

# Atres Artes



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Atres Artes is published on an irregular basis by Harold W. Cheney Jr. at Little Falls, New York and is sent gratis to those fans with whom he corresponds or those who write asking for a copy. Material of all sorts is earnestly needed, though serious articles are especially wanted. The editor wishes to express his deep thanks to the NFFF mss. bureau for some of the material in this issue.

All drawings that are detailed must be done in India Ink and on the most transparent paper possible. All material not used and containing no return postage or a specific request for returning will be sent to the NFFF mss. bureau.

\*\* TWIN STAR PUBLICATIONS \*\*

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See page five for my want list. Then see what you've got.



If size can be the guidestick to improvement, this Atres Artes is 300% better than No. 1. Yes, this fanzine has grown, this is due in no small part to the cooperation of Walter A. Coslet and the NFFF mss. Bureau. Yes, to a new editor who can not get any one interested in sending in stuff the mss. bureau is a angel without disguise. However, we wish to also thank the many other fans who sent in their stuff. This applies especially to the articles which are hard to get in any man's language.

No doubt you noticed the change in size right away and the addition of some artwork a little later. The pics, except the cartoons, were duplicated by the process of blueprinting. Now if a pic were drawn with India Ink on tracing paper, the white areas would come out perfectly white, witness the background of the lettering on the cover. And another point is important. If you are sending art that is to be blueprinted, send it flat, without any crease in it, for as you can see on the cover, the line shows up only too well. We had one fine Cockroft that was a marvel of intricacy and compared well with Finlay, but was done in writing ink and blueprinted very badly. These other Cockroft's, though good, are not comparable to the first one.

There are fans, many in number I suppose, who feel that fan fiction ought to be banned and articles printed on the paper they "Waste." We are for this as far as the average "humorous" fiction goes, but we believe that you'll go for the two bits of fiction we have in this issue. "The Hands" by James Llewellyn is one of the finest written pieces of fiction we have seen in a long time, and we believe that the author could have easily placed it in a pro-mag and have got paid for it. We are proud to present such a story as "The Bright Land," by Jack Riggs. This is one of the most convincing stories we have ever seen on approaching insanity, skillfully worked out and psychologically sound.

You will all be interested in British fan Frederick C. Brown's List of a little known fantasy magazine. Tucker's blast at oldmag profiteers will be greeted by murmurs of approval, but there is only one solution for the old-mag problem. That is a general boycott of all offensive dealers on the demand that they lower prices. And then we have ---- Oh, you can read!

We think that this year or next would be just the year for the movies to make a good "A" picture that is stf. We think that a first-man-to-the-moon pic, if made with good actors and expensively produced and not with the emphasis on bang-bang-another-moon-man-bites-the-dust stuff, would go over good. Also, if some sound science were used and the rockets based on the actual thing, without some hyper-gadget that wont be invented for 83 years, it would be good propaganda to educate the people on rocketry. We firmly believe that in the next forty years we will have reached the Moon, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter. Mayhap with atomic power even Saturn. The radios and papers may joke about weekly jaunts to Pluto, but when we sit back and think of stepping out of a spaceship on an alien planet, every fiber burns within us. We aren't any rover boys but the thrill of being one of the first to land on a planet where no earthman has ever trod, where nothing must conform to earthly rules and laws, where things may exist that man may never have dreamed of, is like the call of the frontier was to the pioneers of old. We haven't traveled much. Traveling over the country-side towards places never seen over an unfamiliar route is an experience that thrills us to the marrow. New things never fail to excite us, every year we get excited seeing the first pics of the new model cars. A picture of a new plane will fascinate us for



days. But then I've digressed.

The plea for criticism still goes. No matter how much better than the last issue this one is, there are still many faults. For instance one reader asked that the names of the contributors to our Rambling With Collectors be given to give the pieces more force. We believe that this is a good point and would like your opinion on this. Several others have asked for a regular letter column. We are inclined to believe that such a column would detract from the Rambling With Collectors. However, if the overwhelming majority of our readers want a letter section, then we will have no choice but to give you one.

Everytime we get out our indexes and yearbooks of stf, we look through them and sigh over the exotic lists of old stf mags. All this is leading up to our want list which will be found below. We cannot pay super-extravagant prices for the simple and economical reason that we haven't big money. At a dollar a piece, 30 or 40 mags would put us in hock for months. We don't believe that more than 50% more than purchase price should be asked for a mag less than 10 years old.

Here She Is:

#### ASTOUNDING;

All before August 1938.  
Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec., 1938  
All 1939 except Oct. & April  
Feb., March, April, May, June, Oct. 1940  
Feb., March, May, Sept., 1941  
August 1942  
Feb., March., April., Dec. 1943  
June, July, Sept., Oct. 1944

#### AMAZING;

All before June 1938 except; April 1928, June 1930,  
June 1933, Sept. 1934, Oct. 1934, & March 1935  
Dec. 1938  
March, July, Aug., Sept., Oct. 1939  
All 1940 except Feb., May, Nov.  
All 1941 except July, Nov., & Dec.  
All 1942 except Oct., Nov., & Dec.  
Jan., March, April, May, Oct., & Dec. 1943  
July 1944

#### PLANET;

All up to Fall 1943 except Winter 1940, & Winter 1941.  
Spring 1944

#### FFM;

All up to April 1942  
Spring 1943 (March)

#### FR;

All except Jan. 1941

#### TWS & WONDER;

All up to Spring 1944 except Dec. 1935, Feb. 1936,  
Feb. 1938, Feb. 1940, Nov. 1940, Oct. 1941,  
June 1942, Aug. 1942, Oct. 1942, Feb. 1942,  
April 1943, & Aug. 1943.

