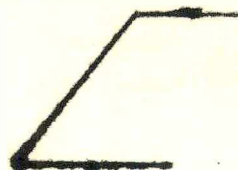
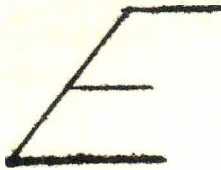


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NCORES

A Department Where The Editor Meets Himself

With this comes the official announcement of irregular publication. Of course, I have been pushing this thing through the mimeo as irregular as is inhumanly possible, since I started, but I tried to hold it bi-monthly. I'll keep it as close to bi-mo as possible from now on, but until I get my own mimeograph I can't promise regularity.

It is to be here announced that Pete Taylor, who gained such wide acclaim for his column last ish, will no longer be with us. He has just joined the Royal Air Force, and even Leonard Gleicher will be going in in a few months. However, Lenny will hold down the fort for a while. After that. . .quien sabe?

I'd like more art, if anybody cares to send any in. If you don't, then don't. But I do need art.

A short editorial, but I can't think of anything else to say.

LETTERS FROM MY READERS

The general consensus last issue was that I should print all of the letters, cutting only personal parts. Which is about what I was doing. So I won't change my policy any way at all. Phoo-phoo.

HE WANTS BLACK PLANETS, YET!

by

Bobby Stewart, Route 4 Box 8, Kirbyville, Texas.

At first I thought that the round circle on the cover was meant to be a planet, but then I held it up to the light and saw NAPA underneath. 'Twould have been better if you had used black paper. Would have looked more outstanding on the white background, y'know. . .

I don't consider myself a great DEAFan, but you seem to have obtained some of her better work, especially that landscape on page 12. Someday I'll try my hand at other - world landscape scenes...That DEA on page 18: Were those fellows trying to use a spray deodorant on that monster?

I've heard so much about the Shaver Mystery that I was glad, extremely so, to see this reprint.

(That DEA on page 18 was an unpaid advt. for VETO--ed.)

continued somewhere, I imagine. Look for it.

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STORY
MAG

Vol. II No. 1

Issue No. 4

March, 1954

CONTENTS

BUBBETTE AND THE MARTIAN--Noah W. McLeod.2
(light stfantasy--2800 words)

THE SHIPS OF ISHTAR--G. Gordon Dewey.8
(Merritt article--2000 words)

WERE-WINDOW--Stephen R. Paul & T. Carrick. . . .12
(weird-fts--2000 words)

JIGSAW PUZZLE--fanzine reviews.16

CRIME STALKS THE FAN-WORLD--F. Lee Baldwin. . .19
(fan-detective story--2300 words)

GENESIS OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS--George Wetzel. .24
(Lovecraft article--4600 words)

BRITISFNEWS--Leonard Gleicher.33
(column--500 words)

features

Editorial...11
(cont'd page 35)

The Analytical LAVORATORY.29
(voting results)

The Ghost Hunter.34
(rundown on the reprints)

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be privately arranged.

See you next May, I hope!--re.

BUBBETTE AND THE MARTIAN

. . .by Noah W. McLeod.

Bubbette heard the knock on the door. She crossed the kitchen, reached up to the doorknob, and opened the door. She saw a little green man with a heavy pack, and, being a brave little girl who had been taught to show good manners to strangers, she said, "Hello, Mr. Martian. What are you doing here? Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, little girl," he said as he stepped through the doorway and sat down on the chair--meanwhile unslinging his pack.

"Are you selling something?"

"I am trying to sell things," the Martian said dejectedly, "but no one wants to buy my wares. No one wants to understand the birds and beasts; therefore no one wants to buy my psionic interpreters. No one is curious about the past and the future; therefore no one wants my pocket time machines. Not a one of them wants to travel freely; therefore no one wants my anti-grav belts. Such horrible lack of imagination! Even when earthlings can have a psionic interpreter for the price of a bus ride, or a pocket time machine for the price of a movie ticket, they don't want them. Why, I nearly got run out of Santa Cruz two years ago."

Bubbette sat down on the floor, her big blue eyes regarding the Martian gravely. "Tell me how you nearly got run out of Santa Cruz."

The little green man began: "On Mars, the metals you call copper and silver are more rare than plutonium. I and some other Martians were sent to Earth to get a supply. Because we are a peaceful folk, we were ordered to get it by trade and not by plunder. Because you Earthlings use little discs of silver and copper to pay for small articles, we decided to get them by peddling from door to door. Because you don't have psionic interpreters, anti-grav belts or time machines we decided that they would sell well."

Quoting her mother, Bubbette said gravely, "People just ain't educated to want the higher things."

"When I first came to Earth by space-warper two years ago, I approached a white house on the corner. There I was met by a large four footed beast you call a dog. Having a psionic interpreter, I could understand what he said."

"What was that?" queried Bubbette.

"He said, 'Beat it, bum! I haven't anything against you but I have to make these goofy two-foots think I'm earning my keep!' So I walked two houses down the street and rang the doorbell. A large woman with a silly face came to the door. When I started to give my sales talk on anti-grav belts she was infuriated. She shouted an insult at me and shut the door in my face."

"That would be Nellie Hines," Bubbette said. "What did she say?"

"It sounded something like 'Go to Russia'. I don't understand it."

"Nellie Hines eats too much. She gets mad when anyone says she's fat. She thought you were trying to sell her a new girdle. She wanted to say 'Go to Hell' but couldn't because she's a lady."

"Well," the Martian continued, "I walked down the street when a large man dressed in a blue uniform came up to me and tried to detain me forcibly. I didn't care to engage in an unseemly scuffle, so I pressed the stud of my time machine and whisked two years ahead in time."

"Oh, oh," whispered Bubbette. "That's what happened to Officer Cassidy! They put him in the booby-hatch because he talked about a little green man."

"Then I went to a house across the street. The woman opened the door, took one look at me, invoked the great god 'Jiminy Christmas' and fainted dead away. Then I came here and you let me in."

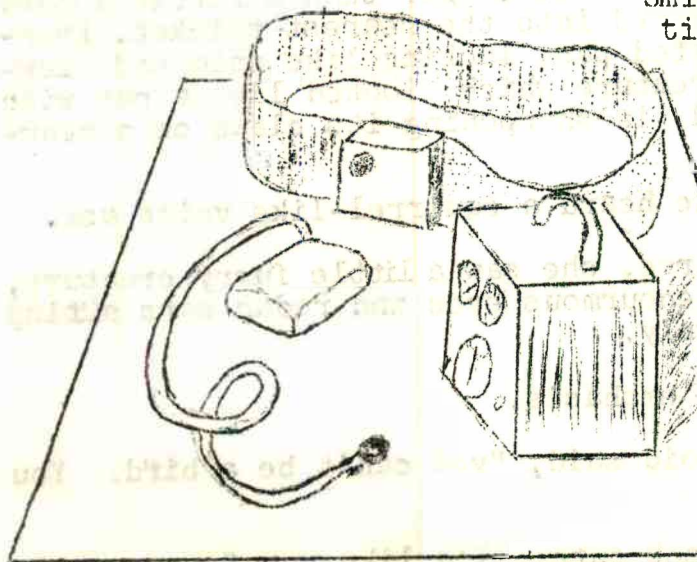
"Let me go get my piggy bank," Bubbette said. "I want to buy something from you. Mama went to the store and may be back any time. She might be mad if she saw you." And the little girl went out of the kitchen and returned a few seconds later with a yellow plastic pig.

She held the pig with its feet in the air, and rocked it gently back and forth. Pennies, nickels and dimes spilled out on the floor. Soon there was a small pile of change on the carpet. Bubbette set the pig down and scooped up the coins. She said, "I want an anti-grav belt and a time machine," and thrust the change into the green palm.

The Martian counted the coins and said, "There's enough for a psionic interpreter as well. Do you want all three?"

Bubbette nodded.

The Martian opened his pack and took out three objects. The first was a belt of metal mesh with a small plastic box on it. On the box was a dial. The second object was something which might have been a hearing aid. The third was a black enamel box, the size of a candid camera, with three dials on it.



The little green man, a kindly smile on his face, fastened the anti-grav belt about Bubbette's waist. "Now, when you want to fly, turn the dial to the right. When you want to come down, turn it back again, but very gently so you won't come down too hard."

Then he plugged the microphone of the psionic interpreter into her ear, and dropped the box into her pocket. "This psionic interpreter is absolutely automatic."

DS

Tg. 3

It will tell you what a Chinaman is talking about when he is talking Chinese or what a racoon is saying to a chipmunk. Just slip the ear-piece into your ear and let it alone.

"This is your time machine," the Martian continued, holding up the black enamel box. "The first dial is marked in years, the second is marked in thousands of years, and the last in millions. Push the blue button to go into the past and the yellow button to go into the future."

A footstep sounded on the front porch. Bubbette gasped, "That's Mamma! You'd better go!"

The Martian swung his pack upon his back and stepped out through the kitchen door. Bubbette waved her hand and called, "Goodby, Mr. Martian."

Bubbette's mother came into the kitchen and set her groceries down on the table. "Bubbette, what on Earth have you been doing? What do you have now?"

But the psionic interpreter gave it to Bubbette as, "If you don't tell me how you got that junk, I'll smack you!"

Bubbette replied, "I got it from a Martian. A little green man with a pack on his back. And it isn't junk. Look, Mommy! I can fly!" As she turned the knob on the anti-grav, her mother gazed open-mouthed while she floated off the floor.

"Bubbette, come down! You might hurt yourself!" But the psionic interpreter told Bubbette that her mother had said, "You'll be no end of trouble, if I don't get this Buck Rogers stuff away from you!"

Bubbette decided that her presence in the kitchen was no longer advisable. If she stopped to unfasten a window, Mommy would catch her. So she pressed the blue button on the time machine. Now the dials were set for 42,563,784 years, so Bubbette landed in the Lower Eocene epoch of the Earth's history.

She found herself floating about ten feet from the ground in a rather open hardwood forest. The ground was covered with a coarse grass. Right underneath her, a horse no bigger than a rabbit looked up in startled surprise and scampered into the nearest thicket. Enormous red and blue butterflies drifted past looking like animated flowers. There was a tiger-striped creature which looked like a cat with over-sized teeth, busily engaged in sharpening its claws on a nearby tree.

"What are you, a bird?" Bubbette heard a squirrel-like voice ask.

Looking over to the nearest tree, she saw a little furry creature, half monkey, half squirrel, with enormous eyes and radar ears sitting on a tree limb, regarding her gravely.

"I'm Bubbette," she said with emphasis.

"On second thought," the tarsoid said, "you can't be a bird. You look like a relative of mine."

"Oh!" Bubbette cried. "You look cute. I'd like you for a pet."

"I wouldn't like to be a pet. I like my freedom."

"But you'd like candy and ice cream," she said. "Wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," the tarsoid answered. "I never had either candy or ice cream. I don't know whether I'd like either one of them."

Bubbette remembered half a Hershy bar left in the pocket of her dress. "I've got some candy," she said. "Catch!" and she threw him the bar.

The tarsoid caught it deftly in his small hand-like paws. He carefully began to nibble. "Not bad," he said, "but kinda deficient in vitamins."

He ate the last speck and licked his paws with his ribbon-like tongue. Then he remarked, "Young lady, you interest me. I'll come with you for a few days as a guest. But I want to keep my freedom!"

"Cross my heart and hope to die, nobody'll put you in a cage," Bubbette promised with great solemnity.

The tarsoid jumped from his perch to her shoulder. When he had settled himself, Bubbette pushed the yellow button on her time machine. She found herself in the kitchen of her home.



Her mother lay stretched on the floor in a dead faint. Horror-stricken, Bubbette let herself down so hard she got a bad jolt. Picking herself up, she ran over to the sink. Climbing onto a stool, she turned the water tap and filled a sauce pan. The tarsoid had jumped to the top of the refrigerator, and was watching the proceedings with pop-eyed interest.

Mommy opened her eyes at the sudden impact of the cold water, saw Bubbette standing over her and exclaimed, "You little wretch!"

Bubbette hastily jumped backwards out of reach, her finger on the button of the time machine. She was afraid of what would happen. The tarsoid seemed to have doped the situation out because he took one flying leap to Bubbette's shoulder. "If this is mother-love, take me back to the Eocene!" he cried.

"What do you mean by running out on me?" Mommy stormed. "And get that rat out of here!"

"He ain't a rat," Bubbette replied, standing her ground fiercely. "He's a tarsoid. I've seen pictures like him in Mr. Webber's Geology books."

"Don't use 'ain't'. You're getting to be just like your father. His English is horrible. And keep away from Charlie Webber. All he does is dig up old bones and fishes."

Here the psionic interpreter interpolated certain obscene threats of bodily violence against Mr. Webber. Bubbette understood that it was time to get out before her mother actually started throwing things. She pressed the stud of the time machine. They were back in the Eocene.

A few hours later Bubbette was sitting in the branches of a tree eating a fruit which looked like a pear but tasted like a banana. Beside her sat the tarsoid, in a brown study, his muzzle between his paws.

