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The Ravings

by Poo

We've been seeing foreign film classics or some-such title at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco about every Sat. Present, off an on, with us have been Everett Wyers, Rita Bayne, Lou Goldstone, Joe Fortier, Tom Wright, my cousin, On the program was an early silent German movie, SIGFRIED complete with mechanical fire-and-smoke-breathing dragon, magic sword, little dwarfs, and a cloak of invisibility. The invisibility angle was handled neatly with just suggestion of Sigfried barely visible in outline and highlight.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI was another silent German movie with a stock horror plot. The only interesting item was the background. Weird, twisted houses, triangular doors, odd shaped windows, surrealistic paintings on the street pavements, tilted angles and so on, very good in spots, very poor in others, but enjoyable on the whole.

(turn to page 10 pliz)

THE CAT'S MEOW

by Eric Linters

Lou stopped just inside the door whose lock his skillful fingers had picked just a moment before. Outside the wind howled like a banshee in mortal fear of its life. A storm was on the way. Somewhere in the peculiar little old house a shutter banged away at a window long since without panes. The noise echoed and re-echoed through the gloomy joint.

Lou heaved a silent sigh and attempted to shake off the feeling of evil that had pervaded his rather questionable mind. He peered into the darkness. In the room to the right, must be. Already he anticipated enjoying the fruits of this night's work. He wondered if he'd have to kill the old hag. He stepped forward and froze. What was that soft padding noise? He stood perfectly still, his body icy cold, his ears striving to pierce the darkness. Like the gradual swelling of waves on a sandy shore the soft padding drew closer and closer. Then through the oppressive blackness he saw eyes, eyes of naked evil, green, gleaming with lambent fire; eyes straight out of hell. Or at least so he imagined. They closed toward him, those singular eyes, closer and closer. Accompanying the soft padding of hidden paws.

Suddenly there was light. Soft green light. A throaty voice spoke.

"You needn't be afraid, my cats are quite harmless. The little devils."

Lou stared unbelievably at the owner of the voice. Never before had he seen a woman of such perfect loveliness. His eyes drank of the smooth shapely length of her black clad body and rose to observe the blood red of very kissable lips, the warm green of her eyes and the long black hair scintillating in the mellow light.

"You sought refuge from the wind and rain or perhaps there is some trouble with your car?" she quired. It seemed to Lou that her eyes approved, approved of his rather besodden good looks. Besodden with alcohol, that is.

"Yeak, that's it," stammered Lou, the spell of her beauty broken.

Well, almost broken. "My car broke down. Saw your dumm...., errh, place; and thought I'd beat it over before the rain really started coming. Door was open so I just slipped, I mean stepped in. Hope you don't mind."

"No, no, nat at all. Visitors are few and far between here. I'll be glad to accomodate you for the night although I, ah, am all alone here." She leered innocently.

Lou looked at her again, his mouth went dry and sweat stood out on his palms. She smiled and turned. Unmindful of the furry horde about him, he followed her into an inner chamber. A blazing fire, crackling merrily away in a huge fireplace, threw a circle of light about a large comfortable looking couch. Lou didn't forget the girl but he was slightly distracted by the chest of glittering gems which stood by the mantle.

"My jewelry fascinates you?" she asked as she sank down close, very close, beside him on the couch.

"Err, yeah, I was admiring them, never saw so many sparklers in one lump before."

"I have been collecting them for an awfully long time." She murmured the words. Her bourbon-scented breath fanned his cheek, an instant later she was soft and yielding in his arms. Like a plate of jello.

Lou forgot everything in the riot of ecstasy that descended on him as she pressed her body against him and he tasted of her moist sensual lips. Panting, he pushed her down on the couch,

Even as he did so, his brain noted that the cats were pressing closer and a warning bell rang deep within his skull. They sat in a circle rimming the lighted area. Their eyes gleamed in the flickering light. They were waiting, waiting for something they knew was coming. But not quite what Lou expected to come.

But the warning vanished as he delved into the swirling passion of her body. He kissed her eyes, her pulsing throat and experienced the tingling thrill of her darting tongue. He felt her caressing lips on his neck, kissing, moving restlessly and suddenly tiny pricks as of sharp needles penetrating his skin. At that moment the warning bell clanged furiously-hurting his head. It was just about time too. He sprang up, his passion dropping from him like a heavy cloak to be replaced by the chill of a nameless dread.