#### UNKNOWN;

All up to July 1940 except March 1939 & March 1940.  
Aug. 1940.  
All 1941 except Aug., & Dec.  
All 1942 except April, Aug., Oct., & Dec.  
All 1943 except Feb., April., June, & Aug.

( cont. on Page 21)



Fantasy Fiction

THE HANDS

James Llewellyn

The man across the aisle of the Pullman car twisted in his seat again, and I had the annoying impression that he was trying to get a better sight of the newspaper I was holding. The thought was not a pleasing one. I felt silly enough, holding the unwieldy mass of paper open at the society page, and did not care for a witness to my foolishness -- but I had read everything else in the paper... The train swayed a little, and the headlines danced under my eyes, giving a confused impression of women's teasparties, publicity-mad debas, dances, divorces, lectures, concerts --

The man leaned over and spoke apologetically. "Your pardon," he said. "I -- I should not look at your paper, but I see you read of poor Maestro Rosani, and I wonder if perhaps you go to the Symphony some time?"

I admitted that I had been to some of the concerts. He was visibly pleased. "So, so... That is the Gazette, ja? A beautiful picture of him!"

I took this opportunity to scan the page more closely, hoping to discover what the fellow was talking about. There was a picture and beneath it was the printed story: the sudden death by heart failure of Maestro Antoni Rosani, late conductor of the Philharmonic Symphony, at the close of the season's last concert. The cut showed a grave, kind-faced man in evening dress, with the great flowing black tie affected by some musicians.

"Maybe, then, you have me also seen," the man went on. I looked at him, for the first time aware of an elusive familiarity; then it came to me that I had seen this strong face with the short dark beard showing behind a violin, just below and to the left of Maestro Rosani at the concerts.

"You are a player," I began uncertainly. "Yes ---- the first violin. Is that right?"

"Ja!" He was delighted. "You listen with the ears, and eyes also, no? Ja, I am concertmeister --- first violin you say --- Von Helm. The same year as the Maestro. I came also to the Philharmonic. Zwan ---- twenty years already it has been. But he was not young then, and I was only a bursche -- a youth." His voice trailed off reminiscently and he stared at the untidy headlines, seeing nothing. I waited a little uncomfortable as the pause lengthened.

"It must have been a loss for you," I finally ventured. "I suppose -- that is, you were good friends?"

"He was to everybody a friend..... Himself, that didn't matter. He --- how you say? --- he did not count. It was music, that was his life; and we were musicians, so we were his life also. A great man!"

I mentioned a well-known conductor.

"Him? Ach, no; his music he knows, and the correct motions he makes, but it does not hurt him. The Maestro." -- the eager voice lowered a little -- "he gave all, everything in him, to it; he would also his blood give, if it would make better music. Flasco and Barbini are so, too. But only one, two others..... Easy? I tell you, Herr, the conductor's is of the orchestra the hardest place. It is not just to wave a stick. It is as if the orchestra like an instrument he played. And what you hear, for it he is responsible. Oh, ja, the tympanist he stand up and hit upon his drums, and the bass player pull a log of wood for the bow and he hold up that viol; but between the drums are rests of a thousand bars often (true!) and if the bass play wrong nobody hear him. But if the



concerts are not good, it is the conductor which the papers shout at. I have watched him, for I am close; and the strain, I know it. Maybe he move the baton a little, but he move the orchestra a great way, and with every muscle he must do it. And I have seen this for twenty years coming. But not --" He checked.

I looked at him, wondering. "Not so soon, you mean? Why, he seemed all of seventy!"

"I do not mean that. Of course you do not know. Only a few know, and we --" He peered into my face " -- we -- it is not to say to everybody. . ."

"You don't mean, well --" I fumbled for words, hesitant to put a thing so bluntly, "perhaps -- foul play --?"

"No! that is not it. The Herr Doktor says it was heart failure, and he was right. It was of the excitement and strain he died. But -- you were not at the last concert attending?"

He would not have been sympathetic had I told him where I had been that evening, so I answered in simple negative.

"It was a pop concert -- you know, all pieces that people have heard so many times that they know them, and so they like them--- and the last number was for a little showing-off. You know the Danse Macabre? By Saint-Saëns written? Ja. We had learned it without the score to play -- no, it is not so hard like you think, but only take a little time --- and we would play it in the dark, and a little chill the people give. . .

"The concert, he went without any trouble, and the Maestro, he have the time of his life. It is fun, to play those things you know like that; they play themselves. But after one hour, I could see. The strain, and the years, all those things, they are showing in his face where I had not seen them before together. But he is -- how you say? -- oldtimer; and if his arm would drop off, still the concert would go on.

