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 \*\*\* No, kidding, it's really MAINE-IAC th' 21st, April 1960, for the SAPS- \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* mailing of that same date, the 51st in fact. MAINE-IAC comes of age, it \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* says here, but it doesn't seem to have done the editor much good, the \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* same happening to be Ed Cox who, still, resides in desperation, at 984 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* So. Normandie Avenue, Apartment 206, in Los Angeles 6, California. No \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* telling who else is going to get a copy of this thing but no doubt there \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* are some non-SAPS members who, at this time of year, are shuddering at the \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* possibility that I'll remember that I told them I'd send a copy or two. \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* Shudder, they might, since I have remembered, and this means you, Boyd \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* Raeburn! So onward, everybody, as we tromple merrily into the MC-less \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* interior of Maine-iac, the Sincere Fanzine which is milder--much milder. \*\*\*  
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Same old jazz here...

e d i t o r i a l i z i n g s . . .

Really, folks, this wasn't meant to be such a short issue. The reason I know it's going to be short is because it is already after ten pm, April 1st, 1960, and it is going to be run off tomorrow along with some other stuff. After this semester lets out in June, I expect I'll have more time to read, at least in part, these here monster size mailings that have been thudding with a dull regularity into the room here at 206. So that there means that what I do publish has to be what I have time for what with work, night school, laziness and so on. But, mainly, due to the fact that I do most of the cranking, assembling, etc., myself, which accounts for the smallness of these last two or three issues. Oh, well, maybe someday there'll be illustrations which will take more room

And that was an enigmatic statement, if there ever was one in these pages. I don't even know what it means but then, these pages always have been a mass of black and white (or green and brown or whatever kind of ink and paper there is available).

Well, enough of this crap.

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b e w a r e . . .

I didn't even recognize the man. But somehow I was attracted to the scene he presented as he slumped over the bar, clutching desperately at his beer-mug. Maybe desperately because it was empty. His hand shook and he was swept with waves of shuddering and uncontrollable spasms.

I took pity on him. "Say," I said, "let me buy you a refill."

At the sound of my voice, his fear-haunted eyes, feverish coals sunk deeply into hollow, dark pockets, whirled to focus dimly on me, suspiciously. I smiled and signalled the bar-tender and only then did he show a semblance of trust in my friendly offer.

"Th-thank, you ah--" He coughed and tried again. "Thanks, stranger." He accepted the foaming glass and in half a second had half-drained it.

He seemed to relax slightly and brushed at his unkempt hair, his days growth of beard, loose flabs of skin wrinkling beneath his hand. "Thanks, my friend,"

he repeated, trying to figure out what "beneath" meant. "I needed that and I would tell you why..." At this, he glanced quickly up and down the bar, his eyes lingering on the door at the far end.

"You would tell me why" I persuade. "Why not tell me, I'm a good listener."

His eyes swiveled back to me and riveted onto me. "Okay," he said hoarsely, "okay, I-I'll tell you!" He drained the remainder of his mug in one long pull and dumped ~~xxxxx~~ his mug onto the bar. I signalled the bar-tender.

"I found out something," he said. He looked around once more. "I found out something I wasn't meant to know." His voice rose and I thought he was near hysteria.

"Steady," I said. "Easy, have another beer."

"Okay, okay," he slumped nervously at his and turned again toward me. "I'm carrying in my brain, it hangs heavily on me my friend, a secret of impending disaster that portends great grief, misery, horror and desolation for some. How come this terrible knowledge had to fall unto my ken, I know not, but it drives me near sane with the significance of it." He looked at me, great pits of horror in his sunken eyes. "And it doesn't even affect me personally!"

"Then, what could it be," I asked. "Why does it thus affect you in this manner if, indeed, it doesn't directly affect you at all?" I took a swig of my beer ~~z~~after a statement like that.

"Because I feel so sorry for all those poor people."

"Oh?" I asked. "What poor people?"

"Well, not all of them," he continued, making wet rings on the bar with the bottom of his mug. "There are some few who are at the bottom of this black thing that is about to be perpetuated on the rest of them." He looked over his hunched shoulder as if at some great crouching beast down the bar.

"Oh, then this is a certain group, some of whom are about to subvert the others to something horrible like an radio?" I asked.

"No," he said, "Just two really. There's a third party who was/is a sweet, innocent, lovable, young woman\*(and a good cook) but has married into a dark web of abyssmal horror."

"Great Yuggoth, man, what are you talking about!?" I demanded, frustratedly.

"Great Y-Yuggoth....??" he faltered. "What is your name again?"

"Why, I didn't mention it, I'm sorry," I said, "It's Ed Cox. What(s---"

"You're one of them!" He slid off the stool in abject horror. "You--you and Lee Jacobs...you two monstrous fiends---that's what I heard about!" He was backing away from me, his eyes two pools of abyssmal terror. I stood up.

"Stay away," he said, shakingly. "It's you and Lee Jacobs--you're going to do it again--you're bringing back TELEKINETIC TERRACE TIMES and SAPS has had it!" He screamed and ran out of the bar as I concluded that he was, after all, correct.

\*This ought to net me a piece of chocolate cake next time I'm up there bighod!





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Next we slither into the Vampire Story of the issue. Marion Brandon writes this one. Writing style typical 1931 type. Stilted, stylized, slow moving. Two college types, one American, the other Roumanian, are going back to the latter's country. Car out of gas, night falling, find an old beat-up castle in which to stay for the night. Our boy says shouldn't they be scared? No says the other, nothing wrong here but if this were "The Dark Castle", I'd be running. For there there by Vampires. So what happens? The reader is devastated to learn that it is TDC since they've done been lost all day. A woman comes in, terrorized our boy and does the ginless Bloody Mary bit with the Roumanin, then flees. Our hero follows, marks grave, collapses. Next day leads townspeople to ancient grave with fresh young lovely within. They stake her.

