

EREBUS



KALEIDOSCOPE

A large portion of this page will be devoted to outlining one of the two forthcoming publications we told you about in Erebus #2. The other, which was to have been a magazine reprinting outstanding fan material, has, for a number of reasons been abandoned for the duration.

The remaining magazine, which has for its title KALEIDOSCOPE, we hope to have under way very shortly. Its chief feature will be reviews of sf/fantasy appearing in non-fantasy pubs. Reviews of the entire fan and pro fantasy field were also planned, but it has been suggested that, since KALEIDOSCOPE will probably be on a quarterly schedule -- for the first few issues at least -- such reviews would largely be too out of date by the time they appeared to be of any great merit. At any rate, they will be used in the first issue, and the decision as to whether they should continue to appear left up to the readers.

KALEIDOSCOPE will be mimeed on colored paper, and will have lino block headings and a lithoed cover. The number of pages will not, of course, be very definite, but will vary from issue to issue as necessary. Price will be one nickel.

We believe that KALEIDOSCOPE will fill a definite and long felt need in the fan publishing field, and will endeavor to make the material it contains as interesting and worthwhile as possible. We ask all of you who are interested in contributing material to this project, or who have suggestions to make concerning it, to write us as soon as possible. While we cannot guarantee an immediate answer, your letters will not be disregarded.

This issue of Erebus was to have had a lithoed cover. Unfortunately, it didn't quite materialize. It will definitely appear next issue, however. #4, incidentally will appear in one month. This is definite, as we have paper, stencils, ink lino blocks, etc., and material either on hand or promised.

In case the cover puzzles you, it represents a little Fortean drama: 'Man Pursued by Luminescent Globes of Unknown Origin. The background was drawn and stencilled by Frank Wilimczyk, and we think it's a particularly fine example of mimeo art. Frank tells us the gal is a dryad.

The lino blocks this issue offer a vast improvement on the last, you will note. There's a reason for this; all but one were done with oil inks, instead of the water color stuff used previously. The one exception is the little spatial doghouse appearing on the second page of Larry's column. We were determined to do this in black, and couldn't get any black oil ink. It seems to have reproduced fairly well, tho we don't like the block itself. We'll have to cook up something else to take its place next time.

Contents appear on page 16, just to satisfy Sargeant Saturn's demand for an astrogration chart. We have reached what we believe is the amazingly sane realization that Erebus is small enough that there's absolutely no need for a contents page. If it were the American Magazine or Readers Digest 'twould be different. We left Larry's name off again, as well as the general headings for the various items. Rather than run off another page, or let such a horrible thing pass, we have typed all the necessary stuff on each sheet.

Also to have appeared in this issue was green ink throughout. After paying the sum of two-fifty for some, we discovered the stuff was so thin it was useless

Next issue brings the second installment of Raym Washington's Fantastic Adventures, an article by Wilimczyk entitled Fantaisiart, another installment of Larry's "Doghouse", and more verse. It may also witness a further improvement or sumpin in the way of lino blocks, plus an air spray interior or two.

THE Devil YOU SAY

by Curtis Carlyle



THE LITTLE MAN WAS VERY ANXIOUS TO PAINT
A PERFECT PORTRAIT OF THE DEVIL. HE WANTED
TO SO VERY BADLY, IN FACT, THAT

"Chee," said the Devil, "I hope you're paintin' this picture right."
The small, five-foot man with the Kaiser moustache twirled his brush impatiently. "Please, the light in this place is bad enough. I can't paint an accurate portrayal if you keep moving about."
"Pfff," said the Devil and moved again. The sun had set and twilight shadows were steadily creeping over the little secluded glen. The devil struck a Herculean pose, his brawny arms raised skyward.
"God, you look like Steel Man," the Enchanter said and laughed.
"Dat boid in de comic books dose guys brought down to me joint," the Devil said disgustedly, and then added, "But don'tcha ever use that woid "God" in me presence again, see? I don't like it."
The Enchanter twirled his black cape around him, felt for the little protective cross that he wore and said "God" very clearly and distinctly.
"Damn you," the Devil said, and twisted his pugilist's face into a grimace.
The Painter wrung his hands. "Please, sir, it will be night soon and I must hurry to complete the painting. Please assume the pose. I've paid that man a good hundred dollars and I shan't lose my money's worth."
"Well tell dat damn slick-face ta keep his mouth shut!"
The Painter turned to the Enchanter. "Please, sir, will you refrain from those inane comments that you are making?"
The Enchanter twisted a blade of grass, stuck it into his mouth and chewed on it. "Ok."
Once again the Devil assumed the pose. He wore a bright red shirt with orange-painted flames on the chest. He had brown eyes that sparkled, black shiny hair and tight fitting breeches.
"East Side, West Side," the Devil sang.
"Nice song," said the Enchanter between chews on the grass blade.
"Yeah," the Devil answered.
The Painter's brush made swish-swish noises on the canvas. The brush moved faster with red strokes, filling out the figure.
Suddenly the Devil lowered his arms, pushed a red colored sleeve back and glanced at his wrist.
"Damn!" he said emphatically. "I'm two minutes overdue back at da ovens." He smiled across at the Enchanter. "I'll be seein' ya, buc in your dreams."
The Enchanter smiled back and flashed the cross. "Not while I have this."
The Devil vanished in a flash of smoke.

