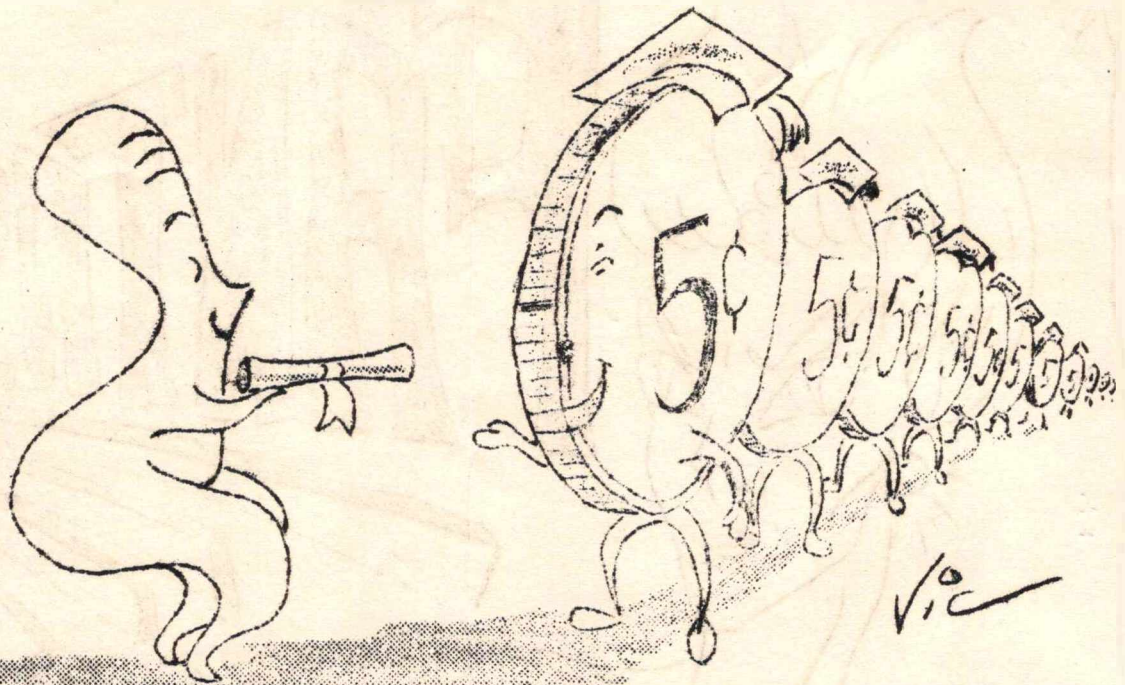


FANTASIES.

#4



DEA ★



THE CASE OF THE EDUCATED NICKELS



In case you're wondering, there's a difference between just any nickel and Educated Nickels. One nickel doesn't count so much; matter of fact, it can't count past five. But that's an amazing thing -- ten nickels can count to 50 -- one hundred of these marvelous lil critters are so smart, they can count to 500! -- That's child's play natch; grammar school stuff. But those 20 mildly educated nickels that make a dollar graduate when accompanied by lots of other dollars, and ten-, twenty-, and fifty-dollar bills. It's these college grads that'll shoot Willis across to the Tasfic (Tenth Annual SF Con)

So buy a Willish -- or better yet, send Dave a nice doughnation for the Willish Campaign -- check or money order. You'll get a copy of the desired Willish just as quickly.

Send NOW! Don't retard your money's education!



A Thing or Three:

being the editorial

We might as well face it right now. This issue is somewhat smaller than usual. I realize that it's foolish for me to tell you this, that you might not have noticed it otherwise. But, there in my excitement, I've blurted it out. You'd have guessed it anyway; seeing the lack of page-numbering you'd realize I was trying to keep something from you.

Someone raises a hesitant hand. —Do you wish to leave the room or have you a question? Oh. You wish me to stop trying to distract the reader from the main issue with sparkling wit. We should get down to, er, Brass Tacks. In three words, I am to tell you precisely why in the sanguinary and abominably hot hell, this issue is unnaturally dessicated?

Well, Sir, it is because the material contained herein is the full extent of my non-fiction backlog. Had I more material to publish, I should quickly do so. But the writers of Fandom have not been so good as to supply me with the life-blood of any fanzine; I mean to say—

The gentleman nods. Without further ado, he launches into a beautiful eulogy about this sterling editor who would rather send out this piteously thin issue than to disgrace his publication by filling it with second-rate, uh, crap simply to pad it out.

