much more fan-gab. Tho a few of those present drifted out earlier, most stayed until another snack around 5 in the morning wound up the festivities.

Along about 2 in the morning, the matter radio was once more resorted to in an effort to relocate the blonde. The quest was unsuccessful tho a tall red-head was located—possibly a friend of the blonde as she had the same towel. It was a little small for her.

All in all, it was a swell party and we feel sorry for those of you who couldn't come. As for those of you who could have come but didn't—serves you right. Next time we have a fangathering, turn out for the time of your life.

Out of Legend HOLDA

On Walpurgis Eve, the witches meet on a high, bald hill where they build their row of seven fires.

HOLDA, olden Celtic Goddess, is the leader of this "Furious Host", riding ahead of them on a huge black boar.

Strongholds of her priestesses were once to be found at various isolated spots in Celtic Europe, among them the isles of Sena, off the coast of Brittany and Mona, in the Irish Sea as well as in the temples of the "Ban-druí" or female magicians in Erin and among the isolated Celtic peoples of Galatea who called her Artemis. Secret rites of a Dionysiac character dictated that a spying male be torn literally limb from limb, so our records are meagre.

That the priestesses remained constantly on the sacred precincts is by no means to be implied. In some places periodic festivals were set aside for them to go out into the world for intercourse with men.

When Rome carefully sterilized the lusty Celtic deities, Holda became identified with Diana, who tho reputedly virgin lacked some of the qualities implied by that term. The female cults, then and later continued unabated their secret rites which did not often emulate the chief virtue of their immortal progenitor.


TEXT AND ILLUSTRATION by
Miles Eaton



Quick Turnover

by Tone Cannon

Illustrated by G. WAIBLE



excited, urgent. The nervous lips twitched. "For God's sake, Garsen, we need a biochemist, and fast. An epidemic has broken out and is raging thru the maternity section. They're all children, babies—we've lost fourteen this morning. How soon can you get here?"

Garsen stared at the image on the screen. So it had happened. They were warned, damn them. Some people have a perfectly miraculous faculty of ignoring relevant advice. "Look here, Shirrey", he exploded, "I'm thru getting you out of your messes. I told you last year that you must expect something. When one tampers with the orderly laws of nature without any more understanding than your Health Association possesses, he must expect disastrous results to follow."

A dead silence held for a moment. Shirrey spoke then, placating, smoothly. "Garsen, old man, you may have been right. I'm not at all sure yet but I can't quibble now. It's possible you know, that we may have overlooked some disease in the eradication. All I know is that this looks dead serious. We haven't had a successful obstetrical case since noon yesterday. Stillborn, malformed or a rotting away of internal tissues. Garsen, there's no one else to turn to. You must help us."

THE visiphone buzzed. Perry Garsen frowned as he spun the dial to tune it. On the screen appeared a dapper elderly nervous man in white. "Go ahead", he snapped, "Garsen appearing".

The voice from the screen was Perry Garsen shrugged. Have to.

QUICK TURNOVER

No doubt they had blundered again. Waste a week; no reward. Well, he could gloat over them. Delightful pastime—gloating. Regretfully he stole a parting look at the rainbow hued cultures in neat rows on the bench. They must wait. Spinning the dial on the visiphone to neutral, he put on his hat and coat and strode thru the door.

GARSEN frowned down upon the pale thing lying before him. In a long row; an apallingly long row, lay others. His lean jaw hardened. Hardly recognizable. Too many; all monsters. Queer, pitiful things. Something must be done; that's pretty evident. He gradually became aware that Shirrey hovered anxiously nearby. "Get a release for an autopsy", he said, "Get a lot of releases. Whether you get releases or not, I'm going ahead now. You can worry about possible lawsuits. In fact you might phone your hirelings to start lobbying for you now. I'm going to work at once in the hope that we may not be too late."

Turning, he again scrutinized the body carefully, feeling it with strong sensitive fingers. Strange feeling flesh. Flabby, like half-rotten meat or jelly. Degenerative tissue, sure enough. Swiftly he chose a scalpel and made an incision. Opening the small thigh, he laid back the skin. Pink muscles but with a strangely dark look. Soft, mushy. His deft strokes sliced a thin transparent section for his microtome. Placing it on the slide, he covered it with a disc of glass.

Under the lens it sprang into quick subtle being. Easily he traced the long cords with their thin webbing of connective tissue. The disease showed more clearly now. While each fiber apparently retained its normal size and outline, over all showed a looseness, a lack of cohesion. A stippling

of black dots covered the field like a sprinkling of microscopic pepper. Looking more narrowly, he systematically covered the range of his lens. Yes, there was a capillary. Hm-- degeneration more prevalent there. Substance in the blood stream apparently.

Changing objectives, he focussed carefully. Now the tissues showed coagulation—slots. Hot blood; tissue. Agglutinins present, attacking tissues. He shuddered.