"Then is time for the Danse Macabre. The lights go very dim, and out, and one small spot light -- so dim, and greenish, shine straight down, so you see the Maestro's hands only. That way he would conduct us, not like these band leaders who use in the baton a flashlight. . . No baton? . . . Bah, only boys need a stick for conduct! Afturelli, Toroff, the Maestro -- they use a stick for the crowd, but when it is most music they want, they put it away. . . You know that flautist, with a little symphony -- does he ever use a baton? Nein Doch! . . . Where was I saying?

"Ach, I remember. So. . . the green spot shine on the Maestro's hands, and we are ready for play. . . You know the Danse Macabre how is the opening? First the clock strike twelve; that is French-horns and harp, with strings to fill in; then some notes moving from here to there, then silence while Death tune his fiddle. That is me --- ja, the concertmeister, with his E string let down, to give the idea --- abendliche --- of decay, you say. And he appears many times in the piece, with his little sobbing tune. . . me once again. Ja.... So --- it is dark, and I see the Maestro's hands in the down-beat for begin. I have nothing to do for twenty-four bars and I tune down my E string, half a tone.

"Then it seem to me I feel something come on my foot, not heavy, but a little push, like. I move it, my right foot, a little, but it comes out not from under. So I think, pah, it is that Faulpelz who is beside me on the stand, and his clumsy hands have been with the music careless, like many times already, and when he close the folder it is on the edge. And now it is on my foot fallen. No matter, I think and then I am busy, for I see the Maestro's hands, giving me the cue --- the signal --- that it is nearly time, and



the the beat comes, and I am playing.

"Ach, how I play that night --- and we all! We play good all evening, but not like this, for now we have been to the work warmed and the Maestro, he is magnificent!.... Und we play, and it is not we, but something greater. Und my violin sing those little solos like a spirit in the night crying, and the xylophone iss not a xylophone but rattling bones -- like the composer said it should be -- and the mass of first violins and second violins play their swift rushing passages like all one instrument. And all the time the Maestro lead us on --- and up, more and more music to give; that is conducting!"

"Ach, I leaf the story. Well, to the end we played, and the cock he crowed --- that is Rugier with his oboe --- and the spirits in the piece all sighed and died down one by one, back to the grave, like the composer said it should be. And we finish, and the lights came little and little on.

"And I saw the podium in front of me, and the music on it was. So I looked to see what on my foot was lying.

"And there was lying -- you read it in the papers -- there was lying the body of the Maestro, and his shoulder on my foot!"



Fantasy Poetry

John Holbrook Galey

## TERMINATION

The gods are laughing;

the thunder of their voices shakes the universe,

It splits the orbits of the whirling planets,

It spawns new stars,

From the placid womb of time;

It twists the glistening novae;

Surging oceans of glistening cosmos.

We are the cause of their amusement;

We who glorify racial suicide,

Who would pry forth the secrets of infinity

With futile toys. . . .

It is the termination of a cycle that had no beginning.



Pickman's  
Model.



J. Cockcroft







S. Fowler Wright. THE HIDDEN TREE. 284p. London, Robert Hale & Co  
(1934) 7 1/2 x 5 inches

Deals with a "lost race" in the Libyan desert. Leonard Kinnear finds a gigantic twany man 7 ft high named Abrah, who has appeared mysteriously in Cairo speaking an utterly unknown tongue. He had claimed to have escaped from an hidden city in the center of the unknown desert, because he was too puny to avoid getting killed. Other rumors also point to this city.

Kinnear hires Abrah to pilot him to the city. In the meantime, Jocelyn Wilde, the girl friend of Kinnear's twin brother Denis, confused the Kinnears, and hires a plane to follow him on the desert and rescue him. Abrah and Leonard find the city and are watching it when the plane crashes nearby. The spearmen come out and Abrah and Leonard rescue the girl, the injured pilot being killed by a spear.

The kill three of the attackers at Abrah's advice, and after considerable parleying, are led into the city. They find that the tribe is the remnants of a people who were once driven out of Egypt with great slaughter, and in order to survive in their catacomb-like oasis have instituted very strict laws of survival, so that their race will remain static -- the best being saved. Contests occur annually, both physical and mental, at which the best are saved, and the weakest mercilessly killed. The results of this practice over 20 or 30 centuries is a very hardy, yet somehow unappealing race.

The king, Hulah 92nd, is the last of his line which was carried on in the Egyptian way of brothers marrying sisters. The rest of the royal family had been slain in the altercation arising out of the desire on the part of some to re-establish themselves in the world without. Hulah has had a American girl, Helen Vincent, kidnapped and brought to him from a train for a wife; then with the advent of Jocelyn, has two to pick from. Since there is still a revolt brewing, he attempts to get Leonard's support--offering him second choice of the two women and what virtually amounts to a deputy kingship. There is a good deal of moiling around, intrigue and Leonard even kills one of the leaders of the revolt in a single combat--pistol against throwing spears. At the last moment, in typical adventure-fantasy style, a RAF plane lands at the oasis and rescues the three.

