

Greetings!!! Greetings to the Pacificon from Harold W. Cheney, Ja

and

We cannot be there, we're sad to say, Circumstances have forced us to stay away,. But we've sent this so that we may, Be with you in spirit on these four days.

or maybe

Convention day is here again, llurrah: say happy little fen, But since we wont be there when The fun is on, we decided to send This.

or still yet

When the freeze is on the bumpkin, And they say, "but you must come!," The unavoidable fact remains, That it takes quite a large sum.

or I could say

Oh to be in LA now that July is here, We'd wander down old Bixal street, And see fans from far and near. With big feet.

This special issue of Atres Artes is published and edited by Harold W. Cheney, Jr. at Little Falls, N. Y. Atres Artes (which would be the logical successor to Acolyte if it wasn't folding itself) is put out once in a while by HWC, Jr too.

THIS COULD BE CALLED AN EDITORIAL

We have been struck by the thought that someday some rich fan might put out a magazine devoted to the fontasy fan. Up until now the fanzines have covered this field pretty good but they all have the same basic fault.... They are put out by amateurs in thier spare time. If some fan were able to give all his time to a "fanzine," printed monthly wouldn't be impossible. And if the mag really mad an attempt at looking professional it could get quite a circulatic I mean those border-line fans. The hundreds of stfantasy readers who for one reason have never entered fandom. They have the same love and interest in stfantasy fans have but mere chance has kept them out of fandom. Think it over.

think that no one appreciated his true worth; that every man was against him; be grow empittered. A failure at making his way in the world, hoper began to stay personners and some meading, all stening to the radio, and daydrouning him was also being the dead, and daydrouning him and the daydrouning the best of the three, the day; maired young and theed daydrouning the best of it solved his problems; life was an exactly on the daydrouning his along brain to anke shrewdidectaions. His biggest problem, when lost in reverse, was the relatively simple one of spending his woulth.

his dreams; and as he less his synothetical estate in a disching Cadillac driven by a chause of the dream world because to twist and writhe. It was like a picture painted on a pennant enapping in the breeze. Images becan to encrose on his private droam world (Images that had no risk to be there, but yet were gliss and so were actisfying.

To an ordinary person indulging in a harmless drydream it would have been startling; he would have come out from under the "anestretic of the mind" quickly and somewhat havildered, for he would have

wondered how one could lose control of his own thoughts.

Not so Hoger. New experiences, especially ones which were intriguing; ones that furnished fuel for that insatible furnace that
was his mind were enjoyed by Roger to lay relaxed, watching the
weird phenomena; wonderin with a small little soundless voice what
would happen next, half-afraid and yet spelibound 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 existance, leaving the real world far behind. It
was a pleasant looking place with gentify rolling hills, wooded here
and there; a chuckling brook, and a flood of sunshine in acloudless
sky, the very essence of peace and contentment. Breathing deeply,
and strechin, he nodded his approval of the bright, happy land. It
looked virginal, untout of 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 streched his full length, clapsed 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 de-

vising.

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 rought 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 sorid, 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. Vairly 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.

This following story appeared in the Second issue of Atres
Artes and was aclaimed as the best story in that issue. And it
really had stiff competition in blandlyn's, Mis Mands. The Bright
Land really presents a fine cacelfor fan fiction. There is no
reason why fan fiction must be nonething to be laughed at (unless
you're supposed too).

was completely it ease on the chesteriled one day dreated as well as a completely it ease on the chesteriled and as in the constant of the control of the co

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

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 oldest, graduated from school, spent six months in an office, and then married. Loger graduated later and went to work in a machine shop. He fully intended to save enough to go to college at some later date. Loney, as such didn't seem to interest him, it was merely a means to an edn. Intellectual pursuits, or personal pleasures 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 corse men; he quit. He began happing from one job to another, none satisfying him. Some were too menial, some offered no advancement, some didn't pay enough, and others that he not like 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 to get 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)

He felt as though some god, jealous of his nowers, was plaguing him thus, giving him alimpses of paradise, only to snatch them from un-

der his nose.

