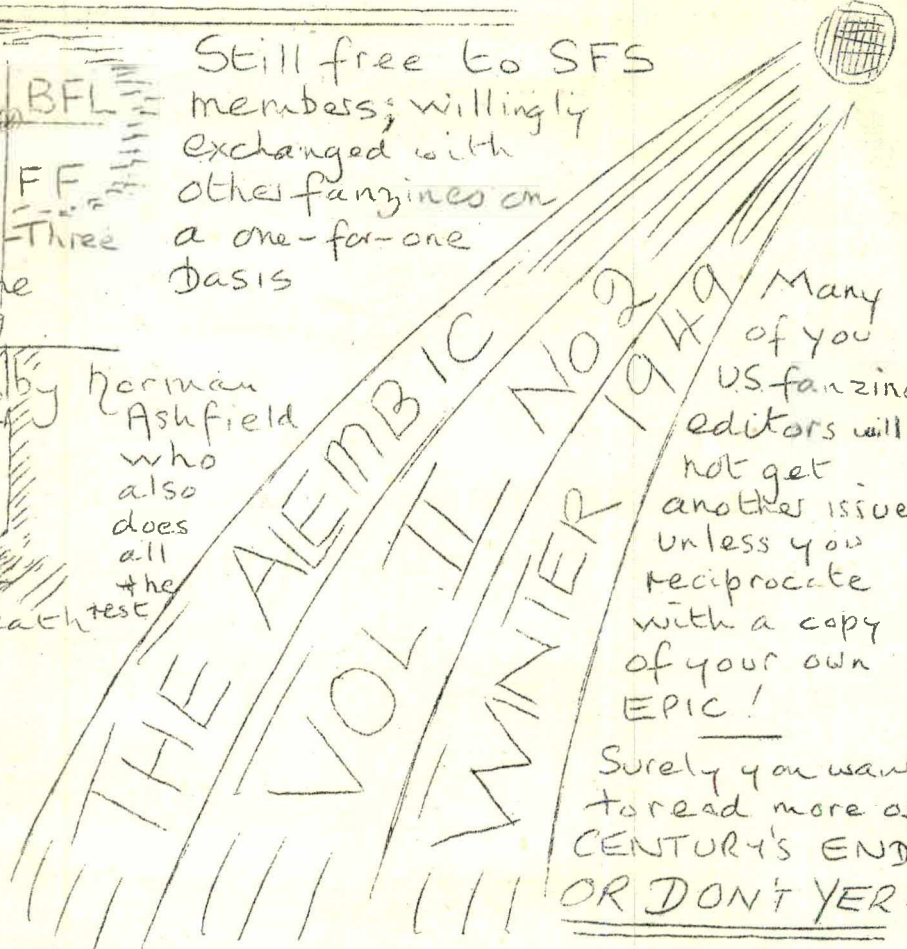


ONCE AGAIN, THE ALCHEMIST (AIDED BY HIS CAT) PRODUCES HIS EPIC!!!

SFS BFL
NF FF
Subscription - Three
issues for one
US. pro-mag

Published by Norman
Ashfield
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Road
Thornton Heath
Surrey
England.

Still free to SFS
members; willingly
exchanged with
other fanzines on
a one-for-one
basis



Many of you
US fanzine
editors will
not get
another issue
unless you
reciprocate
with a copy
of your own
EPIC!

Surely you want
to read more of
CENTURY'S END
OR DON'T YER!!!

