

RECEIVED APR 25 1964

PHOENIX



THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, Dept.

So here we are, with the 8th issue of that fanzine of dedicated indifference, Nix. Unfortunately, this is the last issue. Not actually the Last Issue, but slant-wise the last issue. I'm going to change it. Some fans change their policy, the type of material they print, the artwork, the layout, and top it off with a new title. I'm not exactly going to do any of these things. As a matter of fact, I don't have the faintest idea what I am going to do. But there's going to be some changes made. I want to be a non-conformist just like everybody else, you see. So there have to be changes made; you follow me? The 'old look' must go. It must make way for a new image, in order to get out of this rut that PHOENIX has been slithering in. First, I think, the name will have to go. But I like PHOENIX, so I'll get around the problem this way: I'll use the nickname. From now on the cover logo will be "Nix", and the nickname will be PHOENIX. Clever. But I still have to change the other features as well. Maybe I'll put the lettercol in the front of the issue (since everybody reads that first, anyway), and the editorial on the last couple of pages (since nobody reads it, anyway), and instead of printing the articles I could send them to Buck Coulson (since everyone reads his reviews to see what they were about, anyway). Yes, I could do that. It would take care of changing the layout, too. As for the artwork, I could burn Bob Gilbert's artwork and just write his name on every other page or so (since the faaanish fans say all his stuff looks alike), and I could get some illos by Dave English and just publish the captions (since the non-faaanish fans say his chicken-scratchings are fitted with any punchline that comes to mind), and that would solve that problem. Yes.

Next issue this fanzine will have a new image.

That's enough talk about the new image, I feel.

I'VE BEEN HAD, Dept.

This here issue is either #7 or #8. The last issue was #7. The one before that was #5. Ted White has had #6 for over a year now. There's a lot of lost continuation there, I'll tell you. But anyway, I saw old Ted at the DisCon and he assured me #6 would be out real soon, which should mean sometime in January or February. Look, it's this way, he told me the issue had been delayed by the death 'hoax'. There was a four month interim between his receiving the stencils and this hoax business, which must mean he hadn't planned on publishing #6 for over 4 months anyway. Eh? So in April he learns I'm still alive, and is so overjoyed that he forgets the fanzine entirely, until I remind him in September. We add 4 months, at the inside, to September, and we come up with approximately January. Or February, or March, or so. But don't look for #6 in any of these months, because, frankly, I don't want it. I'm publishing in this issue all the material that I feel is salvagable from an unpublished '62 fanzine, and all I want now from Ted White is the stencils (so I can salvage the artwork, because I threw it away after stencilling), and \$25 - the amount of the check I sent him. I wonder if I'll see either.

ABOUT THAT SCIENCE FICTION STUFF

As all science-fiction oriented fanzines must (and we're so oriented -- at least for this issue we are), choices will here be given for the Hugo Nominations.

PHOENIX supports the following.

- Best Novel: The Game Players Of Titan, by Philip K. Dick
Best Short Fiction: No choice. PHOENIX hasn't read much short fiction. Neither have I, for that matter.
Best Dramatic Presentation: The Outer Limits. Who remembers the titles of individual episodes?
Best Professional Artist: Krenkel
Best Professional Magazine: Galaxy. The same magazine that should have won it consistently, since the award's inception.
Best Amateur Magazine: Yandro, from the Coulsons. They ought to have won five statues already, just on the basis of effort alone...
Best Science Fiction Book Publisher: Ace Books, paperback. If the award means for just this year alone, maybe they shouldn't win it. But then, neither should anybody else.

Frankly, I think Dick's latest novel will go just as unnoticed as his earlier DR. FUTURITY, which was screwed a couple of years ago Hugo-wise. It would seem funny to me that THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, one of his lesser novels, got the Hugo last year, except that I can't think of one Hugo winning novel that represents the best work of that particular author. Any comments on this? Good, send me a nice long letter about it...

Krenkel? He deserves it. Like Coulson says, Emsch is suffering from over-exposure.

So much for the Hugo nominations.

THE DAY OF ARGETH

Somewhere around the time you people will be reading this (which is when you'll receive it, or else you probably won't get around to reading it at all), the Earth will be, or has been, invaded by Fredric Brown's one billion Martians.

MARTIANS, GO HOME is, as near as I can recall, the first novel-length science fiction I read -- not counting such doubtful works of art as THE ROCKET'S SHADOW, TOM SWIFT JR. AND HIS ELECTRONIC CREVICE-CRAWLER, or TOM CORBETT MEETS BILLY WHISKERS. (The first science fiction story I read was the original magazine version of Phil Dick's VULCAN'S HAMMER. Just thought you might want to know.)

March 26th, 1964, is when all these little green creatures will appear. Unfortunately, since Brown was wrong in his political predictions for 1964, I've got my doubts about the Martians.

"The Cold War was still in the deep freeze, and the deep freeze showed no more signs of imminent explosion than at any other time since the China crisis.

"Europe was more nearly united than at any time since World War 2 and a recovered Germany was taking its place among the great industrial nations. In the United States business was booming and there were two cars in most garages. In Asia there was less starvation than usual."

Of course, he wasn't quite as far off as he was for his '61-'63 predictions.

"The flying saucers. Of course we know now what they were, but people didn't then and many believed firmly that they were extraterrestrial."

cont'd on inside bacoover

Badinage, Bonestell, and Bok

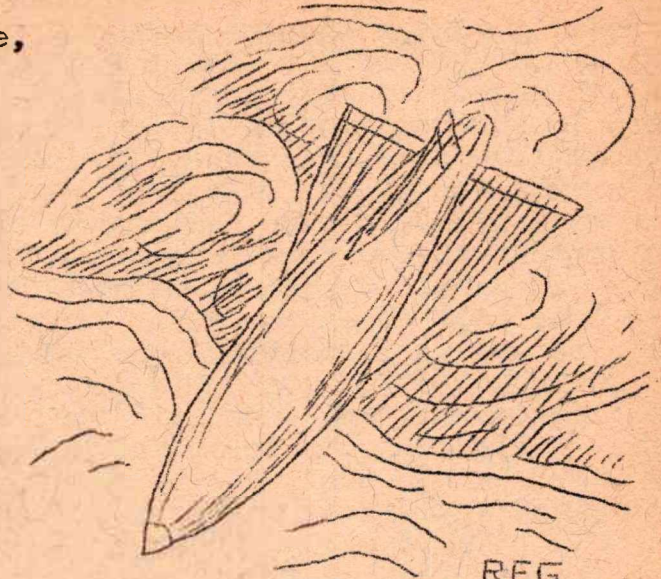
++++
ROBERT
COLLSON
++++
++++

on: I Don't Know Much About Art, But.....

There is still considerable argument among fans over just which era in science fiction produced the best stories, but the majority seem to have settled on the so-called "Golden Age" of 1939 - 1945. (At least, I've settled on that period, and as far as I'm concerned, that constitutes a majority.) There seems to be even more disagreement, however, over the stf era, and the stf magazine, which produced the best art. Aside from a few nostalgic references to Frank R. Paul, Hubert Rogers, and Margaret Brundage the art fanciers haven't had much to say recently, so I might as well antagonize a few of them and get things rolling.

