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To All N3Fers

FANTASY ASPECTS

15¢

To Others

THE REVIEW OF OUR FANTASY LITERATURE

MAY 1947

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The Editor; Fantasy Aspects

584 E. Monroe St.

Little Falls, N. Y.

THE

EDITORIAL

This, the first issue of FANTASY ASPECTS, is dedicated to our president, Art Widner.

FANTASY ASPECTS will be the fanzine devoted to the N.F.F.Fan. From the leading fanzines of the day, we will reprint the best articles and fiction to enable the Nfffan to pursue the cream of the crop in fantasy with the minimum expenditure of time and money.

Subsequent issues, naturally, will be improved over this one. For one thing, if conditions will permit, we will stabilize each issue too one color ink and paper. Your editors believe that the ivory color paper, on pages 3-4, is the neatest and easiest on the eyes. With the many artists there must be in the NFFF, we should be able to remedy that department; an increase in variety in the lettering dept. will be coming too.

First, last, and always the important thing is for you, the reader to write, telling us of your opinions and ideas for this, "your," mag!

FANZINE EDITORS: The editors of this magazine wish to have you regard this magazine as a show-place for your best efforts, a distinction obtained only by the best in the field. FANTASY ASPECTS will reach a wide field of readers, all potential subscribers to your magazines. New NFFF members, seeing the best samples of your magazine will be anxious for more, therefore increasing your circulation.



NFFF

TWIN STAR PULBS.

- ☒ THIS IS A SAMPLE COPY, WILL YOU SUB?
- ☐ YOUR SUB IS UP, RENEWAL?
- ☐ COMPLIMENTARY COPY

LET'S GET ALL QUESTIONS ABOUT
THE COMING NFFF ELECTIONS NOW

* BACKWARDS:

IN TIME

Of all the varied dislocations of time utilized in fantasy plots, one of the most fascinating is also one of the least common -- that of a life lived backwards. We have myraids of conventional time-travelling tales in which the principal characters move forwards, backwards and even sideways in time; but in all these instances the travelling itself is merely one jump in time used largely as a narrative device to transport the characters into an age which the author wishes to depict. But the concept of a life lived backwards from day to day is much less usual. It is also extremely pregnant with emotional dynamite.

There are several instances, no doubt, in which "backwards-living" is utilized as a minor incident in a complex plot; cf. T.H. White's Sword In the Stone trilogy, in which the wizard Merlin is growing younger each day. The pulp magazines also have occasionally used stories with this theme; a recent one being "The Code," by Lawrence O'Donnell which appeared in Astounding Science Fiction, (July 1945). ("The Code" is a fairly good yarn, marred chiefly by a trite ending; the backwards-living character mutating into a completely different species on some other time track, and the story being largely taken up with the physical changes rather than the much more intriguing psychological and emotional alterations in the changee himself.) But to the knowledge of this writer

only two incontrovertably first-class examples of the genre have been written: Michael Maurice's Not In Our Stars (1923) and Oliver Onions' Tower Of Oblivion (1921). A comparative critical review of these two novels seems therefore of interest.

Not In Our Stars postulates in its first chapter a fatalistic theory of a rigid and predetermined life wherein men are helpless pawns of immutable fate. The chief character, Felix Menzies, is deeply interested in the possible effects on earth's time track of meteorites which strike our planet at various angles, and in fact makes a series of interesting, albeit somewhat unconvincing, demonstrations of his theory with a spinning top and an air rifle. Then---with his girl in his arms, just on the point of accepting his proposal of marriage, Felix Menzies is thrown forward one year in time by the impact of a nearby meteorite. He awakens the next morning in the death cell on the day of his execution, and is indeed hanged. His next conscious action is awakening in his cell the previous morning. And thus it goes---each morning he rises one day earlier. He soon learns that he did indeed marry the girl, Hester Temple, and that in a fit of blind rage he murdered his supposed friend Thorp Saville, who, as might be said in the vernacular, was attempting with some success to beat his time. He also learns that his daily time-jump occurs very early in the day, and feels

that perhaps he can escape the entire chain of circumstances by remaining awake during it. He attempts to do so but meets with complete failure. As he comes nearer and nearer to his original point of departure from the time track, he becomes obsessed with the necessity of breaking the fatal chain of circumstances. He is not sure whether he will continue to live backwards in time until his final disappearance into his mother's womb, or if he will do an about-face in time at the point of departure and relive the year he has already lived in reverse; and not unnaturally, neither possibility is appealing. He finally decides that his best chance lies in not marrying Hester --- but this action is thwarted by her accepting him, sans proposal. The ending to Not In Our Stars can be taken in two ways; since the exact proposal scene is not shown as it originally happened the reader is left rather in the dark as to whether or not the vicious circle is actually broken. The polyanna will no doubt feel that Hester's unexpected action broke the chain, and that the couple will be able to continue their lives normally, many readers will probably agree with this reviewer that Hester's acceptance of an unvoiced proposal blocked Menzies' last possible avenue of escape, and that he must live out his predestined year, knowing precisely what is going to happen, yet powerless to avoid his doom.

In The Tower Of Oblivion we follow the reversed life of Derwent Rose, a forty-five-year-old novelist who finds himself growing physically younger without any particular cause. He is naturally alarmed somewhat by this discovery and his alarm turns to dismay when he realizes that his psychological

and mental lives are following this retrogression as well. His three chief books reflect major stages in his life, and as we follow him, he returns to each of these. He finally becomes a youth of sixteen, his former/future life well nigh forgotten, and falls in love with a beautiful girl of seventeen. They die in a tragic and stunning accident which reveals that the entire aberration is caused by some psychic lesion. It seems that at the age of sixteen, Derwent had either jilted or been jilted by a woman about his age. Later, this woman fancied that she was depicted in one of Rose's books, and wrote a peculiarly horrible "revenge" novel. Rose's reading of her book plus an accidental later encounter with the authoress on the street turn out to have been the catalyst which initiated uncanny reversal in life. By a somewhat stretched coincidence the woman is also present at his death, coming upon the newly-youthful Rose and his adolescent sweetheart on a cliff. Upon catching sight of his nemesis, faint pseudo-memories assail him and in the space of four seconds he undergoes a series of horrible physical changes, running the full gamut of his ages from sixteen to forty-five and back again. Purged of the curse, he turns to his new sweetheart; but at this moment the edge of the cliff crumbles, and both fall to their deaths.