Removing the slide from the microscopes, he took off the cover glass and laid it aside. Peering anxiously thru the lens he carefully adjusted it again over a portion of capillary and adjacent area. Then he changed to an oil immersion lens and focussed. The vesiculous structure sprang into strong relief. Interstices, filled with a thin yellow ichor. Toxin! The degenerative tissue showed more strongly. Clots—thick, cloudy. Cells, dead long before blood had ceased to reach them.

Garsen looked up thoughtfully. Gradually his groping vision encountered the rows of apparatus on the benches. How to get a specimen. That was the problem. Turning to the desk he pressed a button. "Send Shirrey!" he barked.

Twitching lips entered the room. "Shirrey", said Garsen, "I want one that is newly dead; one that has just finished screaming its hatred of you."

Shirrey's eyes were veiled. "Give me a half hour. One is in the delivery room now. If it turns out as the others—"

"Good," said Garsen, "And snap it up."

GARSEN glowered down upon a row of test tubes. In each was a cloudy glutinous mass of red pulp floating in a clear, almost colorless serum. The results were conclusive. The bloodstream contained no antigen. The antibodies

were all present in their bewildering array, but foreign toxins were absent.

Shirrey entered, closing the door softly. "Well", he said, "You've been in here an hour. What is the result?"

Garsen turned on him thoughtfully. "I'm beginning to wonder.

Nothing shows. Your Eradication League did a thorough job. I strongly suspect that you accomplished what you set out to do. That is, no malignant micro-organisms exist anywhere in the world."

Shirrey stared at him.

"Except a few," continued Garsen, "A few, that is, that you seem to have overlooked. I haven't enumerated them all but I suspect that there are fewer than fifty thousand."

"Fifty thousand!" Shirrey sputtered. "Fifty Thousand devils.

I'm in no mood for levity, Garsen!"

"Sit down," barked Garsen, "I'm telling you a story. And you're going to hear it thru because it has your answer in it."

As Shirrey sank weakly into a chair, Garsen continued. "Last year you fellows saw fit to eradicate disease. You had the method accurate enough, all too accurate, and, to shorten the tale, you accomplished it completely. At the time you received a lot of censure from me among others. But your paid propaganda influenced the public to think that we—we analytical chemists—would profit from their continued sickness. Your plan worked, Shirrey, but you forgot one thing!"

"The human body is filled with multitudes of antibodies which work upon the various poisons that filter into the system. It did not occur to me then, Shirrey, nor to you; but it comes to me now with startling clarity; perhaps too late. Antibodies are immunities which man has developed for centuries. Some are catalysts,

some agglutinins, some precipitins but all evolved with respect to certain foreign bodies. These

children have all of the immunity of adults, but none of the foreign bodies. For some natural reason they did not inherit from their mothers the few diseases which remained unkilld in the parent systems. Probably nature's way of protecting the young. But here they are, born resistant to diseases because of the long development of immunity. What happens to them? The answer is both answer and question. What can receive the action of antibodies whose natural antagonists or neutralizers are removed?"

"My God," said Shirrey, "They cease to exist, don't they?"

"How? These are living bodies, at least chemically active, and to be absorbed must be chemically neutralized. Unfortunately, we cannot observe the neutralization in a living organism or we might understand it better. If you turn the resources of your Health Association toward this problem, you might solve it in fifty years or so. Meanwhile, I've done all I can." Garsen turned to go.

Shirrey licked dry lips. "You can't leave us this way, Garsen. What can we do now?"

Garsen smiled wryly. "I suggest that you buy off a few more legislators to help you turn the tide of public opinion. Then again, you might send to Mars for a good strong plague. There's a space flight scheduled for tonight at six. Then if all these fail, you can always wait for the mutation of a new malignant organism."

Garsen stepped to the door. He turned, his jaw a hard line.

"On second thought, maybe you'd better take that ship to Mars yourself. It should be safer when these mothers and fathers find out who murdered their babies!"

THE END



A. MERRITT'S

The DRONE Man

Pictured by Joseph Krucher.

The late ABRAHAM MERRITT is best remembered for his novels which made up the major part of his work. But even when he turned to the short story, as in THE DRONE MAN, he produced true CLASSICS OF FANTASY.

"—SCARCE AS HEN'S TEETH"

A Putnam first edition of "The Ship of Ishtar" is scarce. The Weinbaum Memorial Volume, "Dawn of Flame", the complete "Cosmos", 1923 WEIRD TALES; Lovecraft's "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" and "The Outsider"; as well as copies of THRILL BOOK are suitably dubbed as rarities. However, some of these items have at least been seen by fans. But how many collectors own or have seen "Beyond Thirty" or "The Man-Eater" by Edgar Rice Burroughs?

Using the pseudonym Horman Bean (it was intended to be "Normal Bean") Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote "Under the Moons of Mars" for Bob Davis' 1912 ALL-STORY. The first story under his own name was a novel called "Tarzan of the Apes" in the October 1912 issue of the same publication. Due to a difference of opinion, a rival publishing company, Street & Smith, bought the sequel and published it as "The Return of Tarzan" in NEW STORY MAGAZINE during 1913. "The Outlaw of Torn" followed in 1914. In the meantime, the title of this magazine changed to ALL-ROUND MAGAZINE, and in the February 1916 issue appeared a complete novel by Burroughs called "Beyond Thirty". This was later reprinted in the BOSTON SUNDAY POST.