I HOPE YOU CAN READ ALL THAT -
NOW WE'LL REVERT TO TYPE -

THE FANZINE CHAIN

This started off in April with six members, but one found he was getting all the fanzines he wanted from elsewhere so now we are five. An average of nine-ten daznines are sent out each month, and I think they are giving members an idea of what is happening in US fandom. Anyone else can join - sixpence a month plus the cost of onward transmission to the next chain member. The zines reviewed below and others have been circulated. So now to the fanzines we have seen (short notes I fear).
CINCY REPORT. Telling you how the Cinvention is getting on. I'd like to be there (but I'm too big for Carnell's pocket!)
FANSCIENT. The pioneer small size lithoed maglet. Notable for its art and its author section, containing biographies of one such per ish, with a list of all his stories and where they appeared (which reminds me - has anyone got any information on where I can find out some pseudonyms of E F Russell? - I also want dope about non-fiction articles of his - no matter how technical.)
SCIENTIFANTASY. Which followed FANSCIENT in makeup. Features fiction and once again good illos. (Which reminds me - Ken Slater takes subs for both these - why not have one or both - they're really good)
FANTASY ADVERTISER. Another lithoed job (I believe it is termed planographed but I can't see any difference) This mag is bigger than the two mentioned above and is largely adverts, but just look at the prices they pay in the States. STAPLEDON'S OLD MAN IN NEW WORLD - 7.00 and so on (which of course isn't so bad as Unger's 25 bucks for a copy of The Evening Standard Book of Strange Stories (does anyone ever buy one from him?)) (This of course comes from the July 4q ASF) (Friend Rosenblum takes subs for Fantasy Advertiser) (Lot of puffs I'm giving free or on't I?)
FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE GORBLIMEY! There follows four issues of a zine called GAAA. First issued as a carbonzine - i.e. undercopies on

→ READ FANTASY REVIEW AND OPERATION FANTASY
← READ FANTASY REVIEW AND OPERATION FANTASY

FANZINES(CONTINUED). a type, illustrated in pencil with alleged portraits of the recipients! Since then has changed to hecto, a great improvement. Rather gruesome stories with plenty of blood content. The only snag is that the dates of this mag go backwards(i.e. the next issue was published a month before the previous one--or so it says.) From the same stable we get STARK TERROR TALES, hectoed in colours, and we are promised many more (The editor, one named Gluck, is certainly enthusiastic) Mustn't forget the old standby NEF, which has issued some more indexes(ices if you like). Then there's the LOUISVILLE --DAWN, a letterzine which might later take the place of VOM of renown--but the editors don't appear to know Esperanto. (Give 'em some lessons Forrie!) An interesting little zine, with fine cover, only seen once is QUANTA, well produced and could develop. PEON, by friend Riddle of the USN, is still pursuing its bi-monthly career, and is now in the middle of its second year of publication; one of the stayers! One of the items I always like to see is the BLOOMINGTON NEWS LETTER which is one of the few with real humour!--as well as news; Carry on, Bob! Martin Carlson and J T Oliver are now putting out an STF TRADER which fair makes your mouth water, with its adverts of those ungettable U S Mags. (Oh for a full purse and a visit to the States!) One that I must particularly mention is FANTOPOLOGIST. This is designed to draw fan's attention to the possibilities of topology or non-metric geometry, as well as other new ideas to SF. H T McAdams (Bethalto, Ill.) who produces it, has included some yarns much above the standard we expect in pro-mags, and I hope that the mag prospers --it ought to. (Or don't fan like to think--ay, there's the rub!) Any one interested can see my copies of this zine--or they can write direct to Mac at the address given when he will (I think) be pleased to consider anything raised. Other zines we have seen include one solitary copy of the combined SPACEWARP UNIVERSE, which seems to have fallen by the wayside, as well as such other oddments as MUTANT, BURROUGHS BULLETIN, FLUB, etc I mustn't forget the good old titer-GORGON, where Stanley Mullen keeps up a standard that will take some challenging. Sixty pages of good solid literature! Last but not least comes an unnamed magazine from Martin R Woerner, P.O. Box 453, Allentown, Penna. who is letting his readers determine its name--looks like ending as CONTACT. Howsoever the mag has no policy as yet--it is solely determined by what members write in about Fiction appears when it is sent in, articles on any subject (not SF only by any means) appear--it has a tie-up with the International Science Fiction Correspondence Club, which however is to be restricted to some five pages or so of what was once 21 pages (only three and a half issues at the time of typing) In other words, it's your mag--and if you're interested write to Martin- you're then a member with no dues, but you must write him a letter every three months or so. The tone of the zine is at present solely friendship. How it turns out depends on the members (if that is a proper title for them) AND THAT ENDS MY HASTY REVIEW OF THE FANZINES RECEIVED IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS. Here seems an ideal place to greet OPERATION FANTAST in its new printed guise--to sympathise with Walt on Fantasy Review going quarterly--to day that I'd not be Walt Willis for anything--setting up the second issue of his SLANT--to express pleasure at the continuance of WONDER--to wonder who the heck will take over the BFL (If I wasn't so -----ly busy I would)--to say thanks to the SFS for their continued NEWS and MINOR--to say that the leaflet on stencil cutting was very good (I'm not following it)--but why did they leave out mention of the Gestetner cushion sheets which make drawing on stencils a pleasure (if you can--but I can't)--To wish ED Carnell luck on his visit to the States (altho he'll be half way back before this comes out)--to look forward to the next NEW WORLDS. Was sorry that my attempted comic view of the LONCON did not appear (but it might later on here!) And to commiserate with Vincent in his recent prolonged spell of ill-health. But the biggest shock is the number of British authors cashing in on the US SF market--it sure is wonderful the stories they are getting in--and that excludes any Russell (and others) who write under pseudonyms--carry on the export drice, lads. *Q I to Lianic after all!* YOU'VE HAD ENOU OF ME---NOW TO FICTION (if the pages don't get mixed)