Her tongue, it was scratchy, pointed like a cats. Her eyes he now noticed, the pupils were dark vertical slits in irises of green.

She rose from the couch and came toward him. The inviting smile had changed to one of pure evil. Now she was anticipating a fearful pleasure to come.

"Your teeth," gasped Lou in a high pitched scream, "pointed just like a cats."

In answer she purred. A warm, deep sound that made Lou decide to vacate the premises. It also made the cats move. Move in toward the poor ignorant jerk.

Flight was useless. Lou, his face the color of over-ripe putty, cast around for some means of escape. Then his hand shot to his pocket and came away with a very peculiar knife. Now it just happened that Lou, in his nocturnal wanderings, sort of wandered into a house of a former globe-trotter once and since he hadn't been there for amusement, he had picked up the blade, not because it was a good weapon, but because it was silver, and you know silver brings a price of sorts even through a lousy, crooked, fence. Now I don't want to hack this up too badly, but by a strange coincidence this globetrotter had obtained the knife in far-off India for a price as fantastic as its age. The thing was covered with inscriptions and had at one time belonged to a sorcerer.

At the sight of the knife our lovely heroine stopped and the evil lust vanished from her eyes to be replaced by stark faked fear. Voicing a scream she stumbled backwards but it was too late, the blade swung down. Crimson blood spurted from her neck and her terrified scream broke off in a mouthful of sweet blood.

For seconds nothing moved in the room. Lou crouched back staring uncertainly at her crumpled black-clad body and red blood. The cats even seemed uncertain about the whole thing.

A background of crime and murder now stood Lou in good stead. He gathered his nerves together & turned to the chest of jewelry, his eyes filled with greed. The dope forgot one thing though, her little devils. Now he heard their soft padding as they advanced upon him. My how fiercely their eyes glowed in the light of the dying fire.

From the doorway, from the dark corners of the room and then they were on him. He beat at them frantically, his terrified hands striking blindly. Their sharp claws stung him, tore his flesh, ripped cruelly into bone. He could feel his hot life blood draining from him, as he went to his knees in the silent feline mass. Hellish blackness, pierced eyeballs, lacerated face, a trillion stinging pains descended on him and he died.

That's all except that some ass of a cop stumbled on a particularly gruesome find the next morning. He found the clean-picked skeleton of a man lying near the body of the old ggl who lived in the joint. Nothing of value was found except for a fancy silver knife.

finished?

Then wipe up the stinking mess!

LUST on LUNA

by Boris Vyacheslav Schwackhamer

The pilot Raznac shot a startled glance at the rocket engine. His tiny one-man spaceship trembled violently. Yes! There it was again, the heart-stopping tremors of the rocket engine.

"Pocketa, pocketa, queep!" said the rocket engine.

Raznac's heart beat a frightened tattoo. "Queep, queep, queep, pocketa!" spluttered the heart.

Hastily Raznac pulled the emergency lever that dumped his remaining fuel supply. The golden liquid spread out in the vacuum behind his hurtling ship. No danger of fire now; fire won't burn in a vacuum. Suddenly the engine quit cold.

"It must be out of fuel," thought Raznac. The nose dropped, throwing Raznac forward across the controls. Suddenly the tiny ship went into a death spin, hurtling straight down for the harsh, alien surface of the moon. Raznac struggled back into the pilot's chair and fastened the safety belt.

"This is the end!" he said aloud. "I shall die unmourned on the cold face of the moon. Every night upon earth millions of people will look at my grave." He closed his eyes.

The ship crashed, throwing up a huge grey geyser of soft pumice. Like a ricocheting bullet it bounded across the alien surface, pocketa, pocketa, pocketa, QUEEP. The queep was the ship striking a huge meteorite. With a rending crash the fragile ship burst asunder, throwing the hapless body of the pilot high into the air. It came down before the entrance of a mountain cave.

Weakly Raznac lifted his head and saw the cool, inviting interior of the cave. On tortured hands and knees he crawled inside and fainted dead away.

A long long time later he awakened and felt hands pawing his body. Soft, inquisitive hands. Life on the moon! He opened his eyes with a start.

She was a vision, a beautiful, pale ivory, winged vision. Her long dark tresses cascaded down her back like a rippling waterfall. She had wings! Gorgeous, breath-taking golden wings joining her shoulder blades. Startled, he looked up into her soft eyes.

"You are hurt, yes?" she inquired soothingly.