Frank R. Paul is generally regarded as the grand master of the earliest stf artists, which is pretty much of a condemnation of the entire period right there. To his credit, Paul could use color effectively -- if not always artistically -- on his covers. A prospective buyer could usually spot a Paul cover as soon as he stepped in the newstand, even if it was covered by three or four other magazines. His machinery was striking and unique, though not always particularly functional. He tended to overlay everything with a heavy coat of Victorian gingerbread, making his gadgets appear futuristically antique. (Admittedly, this is not an easy impression to create, but the question is whether the creation is desirable in the first place.) However, Paul's major defect was that he could not portray people. His machines may have been heavily Victorian, but most of them did bear some vague resemblance to machinery. His attempts to draw people ended in caricature (at their best) or the sort of blobs produced by a grade-school art class (at their worst). His better covers, such as the Feb. 1928 AMAZING, are those in which no living figures appear. Unfortunately, there weren't too many of that kind; despite his lack of ability with living figures, he persisted in trying to draw them, with generally disastrous results.

The July 1928 AMAZING, for example, while having one of his better attempts at humanity in the foreground, contains two background figures which would be unacceptable to today's fanzine editors, let alone the professionals. His caricatures are evident in the cover for the May '28 AMAZING, which would get some violent reaction (and justifiably) from CORE and the NAACP if it appeared today. His aliens are better done -- if only because nobody knows what an alien looks like anyway -- but even they have a rather slipshod look at times.



Bad as Paul was, however, his competitors were worse. R. E. Lawlor did a lot of interiors for those early AMAZINGS. He had a somewhat different style, but the results were that all his people were caricatures, while his machines and aliens appeared to be mediocre imitations of Paul's. Cover art didn't improve noticeably when Wesso and Leo Morey took over the bulk of the artwork; their people were a trifle better drawn (particularly Morey's, even if they did look vaguely mechanical) and their machines and aliens were a trifle worse. A variety of interior artists were, with one striking exception, uniformly bad. The exception is somebody named Briggs, who did some mediocre and some startlingly good interior work during 1929. He didn't last long; probably went on to a better-paying field. The first real variety came with the introduction of A. Sigmond's poster-style covers in 1933. (They weren't particularly good, but they were different.) ASTOUNDING STORIES introduced Eliot Dold, whose characters, looking like wood-carvings from an inferior sculptor, are certainly among the shabbiest creations ever inflicted on a long-suffering public by a major stf illustrator. All in all, the classic view is probably correct; Paul was the best stf artist of his era. But it was a miserable era.

The 1939 "boom" produced a demand for stf illustrations that required additional practitioners. Somehow, a few competent ones slipped through the screening process. Somebody named Joseph Devlin did some very nice work for WEIRD TALES, and that magazine began to show up with a variety of competent, if unexciting, cover artists. (Even earlier, Margaret Brundage had titillated fandom with her "sexy" covers. This is a good example of the state of stf art. Brundage was a reasonably good magazine illustrator of the period, no better, no worse, and not even much different from the illustrators working for the POST, LIBERTY, and other mass-circulation magazines. But this work of art was so superior to what fans had been used to seeing that Brundage is still remembered today as the creator of exotic, colorful art.) The Ziff-Davis mags came up with a host of illustrators, mostly bad. J. Allen St. John and H. W. McCauley were their major good artists -- and not too long ago I saw a McCauley girl decorating the cover of one of the pseudo-pornographic paperbacks. The Thrilling Twins, STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER, had Rudy Belarski and Earle Bergey doing bems and

broads; I always thought Belarski was by far the better of the two, but it was Bergey who became fannishly immortal. Possibly because it was easier to make jokes about his work. PLANET got the ultimate in firly-adventure illustrators, however, when they hired Murphy Anderson. His covers are ridiculous, but I like them anyway. A group of new magazines provided the first editing ventures for some of our present veterans; Fred Pohl, Don Wollheim, etc. This group of New York fans wrote for each other's magazines and often illustrated them as well. Some of the stories are readable; the less said about the illustrations the better. If you really want to see an illustration by Damon Knight, they're available -- in SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY #8, for example, where he illustrated the lead novel, Ray Cummings' "Brigands Of The Moon". One member of this little band, however, was Hannes Bok. This early work of his is far from his best, but it certainly stands out in comparison with the other artists in the mags he worked for.

This period, however, provided, for the first time, a few science fiction magazines in which good illustrations were the norm rather than the exception. Street and Smith introduced the work of Hubert Rogers, possibly the best science fiction illustrator of all time, and Popular Publications came up with Virgil Finlay, undoubtedly the best fantasy illustrator of all time. (Magazine illustrations; don't go throwing Dore at me.) Popular teamed Lawrence Sterne Stevens, another excellent illustrator, with Finlay, and backed them up with Bok, making a good bid for all-time artistic greatness. Street & Smith, then as always, used a wide variety of illustrators. The better ones included Charles Schneeman, erratic but occasionally a producer of great illustrations, a somewhat similar artist named Kolliker, Paul Orban, and Edd Cartier, the single great humorist among stf artists.

For consistently fine illustrations over a sustained period, the nod should probably go to the FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES team of Finlay, Lawrence, and Bok; they were tops from 1940 thru 1950. Other magazines of the period used their work, but not consistently or exclusively; Rogers and Cartier equalled or surpassed them, but the other Street & Smith artists bring the average AS* TOUNDING and UNKNOWN artwork down to second place.

The last "boom", beginning in 1949, brought with it another group of artists, many of which are still around. Kelly Freas, Ed Emshwiller, Mel Hunter, Chesley Bonestell, Ed Valigursky, Ken Fagg, Joseph Eberle, van Dongen, Alejandro, Schomburg, and a good many more. For the first time, most of the artists in the stf field were competent. Whatever the level of fiction during the boom (and it was far higher than you'd guess from reading fan articles today), the overall quality of artwork in the field was considerably higher than it has ever been before or since. Even GALAXY started out with reasonably good artwork; it has always showed a partiality for illustrating techniques unsuitable for the pulp paper and cheap reproduction methods used for interior art, but at least the basic work was pretty good, at first. The ultimate descent to muddy finger-painting didn't occur until the collapse of the boom in the late Fifties. GALAXY's #1 artist was Don Sibley, who did some excellent covers and interiors until he moved on to better things -- such as illustrating psychology textbooks and doing commercial advertising. Chesley Bonestell was on a lot of those early GALAXY covers, as were a pair of beginning professionals named Ed Emshwiller and Richard Powers. Emsh undoubtedly was a poorer artist in 1950 than he is

6

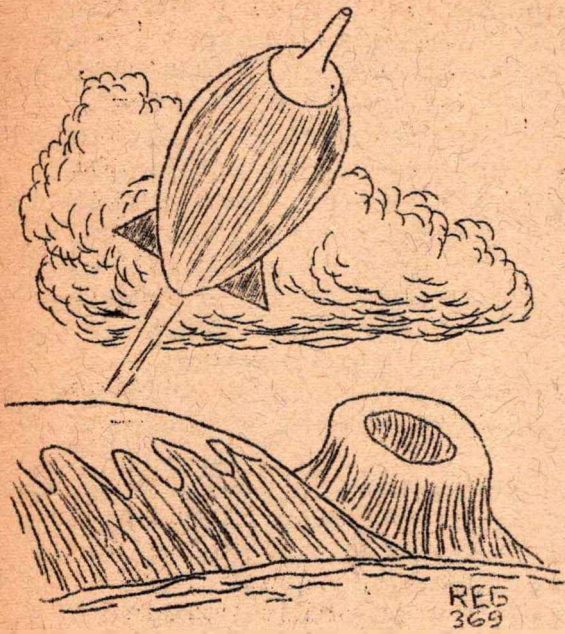
today -- but he wasn't suffering from overexposure, either, and his work looked new and interesting, instead of just like last month's.