The Painter sat in the chair by the chains and gazed at his painting admiringly. The Devil actually seemed to breathe against the blue sky - green trees background.

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The Painter was proud of his painting, his masterpiece. He toyed with the chain beside him and thought: The prize of \$2000 would certainly repay him for the \$100 he had to pay the Enchanter for summoning the Devil. His eyes lighted as the judges appeared, moving along the chains. And then they reached his picture.

"Stinks!" said the Very Old Lady with the pearl necklace.

"Stinks!" the Critic commented.

The last judge, a tall man with a baggy suit, snorted, "Stinks!"

"Here's a beautiful nude," said the Critic.

The Very Old Lady said something, but the Painter didn't hear. He was running down the hall, down the stairs and out into the evening air.

He was going to paint the Devil perfectly this time.

The Painter said the words as he remembered them, poured the oil on the ground, moved back and tossed a lighted match into it.

"Swoosh!" went the flames and the ground seemed to crackle.

"Damn!" the harsh, gruff voice of the Devil said. "What in da hell do ya want?"

"I want to paint you again," the Painter said in a quivering voice.

The Devil glanced at his wrist-watch. "Since ya've called me, I guess I'll have ta stay for ten minutes. Dose buns can handle de oven fer dat long."

"Er -- yes --," the Painter said, dabbing his brush into some red paint. "Will you assume the pose again, please?"

The Devil looked around, peering into the dense shrubs. "Say, bud," he said, "where's dat bum dat was wit ya last time?"

"Er -- he -- er -- isn't -- here," the Painter said falteringly.

The Devil grinned from ear to ear and moved out of the little circle that the Painter had made on the ground.

"He ain't here, huh?"

"Er -- no -- not -- just -- yet," the Painter's voice trembled.

The Devil laughed. It was a cold, dry laugh. "Well, ain't that just too bad." The Painter's brush slipped from his hand and fell to the ground. He retrieved it, but his eyes never left the Devil's smiling face.

"Will you please -- er -- assume the pose, sir? It's getting late and I won't be able to see well very much longer."

The Devil pulled on a cauliflower ear. "I tink I can fix dat up just fine. You can have plenty of light, and plenty of time to do dat paintin' right. Yeah."

The Painter stopped trembling. "I can?"

"Yeah," the Devil said, smiling again. "It'll be a trifle hot, but dat won't worry ya none."

The Painter started trembling again as the Devil laid his hand on his shoulder. His face was ashen, his throat dry and parched when he spoke. "But ... I ... don't ... like ... warm ... places."

The Devil frowned. "If ya don't like warm places, ta hell wit ya."

It was warm

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THE ACOLYTE ... an amateur publication devoted to fantasy and the supernatural, edited and published by Francis T. Laney, 720 Tenth St., Clarkston, Washington. Subscriptions; 35¢ for four issues, or by exchange with other amateur magazines. (Adv.)

THE STF DOGHOUSE

by Larry Shaw

"Lest Darkness Fall" turned up in the school library so I read it for the third time -- the first time in book form. I don't know when the book came in (or how it managed to find a place among the slop that fills the shelves there), but it seems to have been quite popular so far. Two other items of interest I didn't notice until very recently are O. W. Gail's "By Rocket to the Moon" (I think) and one called "Distant Worlds" by a person named Mader. I doubt very much if I'll have any chance to read these, tho -- which makes the three years I spent there practically a total loss.

Speaking of Unknown, which I almost was, "Lest" was also the first yarn I read therein. Or at least it was the novel in the first issue I read; I usually read the shorts first. I did not begin to buy every issue until around the time of "The Indigestible Triton", but after that I bought second hand copies of all those in between and most of those preceding "Lest". Four issues dodged my feeble efforts to obtain a complete set, the four immediately after the first two. Lem gave me one of them while I was in Indianapolis; my almost complete set is scattered to the winds now, but I still want to read those I've missed. I've read the shorts in this one. The novel, which I've just begun, is "Flame Winds", about which I'm not very enthusiastic.