"Beyond Thirty" is a long fantastic novel of the future. As a background to the tale, the author gives us some history back to 1922. (Remember that this story was written in 1915 and at that time America had not yet entered the First World War). It seems that by 1922 the isolationists had won over the country and with the war going on, all

human intercourse between

the Western Hemisphere and the Eastern Hemisphere ceased. The story opens a couple of centuries after this great event. By this time the great Pan-American Federation was formed which linked the Western Hemisphere from pole to pole under a single flag. For two hundred years no man had crossed 30 W. or 175 W. Beyond was the great unknown. Europe and the Eastern Hemisphere had been wiped from the maps and the history books. Death was the punishment decreed for anyone going "beyond thirty". The first man to go beyond and live was Jefferson Turok, a young lieutenant in the Pan American Navy. In 2116 his boat was blown by a hurricane beyond thirty and across the Atlantic. The rest of the tale concerns his weird adventures across the jungles of Great Britain, Europe and Asia; his romance with the beautiful descendant of the British Queen, and his ultimate return to Pan-America. This is not a bad fantasy tale at all, and I have often wished that Mr. Burroughs would polish it up and allow it to be reprinted in some publication like FANTASTIC NOVELS.

The oldest and rarest of the little known works of Mr. Burroughs has an intriguing history. By 1943 I had gradually acquired an almost complete Burroughs collection. I had all Burroughs published books in the first edition including the rare "Tarzan Twin" books. In addition I had all of his writings in their original magazine appearances except one serial part of "Outlaw of Torn" and one part of "The Return of Tarzan" from NEW STORY. This magazine col-

lection included all the subsequent reprints of his tales from even such obscure periodicals as TRIPLE-X and MODERN MECHANICS AND INVENTIONS. On top of all this, I had Burroughs books in more than twenty foreign languages. Mr. Burroughs himself considered this the world's greatest single collection of his works and was even kind enough to add several items to it. But then he gave me a piece of news that made me very unhappy! It seems that I had missing from my set a serial called "Ben, King of Beasts" which had appeared back in 1915 in the old NEW YORK EVENING WORLD. This began a long search for this elusive tale. After more than a year during which I had written to more than 500 collectors and dealers, I was beginning to believe that this story was in the same class as Lovecraft's "The Necronomicon". I had gradually become acquainted with more than 200 fantasy fans and collectors, mostly thru correspondence. None of them had a copy of this work. Then a New York Agency offered me "Ben, King of Beasts" for \$300.00! When I finally traced this offer down, it developed that they would furnish me this item if they could find it.

Then I did something which I should have done at first. I checked all the file sources of THE NEW YORK WORLD in existence. There were less than a dozen files in the United States and none of these were complete. Even the Library of Congress had only a few dozen copies. It turned out that only one file covered the 1913 to 1918 period. I hired a research man to index for me all the novels that appeared in THE WORLD from 1913 to 1918. Some dozen serials turned up by Burroughs. All of the titles were familiar except one. This serial, entitled "The Man-Eater", appeared November 15-20, 1915. My theory was that this was either a

hitherto undiscovered story or it was the long-lost "Ben, King of Beasts", printed under a different title. Now I had something definite to work on. In a short time I had copies of THE WORLD with the serial parts of "The Man-Eater". I eagerly gave the tale a quick perusal. After a few chapters, a character appeared called "Ben, King of Beasts" and I realized my long search for this almost mythical story had ended. Ben, incidentally, is a large, black mened lion.

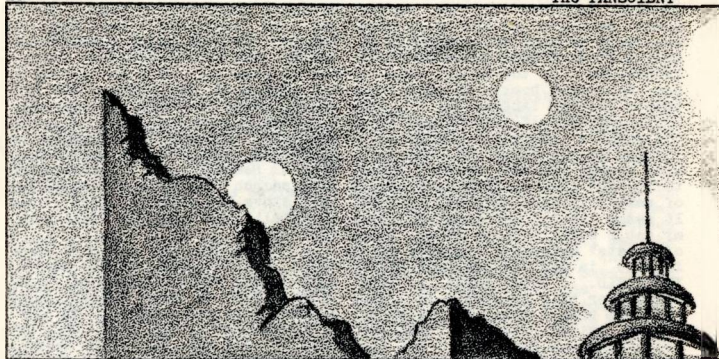
It seems that the title of this story was changed by the editor just before publication, and years later, when an index of Mr. Burroughs' work was required, he dimly remembered it as "Ben, King of Beasts" and thus it became known. Not bothering to keep copies of his own works, he could not check and be sure of the title. It is lucky he remembered it at all—otherwise it might still be in the class of Erle Cox's mythical title "Out of the Darkness" and H. Rider Haggard's "King of Kor". I believe this story of the search for "Ben, King of Beasts" is comparable to Dr. A. Langley Searles' discovery of Garrett P. Serviss' "Edison's Conquest of Mars" from the files of the NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL.