Ho-hum, you think that was bad? Next comes easily the worst in the issue. "Dr. Muncing, Exorcist" by Gordon MacCreigh. Terrible writing. Our good Dr. is called into a case where a woman, foolishly misusing seances, has loosed an Elemental. Villian wants to s op up life-force and Wreak Destruction on humans.

So our Hero Doctor and young football player assistant go to the home of the Threatened and a Struggle ensues between Doc and Assitant vs. Elemental and bungling humans. Poor writing. Doctor always preach ng about Things foolish people Don't Know About. He also psycho-analyses Assistant in one paragraph to dispel fear of Elemental. Despite this, the Thing gets away, fools them, sops up life-force of the sick uncle in the house (weakest resistance, y'know; beastly unfair) and escapes. Tough deal and Dr. Muncing says that he feels he'll meet up with that mean ole Elemental again....in a sequel no doubt.

Retreating from Muncing, we creep toward "The Dog That Laughed". This is by a name that used to be big in those days, Charles Willard Diffin. Concerns a Maaaaad Scientist who Experimented on animals and People too when nobody was looking. Our Hero, madly in love with the MS's neice or something like that, is kicked out of the place and for two years is seperated from His Love. After that time, he finds the Maaaaad Doc again and a huge dog and an ape-like thing. All at once. . And Guess What? The ape-type was the body of Our Hero's friend and the Doc's ex-assistant...with the dog insdie. And vice versa for the dog. Everybody dies except our Hero and his Love who are united in loving harmony after all this Horror. Writing on a par with the previous punk piece.

Then we come to a story by a competant type writer of this type fiction. "The Return of the Sorcerer" by Clark Ashton Smith. This is not his exotique type writing but a creditable type on a par with Lovecraft, Bloch, Williamson and other practitioners of the Art in those days. In this here one, our hero, in name only, becomes secretary to a sorcerer type who, it turns out, had done the meat-ax bit on his brother in an effort to become the better sorcerer. Despite helpful translations from the Necromonicon by our hero, the troubles that trouble the sorcerer become worse. His brother, piece-meal, comes back anyway and gives tit for tat in most gory manner. Our hero flees, end of story. Well written and readable.

Following close on the bespattered heels of this is another item, also written with a fiar amount of competency. "Nasturtia" by another name familiar to readers back in the early thirties and thereabouts. Capt. S. P. Meek. His tells the story of an army Major who had a fearful phobia or hatred for Roses and kept a bed of nasturtiums, Dying from pnuemonia contracted by weathering out a storm protecting said nasturtiums, he leaves a vast amount of stuff for our narrator

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to sort through. Gripping at the detail, our boy discovers a vast pile of daaries, starts reading them and finds that our major was a reincarnate, man times removed, of an ancient man who sinned (he took a lascivious temple dancer thereby forsaking his vow and love for his lovely Princess). They are condemned to go on through Time forever...the roses were the dancer and you can figure the rest. Through h the ages he remains loyal to nasturtiums and destroys roses. Nothing was resolved, however. We Don't know whether he gets the ~~Princess~~ Princess back or what but one wonders what type of Princess she was that the guy flops a temple dancer instead?

But it was readable which is more than one can say for most of the stories, including "A Cry From Beyond". This one falls into the category of the Cummings and MacCreigh jobs. Only tis b Victor Rousseau, another frequent name in the pages of old Astounding Stories, et al. However, it briefly concerns the plight of an artist and his second wife and their child as said artist mistakenly thinks they can live in pleasant harmony with the spirit of his 1st wife...who discovers disagrees. So our hero, Dr. Merrick, goes to do justice to all this. After about the same routine we got in "Dr. Muncing--Exorcist", he captures this spirit, encased in the baby's teddy-bear, and dumps it into the grave of Wife No. 1, where it no doubt remains to this day.

Last, and damn near least, we have "The Awful Injustice", better titled just plain "Awful" by S. B. H. Hurst. A judge, suffering from an unexplainable life-long "guilt" comes to be helped by a psychoanalyst type who is helpless to explain it. So they go to a "quack" who quickly uses "unorthodox" methods to discover that our Judge is suffering from an injustice he did in a Previous Incarnation. He, unfortunately, cannot help our Judge get rid of guilt complex as he regrets to inform him that Previous Incarnation was Pontius Pilate. Tough.

So much for all that there jazz. On the whole, it is not the polished type of weird story one would expect after reading many anthologized tales from magazines from Way Back There. Most of the writing was at best amateurish, that is, lacking in story-telling ability; characterization, mood and atmosphere writing (very vital to this type tale) and no wallop or punch to the "shock" endings attempted. With the exception of two or three stories in this issue, it would hardly do to revere this old mag. Seems like they were straining and just couldn't get up there. And no excuse for lack of writers. "Weird Tales" had been going on and on for about eight years and there were a lot of good writers there. We'll be able to compare this when we hit the Gala Mag Review #6, no doubt immediately following, in which we shred through a 1933 Weird Tales. So, we'll se you there kiddies and, remember, don't spill blood on the floor!

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Here it is nearly one in the mawnin' and the typos are gathering fast and thickly. I'd dearly love to continue on with this, plus rambling through the mailing making various and sundry comments to a number of people. Looks like I won't have time to unless I can rearrange the publishing schedule for Sunday but I'm starting off Sunday with a "brunch" and there's homeword. Oh, well, starting with the next mailing, MAINE-IAC will wax fat and happy, complete with corflu and even some mailing comments; tthere were some I wanted to make to some people in the 50th...and I may yet. Until such time, then, this here is the living end, like.

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