presenting:-

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by-S.J.GLUCK

DUST.

STORM FLURRIES do not usually occur in the desert. But tonight's wind was a strong one, and it created sharp, silent whisperings among the trees. The wind blew on thru the wood and caused strange echoes amidst the whispering elms. Somewhere in all that eloquency was----Johnny.

Johnny was our son. The word "was" is used in the past tense in this case. Just why, comprises my story.

Johnny was first discovered in that howling desert six years ago, when he was but a child of perhaps three. Lenappe, the Frenchman, found him lying beneath the magic glitter of the moon. The hulking Frenchman stared at the boy in wide-eyed amazement for many moments, then he scooped the child up in his arms and carried him away to the hunting lodge. The stars and the comet looked down all the while upon the pair, until, along with the glittering diamonds in the sky, they too disappeared into the enveloping blackness of the wintry night, as the Gods looked on furtively.

No doubt some of you are wondering why I injected that word "comet" before. That comet had been in that same particular spot in the desert for years now, long unaccountable years, as if it were waiting for something incredible-like this-to happen. Of course, I thought then, it was of little importance.

How Johnny had ever managed to live in the desert all the days he must have been there, or how he had gotten there in the first place, Iffraam I shall never know.

But Johnny was a strange boy when he grew up to the age of nine; he would never go out and play with other boys. All his past was a closed door to him.

The only thing he ever did want to do was to sit by his bedroom window at night and look out at the stars and above the stars, the comet. That same comet that had been up there in the sky since Lenappe had first found him.

Lenappe was gone now-he'd mysteriously disappeared a year ago, on Johnny's eighth birthday.

Clara, my wife, had died on his ninth birthday.

Johnny, who was soon to be ten, just looked out of that same window and kept saying those same words that were to echo in my ears forever;

"My home is in the stars, I will return there someday."

And he kept looking into space as if he were waiting for something to happen.

Just that week, it all happened. An unknown astronomer predicted that a comet would run the Earth and destroy it completely within a few days.

Naturally the public laughed and thought it all was but a good joke.

But soon they thought otherwise, as they learned the report was true. We, it seemed, were doomed, without hope of survival. The comet was inhabited by tens and tens of mysterious dust preventing it from following its usual rotating course around the universe. Nothing but one thing I sincerely hoped was not true could possibly save us from disaster.

The world was in an uproar, with people committing mass suicide.

At last it happened; the day of the comet came. The comet came closer and closer until it sped like sheer lightning itself. Suddenly I had to blink my eyes in unbelief; it had stopped short. It stood still in empty space for a few seconds and then departed. We were saved, by perhaps a miracle. Then it struck me like I don't know what--JOHNNY! I dashed up the stairs frantically yelling his name and ran for his room. I slammed the door open to receive a mist of dust in my face. I looked in. Johnny, as I had thought, was gone. I need not tell you where. The comet had invaded Earth to take back its, not my, child--Johnny.

Dere plot maybb?

FINIS.

THE ALEM BIC - SOLUTION TO LAST TIME'S CROSSWORD

VOL II No 2 page 4
WINTER 1949

C	O	R	N	E	A	E	B	E	T	A
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WEIRD SECTION (UGH!)