This book is more typical blood and thunder adventure-fantasy than the typical SF novel. Characterization is excellent, particularly that of King Hulah, an unforgettable character of extreme intelligence, no emotions to speak of, and almost complete logic and justice untempered with mercy. The non-entertainment residue comprises a few digs at the custom of preserving the criminal and physically or mentally unfit in luxury while better specimens live in squalor and misery -- though the overall picture of the book does not seem favorable to the survival of the fittest doctrine as applied to the hidden tribe. But the novel as a whole seems inferior to other SFs, chiefly because of the hackneyed nature of the plot and the lack of both realism and logic in the extremely abrupt ending.

Francis T. Laney

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#### WANTED

Serious Fantasy Articles-----Short filler poems  
Well-written Fiction-----Letters of Criticism  
Drawings with Good Composition-----Interesting Collectors Hints



---If you don't mind a tip from me, right now is a swell time for you to build up sets of Astonishing, Super Science, Science Fiction, Future, Marvel, and (if you like them) Planet. You can get them pretty easily, though they are about twice as hard to get as they were a few years ago. Five years from now, they'll be RAPE. And Startling! Those first few issues are as hard to get as the old Amazings and Wonders. And above all, build up your file of Astounding as complete as you can get it. Those not only have the best of all the stf stories in magazine form, but they too are getting rare. And UNKNOWN. Even now, the earlier UNK's command as high prices as pre-1930 Weird Tales in local mag stores, and are just almost as difficult to find.---

---Don't know whether this is considered interesting in the way of collecting or not, but about three weeks ago when I was in a second hand mag shop in D.C. the guy got out about 15 Weirds, which ran between '27 & '34. These he told me he'd sell me, I quote, "I'll sell these for 25¢ each, I know it's a lot to pay, but because a lot of guys ask for them, I'll have to ask that." 25¢ may be a lot to him, but I'll be darned if I think so, I bought them all, and don't think I wasted a cent. I've got a lot of my collection there and have never paid more than two bits for a mag. Usually they run for a nickel, six for two bits. Ruther funny thing bout him, he values Fantastic, & Amazings way above all other zines and charges a dime per for them.--((Reminds me of the time I was in a back-mag store at which I had done some business before, the owner took me into his back room, there, besides some choice stf mags, there were some old Blue Books, I looked through them and found five of the six issues containing TANAR, by ERB. There were 3 or 4 others with some other ERB stories. With a smile on his face, he said, "You don't think that you're going to get these for a dime do you? No, I'm going to have to charge you pretty steep for them, 25¢ a piece. It took a lot of self-control not to burst out laughing. ed.))

---I also have a copy of the Weinbaum memorial volume -- traded some fanzines for it. Here's a question you might ask. Why is the "The Outsider" commanding such a large price when actually less copies of "Beyond The Wall Of Sleep" were published. Add to this the fact that almost all the material in "The Outsider" has been since been reprinted elsewhere, and you begin to smell a rat. (named Derleth?) ((Answer: maybe the "rat" hasn't began to plug "Beyond The Wall Of Sleep" with the same methods that "The Outsider" was and is being plugged. ed.))

---I have been struck by the curious repetition of plot --- yes even events -- in later books of earlier stories. This happens too often, I think, to be always coincidental. Of course lots of writers grabbed off Verne's inner-world idea (Pellucidar!), but I don't refer to just so general "copying," but to examples so similar, as to be nearly amazing. Let's speak of a couple. Merritt of course admitted freely that he "lifted" plot -- ideas -- even events bodily from H. Rider Haggard's tales. In fact Merritt once declared, that not only was Haggard his favorite supernatural--fantastic--lost race author, but he added that without ideas from HRR, his famed tales would have lacked much. Then take Merritt's "Burn Witch Burn!" The idea of dolls made living and armed with little swords is almost the exact plot of Fitz-James O'Brien's earlier tale, "The Wondersmith." In the "Yellow God," (1903), by Haggard, the priestess-queen has a