Bonestell's work showed up on a lot of ASTOUNDING covers, as well. He may well be, like Paul, an artist who can't draw people. If so, he's aware of the fact, since I've never seen a single work by him in which there were any people, aside from an occasional blob of a spacesuit. (Mel Hunter, who did astronomical scenes only slightly inferior to Bonestell's, wasn't as careful; an occasional cartoon-caricatured human turned up to spoil an otherwise beautiful spacecape.) ASTOUNDING added van Dongen and Pawelka to its team of Rogers, Cartier, and Paul Orban -- van Dongen's cover for "Fire-water" is still one of my all-time favorites, and Orban's rare covers are fondly remembered. Later on, Rogers and Cartier left the field, but were replaced -- as well as either could be replaced -- by Kelly Freas.

Ziff-Davis, after a brief fling at respectability, went back to its old standby of juvenile adventure -- bad juvenile adventure. They relied mostly on Valigursky for covers, and while a lot of fans objected to his work on artistic grounds, he was certainly an attention-getter (which, after all, is the prime reason for a cover). His covers were probably the most garishly effective of any illustrator since Paul. Ziff-Davis also had some excellent interior work by Tom Beecham, but for some reason they never used him as much as they should have. The remaining illustrations were of about the same quality as the stories.

IF has a rather interesting artistic history. It started out as an imitation AMAZING, edited by Paul Fairman, with bad stories and worse artwork. The art was by people I've never seen or heard of before or since, and I'm quite happy that way, thank you. After a few issues, editor Quinn disposed of Fairman and began editing the mag himself, with the help of a new art director named Henry Becker. I've never heard of him anywhere else, either, but he certainly improved IF's artwork -- almost as much as Quinn's editing improved the stories. Emsch, Freas, Orban, Finlay, Tom Beecham, and Valigursky began showing up in the interiors, aiding and eventually supplanting the original rather inept group, while cover work was turned over to Ken Fagg, who provided thoroughly competent work. Shortly after Fagg began illustrating, IF inaugurated a series of wraparound covers, which lasted for eight issues. The first one, Fagg's idea of a volcanic eruption on Titan, belongs in my list of classic stf covers. At this same time, Valigursky was doing a series





of excellent "future science" illustrations on the inside of the front and back covers, and the interior illustrations were still rolling -- the Freas series for "Malice In Wonderland" (paperbacked as "Tomorrow And Tomorrow") for example, which added greatly to the impact of the story. For a year or two IF was one of the best-illustrated stf-mags of all time, but gradually both the fiction and the artwork deteriorated. Emsch, Orban, and Freas continued to do the bulk of the interior work, but after awhile it all began looking alike. Finlay helped out, and the magazine didn't really hit bottom with its illustrations until it was taken over by GALAXY in 1959.

There were a good many minor publications during the boom period. Some of them provided a few interesting stories, but very few had anything in the way of decent artwork. SCIENCE FICTION PLUS had somewhat of a fetish for bringing back old writers and old artists. By keeping Frank R. Paul strictly away from human figures, the mag produced some of his best work (since he was listed as art director, maybe he had learned something in the intervening years; at any rate his work ranged from mediocre interiors to one classic cover on the October 1953 issue.) Even so, they used Alex Schomburg for their initial cover appeal, letting him do three of the first four front covers.

One set of minor publications of the boom, however, I consider the best-illustrated stf mags of all time. There were four titles; none lasted over 9 issues, they were seldom on schedule, and their editorial troubles were heightened by a feud between the editor and one of the biggest stf literary agents which took place largely in the letter-column of SCIENCE FICTION TIMES. But whatever their publishing and editorial difficulties, SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, ROCKET STORIES, and FANTASY FICTION turned out good reading enhanced by outstanding artwork. (Possibly their short life aided their overall quality; none of them lasted long enough for the variations in quality that show up in IF and ASTOUNDING.) The magazines did have one drawback, probably traceable to faulty publishing policies; art director Milton Berwin bought quite a few of his own drawings. (Editor Lester del Rey bought quite a few of his own stories, too; the difference being that del Rey is an excellent author and Berwin was anything but an excellent artist.) However, the good artists far outweighed the bad. One of the regulars was Paul Orban. By this time Orban's work in ASTOUNDING had become pretty hackneyed, but Berwin -- or something -- seemed to have a rejuvenating effect, and, aside from an atrocious cover on the first SPACE, Orban did some of the best work of his career. Joseph Eberle -- probably the most underrated illustrator ever to appear in the field -- was another regular. The big names in the field -- Emsch, Freas, and van Dongen -- appeared with fair regularity, and even Earle Bergey did a couple of covers that showed that he could draw when he wasn't being held in check by the Thrilling mags.

There was a scattering of previously unknown artists, most of whom were pretty fair. Most of them also remained unknown, but one of them, a man named Krenkel, has become rather well-known in the field since those days. I wish that another one, named Tyler, had done as well. The star of the stable, though, was Henry Ebel. Ebel was one of the few stf artists who could do anything required and do it well. Realistic barbarians à la Krenkel, symbolic faces-and-gadgetry to equal Emsh, pure symbolism surpassing Bok (his cover on the May 1953 SPACE was an instant sensation and is still one of the best stf covers ever produced), and even, when occasion demanded, trapped nudes in worse plights than Bergey's. He was a prolific contributor to these four magazines, but seldom appeared in any others and when they vanished, he did too. I expect that he has since gone on to better-paying work, but I wish some of today's magazines would pick up his work again.

You can have Paul, and Wesso, and Dold, and Bergey, and even Rogers. Just let me see some new stf work by Henry Ebel, Joseph Eberle, Tom Beecham, and maybe Ken Fagg and an otherwise unknown illustrator named Tyler. I still have a few hopes. Krenkel came back after ten years; maybe one of these days I'll see a new cover by Ebel.

So; a minor paean to the forgotten illustrators.