But, let me see. Ithot all this was leading up to something. Oh yeah! My theory. Friends, I have a theory about Unknown. Maybe it's all just coincidence, and maybe I'm nuts, but it seems to me that the history of Unknown and the history of pro stf follow pretty much the same pattern, with Unknown's version ...slightly accelerated. Unknown starts off, a new magazine in what at least is called an entirely new field. The stories, rightly enuf, are based on some relatively new ideas and they go over, in spite of the fact that they're generally crudely written. (Oh, weren't most of the yarns in the early Unks crudely written? Read some of 'em again bub.) Gradually the number of new ideas decreases, but the writing gets better. All the time new authors replace the old. Several of the yarns are hailed as classics, but there is no passage of time to prove or disprove this. Finally, after stumbling on for a long time, there's a boom. Large size comes in, corresponding to the sudden increase in number of the stf mags. But the "classics" are fewer and farther between, until after awhile there just ain't no more. No new ideas, nothing unusual, only occasionally an exceptional piece of writing. Then the crash -- tho Unk still hasn't been as hard hit as the field in general. ((This seems to be about the best place to inform those who may not already be aware of it that Unknown has succumbed to the paper shortage. We weep. ... Lem))

I could go a lot further into detail on thw whole thing. I'm probably off the beam, tho. But it's sorta cute, maybe.

And speaking of libraries, I've never been able to find again a sea story I saw a guy reading in the library. It had several illustrations by Hubert Rogers. Our school library seems to be almost as well stocked on fantasy as the public. The only thing I've been able to find at the latter was "Last and First Men".

And speaking of Unknown and libraries, while browsing around the public I picked up a magazine with the thrilling title, "The Textile World", and discovered

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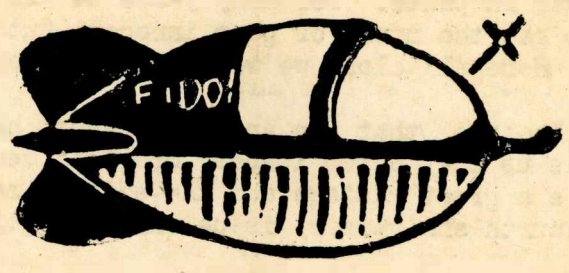
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therein an article entitled -- of all things! -- "The Accident Prone Employee"! Shades of "Death's Deputy"! The mag itself is one of those huge advertising-filled trade papers put out by MacGraw-Hill, who apparently originated the idea of putting the issue number "upright" on the spine of the magazine, if you know what I mean -- the idea Street & Smith is using to such good advantage on their pulps now.

All of the above seems to be connected somehow. This is not. Some tips: Jack Gavin, 413 First Street, Troy, New York, and Rosco E. Wright, P. R. 1, Box 175, Toledo, Oregon, have each announced their intention of bringing out a new fanzine sometime this summer. Rosco's ((Out now ... Lem)) will be mostly artwork with some illustrated poetry; Jack's probably will be general, with the accent, if any, on rocketry. Both of these fellows are new fans, but they're also intelligent and capable. If all you guys who have been yelping about a fanzine shortage don't get behind them with whatever kind of help you can give, I'll be pretty disappointed in fandom (and I don't, of course, expect to be disappointed in fandom).

Recommend: Antoine de Saint Exupery's "The Little Prince". To say too much about it would be to spoil it, and besides I hate to review books, but I mean this: read it.

Something I should have mentioned somewhere before is the time Ed "Pat" Murphy, a li'l guy I go around with sometimes, his girl friend, and I were coming home from a hayride and, while Pat suddenly started talking about the fourth dimension and was quite amazed for would have that to he'd been reading some good ideas and of the popular fall-stuff. So we argued travel, life on all sorts of things expect to hear coming posed plenty of on to screwier ones before we found an answer. This continued, getting louder and louder, while the bus kept on being late and on the way up State Street after it came. A lot of people were amused no end, Pat's girl most of all. It was a lot of fun, tho.



waiting for the bus, talking about the related subjects. I a second or two. You listen to him that stf; he really had didn't fall into any icies regarding such we dragged in time other planets, and you would only ex-from a fan. We problems, and went

Being a fan without a collection is many times worse than being a man without a country. I've had the urge to start one two or three times a week, on the average, but I've never had the money to spens or a very good place to keep mags and books. My fanzine collection ain't bad, considering, but otherwise I've just got plenty of nothing. Well, I keep telling myself, I'll start my collection after the war, when everything is rare, thus making it a lot more fun. And I'm not completely kidding. But it's slightly discouraging to see how puny the stocks in second hand book and magazine stores are even now. It's lovely being an optimist!

