

IN THIS ISSUE:

Gabriel Barclay

Ivan Towers

S. D. Gottesman

Anton E. Sellkirk

COMING SOON!

Gigantic February,  
1940, issue. . . .

EXCLUSIVE Sloop *Sloop*

IVORY TOWER  
FLOOR PLAN

KEY ON  
Page 10



Qwertuiop

This is deliberately being written on April first, which is planned to confuse people. No one, frinstance, will be able to differentiate between that which is true and that which has been written while we were under the Gleeple(\*) influence of libations dispensed by W. Shakespeare's Puck. Therefore, if we run out of actualities, we can make up some excruciatingly funny incidents, composed equally of improbability and wishful thinking...and no one will be the wiser. ("Sykora Stubs Toe!")

April May be June by the time this is read. The (ha ha) January date is as much to be trusted as was a Copenhagen dateline ("Finnish Eagle Scout Slays 10,000 Reds with Mystic Dagger"), but we intend to maintain monthly publication even if it takes us six weeks to issue each Escape.

Leo Margulies is getting there gradually. His latest Standard Mags publicity release was addressed to us as "...Editor, Science Fiction Fan"....We made the startling discovery while listening to the Radio Theater's presentation of "Love Affair" that one of the characters is called Lois Clarke--the name of our heroine in Astonishing's "Murder from Mars"!...Speaking of truth (---someone must have been---), Ben Hecht says of New York: "...where the slickers and know-all's peddle each other gold bricks...and truth, crushed to earth, rises again more phoney than a glass eye."

We like the line Doc Lowndes quoted from a B'way theatrical production(!) --we mustn't tell anyone it was a Girlie Show; there are certain standards of Purity and Decency we editors must maintain--: "This gun shoots four miles, then throws bricks at you."

Vignettes: Dirk Wylie sprawled on a bed in the Ivory Tower, reading Horror Stories...and in a pocket of his trench-coat, at his feet, a volume by Ernst Haeckel....Cyril S. Vod being considerably discomfited at a vari-colored supper served to him au Tour (or should it be à la Tour?) (oui: so says Nouveau Petit Larousse...Illustré), with blue milk, orange-spotted butter and rainbow-hued potatoes. (Secret: Easter-egg dyes--tasteless, harmless, but very upsetting.)... Doc typing stencils for Squeaky, attired in shirt and swim-shorts....Chet Connon's hilarious Jekyll-Hyde transformation burlesque....Dave Kyle coming to town and going to town after weeks of repression in morbid Monticello....Jack Gillespie: "All chauvinists are crazy unless they live in Manhattan."

Filler: Nathan Halo sent a telegram to King George: "How dare you reign while I'm Haloing?" Replied George R.: "How dare you halo while I'm reigning?" (Don Wollheim says this should be titled Dep't of Mass Murder. We suspect he's right.)

Found on page 5 of this issue is a pictorial section which Harry Dirk-Wylie Doelweiler donated to the Cause in return for having borrowed our Olds one day, crashing into the rear of a hearse and unrecognizably altering the lines of the left front fender. This page would have gone into the second issue of his Fantasy Mirror, had there ever been one.

(\*) See Escape #1 (15¢, ppd., from publisher--adv't).



754

THE  
MARTIANSby Gabriel Barclay (author "Hollow  
of the Moon", "Elephant Earth", &c)

Well, I was just walking along, minding my own business, see, and along comes this guy. He ways to me: "Hey, you, watcha want to bump me for?"

Nuts. That's what he is, so that's what I says. "Nuts," I says. "I didn't bump nobody."

"Ya bumped me, ya louse!" he yells, mad. "Tryna lie to me, too? Huh?"

I looks him up and down. First I looks him down, then I looks him up. I hafta look way up. He's four inches bigger than I am. So I says, showing him just what I think of him, "Okay, bud, so I bumped you. Let's let it go at that."

Ain't nobody going to trample on me and get away with it. I holds myself in, tho. No use in starting trouble.

So he looks at me like he wanted to start trouble himself, but don't dare on account of how maybe he heard something about how I kayoed One-Eye Louie in lessen five minutes. He looks at me and says something I don't even listen to---it was "Why in hell don't you punks stay where you belong?"---and turns around and walks away.

He don't get very far, tho. About ten feet from me--I'm watching him go, you understand---he leaps up into the air and falls flat on his face. He ain't hurt none, but he's sore. He jumps to his feet and runs for me.

Me, I ain't afraid of him. I can handle two like him any day of the month. I jumps back a little so he'll know I mean business, and yells: "Keep your hands off me, you! You want me to call a cop?"