In regard to the story itself, little can be said in the way of praise other than to note that the novel has value from the standpoint of studying the early style of the world's most widely read fantasy writer. The work is not strictly fantasy, being a romantic and adventurous melodrama set partly in Africa and partly in the State of Maryland.

I have furnished six collectors with photostat copies of these rare tales. One of these six was none other than Edgar Rice Burroughs of Tarzana, California. It is not known that any other copies exist.

THE END.

Barrell C. Richardson



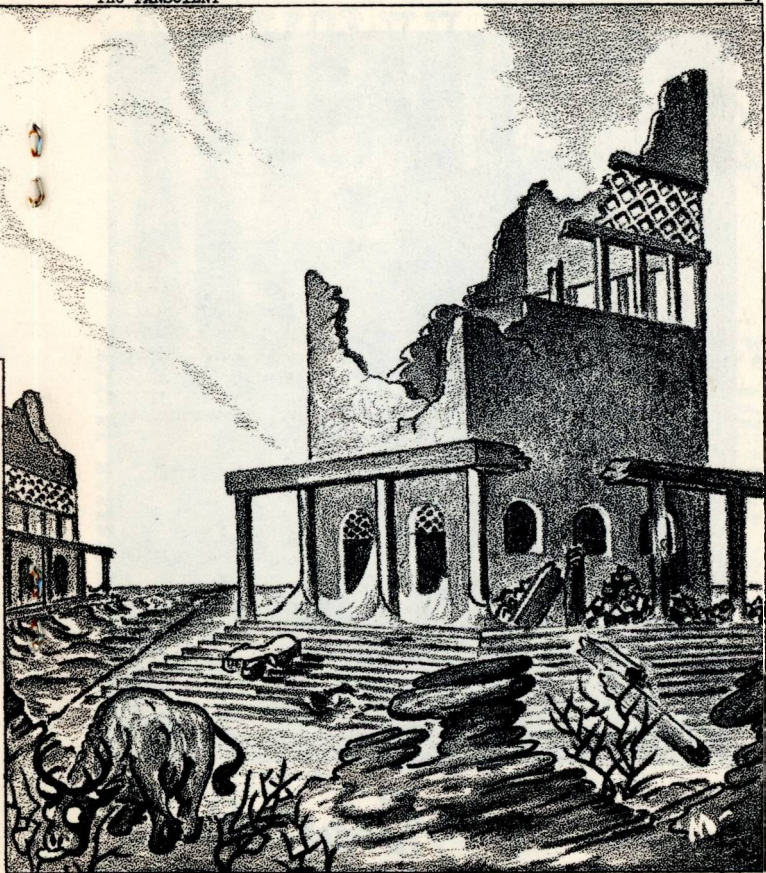
THE RETURN

In the long dry channels of G'nomo where the desicated shore-dust blows,
And before our names are chiseled at last with the Old Ones there—
(It is a ritual out of the past, you know, out of darkness and sunset
Rotted with Time),
Oh, my Love, oome! let us live once more together
With our pleasure alone in the scented thickets of Kw'bjina,
With a knife and a sling pursuing the wild ones. . .
Where shy-voiced Tlontl slowly abrades the stiff heather
Yet covering sea bottoms lying salt caked and dream-eyed;
Where our pure hearts died—where our lost souls died
With the last bleached hollow-hearted ships.

Before Spring flowers along the channels,
Hiding her white-thorned bosom in stinging scarlet Dy'yina,
Oh, my Love, let us go to G'nomo and live with our happiness. . .
And it is there they will find us, these sleepers,
Who will never look.

For I remember once when we laughed and loved upon the quay
Where a thousand ships with purple sails went up and down.
But we see now only empty palaces tuning the hollow chilling wind
To strange sad tones—
Beneath a forgotten vista of space where only Hinywa, the fleet one,
Outdistances his elder brother in headlong flight
Eternally
Futile.

—from the Martian of Puz Ab Ng'ginn
—by Miles Eaton





Robert Bloch

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

ROBERT BLOCH

Robert Bloch once stated, "I have no sense of humor; I just think that way." Be that as it may, such of his thoughts as he has put on paper are entertaining an ever-increasing audience; in magazines, books and on the radio.

Noted on the one hand for his hilarious humorous tales, on the other hand, he is a serious craftsman in the field of the weird and macabre. A friend and admirer of the late Howard Phillips Lovecraft, Bob freely acknowledges his influence and inspiration. That Lovecraft regarded him highly is shown by the fact that Bloch is the only one to whom Lovecraft ever dedicated a story ("The Haunter of the Dark").

When writing a humorous story, Bob Bloch's lack of restraint is contagious as he plunges deep into a saturnalia of mirth. On the other hand, when out to chill the reader with one of his weirds, he will seek perfection with a determination as singleminded as his pursuit of laughter. Bloch once

spent a night in a graveyard to get the right atmosphere for a certain story.