I listen to this proudly. But in my heart I secretly wish that someone had sent me some of this crap of which he speaks so I could have padded this issue....

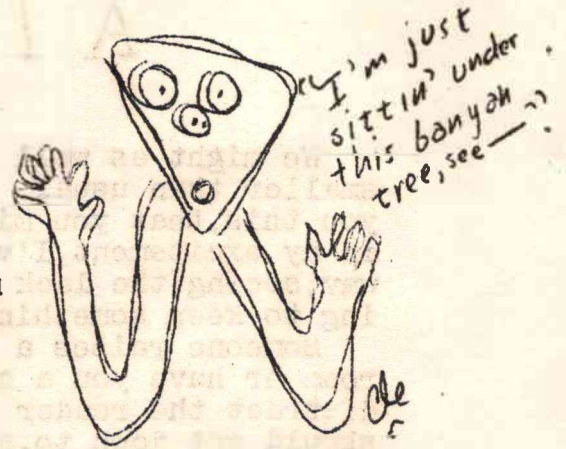
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Of this issue, though, I might say in the words of a very inane movie ad, "Very little meat on her, but what there is is choice." For instance My Boy Gilbert Cochrun's story, which was unfortunately excluded from the last issue. (Incidentally, I have to appologize to artist Chabot for giving the impression that this was due to laxness on his part. It was really the fault of the PO. They are so conscientious, of late, in guarding the public morals that they cannot take time to deliver mail properly.) To get back to the subject, we also have two excellent articles by two excellent writers, George Wetzell and L.L. Shepherd. And

there's also the first installment of a new column, "Goldfish Bowl", by Fred Chapell. We have another Boggs in the making here. Can the world endure another? Let's hope so, because one is coming, sure as hell.

I don't know if I like using this twenty-lb. paper. Time was when any responsibility for messiness could be shrugged off with a "It's the paper, how I wish to God I could get some better but I can't—so what can I do?" Now it is revealed that English is a messy, slipshod slob.

However, there is a certain romance to messy nineography, which I will now lead you to appreciate. After all, only thus can one understand the agony, the Blood, Sweat and Tears that go into publishing. We seen the dim echoes of another page here and understand that this shows where the poor harassed publisher printed on the roller of his machine. Imagine, if you will, his soul-searing agony (and stencil-blistering soliloquy) as he crawls under the torture mechanism to clean up the mess. Here is spreading black stain; it is the first hint of a bearing stencil.



This page will have to be retyped; someday that mag will be a Collector's item, having two versions of page X. Little good it will do the publisher—at this rate he'll be in his cool grave long ere then.

Learn to recognize these signs; only thus can you appreciate the true glory of fandom. It is a proud and lonely thing to be a Fan!

At this point I might nod my approval of Shelby Vick's page 2 advice that you buy a copy of my Willish. It's a worthy cause, and, too, you'll want to have a copy. Also, you might get the Wilishes of my compatriots, hereafter listed:

- OOPSLA!—Gregg Calkins, 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah
- MAD*—Dick Ryan, 224 Broad St., Newark, Ohio
- SoL—Dave Ish, 914 Hammond Rd., Ridgewood, N.J.

And now, an end to this mass of scintillating humour and sparkling wit, not to mention at all delightful personality.
I GO POGO!