I says this because I don't want trouble, like I said. So the cop that's standing over on the next corner comes galloping over and yells: "What's the matter, sergeant? This guy trying to get you?"

So the next day I'm in the clink and get plenty of time to figure it out. But it don't come. I pick up a magazine they leave around for the prisoners to read, and the first thing that hits me in the eye is a piece by some guy name of Kummer that there are a flock of invisible Martians hanging around the world making trouble. Naturally, when I'm out I got no time to read, so I couldn't know about it before. But now I know, so I hammer on the bars and get the sergeant to tell him about the mistake he made.

But it don't do no good. He just don't believe me.

I don't know--take it any way you like, cops are awful dumb.

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DEFINITION: (OF, escaper, eschaper, fr. LL. ex cappa out of one's cape or cloak; hence, to slip out of one's cape and escape.) 1. To get away, as by flight. 2. To issue from confinement or inclosure of any sort... 3. To avoid a threatened ill; pass safely thru peril...&c.



THE LIVES OF JOE CHTHULHU

(Life #1 --- circa 1953)

Came the deadly dawn of December tenth. Came a birth-pain, came labor, labor, labor. Came a protracted agony that was a thousand years. Came a scream, a scream. Came--the death of the mother. Came--came Joe Chthulhu.

Where had he been (nowhere)? What had he been (nothing)? What was his volition (none)? Nothing from nowhere, for no reason, became Joe Chthulhu.

Lustrum! Infantile, helpless, motherless, wheezing, sickly, thoughtless, meaningless, growing, growing.

Lustrum! Joe was a boy; Joe poked his head thru a swirl of instincts and found reason, Joe found learning.

Lustrum! Joe grew, Joe was 10, he was fifteen, he thought. Thinking was his. Strength was his. Joe was alive.

Lustrum! Joe was a man, Joe knew a woman, Joe fought, Joe created, contributed, repaid.

Lustrum! Not a boy, a child; a man. Joe. Joe, -- him, his, he, he of they and their. He of our. He--I and me and mine. He. It? He!

..... It was in the candy store that Joe patronized where he met Anne. Anne was a beautiful girl, tall, as tall as Joe, blonde, thoughtful, attractive within. Joe loved Anne. Joe hadn't ever loved a girl before. Joe's job, a pilot, rocket pilot, skilled director of a fire jet pushing men thru space, was the job of a hermit. No people for weeks at a time, none allowed in the control room for danger's sake. No people. And a hole in Joe's heart for the friendship not of an instrument panel. Four days to Mars. Four days from Mars. Three days on Mars--but time-keepers, checkers, mechanics, roustabouts; forms, blanks, reports, tabulations, charts. Fuel; cargo; accomodation. And three days on Earth--but those. And sleep. And food. And the job of living.

And never a friend. Not since school.

Anne was a stenographer. She knew Joe. He was Flight Four. She checked. Still, still, anahermaphroditic. Like Joe.

The candy store was owned by the Company. (So were Joe and Anne.) The manager was Elgan. He was tidy, neat, and showed a profit. It was reckoned a loss-leading business, too.

But, to show a profit, he had to file down the human instinct. He had to refuse. He had to say no.

He discouraged loafing. He didn't care to have the store cluttered up with people; other people would not then come in.

So Joe met Anne; Joe bought cigarets; Joe said hello Anne; Joe went out, as Anne bought cigarets. Then Anne went home.

Joe loved her. Probably she loved Joe. But the Company.

And Joe, who loved Anne, thought of her often. On the long stretches between the planets, when sleep was denied, replaced by an antitoxic hypo, Joe thought of Anne.

He thought of her on the deadly date of December tenth, the day of his birth, the day his mother had died in birth pains. His birthday.

He thought of her. And he lost an infinitesimality of time, a minute fraction of a split second, when the alarm sounded. And the meteor struck.

And Joe Chthulhu died.

---Anton E. Selkirk





Forrest J. Ackerman, Esperanto's leading exponent.



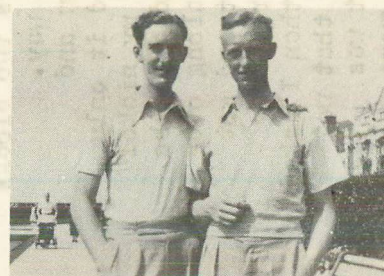
J.B. Michel, appearing in this issue: Rocket experimenter.



Daniel McPhail, who writes "Reflections". Is also a National Guardsman.