Coming to the field of professional fantasy writing thru fandom, Bob is still at heart a fan. One of the busiest of men, he still finds time to keep in touch with his fan friends and to help out with fannish activities. He has attended several of the conventions and was pro guest of honor at the TORCON last year.

Until recently Bob was extremely reluctant to speak seriously of himself and his work, always concealing the picture of a serious conscientious craftsman behind a mask of levity. It has been but a few years since Bloch claimed never to have had a "straight" photo taken, the "gag" pictures were legion. As a result, few of his admirers ever penetrated to the real Robert Bloch. We hope these few words following will help more of his fans to get acquainted with Bob Bloch, a swell guy.

The birth certificate reads April 5th, 1917....born, the poor but honest parents, 7 1/2 pounds of

suddlesome sweetness with just the cutest smile! That's me, folks. People who

know say I haven't changed a bit. Hardly gained any weight either.

The blasted event took place in Chicago, and I spent the first five years of my life in that city; the next five in Maywood, Illinois.

As a child I was somewhat precocious, and due to a system of skipping semesters, found myself in fourth grade when I was eight. I also managed to wangle myself a pass into the adult section of the Public Library and embarked on an omnivorous reading program. Despite this I was quite gregarious and, I fear, a nasty little brat; organizing the entire neighborhood gang for circuses, parades, pirate expeditions and trench warfare. Our back yard was dug up for No Man's Land; tents blossomed forth from time to time and there were a series of cabins and playhouses. Somehow I seem to have neglected sex during this period.

Fond parents, relatives and teachers had me pegged as a budding artist—I still do a little watercolor work and pencil sketching from time to time but myopia in adolescence seemed to effectively bar art as a career.

On the whole, however, my childhood seems, in retrospect, to have been disgustingly normal: I was cowardly, treacherous, cruel, stubborn, unreasonable, vain, selfish and hysterical—in short just like any other child.

I had, for a time, a passion for lead soldiers—not the crude castings found today, but the delicate German-made items that included such exotic groupings as Aztecs, Roman soldiery, Hindu troops on elephants, etc.; and then, too, there were the WW Britain sets, miniature reproductions of English regiments. I bought them with an eye to historical authenticity and set up full dining-room table replicas of famous battle scenes, using clay sandbags, log breastworks.

straw, sand and a dun colored cloth for "ground" which was minutely and painstakingly covered with red watercolor "bloodstains". Needless to say, today I am fervently opposed to war.

Another youthful passion was the silent cinema—the magic murmur of the organ in rich darkness: the flickering fantasy of the film itself. Today I can still recall, without benefit of research or even the summoning of conscious effort, the names of several hundred featured actors and actresses, of hundreds of movies seen on successive Saturday afternoons between 1924 and 1929. This probably ranks as my most useless accomplishment.

But it is to the silent motion picture, I believe, that I owe my interest in fantasy. In 1925, when I was eight, I had never attended a movie alone at night. I chose to go, and I chose to see an actor new to me. The thespian was one Lon Chaney, and the picture "The Phantom of the Opera". In psychiatric terminology, it scared the living hell out of me and I ran all the way home to enjoy the first of about two years of recurrent nightmares.

In August, 1927, I happened to be in the railroad depot with my parents and my aunt, and she artlessly offered to buy me a magazine to read. The October, 1927 issue of *WEIRD TALES* was my choice—over her shocked protest. I read several issues and particularly admired the Lovecraft stories then appearing. My parents, however, were not impressed with Hugh Rankin's sexy covers, and when we moved to Milwaukee the following year I gradually abandoned my interest. It wasn't until 1932 that I returned to reading *WT* during convalescence from flu.

By this time I'd entered high school, where my childhood interest in "dressing up" flowered into

a series of rather elaborate dramatic enterprises. I soon became an amateur comic—a vile, watered-down version of the late Robert Woolsey, sporting a rubber cigar and accoutering myself in a series of lurid garments which, I regret to say, seemed to influence my sartorial tastes permanently. But I was writing my own alleged "dialogue" and doing skits and plays with a certain obnoxious facility. An aesthetic type, I soon found that the high school stage was my forte, affording me the ego-gratification I never could hope to attain in athletic pursuits.

Late in '32 I wrote my first "fan letter" to H. P. Lovecraft. He responded, and for some reason encouraged correspondence—offering to lend me the books in his library, and suggesting that I try my hand at stories of my own. He introduced me via mail to other fantasy writers; August Derleth, Clark Ashton Smith, E. Hoffman Price. Why he bothered with the rambling letters of a 15-year-old kid, I'll never know, but his kindness and interest got me started on the road to ruin—oops, I mean, writing.

During my last year of high school, I rented a typewriter and learned to type the hard way: by bating out stories which I began to submit to fan magazines of 1934. William Crawford published "Lilies" in that year, and "The Black Lotus". *FANTASY FAN* brought out "The Laughter of a Ghoul". Soon I was submitting yarns to *WEIRD TALES*. Editor Farnsworth Wright worked patiently with me, and in 1934, two months after high-school graduation, he bought my first story and then another, and another, and another. By the end of '34 I had sold him the staggering total of four stories and made a cool one hundred dollars, cash. Of course there was no question in my mind any longer—I would be a

writer. It was all very simple. Almost halfwitted.