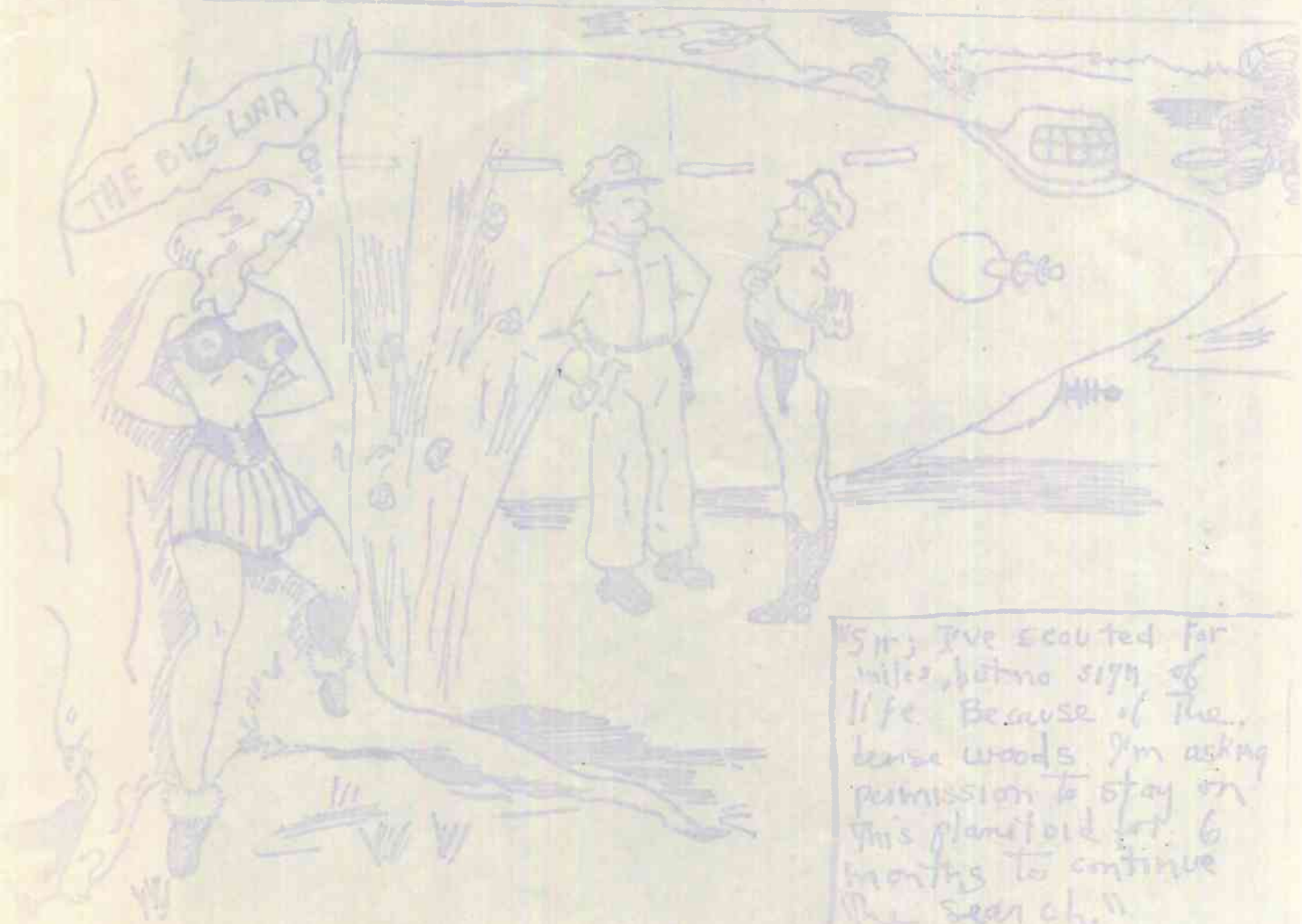




# WINTER WEATHER STATION No. 6.



It's a breeze out today. Buckles



"Sir, I've scouted for miles, but no sign of life. Because of the dense woods, I'm asking permission to stay on this planitoid for 6 months to continue the search."



hall of memory in which she keeps the mummified remains of her husbands preserved as in life. In the later -- 1920 -- tale, "Atlantia," by Pierce Beriait, Beriait has the heroine, last queen of Atlantis, with a similar hall wherein the mummified remains of her lovers have been preserved down through the centuries. Can that be utter coincidence? I hardly think so. All this is just a part of tracing down this idea. You will doubtlessly think of more. I do not condemn this at all, very likely sometimes, the later author did the better job with the earlier writer's idea -- but I do deem it interesting---"((probably the later author had read the earlier story; when writing his, his subconscious mind recalled the event in the earlier story and he put it down in his story, not conscious of the duplication. Then of course, the back writers do it as a matter of policy. ed.))

Editor: This feature was warmly commended by everyone of our readers who wrote in commenting on the last issue. This feature, however, really depends on your cooperation. Surely you must have a bit of information that would be interesting to collectors. Sure, so everyone knows it. Well, if this column enlightens just one fan on something that was heretofore unknown to him or that he had not thought of, it has done its purpose. If, then, when you send your letter commenting on this issue, you tack on a paragraph saying, "Oh here is something that might be used in your Rambling With Collectors column--," you can be sure that it will be appreciated.

Harold W. Cheney, Jr.

### Fantasy Fiction

### The Bright Land

Jack Riggs

Roger Lanham had shown signs of a promising future when in school. He had a fine brain, it only needed guidance and experience. Several factors combined produced the lack of a competent guide to one of his abilities. He was incurably lazy and further; his father had died when Roger was only a small boy. That lack of a firm hand was to prove disastrous in later life. The small family had been fairly well off until then. Roger, and an only sister and the mother were left to fend for themselves in a highly competitive world. Their savings were gradually dissipated over the years, while Roger and Elaine were going to school.

The small part-time jobs that they were able to get, helped out but little. Then Elaine, who was the eldest, graduated from school, spent six months in an office, and then married. Roger graduated later and went to work in a machine shop. He fully intended to save enough to go on to college at some later date. Money, as such did not seem to interest him, it was merely a means to an end. Intellectual pursuits, or personal pleasure were all that really interested him.