He gulped and held up a frail hand. "I am hurt, yes. My ship, it crashed out there. I crawled in here to escape the burning sun. But...who are you? You're alive!"

"Of a certainty I am alive strange man. I am a Cummi."

"A what?"

"A Cummi. I am a Cummi girl, from the tribe of Cummi. Cummi is god. Cummi made this world. Cummi gave us wings to fly. We are Cummi's."

He looked up at her through weak eyes. His strength sagged and he fell back on the cavern floor. "Water...." he cried, "I am dying. Please give me water!"

Alarmed, puzzled, she bent over him. Her short transparent bodice did not hide the heaving breasts. "Water? What is water? I know it not."

"Water...you know, aqua, H₂O, I need a drink or I shall die."

"Oh! You wish to slake your thirst. Why did you not say so? She ripped open the bodice to reveal gleaming ivory breasts. Here. I cannot give you water for I have none. But I can slake your thirst."

Eagerly Raznac slaked his thirst. Pocketa, pocketa, pocketa, queep. He wiped his chin and suddenly found himself thirsty again. Willingly the beautiful, winged woman succored the thirsty pilot. Tenderly, like a mother fondling a child, she held his weak body in her arms while he slaked his thirst.

When he was done she looked fondly on him. "You are tired," she said. "You must sleep."

He looked at the mouth of the cave and saw the dread shadow of night creeping across the moonscape. Involuntarily he shuddered.

"I dare not sleep. That creeping cold will kill me. I must stay awake to keep warm."

"Nay," she said soothingly "I shall keep you warm."

The girl lay down and spread one great wing. Willingly he crept upon it and sank in the feathery down. She pulled him close to her gleaming, ivory body so that he might soak up the heat of her. And over them both she spread the other wing like a downy coverlet.

"Now ye shall be warm," she said softly. "The cold cannot touch us here. What....what are you doing?"

From the folds of the feathers Raznac whispered. "I'm thirsty again. Don't mind me."

slurp.



as a sop to FAPAFans who don't like amateur sexifiction, and to bibliophiles who feel disappointed when there is nothing in their line in the issue we present the table of contents to the

Science Fiction Quarterly

- No.1 Summer 1940** Cover by Jack Binder
Novel---The Moon Conquerors by R.H.Romans
Shorts---Space-Ship Derby by Milton Kaletsky
Package of Power by David C.Cooke
Polar Doom by John Coleridge
The Gentle Brain by Arthur Allport
Life Inside a Wall by Harl Vincent
- No. 2 Winter 1941** Cover by Frank R. Paul
Novel--The Shot Into Infinity by Otto Willi Gail
Novelette---Double Destiny by Helen Weinbaum
Shorts--- The Wall of Water by Raymond Z. Gallun
Artificial Universe by John Coleridge
- No.3 Spring 1941** Cover by Frank R. Paul
Novel--Rescue From Venus by Ed Earl Ropp
Novelette--Rocket's Swan Song by Vic Phillips
Shorts --Cosmos Eye by Martin Pearson
Callistan Tomb by Paul Dennis Lavond
The Life Jewel by Oliver Saari
Weapon Out of Time by James Blish
Femintown, Mars by Clarence Granoski
- No.4 Summer 1941** Cover by Frank R. Paul
Novel---Tarrano the Conqueror by Ray Cummings
Shorts--Earth Does Not Reply by Lawrence Woods
The World on the Edge
of the Universe - - -by Martin Pearson
Path of Empire by Hugh Raymond
- No.5 Winter 1941-1942** Cover by Hannes Bok
Novel---Into the Fourth Dimension by Ray Cummings
Shorts--Power Plant by Lee Gregor
Ephony's Spectacles by Clarence Granoski
Baby Dreams by Allen Warland
Caridi Shall Not Die by Walter Kubiilius
When Anæros Came by James Blish
Novelettes--Sir Mallory's Magnitude by S.D.Gottesman
The Year of Uniting by Hugh Raymond
- No.6 Spring 1942** Cover by Hannes Bok
Novel---Shadow Girl by Ray Cummings
Novelet-Einstein's Planetoid by Paul Dennis Lavond
Shorts--Saknarth by Millard Verne Gordon
Gangway For Homer by George R. Hahn
Crisis by Cecil Corwin
Mission by John Holkis Mason