In both of these novels we find remarkably similar protagonists. Felix Menzies and Derwent Rose are both abnormally powerful personalities and brilliant intellects. Both are tremendous characters, tremendously executed, and there is little choice between them. The love element is also handled in a similar fashion,

each man becoming involved in an extremely intense love affair. The chief difference in the stories is the causation of the reversal of time and the effect on the dislocated individual --- Menzies was thrown forward a year, and then returned day by day; Rose retrogressed in a series of prodigious leaps, covering twenty-nine years in as many weeks. In both cases the transition occurred during sleep. Menzies could remember the future, which was his past; but he could not remember his past, which to him was the future. Rose, on the other hand, remembered his entire life, forwards and backwards, until he had retrogressed to his early manhood, when memories of adult life faded out.

Each novel is marred by a major flaw. Not In Our Stars not only starts out as a rather banal tale of English life in the aristocracy, but is sadly hampered by the extreme implausibility of the means used to acuate the time-reversal. The extremely powerful psychological situations arising in the latter chapters of the novel redeem it; in fact; the emotional impact of imagining this hapless Felix Menzies, a strong and intelligent man, being dragged toward precharted tragedy without being able to lift a finger to help himself is sufficient to atone for a host of faults. Moreover, Not In Our Stars has powerful characterizations, and a handling of plot incident that often borders upon the brilliant. In such a case one can forgive a certain lack of verisimilitude in the opening pages.

The Tower of Oblivion is weakened chiefly by the long passages of introspection on the part of the narrator. This is one of the few literate novels I have read which I be-

lieve would be improved by judicious condensation. Otherwise it is perfect--plot, characterization, dramatic situations. Some readers might perhaps criticize the book for the implausibility, but a largely unexplained psychic phenomenon with associated physical manifestations does not strike this writer as being at all out of place; certainly it is as plausible as lycanthropy or vampirism. And the novel is raised to stupendous heights by the gripping horror of the somewhat unexpected ending; an ending that is quite possibly the most poignant that Onions ever wrote. To the experienced fantasist, this sweeping statement speaks for itself as a measure of quality.

If asked to name my favorite of these two novels, I would be compelled to give the lame answer, "Both of them!" Not In Our Stars is most notable as an intensely gripping study in the psychology of helplessness. The Tower of Oblivion, on the other hand, while of course containing many similar psychological tensions, depends for its effect chiefly upon the growing feeling of disbelieving horror on the part of the reader. As additions to any selective fantasy library, both are recommended; they are certain to please even the most jaded enthusiasts of the genre.

THE END

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JOIN

THE

NFFF

WEIRD TALES

CRADLE
OF FANTASY

When I met Farnsworth Wright in the fall of 1926, shortly after the editorial department of Weird Tales had moved from Indianapolis to Chicago, we began to discuss the glowing masterpieces and reeking stinkers of what was then a young magazine; and Wright said, "Thank God, we've just about used up the last of the stuff Edwin Baird bought while he was editor."

Or words to that effect.

I had for two and a half years been selling to Wright; it was in March, 1924, that he accepted my first Weird Tales yarn, Raja's Gift. My recollection is that Edwin Baird was the founder, so to speak, of Weird Tales, and also its first editor; that soon after the organization of Rural Publishing Company, Farnsworth Wright became associate editor, and presently, editor in fact, although for some time Baird retained the title.

Baird was an idea-man when it came to magazines. Once WT was launched, he lost interest (or perhaps realized it would never be a money maker) and started, among other things, Real Detective, which, like WT was a pioneer in its field. It is not and was never clear to me whether the Cornelius Printing Company of Indianapolis was in on the ground floor or whether they bought Baird's interest. In defence of possible inaccuracies I plead failing memory; eighteen years twist details.

Suffice to say that Farnsworth Wright was almost from the start the man who put Wei-

rd Tales across: barring Baird's selections, WT was, for better or worse, what Wright made it. Late in 1924 Rural Publishing Co. went through financial acrobatics all too common in the publishing field, and after some months of absence from the newstands, WT reappeared, with Wright still editor, and under the management of Popular Fiction Pub. Co., not to be confused with today's Popular Publications, Inc.

Then came something astonishing: the new publishing company paid off, out of its skimpy profits, all the indebtedness of Rural Publishing Co. to the authors for their published work. There was not any legal obligation to do so. Whether this was due solely to the personal influence and integrity of Wright and his business manager, Bill Sprenger, or rather the Cornelius Printing Co. did so of their own honest will, I never asked. Not knowing that twenty years later I would be called on to act as historian, I took my dough, and to hell with secret history.

Paying for dead horses was slow work. It would have been slower had not Wright cut the rates on all current acceptances from 1¢ a word to a 2¢, so that in effect, newcomers cut back fifty percent of the rake-off to keep their predecessors happy, and to give the magazine a name for square dealing.

By 1926, things had improved so much that the rates for current material were upped and by 1927 I was getting 1¢ on publication. Weird Tales

finally worked its way out of bondage. It had its ups and downs in the years that followed. Every so often it would appear bi-monthly, presumably to sell out more of a printing, but there were never any rate cuts.