But I was seventeen. The depression was in full swing. My fellow classmates graduated directly into the CCC or the ranks of the jobless. The really lucky ones worked their way through college and then starved. Some of the boys with connections in high places managed to get real jobs and made as much as fifteen dollars a week. Well, maybe I could keep my rented typewriter on that rickety card table in the bedroom and eventually make fifteen dollars a week myself. It was worth a try. So I tried.

The Milwaukee Fictioneers, a local writing group, invited me to join—their members included at that time the currently popular Ralph Milne Farley, Ray Palmer and Stanley Weinbaum. I met another Milwaukeean, Earl Pierce, Jr. Gradually my contacts widened; I was doing some radio gag work, a series of humorous articles for *FANTASY MAGAZINE*, and continuing with *WEIRD TALES*. My list of correspondents widened; one of the people who wrote me was a man named Henry Kutter, or Kudner—some such name; lived way off in California. Pretty soon he and I began to collaborate by mail.

In 1937 Lovecraft died. It broke me up. The California correspondent seemed to sense that, and invited me west for a visit. So I went out to vacation for a month or so with Kuttner and while his guest met the L. A. crowd, and Frits Leibler, Jr., and another vacation guest—C. L. Moore (later Mrs. Kuttner, of all people).

The next few years were spent in breaking into new magazine markets. There were several unsuccessful solo and collaboration attempts at novels, but in the main I concentrated on short stories, under my own name and the pseudonyms, Tarleton Fiske.

In 1940, a friend and myself did the ghost writing on a local mayoralty campaign. Its success brought in sufficient funds for me to move into a place of my own and marry Marion Holcombe, who was rash enough to agree.

Her ill health in 1941-2 forced me to seek additional revenue in political campaigns and other fields, and I finally found a position in advertising with the Gustav Marx Agency of Milwaukee. As things got tough, I began to write more and more humor. My daughter, Sally Ann, appeared under a cabbage bush in 1943, and I sank so low that I even wrote science-fiction. In '44 I was asked to do a series of radio horror shows, based on my own stories, and the result (39 episodes entitled STAY TUNED FOR TERROR) was transcribed and broadcast widely throughout the United States, Canada and Hawaii. I started to write detective stories, having no shame at all any more.

My stories began to appear in anthologies and in 1945 ARKHAM HOUSE published my own collection, "The Opener of the Way". Meanwhile, a run-of-the-mill yarn, "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper", began to make the rounds of radio shows, anthologies and reprinting. Things were looking up a bit—so much so, that in the fall of '46 I determined to write a novel, which I did, working right on the job in the advertising agency, in five weeks. After a week or so of revision it was promptly accepted by DIAL PRESS and published in 1947.

Today, I look wistfully back on that time. The pressure of business has increased so that I have no opportunity to duplicate the novel writing stint, although there are two novels in the mill at the moment. As a matter of fact, my short-story production is down to almost zero at present; however, I fully intend to keep up sporadic

appearances in magazines and to turn out more books.

One of the reasons why my writing has such a poor literary quality is that, to save eyesight, I write everything "first draft" at a rate of 1500-2500 words an hour.

I was happy to get away to attend the PACIFICON and the TORCON; I try to keep up a desultory correspondence with writers and fans, and to do my share of writing for the fan magazines which do so much to keep interest alive at the grass-roots level. As I said in my alleged speech at the TORCON, I appreciate more than anything else the friendships and contacts that fandom has brought me through the years.

So here we are in 1949. I've been writing now, professionally, for about fifteen years. It's been fun. I started as a kid and I'm now a broken-down old hack, past 30, with a family and a job and hypochondriacal delusions.

At present, in addition to my advertising writing and fiction, my interests include reading (as always), the collection of modern symphonic recordings, and various other hedonistic hobbies. I'm not a very interesting person in the all-too-reluctant flesh; I am inclined to garrulity but not to brilliance. People who meet me for the first time are invariably disappointed. This is perhaps due, in addition to my obvious inadequacies, to the fact that I have somehow acquired a dual status as a "humorist" and as a "horror story writer". They expect me either to say something funny or to scare them to death. I can do neither.

But if I can manage the task through the medium of my typewriter, I'm personally satisfied. A critic reviewing a book of mine once described me as a "born storyteller". For some reason or other, this flatters me more than

anything else I've been called. Because that's all I want to be or hope to be—a storyteller, in the field of writing that appeals to my own imagination. If I can give

somebody, somewhere, a few minutes or hours of entertainment, I've achieved my own ambitions.

After all, that ought to be enough for any man.

—ROBERT BLOCH

Index to FANTASY STORIES by ROBERT BLOCH.