No.7 Summer 1942 Cover by John Musacchi
 Novels (stf)--The Great Mirror by Arthur J. Burks
 (fantasy)--Starstone World by Hannes Bok
 Short Stories-Up There by Martin Pearson
 Boomerang by Bowen Conway
 Stroke by John L. Chapman

No.8 Fall 1942 Cover by Hannes Bok
 Novel--- Brigands of the Moon by Ray Cummings
 Short Stories-Gentlemen--The Queen (stf) by Bob Tucker
 Glory Road (stf) by Hugh Raymond
 The Hidden Conflict (fantasy) by Martin Pearson
 The Half Man (fantasy) by Basil Wells
 Highway (fantasy) by Wilfred Owen Morley

No.9 Winter 1942-1943 Cover by Milton Luros
 Novels----The Far Detour by Arthur J. Burks
 The Growing Wall by David H. Keller
 Wings Across Time by Frank Edward Arnold
 Shorts----Bomb by Millard Verne Gordon
 Lunar Sanctuary by Walter R. Preston
 Hell in the Village by Hugh Raymond
 The Perfect Incinerator by Arthur Lambert
 The Deliverers by Richard Morrison
 Messenger to Infinity by J. Harvey Haggard

No.10 Spring 1943 Cover by Milton Luros
 Novel-----Wandl the Invader by Ray Cummings
 Shorts----The Doop by Clifton B. Kruse
 Jake and the 5th Columnist by Arthur G. Stangland
 Mission From Arcturus by Robert Abernathy

I see I have more space so I might just as well fill it up with
 the table of contents to the one and only
 AMAZING ANNUAL --large size-thick-a Gernsback pub-50¢ newsstand
 price-

The Master Mind of Mars	Edgar Rice Burroughs
The Face in the Abyss	Abraham Merritt
The Man Who Saved the Earth	Austin Hall
The People of the Pit	A. Merritt
The Man Who Could Vanish	A. Hyatt Vorrill
The Feline Light and Power Co.	
is organized -- --	Jacque Morgan
Under the Knife	H.G.Wells

COVER: Paul Interiors: Paul, Martin Gambee

"M" an early German talkie was interesting only because a fat, chubby Peter Lorre was in it. Even the German directors typed him as the mad murderer. Otherwise it was in the traditional Hollywood style, horror movies must have stock plots the whole world over.

The GOLEM was interesting in spots. Der Golem was a German silent movie. The Golem is a clay man that can be brought to life by the magic word written on a piece of paper, enclosed in the Star of David and screwed into the Golem's chest. He is called upon only when the Jews in the ghetto are in serious trouble. The guy who was inside of all that padding and make-up and atop six inch or more elevator shoes played the role to the hilt. When the Star of David was removed he'd just fall over so stiff and wooden, he really looked like an inanimate hunk of clay. The directors of the Hollywood film Frankenstein must have seen the Golem because one or two scenes in were copied directly we swear.

Seeing that this is a spiey dirty fanzine, we'll mention that Lou Goldstone saw and talked to the infamous Harry Honig; actually and literally. Honig was with some other "Bohemians" seeing the pitchurs same as us'ns.

Lust on Luna in this issue was scheduled for Dishabille #2 ; which never appeared incidentally. Dishabille #1 came out in 1945 and some prudes in Los Angles threatened to report it to the post office(ials). That is until they found out who some of the authors were, but we decided not to play with fire and abandoned nebulous plans for a second issue. On hering (not herring, or hering, but hearing (we've no correction fluid as you've no doubt noticed)) that generous offer to make up the difference between a regular FAPA mailing and RRXpress costs, we decided to print this thing so the man wouldn't be disappointed.

A BET on this mailing: Crutch's little item will really be the filthiest in this mailing. Dunkelberger DUNKELBERGER!!! what's he doing in the Xpress mailing? This I've got to see! Burbee will be no more nasty than usual, nasty is the wrong word, uninhibited, sorry Burp. Also betcha there will at the most be only two others besides us. We shall see, see, see.

SEE you jokers in some other mailings some other time, that is all for this time diddlers, or would be anyway; eh kiddies?

I'm broke + on strike
Am using every odd
piece of paper I can
lay my grimy paws on.
for This

GARBAGE
EDITION
OF MICRON

FINI
End
KAPUT
Stop
ENUFF

page 10

DISREGARD

ANYTHING

YOU MAY

FIND

ON

THE

OTHER

SIDE OF THIS PAGE