For some reason never made clear, WT had the lousiest, the most unspeakable, the gawd-awfullest illustrators available. Their intelligence was on a par with their art. In one of my early yarns, oriental stuff, a scene depicted an executioner wielding a two-handed sword was to be illustrated. Wright latter explained why this picture didn't appear: he said "Would you believe it, the son of a bitch drew a sword that had two handles, like scissors or a water witching rod! And it was delivered so near the deadline that I couldn't get another in time!"

The covers were as bad as the interior stuff. To say that willie watson's artists are infinitely better would be damning the diablerie crew with faint praise. Just look at those old files and see. I can't to this day explain it.

Then came Hughie Rankin, in 1927, doing "grease pencil" work, lovely stuff, especially the originals, several of which I still have, framed: though bum reproduction sometimes murdered the effect. And he did some good covers. In the fall of 1926, a passably competent chap had done an oil for my first cover feature yarn, Peacock's Shadow, but they fired him, and went back to that master-assassin, Seaf. I don't know how they tolerated anyone but Rankin once they found he was the best yet.

It was during these years that Seabury Quinn blew the lid off, and Robert E. Howard skyrocketed to popularity. How these two quantity producers

compared with Lovecraft in dawning power is beyond my appraisal: for quantity outstrips quality, and HPL produced only sporadically, despite the wailings and pleas of his admirers. Frank Belknap Long, Jr. was going like a house afire for a while, and I understand that he, and Lovecraft also, got a bonus of a half cent above the standard rate. Otis A. Kline had quite a following. There is a yarn extant to the effect that one of his jungle fantasies, a serial, pulled sufficient circulation to keep the outfit from folding in one of its numerous crises. Edmund Hamilton, too rode high, wide, and handsome.

No quantity producer, if he is at all realistic, pretends that each yarn is distinctive; it simply can't be. There were many of the once-in-a-whiles which hit the ceiling, but didn't in the long run draw like the heavy volume steadies.

Wright was universal in his tastes. Some yarns he published because he liked them; other yarns, though he didn't care for them, would according to his hunches or experience, appeal to many readers, so he ran them. He had no taboos other than that common decency should not be affronted. He was a pioneer and a brave man when the pulps were sticky with taboos.

If a manuscript appealed too him, despite its ungainly technique and handling, he would go to any length to induce the author to whip it into suitable shape. I re-wrote on a fifty-fifty basis, at Wright's suggestion, a number of such mess during the years 1927-30, taking my cut, and giving the original author the sole by-line.

It is interesting to compile a list of the writers who, either novices, or obscure semi-

professionals, were "discovered" by Wright, and who latter became big names in adventure, western, and detective fiction. A number of them are now well up in the major slicks. Some are important nove;ists, and writers for the "quality" group. August Derleth, Murry Lienster, (Will Jenkins), Eli Colter, Paul Ernst, Hugh B. Vace, Robert S. Carr, Arthur J. Burks. This list is by no means complete.

Wright's enthusiasm upon getting a new name from the "slush pile" was beautiful to see. I remember how he thrust at me The Red Brain, and fairly shouted, "God damn it, read that!" And the time, I think in the early '30's, when I bounced into Chicago, he was fairly babbling and stuttering; he had no time to greet me. He handed me C. L. Moore's first mss, and paced the floor and muttered as I read it; and then he closed shop, and declared it "C. L. Moore Day!"

As between author and editor, Wright and I had one or two minor differences; business was business, very proper. But as between Wright and Price, we were the warmest of friends

from that autumn day in 1926, to that shocking afternoon in the summer of 1940, when I was in Denver, and three separate and distinct special delivery messengers, within a couple hours, each brought a letter telling me of Wright's death, following an operation.

From then on, you know the history as well as I do. It is pointless to compare the "original" Wt with today's, simply because the time are different, the contributors are different, because old timers have died, many of them are in other lines of fiction.

As for a personality sketch of Wright, there is not enough space. Someone may also say, after all, this is about Weird Tales -- to which I must counter, Wright was Weird Tales. It is simply that I can't cram into my allotted space the substance of the 26 folio pages I contributed to W. Paul Cook's The Ghost, solely on the personality of Farnsworth Wright; and still left the most untold.

----- THE ----- END -----
Reprinted from the July, 1946
issue of Lethe, edited and
published by Jack Pritz

ADVERTISMENT

(ADVERTISE-
MENT)

THE NECRONOMICON: by Abdul Alhazred. Translated from the Arabic into Latin by Claus Wormius. With many woodcut tables of mystic signs and symbols. (Madrid), 1647. Small folio, full calf with elaborate overall stamping in blind, including the date 1715. Binding somewhat stained and rubbed, very slight foxing, mostly in first 30 pages. Page 751-752 has at one time been almost completely ripped out, but has been skillfully repaired. Otherwise in fine condition. \$375. One of only fourteen known copies of the first Latin edition, and one of only three complete copies in the United States, the others being in the Library of J Pierce Whitmore in McCook, Nebraska, and the library of Miskatonic University, Arkham, Mass. Only two copies of the manuscript in Arabic were known, and both were in Europe before the war. Their fate is not yet revealed. The author, Alhazred, is said to have been hopelessly mad when he wrote this work, several almost incoherent passages lending credence to this story. Yet Von Junzt, in his Unaussprechlichen Kulten states (p.ix) "...es steht ausser Zweifer, dass dieses Buch ist die Grundlage der Okkulteliteratur."

ADDRESS ALL INQUIRIES: THE NECRONOMICON, 66 E. 56th St. New York.

FANTASY MUSIC: IS; ISN'T?

Three fans were sitting near a phonograph which was thumping out the vigorous strains of "Bolero." The first shook his head and stated, "No!" while the second jumped up and yelled, "Yes, it's fantasy!"

I'd rather not side with either of them, because the third fan was probably right. I do believe there is such a thing as fantasy music, but only for some people. There's no sense arguing that there is or isn't, for even those who believe that it exists cannot always agree on any specific list.