Pete Pennington contributes the following epitaph:-

Remember me as you pass by
As you are now so once was I.
As I am now so you will be.
Prepare for Death and follow me

F.V.A.Scales produces a still shorter ghost story:-

"Believe in Ghosts?" he grinned--
----and vanished!

To make a change let's have a poem, not a snippet, and moreover one specially written for the ALEM BIC by one of our US fen:-

SO EAGERLY THE FIEND.

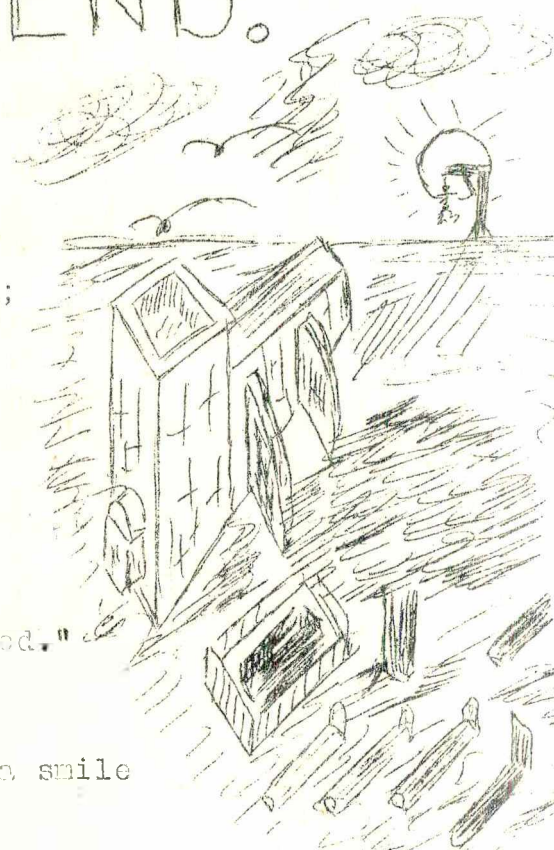
From undead lips, a deathly cry
Cuts through the silent night.
Black silhouette wings 'cross the sky,
Sped on by nameless fright.

White skeleton still hanging high
From limb of naked black,
Through fleshless lips is heard to sigh;
"Take heed, turn back, turn back."

Cold rain pours into empty graves
Whose tenants wander free
Across the land. The darkness saves
No hiding place to free.

Beneath the naked hangman's tree
Swarms now the vampire flood.
Hear you their echoed hungry plea;
"Warm blood, we lust for blood, red blood."

Damp graves are occupied awile,
Now that the night is spent.
And blood-flecked lips still bear a smile
Of fiendish full content.



-----Bonnye Coryell.

UNPAIDADBUYFANTASYREVIEWANDNEWWORLDSDUNPAIDADBUYFANTASYREVIEWANDNEWWORLDSDUNPAID

ANSWERS TO THAT COMPETITION (see second ish.) 1. for balancing.
2. -the mayfly. 3. bloodhound. and 4. The colours of the spectrum-
violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. 5. 180 degrees. 6. Yes.
7. Light. 8. allosaurus, tyrannosaurus rex. 9. Hans Lippersley, AD
1609. 10. a Danish astronomer-observed Jupiter's moons leading
to discoveries in connection with the speed of light. 11. Ionised
air-layer reflecting radio waves. 12. Sir H S Jones succeeded
Sir F Dyson in 1933. 13. Sir J Flamsteed. 14. Oxygen by weight
and hydrogen in no of molecules. 15. Nil, 5, 1. 16. 750 m.p.h. and
186,000 m.p.sec. 17. Parallax is the appanrent change in position
of an object due to a real change in the observing position.
18. Duhbe Merak Meyrez Phedda Alioth Mizar, Benetnush.

19-PROCYON
20-BETELGEUSE

CENTURY'S END

(PART II) → TONYOUNG

AS THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE FADED, the eyes of the old man met the boy's. Each saw mirrored in the other's the beginnings of understanding.

Their reactions were different--the boy was full of excitement, the old man seemed dazed.

The televox, was now playing the Anthem of Earth:

"Ground so green, sky so blue,
How can man remain but true?"

Now a discord was discernable in the music; grew to a dominating thunder.