Paul Spencer became quite sad because I was meeting "millions of fans" while he was stuck in an army camp all by his lonesome. But all I've met since February were P. Schuyler Miller, who isn't really a fan, and Marlow, who obviously doesn't count; while Paul has met Joe Fortier and is probably in touch with Speer and whoever else hangs out in Washington these days by now. The point, if any, is that the war is finally beginning to bring fans together in the strangest places, as was predicted quite often a while back.

Maybe it'll bring you and me together -- you lucky, lucky fan!

CUTHBERT

by Carlton G Fassbeinder

Inside the cover of a fan magazine bearing the picture of our friend The Monster in a strangling condition (or perhaps he was only reading a story by Kuttner) is a new thought by our good friend Harry Schmarje. Being in a general sense the god-father of Imagination, Polaris, Futuria Fantasia, Mikros, Sal, the Joquel Chain, Shangri-La, and a host of other mags that would knock Schmarje off his heels if he were to be hit with them all at one time, I find his statement in The Printed Page a most unique pronouncement.

We ancient scribes of the Pacific Coast, if you will pardon our modesty, are kicking honourable selves in pants. For many years we did not know that "this fan business is a racket to get the money of poor innocent Cuthbert Fann..." Can you imagine our stupidity? Here all along we were doing it for the sheer hell of it.

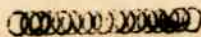
It is with great pleasure that the Angeleno Record has always been kept way in the red. Ackerman tells us that a few issues of the venerable Fantasy Magazine made a profit. This was a great mistake and the editors rectified the error by blowing everything on the fourth anniversary issue and then going out of business.

However, enter Schmarje. Cool commercialism takes the place of the old school of carefree journalists. The malicious Mr. Schmarje, who learned his tricks in Muscatine, Ia., where buttons are made in gross amounts, is ready to fleece the fans (We have had experience with Muscatine buttons and so know what to expect). Harrison is going to work on a new theory. He is going to make money with fan magazines.

Proof of how this works is demonstrated by the Midwest Fan Society. For some time I have been approached by letters which slink into my mailbox (oh yes, I've watched them come slithering up the porch early in the morning) suggesting that I send 25¢ for stickers and stuff and become a member of the MFS. I even sent an article which never saw light mainly because the mag was unpublished.

Therefore, the Schmarje system is brought to light. It is simple to form an organization, get all the members possible, and then suddenly have a bad case of amnesia. We saw a picture of Harry recently which was sent to FJA. We are sure it's amnesia now. We haven't had a letter from the boy in months.

WHERE IS THAT ARTICLE AND WHEN IS IT GOING TO BE PUBLISHED? Answer, you rat. (Bang, bang! As heads are knocked against Harry's Bar!) What happened to my article with my name on it? What do you think I sent it to you for, Schmarje? What do you think the fan field is, (bang, bang!) anyway; a publishing business? When I write articles I want my name to show up. Ain't that so, youse guys? (bang, bang!)



FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

by RAYMOND WASHINGTON, JR.

Part I: Fans at the Front

The summer sun was hot and high. It blazed fiercely down on the mighty Pacific panorama. The heavily loaded American attack bomber seemed tiny and insignificant as it thundered along between the sky and the sea.

Larry Shaw piloted the plane with a smooth automatic ease that spoke of long hours of flying. He had shoved off his goggled helmet and now ran his long, thin fingers through his rumpled dark hair.

"He'll be there soon," he said. He looked back over his shoulder to see the two tall, gangling figures of Degler and Washington relaxing behind him in the very cramped cockpit.

"Do you think everything will come off on schedule, Raym?" Degler asked in a plaintive voice.

"Yes," the southerner said fervently, "I hope so and I believe so. I checked all the details just before Shaw kicked us out of Ackerman Field.

Raym wiped perspiration from his face with a handkerchief. "Who would've thought we'd be here, three years ago? The summer of 1946, and the great United Nations offensive rolling on to crush the little brown men. Remember where we were in the summer of 1943?"

The three fans sighed. "So much has happened since then," Raym went on. "Our struggle to give the Cosmic Circle world wide recognition; the government seeing science-fiction fans as a clique apart from the rest of the human race, and finally, after long wrangling, this special division, the Invincible Fan Brigade, the Unit of Combined Scientiwar Operations. The big name fans really deserve this post of command, but the Government insisted on us taking over, since we suggested the idea and worked so hard for its successful completion."