Music cannot be said to be "fantastic," but the interpretation may often be classed as fantastic. Tschai-kowsky's Sixth Symphony is a representation of what may be labeled as "tragic" music. The music imparts an effect and interpretation that is tragic. Some argue that this is achieved only by use of a minor key. Well, how else can a composer get effects which may be termed as fantastic? Oriental music, while it is set not only to a minor key, but in a scale altogether different from ours, is rarely termed as fantastic.

It may not always work, but a good test for music that you may consider fantastic is trying to conjure some sort of science-fictional or fantastic vision in your mind while playing the piece. If it isn't too difficult to do so, you've another item for your own list. All other fans won't verify your choice though, so it wouldn't be sensible to try to force it on them.

Background music, such as that used in radio or in movies cannot alone cause any sort of "mirage." It relies upon the

action, which in turn, relies upon it for effect. This music does nothing more than set a mood of unreality, strangeness, or even mystery. And, no matter who is listening, he will interpret it in either a weird, mysterious, or unreal manner.

Groggy's editor and I have about the same index on interpretation. We both can envision parts of certain symphonies as bearing a theme of space-flight, although we argue bitterly concerning other pieces. It is not intended that you use this music (which I have termed a "symposium") as a checklist of fantasy music which we have compiled, but rather as a tentative portrait of space-flight, to which you may add or subtract pieces that do or do not influence your thoughts in any way. This "symposium" follows:

Andante Cantabile, Tschai-kowsky's Sixth: Rocket-building due to catastrophe, (dis-ease or the like) which is also portrayed; planning; loading preparatory to flight.

Finale, Tschai-kowsky's Fifth: March of the Rockets.

Allergo, Dvorak's Fifth: Take-off; last look at Earth.

Tone Poem "Mars;" from "The Planets," by Holst: Flight through space; approaching planet of settlement.

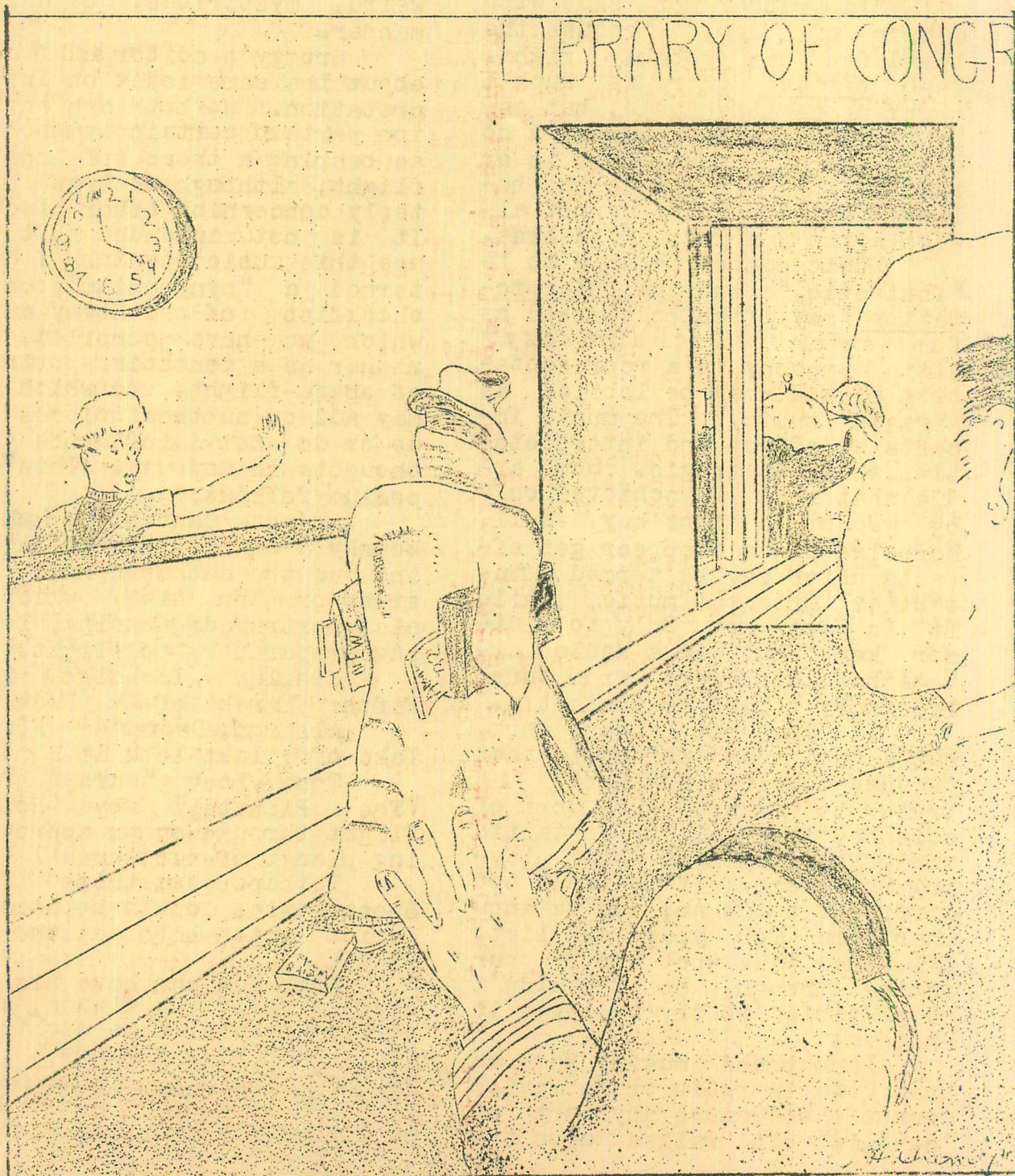
Perhaps something from Szostakowicz could be used to depict alien life on the new planet.