THE Little GIANTS

Reprinted from #6

part 21

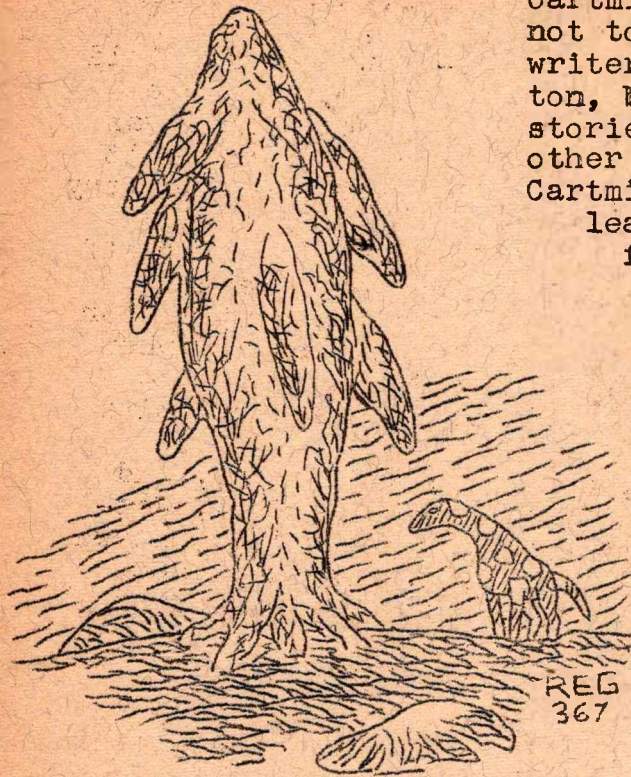
dave hulan

This column is supposed to be a continuation of a series on UNKNOWN that began in PHOENIX #5 many moons ago. Referring back to it, I note that I said that in this column I would discuss two of UNKNOWN's leading authors, two who have had little recognition so far, Cleve Cartmill and Malcolm Jameson.

I don't know exactly what I planned to say about them at the time, but in this column I'm going to try to give you some idea of the characteristics of their writing, and mention a few of their better-known stories both in and out of UNKNOWN.

Cleve Cartmill's best-known story is far from his best story. Mention the name to any fan and their first reaction (if it isn't "Who he?") will be, "Oh, yeah -- the guy who wrote 'Deadline'." This is probably the most famous case of SF paralleling fact in history - a story of the Manhattan Project, written when it was still Top Secret, and so close to the truth that the FBI investigated both Campbell and Cartmill to see if there had been a security leak. As an incident it has won immortality in SF circles; as a story "Deadline" was not exceptional, not anything like as good as Heinlein's earlier and similar "Solution Unsatisfactory".

It is possible that the fame of this single incident has obscured the very real merit of the numerous stories turned out by



Cartmill in the '40s -- his output is not to be compared to such prolific writers as Heinlein, Kuttner, or Hamilton, but he produced a score or more stories for Campbell and perhaps more for other publishers during the decade. Of Cartmill the man I have been able to learn little -- the only personal reference which I have run across only mentions his extremely youthful appearance, a quality so pronounced that at the age of thirty he was required to show identification in a bar before they would serve him. His occupation I don't know -- despite "Deadline", most of his stories are not heavy on the scientific end, which makes me doubt that he is a professional scientist. My guess would be that he is a free-lance writer, but this is only a guess -- perhaps some reader can enlighten me?

At any rate, Cartmill's writing is imaginative and highly polished; I personally have difficulty keeping him straight with Nelson S. Bond, whose stories have a generally similar style. For UNKNOWN he produced three novels and seven novelettes and shorts, all excellent. In theme they ranged from the twisted little horror "Oscar", in which an imaginary monster thought up as a gag suddenly assumes life, to the hilarious "Wheesht!" in which a family leprechaun does some rather strange things to American counter-intelligence operations.

Best of the lot was "Prelude To Armageddon" -- a powerful novel of a boy half-human, half-demon, born to aid the forces of Hell in the ultimate battle. How his human and demon nature war with each other; how his every effort to do good seems to result only in more evil; and how he ultimately finds salvation make up a story which I found intensely interesting. Sprinkled in with the story are a number of comments by the minions of Satan (and even Himself) which leave the sneaking impression that maybe there is some justice to both sides of this ancient war. It's in the April '42 issue of UNKNOWN, if anyone would like to see perhaps the best example of Cartmill's work. That issue contains such other gems as Boucher's "The Compleat Werewolf" and Jane Rice's "Pobby" -- the novel itself is longer and better than most Avalon books, and even at Claud Held's prices the whole issue costs no more.

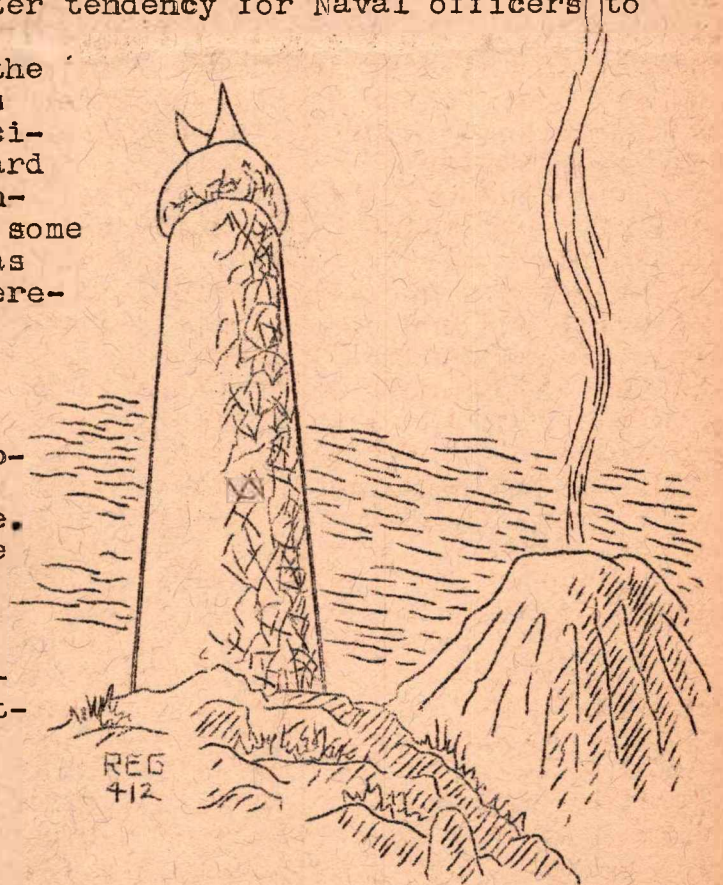
To the best of my knowledge, there has never been a Cartmill collection. The paperbacks are missing a bet here, I think -- "Deadline" alone could give a good enough blurb to make it sell, and Cartmill was certainly an abler writer than Robert Moore Williams or Harlan Ellison are, though both the latter have had more than one collection appear. The trend now, however, seems to be for the paperbacks to reprint portions of hardcover anthologies now out of print -- not a bad practice in itself, since it enables a new generation of readers to see how much better SF and fantasy were in the '40s, but it leads to continued neglect of such fine authors as

Cartmill and Jameson when they deserve much better.

Malcolm Jameson, the second subject of this column, has had one collection published -- however, it is not a representative collection of his work, but only an assembly of stories comprising a single series, BULLARD OF THE SPACE PATROL. Jameson is another of the Naval group in SF writing - a group including among its number such luminaries as Robert A. Heinlein, L. Ron Hubbard, and A. Bertram Chandler. Campbell once remarked on this fact in an editorial -- that among SF writers of the first class there are a number of ex-Navy or Merchant Marine officers, but no former Army or Air Force men. He wondered why -- and if the reader will permit me a small digression here, I'll give my answer.