The boy pushed to the window, the old man following. The lights of the metropolis made a pale glowing contrast to the golden glory of the horizon. Suddenly out of the fiery sunset came a dark blob. The thunder became an earth quaking roar as the vast spaceship flashed over.

The boy turned to speak, his mouth opened, and an intolerable blinding light hit him with almost physical force, a colossal sound smashed through his ear drums, a terrific pressure flung him through space, and his consciousness went pinwheeling down a black funnel, shedding bits of itself as it went, till there was nothing left.

The boy woke instantly and with full consciousness. He knew at once what had occurred, although he wondered how he had survived.

He was half covered with sere blackened debris, which stretched as far as he could see and out of which stood occasional gaunt twisted steel columns, like trees in midwinter. As he contemplated this he realised that his eyes were closed. An explanation of his existence came immediately from an extrapolation of the fact.

Brushing aside the debris with a strength above his years, the boy stood up, his new senses ranging over the shattered metropolis to see if another had survived in the same way.

Momentarily there came into his mind the awareness of another mentality. Then it came again, more strongly, and he began plucking wreckage from a nearby pile.

Soon a body came into view. The boy assisted the man to level ground and he sat there blinking in the strong sunlight.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, thank you"

Then they stared at each other as they both realised that neither had spoken.

"Who are you?"

"Why, I'm your grandfather. Don't you remember; we were standing at the window when---"

"Yes, but your hair was white and your face lined!"

The man touched his black hair, pulled it over his eyes and squinted at it, felt the smoothness of his face, flexed his powerful muscles.

"There is only one explanation," he said "The atomic blast has mutated us!"

"I wondered," said the boy, "but it's like magic!"

"No son," said the man grimly, "it's like an atomic bomb--a Martian bomb! The first blow in the Earth-Mars conflict. Let's find out how it goes. The Martians may learn that we two are more dangerous than all the millions killed by the bomb could have been!"

With that, he took a deep breath, his eyes darkened with mental effort, and he lifted slowly from the ground and drifted silently away. After a moment the boy followed.

.....the end of part ii-----

DEVELOPING POWERS.

AS HE FLOATED EFFORTLESSLY AWAY, the boy suddenly thought of his babyhood days in the country a thousand miles away, and no sooner had the thought occurred to him, than he was seeing the old farm. He could hear the cattle lowing in the meadow, and the chickens cackling over their evening meal. Everything seemed the same as he used to know it, and he thought that he must be daydreaming, altho the scene was clearer than dreams usually are.

As he pondered the scene, he saw one of the homesteaders come in from the fields and he could just recognise one of his cousins, now a grown man, who had just left school when he had last seen him. This seemed queer for his dreams had usually been about people as he had known them. He followed, in thought, his cousin into the farmhouse, and going into the parlour he saw a televax in the corner. His cousin went over and switched on; a haggard announcer appeared on the screen, and was saying, 'We are still unable to contact Megacity! Since the President's speech announcing the outbreak of war between the two planets, there has been no communication from the Metropolis. Both video and audio channels are empty. Observers report that a huge flash was seen in the direction of Megacity, but it has not been possible to contact any observers nearer than five hundred miles from that city, as there is heavy static on all bands.' The announcer turned as his attention was gained by someone at his side, then explained 'FLASH! The President has just declared the enforcement of martial law! We understand that relief forces are being moved towards Megacity. For the time being, scheduled radio programmes are cancelled; we shall play recorded music between news bulletins. In the meantime, we would stress the President's words-All citizens should keep calm and continue with their appointed tasks...'

The announcer's report made the boy's thoughts hark back to Megacity, and so did his vision. Wrecked buildings, mighty skyscrapers rearing their twisted bare steel framework to the high heaven, as if in protest, and a few bemused survivors picking their aimless way through the debris were all he could see. The scene was one of desolation, utter and complete. He thought of the Statue of the Four Freedoms, that symbol of all that everyone held so dear; but all he could see of it was a confused mass; Freedom was attacked!

"Grandad," he said, out loud for he had forgotten his telepathic powers, "Grandad, I've just seen my cousin, Hector, at his farm!"

"Did you?" thought the old man, "I've had a similar experience-- I've just been in thought to my old home, but I wish I could have heard what was going on. I wonder if they're worrying about us?"