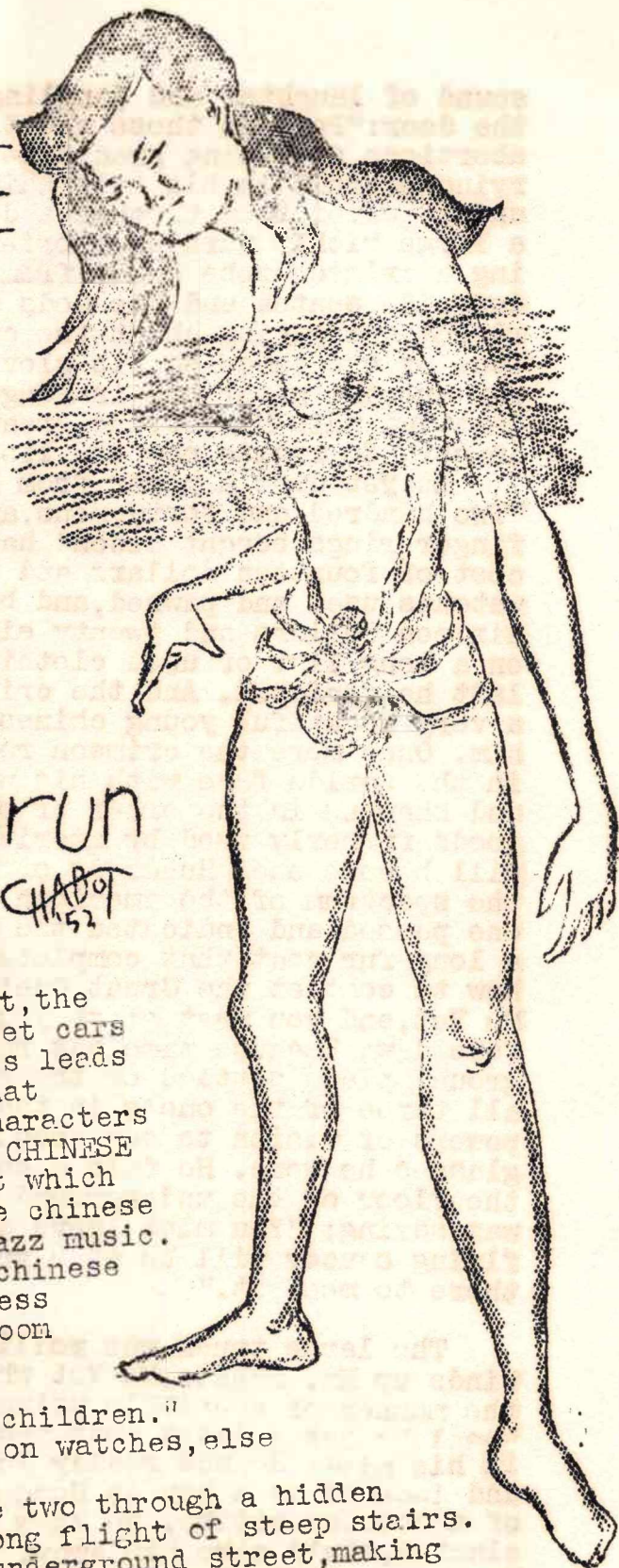
fannishly,

July 1952 #4

for the benefit of those who tuned in late, FANTASIA is a fanzine which is published quarterly and sold at the exorbitant price of 10¢ by David English, whose new address is 516 Deer St., Dunkirk, n.y. trades are welcome; contributions too; subscribers also. the End

UNDER THE CHINESE MOON

BY Gilbert Cochran



CHADOT
52

One turns off DuPont Graf avenue in San Francisco's China Town toward the water front, the street is so steep that the street cars are cable cars. A perron of steps leads down to the basement entrance that has over its door the chinese characters that depict the words: UNDER THE CHINESE MOON. A large room has tables at which one may sit and watch the risque chinese floor show, and listen to fast jazz music. However Ah Chin and Mu Yet two chinese gentlemen dressed in neat business suits, passed through the main room and entered a room at the rear. A large and evil chinese thug greeted: "Oo Yet envelopes her children." "Yes," returned Ah Chin, "The Moon watches, else one must watch one's self."

The chinese thug passed the two through a hidden door and they climbed down a long flight of steep stairs. And entered a hidden and deep underground street, making their way along the narrow and low ceilinged street. They passed doors revealed by the light of oil lanterns bracketted on the stone walls. Ah Chin sniffed the odors of opium and oriental perfume, and spoke: "What demon is being throned in the minds behind these doors?" Mu Yet's voice rode on the

sound of laughter and jangling bracelets, that came from behind the door: "Perhaps those ghost like incubi who come from abortions are being bred here." A brutal faced chinaman carrying pistols in his belt hailed: "The master awaits you two," and he waved them through a door. As Ah Chin and Mu Yet entered a large richly furnished oriental room, a rotund chinese wearing a crimson robe spoke from his seat behind a flat topped desk: "Be seated and the Gods will speak through my voice." Then rising and pacing about the crimson robed one began in the tone of one throwing his glove in the worlds face: "Time has run out, the great one in Mongolia must be sent his goods. Understand this, Mu Yet; the great one has said he will not wait longer. So recite now the list that you have."