Each fan can have his own symposium if he wishes, concerning robots, time machines, etc., but I warn you not to try to force it on another fan. From the Fall 1946 Grotesque, published by Ron Christenson.

FANTASY ASPECTS

THE WORLD OF FANIDOM

SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF OF GROFF CONKLIN'S INTRODUCTION FOR
THE BEST IN SCIENCE-FICTION, SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS IN THE LI-
BRARY OF CONGRESS HAVE CAUSED INCREASED VIGILANCE ON THE PART
OF THE STAFF



THE CENTAUR

BIOLOGICAL IMPOSSIBILITY

Picture in your mind's eye a peaceful pasture, where green grasses wave gently in the morning breeze; soft billowy clouds float lazily overhead, and the bushes that are scattered over the entire scene murmur softly whenever the breeze rustles their tender branches. In the center of all this stands a creature -- a monstrosity -- a biological impossibility -- for he is part man, part horse.

At first you are stricken with his beauty, as the sun gleams on his golden brown flanks and lovely human head. Then you start to wonder; you wonder how he can live, with his two hearts, and dual stomachs. And with this wonder the picture will always fade from your mind, for the centaur and all his kind are but part of a daydream that started with some ancient Greek who, in his battles with the tribes of barbarians from the north, saw a man mounted on a horse for the first time, and thought that the two were fused together. So, it was probably the warped and frightened imagination of an ignorant soldier that started one of the most persistent legends of all times.

That is the logical explanation, but not the one that the boys like Bullfinch would have you believe. The mythology experts can't seem to agree just how the first centaur came into being. One has it that a chap named Ixion and a lady named Nephele were very much surprised to find a centaur where a baby should be. Another has the junction of Ixion and a cloud forming the foal. However, the most riotous of them all, when you get a born comic who can make the most of a smutty story, is the one that follows, in a censored version.

Once upon a time, in very ancient Greece, there lived a famous teacher and surgeon named Kronon. Now, Kronon dabbled in magic on the side and had quite a few handy little tricks up his sleeve. He was learned, handsome, and everything else that could be wanted in a man, except for one thing: he was exceedingly jealous where his wife was concerned. His wife's name was Philyra, and she was the village belle or whatever they had back then. Anyway, Kronon decided that he had a fool-proof way to see if she was true to him. So he changed himself into a handsome, dashing stallion. When Philyra saw this beauty she started to get ideas that even Kathleen Winsor couldn't have gotten away with. And in his present form, Kronon wasn't a very good man to fool with. Anyway to make a long story short (and acceptable to the pages of a family magazine) come three-quarters of a year later, and Philyra gave birth to Chiron (Also spelled Cheiron, pronounced Ki' ron) who has been pictured as a man in the front, all the way to his feet, with a horse's rear legs and flanks attached to his back -- and the more popular (and more modern) version as a man from the waist up, and a horse the rest of the way. Either way, he must have been quite a shock to his mother.

This is the same Chiron, by the way, who became a famous surgeon himself, was teacher to many of the fabulous Greeks (including Apollo) and who was killed in the retreat from Mount

Pheilon to Malea. Killed is the wrong word to use there, for Centaurs was immortal. He was wounded and prayed for death. The Gods heard his prayer and put an end to his mortal life. However, upon departing this vale of tears, he was placed among the stars, and became the constellation Sagittarius. The cause for the flight was the fact that Hercules became perturbed at the entire race of centaurs after one named Nessus did away with Herk's wife. From what there is to learn of the female Hercules married, it seems that Nessus did him a favor that was never appreciated. Her morals were extremely loose. From all the pictures that are around, it seems as if she never even bothered with the fig leaf.

Maybe it was a good thing that Hercules and his boys did away with the centaurs, though. They were not gentlemen in the dictionary sense of the word. As a matter of fact, they were drunken, wild, lawless, inhospitable beings, ruled only by their animal passions. Their running off with the beautiful Grecian ladies was only a fable, for they seemed to prefer nags to hags. At least from all accounts it seems as if they did leave the human ladies alone most of the time. There were a few exceptions, but they definitely were not the general rule. The centaurs did not have a very high esteem for the race of Homo Sapien. They would rather be centaurs any day. They had no religion at all, nor any schooling, but a lot of sport. They did consort with all the gods, but their favorites were Eros and Bacchus. They might have had the right idea after all.

But still we have the question that always arises in my mind whenever I think of them: what did they eat? The books on centaurs mention many things, some of which would be nourishing for one part of the creature's body, but possibly fatal to the other. And from the general construction it would appear that the food that they did eat had to pass through the Sapien stomach to reach even the horse alimentary canal. Of course, they are only a legend, and it could be explained by an entirely different set of pipes, but let's look at it as if they were actually equipped with a double stomach, two hearts, and all the other various things that go to make up the insides. Murray Sheehan in his book, Half Gods (E. P. Dutton, New York; 1927) says of Dick, the centaur: "He reached eagerly for the piece of bread and butter." I have yet to see a horse eating bread and butter. But in the same book Sheehan says, "Send Jack down to the lower pasture for Dick." That would lead us to think that the centaur is out grazing with the plainer horses. Kinda confusin'!

Half-Gods is the story of a centaur born on a farm in Missouri. But it is more than the story of a centaur; it is one of the grandest satires on the human race ever written. When Dick is born, he is thought of merely as a monstrosity. His farmer-owner never sees in him the great thing that he is. There are master-strokes of writing in this book: the professor who sees him as a classic thing, but loses interest when Dick cusses him; the "intelligent city-man" who uses Dick as a side-show feature; and the Holy Roller preacher who regards Dick's strange form as a "burden of God."