He wasn't very happy amongst the clangor and bustle of the machines. Finding his finer sensibilities were being dulled by the noise and rough talk of coarse men; he quit. He began hopping from one job to another, none satisfying him. Some were too menial, some offered no advancement, some didn't pay enough, and some that he found fault with for various reasons. His trouble lie in the fact that he was above average in school and had an inflated ego, brought on by that superiority in school. He expected a good job because of his intelligence, not stopping to realize that employers have a nasty habit of paying a man for what he is worth to them; not what he is potentially worth.

(next page; please)



tially worth.

Gradually he lost interest in going to college. He began to think that no one appreciated his true worth; that every man was against him; he grew embittered. A failure at making his way in the world, Roger began to stay home more and more. Reading, listening to the radio, and daydreaming were all that interested him. Of the three, the dark-haired young man liked daydreaming the best. It solved his problems; life was a rosy glow. He was always an important executive, using his sharp brain to make shrewd decisions. His biggest problem, when lost in reverie, was the relatively simple one of spending his wealth.

He was completely at ease on the chesterfield one day, dreaming his dreams; and as he left his hypothetical estate in a big shiny Cadillac driven by a chauffeur; the dream world began to twist and writhe. It was like a picture painted on a pennant snapping in the breeze. Images began to encroach on his private dream world. Images that had no right to be there, but yet were glimpses of serenity, and so were satisfying.

To an ordinary person indulging in a harmless daydream it would have been startling; he would have come out from under the "anesthetic of the mind" quickly and somewhat bewildered, for he would have wondered how one could lose control of his own thoughts.

Not so Roger. New experiences, especially ones which were intriguing; ones that furnished fuel for that insatiable furnace that was his mind were enjoyed by Roger. He lay relaxed, watching the weird phenomena; wondering with a small little soundless voice what would happen next, half-afraid and yet spellbound by fascination as this new dream grew clearer and clearer. It was not the usual dream world with blurred edges, but had the sharp tang of reality; this utterly new world he found himself in. It was as though he had entered into a new existence, leaving the real world far behind. It was a pleasant looking place with gently rolling hills, wooded here and there; a chuckling brook, and a flood of sunshine in a cloudless sky, the very essence of peace and contentment. Breathing deeply, and stretching, he nodded his approval of the bright, happy land. It looked virginal, untouched by the mad, mindless machine of man, unbesmirched by the back, oily roads, and there was no smoke swirling its way upward to befoul the very air one breathed.

The green grass carefully carpeted every open space, and was long and wild. Succumbing to a primitive urge, Roger lay down and rolled around in its luxurious softness, savoring the sweet smell of the crushed blades. He stretched his full length, clasped his hands behind his head and smiled up at the sky. He was very contented; this was the best dream yet, and it wasn't of his own conscious devising.

The azure sky began to darken, not with thunder clouds, or approaching sunset; it was more like a god turning off the indirect lighting in his own paradise. Roger began to be wafted away. Snapping out of a fog of inactivity, he fought furiously to return to the Bright Land. Fought with both mind and body, but to no avail. Soon he opened his eyes disconsolately on his sordid, somewhat dark room. He sadly thought of that far-off place that existed only for him and he fervently wished for an earthly counterpart. He knew he could be happy in a place like that.

He began to grow more absorbed in his dreams, merely rising to eat, and sometimes not even that. Vainly he tried to re-enter that Bright Land he so briefly visited, but in vain. Trying to re-create it in his conscious day dreams merely dulled the brilliant lustre of the true Bright Land. His imagination was not equal to creating the scenes and moods of the happy place. Roger began to feel frustrated.



He felt as though some god, jealous of his powers, was plaguing him thus, giving him glimpses of paradise, only to snatch them from under his nose.

One day he began to feel as though he had reached the nadir of his miserable existence. He realized in a dim way that he was a failure in both worlds; reality and dream. The latter disturbed him most, not to be master of his mind was an appalling thought. Given a gun at that moment he would have put an end to his tortured brain. He longed to put finis to the continued frustration and futility of all things. Then his mood brightened somewhat, a spark of eternal hope that refused to be quenched, flickered. He decided a walk in the brisk autumn air would revive his flagging spirit.

He walked to the dark hall, and opened the closet near the front door.

Blinking his eyes, he stood paralyzed. There; instead of a dingy closet with the usual assortment of worn clothes and empty hangers; was spread the light splendor of his Bright Land. His closet door was the doorway to his private paradise. He could feel the waves of warmth that came from the place.

The same invitingly green grass rolled its carpet across the hills and out of sight. The same straight sturdy trees crowned the round hills and half hid the friendly gurgling brook. The fresh cool breeze brought delicious smells of grass, the fragrant trees, and fresh air. A new and pleasant note was added though. There was a limpid blue pool, formed by a beaver dam, and around this entrancing spot were figures that danced and played. Exquisitely formed women and handsome men were there. Their dress was primitive, but their actions bespoke culture and grace. A woman stopped in the midst of a pirouette and pointed in his direction. A babble of faint melodious voices were brought to his ear; and then they began to beckon and call to him.