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Beetles	Weird Tales	Dec. 1938
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BLOCH, ROBERT (autobiog. w/photo)	Amazing Stories	Aug. 1939
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Body and the Brain, The	Strange Stories	Aug. 1939
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 4. Soul Proprietor
 5. Satan's Phonograph
 6. The House of the Hatchet
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- Strictly from Mars Amazing Stories Feb. 1948
- Stuporman *15 Fantastic Adventures June 1943
- Suicide in the Street, The Weird Tales June 1935
- Sweets to the Sweet Weird Tales Mar. 1947
- Time Wounds All Heels *1 Fantastic Adventures Apr. 1942
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- Unheavenly Twin Strange Stories June 1939
- Waxworks Weird Tales Jan. 1939
- Weird Doom of Floyd Scritch, The *4 Fantastic Adventures July 1942
- Wine of the Sabbath Weird Tales Nov. 1940
- Yoo-hoo, Mr. Delacorte (Article) Writers Digest July 1941
- You Can't Kid Lefty Feep *17 Fantastic Adventures Aug. 1943
- Yours Truly—Jack the Ripper Weird Tales July 1943

- Yours Truly--Jack the Ripper Kate Smith Radio Program Jan 7, '44
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper MYSTERY COMPANION anth 1944
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper Mollie Mystery Theatre Mar. 6, 1945
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper Sydney Aus. Truth & Sportsman Fall 1945
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper MYSTERY COMPANION (New Zealand) 1945
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper Selecciones Policicacas (Mex) Oct. '46
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper FIRESIDE BOOK OF SUSPENSE 1947
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper Mollie Mystery Theatre Jan. 2, 1948
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper THE UNEXPECTED Pocket Book 1948
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper MYSTERY COMPANION (PB) 1948
- Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper Univ of Scranton Radio Workshop Apr. 10, 1949

FANTASY STORIES under the name of TARLETON FISKE

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|------------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------|
| Almost Human | Fantastic Adventures | June 1943 |
| Black Brain, The | Fantastic Adventures | Mar. 1943 |
| Fairy Tale | Fantastic Adventures | Aug. 1943 |
| FISKE, TARLETON (autobiog & photo) | Fantastic Adventures | Aug. 1943 |
| Flowers From the Moon | Strange Stories | Aug. 1939 |
| Meet Mr. Murderer | Mammoth Detective | Nov. 1943 |
| Mystery of the Creeping Underwear | Fantastic Adventures | Oct. 1943 |
| Phantom from the Film | Amazing Stories | Feb. 1943 |
| Pink Elephants | Strange Tales No 1 (Eng) | May 1946 |
| Question of Identity, A | Strange Stories | Apr. 1939 |
| Skeleton in the Closet, The | Fantastic Adventures | May 1943 |
| Sorcerer's Jewel, The | Strange Stories | Feb. 1939 |
| Sorcerer's Jewel, The | Strange Tales No 2 (English) | 1946 |

*"Lefty Feep" series. Number following asterisk shows order.

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| *1 Time Wounds All Heels | *10 Lefty Feep Catches Hell |
| *2 Gather Round the Flowing Bowler | *11 Nothing Happens to Lefty Feep |
| *3 The Pled Piper Fights the Robot | *12 The Chance of a Ghost |
| *4 The Weird Doom of Floyd Scritch | *13 Lefty Feep and the Racing Robot |
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| | *19 Lefty Feep's Arabian Nightmare |
| | *20 Lefty Feep Does Time |
| | *21 Lefty Feep Gets Henpecked |
| | *22 Tree's a Crowd |

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Checklist of FANTASY BOOKS In Print

All data in the following check list has been furnished by the publishers themselves, shortly before press time. We regret that the listing is incomplete this time as all of the publishers failed to return the listing form we sent them in time. This column will appear in the next issue with all the data sent us, but unless the returns are more nearly complete, we will be forced to discontinue the department. An asterisk (*) preceding a title indicates it is in short supply.

ARGUS BOOKS, INC., 3 West 46th St, New York 19, N. Y.	Nights Black Agents (Coll) by Fritz Leiber, Jr.	3.00
The Circus of Dr. Lao by Charles Finney	The Night Side: Masterpieces of the Strange and Terrible (anth) ed. by August Derleth	2.50
H. P. L.: A Memoir by August Derleth	Not long for this World (anth) by August Derleth	3.00
Pilgrims Thru Sapoe and Time by J. O. Bailey	Revelations in Black (coll) by Carl Jacobbi	3.00
Supernatural Horror in Literature by H. P. Lovecraft	Roads (ill. by Virgil Finlay) by Seabury Quinn	2.00
The Man in the Moon is Talking by Clay Orb	Skull-Face and Others (coll) by Robert E. Howard	5.00
ARKHAM HOUSE, Sauk City, Wisc. The Arkham Sampler, 1948 (4 iss.) ed. by August Derleth	*Something Near by August Derleth	3.00
Best Supernatural Stories by H. P. Lovecraft	This Mortal Coil (coll) by Cynthia Asquith	3.00
Carnacki, The Ghost Finder (coll) by William Hope Hodgson	The Traveling Grave and Other Stories (coll)	3.00
The Clock Strikes Twelve (coll) by H. Russell Wakefield	by L. P. Hartley	3.00
Dark Carnival (coll) by Ray Bradbury	The Web of Easter Island by Donald Wandrei	3.00
Dark of the Moon: Poems of Fantasy and the Macabre ed. by August Derleth	West India Lights (coll) by Henry S. Whitehead	3.00
The Doll and One Other by Algernon Blackwood	Witch House by Evangeline Walton	2.50
Fearful Pleasures (coll) by A. K. Coppers	CARCOSA HOUSE, 774 Caliburn Drive, Los Angeles 2, Calif.	
The Fourth Book of Jorkens by Lord Dunsany	*Edison's Conquest of Mars by Garrett P. Serviss	\$3.50
Genius Loci and Other Tales (coll) by Clark Ashton Smith	COSMOS PUBLISHING CO., 475 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.	
The Hounds of Windalos (coll) by Frank Belknap Long	Mission Accomplished by Jerry Walker	\$1.49
The House on the Borderland and Other Novels (coll) by William Hope Hodgson	A Date With Destiny by Jerry Walker	2.75
The Lurker at the Threshold by H. P. Lovecraft & August Derleth	CROWN PUBLISHERS, New York The Best of Science Fiction ed. by Groff Conklin	\$3.50
	A Treasury of Science Fiction ed. by Groff Conklin	3.00

