

GLOM

(Formerly Fantasti-  
conglomeration)

#3

Feb 46

FAPA

Publisher:  
Forrest J Ackerman

Editorial:

In the 3 yrs 4 mos 29 days I sweated out in the Army I wrote to order a ghastly quantity of crap, corruption & crud for the campaper. I offer as my masterpiece of moral turpitude, WHITE XMAS, an editorial which enjoyed a sickening success. I hacket it out in little more than the time it took to type. It was as hypocritical as woud be a letter from Laney "remembering" Lemuria, as shallow as a 2-dimensional swimming pool, as hollow as a Hitler promise. I hated it as I wrote it; I knew it woud be praised; & I despised the mentality that woud gush over it.

One week later I wrote an editorial I believed in. I had to; I coundt write guff for that day: It was New Year 1946, one year since Alden Ackerman was killed in action... So I about faced & put my heart in my message. I half expected the editorial woud not be accepted. My superior (?) officer bounced it back on my desk with the pencil notation "Let's keep atoms out of the editorial." I fought for that editorial. "Dammit, Major," I argued (!) "for over 3 years I've written phoney-baloney, stuff I never believed in. This is the only editorial I've ever meant." I finally got him to reluctantly repent.

Anent the policy of FantasticonGLOMeration:  
My Fapazine will continue to be a sporadic catchall of fantasiana...



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# On The Alert

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## White Christmas



THAT WHITE CHRISTMAS is here . . . that Christmas that Crosby has been crooning about for the past 3 years . . . that a million American families, separated from their loved ones, have shed tears over . . . that lonely citizen-soldiers on faraway shoulders of sea-surrounded rock, on thirsty deserts, on snowy alps, in muddy foxholes, have dreamt about.

PEACE—No more the red and sanguinary Christmas but White Christmas, with wonderful snowy white discharges for dozens of men hourly, better than a thousand daily! Yes, Santa Claus' southern California headquarters are located at Ft. MacArthur, where the Separation Center has been operating overtime to answer those fervid prayers for the right to wear plaid suits and sport loud ties. The men who left their ties behind them are back to pick them up again!

DUCK—that's what the local Gallup poll reveals the vets want most for Xmas, nice tender juicy delicious delightful delirious ruptured duck. "That's for me!" they glee. And we at the Fort echo: "Yes, buddy, that's for you . . . just as many of you as can possibly be processed."

JOY TO THE WORLD . . . Joyeux Noel . . . Felices Navidad . . . Kristnasko Felicha . . . Etc.! And may St. Nick stuff your GI sock with a White Discharge for Xmas!

# On The Alert

## -Facing 1946-

(Warning: Not for the weak-hearted—or weak-minded)

HAPPY NEW YEAR, yes—but for how long? How many New Years has mankind left ahead? As the last peals of the Christmas bells fade away, the alarm bells are ringing 'round the world for those with ears to hear. They are warning of the death-knell of civilization.

"Beware of 1946. . .

The Devil will be at his tricks.

Beware of 1946!"

No, Nostradamus didn't make this prediction; we quote the secretary of the Scienceers, warning of atomic catastrophe 15 years ago in 1930.

The genie is out of the bottle, the genie with the bright bomb flair for destruction. Tommy, they call him—short for "atomic"—and, as R. D. Swisher, Ph. D., has described him, "he's like a pyromaniac let loose in a TNT warehouse." Tommy is quite capable of giving the world atomic ache, to repeat Geo. Phair.

Atomic power, misapplied, can make a hell on earth. It can even remove the earth from the solar system. Quoting a recent editorial by the eminent Dr. J. W. Campbell, "The atomic bomb is here to stay—but are we?"

We face not only a New Year but a New Era. Errors of statesmanship have proved increasingly costly to the planet; a New Error may well eradicate the globe altogether. Word comes that a major film company is basing a big budget production on M. P. Shiel's "The Last Man in the World". The fantasy of today may well be the fact of tomorrow—unless we act, and act now.

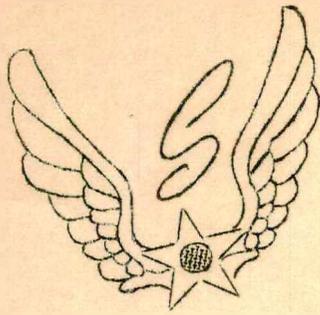
H. G. Wells put it plainly in his potent book, "Things to Come": "It is this, or that—all the Universe, or nothing. Which shall it be?"