Mu Yet drew a paper from his pocket and read as he spoke: "Two hundred and forty mens, and one hundred and sixty womens, finger rings, bought second hand in pawn shops, at an average cost of fourteen dollars and ten cents each. Five hundred wrist watches used and pawned, and bought by me at an average cost of sixteen dollars and twenty eight cents." Mu Yet recited on and on a long list of used clothing, mens, womens and childrens, at last he finished. And the crimson robed one struck a gong, and a very beautiful young chinese woman came and stood beside him. Once more the crimson robed one seemed to throw his glove in the worlds face with his words: "The great one in Mongolaa and shamans in the order of shamanism will wear and use these goods formerly used by americans so that Mongolaa and America will become one. Hundreds of Mongolaaans will live and move in the spectrum of the american public mind." The crimson-robed one paused and indicated the chinese woman beside him, who wore a long fur coat that completely covered her. "Lu Shan knows how to contact the Great One's agents, allow her to direct you Mu Yet, and you must start your truck load of goods moving before dawn because time has run out." The silence of an underground place settled on the room, and Mu Yet became aware that all three of the one's in the room with him seemed to use their powers of vision to see around the edge of the dark-colored glasses he wore. He felt a cold fear filter into his feet from the floor of the underground place. Then the crimson-robed one was saying: "You must leave at once, a plane that is like a flying saucer will be at a ranch in a few hours, you must be there to meet it."

The large truck was rolling swiftly along the road that winds up Mt. Shasta, Mu Yet who was driving used the wheel in the manner of a cripple using a crutch: Hanging on the steering wheel, he had a dazed awareness of the thoughts banging about in his mind. He was really John Green a white man, who had lived and learned as a boy in Hong Kong, how to act perfectly the part of a chinese native. He knew that only his eyes which were not slanted, could give him away. He had entered the life of San Francisco's Chinatown, disguised as a chinaman in order to get material for a story novel. And had worked his way so far into the confidence of the crimson robed master of the underground

street, that he had been commissioned to buy a list of used clothing and jewelry, to be used by the one known only as the Great One of Mongolia: To work magic and spells on the public mind of America. Green's thoughts stopped as he felt something probing into his eyes behind the dark colored glasses he wore: He turned his eyes from the swift moving ribbon of roadway, that was moving under the wheels of the truck. Lu Shan who had been sleeping on the seat beside him, was awake and staring at him. "Soon the mongol agents will be taking our used spangles, and garments to Shambali," she stated. The truck stopped at a ranch house and a white man came out, his name was Henry Squires, and Green learned that Squires was an agent of the Mongols, and that he and Lu Shan knew each other. As the three entered the ranch house Green thought: This game was becoming dangerous, if they learned he was a white man they would kill him: He was not like Squires, he had posed as a Chinese, yes he would go to the police, he would not betray America. Moving in a daze of thoughts Green allowed himself to be introduced to Squires Chinese wife. Then he seated himself in a chair in the living room, he noticed that two small children were staring at him.

Oblivious to his surroundings he was aware that Lu Shan had placed a glass of wine in his hand, and he began to drink it. "Yes," his thoughts told him, "One will perhaps not leave here alive, they know one is a white man. Then he became aware that Lu Shan had removed her dress, and that the others were exclaiming about what a wonderful dancer she was. He discerned that Lu Shan was naked except for a silvery spider web and spider that covered her middle. She began to light cigarettes one after another she placed several burning cigarettes in her arm pits. Adroitly she placed burning cigarettes in her navel, in her ears in her nostrils, until she was a writhing and contorting, female demon enveloped by the vapors of Hades.

And then Green made himself try to get up from his chair, and when he could not move he knew his wine had been drugged. He could hear the others exclaiming about Lu Shan and her dance, which was now a cloud of cigarette smoke made to sway and billow about the madly gyrating Lu Shan. The cigarette smoke became a vision screen, he could see the crimson robed master of the hidden underground street, sitting in an underground room watching a dancing girl. He could feel the eyes of Lu Shan and Squires probing behind his glasses, they knew he was white, they knew he would betray them: His wine had been drugged, he could not move to escape, smoke was billowing about him, he felt as though something was burning him—, and then he knew no more.

The Police Department of San Francisco lists John Green as missing.