Roger's heart sang within him. They wanted him to join them! They; gods and goddesses were inviting him to play with them. He was wanted there! The world of reality lost its grip on him entirely as he stepped forward and gently closed the closet door.

\* \* \* \* \*

"He was such a good boy!" sobbed the old lady

The man seated at the desk looked across at her with compassionate eyes. Eyes that noticed every pathetic detail of the bent, seated figure crying into a small lace handkerchief. "Don't take it so hard," he said smoothly. "There is yet another side you know. Always a brighter side to things. Take your boy for instance. He wasn't happy before; was he? He is now, you know. Utter and complete happiness is his. Happiness that we normal people can never attain on this mortal plane."

The psychiatrist guided the old lady to the door.

"One thing more, Mrs. Lanham. Don't think of Roger as being in an asylum. Think of it as a sanatorium with pleasant surroundings. A place where Roger is merely resting until he is well again."

"Goodbye Doctor," said the heart-broken mother, "and thank you for all you've done for us."

THE END



One of the least known yet most interesting of British fantasy publications was the weekly journal known as "Scoops." Published during the period February 10th, 1934, to June 16th 1934, it ran twenty issues, and was entirely devoted to stories of the strange and marvelous. Few collectors remember much about this magazine while even fewer can boast of possessing copies. The reason for this lay chiefly in the first issues. These were obviously for schoolboy consumption, and were notable for the ultra-horrific drawings and the quantities of blood spilt in the early stories. After a few weeks of publication, however, a marked improvement was effected, and "Scoops" blossomed forth into a magazine of merit. Such names as; A. Conan Doyle, J. Russell Fearn, G. E. Rochester, and Professor A. M. Low made their appearance. Adult readers began to sit up and take notice. Then, without warning, the new fantasy magazine collapsed. With no word of farewell, or apparent reason for the paper's withdrawal, the twentieth issue made its appearance as the editors last effort..

Such is the history of this interesting weekly.

For the information of index compilers, the following contents list may be useful. It should be mentioned perhaps, that up to the twelfth issue, it was the editorial policy to omit the author's name when publishing stories.

Issue No. 1	Master of the Moon	11*
	Striding Terror	8*
	Rebel Robots	
	Rocket of Doom	
	Mystery of the Blue Mist	
	Voice From The Void	12*
	Soundless Hour	
No. 2	Rebels Of The Penal Planet	
	Z.L. Red Flyer	
	Space	by A. M. Low 10
	Sheer Personality	
No. 3	When the Skull Men Swooped	
	No Man's Plane	
	Monsters of the Marsh	
No. 4	Smashing Atoms	
	Time Traveller	
	Air Road	
No. 5	Flying Robot	
	World of Vapour	
	Submarine Road Plane No. 1	
No. 6	Spirit of Speed	
	Pearl of Death	
	Invisible Witness	
No. 7	London-Cape Town Express	
	Mind Machine	
	Space Drone No. 1	
No. 8	Legion of the Lost	
	Wimpole's Weight Reducer	
	Metaclad	
No. 9	Vengeance On Venus	
	Devilman of the Deep	by S. Martin 8
	History Historical	
	Submarine Tank No. 1	



Issue No. 10	Ice Metropolis Death Dive Iron Woman		
No. 11	Imortal Man Bandits of The Stratosphere Revolt of The Stone Men		
No. 12	Humming Horror Black Vultures Cataclysm	G. E. Rochester C. W. Cockroft	9
No. 13	Poison Belt Scouts of Space Metal Dictator	A. Conan Doyle M. Raymond L. D. Sylvester	6
No. 14	S.C.S. from Saturn Invaders from Time	J. Russell Fearn	
No. 15	March of the Berserks Fighting Jase		
No. 16	Accelerator Ray Temple of Doom	C. St. J. Sprigg H. Hugi	
No. 17	Moon Madness Death Broadcasts Scouts Of Space	D. G. Furner J. Jelles M. Raymond	4
No. 18	Man Who Made Diamonds Ray Control No.1 Electric Zone	I. Thomas E. Dallas H. F. Garfield	
No. 19	Flaming Frontiers Mystery of the Twilight Belt City Of Mars	B. Buley J. N. J. Lintolt I. P. Cockroft	
No. 20	Mines of Kaldar Time Televisor Onslaught From Venus	I. Hugi G. H. Nelson J. Talbot	

((The numbers at the margin of some of the lines stands for how many parts were contained by that story. If the number is with an \*, it was a serial. ed.))

STRANGE TALES EDITORIAL (Exclusive to ATRES ARTES from Forrest J. Ackerman)

Following is reprinted the Editorial from the first issue of Strange Tales, the new British Fantasy Promag edited by Walter Gillings:

"WEIRD & WONDERFUL: Since the days of Edgar Allan Poe there has always been a demand for the weird story and the tale of wondrous adventure in alien realms.

"You will find both in this book, which has been designed for the devotee of the fantastic in fiction. But its contents are not reprints of stories you have read many times before. They are the work of modern writers who are among to-day's masters of imaginative fiction.

"If you like to escape from this mundane world into surroundings utterly strange, to get a glimpse of things beyond the normal ken, these tales will amaze and thrill you."