It would be pleasant to predict a brand new world of rocketships that streak thru the stratosphere, racing the sun around the earth, with new Columbases charting the starways. Atomic power could be humanity's greatest boon.

Or greatest boom.

If you look at the world thru rose-colored glasses, it is wise to remember that roses have thorns.

It's grow up or blow up! What's your New Year's Resolution going to be?



# Sidereal Cruises

"Sidereal Cruises" is a recent French scientific fantasy film. Georges Gallet of Marseilles sent the press book from which Harry Warner Jr made the following translation of the Synopsis. Scenes from the picture show it to be produced on a lavish scale comparable to American musicomedys, with model Parises of 20 & 55 years hence, spaceships (including null-gravity sequences with passengers), and Venusian flora.

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A merry movie, a happy movie, "Sidereal Cruises" begins with a party. The acclaim is for a trip in the stratosphere that is to be made by Robert & Francoise, a young husband & wife who are also young scientists. But an accident turns up to spoil everything: Robert, injured, cannot leave, so Francoise starts out in the company of a laboratory worker, Lucien, a gay and faithful young fellow.

Francoise & Lucien, in their craft, make a voyage full of the picturesque & unexpected gags. However, Lucien, unsuited for the great experiences, commits some imprudent actions, the last of which results in upsetting everything on board. The stratospheric balloon suddenly sets out for starland, and disappears in what abysses?

Poor Francoise, poor Lucien! On earth, everyone believes they are dead. And they, in their craft, are not at ease. But after 2 weeks spent in the deserts of the sky, they find a way to get back down. And their ship rushes toward the ground. Ouf!

Francoise & Lucien, returned to earth, rub their eyes. Everything has changed. Francoise finds her husband, Robert. But he has grown so old that she can barely recognize him. Lucien, who had left a son in the cradle, finds a 25-year-old colossus. So what? What has happened? Who is crazy?

No one is mad. And Robert discovers the key to the mystery: The fliers have been projected so far and high that they have changed "time" during their trip. They claim they spent 2 weeks up there? It is true. But during that period the earth itself has grown 25 years older. And all its inhabitants with it. It is unbelievable, but it is true, just the same. And the new laws on the relativity of time, so much discussed in recent years by our wise men, confirm this in every way.

And now, everything is going to happen. An evil financier learns the tale. We are in 1965--and suspect a magnificent business. He organizes the Sidereal Cruises, the greatest concern of the century. The public is conquered, wild with enthusiasm, a tempest of joy carries the crowd along.

It is really something. The

Sidereal Cruises, organized with great fanfare, offers the public this program:

SET SAIL in our ships and spend 2 weeks in starland. When you come back down to the ground, the universe will be 25 years older. You will have passed a sponge over a piece of your life. Ladies, you will grow no older. The beauty shops will be forced to close up. Two weeks of absence, and you will have become, upon landing, the youngest of all. We offer you eternal youth. At what price? At the price of 2 weeks' pleasure. Gentlemen, which among you does not wish to escape from the world? Cares, problems, will all be wiped out. What better solution than to vanish discreetly while the world continues to revolve without you? Well, who wants to go up? Who wants to leave???

And, naturally, everyone wants to go. To go away, go away...it is the great escape toward a better world. Sidereal Cruises enjoys an immense success. A wave of optimism is unleashed. Here at last is the secret of happiness; the miracle provides for everything.

\* \* \*

Francoise, upon her return, had found her husband slightly too old for her, and a misunderstanding sprang up between them in the course of some pathetic scenes. But they understand now that everything can still be fixed up: Robert, in his turn, will set out for the land where no one grows older, in order to find upon returning a Francoise who is like him. And he leaves, to direct the first great Sidereal Cruise.

Drop everything, scoot for the stars!

Now the ship of 1965--perfect ship, luxurious, steamer of the stars--is launched thru the skies. A little mob of people swarm in it, excited by the adventure. There is the old coquette who doesn't want to grow old, the beautiful girl whom life has deceived, the young man who is going to wait up there for the heritage of an old uncle, the murderer who wants to earn time. And yet others...and 2 lovers who leave with no other reason than to stretch out, stretch out for ever, the time of their youth and solitude with one another.

Everyone gets excited, forms groups, quarrels, is prey to all the passions. They have a good time and argue, and everything gets mixed up and straightened out; it's a merry miniature of the human comedy.

But, suddenly, an accident. The passengers notice abruptly that instead of returning to the earth, they are running aground on Venus, as the result of a steering error. There, they stride happily along, in the "earthlight".