Cthulhu
and a bunch
of ghouls



The DREAM-GATE and OTHER MATTERS

by George Wetzel

I. The Dream-Gate: In Lovecraft's "Dream-Quest of the Unknown Kadath", he spoke of various gateways in dreamland that gave access to the waking world, describing the dreamland wood of the Zoogs, which touched the world of men in two such places, as shining with a phosphorescence from a fungus. In "The Nameless City" and "The Temple" are mentioned respectively an underground phosphorescent abyss and a drowned temple with a mysterious inner phosphorescence, which two locales are perhaps the two, among various, such gateways alluded to in the dream novel. Also, there is a comingling of the world of dream and the afterworld of the dead in the Lovecraft dreamland as evidenced, in the dream novel, by the presence there of King Kuranes whose body was dead in the waking world.

II. Ghouls and Gargoyles: In 1918 Lovecraft wrote "Nemesis" which was one of the most important poems he penned, adumbrating the concept of the dream-gate and its nearby lurkers. But besides that, "Nemesis" foreshadows bits of the Poesque underground landscape of "The Outsider"; particularly these lines: from

"I have peered...

At the many-roofed village laid under

The curse of the grave-girdled ground..."

The degenerating painter in "Pickman's Model" had a chilling genius in the painting of faces, which, Lovecraft wrote, could be compared in their hellishness only to the gargoyles of Notre Dame. This comparison was re-iterated in the dream-novel when Carteb, climbing a ladder, "saw a curious face peering over it as a gargoyle peers over a parapet of Notre Dame."

The gargoyle theme is also found in Lovecraft's "Common Place Book" in two entries which both, I contend, were inspired by passages in George MacDonald's "Phantastes". Take this item

From the "Common Place Book":

"Unspeakable dance of the gargoyles—in morning several gargoyles on old cathedral found transposed."[?], and compare it with the passage from "Phantastes", Chapter XIV:

"I became conscious at the the same moment that the sound of dancing had been for some time in my ears. I approached the curtain quickly and, lifting it, entered the black hall. Everything was still as death, ...but there was a something about the statues that caused me still to remain in doubt. As I said, each stood perfectly still upon its black pedestal: but there was about everyone a certain air, not of motion but as if it had just ceased from movement. ...I found all appearances similar, only that the statues were different and differently grouped."

The second item from the "Common Place Book" is this:

"Ancient cathedral—hideous gargoyle: man seeks to rob—found dead—gargoyle's paw bloody.", and the passage to compare it with is from "Phantastes", Chapter XV:

"...But I saw in the hands of one of the statues close by me, a harp...I...laid my hand on the harp. The marble hand...had strength enough to relax its hold and yield the harp to me."

And finally, knowing Lovecraft's penchant for quaint humor, I suspect that the reason gargoyles were considered by him descriptive of ghouls was because "gargoyles" suggested the homophonic "gar-ghoul" (though I attribute nothing to "gar").

III. Ideas from Hawthorne: Lovecraft recorded in his "Common Place Book" seven ideas obtained from Hawthorne's "American Note Books" and some of his prose. However, five such borrowed germ ideas have relevance to the ghoulish theme variations of HPL just considered. To begin with, there is this idea copied direct from Hawthorne's "American Note Books":

"...a defunct nightmare, which had perished in the midst of its wickedness, and left its flabby corpse on the breast of the tormented one, to be gotten rid of as it might."

Lovecraft jotted down, besides this quote from Hawthorne, a variation of it. When what descriptions and habitations of Lovecraft's ghouls is considered—that is the fact they lingered near dream-gates and were perhaps the embodied nightmares of such a realm—it is quite possible the above two Hawthorne ideas were thought thusly by Lovecraft.

Though that is not conclusive but slightly speculative, this note in the "Common-Place Book":

"Man lives near grave-yard—how does he live? Eats no food.",

is not equivocal. Lovecraft obtained it directly from Hawthorne's "Doctor Grimshaw's Secret" Its ghoulish hints are too obvious

for comment.

There is one more idea, borrowed from Hawthorne, and its variation in the "Common Place Book". The original in Hawthorne's own words is in his "American Note Books," however, for December 6, 1837:

"Stories to be told of a certain person/appearance in public, of his having been seen in various situations, and of his making visits in private circles; but finally, on looking for this person, to come upon his old grave and mossy tombstone."

That is the Hawthorne quote. For comparison here is the Lovecraft version from his "Common Place Book":

"Visitor from tomb—stranger at some public concourse followed to graveyard where he descends into the earth."

But the variation on this that Lovecraft jotted elsewhere in his "Common Place Book" concerning in essence: "a man observed in public with features and jewelry belonging to a dead man" was used in Lovecraft's story "The Festival".