One day he began to feel as though he bad reached the nadir of his miserable existance. He realized in a dim way that he was a failure in both worlds; reality and dream. The later 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 krain. 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 in the brisk autumn air would revive his flag ing spirit.

He walked to the dark hall, and opened the closet near the

Plinking his egos, he stood paralized. There: instead of a dingy closet with the neval 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 the 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 brock. 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 figure: 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 voice: were brought to his ear; and then they began to becken and call to him.

Roger's heart seng 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 for ard and gently closed the closet door.

黄 黄 特 非 非 非 11

"He was such a good boy!" sobbed the old lady The man seaded 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 stoothly. "There is yet another side you know. so hard, he said stoothly. 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 lis. Happiness that we normal people can never attain on this mortil plane.

The psychiatri: t guided the old lady to the door. "One thing mor, Ers. Lanham. Don't think of Rojer as being in an asylum. This of it as a sanatorium with pleasant surround-A place where Roger is merely resting until he is well a-

gain." Goodbye Doctor," said the heart-broken mother, "and thank you

THEND

One of the least known yet most interesting of Pritish 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 if 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 reasons 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 prehaps, that up to the twelfth issue, it was the editorial policy to omit the author's name when publishin; stories,

Issue No.	1	Master of the Moon	11.**
		Striding Terror	84
J. C.		Rebel Robots	
		Rocket of Nobm	
		Nystery of the Blue Hist	
		Voice From The Void	12#
		Soundless Hour	PER SENDENCE PAR (E)
No.	2	Rebels Of The Penal Planet	
		Z.1. Red Flyer	
		Space by A. Y. Low	10
		Sheer Personality	7-1
. O a	3	When the Skull Men Swooped	
		No Man's Plane	Dist of the
		Monsters of the Marsh	
7. O g	4		
		Time Traveller	
		Air Road	
00	5		THE REAL PROPERTY.
		World of Vapour	
		Submarine Road Plane No. 1	
7.0	6		
		Perl of Death	
		Invisible Witness	NEC'A DE
1.00	7		
	950	Mind Hachine	
		Space Drome No. 1	
10.	8		
		Wimpole's Weight Reducer	
		etalclad	
No.	9	Vengoance Un Venus	
		Devilman of the Deep by S. Martin	8
		History Historical	
and the second		Submarine Tank No. 1	

					The state of the s	-
Issue	No:	10	Tee Metropolis			
			Death Dive			
			Iron Moman		Walter and the same of the sam	
	No.	11	Imortal Man			
			Randits of The Stratosph	ere		
	STATE OF	·	Revolt of The Stone Men			College
	1.0.	12	Humming Horror			
			Black Vultures		E. Rochester	9
			Cataclysm	Ce	W. Cockroft	
	No.	13	Poison Belt		Conan Doyle	6
			Scouts of Space	10	Raymond	
			Netal Dictator	Lo	D. Sylvestor	
	No.	1"	S.C.S. from Seturn		Company of the state of the state of	
	3 3 3	3-6 0	Invaders from Time	Jo	Russell Fearn	
	NO.	15	larch of the "erserka			
			Fighting Jase			
	No.	16	Accelerator Ray		St. J. Spriss	
		- 4	Temple of Doom		Hu ;i	
	No.	17	Noon Madness		G. Furner	A.
			Death Broadcasts		Jelles	4
STATE OF THE STATE			Scouts Of Space		Raymond	
	FO.	18	Man Tho Made Diamonds		Thomas	No.
		The real	Ray Control No.1		Dallas	
			Electric Zone	110	F. Garfield	
1157 763	No.	19	Flaming Frontiers	B.	Buley	
			Mystery of the Twilight	Scl		
The same				Jo	N. J. Lintolt	of the c
			City Of Fars	I a	Fl Cockroft	
The State of	No.	50	Mines of Kaldar		iiuz i	
			Time Televisor		II. Nelson	
			Onslaught From Venus		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 EDITURIAL (Exclusive to ATMED ALMES from Forrest J.

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

"MEIRD & MONDINFUL: Since the days of Edgar Allan Poe there has always been a demand for the weird story and the tale of wonderous 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 amon; to-day's masters of imaginative fiction.

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