Raym glanced at his watch, and the other two fans followed suit. "The big show starts in eleven minutes. We'll arrive over the Jap-held island in six."

Shaw took the bomber down low, without reducing speed, flitting dangerously low over the whitecaps. Degler took up a hand microphone, worked the controls. "This is Command, calling squadron A. Command to squadron A."

The radio spluttered, then a wheedling voice came over. "Marlow speaking, A squadron to command. We are at the appointed rendezvous. Over."

Degler said: "Command to B squadron. B squadron answer."

"B squadron, Jenkins commanding," came the energetic voice. Raym took the microphone away from Degler. "Harry, we strike as per schedule. We'll try to put some of the ack-ack out of action for you."

Jenkins said, "Right."

Minutes ticked away then, breathless minutes while the ever-changing ocean unreeled beneath their flashing wings. Washington dropped into the co-pilots seat beside the grim-faced Shaw. Degler primed his rear gun.

"Degler, remember the trouble we had with the Cosmic Circle Announcement?" Degler's long, whimsical face softened with reminiscence. "I certainly do. An do you remember when you told your cook I was a Japanese spy when --"

Shaw said: "Can it boys. This's it."

A dark mass protruded over the far horizon. The fans stiffened involuntarily. This was the first campaign of Combined Scientiwar Operations, and it must come off successfully.

Then they were roaring, whistling thirty feet above the island. Brown, surprised almond faces upturned in terror and rage. Degler, who was fiddling with the gun, looked over his shoulder and shouted, "I just saw the invasion fleet off-shore and waved to Tackett. Things are working out as we planned."

There were a few machine-guns sputtering behind them, but they thundered low over the beach, between tall palms, and Rayn's nervous thumb pressed a stud. A dozen dull-gleaming silver missiles flashed downward. Most of them exploded on the roof of a barracks; some of them sent up geysers of sand and foliage; one or two of them blasted an anti-aircraft gun.

They were over the island then, on the far side, banking into the sun, while nine deadly dive-bombers dropped from their perch at 25,000 feet and plastered the islands docks and fortifications. Up and down they swooped, the air about them blackened with the exploding shells of heavy guns, white and red with the probing fingers of tracer bullets.. One of the dive-bombers was hit, and a parachute blossomed out as the fan-flier left his plane to crash into the sea, a burning wreck. The Jap machine-gun Charlies began to work on the helplessly kicking flier (who was T. B. Yerke, the blase one). Degler carefully swung his gun at the Jap machine-gun crew. Degler's weapon sputtered wrathfully, and the Japs fell away from their shattered weapon. (Later examination prove it to be composed mainly of tin and bamboo.)

"Good for squadron A," Shaw whispered, as much to himself as to the others. "But where's squadron B?"

His answer came, then, as the formation of nine Flying Fortresses came winging out of the sea. Their tremendous bomb loads shook the island end to end. Jap troops were spilling out of their barracks when one of the Fortresses appeared over it. What two 500 -pound bombs did to those honorable brown men was fearful to contemplate.

A squadron, now out of bombs, still strafed determinedly. The monstrous Fortresses shuttled back and forth, spewing clouds of bombs. Most of the Jap troops had been killed by bombs, but many dozens still remained.

Motor launches were now pulling up to the beach, spilling heavily armed fan-marines onto the sand. Machine-guns back in the brush dropped half a platoon before Marlow's chattering guns knocked it out.

LeRoy Tackett lead the mass attack, clutching his rifle. Japs leaped out of the brush, running madly to meet the attackers. "Banzai," Tackett said, shooting one of them in the stomach. The fans followed, swiftly exhausting their ammunition as the beach piled high with bodies.



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Then the Japs came with bayonets, and things were pretty messy for awhile. In an isolated skirmish, Tackett lost his rifle when a wildly-aimed Japanese shot him, sur-shattered the stock and skinned his forearm. The Jap came leaping to meet him, a shining vision of paradise before him. Tackett ducked as the Jap bayonet raked his forehead, then walloped the gun out of the eccentric brown man's hand, sent it spinning over in the brush where the main fight was progressing between howling Japs and rabid fans. (As a thoughtful propaganda morale-raising ((at least fright-raising)) trick, Degler had dropped copies of Astounding to the Japs defending the beach, with a written dare to tear off the cover and mutilate the contents. This they had done, and now had to contend with outraged fans who had seen blasphemy done.)