Dick is not godlike. He is more human than any of his owners. He starts out as a divine thing, but slowly and surely comes down to the level of his surroundings -- yet all through the book he is thought of merely as a work animal. His is a pitiful story, and I never felt quite so sorry for anything I was reading about

as I did for Dick. At the end of the book's 467 pages is something unusual: our centaur is still alive, and apparently ready to slip down to still lower levels. Yet you will find that you are happy about it, because he has finally been accepted. As the author puts it in the very last paragraph: "Luxuriously he slipped down, still further, with one shoulder propped against the porch, content above his uttermost dreams. one of the fellows at the corner store."

In another book, The Centaur Passes, by Percy White & E. G. Boulenger (Duckworth, London; 1933) There is another reference to the food question. " 'I took him //the Centaur//his breakfast -- a big bowl o' milk and a loaf o' new bread, for he lets me know what he wants plain enough. Well, that puts us back where we started from. There just doesn't seem to be an explanation. It may be true that horses can eat the same things that humans do, and exist on it, but they would have to eat a prodigious amount of food to do so. And as the man in the story said, the centaur evidently knew what he wanted.

Let's consider another aspect of it. The boozing angle. They all seemed to like the stuff, but none of them could hold his liquor very well. Again from The Centaur Passes we have, " 'Will you permit me to finish my beer, Sir John?' said the Centaur, visibly under its cheery influence. And Dick, Mr. Sheehan's Centaur, was not against the stuff. As a matter of fact, he hurt his leg in one part of the story when he was stinking drunk. The centaurs of James Branch Cabell (with the one in Jurgen a noteworthy example) were generally under the weather, while the one in The Wife of the Centaur, by Cyril Hume, went out on a roaring toot. All in all, the best behaved centaur was Algernon Blackwood's (The Centaur). That poor thing lived a very dull life, however. As far as that goes, he shouldn't even be mentioned in connection with our other red-blooded stumblebums.

Of all these, Murray Sheehan's Dick was the only one to come to a happy ending. And he did it only by forgetting his godly creation and becoming one of the town loafers. This all was supposed to happen in Missouri, in case you are interested. I guess it all depends on your political beliefs on that score, you all, though. Anyway, to get back to the subject, the authors seemed to have a nasty habit of killing off their centaurs, just as they do their superman (Odd John, Thus Far, The New Adam), their intelligent dogs (Sirius), their alien races (The War of The Worlds, Last and First Men), and their villains (you can name your own on this one). Yep, it's a sad state of affairs that the poor centaurs couldn't do better than they did.

All in all the lot of mythical characters was not a happy one. The centaurs always get killed off, although they do seem to have a hell of a good time while they are alive.

In conclusion -- I, for one, would like to see many more stories of this creature. He seems to be neglected when you consider his half-brothers, the werewolves, vampires, unicorns, etc. And to finish on a note of damn foolishness; in the public library in Nashville they have under the heading of CENTAUR: The Stray Lamb, by Thorne Smith. Evidently the librarian's idea of a centaur is the episode in which Mr. Lamb turned into a horse. Huummmm --- that might explain the beginning of the modern centaur legend.

Now lemme check on that one---

Reprinted from the Dec. '46 issue of Vampire, published by Joseph Kennedy (the fan, not the U. S. statesman.)

FANTASY ASPECTS IS
PROUD TO PRESENT
The

VOLUME INDEX OF STF MAGAZINES



COMPILED AND ORIGINATED BY JOHN NITKA, NOTED NEW YORK CITY FAN AND COLLECTOR. EDITED ORIGINALLY BY JULIUS UNGER, BROOKLYN MAGAZINE DEALER AND PUBLISHER. ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH KENNEDY, DOVER, N.J. FAN, PUBLISHER, & WIT.

(It seems as though Sam Moskowitz had something to do with it too; but as we have lost the title page to our copy and are doing this by memory, we can't be sure.)



FANTASTIC NOVELS

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1940							1	-- 1	1	-- 2	1	-- 3
1941	1	-- 4			1	-- 5						

FANTASY (English)

1938								#1				
1939			#2			#3						

ORIENTAL STORIES

1930									1	-- 1	1	--
1931	-- 2	1	---	3	1	---	4	1	summer	5	1	-- fall
1932	2	winter	1	2	---	2	2	summer	3			

With issue 3-1, ORIENTAL STORIES merged with MAGIC CARPET

1933	3	---	1	3	---	2	3	---	3	3	---	4
1934												

SCIENTIFIC (AMAZING) DETECTIVE

1930	1-1	1-2	1-3	1-4	1-5	1-6	1-7	1-8	1-9	1-10	1-11	
------	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	------	------	--

AIR WONDER STORIES

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1929							I-1	I-2	I-3	I-4	I-5	I-6
1930	I-7	I-8	I-9	I-10	I-11							

AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY

1928	I winter	1	I spring	2	I summer	3	I fall	4
1929	II	1	II	2	II	3	II	4
1930	III	1	III	2	III	3	III	4
1931	IV	1	IV	2	IV	3	IV	4
1932	V	1	V	2	V	3	V	4
1933		3	V			4	VI	1
1934							VI	2

ASTONISHING STORIES

1940		I	1	I	2	I	3	I	4	II	1	II	2
1941	--2	II	3	II	4			III	1	III	2		
1942			III	3	III	4		IV	1	IV	2		
1943	--2	IV	3	IV	4								

CAPTAIN FUTURE

1940	I winter	1	I spring	2	I summer	3	II fall	4
1941	II	2	II	3	III	1	III	2
1942	III	3	IV	1	IV	2	IV	3
1943	V	1	V	2	V	3		
1944	VI	1						

COMET STORIES

1940												I-1
1941	I-2		I-3		I-4		I-5					

COSMIC STORIES

1941			I	1	I	2	I	3				
------	--	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	--	--	--

DYNAMIC STORIES

1939		I	1	I	2							
------	--	---	---	---	---	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

FUTURE FICTION

1939								I-1
1940		1-2				I-3		I-4
1941		I-5				I-6	II-1	II-2
1942	II-3		II-4		II-5	II-6	III-1	III-2
1943	III-3		III-4		III-5			