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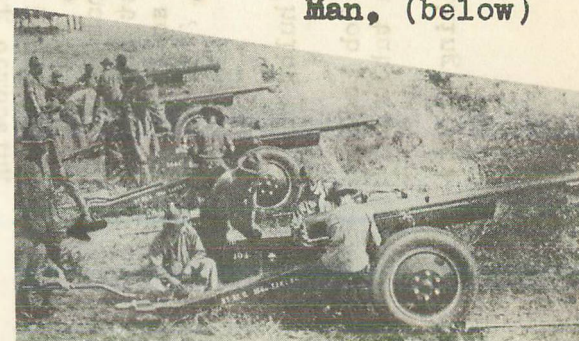
Ted Carnell, author of "Trans-Atlantic", and Les Johnson, official of the British Interplanetary Society. (below)



Miss C.L. Moore, whose latest "Northwest Smith" serial is now appearing in WEIRD TALES.

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Harry Dockweiler (arrow), editor of the MIRROR, and National Guardsman, (below)



(left) Willis Conover, John Michel, and Donald Wollheim, in one of their lighter moments.



## JACKIE'S VERY OWN PAGE

We composed the following while coming up on the bus:

Forward, FooFoo's legions  
Fight against the ghu,  
Down with Wollheim, Wylie,  
Lowndes and Kornbluth, too....  
We shall be victorious,  
FooFoo on our side,  
Strike the ghush with mighty poos and  
Take them for a ride!

Forward forge our legions,  
Fighting foul ghughu;  
Up with Foo and down with ghu--  
Hail to Great FooFoo!

This is the editor, begging to report that this is p. 6 of Escape.

The "Jackie", a gauche, who ran amok on the spacing is, of course, Speer-- alias Juffus-- alias Bristol.

How I found the Ivory Tower:

Well, I got off at the Greyhound terminal up on Fiftieth somewhere and hunted and asked around and found a subway and asked the man at the window and he says go down to Queens Plaza and transfer to the gg or something which sounded subversive. Anyway, I paid my nickel and got on and watched the map and compared it with the stations that flicked past and finally decided I was on the blue line which was all right except that the man at the station had said I should take the green line heading out northwest after I got somewhere and I didn't see any direct transfer; so just then the conductor was coming thru and I said I wanted to go to two five seven foah Bedfo'd, and he says "Twenty-five seventy-four?" and that I should get off at Bedford and something except I couldn't hear what he said so I got off presently and asked the person at the window and heesh said take the Brighton line on the BMT and that the BMT station was two blocks up that way and I said east? and he said he didn't know, just that way. So I went two blocks up that way and asked the person at the window and she said the BMT station was a block or two over so I finally found it only there wasn't anyone at a window to ask if this were BMT but I paid my nickel and asked somebody on the platform below "Is this the BMT" and "And does the Brighton train come thru here" and he says "Yes", and "Next train along over there" so I took it and watched the map and the stations flick past and got off at Cortelyou Road as someone had told me which wasn't hard to remember because of the old phrase, "The Communist of Cortelyou Road". So then I asked the woman at the window and another person there says eight blocks that way and then two squares to the left no right. So I started off and it was just 5:15 and the east had changed from blue to gold and die vogel were beginning to twitter in the trees--real trees. So I walked along composing this in my head and didn't count blocks very well but came to a place where I couldn't go any farther so decided it was time to go over two, and found a cop and a taxi driver and ast them where was two five seven foah Bedfo'd and the cop says "twenty-five seventy-four?" and that it was just one block up, and then either just to the right or left he thot the right so I went up one block or maybe it was two and went a long block to my right, (le voila!

But

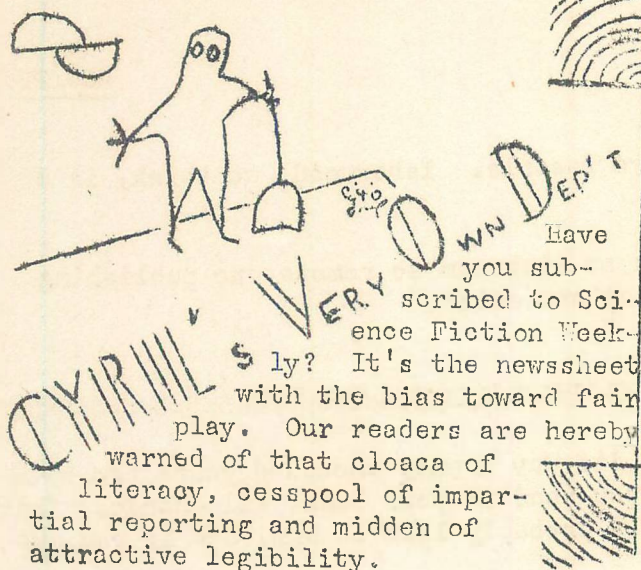
don't ask me to draw a map.