IV. Boston Underground: "Pickman's Model", according to Mrs. Muriel Eddy, an old friend of Lovecraft's, was inspired by a trip he once took to Boston. That story itself is doubly interesting in that it is the only story that he lavished so much background research and local color upon. The tunnels used by the ghouls in this story have, or had, their real counterparts in that city.

In 1840' excavators in Boston's old North End, when digging foundations for houses on the east side of Henchman Street, found part of a sub-surface arch, which, up at least to 1900, could still be seen in part in the cellar of one house there. Subsequent researchers traced this tunnel to the Sir William Phipps house abutting the Copps Hill Burying Ground in the same neighborhood. Some antiquarians said this tunnel was built by a Captain Grouchy, a later owner of the Phipps house, during the French Wars, for smuggling purposes.

Another such tunnel was found extending from the William Hutchinson house on North Street opposite the old Hancock Wharf near Fleet Street.

The narrator in "Pickman's Model" has a fear of the Boston Subway which minor incident Lovecraft undoubtedly developed from knowledge about the tunnels in Boston's South End—an overall area, incidentally, of about one mile if the tunnel area of the North End is taken at the the same time. One such South End tunnel ran between Province Court and Harvard Place, issuing on Washington Street. A passage branched off this one and extended under the Providence House and the front highway eastward toward the sea, its outlet apparently somewhere near Church Green between Sumner and Bedford Streets. These two tunnels were closed off in later years by construction of the Washington Street Subway.

In the "Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath" Lovecraft resorted

again to actual lore of Boston when he has ~~Carter~~ ~~not~~ the
ghoul possessing two grave-stones, one from the Granary Burying
Ground atop Copps Hill in Boston, the other from a Salem grave-
yard. The pilfering of gravestones for use as door steps, chin-
ney tops and window ledges by Bostonians 150 and more years ago
is an actual fact. Lovecraft, in this passage in the dream novel,
speaks of the ghoulish Pickman sitting on such a gravestone, "stol-
en" (and Lovecraft used this word) from the Granary Burying
Ground in Boston. Apparently he shunned the known historical,
"human" culprits, and blamed such prankish pilfering on the
ghouls. Which goes to prove that Lovecraft had a dry, if not
quaint, sense of humor.

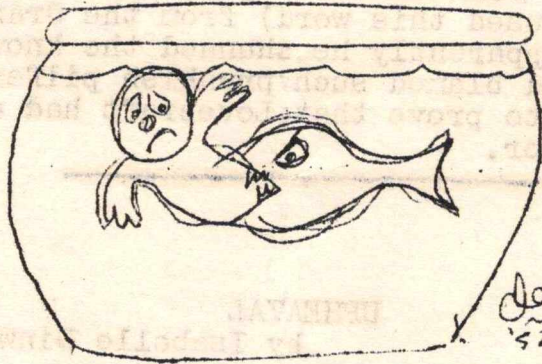
UPHEAVAL

by Isabelle Dinwiddie

Earth arose and shook herself
Then settled back again,
But where once a mountain stood
Now was an endless plain.
Some rivers sank underground,
A few new ones were born,
Chasms lay where once the fields
Rippled with yellow corn.
Secrets hid for many years
Were now revealed this day.
Graveyards opened up their tombs,
The dead I could survey.
Sitting on a marble slab
The devil laughed in glee,
Hidden things were now a book,
Written for all to see.
Garlic-wreathed, the vampire's stake
Was seen beneath a pall;
A shining silver bullet
Broke a werewolf's thrall.
Some coffins made just for one
Were now containing two,
Large bones and little bones
Had rolled out into view.
A skull resting on the ground
Turned over, to my dread;
A coral snake had crawled within
The empty, eyeless head!

Goldfish Bowl

by
Fred
Chapell



Portrait of
the Goldfish
as he devours
Ken BeAle

de
52

Sometimes I find myself thinking how generally nice people are. This type of thinking is quite alien to me, being a Bradbury-Wylie leaver mostly. I don't know why I try so hard to be a pessimist. Just by my nature, I'm not. Something like the case of Beethoven in reverse, I guess. He was one grand example of a pessimist trying to convince himself—and the world—that he was an optimist. I try to convince the world—and myself—that I'm a pessimist.