"I could hear," said the lad, "I could hear and see as if I were present!"

"Well, son, it seems as though you, being younger, have gained much more than I from the change. I could only see---Wait! If you can hear as well as see at a distance, there's a chance for us yet to defeat the Martians. If you could only visit in thought their Military Headquarters, you could find out their plans, and so help whatever organisation is left in this country. Can you do that?"

"I'll try," said the lad, and for a time there was silence.

"No," he thought, at length, "I can only see an enlarged version of the surface of Mars. I have never seen any photographs of that planet, and I just can't get any further."

"Of course, the Martians have always banned us from taking photographs of their underground cities, and I've often wondered why," said the other, "There's only one thing we can do and that is to go to Centrocitv if it still remains, to see the President or one in authority in order that we can render any help possible through our new talents."

"Yes," said the lad, "That's a good idea, but how shall we get there? I can see no jet-taxis left--I expect most of them were destroyed in the attack!"

"Silly," was the reply, "We can fly there, can't we?"

"But I said there are no air-taxis," said the lad

"Of course not, but we are already flying. Off to Centrocitv!"

"Off to Centrocitv! I wonder what we shall find there?"

(((((2-((GETTING TO WORK)))))))

As they came near Centrocitv, they were greeted by an escort of jet-planes buzzing round them like a swarm of wasps that didn't quite understand the strange beings in their midst. Radar had picked up the trace of their approach, but the pilots were seemingly confused by the flying pair. However as the strangeness wore off, the planes became menacing and it seemed that they must be forced to the ground. The lad suddenly thought of his new powers and travelled in thought to the nearest plane. He found to his surprise that he could communicate by telepathy with an unmutated mind, and carefully explained to the pilot who they were and why they had come. At first the pilot became very incredulous, but suddenly decided to consult his base, largely inspired (though unaware of) the compelling thought of the youngster.

The lad found that the story being passed to base was rather garbled, and making an effort to get the message clear in the pilot's mind, found that he had taken over control of that mind and was in direct touch with base.

The base captain was equally as dumbfounded as the pilot, so the youngster again stepped in and took over his brain. It wasn't long before he was in touch with a high authority at base and secured safe conduct for them to the city.

Arriving at Centrocitv, they were conducted to the War Council, which they learned had been in permanent session since the declaration of war, and explanations were called for.

The older man pointed out to the Secretary of Defence, whom the lad had contacted through the series of Army brains, that it would greatly hurry things along if all the members of the council were to make their minds receptive to what the 'changelings' had to say. The Secretary told the other members of the council what he himself had learned and how a lot had come through in a short time through the transmission of thought. He was supported by the Chief of the General Staff, who said that things had come to such a pass that "we might as well try anything once!"

After further discussion the council agreed and their minds were entered by the youngster who soon told them the whole story. His grandfather supported him as far as he knew, and explained his own ideas of what use the mutated powers could be put in obtaining information from the nerve center of the Martian forces.

"But if we have no photographs, we can't do anything," he ended.

"Photographs!" exclaimed the President, "We have them. They were taken by our Secret Service men at a regrettable cost of lives, but we had to have them for such an eventuality as this!"

Pressing a buzzer in his desk, he called for them over the intercom., and it was only a few minutes later when a hatch in the wall opened and a small steel safe appeared. The President

President inserted a key, moved a combination dial and after more manipulation the safe opened and he drew out a small packet of photographs.

"Here are all we have," he said, "but if your story is true, we shall find all we want here."

He produced a number of photographs of underground Martian cities and selected one which he thought was probably the nerve centre of the attack.

The lad picked up the photograph and relaxed in thought. A few seconds later he spoke, "It works! I was on Mars and could hear the people speaking but I can't understand them! I'm sorry-it seems as though nothing can be done...." and he broke down, sobbing, -the first time he had shown emotion since the a-bomb burst.

"Son," called his grandfather, "Don't give up! Couldn't you pass the thoughts on to one who does understand Martian?"

"Of course," exclaimed the youngster in joy, "If someone comes into my mind he can hear and see it all. Why didn't I think of that?"

The President called upon the Chief of the Interplanetary Investigation Bureau, who naturally had an intimate knowledge of Martian, explained the need and then told the lad to go ahead.