ctaoinshrdlu ctacoin shrdlu shug-niggurath oh yaho ph'n'glui c't'hulhu naf'w

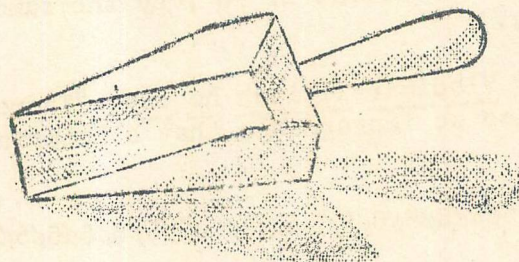
Don Wollheim, Doc Lowndes, 4c Ackerman, Bob Tucker, JuffuSpeer, Bob Madle, Saloshkovitz, JaviTaurasi, Will Sykora, and Sam Youd sat around a table in a room full of tobacco smoke.

I couldn't tell what they were talking about.





## EXCLUSIVE SCOOP



SMITH MYTH: You will have to take it at fifth hand or worse the fact or alleged fact that Mr Thorne Smith bought a gallon of Scotch

whisky a week in the liquor store where a man we know clerks. Now of (laughing) with the equally alleged fact that a prominent stf pro and girl friend were wont to drive out on Long Island past Smith's house, hoping for a glimpse of that fabulous one. Finally they saw him, with a glass in one hand, pen in the other, sitting on his lawn, stripped to the waist. He looked sort of silly, we bet.

In going thru our files (a gutted Victrola cabinet) we came across the following remarkable fragment, written, it seems, when we were thirteen years old: "This doctrine is the most stinkingly colossal dung-heap ever erected as a sempiternal and malodorous monument to subhuman asininity." We don't remember what we were so angry about, but the above must be an awful thing to carry about in one's subconscious as we have no doubt been doing all this time. So we flipped a coin to see on whom the fragment would fall, and Taurasi won. It's yours, Jimmy; we want you to take good care of it and use it for as long as you like. When you're tired of it you may pass it on to some other deserving fan; sic transit furor mundi.

Three months tomorrowward from the date of this magazine we saw Hadle, Baltadonis, Agnew and Speer in one room. It was rather terrifying. If they had moved quickly enough they could have picked up a few of the claymores lying about the Ivory Tower (that's where we were) and cut us down where we stood. It's told that Sam is curious about the Tower---he'd like to visit us for a spell. We doubt that physical harm would be done him, but we'd do our best to give him the damndest inferiority complex that ever raised its blushing head in fandom...(He's been here, and we missed him. We miss everything.)

We don't think Fantasy(-)News noticed it, but "The Dog Beneath the Skin" is a fantastic play. All about a young earl (possibly a viscount) who disappeared ten years ago and has been wearing a dogskin ever since. A disparate young person looking for him over the Continent thru nations slyly named Ostnia and Westland only to return and discover that his little British village has become a fascistic plaguespot. Drama ends weirdly with a mighty and totally unexpected pean of adulation for the Soviet Union. It's mostly in verse, with occasional music. We repeat, "The Dog Beneath the Skin, or, Where is Francis?", by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, Random House, 1935. See







## DEP'T OF THE MISLAID IDEAL

Dick Wilson, the editor sans peur et sans reproche, wishes me to announce that you will get Escape when and where you will get it, and no choleric letters asked or needed. In case you want your money back the line forms at the right of the fetching blonde. Mr Wilson will see you when he gets thru with her. If ever.

We have ransacked the files of Nellie (for the benefit of first generation fans, Nell was the Science Fiction News Letter, a weekly publication of incomparable vivre a la escalier and charm, out each and every week with its message of sadistic cheer and syntactical impeccability) from Dec. 4, 1937 to May 29, 1939--a total of 78 whole numbers, and including three half-numbers and seven issues of the S-F Dividend, an occasional guest-edited supplement (to which we made our own pornographic contribution with #7)--without finding one acuminated jibe at the expense and thru the pachydermatour peripheries of the aficionados. Therefore, I say, his record is clean.

Readers should know by now that they send Wilson money at their own risk. My own advice is that if you have nothing more important to do with a jit (or a sawbuck, for that matter) shoot it along and take your part in the suspense-fraught little one-acter that is sweeping the township of Bent Pig, Missouri--"Waiting for Wilson".

Escape will positively appear. When, no man born of woman may say, nor from where, but appear it shall, if only to present the star-studded array of feature writers it has lined up for contributions. To name only a few, Wilson, Kornbluth, Wilson, Kornbluth, Wilson, Wilson, Wilson, Kornbluth and Wilson.

Selah!