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L. Sprague de Camp \$3.00
The Porcelain Magician
by Frank Owen 3.00
Pattern for Conquest
by George O. Smith 3.00
The Thirty-First of February
by Nelson S. Bond 3.00
The Fantasy Calendar for 1949
pics by Bok, Cartier, Paul 1.00
GORGON PRESS, 4936 Grove Street.,
Denver 11, Colo.
Moonfoam and Sorceries
by Stanley Mullen \$3.50
HADLEY PUBLISHING CO., 51 Empire
Street, Providence 3, R. I.
*Final Blackout
by L. Ron Hubbard \$3.00
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by Larcadio Hern \$2.00
Sphinx Child
by Stanley Mullen .50
The Goblin Tower
by Frank Belknap Long .50
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by Paul O'Connor 2.00
FELLEGRIANI & CUDAHY, 333 Sixth Ave
New York 14, N. Y.
The Other Side of the Moon (anth)
ed. by August Derleth \$3.75
Strange Ports of Call (anth)
ed. by August Derleth 3.75
The Sleeping and the Dead (anth)
ed. by August Derleth 3.75
Descent Into Hell
by C. Williams 2.75
All Hallows Eve
by C. Williams 2.75
Forthcoming:
Lany Dimensions (August)
by C. Williams 3.00
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Portland 13, Ore.
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Space Cadet
by Robert Heinlein \$2.50
Rocket Ship "Galileo"
by Robert Heinlein 2.50
SERRANO PUBLISHERS, 475 S. Serrano
Ave., Los Angeles 5, Calif.
Forgotten Mysteries
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HUBBARD—JINN OF ENTERTAINMENT

Book Review by Philip Gray

SLAVES OF SLEEP by L. Ron Hubbard.
Shasta Publishers, Chicago. 207
pages. 1946. \$3.00

Graced with a jacket designed
by the inimitable Hannes Bok, man-
ifestly the most colorful yet to
come from the fantasy publishing
houses, "Slaves of Sleep" forwards
the publisher's claim to present
the best of modern fantasy.

That the "modern Fantasy" of
which they speak is that type that
appears in the fantasy magazines
goes without saying. High in popu-
larity among these tales is the
class favored by UNKNOWN WORLDS
where "Slaves of Sleep" first ap-
peared ten years ago. Fading into
the past is the supernatural fan-
asy made famous by Le Fanu and
Machen, among many. The style
changes. Today readers ask that a
good fantasy have the elements of
the mystery story, the swashbuck-
ling action of Sabatini, and most
of all must be clear, concise and
free from purple passages and
verbosity.

Hubbard is of this new school,
an author who writes well, whether

in the dare-devil humorous fantasy
such as this or his forthcoming
"Wizard and the Witch", or in such
somber and grim narratives as his
"Final Blackout" or "Death's Depu-
ty." There is nothing of the
hackneyed about him; none of the
drawn out narrations; he leaves
the two-well known cliches where
they rightfully belong, and here
in "Slaves of Sleep", his color is
that of the Arabian Nights grown
up.

The title implies much of the
background; adding to this, I will
say the story concerns a curse of
"eternal wakefulness" laid on a
meek and rather lazy shipping line
owner. By means of this curse Jan
Palmer finds his personality and
memory in the body of Tiger, sailor
and fun-loving rogue in the "land
of sleep", whose still predominat-
ing pixie nature keeps him in hot
water with the horned and hooved
rulers of the dream-world, the
Irit. In one of these escapades
he meets the cause of all Jan's
troubles, the jinn Zongri, and
from the latter Tiger steals the
Seal of Sulayman, using it in an
endeavor to find the solution to
his waking world difficulties.
All in all, a rousing adventure
fantasy that is certain to provide
the reader with several hours of
downright fun.

THE END.

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