"You can't stay here much longer," he mused, glancing at the setting sun. "There are some large and very dangerous animals prowling at night in these parts. And you can't go home directly to your mother. But tell me, do all mothers treat their young like that?"

"No," Bubbette replied, "most of them are kind and gentle."

"Is there anyone who has any influence at all over your mother?"

"Daddy's in Greenland; so he's out. Lorraine Carruthers has some. You see, Mommy usually drinks up the money Daddy sends her; so she has to get help from the Welfare Workers," Bubbette explained vaguely.

The tarsoid said nothing for some seconds as he watched the sun slide behind the horizon. Then he said: "I've got to get you to this Lorraine Carruthers. But how?"

"If I can get to Charlie Webber's place, he can call up Lorraine. He's mashed on her. She won't marry him, though. Says he'd rather spend his time on old bones than on suffering humanity. But she goes out with him. . . ." and Bubbette jumped down from the tree with the help of her anti-grav. She started walking in a particular direction, carefully counting her steps. The tarsoid cried, "Hey, wait a minute! Wait for me!" and scurried after her and jumped on her shoulder.

Bubbette pushed the button on her time machine. The tarsoid blinked as an oak-panneled study and work-room appeared around them. Over the fireplace of the room was mounted the skull of a huge sabre-tooth-tiger. There were three people in the room---a muscular young man with a smiling face who Bubbette recognized as Charlie Webber; a slender brunette primly dressed in a tailored suit, Miss Carruthers; and the Martian.

Webber was saying, "The time machine worked very nicely. I got five hundred feet of film of a fight between a sabre-tooth and a mammoth. That definitely should be worth something on the market. It's a good deal better than a grunt-and-groan exhibition like they show on television."

"And how did you find the psionic interpreter?" queried the Martian.

"It helps me understand Lorraine." At this point Miss Carruthers blushed a deep red.

Bubbette decided it was time to interrupt. "Hello, I'm back," she said, "and this is Mr. Tarsoid."

The other people in the room started as though they'd seen a ghost. Then Miss Carruthers finally spoke. "I'd better call the police and tell them Bubbette is back. They think Mrs. Chemeliki killed her and are hunting for the corpse. Anyway, when Mrs. Chemeliki told how Bubbette had disappeared they put her in the psychopathic ward for observation and I doubt whether she will be out for some months."

"I take it the police don't believe in time machines," the Martian said.

"Nor in Martians," remarked Mr. Webber.

"Somebody has to take care of Bubbette until her mother gets out of Psycho which will be quite some time," Miss Carruthers again pointed out.

The Martian spoke up, "Inasmuch as I'm somewhat responsible for all this trouble, I volunteer to do it. I have a little daughter about her age. I think the two would get along well together."

The tarsoid had been taking all this in but now he addressed himself to the Martian: "A question, sir. Before everyone goes their respective ways, I would like to know this. If humans don't use their brains as with Mrs. Chemeliki, what is the good of evolution?"

"That is something I wonder at myself," the green man replied.

--nwmC1--

THERE'S A CON IN THE AIR.

The Twelfth Annual International Science Fiction Convention is coming up soon. The third, fourth, fifth and six of September, 1954, are the days. It'll be held at the Sir Francis Drake hotel in San Francisco, and you should mail your membership dollar right now to: Box 335, Station A, Richmond 2, California.

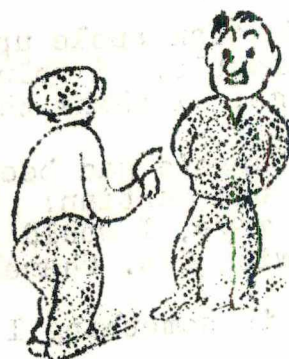
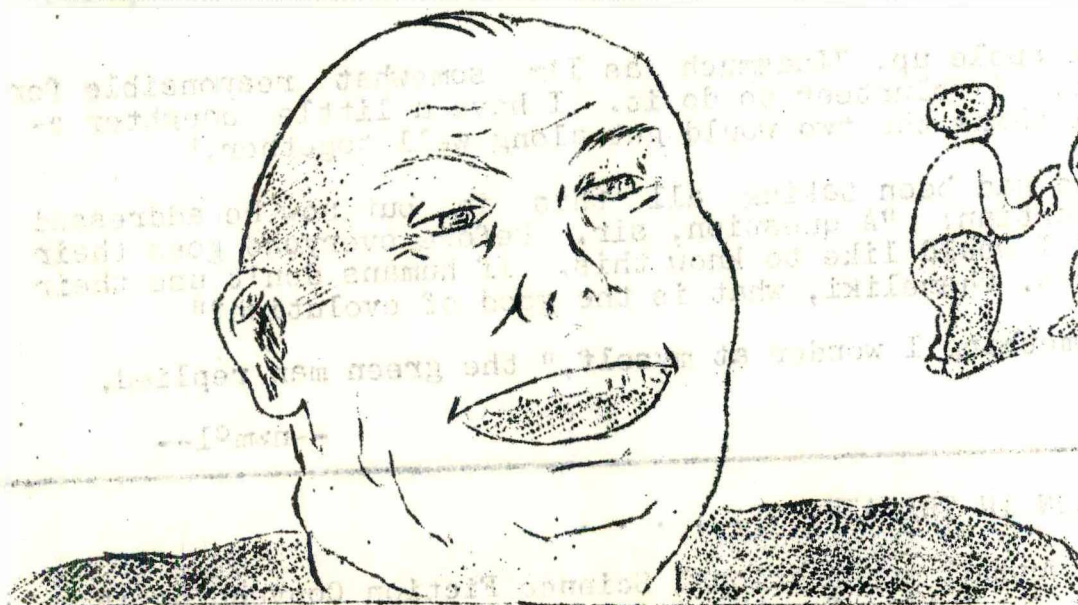
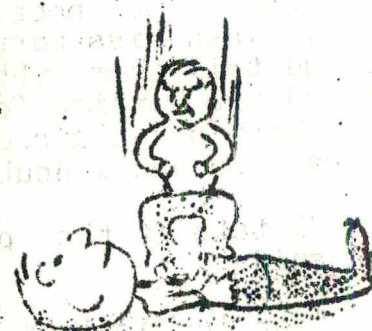
IF
(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)
by
W. R. Kaufman

If you can smile when things go wrong,
And say it doesn't matter,
If you can cast off cares and woes
And trouble makes you fatter,
If trusted friends can do you dirt,
And still it doesn't bother,
If you can laugh when your best girl
Deserts you for another;

If you can joke of coin you've lost
To crooks with ways beguiling,
Or take the blame for others' faults,
And merely keep on smiling,
If you can deal with thieves and knaves,
And take it on the chin,
See morons doubt your honest deeds,
And meet it with a grin;

If you can view their nasty tricks
With disposition sunny,
Or see how cheap most people are
And merely think it's funny,
If you can keep a smiling face
When everyone is blue,
Then have your head examined, pal,
There's something wrong with you!

---WRK---



HE

SHIPS

OF ISHTAR

. . .by g. gordon
dewey.

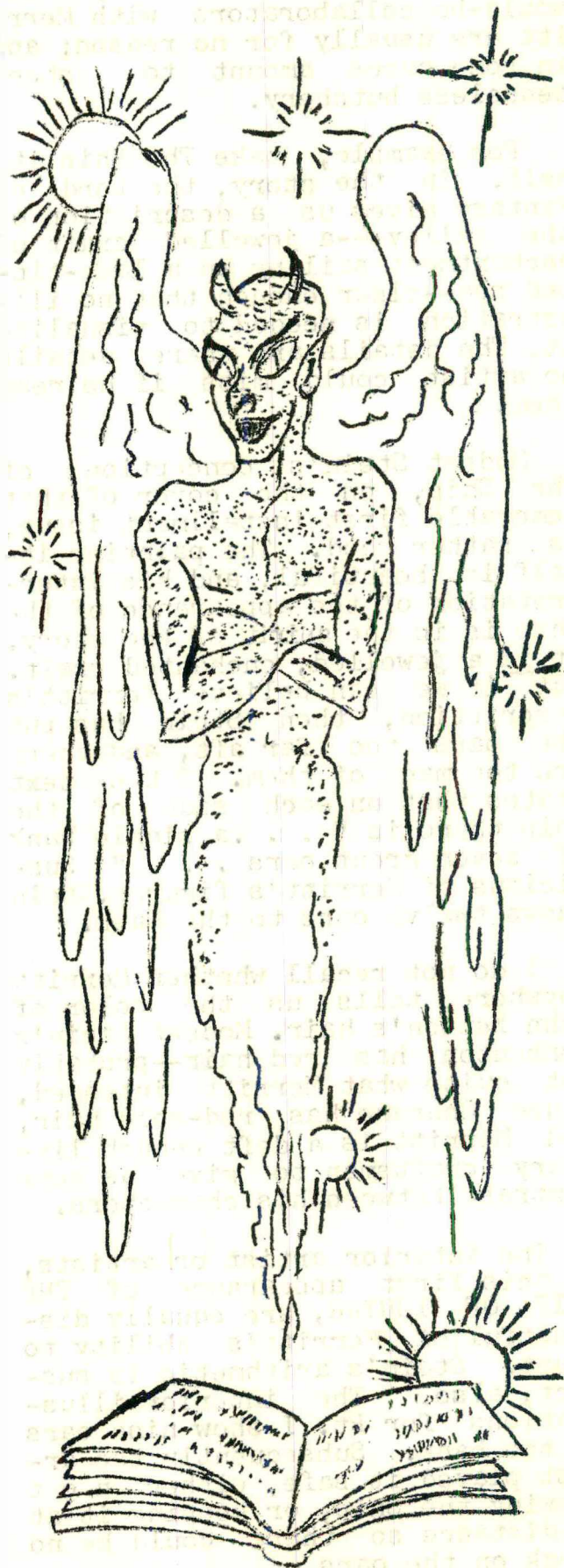
SOMEWHERE I READ OR SOMEONE told me, or it came to me in a vision, that Abe Merritt almost sold us down the river. It was around late 1923 or early 1924--the time isn't too important. He brought a novelet in to the editor of Argosy. If this story is true, Bob Davis was probably at the helm.

He read the novelet, liked it--and told Merritt he thought it would make a lot better book-length serial, if Merritt cared to revise it. If, again, the incident is true, readers of fantasy can thank the editor for spotting the greatness in the story; and Merritt for listening to the editorial advice to go after it.

So, on November 8, 1924, Argosy All - Story Weekly presented the first installment of Abraham Merritt's great THE SHIP OF ISHTAR. The story, which ran serially in six parts, is considered by many aficionados as the greatest fantasy novel of all time. This I know --I can turn absolutely green with envy of the person just reading the story for the first time.

It is interesting to follow THE SHIP through its editions to see what publishers, editors and artists do to it. Watching them work on the story, the conclusion--that they do not regard Merritt as wholly competent to do a job of writing--is almost inescapable.

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DEA.

The changes wrought by these would-be collaborators with Merritt are usually for no reason; and in some cases amount to sheer senseless butchery.

For example, take The Ship itself. In the story, the Lord of Fantasy gives us a description of the galley---a jewelled craft of enchantment sailing on a lace-tipped sea---clear enough that no illustration is needed to visualize it. The details are there, details no artist could miss if he read them.

Modest Stein's conception of The Ship, on the cover of that memorable first-installment issue, is rather good. The painting itself is beautiful, and his interpretation of the appearance of the Ship is in the spirit of the story. It is a jewelled, enchanted craft. But if we can believe Merritt's description, then Stein has put the oars too far aft, and there are too many of them. The text states that on each side of the Ship there is " . . . a single bank of seven great oars . . . " Suspicious of Merritt's figures, Stein shows twelve oars to the bank.

I do not recall whether Merritt anywhere tells us the color of John Kenton's hair. Modest Stein's Jonkenton has red hair--probably not quite what Merritt intended; since Sharane has red-gold hair, and Merritt is a deft enough literary craftsman to give us some contrast between his characters.

The interior artist or artists, in this first appearance of THE SHIP OF ISHTAR, are equally distrustful of Merritt's ability to count. Stein's arithmetic is suspect, also. The interior illustrations for Pt. I show nine oars to the bank. Subsequently the artist played it safe, either not showing the Ship, or keeping it at a distance so there could be no check on the oars.

But in Part VI either a new artist has come along, he too certain that there has been a bad count on the oars, or the one doing the series has decided that he can come closer than any heretofore---can even better his first estimate by bringing it down---and he does! This time the Ship carries six oars to the bank.

The next appearance of THE SHIP OF ISHTAR is as a clothbound book, copyright 1926 by G. P. Putnam's Sons. I have five separate printings of this edition, and have been unable to find conclusive evidence as to their order of appearance.

The copy I suspect to be the first printing is bound in brownish-maroon cloth with titles stamped in tan enamel. The top edge is stained red. Such staining, with some publishers, would indicate the first printing of the first edition. I do not know Putnam's practice here---but have no other clue as to the first printing.