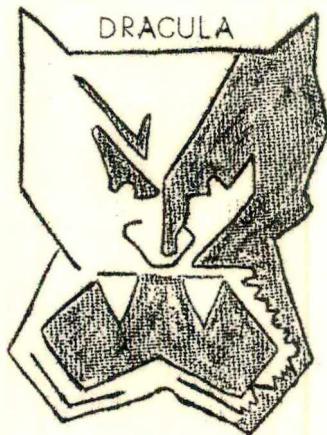
The Venusians, charming people, welcome with open arms these folks from earth. And will, perhaps, all these travelers who wanted to flee from our poor world let themselves be tempted to stay where they are?

No. Despite their desire to flee, despite their will to let everything go, they feel suddenly in their depths that something is wrong. Something is lacking, an old memory weighs on their hearts. A dull longing. They notice that, despite all, they want the earth, that good old earth that every-

one slanders but which cannot be forsaken.

So they come back down and the terrestrial world of 2000 acclaims them amidst fanfares, in the enthusiasm of a great party which crowns a startling adventure, stirring and happy from one end to the other. At last, here is the earth.

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Tigrina

THE MUCH-PRODUCED vampire play, "Dracula", was recently staged by the drama department of the Los Angeles City College. Considering the limitations of the stage, which could accommodate only one scene, the play was very well presented; the entire action taking place in one stage setting; the library of Dr. Seward's Sanitorium in England.

The actors, although amateurs, were on the whole very convincing in their parts. "Elderly" character Van Helsing, in particular, was very well portrayed, and the artificial grey hair and glasses appeared quite natural. The sanatorium attendant, "Butterworth", provided the the comedy, with his amusing cockney accent and mannerisms. "Count Dracula" appeared a bit incongruous, however, as the young man who portrayed him was rather inclined to obesity--in fact, he was quite corpulent. Despite his physical appearance, he managed to be unpleasantly convincing.

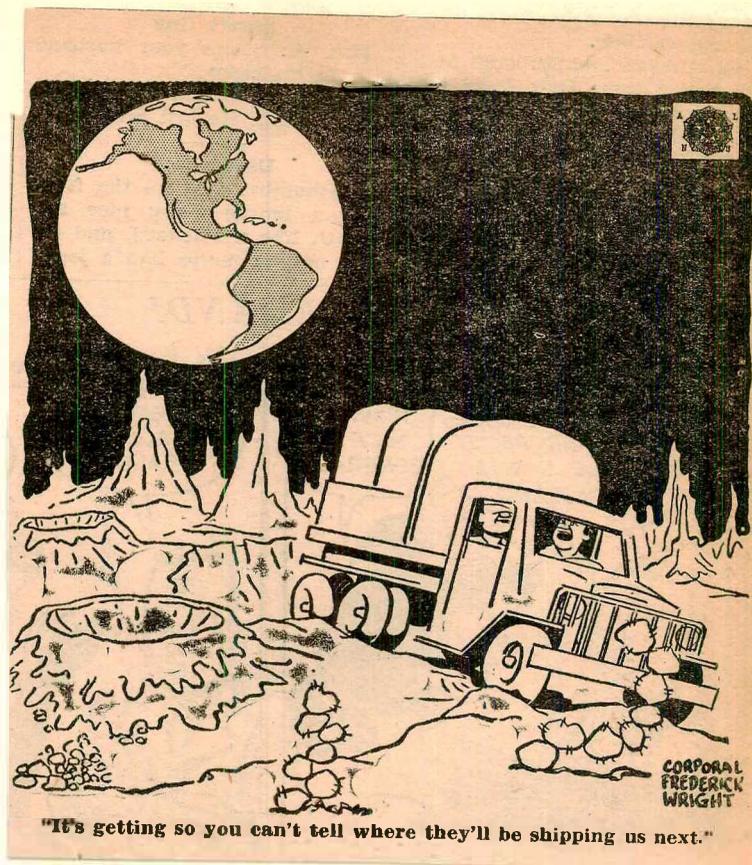
A creepy atmos-fear pervaded throughout the performance and when, in one sequence, a gun was unexpectedly fired, the effect upon the audience was literally heart-stopping.

Theatre programs distributed had an artistic wood cut cover (partially reproduced above), done in crimson, with "Dracula" printed in flame-etched lettering.