Merged with S. F. Stories

MAGIC CARPET

1933	III	1	III	2	III	3	III	4
1934	IV	1						

MARVEL (TALES) (SCIENCE STORIES) STORIES

1938						I-1		I-2
1939	I-3		I	4		I-5		I-6
1940			II-1				II-2	
1941			II-3					

EERIE TALES (Canadian)

1941						I-1		
------	--	--	--	--	--	-----	--	--

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1939			I-1			I-2		I-3				I-5
1940			I-5			II-1				II-2		
1941	II-3		II-4			II-5			II-6			
1942												-
1943						III-5						

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY

1940						I - summer	1					
1941	I -- winter	2		I -- spring	3	I -- "	4	I -- fall	5			
1942				I -- "	6	I -- "	7	I -- "	8			
1943	I -- "	9		I -- "	10							

STRANGE STORIES

1939		I -- 1	I -- 2	I -- 3	II -- 1	II -- 2	II --
1940	3	III -- 1	III -- 2	III -- 3	IV -- 1	IV -- 2	IV --
1941	3	V -- 1					

STRANGE TALES

1931						I -- 1	I -- 2
1932	I -- 3	II -- 1		II -- 2		II -- 3	
1933	III -- 1						

STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES

1941		I -- 1	I -- 2	I -- 3			
1942			II -- 1				

SUPER SCIENCE STORIES (NOVELS)

1940		I -- 1	I -- 2	I -- 3	I -- 4	II -- 1
1941	II -- 2	II -- 3	II -- 4		III -- 1	III --
1942	2	III -- 3	III -- 4	IV -- 1	IV --	
1943	2	IV -- 3	IV -- 4			

UNKNOWN (WORLDS)

1939		I-1	I-2	I-3	I-4	I-5	I-6	II-1	II-2	II-3	II-4
1940	II-5	II-6	III-1	III-2	III-3	III-4	III-5	III-6	IV-1	IV-2	IV-3
1941		IV -- 5	IV -- 6	V -- 1	V -- 2	V -- 3	V --				
1942	4	V -- 5	V -- 6	VI -- 1	VI -- 2	VI -- 3	VI --				
1943	4	VI -- 5	VI -- 6	VII -- 1	VII -- 2	VII -- 3	VII --				

(SCIENCE) WONDER QUARTERLIES

1929								I -- fall	1
1930	I -- winter	2		I -- spring	3	I -- summer	4	II -- "	1
1931	II -- "	2		II -- "	3	II -- "	4	III -- "	1
1932	III -- "	2		III -- "	3	III -- "	4	IV -- "	1
1933	IV -- "	2							

TALES OF WONDER -- (English)

1937									# 1
1938		# 2			# 3		# 4		# 5
1939		# 6			# 7		# 8		# 9
1940		# 10			# 11		# 12		
1941	# 13			# 14				# 15	
1942				# 16					

Jan. Feb. Mar. Apr. May June July Aug. Sept Oct. Nov. Dec.

AMAZING STORIES

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1926				1-1	1-2	1-3	1-4	1-5	1-6	1-7	1-8	1-9
1927	1-10	1-11	1-12	2-1	2-2	2-3	2-4	2-5	2-6	2-7	2-8	2-9
1928	2-10	2-11	2-12	3-1	3-2	3-3	3-4	3-5	3-6	3-7	3-8	3-9
1929	3-10	3-11	3-12	4-1	4-2	4-3	4-4	4-5	4-6	4-7	4-8	4-9
1930	4-10	4-11	4-12	5-1	5-2	5-3	5-4	5-5	5-6	5-7	5-8	5-9
1931	5-10	5-11	5-12	6-1	6-2	6-3	6-4	6-5	6-6	6-7	6-8	6-9
1932	6-10	6-11	6-12	7-1	7-2	7-3	7-4	7-5	7-6	7-7	7-8	7-9
1933	7-10	7-11	7-12	8-1	8-2	8-3	8-4	8-5	8-6	8-7	8-8	8-9
1934	8-10	8-11	8-12	9-1	9-2	9-3	9-4	9-5	9-6	9-7	9-8	9-9
1935	9-10	9-11	9-12	10-1	10-2	10-3	10-4	10-5	10-6	10-7	10-8	10-9
1936	-- 7	10 --	-- 8	10 --	-- 9	10 --	-- 10	10 --	-- 11	10 --	-- 12	10--
1937	-- 13	11 --	-- 1	11 --	-- 2	11 --	-- 3	11 --	-- 4	11 --	-- 5	11--
1938	-- 6	12 --	-- 1	12 --	-- 2	12 --	-- 3	12 --	-- 4	12-5	12-6	12-7
1939	13-1	13-2	13-3	13-4	13-5	13-6	13-7	13-8	13-9	13-10	13-11	13-12
1940	14-1	14-2	14-3	14-4	14-5	14-6	14-7	14-8	14-9	14-10	14-11	14-12
1941	15-1	15-2	15-3	15-4	15-5	15-6	15-7	15-8	15-9	15-10	15-11	15-12
1942	16-1	16-2	16-3	16-4	16-5	16-6	16-7	16-8	16-9	16-10	16-11	16-12
1943	17-1	17-2	17-3	17-4	17-5	17-6	17-7	17-8	17-9	17-10	17-11	17-12
1944	18 --	-- 1	18 --	-- 2	18 --	-- 3			18 --	-- 4	18 --	18 --
1945	---	-- 5	19 --	---	-- 1	19 --	---	-- 2	19 --	---	-- 3	19 --
1946	-- 4	20 --	---	-- 1	20-2	20-3	20-4	20-5	20-6	20-7	20-8	20-9
1947	21-1	21-2	21-3	21-4	21-5	21-6						
1948												
1949												
1950												