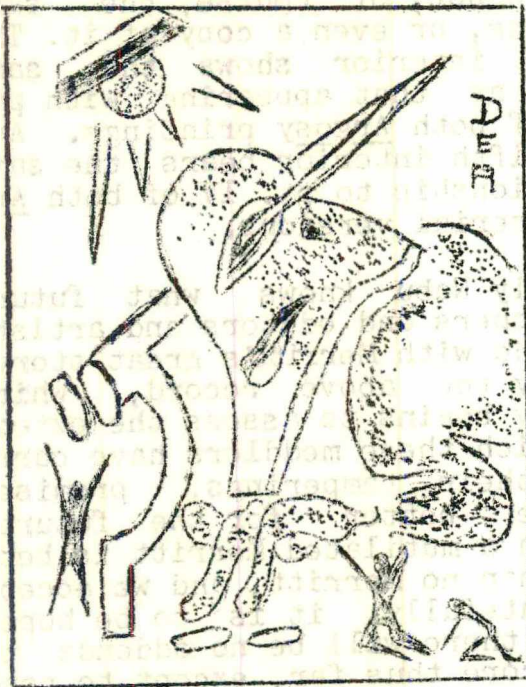
Copy number two is similar to the above, the only difference being the lack of red stain on the top edge.

Copy number three is similar to copy number two, except that the cloth is reddish brown.

Copy number four is bound in dark wine-red cloth, with the titles stamped in yellow enamel.

Copy number five is bound in bright red cloth, with the titles stamped in black ink. I suspect this of being the last printing--not necessarily the fifth, since there may be others I do not know of---because a cheaper cloth is used, and ink, rather than enamel, is on the titles.

There are no interior differences in these five volumes, all apparently having been printed from the same plates, with identical pagination, and using same logograph.



The Frank A. Musey Company, publishers of Argosy, were traditionally opposed to magazine reprints. However, in the late thirties times were tough, and pulp magazines did not find it easy going. Munsey was in the same boat with all of them. So, on October 29, 1938, he broke the tradition, and to the delight of fantasy readers and lovers of Merrittales that issue of Argosy carried the first of six weekly installments of THE SHIP OF ISHTAR, reprinted!

Probably because of the breach of policy, there was no cover illustration; merely an announcement of the story, "By Public Command". This version is substantially the same as the original with but minor changes, and with the restoration of that vital sentence in the ending that was omitted in the book version. There are interior illustrations. Those for parts 3, 4, 5 and 6 represent the same scenes used for the same installments originally, but have been redrawn.

As a story, the book version is a sad patchwork of wanton vandalism. Compared with the original version, it reads as though the publisher had handed the manuscript and a pair of thinning shears to his office boy and told him to snip it down to size. Entire sequences have been ripped out bodily for no apparent reason, and to the detriment of the story. The entire sense of the ending is changed by the omission of the vital sentence: "It hovered--and then upon its white breast two flames whiter than it appeared and clung!" With this sentence as in the original version, not even death can part Jonkenton and Sharane. Without it, there is only unrelieved tragedy.

The Ship appears in silhouette on the front of the jacket and on the title page of the book. The drawings are similar, and this time the artist counted those oars carefully, made certain that he added them correctly. There are seven to the bank! And with reasonable fidelity the outline of the Ship follows the description in the text. This is unfortunate--the artist has placed the helm at the prow, and the oarsmen are facing forward instead of aft!

The artist is still having trouble with the oars. The illustration for Part I shows nine oars to the bank. That for Part VI shows five. Merritt is not to be permitted his seven oars.

Seven years later, THE SHIP OF ISHTAR appeared again as a large-sized paperback, reprinted by the Avon Book Company, as # 34 in their Murder Mystery Monthly series. The text in this version is substantially that in the Putnam book version ---shamefully mutilated and showing the same witless alteration of the ending. There are no interior illustrations.

The May 10, 1930 issue of Argosy begins a six-part serial by Kenneth Perkins entitled VOODOO'D. The cover painting is the work of Paul Stahr and clearly illustrates Perkins' story. The cover illustration

on the Avon edition of *The Ship* is a copy of Paul Stahr's painting, redrawn and somewhat revised. It is inconceivable that this drawing can illustrate anything or anyone in *The Ship*. But if it does--then John Kenton's hair has turned from red to black, and he has raised a trick mustache. It is almost superfluous to note that the illustration is unsigned; nor is the artist given a credit line.

The latest appearance to date (Aug. 19, 1948) of *The Ship* is in the Revival Issue of Fantastic Novels, dated March, 1948. The text here appears to follow the original version, with no more than minor changes, if any, and the ending carries the intended meaning for the story characters.

The cover illustration by Lawrence is a honey. Sharane is something to sit down and dream about---wistfully. You'll never meet anyone like her. Kenton's hair is black, which is what Merritt probably intended. The Ship is gorgeous, and its details of structure and ornamentation are quite similar to those by Modest Stein. But the oars seem a bit far forward, keeping Merritt's description of the Ship in mind.

Lawrence, lacking the cock-sureness of other artists, cleverly avoided responsibility for the count of the oars--a portion of the near bank is obscured by Kenton, and only four are visible.

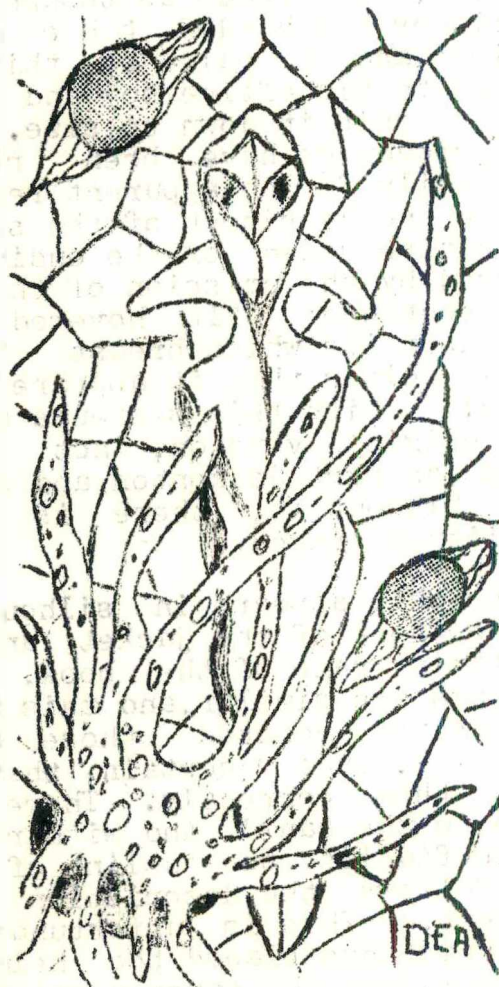
But not so Virgil Finlay, who did the interiors, and who refuses to be outdone. The first drawing shows the Ship with a bank of twenty-two oars! There may be even more--again Kenton's figure obscures the stern portion of the vessel.

Some of the interior illustrations in this printing of *The Ship* show interesting antecedents. The second one, for example, depicts the same scene as that illustrated in Part II of the Argosy reprint,

though not, of course, the same drawing, or even a copy of it. The third interior shows the same scene as that appearing with pt. III of both Argosy printings. And the fifth interior bears the same relationship to pt. IV of both Argosy serial versions.

Only Nabu knows what future publishers and editors and artists will do with Merritt's great story. Surely the above record, which hardly begins to assess the extent to which these meddlers have carried their tamperings, promises little better for the future. Though a mutilated Merritt is better than no Merritt, and we accept it gratefully, it is to be hoped that there will be no addenda to the score thus far, except to note that future editions have "followed copy".

-f-i-n-i-s-



WINDOW

BY STEPHEN R. PAUL AND T. CARRICK

How I ever resided as long near that neighboring house without guessing its secret I know not. Many times I sat my easel by the window looking upon it and painted away for hours. But the slow process of occasional glimpses of the ruinous old place began to collect and thence emerge into a very unpleasant impression. But the oddest part of all this was the gradual awareness of a thing I now see as not latent evil, but as an incipient, tensed thing whose purpose seems to have been to stir my consciousness of it and then play and veritably exist on my fear, my dread of it.

Often I pondered how I had long bore the burden of waking in the morning and, upon drawing the blinds, found that old, wretched edifice staring back from where it had similarly watched with inscrutable purpose during the bleak night hours.

Dread soon grew a companion emotion--hatred. I detested every board and stone of the structure that soon had wrecked my peace of mind and caused me to stop painting--for the only good illumination---the north light---came through the particular window where I had a complete view of the old house.

Artists are temperamental and such is mere affectation, says the world, and has a large laugh at them. True, there are some of whom this is true. But an artist, who is not concerned with the striking of a pose, gets a very bad case of nervous debility in the process of creating a painting, a sonata or a book; and, by such repeated creations, his nerves become hyper-sensitive, his perception keener (does not the one sense perceptor he uses in his profession become keener by such usage?) and upon completion of such a work he suffers minor (but still of consequence!) exhaustion of purely physical nerve nature. Such a temperament makes him pay by sensing those impressions that are unfelt by the majority encased in their armor of impenetrable cynicism and sophistication.

My sensing of the life stirring in that dead house across from me was due to this temperament, this hyper-sensitivity of my artist's eye; and its reaction upon my health was because of the nervous debility possessed in some by all creators of art. And I began to break down, cursing and blaspheming at any little thing.

Yet the house had an ~~immaculate~~ ^{immaculate} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~long~~ ^{long} sit in my room, gazing across the street, ~~on how~~ ^{on how} enter it, even making diagrams of the interior, which, ~~though I had~~ ^{though I had} never been within, I sensed might be correct.

But the most curious part of that aged, weathered structure was a room furthest to the right, on the second story---where a room had no place to be. How did I realize that that particular room should not be there? The reason was obvious; I have since wondered if all the human race are born blind or if it is that eyes are tied to the street gutters their owners walk.

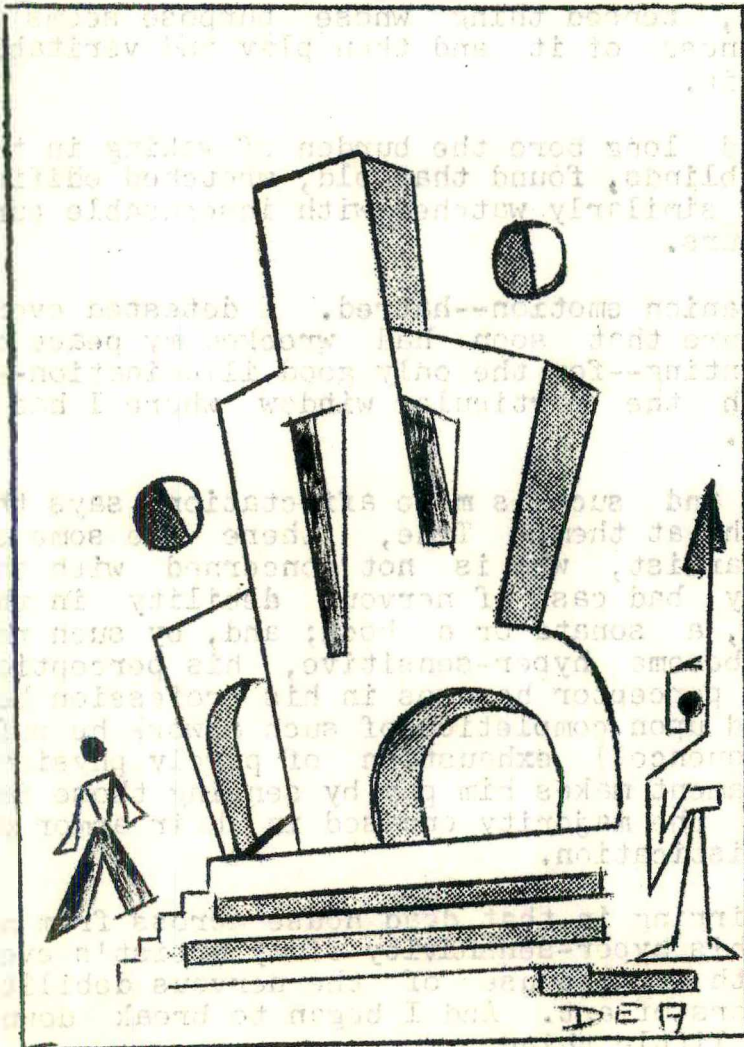
This room, as all the others on the front, was windowed. Nothing extraordinary in itself, but the presence of the room and its window completely marred the symmetry of the house's front. Three windows on one side and four on the other of the second story front facing my room.

And, as I would sit and gaze of an evening, dreaming of many things, from my own window, I would find my eyes drawn as if something with the power of an ophidian's spell were drawing them; and would discover with a faint uneasiness the center of this allurement was that out-of-place window. An aura of mystery surrounded it. But under all such fantasy was a revulsion, somewhat like that, I thought curiously, such as one has when noting the evil pupils of a snake's eyes. At the thought a shudder would go through me.