Essentially I believe the difference lies in the different aspect of Naval operations. The Army is in garrison or in the field -- when it is in garrison, there are many distractions and no special urge to write; when it is in the field, there are no facilities or opportunities to write. Similarly, the Air Force is at its base or flying a mission -- when at its base, the same situation holds as when the Army is in garrison; when on a flying mission, there is no time to write, because flying missions are relatively short. Compare these situations with the Navy's. When on shore duty, the Naval situation is comparable to that of the Army in garrison -- but sea duty, for the Navy, is a far cry from Army field duty or Air Force flying missions. Sea duty lasts months at a time, with short interruptions for port calls; while at sea there is ample time to write, since in normal circumstances an officer stands one eight-hour watch and then is off for sixteen hours. This naturally leads to a greater tendency for Naval officers to write, and the results show.

Now to get back to the main topic. Malcolm Jameson is probably most famous for his science fiction, such as the Bullard series, rather than for his fantasy. He wrote, even for ASF, some delightful semi-fantasy, such as "Children Of The Betsy B." (wherein a small fishing boat grew a brain and ran away to sea...). But here I am primarily going to deal with his contribution to UNKNOWN. In all, he contributed 11 or 12 stories, all shorts except for one novelette. The uncertainty arises with the story "Transients Only" in the December '42 issue -- on the cover it is by-lined "Malcolm Jameson"; inside it is attributed to "Mary MacGregor". A letter in a subsequent issue, signed "Mary MacGregor Jameson", takes Campbell to task for the mistake and says that Malcolm isn't the only one in the family who can write. Whether this is a true statement (that



REG
412

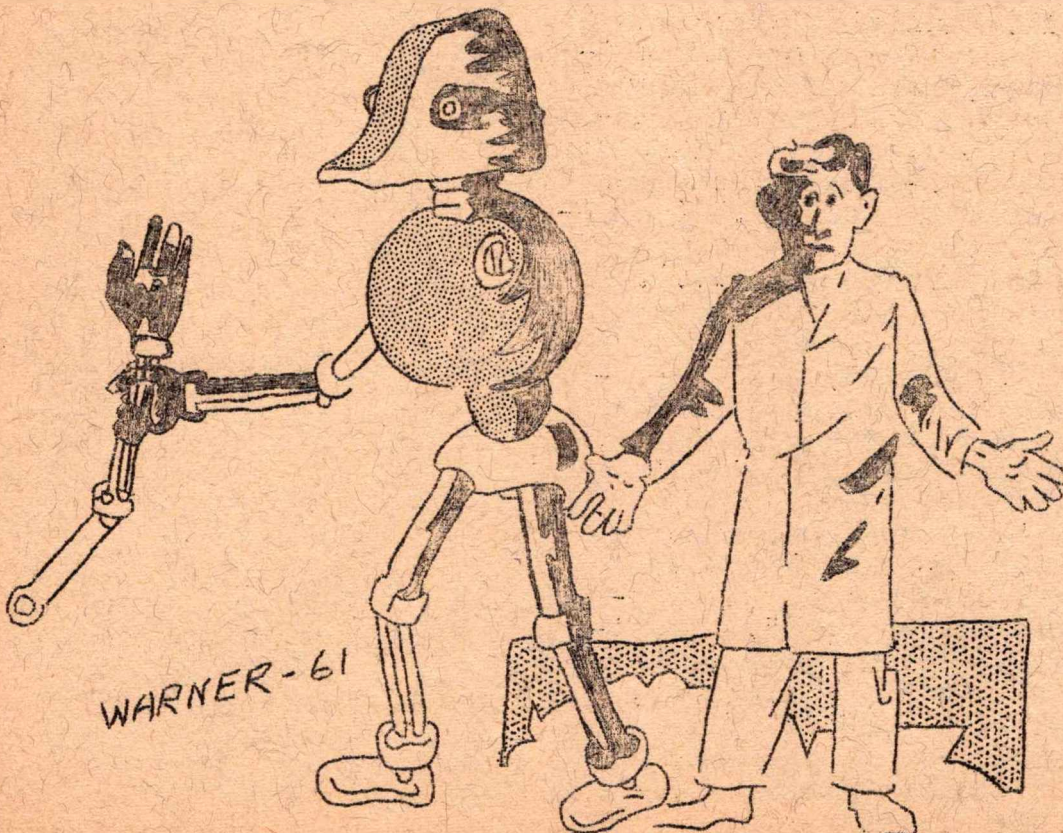
//

"Mary MacGregor" (is Mrs. Jameson) is open to some question -- I can recall all too well the protestations of "E. Hunter Waldo" that he wasn't really Theodore Sturgeon, and some of the fine arguments that used to rage in "Brass Tacks" between George O. Smith and his alter ego "Wesley Long". So you can take your pick. Personally, I don't think Malcolm wrote it -- there are things in the story that seem to differ from his usual view of things -- but I wouldn't bet on it.

The majority of his UNKNOWN stories deal with Hell and the Devil. The best, in my opinion, and one of the best pact-with-the-Devil stories I've read, is his novelette "Blind Alley" in the June '43 issue. Many readers may be familiar with this one, as it appeared in an anthology a number of years ago. It is the story of how Mr. Feathersmith, a rather wealthy businessman of 1943, makes a pact with the Devil to be returned to the time and place of his fondly-remembered youth with his memories intact. Unfortunately, he forgot to ask to have his youth returned as well... Ed. note: This story was a "Twilight Zone" entry a few months ago. I haven't read the story, so maybe one of the readers can comment on how faithfully they handled it - DL/

Another theme which recurs several times in Jameson's fantasies is that of the self-made Hell -- that each man gains in Heaven/Hell what he seemed to desire most in his life on this side. And that, to a man who has always been an ascetic and mortified the flesh in an effort to secure his eternal reward, isn't any too pleasant a way to spend eternity.

Jameson was not one of the outstanding writers of the SF-fantasy field; he was not even as good as Cartmill. However, though he never wrote a classic, he was reliable; a good, competent, readable writer of the second class. I have yet to read a Jameson



story that I disliked -- something that I can't say for many writers who are capable of writing rings around him when they are at their peak. Sturgeon, Blish, Bradbury -- all have turned out some real clinkers among their output of superior stories. Jameson turned out a steady stream of good stories in the early '40s; his death in 1945 has kept his name from being better known to the generation of fans who have grown up since then.

These two are probably the best authors of the early '40s who have remained as little-known as they are. It would be a real service to the present generation if Ace, Ballantine, Pyramid, or one of the other paperback lines would collect some of their better stories and reprint them. Their average is markedly higher than that of the average prozine today, however it may have compared to those of their own time.

nine shams

and

a

farce

ARKHAM

*Drowsy and dull with age the houses blink
On aimless streets the rat-gnawed years forget--
But what inhuman figures leer and slink
Down the old alleys when the moon has set?*

-- Robert E. Howard --

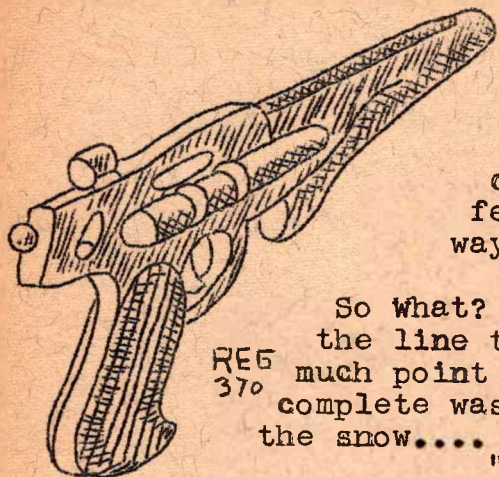
... Bill Platt

Arkham House, publishers of the weird, the unknown, and practically the sole outlet for new works in the genre of fantasy and the macabre, has published many fine volumes throughout its two decades-plus. Such classics as Dark Carnival, Slan, The House On The Borderland, Skullface And Others, as well as numerous items of Lovecraftiana, have come from this publisher. Unfortunately, Arkham House is no more perfect than any other publishing outfit, and it's quite capable of producing a lemon among the sweeter fruits. One such lemon is Joseph Payne Brennan's Nine Horrors And A Dream.