Now I must admit it—I'm not. By spouting dark and cynical remarks in my conversations with the mundane microcosm (the non-fan world), I've managed to acquire a goodly little amount of ego-boo. And a reputation for being a queer. (In ideas and conversation only—nuts to you, Laney!) Add to this the fact that I'm persistently a fuggheaded radical, always coming up with new and revolutionary ideas that would set the project being undertaken back about ten years, and you get in general my contacts with that huge, unbelievable multitude of non-fen.

; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ;

The editorial "we" has always intrigued me. All kinds of editors—from the most dignified pros to the lowliest fanzine—are always able to squash the irate-reader-letter-writer with the single word "we". Perhaps, as someone once suggested, it makes the irate one think there are too many of them to beat up. Or maybe it conjures up the mental image of thousands of others—not editors but personal friends of the editor and other readers of that mag. They all seem to fall under the influence of the powerful, yet subtle, "we". All are staunch friends of the editor; all uphold his views, do as he wishes at his every beck and call. All will protect him to the death, either theirs or his. And in the latter case, they can be counted on to take the most drastic revenge!

A complainer just doesn't have a chance against "we"!

:: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

After reading various articles, letters, and pieces of satirical fiction by Richard Elsberry in various fanmags, we nominate him for the title of "No. 1 Spoiled Child of Fandom."

:: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

Well, it has to come out sometime, I guess. I am now—and have been—carrying on a feud with Ken BeAle of the Bronx. Very few people know this; BeAle is not one of them.

Now BeAle wasn't quite the worst fanned to exist, nor is he quite the worst columnist ever to exist—and he might be (though I doubt it) a nice guy to those who know him personally. And just as personally, I have no desire to know him personally.

Once upon a time, we traded letters for a short time, conversing upon Art. He has very good taste, except for his preoccupation with be-bop. But it's his his insufferable egotism that gets me. It's higher than the Manhattan skyline and broader than Moscovitz. It is a thing of evil incarnate. It possesses BeAle! He is its slave, and it rides his left shoulder—his right being occupied with the responsibility of keeping fandom together. For BeAle is fandom—just ask him. If anything ever happened to BeAle, fandom would go to pot. Possibly there'd be a world crisis. Sometimes, BeAle says, he gets a little tired of keeping us ordinary little fan together—

What I'd hate to be responsible for is keeping BeAle's marblesttogether.

I think he's crazy!

PURPOSE

by Tom Covington

Space is a moat, a lifeless goat,
Sprawled in whatever it sprawls.
And few have trod on its bodily
sod,
Or set foot in its unknown stall.

We earthmen alone eat at its bone
Or play life in its dead tissue.
And wherever we wander, there's rot and squander
As we dig, and gorge and chew

So are the rites in the inevitable nights
Of all that have lived for a day,
For that which is born wears and is worn—
And we provide the decay.

L.L. Shepherd

WHY I LIKE SCIENCE FICTION

When I was nine or ten years old, a neighbor boy and myself killed a scurvy, half-starved kitten in a cruel manner. We beat it to death with a Coke bottle.

Leaving it lying forlornly in the tall grass where it had met out lust for death, we slipped guiltily away. Returning the next day to salve our consciences by giving it a decent burial, we found it had mysteriously disappeared.

For months thereafter, we became very interested in Sunday School, and the prospect of salvation for our sins. During intimate moments, we spoke haltingly to each other of the prospect of some dire consequence befalling us for our murder. Gradually the surface recognition of fear of retribution disappeared, but it manifested itself in other ways.

Cold hands would touch me in the lonely darkness of the night. A voice would whisper of the eternal damnation that I was sure to suffer for my wickedness. Each little lie I told, the secret doubts of my parents and God, my wishes for the power to destroy someone that had hurt; all of these combined to haunt me. I knew I was lost-headed for an eternity of damnation.

One day, in the course of my avid reading of everything I could lay my hands upon, I came upon "The Mole." Edgar Rice Burroughs opened the door. From there it was a race to read them all. Here, with Wells and early editions of Wonder Stories, Amazing Stories and Werewolf Tales, I found Allies. They dared to break the taboos of conventional thinking, and, most important, to my mind, they were not struck dead in their tracks. Thanks to these early writers, I had been initiated into the wonders of using my imagination without fear. I was delighted with my new-found power. However, like an underprivileged kid with his first toy that he breaks in his enthusiasm, I went to extremes.

I displayed and flaunted my new thinking. Mother burned my books and magazines, forbidding me to acquire more of them. Also, she began nightly sessions of reading the scariest chapters of the Bible. She was going to "save" her boy.