Putting the Chief in contact with his mind was easy and in a few moments that were back at Mars!

.....here endeth the third episode--the story's getting to a juvenile level thanks to your editor--let's hope those who follow can get back to more adult ideas.....The next two installments have already been 'booked' by readers, but if you'd like to have a go later, let me know....

Later commentary. Since writing that load of on pages i and ii, have received from r-t rapp copies of his SPACEWARP up to the September issue--seems as tho r-t got behind in his schedule and then when he did start catching up, forgot me for a space. The mag continues to be its own sweet(?) self, and it is worth reading. r-t has developed an almost perfect system of mimeo'ing the cover in black then hectoring over in colour--often very good jobs; he promises to disclose the secret later....His Sept issue gives a long report on the Cincon--particularly Ben Singer's 'horrible' hoax. Ben it seems got a number of fanzines to publish a lurid account of the death of Bob Tucker--it caught many fens especially myself--I don't mind hoaxes but this is going a bit too far. I think Ben could have thrown himself open to a libel charge or something, if Bob wasn't an understanding man. As a result of this, I join the anti-Singer crowd. Seems as tho someone is putting rumours out about me--suggesting that I'm planning another zine--no thanks this one takes me all my spare time (which really isn't spare!). I have now seen the special anniversary issue of FANSCIENT MENTIONED ABOVE (forgot to release the Caps)--it's a splendid issue and I sympathise with Don Day in the effort it must have taken. DEVALUATION. Some shock, eh? I fear that those three dollar books are now out of court as far as I'm concerned--I'm not paying about 22/6d for one. After all, it's not as if they are heavy technical books, always wanted for reference....I understand that the dealers don't intend as yet to hike the prices of the mags, but frankly speaking I don't know how they're going to stick to it. Fans selling to them will expect a fair price for their mags and that won't be the case at the present payment. To make the whole thing worse a number of new mags are announced in the States!

.....
SERIALS IN ASF:--(Dec 1944 onwards)

NOMAD by Wesley Long. Dec 1944 Jan and Feb 1945.

DESTINY TIMES THREE, by Leiber March and April 1945

World of Mull-A by Vogt. Aug Sep and Oct 1945

The Mule-Asimov No and Dec 1945

The Fairy Chessmen by Padgett Jan and Feb 1946.

Pattern for Conquest by Smith March April and May 1946

Slaves of the Lamp by Zagat. Aug and Sept 1946

The Chronicler by Vogt. Oct and Nov 1946.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow by Padgett Jan and Feb 1947.

Fury by O'Donnell May June and July 1947

The End Is Not Yet by Hubbard Aug Sep and Oct 1947

Children of the Lens by E E Smith Nov Dec 1947 Jan and Feb 1948

"GRAVEYARD OF THE MONSTERS"

The curtain had risen, the show had begun, and a crowd of 10,000 were witnessing the world premiere of 'Graveyard of the Monsters', a much ballyhoed chiller from an unknown studio.

It was quite unlike other pictures--there weren't any titles at the beginning. You know--the title of the picture or who directed it. It just begun--Poof!

The huge crowd sat back in their seats prepared to get a year's growth scared from them. I swear the beginning of that film was unlike anything I've ever seen in my life before.

The first thing I saw was nothing, then the screen grew blacker and began to take shape. Slowly a head formed, slowly the torso, until the picture was complete. The crowd screamed, some terrified, some excited, some getting their money's worth. On the screen was a monster; not just a monster but--Oh how can I describe it?

It's face was a million different grotesque colours blended into one--its face, scabby and green, twitched and its eight legs stamped up and down, while its tentacles, call them arms if you like, coiled and shook. An old lady sitting in the seat in front of me shrieked as though she was dying. She was. A second later an usher cloaked entirely in black, came and took her away. Another shriek arose from the crowd; that thing was coming closer and closer as if to come out of the screen. God, how I wished I had the power to close my eyes. What devil could have a picture like this, I don't know. Half the crowd was either unconscious or dead, and that one usher--he seemed to be everywhere at once, as though he was prepared for all this. Finally the scene faded and a cry of utter relief echoed throughout the crowd.