--ck

## A NOTE EXPLAINING THE DRIED-BLOOD COLOR OF THE COVERS OF SOME COPIES OF ESCAPE TO PEOPLE WHO MIGHT OTHERWISE BE ALARMED

Everybody had gone swimming except Wilson, Bob Studley--a Fan--and me. I'm Gottesman; let's let it go at that. Practically the only redeeming feature that a Fan--in this case, Studley--can lay claim to is his little can of mimeo ink, his packet of stencils and his reams and reams of beautiful white paper (20 lb. loose weave).

"Let's put out Escape," said Wilson. I laughed. I always laugh when Wilson says "Let's put out Escape"; it's either laugh or go mad, and with word rates climbing like so many rockets insanity would mean economic chaos in the Gottesman (that's me) menage a deux with variations.

"No," said Wilson. He gestured thru the (make it lovely) painted French doors, wherethru we could hear Bob--a Fan--whistling cheerily, with the chunk-chunk-chunk of the mimeo playing secundo with a right good will. "I mean it," said Wilson, working his fingers convulsively.

"Ah," I said, hefting a statuette of the Malanesian god of psychopanthestic erotology.

We crept in, and after a brief flurry of action it was over. "Why not do the cover in red?" I suggested. Wilson shuddered. "Okay," he said.

We anointed the mimeo--the one by the bookcase, catty-cornered beneath the lead-splashes--with red ink and fed in paper. "Too high," said Wilson, inspecting a proof-sheet.

"Too low," he commented after minute readjustments and another sheet.

This went on for half an hour and about eighty sheets. I kicked Studley--a Fan--'s cadaver in annoyance and said, "Let's stop."

/turn it over/



This is page 10 of Escape. That note on the bottom of page 9 was to have been continued here, but circumstances, which we shall come to practically immediately, interfered. Last night we heard the sad news that we shall not be attending the Chicon. Nor will Freditor Pohl, Leslie Perri, Jack Gillespie and David A. Kyle. Reasons will be sent to correspondents who really ~~huzzzz~~ (we're all out of correction fluid--poddin) want to know. Dave and we, Wilson, were to have quit our jobs--(he with the Sullivan County News & we with National City Bank)--by Friday night, Aug. 30, piled into Jenny, the '29 Oldsmobile with the abovementioned people and Cyril Kornbluth (who is now going with Don Wollheim, Johnny Michel, Doc Lowndes and Elsie Balter in the lady's pseudo-car, Theodore) and got to Chicago with 36 hours of nonstop driving. But trouble that would take too much space on this page to tell of reared its vomitic face.

We (Kyle & Wilson) will take an apt. in New York in early September and try to subsist by kidding editors into printing things that come out of this typewriter. The next issue of Escape (which will appear, the economic system to the contrary) probably will tell some of our adventures as garret-starvers.

This page is being dashed off in a hurry because tomorrow Escape goes to the Chicon--rs Escape has got to be complete (read "and" for "rs"---the alarm clock on our table signifies the passage of time, which we don't want to waste, just now) so as we can put it in the hands of Don Wollheim, whom we'll try to inveigle into being our agent.

There was supposed to be a key to the cover on this page. It got lost. If anyone is really interested in the Tower's arrangement, let him corner Kornbluth and ask him about it. He'll be glad to oblige.

To Art Widner: Sorry about that race. Smothertime, mebbe.

To Ackorman, Morojo, Tucker, Speer, and hordes of others we hoped to meet at the Convention, regrets. Drop over and see us some time.

If we're not getting anywhere in particular just now it's because Dirk Wylie is leaning over our shoulder with his hot on, chewing gum and saying If you want to fill up space why don't you tell 'em about the trapdoors in the Remington. Says we should hide old razor blades there. Now he's swiping our cigarets.

Chot Cohen is wandering around making faces because he's just read our "And Alion Also", which Dirk says should appear in this issue--if necessary, a line at a time. Okay. Here's line 13: "GRUFF, FAINTLY DOGGISH VOICE: In Horeford, Hampshire and Hants, Hurri-". (Sorry, Shaw.) Maybe you'll see the rest of it in the February, 1940, number of Escape. We don't know. It's raining.

Anyone who wants to write us (on serious business--any inquiries about subscriptions and I-want-my-money-back are referred to Kornbluth) may address us temporarily at 112-04 93d Avenue, Richmond Hill, N. Y. Our new address will appear somewhere or other in due course.

Now it's about time to tear this stencil out of the machine, slap it on the mimeo and hunt up some paper on which to print it. It may be heliotrope in color, for all we know.

now. See you in Frobbuary.

'Bye.

8.28.40:5.55 p.m.