Since Mr. Brennan has a highly impressive list of achievements behind his name, it is with great reluctance that I pan this book.... He was an outstanding soldier in World War 2; he has edited several literary magazines; and he is an accomplished poet and fictionist, having been published in such journals as The N. Y. Times, Weird Tales, Esquire, The Christian Science Monitor, The Reader's Digest, and in a number of outstanding college literary journals and western and detective magazines. However, Mr. Brennan's first book of fiction left me cold. This 1958 Arkham House book contains 10 short stories. Nine of them may be classified as fantasy/horror, and one of them is of the "cute" variety of stories such as appeared frequently in the Mills-edited F&SF.

I've titled this review NINE SHAMS AND A FARCE, and I'd like to discuss the farce first. I may be applying to this story, "The Mail For Juniper Hill", an unpleasant catchword, but a farce it is. It's even a lousy farce....

Ed Hyerson, a mail carrier between Juniper Hill and Grangeville, had a near-perfect record, having never missed a run and with only a few tardies. One freezing December night he becomes enraged and testy when it's suggested that he not try to make his run. 'Big Ed' says, fiercely, "I'll have the mail back here today,



REG
370

with Christ's help -- or the Devil's. I'll bring the mail from Hell, need be!" True-to-form he delivers the mail from Grangeville to Juniper Hill. He drops the mail pouch on the porch of the post office and stumbles off to the cemetery to die. His body is uncovered a few days later, and his car is found halfway between the two cities.

So he delivered the mail, and died. So what? Unless I missed the Kick somewhere along the line there, I would idly say that there's not much point at all for writing this story. It's a complete waste of time for the reader to wade through the snow....

"Slime" is a typical 'shapeless blob monster' story, with this hostile amoeba rambling on for 32 pages before it's exterminated by a flame thrower. We also have the usual number of unexplainable disappearances in a small town, including the old recluse who isn't missed for a while; and other Humpty Dumpties of that ilk. Frankly, I'm tired of the evil-looking creatures, and the friendly-looking beasts, and the shapeless-looking monsters. Maybe one of these days an author will surprise all we jaded people with a really wild story about an enraged chicken.

"Levitation" is a Bradburyian-type fantasy that has an almost clever Alfred Hitchcock-style gimmick. Unfortunately the ending went over like a pregnant polevaulter. The story concerns a carnival hypnotist who dies while he is levitating a volunteer from the audience. When he dies the poor volunteer continues to rise skyward instead of awakening from the trance. The story has potential but something just doesn't click.

"The Calamander Chest", from Weird Tales, January 1954, may be indicative of that magazine's decline. I don't know, I haven't read enough issues of WT to make any sort of accurate judgement. This is a very trite story involving an unknown horror which resides in, to-all-indications, an empty trunk. The protagonist, of course, falls to the evil horror in the trunk. And this is all explained by the fact that a man was once buried alive in the trunk, and his spirit got revenge.

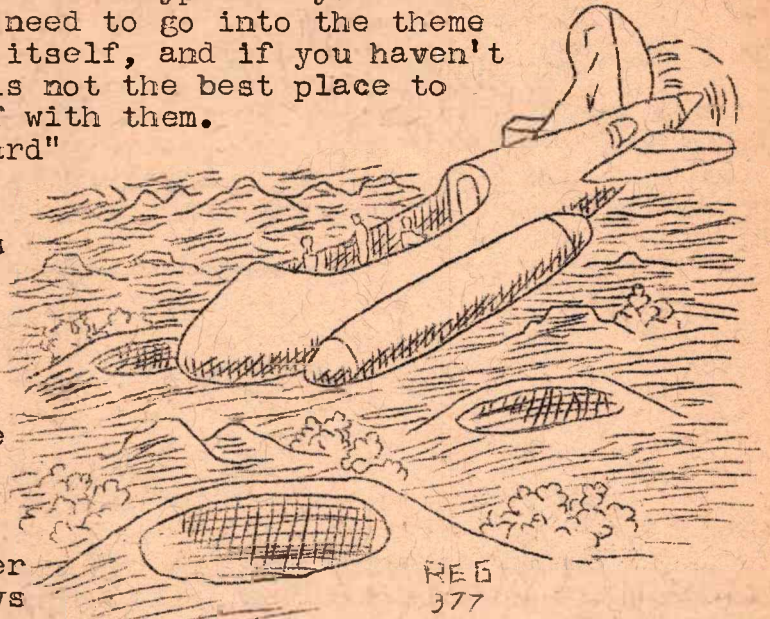
"Death In Peru" (Esquire, February 1954). I started reading Esquire only about 4-5 years ago, so perhaps the fiction was poor as a whole at that time, I dunno, but this yarn is another loser. It concerns a man who is hexed by an old Incan witch doctor...need I say more. The curse naturally turns out to be honest-to-Roscoe, the Real Thing, and all like that. Sound familiar?

"On The Elevator" is about an HPL-type nameless horror (just once I'd like to see this in a Lovecraft story: "My God, man, I've never seen such a huge, slimy, nameless monster as that thing that just slithered by us!" "I saw it at the party last night -- that's Fred Wimpleton.") that appears in the form of a raincoat, hat, and shoes reeking of sea smell and seemingly covering a man -- but we never know for sure. After a grisly slaying the story ends on this trite bit of dislogue, "Well, if you ask me, chum, that murderin' thing in the black raincoat was something dead that came up out of the sea!" So who asked him? The answer is readily available in any number of similar stories.

"The Green Parrot" is a typical "you saw a ghost, Charlie?" story. No need to go into the theme of this one. It speaks for itself, and if you haven't read any of that ilk, this is not the best place to begin familiarizing yourself with them.

"Canavan's Backyard"

could be excellent. It is probably the best thing in the entire collection. It's very HPL-ish in atmosphere, being just vivid enough to maintain interest and not appear cloaked in gothic absurdities. It centers around a backyard of brindle grass that looks innocent enough, but actually is immense and endless, almost to the point of being another dimension. Canavan, who buys the house and the lot, be-



comes caught up in the web of the supernatural surrounding the backyard. Mr. Payne handles himself very well with this one. It is filled with the kind of suspense that one felt when reading HPL's "The Color Out Of Space" or Frank M. Robinson's "The Power".

"I'm Murdering Mr. Massington" is a very good shock-horror story sans supernatural elements. It's very reminiscent of some of the yarns one used to see on Alfred Hitchcock's half-hour teevee show. Mr. Massington is a shy little man obsessed with the fear that he will die and his name will be lost forever to the annals of history. The story is told in the first person by the author, who is persuaded to use Henry Standish Massington in one of his short stories in order to preserve his name for posterity. The author agrees to write the story with certain minor stipulations involving artistic license. It was understood that if Massington did not hear from the author within a year, it would be assumed that the story was unmarketable.

