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THE

PHANTAGRAPH



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T H E P H A N T A G R A P H

(formerly The TFC Bulletin) with which is combined Science Fiction Review, Fantastory, The Time Traveler, Science Fiction Weekly, The Planeteer, Curious Stories, Queer, and others. Edited & Published by Donald A. Wollheim, aided and abetted by Robert W. Lowndes and John B. Michel at the Futurian Embassy, 142 West 103-Street, New York City, N.Y. Members Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

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When our last issue came out we were promising regular monthly publication. So, in the seemingly inevitable Futurian manner, this issue is about a half year or more late. Don't be discouraged, you can blame our lateness this time on the excuse that the publisher and his staff were working on the laudable project of extending the boundaries of science-fiction and fantasy a couple of more notches, that is to the extent of bringing forth two new pro titles STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES and COSMIC STORIES and getting to work trying to make some improvement in already existing magazines such as FUTURE FICTION and SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY. Not to mention such matters as trying to make a living in science-fiction by trying by story sales to hoist the standards of Mr. Tremaine's COMET.

That's the excuse we offer for the lateness of this issue. It's one we hope will be satisfactory. We've been exercising our fan ingenuity on make-up, columns, fillers, artwork, etc. on these other projects. For the same reason we can't guarantee the ~~any~~ dependability in appearance of future issues. We will try to get copies out every time we can and we certainly don't ever intend to drop our fan magazine.

Fans we were to begin with, and though we now make our living through science-fiction, it is still at the same time our hobby and remains so. We have some plans for TP's Seventh Anniversary Issue which we won't reveal because who knows what the exigencies of time will bring?

We have been watching with interest the efforts of various fans, mainly Widner, Singleton and Knight to organize fandom again. We refer to the National Fantasy Fan Federation. In our career in fandom we have seen any number of attempts to build up an independent national organization of fantasists and have seen most of them fail. In fact they all failed except the FAPA which, because of its exacting requirements for membership and the peculiar elasticity and freedom of opinion open to all members, has gone on stronger than ever. We've seen all manner of groups -- the ISA, TFG, ILSF, Fantasy Fiction League, Phantasy Legion, American Fantasy Ass'n, SFA, etc., -- try in all manner of ways and all fail. In the instance of the NFFF we are not so ready to predict failure; its organizers have the peculiar distinction of being mature and above all cautious, conservative, and basing themselves as closely as possible to the model of the successful FAPA. Jack Speer once said in his fantastic history of fandom that if Wollheim failed to be interested in a new organization, it would just wither and die in infancy. In order to avoid this terrible fate for the NFFF, let it be said that we look with approval and hope upon the NFFF and say we think it can be successful and we hope it is.

Some people may be expected to ask: what about this Cosmian League you're organizing yourself in COSMIC STORIES? To which we answer: well, what about it? We did it and we do it because we like to. We've always nourished a secret ambition to run a coupon clipper's magazine sponsored club and this was our chance. It's

modeled on the quiescent "Futuremen," "Black Arts Club," pattern because we see no need for more than one energetic and club-organizing Science-Fictioneers. We helped organize and start the latter and we still think it is the best and we think that one such club is always a true necessity to the fan world. An active sponsored club and an active independent club is what marks the healthy fantasy world. The Science-Fictioneers and the National Fantasy Fan Federation are these bulwarks. As for the Cosmian League-- that is frosting on our cake. Selah! - Daw

AD

WANTED: Men

millions of men are WANTED AT ONCE in a big
new field

NEW? TREMENDOUS? THRILLING?

GREAT

If you've ever been a figure in the chamber of horrors
if you've ever escaped from a psychiatric ward
if you thrill at the thought of throwing poison
into wells, have heavenly visions of people, by
the thousands, dying in flames

YOU ARE THE VERY MAN WE WANT

we mean business and our business is YOU

WANTED: A race of brand new men

Apply: Middle-Europe

no skill needed

no ambition required

no brains wanted and no character allowed

TAKE A PERMANENT JOB IN THE COMING

PROFESSION

wages: DEATH.

--Kenneth Fearing
("Dead Reckoning"-1938)

j o u r n e y

by robert w. lowndes

*
 we have come to the edge of the world
 and below us, in the illimitable abyss,
 swim fearful stars
 which, before our eyes, are changed
 into strange luminescent fish.
 behind us looms earth and its oceans
 and the overhanging mountains
 which a whisper
 will plunge into the nameless chasm
 where lie drowned galaxies of old.
 drowned galaxies

 drowned galaxies with their hair of dead suns
 drowned galaxies with the shards of comets
 about them

 drowned galaxies which worms of the in-
 satiabile void devour.

and out of time's corruption
 rise harpies
 with the ordure of forgotten races in their talons
 and the blood of living moons on their lips.

 kiss me, o demon daughter, sighed the poet,
 and let the fires of your hell seep into my being.
 and from the parted lips of lilith there flew rocks
 and peacocks, and from the fiery lips of lilith
 there issued forth vapors which assumed a thousand
 shapes of primal obscenity.

then over the purple hills
 came thunder from beyond time itself
 shivering out the fearful stars
 which fled vainly, screaming in soundless accents
 of light

and the abyss yawned, swallowing up
the overhanging mountains
and the corpses of drowned galaxies
and the harpies, rocks, and peacocks,
so that lilith sobbed despairingly, her breasts
trembling,
until there remained only symbols fading in the void
and the poet was alone.



EXCERPT FROM A LETTER OF A SCIENCE FICTION FAN IN
THE THROES OF GROWING UP

(Att. H. Koenig: Go easy, old Petard hunter, this was never meant for publication. The fan who wrote this left stf several years ago. This is from ancient files.)

--- I thought last night of writing to free myself from this trial. I would say on paper "Look, mountains and seas, look thundering worlds and star-swarms and look, cosmos! Look at me! Out of your depths come I. Out of the muck of centuries of darkness two animals spewed me into YOU. You slipped, you whoever you are. You gave me knowledge and intelligence and insight but damn you, why did you keep reason from me? WHY? Reason which would make me free from this terror, this longing which crushes my man's soul to its knees and makes it want to cringe, helpless in a woman's arms. Oh damn you! How clever you are, tantalizing me with sight of crude savages wallowing in that joy of which I crave but a single sip, dizzying me with knowledge that my knowledge, my intelligence, my insight mean nothing as long as this sex, yes this SEX urge binds me helpless, stops my mouth, rots my soul to its core."

Then I would abandon my anger and beg. "Give me a woman, oh cosmos! Though I know not gods, though the majesty of the universal tides sweeps before my eyes the ~~sham~~ from the mask-faces of obscene deities, though the clean winds of the upper air proclaim the glory of the no-god, the science principle, I abase myself before you. I propitiate you. Wreck worlds and sun and whole universes! Cast into eternal darkness intelligences struggling to feed on your flame of light. Make all that has been come to naught! Shake the foundations of truth itself! The cost is nothing if you but give me a woman. For the love of a female, for her trust, her kisses, her caresses, her protection I swear not to betray YOU. A bargain, Herr Cosmos! A BARGAIN!"