Despite all such aversion and illness it produced in me, I still continued to stare at that window day after day. I came to know its appearance in the chill bleakness of pre-dawn when, obeying some unrelatable summons, I would awake and go to my window and watch it secretly. I observed the manner in which its panes reflected the melancholic grey atmosphere of a foggy morning. I know, too, the many pictures it mirrored of many sunsets.

Under all light conditions, at all different seasons, at all hours of the night, with and without moonlight, and during the day, burned by the sun---I had seen it at all these times.

Yet I could not tell what was in the room behind the cryptic panes. Never had I seen that gloomy interior lit in such a manner that I might determine size, shape or contour. "Nebulous" was my only visual impression.



Pg. 12

The wonder of that window and its room had seized upon me like some hideous disease, causing me to neglect my affairs until, if someone called---no matter what the time---they were sure to find me in exactly the same position; near my north window, peering out at that grotesque monstrosity.

What struck me from this lethargy, this madness, finally, I cannot recall. But whatever it was it began the way to my further undoing. The thought had come--how, as I say, I don't remember--that an examination of so strange and fascinating a window from within would be better than this hypnotic worship outside. I can recall vividly my sense impressions of that day: Of how I smashed open a side door and, entering the centuried place, sneezed at the hitherto trackless dust now stirred up by my feet. The peculiar, wormy reek of timber rotting I breathed; and, as I ascended the old-fashioned, Victorian carved staircase, I saw dust-encrusted cobwebs in the corners, on the railings, everywhere. But nowhere a live spider. Even the air here must have the web-spinners had hospitable ruin life---in the air at bringing them their

I will not re-surprise when I so curious room and will I go into my fear as I wandered one empty chamber to orient myself in a the elusive room and measure, which I back with, could not gone this room. For room"; not one inch, ssary feet, of ex-between two known rooms to explain its disappearance therein. . .



count the puzzling could not find that its window. Nor frenzy and growing back and forth from another, trying to fashion to locate window. Even a tape went out and came reveal whence had there was no "secret much less the neccessive wall space and discernible

For days afterwards I shut myself away from the sight of that old house, spending all of my time in the rooms of my own dwelling that did not face it. I feared that elusive window. I felt the paradox it propounded--for I could still see its presence from the street outside--would shatter my sanity. In such a stormy mental turmoil I sought for relief in some book, some author to give support to both phases of that room's existence and non-existence. Ancient folios of magic I obtained and read; modern theories of hyper-space; even the Lovecraft concept of displacement in time-space. In the end one man gave a light of hope. An apostle of the inexplicable was he.

I need not recount Charles Fort's theories. They are common knowledge now. Instead it was his method of collecting incidents (in themselves seemingly separate; quaint but hardly credible newstories) that, gathered in one book in such numbers, could not be brushed away. Nothing like my elusive window appeared in his strange factual data, though one thing he spoke of gave me a hint of what that window might be.

T3 14

Were-humans, he said, walk the earth, their purpose unknown but seemingly sinister. Why should such were-humans change their shape occasionally and at will, as he believed?

That window, I reflected, had just such a weird aspect, of seeming to change its physical color and contour with the weather, the time of day. Was it some sentient, chameleonesque thing? And what of the room beyond?

In one such dark, reflective mood my old friend, Johnson, found me one day; and, having heard my story (he called it obsession), jokingly declared he would rid me of my fears by the only practical means possible.

"I'll climb up to it on the ladder," he said, "and even break the glass if it will convince you there's nothing supernatural about this window."

Such close approach to the window terrified me and I pleaded with him not to climb up the ladder he had procured. But he persisted; and, once at the top, paused on the last rung of the ladder and I saw him studying that accursed window. For months it had beckoned to me, had sought to enthrall me. And now, instead, it would entrap other than its original prey. Ironical, I thought. My musing was broken by the sound of his throwing up the sash.

"You see," he smiled tolerantly. "All normal and earthly. Now I'll crawl in and go downstairs and outside."

Before I could shout at him, Johnson had twisted across the sill and into the obscurity of the room. The next instant he was gone from this world forever, for the red brick walls around the window wriggled in reptilian loathsomeness and came together, over the space where the window had been; as it occurred, I thought how like a monstrous artifice, a mouth closing up, the winking out of existence of that window was. Where it once had watched, now was only unassuming red brick. That extraneous thing that had taken the form of a window was gone.

Perhaps it mimics another window or even a door-way somewhere. Its personal usefulness is gone here as its nature was revealed by its ravenous swallowing of one human being before another. That other such horrors are loose on earth I have no doubt. Did not Fort document case after case of just such vanishments?

The shock of Johnson's engulfment is gone, now. But in its place there is a fear, an insecurity, a suspicion of all natural objects. Who is to say when some innocent inanimate object will stir hideously with animal life and swallow another up for eternity?

--srp&tc--

I'LL PAY FOR IT. . .

The cost means nothing. The value of sanity is to be placed higher above such feebly insubstantial fleshy values as that of money. But I want the November, 1953, issue of SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, del Rey's mag, containing the second and last installment of Anderson's THE ESCAPE. --Frank G. Nelson, 5473 E. 4th St., Long Beach 14, Calif.

JIGSAW PUZZLE

Reviews by:

Larry Balint
Burton Beerman
Ron Ellik

SPIRAL (#6) Dennis Moreen, 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Illinois. 10¢?

We have here the sixth issue of a zine I haven't seen before, but which seems to have traveled somewhat. That is, it contains all types of fan critturs like Terry Carr, Richard Geis (rhymes with 'lice') and Ray Thompson, to mention but a few. The cover is excellently reproduced in a hundred and one colors. Yes, it was reproduced quite nicely. But the artwork is another matter. One fellow has an oblong head and reminds me somewhat of Ellik. Oh, well...to travel further... Moreen barks at us in SPIRALITES, while Geis is babbling to himself in the VIOLENT WARD. Alas, Beerman writes a poem!--lb.

THE COSMIC FRONTIER (#5 or 6?) Stu K. Nock, RFD#3, Castleton, NY. 10¢.

Here is a half-sized dittoed fanzine that editorially claims its intention to get into the "top twenty". Let me tell you, it will make it. Not for quite a spell, if it continues at its present rate, but it will get there.

This issue is led off by a "fictional essay" by Art Kunwiss. Not anything to brag about, it was, nevertheless, readable. Short stories by John Hitchcock and Peter Christoph (associate editor) round out the fiction department. Ted Phillips, a fringe-fan neighbor of editor Nock, does an able job as a fanzine reviewer. Stuart should keep him in this position in place of the regular reviewer, George Viksnins. This latter has a tendency to make enemies by his impulsive writing. There is a fine column by Don Wegars and a mess of material by the editorial staff. Lastly, a letter column.

The art department has picked up, with Bobby Stewart (Texas) as the new art editor. Bobby drew the cover and, for the first time, interior art is used.--bb.

UMBRA (#1) John Hitchcock, 15 Arbutus Ave., Baltimore 28, Md. 10¢.

John formerly edited a little thing called RENEW. . .thank Ghod I can say formerly. I only saw one issue, but besides that I read reviews of it all over fanpressdom. The thing seems to have gained for itself quite a reputation---and none of it good. But happily (or haplessly) we can say that UMBRA is a change. John shows a remarkable lack of ability at clear reproduction (the zine is mimeo'd, except for some of the art which is hekto'd), and a remarkable wealth of ability at being funny. His humor is of the kind that leaves you in a QUANDRY. And since that zine folded his is a welcome imitation.--re

16

HENCE (#1) John G. Fletcher, 347 Oak Road, Glenside, Pa. 15¢.

We are told on the contents page that "free-lance work is accepted." Well, first issue and all that! The greater fault of this issue is that it contains an over-abundance of fan-fiction (most first issues do, Larry. --ed.). However, señor Fletcher requests his readers to contribute articles, letters, humor, etc. He doesn't ask for fiction! Good boy---you'll get a bone tonight. Artwork is not abominable, but it can be improved somewhat. The lettering on the cover is so poor that I had first to turn to the contents page to find the name of the thing. But then. . .--lb.

PEON (#?) Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham, Norwich, Conn. 10¢.

This is the biggest and the best of the ten-cent fan-magazines. The only magazine that comes anywhere near it is Dick Geis' Psychotic, and even that has quite a way to go. (VEGA-ly I remember another one --ed.)

This is one of Lee's largest numbers so far. A very long story by Robert L. Peters is the only fiction piece this issue. Aside from this story, all the prose in the March issue is features. Macauley starts a new fanzine review column while standbys Harmon, Watkins, Carr, Clarkson and Tucker are also present.--bb.

CONFAB (#1) Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. Trade.

MOTE has given way to this nice, wholesome, enjoyable, delightful, gay young thing which is obviously following the new trend in fanzines. The small-type. It might be interesting to note that FANTASTA was one of the very first to attempt (get away from the correction fluid, Ellik!) (to the contrary: I think F was the first--ed.) such a daring project. But anyways, Roberto is planning to make this a letterzine. We (me, myself and I) have yet to see a letterzine that was a real success or that lasted longer than just a few issues. Maybe Peatrowsky can do it. . . .he made a success of MOTE. . .but we're inclined to sit back and not make any definite conclusions for a while. --lb.

ECLIPSE (#8) Ray Thompson, 410 S. 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebraska. 10¢.

Not much you can say about Eek, because there's not much to it. The path of totality, the editorial; Inertia, a column by Joel Nydahl; Fumbler, fiction by John Fletcher; Bobby's Babblin's, column by Bobby Stewart of Texas. Some poetry and an article (column?) by Burt K. Beerman fill it out. 22 pages, and, regardless of the average size & slight lack of variety, an interesting zine to read. Bobby Stewart manages to jump from one subject to another faster than I could follow him. . .but I'm used to that from his letters. However, I am still looking for Inertia. It's listed on the contents page, but nowhere in the zine. . .the long letter column makes up for it, I imagine.--re.

HA! (#3) Peter Vorzimer, 1311 N. Laurel Av., W. Hollywood, Calif. 15¢.

I doubt if but a few of you have even heard of this thing, even though it is supposed to have quite a wide circulation. It has absolutely nothing to do with science-fiction (few fanzines do) or Fandom. I think a good description might be that it is an imitation of BALLYHOO---an extremely poor imitation. However, the Hollywood wheels are in motion to produce something better so we'll wait around and see--lb.

INFINITY (#2) Charles Harris, 85 Fairview, Great Neck, NY. 15¢.

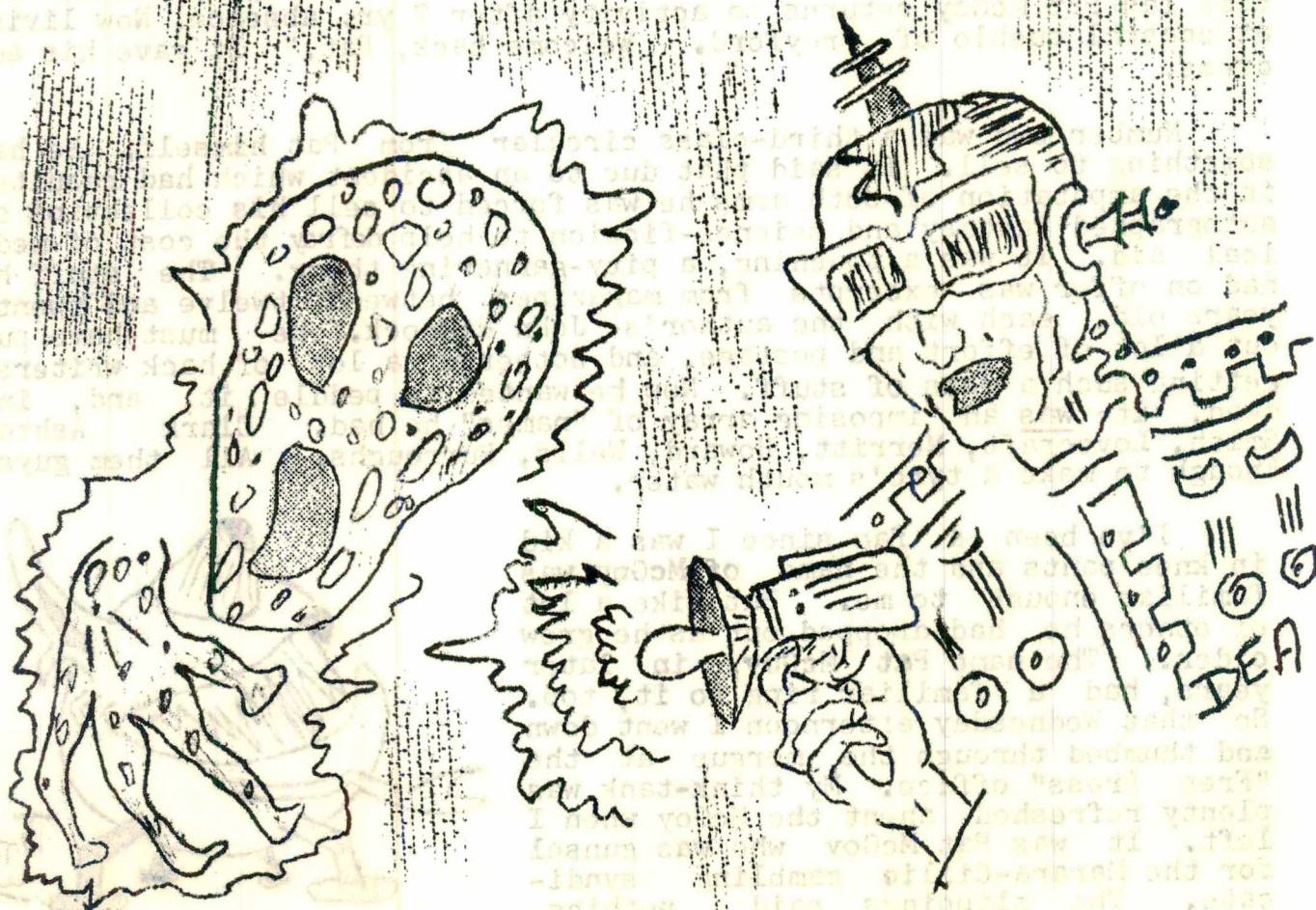
For fifteen cents a reader of INFINITY can have very enjoyable prose material. More than that, he gets some of the most attractive illustrations in fandom. The drawings are hectographed in three or four different colors, while the text is excellently mimeographed. This magazine has made only two appearances in more than a s many years, but each issue is well worth the wait.