As soon as the author learned that the story would be published he would get in touch with Massington immediately. The last paragraph sums the story up very well:

"A few hours or days before or after you read this, or possibly even as you are reading it, Henry Standish Massington -- having read it -- will take a cheap room in some obscure tenement of Boston, carefully destroy all evidence which might establish his identity and then, consoled by the thought that his name may possibly endure, he will sit down in a chair and calmly fire a bullet into his brain."

Even though I've pretty well given the whole yarn to you, it is still worth reading. The use of the first person makes it damnably convincing. It's the kind of story that you sit and wonder about after reading it. I was wondering how I got this far into the book....

"The Hunt" is so-so, better than most of the other stories in this collection except the preceding two. It would make a good "Twilight Zone" yarn. Mr. Oricto, the central character, finds himself being followed constantly. He is unable to either identify or elude his shadower. At last they meet face to face in a dark

alley. Oricto is paralyzed with fear. All he can say is, "Why?"

The pursuer replies, "Why? Because you're a rabbit -- and I was born to hunt rabbits!"

I'm glad I picked up my copy of Nine Horrors And A Dream for half price in a second hand book shop. I'd hate to think I paid a buck each for the three readable stories in this collection. I don't recommend adding it to your collection unless you are a serious collector or a completist, but it's worth borrowing to read the three good yarns.

HOW I SPENT My *reprint* VACATION buck coulson

In case anyone wonders why I wasn't at the Midwestcon this year..... I received a letter from Dave Locke saying that if I went I had to write him a con report. You can't win, though; I didn't go, so now I have to write a non-con report.

Due to various circumstances, we spent the weekend of the Midwestcon in Milwaukee rather than in Cincinnati. I guess it was all to the good; Gene DeWeese's house restored my sense of wonder in a way that the North Plaza never could. There seems to be a certain architectural peculiarity to Milwaukee houses -- or possibly only to those houses in a particular section of town. When Phyllis and Arthur Economou acquired their house, Phyllis had a long humorous article in PHLOTSAM about some of its peculiarities. One of them was that it contained a toilet stool in the middle of the basement, in full view of two windows. Well, here some years later Gene and Bev DeWeese move to the same area of town, and sure enough, smack in the middle of their basement is a toilet stool. (It was disconnected, and Gene removed it, but it obviously had been connected at one time.) There's was next to the furnace, which raises some interesting conjectures but doesn't really solve anything. Can anyone give a logical reason for Milwaukee home-builders to include bare toilet stools in their basement plans?

Since we were in Wisconsin anyway, we motored up to Fond du Lac one afternoon for a visit with the Dean Grennell family. I think that all fans will be interested to know that at least one member of fandom is prepared for existence in Post-Atomic America (with particular reference to Budrys' "Some Will Not Die"). In the back of the Grennell station wagon when we were there was a .264 Winchester rifle and a copy of "Mao TzeTung On Guerilla Warfare". Fandom shall not perish!

During our visit at the Grennell domicile, we engaged in some form of minton. I'm not sure just what to call it; it wasn't ghoodminton and it certainly wasn't badminton. Possibly I should designate it as multiminton. The number of players at any one time varied from 5 to 7, and the number of badminton birds in play at any one time varied from 1 to 3. (Have you ever looked up to see 3 badminton birds converging on the neighborhood of your left nostril from three different directions? It's a shattering experience, believe me.) Natural and unnatural hazards included a particularly

sturdy backyard swing set, a sandbox (cleverly concealed by a thin wooden cover until Gene fell into it), several large trees, a freshly painted house, and a charcoal broiler merrily grilling three chickens. Part of the time it was cooking three chickens and one badminton bird, but this was unintentional. Great fun was had by all (excluding the chickens, of course) and anytime Irish fandom wishes to expand its horizons, I can recommend multiminton -- or possibly multighoodminton, for an extra filip.

One of the reasons for our visit was that Gene has a large assortment of lp records which I want to tape. This may also be a reason for our next visit, providing I haven't given up tape recording altogether by then. Gene remarked at one point in the proceedings that he and I are obviously not destined to operate tape recorders, and that trying to do so is simply flying in the face of providence. Do you realize how many stupid mistakes it is possible to make in tape recording? I do; I know every one exceedingly well. It is possible to (a) fail to plug in the microphone or phono connection, (b) fail to punch the "record" button when turning on the machine, (c) set the tape recorder at the wrong speed, (d) set the record player at the wrong speed, (e) set both of them at the wrong speed.....but why go on? Suffice to say that the "Tape Output" and "Tape Input" jacks on a Bogen amplifier -- well, on Gene's Bogen amplifier -- are there strictly for their ornamental value. They have nothing whatsoever to do with tape recording. I discovered this the hard way.

The visit must have been a pretty traumatic experience for our electronic equipment, also. We've been back a week, the Pen-tron tape recorder has been in and out of the repair shop and the Victor record player is in for repairs. (Only the Webcor taper survived. Good old Webcor; they don't make very high quality equipment, but by God it's sturdy.)

My next fan gatherings will be the Annual Coulson Picnic and the Chicon, and I'm not going to write a report about either one. So there.

TRUE, OUTRAGOUS FANNISH STORY

Earl Noe

reprint

During one of my ephemeral visits, I was discussing the technique of writing (of all things) science fiction, with Barbara Hutchins. I was talking about the technique of indicating cultural/technological change within the prose that advances the action and without breaking the action to resort to lectures or other devices. It all lies in a careful attention to detail, I pointed out. For example, in the story under discussion, it was necessary that the protagonist handle a gun. Instead



of a blue steel automatic it was "plastic," instead of pointing the barrel it was the "bulb," and instead of smelling of gunpowder, it was "bzone", etc. Very simple, she agreed. We got to discussing the significance of this particular weapon in the plot of the story.

"The gun," I pointed out with great emphasis, "was introduced as an instrument of irony."

"But," she interrupted, her eyes wide with innocence, "I thought you said it was plastic!"