Needless to say, she only made them forbidden fruit. And, worst of all, she laid the foundation for resentment of religion. Of course, to her credit, I had never told her of the "voices", the imagined suffering that was too vivid for a young mind, in the "lake of fire." How many boys take their mother into their confidence?

Years rolled by. Religion was for fools. Reading only cluttered up one's mind. Science fiction was forgotten in the hectic race to live as completely as possible. Life was too short — here today and gone tomorrow.

But, deep down, my fears stayed.

Savagely, they were repressed. They were blamed on "too much thinking." Hunting, fishing, playing cards, drinking, chasing women; all were brought into play to halt this evil ability to "Imagine!"

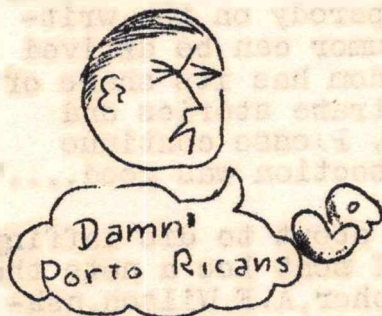
War! No freedom. Enforced idleness. — Science fiction magazines. At first to kill time. Then a sudden remembrance. They began to live again. And with them, so did I.

Blinding light confused me. All my values had to be reorganized. The things that are made shiny and attractive to appease the lazy minds of society became as dust. All it needed was wiping aside, but it was hard. It had seemed so real and was so easy to live with. But Science Fiction won this time. There was no going back.

From the ragged edges of the pulps, to the absorption of psychology and the behavior of people, I travelled a steady course. Right back to the Bible I had turned from in fear, so many years before. It began with the secret, that in my opinion is not fully recognized today, of not being afraid to think, think, and think!

All man's progress has stemmed from what in their time was called wild thinking by brave men. Men not afraid to admit they didn't know everything. And, using this for a base, go in search of new and different truths.

Except for Science Fiction jarring me out of my nice little rut, I would never have had the courage to taste, at least the dust of their passage, the fruits of the broad, exciting road they found.



CUCHARACHA

La cucharacha, la cucharacha,
Ya no puede caminar,
Porque no tiene, porque le falta
Marijuana que fumar.

—Charlie Korrol

Letters

KEN BEALE: "Max's cover is quite good, I think—one of his best. Your own interior artwork must've caught me in a pleasant mood. Anyhow, I seem to find it cute, which was not the case with the stuff you sent me, or that in MAD. Of course it ain't all on that high plain. Nevertheless, I do feel that you have a talent for cartooning, so I apologize for the low opinion I've had of your past artwork....# Anyway I found the picture story on page 12 indefinably cute, somehow, and the gamut-of-emotions jobs on pages 15 and 19 ditto. Your other inside stuff shows that same free and easy attitude towards artwork that characterized SPACEWAVE, which doesn't make it good, y'understand. I care not for the ill-assigned "John De Trene" (a pseudonym if I ever heard one) nor for Mrs. Dominick's full-page job, which was, all in all, pretty sickening. The other illos are so-so except for Krueger's and Retsler's, which are better. Nothing to shout about, nothing to pan.#.."

ALFRED MACHADO, JR.: "No. 3 is a definite improvement over your last issue. The two book reviews were excellent. I hope you will continue this type of feature. Half the enjoyment of reading a book-review is in learning the likes and dislikes of the reviewer. Everyone likes to compare opinions.# Firestone's "Fortissimo" was also good. Strange news items are always interesting to fans, for they make us wonder about the unknowns that still surround us in this advanced age.# Miss Stephens' "Lucifer's Bride" was a bit of enjoyable space drama. The poem could be prophecy, for the idea of a jinx ship may crop up once more when interplanetary travel is commonplace and rockets are numbered in the hundreds. Even today, some vessels are considered to be jinxes.# Seibel wrote an amusing parody on the writing of a space-opera. A great amount of humor can be derived from this sort of good-natured satire. Fandom has its share of sacred cows.# The use of cartoons to illustrate stories and articles greatly enhances reader enjoyment. Please continue this practice. The heading for the letter section was good...."

CHARLES WELLS: "I just called up Lee.# I'm about to die laughing.# It wouldn't be that funny but for this: I sent Lee a note the other day, signing the name of my music teacher, A.E. Wilson, asking for a sample copy of O. Just now I called her, ostensibly

- Sample
 - Trade
 - Contributor
 - Review
 - Subscriber
- You have () issues coming to you.

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