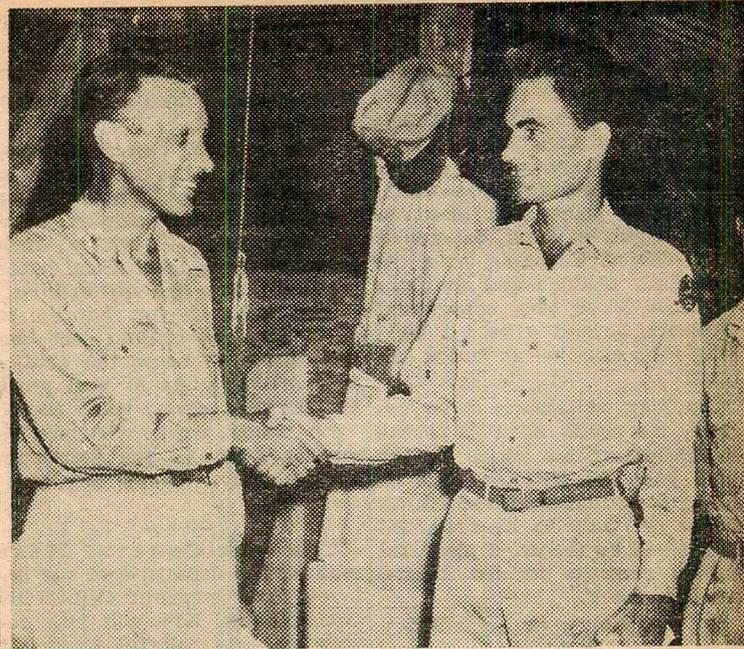
The stage setting was fairly elaborate, complete with a bat which made a rather squeaky entrance via a seminvisible wire contrivance.

Costumes were the conventional garb, except for Count Dracula, who appeared in the traditional long black cape.

Dracula's curtain speech, declaring "there ARE such things", gave wings to the palpitating patrons. #



## WILSON WINS WRITING AWARDS



HEADQUARTERS, 13TH AIR FORCE, PHILIPPINES  
—Three prizes were won by S-Sgt. Richard Wilson in an island-wide Literary contest held at Palawan recently under the sponsorship of Brig-Gen. Earl W. Barnes, commander of the 13th Air Force Fighter Command.

Thus reads a dispatch on Dick "Gafia" Wilson, Macman who since shipping out has gained further recognition for himself as a writer. The sarge is seen above receiving congratulations on his awards from Ch. C. W. Harrod.

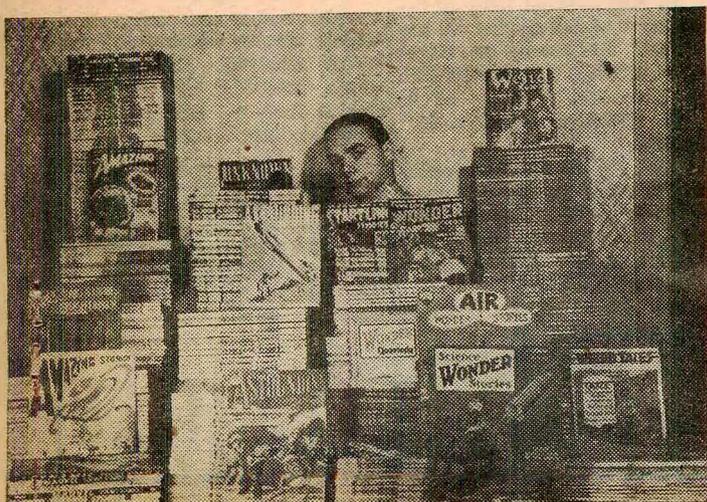
Article goes on to say: "A public relations specialist with the Sunsetters Fighter Squadron, S-Sgt. Wilson took 1st & 3rd prizes in the fiction division with his short stories, 'Soft Hands' and 'Two Very Nice People'. He placed 3rd in the humor division with a satire on Jungle Air Force movie programs called 'The First Nighter Abroad'."

In a letter of commendation addressed to the New Yorker,

Gen. Barnes said: "It is indeed a source of satisfaction to note that our armed forces can turn their attention to creative endeavors in the field of literature, which contributes so largely to the advance of our civilization and culture."

S-Sgt. Wilson, who has now "come up in the world", was well known for his civilian fictional activities, which were "out of this world". Besides contributing material to such magazines as *Super Science Stories*, *Future Fiction* and *Imagination!*, Dick published a little hand-printed amateur journalism sheet, prophetically known as *The Atom*.

## NOTHING TO READ



Sgt. Weaver Wright passes us this picture, a followup of last week's "WHAT'S YOUR HOBBY?". Shown is Clifford Kornelje, Chicago collector of "scientifiction", whose files of futuristic magazines rival those of Sgt. Jack Erman, hash-marker here.