The Jap rushed Tackett again, tried a kick to the groin. Casually Tackett got his hand around the Jap's foot, twisted, sent the yelling little demon to earth, and kicked in his ribs. The Jap tried to rise, but Tackett choppe down on his Adam's Apple with the side of his hand, also using his knee effectively. The Jap began to cry, blubbering loudly, great tears running down his face. Tackett, his innate sympathy touched, stooped and wiped the little thing's face with his handkerchief, patted him on the head as one might pet a dog. The Jap stopped crying, but his lips trembled. "Me sorry," he said.

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"You be my valet?" said Tackett.

"Honorable person be valet, also arrange flowers."

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In another part of the island, a second detachment of fans were landing, while a small fleet in command of Lowmces, Michel, and knight poured shells into the Jap machine - gun nests. This detachment was lead by none other than Ackerman, who stumbled along through a hail of bullets with "Attu wish I was in Dixie!" as his battle-cry.

Corporal Tucker scrambled up to where Ackerman was trying to dig himself a fox-hole with a little toy spoon. "They've burst our line," Pong panted.

"The burstards!" Ackerman swore.

"They've fortified that little bay where we hid our extra fanzines ... the goons, the slinky ..." Tucker's voice trailed off, as his mother's advice never to use strong language came back to him.

"Sloppy Le Goons," Ackerman said succinctly.

"I'm afraid they've got us tagged, Tucker went on in a low, worried voice.

"How comes Der Tag," Forrie said automatically.

Ackerman sat down on a sand dune, dropped his rifle and laughed heartily. My puns're getting funnier as rhymes go by."

A few motley boats, armed with guns, had slipped up on the Japs to pound them with shells, but under a concentrated Jap cannon reply they chugged madly out to sea.

"In accordance with instructions, our sloops withdrew according to plan to straighten the brine." Ackerman was polishing his green glasses.

The Japs fought almost to the last man. At last the commander of the outpost, one Kitumaturin, washed his face, gulped down a swig of rice wine, and shambling out with his sword to present it to the two expeditions, who by this time had converged on the center of the island.

Tackett took the sword. "Kid, you're showin' some sense."

"Kid, you're maturin'!" put in the dependable Efjay

Les Crutch, in the Tackett expedition, began to make horrible faces at one of the captured Jap soldiers.

The Jap commander frowned at his trembling soldier. "Come, come, Hurihiru: --- Japanese soldiers never say die."

Corporal Bronson stumbled up. "Sir Tackett, all organized resistance has now ended."

Tackett took out a tablet, attempting to write a communique with a dirty pencil stub.

Command was still winging back and forth over the island. Shaw, Legler, and Washington were peering down at the successfully occupied island when the relayed communique came in from Washington:

"Washington, D. C.: Temperatures soared to ever-increasing heights today, angry seas battered coastal plains and dust-storms roared over barren mid-western plains. Food riots were reported in France. Monstrous tidal waves have reduced Miami and St. Petersburg to ruined skeletons. Tropic regions have become practically unbearable — in fact, no bears have been found in those regions since the heat began. Perhaps it is because bears do not live in hot climates anyway.

"General MacArthur's Headquarters, Australia: The newly-formed Unit of Scientific Operations has defeated the Japs on occupied Nipponight Island. This division, consisting of persons who read imaginative fiction in four armed services: Air Forces, Marines, Army, and Navy, has made encouraging progress in this, their first attempt to regain conquered islands. In two hours of fighting they have attained their goal. Only a handful of Jap snipers are left, and it is only a matter of time until . . ."

Rayn said: "Shaw, take her down."

Shaw moved the stick, kicked opposite rudder. They side-slipped, slanting down through the hot, bright sky.

The beach rushed up to meet them. Shaw brought the nose up, gunned the flagging motor, and they lurched heavily down to a bang-up landing. Shaw wheeled the ship viciously about, cut the motor and shoved back the hood. They climbed out, amid glad jubiliations.

Legler acted as spokesman for the group. "Captain Tackett, did you have much trouble in reaching your objectives?"

"Not much," Tackett murmured, "and I got me a valet."

Lieutenant Ackerman, a cheerful smile on his face, was rubbing and polishing his shirt front. "What you doin' that for?" asked Joe Podunk, a new fan.

"O, for the medals, of course!" Ferrie ejaculated.

"Lt. Ackerman, did your party fare well?"

"O, yes! The Japs farewellled, too!"

"Good," Legler smiled. "All organized resistance has ended, you say, but the snipers —"

"There's three or four of 'em holed up in a coral cave half a mile to the north. They've got a ten pounder, some mortars, and Lord knows how much ammunition and supplies." This speech was articulated by Tackett, who was now spoiling for action.