Issue number two features Budrys, Cantin, Beck, Ellison and Roberts.--bb.

A LA SPACE (annish) Kent Corey, POBox 64, Enid, Oklahoma. Price?

Although Kent still makes all sorts of interesting spelling errors, this zine is a hard one to beat. He manages to dig up all sorts of material by pros, BNFs, and other and sundry characters. There's a takeoff on Kurtzman's LOOK OUT series from MAD in here by Walt Bowart, and Ricardo Geis presents an interesting problem in HOW DID HE DO IT. Corey seems to be the kind of fellow that makes his magazine enjoyable without all sorts of feuds, snide remarks, etc.--lb.

I'd like to mention the basic requirements for reviews for this column right about hereabouts. First, of course, you cannot review your own zine. Second, I won't accept reviews if the fanzine contains something written by me, or if part of the zine is definitely and basically about me, or if the same holds for the reviewer. Besides that all I want is up-to-dateness and good writing.--ellik.



Reprinted from
SHANGRI*L'AFFAIRES
January, 1945, by
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author, F. Lee
Baldwin.

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Some call me a gum-shoe, but I let it pass. I do, however, operate the Shamrock Agency. No glamorous Jessie answers my phone or tells a prospect that I'm in conference or opens my bills. I run the Agency without that detective writer's frill. It's damn lonesome, too. But the gray dampish walls of my cheap office room would be depressing for some slick frail, and besides, I can't afford rye for two, let alone after-hours dinners.

I had to go to Croyford on Saturday but because of two bits of mail I locked up the dump on Wednesday and went ahead of schedule. Number one piece of mail was a "fanewscard" and a paragraph said: "Old time fan Pat McGoy returns to activity after 7 yr. absence. Now living at coastal pueblo of Croyford. Welcome back, Pat." It gave his address.

Number two was a third-class circular from Pat himself. He had something to sell. It said that due to an accident which had resulted in the amputation of both arms he was forced to sell his collection of autographed fantasy and science-fiction to help defray the cost of medical aid. It was a touching, a pity-garnering thing. The stuff he had on offer was excerpts from magazines between twelve and twenty years old, each with the author's John Hancock. He must have put out a lot of effort and postage, and bothered a lot of hack writers getting such a mess of stuff. Now he wanted to peddle it, and, indeed, it was an imposing array of "names" he had. Clark Ashton Smith, Lovecraft, Merritt, Howard, Wells, Burroughs. All them guys. Enough to make a tyro's mouth water.

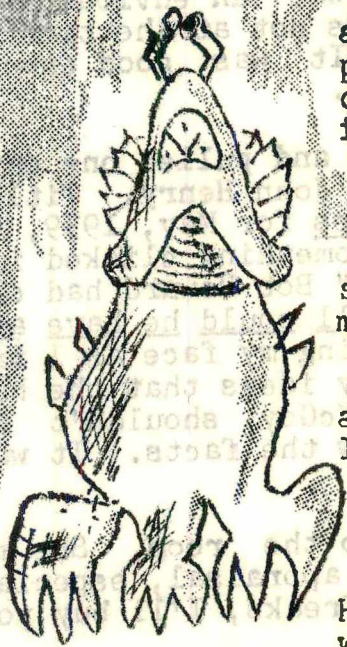
I've been a fan since I was a kid in knee pants and the name of McGoy was familiar enough to me. But like a lot of others he had dropped out as he grew older. The name Fat McGoy, in later years, had a familiar ring to it, too. So that Wednesday afternoon I went down and thumbed through the morgue at the "Free Press" office. My think-tank was plenty refreshed anent the McGoy when I left. It was Pat McGoy who was gunsels for the Marara-Cillio gambling syndicate. The clippings said nothing,



though, about his having met with any accident.

Hell, Croyford's only seventy-five miles or so up the Coast from here, so I grabbed the five-forty bus.

He had a suite at the Benchley. The clerk said he was in so I rode the express to the 20th and catted down the hall to his door. It was closed but the damn' fool had forgotten to lock it. Anyhow, I was in the room watching interestedly before he saw me. That is, before the broad saw me. She saw me first. I got a good gander at her, too. Her legs, what I saw of them, were long, shapely, and very white. She had indigo sloe-eyes and her matching velvet dress was wadded up around her flat little tummy. That's all she had on, I'm sure. The McGoy was making with the mush, but in earnest.



His sleeves had a couple of good, healthy arms in them. His back was to me, and when she pushed him away he misinterpreted the action and cuffed her along the jaw. He said, "What the hell is the matta, b. . ."

Then he got the drift.

He turned. He was in his shirt sleeves, shoulder holster unbuckled loosely. When he saw me he went for his rod.

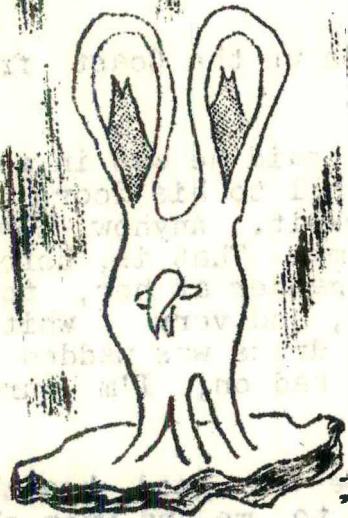
I said, "If you're Pat McGoy, put that thing away. This is a friendly call. Name of Boyle." I stuck out my mit. "I'm a fan and I thought I'd drop over and see what you had for sale. The line up sounded good."

His eyes got pleasant and he clasped my hand. He said, "Sure, sure, I remember you. You used to write a column in Astrovox. Sure, sure. But you changed a lot from them early pix. Hell, I thought you was a shamus at first. You look like one; no offense." He grimaced in an effort to be cordial.

I released his paw and as he drew it back his brown eyes clouded, and his craggy face crimsoned from his collar up. I thought I was going to have to bat him one, but he swallowed his embarrassment. He shrugged his heavy shoulders. "Just a gag, just a gag. Come on, and I'll show you the stuff." He laughed down in his chest and motioned with his head to follow as he took off toward a doorway across the room. I let the arm deal pass.

The indigo dame gave me a breathtaking leer. She was taking her time arranging herself. When she had it smoothed out the velvet fit her like a skin.

The room was a bedroom, nicely furnished but untidy as hell. Piles of magazines littered the place. The corner to which he led me had a semblance of neatness and what he had piled here and there was crisscrossed and labeled "HPL" or "TWO-GUN" or whatever the piles happened to be.



There must have been a hundred items or more in each. He motioned with his head, saying, "This is the stuff. Personally autographed, by the author--five skins per, and that's plenty cheap in these times." He picked one at random off the Lovecraft stack. I easily recognized the minute scrawl of Howard Phillips. The yarn was "The Rats In the Walls" from a pre-1930 Weird Tales. I put it back and scanned through the others within reach. McGoy watched my face, his own impassive. He was a heavy-set little gee, and his shoulder muscles seemed to be bunched whatever his stance. The forty-five he packed looked plenty aggressive.

"Brother, these are plenty sweet," I said, and gave him what I hoped was an envious smirk. I didn't want to buy as I was not at the time adding to my own collection. It was good enough--cost me plenty of rocks, too.

I thumbed through the Robert E. Howard pile and pulled one out at random. There was his fine-lined, green-inked John Henry. Title of the yarn was "Almuric", extracted from Weird Tales for May, 1939, very neatly bound by a professional binder. Then something clicked in my noggin: that this smelled. I had it! "Two-Gun" Bob Howard had cashed in his chips on June 11, 1936. So how the hell could he have autographed this deal? I did a good job of controlling my face as I tried to put it with the others. My brain chucked any ideas that the handwriting had sprung from the spirit world. The McGoy shouldn't have tried it. Hell, any starry-eyed punk would know the facts. It was a cinch the whole works was like this one.

Just then Velvet Dress came sauntering into the room. She must have gotten lonely. She gave us a condescending appraisal, especially me. She said in a husky voice, "Come on, you freaks, I'll buy you a drink."

"We ain't thirsty," McGoy rasped. I was, and hungry, too, but not for grub. "We're doin' business," he finished, a note of dismissal coloring his voice.

Velvet Dress turned archly and headed back toward the door. I watched her swing. It was neat. Where the hell was a jig band to go with it? Then she suddenly had a change of mind. She turned and crossed toward another door opposite--evidently leading into a bath or another bedroom.

McGoy didn't seem to like this. He growled, "Where the hell you goin'?" The crags in his face jumped as though made of muscle.

"After some cigarettes, small fry," she said coolly.

"Here's some." He flung a pack at her. "And stay to hell away from that door."

But he was too late with the lip. She had the door wide open, ignoring the fags at her feet. It was another bedroom, and I couldn't help seeing what was across the sill of the door.

More stacks of magazines and a funny little table that looked like a bedside smoking stand only this particular article had a glass top and a light cord running from it to a plug-in in the wall. All this I took in at a quick glance as the tableau of McGoy and Velvet Dress held for a short breath. Whose, I'll never figure out. No one was breathing.

He said, "Shut that door."

She appeared to ignore him, but her blue eyes kindled a new kind of flame.

McGoy made a very fast shuffle toward the dame and swung a heavy mit at her, his pan clouding up with pounding blood. He looked brutal. He didn't get to slug her because just then I swung the barrel of my thirty-eight across his temple from behind and that ended that. He fell like a safe full of lead nickels.

She gazed approvingly at my handiwork, exhaling slowly. The late afternoon sun from the window touched her hair just right. Its coloring reminded me of a new automatic.

She said, "We better tie mutt-face up. He might be troublesome."

We did, with a gag and all the extras.

I said, "Now what'll we do with him?"

"Nothing now. Later we'll dump him in the bay--if you prefer."

I allowed it was a good idea.

She went on, looking down at him, "He was hard to take. Head too big for the peanut brain. The steady diet of his egotism and brigandry was wearing on me." She hesitated, then went on quietly with her eyes boring into mine: "I'm a great one for the natural and more simple things in life."

Me too, I thought.

I went on through the door she had opened and sized up the room. It was nice, like the other. Littered to the rafters, though. The only place stuff wasn't stacked was the fireplace. That alone had been spared.

It was easy to figure how the glass-topped smoking stand with the light cord fit in. I marveled at the punk's guts. Several bottles of different colored inks and various sized pens were on a nearby shelf. Just then Velvet Dress put her hand gently but persuasively on my arm. She said, as she steered me toward a divan near the fireplace, "I'll buy you that drink now; you earned it."

I figured I'd earned more than a drink, but hell, I'm no boor.



I said, "Sure, and maybe you'll tell dear old Boyle all about this little dodge."

She fixed me with a rye-in-the-ditch, and we lit cigarettes.

I liked being around this dame. She was all reet. We parked on the divan, her long leg touching mine, but in a polite way, of course. It had a personality; I could feel it. The cool way her voice husked into my ear was swell music suggestive of a Bergian trumpet.

She said, "You can see the set-up. To start with he had about five or six original pieces he'd collected while in the heat of fanning, he told me. All he does now is cruise the old magazine stores, rip out the yarns he thinks he can peddle, hold them over that glass with the light underneath, and trace the signature from the original under it. He's got all the pens and ink to match---even though they don't have a faded look he gets by. It's a damn' dirty stunt."