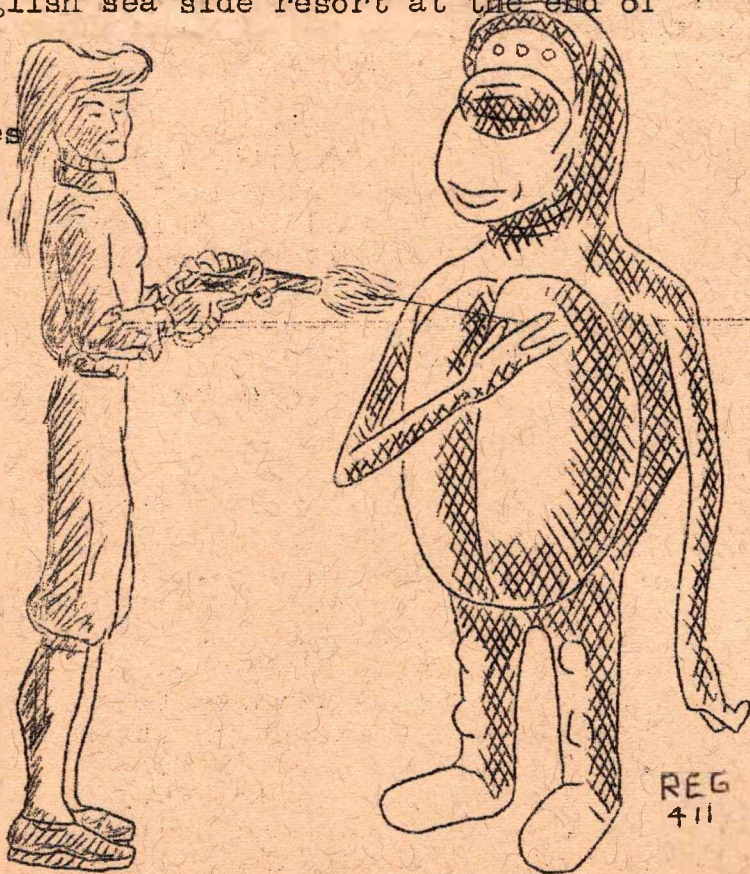
Alan Dodd *reprint*

"End of season" always seems such a sad phrase to me somehow, denoting as it does the death of one period of time, usually enjoyable, and the beginning of another not usually quite as enjoyable. I took my annual holiday this year at "end of season" mainly because I had to cancel the two previous choice weeks

through the fault of an incompetent travel agency. So, I was left with two weeks late September.

Two weeks in a grey summer of almost continuous rain, even then I was more lucky than some getting a mere three days out of 14 with rain. But the English sea side resort at the end of season is sad to behold.

The smaller concessionaires have cleared away and their little shops, stalls and cafes are boarded up, the empty windows whitened to await another season's opening at Easter. The live theatres are closing, big places holding the greatest names in English entertainment who have come there for the summer. The high summer prices are still there but the boards outside say, "Final Week", "Last Performance", "Concluding next Saturday" and "Season ends this week". Soon these theatres will be dead. As dead as an empty mausoleum for no one will be entertaining there in the cold winter months. Some will show films. Most will have the gaudy facades taken



REG
411

down, the electric light bulbs taken out, the doors locked and the shutters down.

The souvenir shops have not lowered their prices perceptibly, after all, the stock will keep till next year. The dates on dated articles can be scrupulously altered. Unluckily the perishable sea side hard candy known as "rock", which usually bears the name of the town in pink letters running the entire length of the stick is not likely to keep and the signs say - "End of season rock sale". And the rock is there in every conceivable shape and colour and flavour, striped and plain, shaped and coloured and moulded into the patterns of pears, apples, bananas, bunches of grapes, cooked fish, cowboy pistols where the barrel is edible, beer bottles, fried eggs, pounds of sausages, outsize lollipops, babies' bottles, plates of every conceivable kind of food and even edible dancing girls. All is edible yet the colouring and shape is so clever that only by the closest inspection can they be told from the real thing. Hard, moulded candy which won't keep till next year and batches are sold at a fraction of the cost it would have fetched the month before.

The cold wind of decay blows through the dour restaurants flanking the front and down the side streets leading to the sea. The service is poor, the waitresses few, the customers fewer. Of thirty tables only four including ours is occupied. Are WE early for lunch? I don't think so.

Outside of town is the airport where a plane takes day trippers (No passport required) to Paris for the day. Gives them the flight both ways, lunch in Paris, boat trip up the Seine, sight seeing, two coach trips around old and new Paris for a total cost of 20 dollars.

Shall we go?

Yes!

Sorry. We ran the last trip to Paris of the season last week.

Is there no more? No. Not until next year.

There is however a steamer trip. To Boulogne, France's largest fishing port. The excursion trips running all summer are over but the mail boat still goes every day and some enterprising firms have arranged trips the other end. The steamer trip both ways, the coach trip to Le Touquet, sight seeing and lunch is only ten dollars.

And the ship is CROWDED.

Here on board it is not out of season. The English are going for a day trip to France. The French are returning home. The letters are going to Europe. The cigarettes are duty free - half the price they cost in England.

Full steam ahead.

90 minutes later we are in France.

There are many fishing boats there but the people are very few. Even the porters are less and the town has a quietness paralleled only by the English town that is its counterpart on the other side of the water.

The French restaurant out in the countryside has a 17 inch television. It seems odd somehow. Somehow it doesn't seem right the French should have television in a tiny country inn. The radio is on. It is playing a tune that seems vaguely familiar. A French air - a folk song perhaps. If you listen carefully the words come in English and the title is repeated frequently through the

melody. The title appears to be "She Wore An Itsy Bitsy Teensy Weensy Yellow Polka Dot Bikini"....

We pass the huge 12,000 British grave cemetery at Etaples with its silent, symmetrical rows of stones mute testimony to the follies of war. Through the Hardelot Forest where the land is very expensive yet a huge section is not used. On it appears to be the largest hotel in the world. A gargantuan edifice which appears complete including roof until you look behind the sightless windows and see the inside has been ripped and gutted. The Nazis used it and now it stands as a grim monument to them. Never to be rebuilt. Never to see life again. Empty and permanently at the end of its season.

Le Touquet has on the front the latest signs of civilisation - a Go-Kart track where a moustached Frenchman rounds the corners valiantly cheered on by the crowd to whom he makes gestures. Gestures which in England would appear to have a slightly different meaning.

But time is fleeting. The coach is late. Waiting for an old lady who became lost. On the quay the voice of the Frenchman behind the loudspeaker says in perfect English - "Hurry along please ladies and gentlemen - you've just missed the boat....."

"There is a night ferry from Dunkirk" consoles the guide humorously. But we haven't missed the cross channel steamer yet. The boat is going home. It's not only the end of the day, it's the end of the holiday and the end of the season.

But next year there'll be another one.
JUST YOU SEE.

RECEIVED APR 25 1984

EDITORIAL, Cont'd from pg. 3

"The discovery of metzite in 1963."

"Barner's theory proving Einstein's wrong, proving speeds faster than light were possible."

The Singapore riots of 1962; the Phillipine Rebellion of '63; "And in 1964 there was the tragic case of the two American army flyers who were forced to make an emergence landing of the experimental stratojet they were flying. They landed just south of the border and were immediately and enthusiastically killed by Mexicans who, as they stepped from their plane still wearing space suits and helmets, took them to be Martians."

He guessed the atomic submarine, but that was all. I suppose if you throw enough darts over your shoulder you're bound to hit the target at least once.

But it's a good book - one of the best that science fiction has produced - and I wish Brown seemed capable of turning out such light, humorous stories today. His latest vignettes, and THE MIND THING (which was a 'thing' indeed) give me the impression that he's getting too old to write well anymore. Maybe I'm wrong. I'd certainly like to be proven wrong.

"The director of the play was a brave man and a man of action. Twenty years before he had been a lieutenant of marines and had led, not followed, his men in the assaults on Tarawa and Kwajalein; he had earned two medals for bravery beyond the call of duty, at a time when bravery within the call of duty was practically suicide. Since then he had put on sixty pounds and a bay window, but he was still a brave man."

It takes a certain style to write like this: not serious and not humorous; just 'light'. But anyway, I'm looking forward to the Martians. According to Brown they should be up here around 11:14 p.m. I'll be waiting for them.