Up ran a soldier. He was tremendously excited. "Tackett, sir, the artillery has been shelling those Jap snipers for the past 45 minutes. Some of our shells got



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through their barricade. Our machine-gun bullets have riddled that cave and killed at least one of them. We built a fire and the smoke really rolled into the cave, but we can't smoke 'em out -- they -- they aren't human to stand so much punishment . . ." he saluted and blindly strode away.

"Ashley is a good soldier till he gets excited," Tackett observed candidly, looking after the retreating back.

"Why in hell don't the Japs give up, since their position is hopeless -- or at least commit hari-kari to save face!" Shaw protested loudly, while Rayn nodded vigorously and frowned, trying to look important.

"You see," Tackett explained, "their officers promised them technicolor movies of Lana Turner gone back to nature if they would hold out until the island was recaptured."

"Lana Turner, gone back to nature?" inquired Joe Podunk in a squeaky bass. "I don't ----"

"We do," said Lieutenant Shroyer of the Army, stepping ashore from a motor launch. "For Pete's sake, has the Jap officer got those pictures here?"

Rayn sat down and began to chant an ode to the sea. Degler, out of long habit, stood on the one useable road of the island and began to try to hitch-hike rides on Army Jeeps and bicycles.

Shaw yelled, "Achtung!" and all rushed over. "We are degenerating," Shaw said sadly. "We are supposed to be a military unit, and we have now degenerated into individual fans. Do not forget the Cause!"

"The Cause!" Degler screamed, galvanized into action. "Come! Come, let us dis-
pose of these slant-eyes!"

Degler led the fans in a fierce bayonet charge up the rocky coral beach, while their artillery and mortars pumped shells into the cave until the brave fan-warriors were rights up to the cave's mouth. Some distrustful little brown heads appeared over the rim, their cheeks sallow with reflected fires raging within -- set, no doubt, by the American fans.

Rayn sat down on the sand, his eyes dreamily glazed, and began to recite:
"Where crafty gnomes, with scarlet eyes conspire
To quench Aldebaran's affronting fire
Low sparkling, just beyond their cavern's mouth."
The other fans charged on, however, and Tackett threw himself over the barrier. The Japs fought with incredible tenacity, but were at length driven back into the cave's dark recesses, two of them scratched and bruised badly.

"There's three of them left," said Tucker. "The artillery boys got one."
"Charge!" yelled Rayn, leaping the barricade, thinking the fight was still raging. "You-all done beat 'em?"

"Not yet," Degler growled. "You're just in time to help with the final charge." The howling, yelling fans sprinted on into the darkness. Was there a fan dis-
mayed? Was there a fan afraid? Well, there was Rayn, but he ran along to save face. The Japs began to run away, but the fans stumbled valiently on. The chase kept up for several minutes. Tackett sent several bullets crashing after the foe, but no results were observed.

"It's -- it's getting spooky in here," Rayn panted. Their pounding feet beat out a dreadful cadance on the rocky floor.

"Yeah -- they ... wish they'd stayed and fought --"
Suddenly there was no sound from the scrambling figures ahead; then a long, bloodcurdling scream.

(Continued on p. 16)

THE Devil YOU SAY



LARRY SHAW
1501 State Street
Schenectady 4, N.Y.

The cover is better than the first one. Good color combination, too. Contents page is also improved. Contents as a whole were not as much of an improvement as I'd have liked. There doesn't seem to be much variety as there was in number one. The editorial was informative and good again. You could cut down on the info at the bottom of page 3 and make it longer, tho. First full page is fine, wish there were more of them. Fan Who Went Back very entertaining, altho the ending didn't quite seem to belong, somehow. Gave the impression of being tacked on as an afterthought. As for my stuff, that didn't belong either. And I know fans love fotos, but next time please use the doghouse, eh? Fantasy parade and the verbe were both good. Second full page not so hot as it stands. And, of course, the letter section was enjoyable. My advice is to go large size. And quarterly, of course. A foto really is a big addition. I liked all the headings this time; there's just the right amount of variety and such stuff. Leave the page numbers at the bottom, but take that line out from under 'em. I still think you have a swell little pub.

FRANK WILIMCZYK
3 Lewis Street
Westfield, Mass.

First, to Erebus. It's really a very neat fanzine (Neat fanzines are my weakness. I hate some of these sloppy looking pubs), and I like the small size. Try to keep Erebus as it is. Not only is it attractive at present, but a change in size will cause difficulty in filing away copies. The yellow cover takes ink better than the dark red of the first issue, and looks a little more cheerful.