I didn't answer for a moment. Then I said, "Guess I'll burn the whole works." While I was building a nice little blaze in the fireplace I could hear McGoy's feeble thumping through the open door. The dame got up and closed it. With the arson act well under way I parked comfortably on the divan again. We didn't say much, just watched the flame lick away McGoy's artlessness.

Then somebody in the apartment across the court-shaft turned on the radio and a dixie combo started kicking out "Four or Five Times". Velvet Dress laid her head on my shoulder where I could find her lips and her breath was warm and fragrant on my neck. I found them.

I was glad I'd come to Croyford on Wednesday instead of Saturday, four days ahead of schedule.

flb

THE ANALYTICAL LAVORATORY

by Ron Ellik.

And here we have something else by yed. I followed Sam Mines by naming my reprint zine after his. I followed John W. Campbell with my system of reviews. And now John has more plagiarism(or would "lampoon" be a better word?) to blame on me. The title of this section was originally over a piece of humor in VANATIONS, Norman G. Browne's mag.

The ratings below are taken from the letters I received between Jan. 27 and Feb. 27, calculated by me. There was a tie for fourth:

Place	Item	Points
1.	Signals from Space--Stanley Mullen.2.00
2.	The Shaver Series as Literature-- Thomas Henry Carter.2.50
3.	So Tell Me Another--Pete Taylor and Leonard Gleicher.2.83
4.	Asteroid--Charles Lear Jigsaw Puzzle (fmz. reviews).3.00
5.	Rain--Larry Balint.3.33
6.	Co mic Encores (yed and readers).4.00

How about more letters? The voting was weak. --ellik.

Tg. 23

GENESIS

of the



THULHU



YTHOS

A New Article on H. P. Lovecraft.

by george wetzel

IN "AUTOBIOGRAPHY: SOME NOTES ON A NONENTITY", LOVECRAFT SAID, "About 1919 the discovery of Lord Dunsany--from whom I got the idea of the artificial pantheon and myth-background represented by 'Cthulhu', 'Yog-Sothoth', 'Yuggoth' etc.--gave a vast impetus to my weird writing"

One cannot dispute that statement of the creator of the "Cthulhu Mythos" as to where the idea of creating them came from. But aside from the idea from Dunsany plus emulating Dunsany's concocting exotic names by combining the phonemes of different languages, Lovecraft's Mythos owe more to Greek mythology. Lovecraft never admitted such, but the proof can be readily seen by showing said Grecian influences in his prose and poetry.

That Grecian influences run through most of his work appears startling because such instances have never before been collected and pointed out. I will further assert that beyond the suggesting of an artificial pantheon from Dunsany, the Dunsanian influence is not strong or as basic as later Lovecraft students affirm, save perhaps in a very few stories (such as "The Quest of Iranon", "The Doom That Came to Sarnath", etc.).

The Greek mythology colored the Cthulhu Mythos sometimes in subtle form (the use of Greek mythic concepts) and other times openly.

The starting - place of my theory is best begun with the data of Lovecraft's juvenile years' interest in Greek mythology.

In Lovecraft's "The Brief Autobiography of an Inconsequential Scribbler" (1919) he incorporates some lines from his poem "The Poem of Ulysses" (1897), with its plain-to-see interest in Greek literature.

In his "Idealism and Materialism" (1919) he mentions that at the age of six he first read the legends of Greece; and "That until the age of eight was a rapt devotee of the old gods, building altars to Pan and Apollo. . ." etc. During this interval he stated he believed "that the ancient (Greek) gods were true.", and added that he believed he saw with his own eyes dryads, fauns and satyrs. Of course he admitted later he saw them only in the eye of imagination. But the point he was making in this article was that he had as much fervor in his belief in the existence of pagan gods as a Christian for his God.

This idea was more elaborately developed in his "A Confession of Unfaith" (1922). Herein he reiterated his discovery of Hellenic myths at the age of six and adds that they were Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and "Wonder Book". (This later fact strengthens another contention of mine made in an earlier article (in another zine--ed.) that Hawthorne was one of the influences upon Lovecraft along certain lines.) Soon afterwards he read Bulfinch's "Age of Fable".

In this same article he mentions that "The most poignant sensations of my existence are those of 1896 when I discovered the Hellenistic world. . ."

There is the evidence of Lovecraftian poetry in which the Grecian influence exists. Poems like "Hellas" (1918), "Astrophobos" (1918), "To Greece" (1917), "Damon and Delis" (1918), "Monas: An Ode" (1918), "To Selene" (1919), "Hylas and Myrrha" (1919), "Myrrha and Strephon" (1919) and many, many others.

That is not all of his poetry about or full of Grecian mythic allusions; but it is fairly represented and should help to still any outcry for documentation of my theory--and outcry there will be as my letter box has proved when prior Lovecraft articles of mine were published.

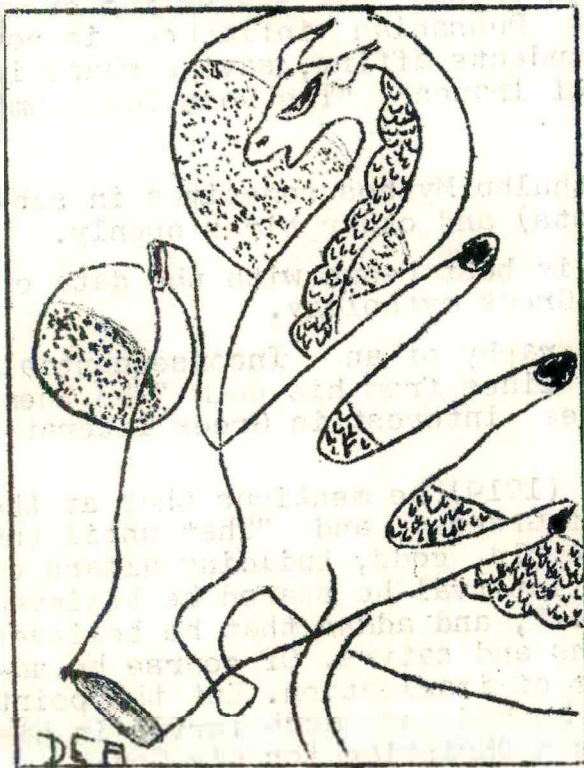
Though the above list is only a partial one of HPL's Greek-influenced poetry, it still leads to the premise that he had a "Greek period" in his creative output where poetry was concerned.

In 1920 appeared his collaboration, "Poetry and the Gods", plus two other collabs., "The Crawling Chaos" (1921) and "The Green Meadow" (1921), all of which were fantasies using Greek mythos. There are other HPL stories containing such but for the present the above three collaborated stories are best discussed first and separately for good reasons which will shortly become apparent.

"Poetry and the Gods" (which story was not mentioned in the Lantry-Evans biblio of HPL and hence was unknown to them and Derleth) was discovered by myself some time ago. Upon reading it I was immediately struck by two things. First, that it contained several germ ideas that formed parts of later Lovecraftian stories; second, that it suggested Grecian mythic influences that underlayed the Cthulhu Mythos and originated the basic data of the present essay.

The germ ideas of later HPL stories will be considered first.

In this story occurs this: ". . . tonight she felt the immeasurable gulf that separated her soul from all her prosaic surroundings . . . was it some greater and less explicable misplacement in Time and Space whereby she had been born too late, too early, or too far away from the haunts of her spirit ever to harmonize with the unbeautiful things of contemporary reality?"



That quoted passage has several significant ideas in it for the HPL student. 1st, there is the escapist thought--which I designate the "ex oblivione" theme because of its continuous recurrence in HPL's prose and poetry and will form the topic of another future essay--the escapist thought which in the present story is connected with a longing to return to the Golden Age of Greek mythology. This evidences again HPL's preoccupation with Grecian mythic stuff.

Then there is adumbrated HPL's "dislocation in time--and--space" theme which he used to good effect in the later "Shadow Out of Time" (1934), "He" (1925), "The Dreams in the Witch House" (1932) and "The White Ship" (1919)--this last prior to it.

The "dislocation" takes place in "Poetry and the Gods" but not with the force in most of the above stories. The main character visits the Greek gods in Greece and backwards in the time of the Golden Age, bodily it appears, even though her perception of them is through the dream state of mind. This latter condition is a curiosity stuff and might help explain some seeming paradoxes in a few places in the Cthulhu Mythos of later stories.

Another passage of significance: "In thy yearning hast thou divined what no mortal, saving only a few whom the world reject, remembereth: that the gods were never dead, but only sleeping the sleep and dreaming the dreams of gods in lotus-filled Hesperian gardens beyond the golden sunset. And now draweth nigh the time of their awakening, when coldness and ugliness shall perish, and Zeus sit once more on Olympus. . ."

Quite a few more significant sentences follow upon the heels of that last above sentence, in the same paragraph, which following sentences contain more noteworthy ideas and adumbrate other later ideas in the Mythos; but for the present only the above quoted passage will be discussed.

The Greek gods in "Poetry and the Gods" were but sleeping, wrote Lovecraft; and in "The Call of Cthulhu" (1926) the chant of the Cthulhu cult followers read "In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming." With Cthulhu in R'lyeh were the Great Old Ones, other gods in the Mythos, who likewise were bound there under a spell and who, like the Greek gods of HPL's story, waited a time when they would be released from their thralldom at which time the world would become wild and evil.

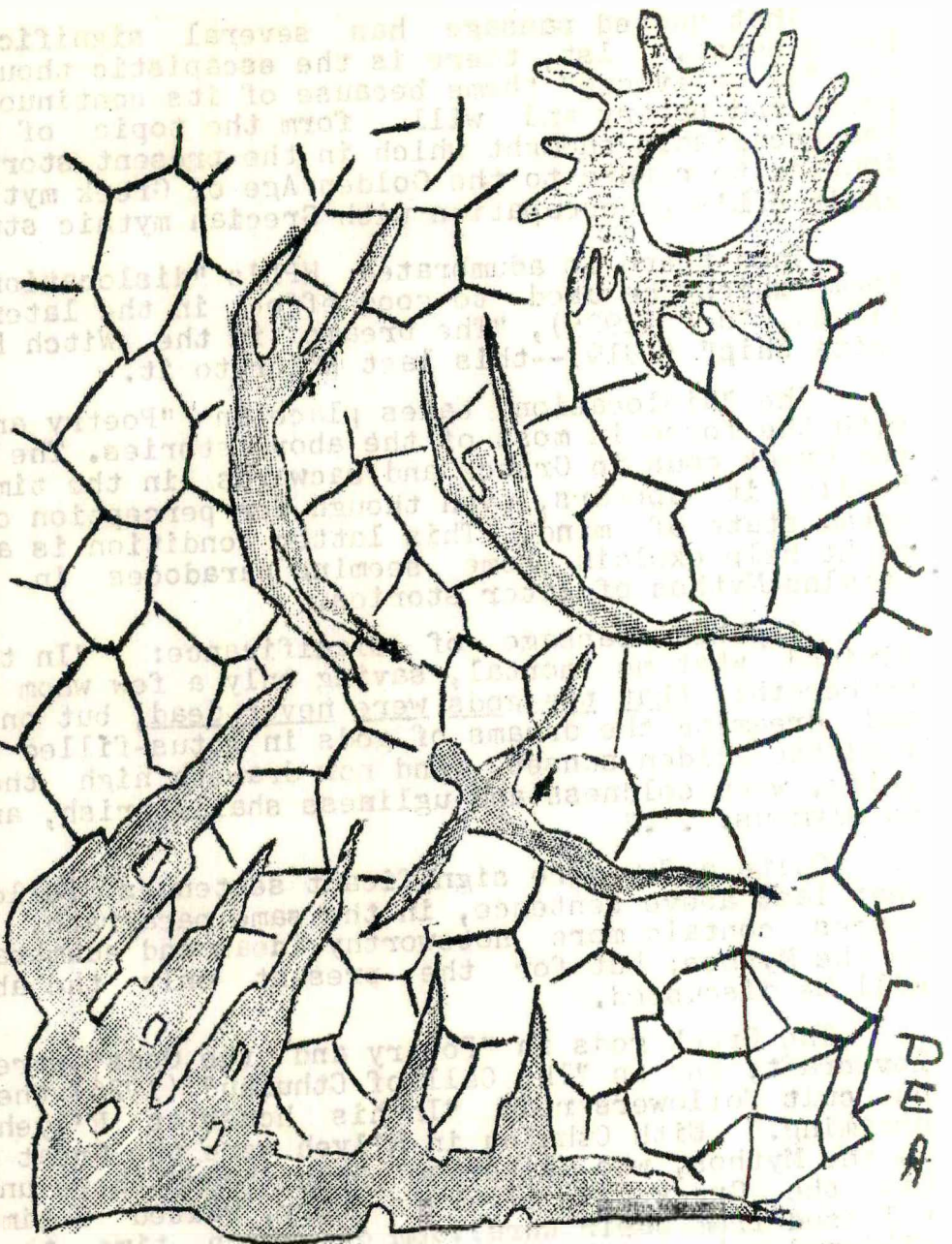
The Cthulhu story has more antecedents in this story of Greek gods in which latter HPL wrote: "This night shalt thou know. . .those dreams which the gods have through ages sent to earth to show that they are not dead. For poets are the dreamers, and in each and every age someone hath sung unknowingly the message. . ."