Next to those credulous hordes who used to flock to P. T. Barnum's sideshow -- and incidently fill P. T. Barnum's coffers --, the most gullible suckers on the face of the earth are those fans with some money to invest in fanzines, magazines, and books.

Before me as I write is a recently-published price list of a fan newly released from the army and now desirous of getting rich at the expense of the others in fandom. This gentleman not only has the quaint nerve to ask outrageous prices for his items, he tops it off by announcing that he has declared war on another notoriously expensive dealer and that he is practically sacrificing his material to offer relief to fans who have been victimized by black-mail prices.

Holy Klono, what nerve! With tongue tucked securely in his cheek and his shining sword unsheathed, he rides forth to give battle to the Brooklyn bum with "bargains" such as these:

1) Four issues of Comet at one dollar per magazine. Did Comet sell for 20¢ or 25¢ a copy? I don't know, I don't recall ever buying a copy in my life, and only the other day I gave away the only copy I had (the first issue) to a fan-friend wishing to rebuild his collection. But the asking price of a dollar a copy represents at least a three-hundred percent profit on a magazine of questionable merit only a few years old.

2) Three copies of Bill Crawford's ancient Marvel Tales at a dollar-and-a-half each. Far older than Comet to be sure, but of the same questionable literary merit. And this modest salesman innocently mentioned in his advertisement that he was offering "a few items at prices designed to make the various book peddlers in s-f circles quit blackmailing the bewildered fan." That isn't blackmail chum, that's ransom!

But in old fanzines this gentleman really shines.

3) Charles Morning's The Fantasy Fan. Assorted issues of each, he says, through a dollar-and-a-half. I'd be interested in knowing from the fan who bought them what the phrase, "through a dollar-and-a-half" means. I remember selling several extra copies from my collection a few years ago at two-bits each. What a sap I was not to wait until they were worth five times that figure. At the present time I have a complete set (18 issues) bound in book form and if they were for sale (which they aren't), I would consider five to ten dollars a reasonable price. But don't expect any present dealer in fandom to be so ridiculous! An acquaintance of mine recently sought to buy a few missing issues to complete his collection, and the prices quoted him by a certain dealer threw him into such a rage that he dislocated his spine: if I recall aright, the dealer wanted fifteen or twenty dollars for about a half-dozen issues.

4) Science Fiction Fan: the Olan Wiggins publication we presume? The bargain price on the first four issues of this is six dollars for the set. I quit.

"Query me on your fanmag needs," advises ~~this~~ dealer, "Hundreds for sale at slightly above cost." Considering the man's prices as stated above, I am moved to inquire: how much is slightly above? This is a wonderful place to work in a free plug for myself and at the same time help put an end to the gypping. I've been selling old and new fanzines for years, not only disposing of the collections of others but occasionally cleaning out my own files. In the course of time I've worked up a small list of people who buy regularly and come back for more----because they don't get cheated.

I usually ask the exact cover price, unless the fanzine



is very old or very good. If it happens to be an old and valuable ten-cent magazine, I sting my customers by sometime asking as much as twenty cents for it. Isn't that dreadful? On one recent occasion I sold a batch of fanzines, about fifty or sixty in number, for three dollars to a young fellow intent on building up a collection. With such prices he can soon get what he wants at a price he can afford to pay and have a collection to be proud of. But from dealers such as these professionals who advertise he will only get stung

Before the war I bought most of my second-hand books from a fan-firm in Chicago, two fans who offered bargains that were bargains. I usually paid from fifty cents to a dollar for books that were considered standard sf on anyone's bookshelf. I considered it quite fair, and was mildly taken back when both were drafted. Because I soon discovered the book prices on the lists of a couple of other dealers were so high that the tops were wrapped in the clouds and snow flurries. I'm hopping all that will be soon changed. The Chicago fans are out of the army and one of them is re-establishing his business in South Bend, Indiana. I only hope he doesn't bitterly disappoint me when I see his first price list.

The views expressed above by this author do not represent necessarily those of the editor, and the editor cannot be held responsible for this or any other piece in this magazine not signed by him. (But Bob, see that we get a copy of that price list; ed.)

#### WANT LIST (cont. from page 5)

##### WEIRD TALES:

All issues up to 1938  
All 1939 except Jan. July.  
All 1940  
Jan., March, & May 1941

##### STARTLING:

All 1939  
All 1940 except July  
All 1941 except Jan., & March  
July 1942  
All 1943 except Jan., & Fall

##### ASTONISHING:

June, & August 1940  
Feb., Sept., & Nov. 1941

##### COMET:

May, & July 1941

##### COSMIC:

May

##### SCIENCE:

April, & June

Also Strange, Marvel, Fantastic, Science-Fiction, Future, Dynamic, Captain Future, Merie, Unknown, SuperScience, etc. There are many issues of these that I need.

Tell me what you got and how much you want for them, per or in lots I'll pay cash for all mags I buy.

EXTRA---The Cockroft original on the back cover will be sent to the fan who sends in the first letter(not a post-card) commenting on this issue. Post-mark date will be counted if there is a tie in the date of delivery.





J. Cockcroft  
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