The Fan Who Went Back was nice. I expected it to limp along as did Rayn's bit in the last issue, but it didn't. It was rather clever, and I enjoyed it, really. The heading is well executed. I'd rather see two color mimeo work (I'm trying some in the next Paradox) than lino-blocks, with which you seem to have very little success. I suppose you wrote this yourself? ((Guilty ... Lsh))

The Stf Doghouse is a nice column. Listings of stf that appeared in non-fantasy mags are all too infrequent. I hope Larry can keep up this sort of stuff. I really liked the foto. While the reproduction isn't perfect, I liked this better than most fotos that have appeared in ERF. I've been thinking of using fotografs in Paradox, but I'll have to wait until I can get some pictures taken, or bum some negatives from certain fans.

Fantasy Parade was okay, tho a little outdated, but that can be forgiven since when they were stencilled and mimeoed they were, no doubt, current. Your reviews are also clever, and good for a laugh. I think that when the first Frankenstein picture was released, people actually believed the monster was dead. The monster will probably remain dead only after he has been downed nine times or so.

The letter column title was clever, tho I do not like the linoleum block heading. I know it's rather difficult to do anything with a block, as I've done some work with that stuff myself, but with little effort I think you could work out some nice effects.

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FRANCIS T. LANEY
720 Tenth Street
Clarkston, Wash.

Generally speaking, you improved vastly. I still think that you are devoting too much attention to fanciness in typography. All this looks nice, and all that, but if you are going to indulge in luxuries such as these, you **POSITIVELY SHOULD NOT** use column like Shaw's. You dirty-tricked Larry this time, for his was a timely type of thing, and the delay put him in the position of breathlessly pedaling the latest news of three or four months back. The New Yorker article, Kuttner-Moore serial in Argosy, Pocket Book of Scientific Romances -- gad, I'll bet Shaw feels like tearing you limb from limb! Particulary when it is so plain he gave you an A-1 column, IF it had been used when written. His Sateve stuff is good at any time, though. He should have mentioned that among other fine items, Conan Doyle's fine **MARCOTT DEEP** first saw the light in SatPost. I'll have to make you a list someday of my excerpts of fantasy and stf from SatPosts of the 1920's --- really some choice items.

THE FAN WHO WENT BACK is not at all bad. I enjoyed it much more than most fan humor. Pic of Shaw was a good feature. Is it the angle of the camera, or does he have a magnificent pair of pianist's hands? **FANTASY PARADE** is a waste of paper to non-film going FTL, but is good of its kind. **SPACEING BREED** is average only, but is still worthy of space. **THE DEVIL YOU SAY** is a good enough column --- all but the first letter; that guy is a windbag. (And as far as I'm concerned, **EREBUS** is still a first attempt --- **EREBUS** is not in the picture ... sorry. But don't you yourself see a terrific improvement???)

Your addenda draws my fire. If you are too hard up for material to know what you'll have in **EREBUS**, you should be oiled in boiler for even **CONSIDERING** a sister pub let alone two of them! You just stick with **EREBUS**, me lad, and you'll find you have your hands full. You've set a good mark to shoot at with this #2, and I for one would like to see you carry it on, rather than ding around with half a dozen mags and eventually drop from sight a la Columbia Camp.

By all means, switch to large size pages. If there were no reason from your point of view -- there is from mine. You see, my fanzine cases are ALL made for 8½ x 11 zines. Egotistical, ain't I?

MARIAN CRAINE
912 W. Fourth Ave.
Spokane, Washington

I like the cover for its simplicity and functional beauty, but dislike the colors. I suppose you have to take whatever you can get, though. Some of the pictures weren't bad, but the one on p. 11 looks amatuerish, to say the least. (I'm even sticking my neck out so far as to say I think I could do better) However, that one was the only one in which I could detect any resemblance to printed material. I don't care about that; I'd just like to know definitely your policy on the subject. And Shaw is right; use colored inks for pics but black for the body of the type.

Incidentally, I used to be a pretty good copyreader on my school paper and I still haven't lost the copyreader's point of view. I always spot errors in printing -- sometimes even in highly respectable slicks -- and I couldn't help seeing a few in yours, mostly mistakes in hyphenating words.

I like all the departments and hope you keep them. Particularly so I like the pungent efficiency of your comment on "The Undying Monster". And I gather that "Stuff and Nonsense" is the editorial dept. I like the photo, too, but didn't it take a lot of time and labor to paste it into all the copies by hand? The story wasn't bad, but naturally couldn't be as good as it would have been if you'd had more room to expand it.



FRANK