In "The Call of Cthulhu": "the Great Old Ones spoke to the sensitive (of mankind). . .by molding their dreams. . ."

There are some hints of Nyarlathotep in this Greek story; that is, the function he performs as a messenger of the gods and as a herald of the earth's end are portrayed in both the prose-poem (1926) and the poem (1931) of his name.

In the Greek story there is very definitely a similar catastrophe spoken of and a similar herald of sorts whose dreams are filled with the Olympian gods' message.

There are additional minor similarities but the foregoing should suffice to make my "legal brief". The interesting point is that many later ideas in the Cthulhu Mythos came from the early "Poetry and the Gods". Mere lifting of ideas from one to the other does not dismiss the case. From everything thus far studied and essayed about of Lovecraft's stories by myself, I have found he invariably tied a number of past, unconnected stories together (see my discovery of the ghoul — changeling theme) (again in some other mag, but he sayeth not where — ed.) and made them a part of the Mythos. "The Call of Cthulhu" did this for several past stories, as did "Pickman's Model" and, similarly, HPL's part of "The Challenge from Beyond" did for a number of past stories relating to his "avatat" or "psychic possession" recurrent theme.



With "Poetry and the Gods" the process seems to have been in an early rather than a later story. I do not necessarily mean a number of his later stories are of quasi-Greek mythos. But I do mean his usual action of explaining unrelated former stories by a more elaborate informative later story happened in "Poetry and the Gods" to have occurred preceding later

stories, and explained a certain Grecian cast not readily observable.

In "The Festival" (1923) appeared the "Necronomicon" for the first time. That book's title is Greek, further proof of the underlying Greek influences in the Cthulhu Mythos. The translation of the title into English (which Lovecraft never gave anywhere, not even in his separately written "History and Chronology of the Necronomicon") is "Book of the Names of the Dead". This transliteration suggests--and permit the digression--some possible relationship to the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" which is composed of the funeral papyri placed in Egyptian tombs to aid the soul in its journeys to their otherworld (Duat) and in giving the proper answers to the judges there.

Lovecraft, in his "History of the Necronomicon", states that the author of that book visited, among other places, "The subterranean secrets of Memphis" (in Egypt), thus strengthening some relation to Egyptian ideas in the conception of the Necronomicon. What Lovecraft meant this book to be is not quite clear. That it was not a magic book to conjure up dreams seems certain to me. Rather a descriptive geography of the curiously conmingled dream world and otherworld of the dead of his Mythos. By consulting it an incautious reader could learn the whereabouts of gateways giving access to this dream and otherworld of the dead. Harley Warren, in "The Statement of Randolph Carter", carried to an unknown doom beneath a graveyard a book that was without doubt a copy of it, and met the guardians of such a gate there.

But where is the Greek influence in this concept of a dream and otherworld of the dead? First, consider this from "Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath", that King Kwiones "could not go back to these things in the waking world because his body was dead." The soul of a dead man dwelt in this dream-world, thus it must be in some fashion also the afterworld of the dead. And, consider this from that same novel when the main character ascends to the crag of the ghouls and realizes "that he was probably nearer the waking world than at any other time since. . . ." The ghouls inhabited the nameless regions below graveyards according to Howard Lovecraft's "Pickman's Model", "The Outsider" and "The Statement of Randolph Carter". That through such regions gateways to this dream-world were found might be further proved by the lines in Lovecraft's poem "Nemesis" (1918): "Through the ghoul-guarded gateways of slumber".

In Greek mythology Sleep and Death were twin gods; and on Grecian sepulchral monuments they were carved together. Lovecraft apparently found no paradox in his conmingled dream and afterworld of the dead in his Mythos, having absorbed (in my opinion) the idea from Greek mythology.

So that occasional gateways to it were located contiguous to physical regions of the dead---graveyards' sub-surfaces---and that a soul of a dead man might exist in this dream-world, making also a sort of afterworld.

In "The Manual of Classical Literature" by J. J. Eschenburg (1839), page 416, "The residence of departed souls was termed by the Greeks, Hades. It is important to bear in mind this fact in reading the passage of the New Testament, where this word occurs. The term, although sometimes rendered grave, and sometimes hell, properly signifies the world of the departed, and includes both the place of happiness and the place of misery.

That describes rather well Lovecraft's dream-world and certain gateways to it from under graveyards besides gateways existing in different locales.

Another quote helps. "Outlines of Primitive Beliefs" by Charles Keary (1882), page 267: "The prehistoric grave mounds witness in a curious way to the prevalent notion that the grave mouth was the gate by which ghosts returned to 'walk' the earth. To prevent these apparitions men of prehistoric days had recourse to a strange practical method of exorcism. They strewed the ground at the grave's mouth with sharp stones and broken pieces of pottery, as if they thought a ghost might have his feet cut, and by fear of that be prevented from returning to his old haunts. . . . The grave becoming in this belief ipso facto the entrance to Hades, burial was necessary for admittance into the other world."

Continuing the thread of the above, there was Lovecraft's article "A Descent to Avernus" (1929) in which he described his guided tour through the Endless Caverns of Virginia.

Well, to start with, Avernus is a very real place, a cove which Virgil represented as the entrance of the infernal regions. Throughout European mythic belief all very deep coves and abysses were believed to lead to Hades.

Keary wrote in his book, page 269, "But no living man ventures to the bottom of this dark valley (Hades), or if he do go he shall scarcely return. The secrets of that place are well kept. And great was of old the fear of the infernal deities, lest men should pry into their prison house. Wherefore Hades cried aloud when Poseidon was shaking the earth, lest that god should rend it asunder and disclose his mansions to the day--'mansions dolorous fearful which the gods themselves loathe'."

The atmosphere in "A Descent to Avernus" reads like a fragment of a Lovecraft story and may well have been such. Fearful entities or demons lived underground in stories in the Mythos, but Lovecraft more often just dwelt on a nameless dread or horror of the physical underground, as in the just mentioned article. This dread formed the theme of "Mother Earth" from "A Cycle of Verse" (1919), and recurred in other works of his. The Greek god Chthonius, the god of the underground, supplies a descriptive adjective from his name, with which to label this recurrent idea of the dreadful subterranean in the Mythos, which I call "Chthonic horror".

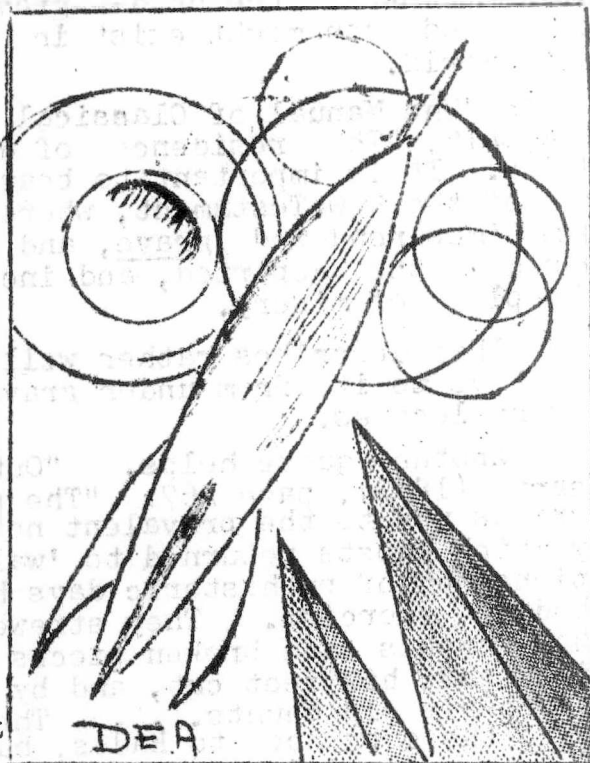
This Chthonic horror theme is to be sure present in "A Descent". The liking of the Engless Caverns to some Avernian passage into Hades is the Greek influence again. In this same essay he speaks of lower depths beneath these Endless Caverns, which depths he describes as "awesome deeps of Tartarean - nighted horror"; Tartarus is a bit of Greek mythic geography. In Eschenburg's "Manual of Classical Literature", page 416, is stated: "These regions below the earth were considered as the residence of departed souls, where after death they received rewards or punishments according to their conduct upon earth. The place of reward was called Elysium; that of punishment, Tartarus." Thus again other proof of the undercurrent of Greek mythic ideas in the Mythos.

This Greek belief of an Elysium and a Tartarus both underground seems the same as Lovecraft's dream world, which was entered not only in dream, or a drowned fane ("The Temple"), or abyss ("The Nameless City") but also through underground passages inhabited by divers entities but in the main by ghouls. His dream world was both a place of pastoral beauty and "sinisterra" of evilness and horrible demons and presences (similar, at once is seen, to the Greek Elysium and Tartarus which are also contiguous).

Pg. 29

Drunk 1: Ish it eashy to shtop drink-
ing? I wanna get (hic) shober.

Drunk 2: Shure. I've shtopped at least
fifty times in the lasht month.



There is a trilogy of quasi-Greek stories that Lovecraft wrote; the first one, "Poetry and the Gods", has been amply discussed. Before considering their Grecian passages, their bibliographic data should be looked at, for reasons that will be soon apparent:-

(1) "Poetry and the Gods" (printed 1920) by Anna Helen Crofts and Henry Paget-Lowe.

(2) "The Crawling Chaos" (printed in the "United Amateur" in 1920, according to the Laney-Evans "HPL Biblio"; printed in "The United Co-operative", 1921, according to copyright in "Beyond the Wall of Sleep") written by Winifred V. Jackson (psed---Elizabeth Neville Berkely) and HPLovecraft (psed---Lewis Theobald, jr.).

(3) "The Green Meadow", in "Vagrant", in 1927, by Winifred V. Jackson (psed--ENBerkely) and Lovecraft (psed--LTheobald, jr.).

The first question that pops into my mind is: Is Anna Helen Crofts a second alias of Winifred Jackson? Lovecraft used a second alias also on that first of the quasi-Greek mythic trilogy. It is also to be observed that the first and second stories appeared in the same year--1920--which just might lend some belief to my theory that Miss Jackson collaborated on the entire trilogy.

Possibly some facts of their two known collaborations might be found in the biography Lovecraft wrote "Winifred Jackson" in "United Amateur" XX-4, March 1921. I have not had the opportunity of perusing said biography so cannot answer authoritatively.

Nyarlathep is not mentioned in "The Crawling Chaos", but that there is some distinct connection between that god and this story is unavoidable since Lovecraft, in the "Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath" (1926), calls Nyarlathep "the crawling chaos."

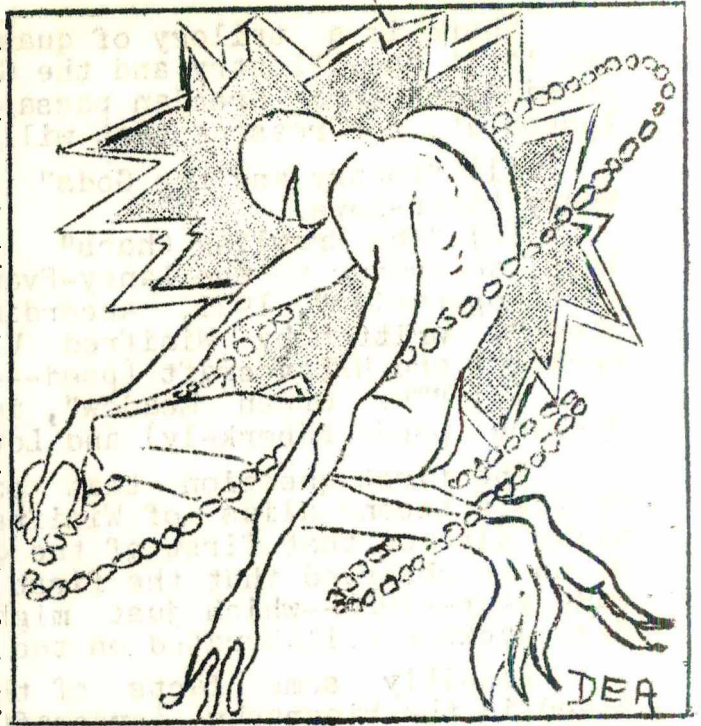
In the prose-poem "Nyarlathep" (printed in the "National Amateur", July 1926) that god was again referred to as "the crawling chaos". It would appear that quasi-Greek mythic tale preceeded these two 1926 works and would bolster my theory as to a Grecian genesis of the god. However, in all thoroughness, I'd best mention that in a chronological list of HPL's works I find I have listed the prose-poem "Nyarlathep" under "1920, Nov.", which would cause some slight revisions in premise.