Many eyes bulged as much as humanly possible. It was not what I had seen this time, but what I did not see. The screen or whatever it was, bulged immensely, impossibly, as if it were alive. It is truly a miracle that I am still alive. The usher is walking down this aisle now. He must know something about this--

I tore my rivetted eyes from the screen and laid my foot in the aisle, in such a position that the usher was bound to trip over it. He drew closer and finally walked through my leg--through my leg? Oh my God, can this be a movie? Could this be a theater? My curiosity launched to a height. I throw myself from my seat and ran up six flights of stairs to the projection room.

I slammed the door open. The room was empty. Nothing was there, not even a projector. How sweat streamed down my forehead

With that, I dashed down the six flights to the auditorium. As I reached it, my eyes were turned to the crowd; at least 8,000 must be dead now. And that usher, his hood is down--but I didn't look at his face. I know what to expect--I knew what he would look like. I jumped up to the stage, in an attempt to leap through the screen, but no screen was there. There was no screen; it was real... all all of it! I glanced back at the usher. His Satanic face (and rightly so) grinned at mine. Slowly I raised my service pistol to my head. Slowly I pressed the trigger.....God--help--the--others--who--do--not--do--the--same.....!

-----finis-----

Friend Gluck lays it on thick, and heavy doesn't he?--we hope you enjoy it. As you'll see from the contents of this ish...we welcome one and all to send us something for the zine, be it fiction fact or verse--you kin do yer verst!

ASF	1948 Mar Apr May ...And Searching Mind by Williamson
SERIALS	1948 June July Aug..Dreadful Sanctuary by Russell
CONTINUED.	1948 Oct Nov Dec 1949 Jan.Players of A by Vogt
	1949 Feb Mar..Seetee Shock by Stewart
	1949 Apr May..Needle by Clement
	1949 Aug Sep. Queen of Zanza by DeCamp.
	1949 you'll soon know....

MOORLAND GHOSTS

by Bonnye Coryell

ACROSS the lonely windswept moors
The ghosts ride high tonight.
And how their eerie shrieking soars
With torment of their plight.

A spearing flash of light
Cuts through the blackened cloud and pours
Cold rain upon the night,
Upon the lonely windswept moors.

Mad, the eerie, phantom noises
From hills and rocks rebound.
Screaming ever on, the voices;
Still clear their echoes sound.

As thunder drowns all sound
Of their ghostly voices calling;
From all Hell's depths rebound
Scattered echoes of their falling.

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NIGHT ROVERS

by Bonnye Coryell

Into the night go silver phantoms,
Flying, flying.
From out of sight their ghostly voices
Crying, crying.
Plead on, thou haunted souls.
Plead on for grace withheld.
Your damp and lonely graves go sleepless still,
Unclean places where you toss restlessly.
Cry on, cursed phantoms,
In bondage reigning on.
For misdeeds done and righted not,
For crimes unpaid, this is your lot;
Plead on, into voidless night, plead on
And on and on.

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News from the Cincon tells us that the conventionfans decided to donate 150 dollars worth of fantasy material to both the UK and Down Under. This is a great decision..it isn't as if they have in the past been disinterested in us..they subscribed to the Big Pond fund to get a British fan at one of their conventions..during the war they sent magazines to us as a War Relief Service..and they have for years traded with us so that we could get the mags and books we wanted. And now this supreme effort....Thanks a lot!...perhaps one fine day we shall be really able to repay you--in the meantime our heartfelt thanks go out to you. And now a word specially to Anglo-fen. Last year only a few became members of the Cincon (rather I should have said this year)....I know it's difficult for us to join but it can be accomplished by sending mags or books to a US fan...Don't you think we all ought to support the next convention at Portland, Oregon (known already as the Porcon (!!) or Orecon). The membership will I expect be the usual nimble dollar. I hope to have some dope soon as how one can join from this end, and I will pass it on somehow to you all.

so-till the next time, which I hope won't be so delayed as this issue was (should be out in March I hope, I hope), I would wish all my readers a happy winter season of fantasy --including a fantastic Christmas and New Year. ADIOS! *Harman*

P.S. ANYONE GOT ANY SPARE/UNKNOWN OR EARLY FANTASTIC NOVELS?
I NEED 'EM --SO DO YOU? I KNOW BUT THERE'S NO 'ARM IN HASKIN'