Unfortunately, as some of my original biblio notes are gone, I cannot check this. One Dave Hammond, to whom I sent in good faith a compilation of HPL's work--based on existing and the same lost notes--could answer this question as, never having published this biblio, he still retains it. This is all said lest later on the "1920, Nov." and the magazine where published turn up and I be accused of grave error based on using a date of reprint and not original appearance.

However, tentatively assuming the 1926 date to be first printing, it proves this: That the story "The Crawling Chaos", containing as title a variant appellation of Nyarlathep and preceeding the prose-poem in time of writing, embodies the embryo or adumbration or that god, who finally crystallized in 1926 (later).

The end of the world is depicted in "The Crawling Chaos" with nearly the same incidents of the same disaster as shown in "Poetry and the Gods". Like classic mythologies and various religions, the Cthulhu Mythos have their own Ragnarok. In "Poetry and the Gods" a Golden Age is ushered in after it; but in "The Crawling Chaos" and "Nyarlathep" (both the poem and the prose-poem) only complete oblivion succeeds that ending of the world, and is one of few contradictions in the Mythos.

Only the gods escape this Ragnarok (in "Chass") in domains called Teloe, Ctyharion of the Seven Suns, and in the Arinurian streams, all beyond the Milky Way. The supernal being who delivers this revelation to the narrator was like a "faun or demigod", the only openly Grecian touch. Nevertheless, I consider this story one of the quasi-Greek mythic trilogy.



The third story, "The Green Meadow", is of a strange ms. in Greek paleography. The narrator, who is obviously a Greek of 2 B.C., according to the paleography, told of his terrible delvings into the papyri of Democritus (a philosopher of Greece, who died 357 B.C.). Germane to the present topic, and worthy of notice, is the disclosure of the same narrator of having translated some disquieting knowledge out of an Egyptian book "which was in turn taken from a papyrus of ancient Meroe." This initiates speculations as to any possible relationship to the Necronomicon.

Foundation for that speculation exists in the lines following the just - quoted passage, in the story, that further elaborate on the Egyptian book: "lines telling of very antique things and forms of life in the days when our earth was exceeding young. Of things which thought and moved and were alive, yet which gods and men would not consider alive."

The writer of the Necronomicon is said to have visited Egypt in the history that Lovecraft wrote of that book. Maybe Lovecraft meant to eventually show that most of the fearful contents of the Necronomicon were discovered in that Egyptian book spoken of in "The Crawling Chaos"; the transliterated meaning of the Necronomicon supports an Egyptian source of its contents.

Parenthetically, I will say that, though the Necronomicon is named first in "The Hound" (1922) (and not, by the way, in "The Festival" (1923) as Derleth says on pp. 74-5 of his "HPL: A Memoir"), it is described slightly in "The Statement of Randolph Carter" (1919) and its antecedent source contents are indicated in "The Green Meadow" (1927).

Fritz Leiber, jr., in his essay, "A Literary Copernicus" ("Acolyte", Fall 1944) made the very keen appraisal: "Most of the entities in the Cthulhu Mythos are malevolent, or, at best, cruelly indifferent to mankind."

The underlining is mine. Leiber's observation evidences another Grecian influence in the Mythos. The Greek philosopher, Epicurus, taught that the Greek gods lived in a state of passionless tranquility and gave no attention to sublunary affairs, which they considered beneath their notice or else were entirely unconscious of human affairs. This is practically the identical attitude of most of the deities in the Cthulhu Mythos according to Fritz Leiber.

A provoking sidelight is that Epicurus' philosophy was based in part on that of Democritus (which latter Lovecraft spoke of in "The Green Meadow" as having written papyri of terrifying knowledge).

Another datum of the fascination of Grecian things for Lovecraft was in "H. P. Lovecraft as His Wife Remembers Him" by Sonia Green (in "Providence Journal", Aug. 22, 1948) by this passage:-

"At least once on each visit we would have our dinner at a Greek restaurant which H. P. favored for its tiled walls depicting scenes from Greek classics. He loved to talk to me of ancient Greece and Rome. . ."

Lovecraft's story "Hypnos" (1922) has for its title the name of one of the lesser gods of sleep in Greek mythology. Within the story itself the narrator's companion, who is turned into a marble statue, appears to be Greek. What meaning there is behind the word "Hypnos", as used in the story, is yet obscure, but that some Grecian meaning lurks somewhere is certain.

Completely Grecian was Lovecraft's story "The Tree" (1920). One of the two main characters, Kalos, was thought to carve his statues from fauns and dryads he was supposed to have conversed with in wooded areas. The tree that sprang from the tomb of Kalos after his death, bore resemblance to a man, and caused the destruction of a rival's statue finally. The metempsychosis of the dead Kalos into a tree is the explanation of this chain of supernatural events. The Grecian dryad as the metempsychosis' end result from a human being is hinted at here also.

"The Moon Bog" (1921) relates of a survival of the Greek moon-goddess in Ireland. Ritual music of flutes and drums in this story foreshadow similar ritual music that surrounds Azathoth in the Mythos.

For the present all the foregoing will suffice to substantiate my premise of the formative influence of Greek and quasi-Greek mythic concepts exerted on the Cthulhu Mythos and various stories. The Greek period in Lovecraft's prose overlapped his Greek period in his poetry. The poetry of Grecian origin ran roughly from 1917 to 1923, the prose from 1920 to 1922 with the "Dream Quest of Unknown Kodath" (1927), though isolated from that period, still an outstanding example of assimilated Greek ideas.

%--gtw--%

George says that the above will cause a controversy. I'm not too sure, but I do know of one person at least, and am comparatively sure of five others, who will be writing in about it. To save myself time handling this mail, I'll give his address:

George Wetzel
5 Playfield Street
Dundalk 22, Maryland

Write to him on subjects that only he would be interested in. Thanks,--Ron Ellick

SO TELL ME ANOTHER. . .

London Stf News

by

Leonard Gleicher

"No Place Like Earth" is now out in p-b form @2/- (30¢). This is an all British anthology taken from New Worlds. While I do not consider them as very good stories as a representation of British s-f from New Worlds, they are damn' good.

What do I mean by that? (I dunno--ed.) I mean that the s-f in New Worlds is generally far better than that, but that this anthology could eclipse quite a few of the other, U. S., anthologies (Oh?--ed!).

For the curious, New Worlds and its companion zine, Science Fantasy, are on sale in the U. S. @30¢, or they can be obtained direct (or nearly so) from the Milcross Book Service, 68, Victoria St., Liverpool, 1, England.

At the time of writing (first of March) the Vargo Statton Science-Fiction Magazine has had its 2nd issue out for about 2 weeks. In size it is slightly larger than the old SS with untrimmed edges.

It contains a novellette each by Vargo Statton (the editor) (John Russel Fearn bear I--its a penname, you neos--ed.), and Volsted Grid-ban, whoever he be (house-name--ed.). Also is part II of "The Evitable Conflict" by Ted Tubb (aside to Piper: Tubb is not a penname; I have met him many times in the flesh, and he would have told me--lg.).

Then comes various ramblings in the form of a fan column. This is sub-divided to produce a half-column of the page in a "Who's Who In Fandom?" type thing.

The mag is meant to appeal to the younger readers, and succeeds fairly well except for the juvenile letters printed.

At present there are quite a lot of hard-cover books coming out, both reprints and originals. In the reprints we have "Ahead of Time" by Hank Kuttner @10/6d (about \$1.50--ed.) & "Shadow on the Hearth" by Judy Merrill @10/6d. (Lenny sez 10/6d is \$1.05, but I disagree--ed.)

In the originals we have as a start a second anthology from New Worlds entitled "Gateway to Darkness" @9/6d (\$.90, sez he; \$1.30 here--ed.). And then a collection of John Christopher's (alias Sam Gonet, his real name--lg.) stories, taken from New Worlds, Galaxy and others. This is called "The 22nd Century" @9/6d.

Anyhow, in addition to Authentic, Hamilton's publishes Panther Books. These are Westerns, etc., but I'll discuss only the s-f. The p-bs cost 1/6d (20¢) each, and with one exception have been original. The exception is "The World Below" (ugh!--lg.). In a way Hamilton's is similar to Ballantine, since the p-bs also come out in hard covers price very cheaply at 6/- (85¢).

Enough!

Pam

Leo Gleicher.

HE

HOST

UNTER

by Ron Ellick.

To begin with, leading off this we have BUBBETTE AND THE MARTIAN, by Noah W. McLeod. About six months ago I read a late issue of The Chigger Patch of Fandom, from whence the story came. There was a story in it, titled BUBBETTE AND THE BEM. It turned out, upon reading the blurb and the editorial, that the story was a sequel to the one you see reprinted here.

I wrote Nangee and received permission to reprint the story, pending I could find a copy. She had run out of copies of the issue with BUBBETTE AND THE MARTIAN in it. So Noah and I got together and he sent me his copy of the story. Bob Stewart illood it for me.

CRIME STALKS THE FAN WORLD, by F. Lee Baldwin, has a semi--interesting back-ground. I saw Lee's ad in Destiny #9, where he seemed to be trying to sell old fanzines. Upon writing to him I discovered that he was really an old-timer. Not as old as some--but from 1943 or so. I figure that was about what Bob Silverberg would claim to be a third or fourth fandomist. The story is from 1945, reprinted by permission of author. You may notice a touch of Mickey Spillane in it. Just remember that Spillane hadn't even thought of Mike Hammer when this story was written.

THE SHIPS OF ISHTAR, by G. Gordon Dewey, was copyrighted when originally printed. . . in lieu of payment Gordon wants four copies of this. Some pros aren't so bad after all. To the best of my knowledge Dewey started writing and being published professionally around 1951 or '52. He mentioned an auto-biog to be sent in, but I haven't seen it yet. Maybe next ish. . .

And so, on looking over the above, I find that I have split asunder a record of sorts. The above constitutes my reprinted material in this, and for all of it I have permission. I predict that Peter Vorzimer, Tom Piper and V. Paul Nowell will die of nervous shock when they hear about it.

And there are three addresses (no, four!) I'd like s o m e kindly soul to supply for me. Those of:

Thomas Henry Carter

Herman King

Stanley Mullen

and

Charles Hansen.

Can anyone help me?

--re.

CO MIC ENCORES (cont'd from page 11)

PTOOIE

by

Stanley (Steamer) Woolston, 12832 West Ave., Garden Grove, Calif.

Preliminary report on your zine: Looks better to me somehow, from cover to inside back cover (evidently he didn't like my scribbling all of the fourth cover--ed.). The Shaver article not newsy to me, but maybe some newfen will appreciate. Liked brief Mullen's story better than any others because others seemed to be purposeless at ending. . . In ASTEROID spittle hanging in midair after being expectorated (a violent outthrusting) seems strange; I'd think it would continue and splatter against the wall. This is the first time I've heard of a cosmic spittoon, though--another semi-new concept in s-f. . .

(But, Stanley, the spittle wasn't hanging in mid-air after the hole was torn in the bulkhead, was it?--ed.)

THE COVER HAD A BLANK LOOK ON ITS FACE

by

Bill Reynolds, POBox 6887 Hamilton AFB, California.

The complaint by Dick Geis in Psi of too much printing on the covers of zines like INSIDE has been carried to extremes by the latest Fsm. The DEA cover suffers better reproduction than that on #2, though it seemed belabored. Maybe that rocket distracts me; doesn't look like something that DEA would draw. Nice balance though.

Carter's Shaver article has first place. One reason why Carter is first is because he recalled the only decent thing that Shaver wrote, THE MIND ROVERS. Dug it up for rereading and despite that undertone of masochism that underlied many of Shaver's yarns, this tale could see reprinting without much effort. Incidentally, the "Rovers" appeared in the January '47, not the '45, issue of AS.

What I would like to see is more comment on each story. Why not a paragraph on why you chose this story. The reader would be interested (that I doubt--ed.) to know if you had any difficulty obtaining the fanzine, and, later, the permission of its editor. See if there is any relationship to stories in the prozines. A sketch of the author when possible.

(And so you can turn to THE GHOST HUNTER and read short paragraphs on the efforts of a struggling you fanned looking for reprint material. G. Gordon Dewey suggested he might send me an auto-biog of some sort, to go with his article, but that's all the hope I have of getting any such. Usually the author has, by the time I get around to him, moved out of fandom, is unlocatable, or just doesn't have time to write an auto-biog--ed.)

WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY GIVE OLD
ARCHIMEDES A LONG ENOUGH
LEVER, A FULCRUM AND A
PLACE TO STAND?

10

10

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Why?

SUB _____ REVIEW _____
SWAP ☒ NAPA _____
SAMPLE _____ SINGLE COPY _____

CONTRIBUTOR _____
F R N O G U D R E S U N _____
IF you sub, this is your
LAST ☐ YES ☐ NO

NEXT ISSUE OUT MAY 15
DEADLINE: APRIL 20

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