STREET & SMITH'S (ASTOUNDING) SCIENCE FICTION

1930	1-1	1-2	1-3	2-1	2-2	2-3	3-1	3-2	3-3	4-1	4-2	4-3
1931	5-1	5-2	5-3	6-1	6-2	6-3	7-1	7-2	7-3	8-1	8-2	8-3
1932	9-1	9-2	9-3	10-1	10-2	10-3			11-1		11-2	
1933	11-3	12-1								12-2	12-3	12-4
1934	12-5	12-6	13-1	13-2	13-3	13-4	13-5	13-6	14-1	14-2	14-3	14-4
1935	14-5	14-6	15-1	15-2	15-3	15-4	15-5	15-6	16-1	16-2	16-3	16-4
1936	16-5	16-6	17-1	17-2	17-3	17-4	17-5	17-6	18-1	18-2	18-3	18-4
1937	18-5	18-6	19-1	19-2	19-3	19-4	19-5	19-6	20-1	20-2	20-3	20-4
1938	20-5	20-6	21-1	21-2	21-3	21-4	21-5	21-6	22-1	22-2	22-3	22-4
1939	22-5	22-6	23-1	23-2	23-3	23-4	23-5	23-6	24-1	24-2	24-3	24-4
1940	24-5	24-6	25-1	25-2	25-3	25-4	25-5	25-6	26-1	26-2	26-3	26-4
1941	26-5	26-6	27-1	27-2	27-3	27-4	27-5	27-6	28-1	28-2	28-3	28-4
1942	28-5	28-6	29-1	29-2	29-3	29-4	29-5	29-6	30-1	30-2	30-3	30-4
1943	30-5	30-6	31-1	31-2	31-3	31-4	31-5	31-6	32-1	32-2	32-3	32-4
1944	32-5	32-6	33-1	33-2	33-3	33-4	33-5	33-6	34-1	34-2	34-3	34-4
1945	34-5	34-6	35-1	35-2	35-3	35-4	35-5	35-6	36-1	36-2	36-3	36-4
1946	36-5	36-6	37-1	37-2	37-3	37-4	37-5	37-6	38-1	38-2	38-3	38-4
1947	38-5	38-6	39-1	39-2	39-3							
1948												
1949												
1950												

UNCANNY TALES (Canadian)

1940											#1	#2
1941	#3		#4		#5	#6	#7	#8	#9	#10	#11	#12
1942	#13	#14	#15	#16	#17		#18		#19			#20
1943									#21--21			

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1939					I -- 1	I -- 1	I -- 2	I -- 3	I -- 3	I -- 4		
1940	II-1	II-2	II-3	II-4	II-5	II -- 6	II -- 7	II -- 7	II -- 8	II -- 8		
1941	III -- 1	III -- 1	III -- 2	III -- 3	III -- 4	III -- 5	III -- 6	III -- 7	III -- 8	III -- 9	III -- 10	
1942	IV-1	IV-2	IV-3	IV-4	IV-5	IV-6	IV-7	IV-8	IV-9	IV-10	IV-11	IV-12
1943	V-1	V-2	V-3	V-4	V-5	V-6	V-7	V-8	V -- 9	V -- 10		
1944		VI -- 1	VI -- 2	VI -- 3	VI -- 4	VI -- 5	VI -- 6	VI -- 7	VI -- 8	VI -- 9	VI -- 10	VI -- 11
1945	VII -- 1	VII -- 2	VII -- 3	VII -- 4	VII -- 5	VII -- 6	VII -- 7	VII -- 8	VII -- 9	VII -- 10	VII -- 11	VII -- 12
1946	-- 5	VIII -- 1	VIII -- 2	VIII -- 3	VIII -- 4	VIII -- 5	VIII -- 6	VIII -- 7	VIII -- 8	VIII -- 9	VIII -- 10	VIII -- 11
1947	IX -- 1	IX -- 2	IX -- 3	IX -- 4	IX -- 5	IX -- 6	IX -- 7	IX -- 8	IX -- 9	IX -- 10	IX -- 11	IX -- 12
1948												
1949												
1950												

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES

1939									I -- 1	I-2	I-3	
1940	I-4	I-5	I-6	II-1	II -- 2		II -- 3	II -- 4	II -- 5	II -- 6	II -- 7	II -- 8
1941	-- 5	II -- 6	III -- 1	III -- 2	III -- 3	III -- 4	III -- 5	III -- 6	III -- 7	III -- 8	III -- 9	III -- 10
1942	-- 5	III -- 6	IV -- 1	IV-2	IV-3	IV-4	IV-5	IV-6	V-1	V-2	V-3	V-4
1943		V-3					V-4	V-5	V-6	V-7	V-8	V-9
1944		V-6			VI-1		VI-2	VI-3	VI-4	VI-5	VI-6	VI-7
1945		VI-4			VI-5		VI-6	VI-7	VI-8	VI-9	VI-10	VI-11
1946		VII-2	VII-3	VII-4	VII-5	VII-6	VII-7	VII-8	VII-9	VII-10	VII-11	VII-12
1947		VIII-3	VIII-4	VIII-5	VIII-6	VIII-7	VIII-8	VIII-9	VIII-10	VIII-11	VIII-12	VIII-13
1948												
1949												
1950												

PLANET STORIES

1939									I -winter- 1			
1940	I -spring- 2	I -summer- 3	I -fall- 4	I -winter- 5								
1941	I -- 6	I -- 7	I -- 8	I -- 9								
1942	I -- 10	I -- 11	I -- 12	II -- 1								
1943	II -- 2	II -- 3	II -- 4	II -- 5								
1944	II -- 6	II -- 7	II -- 8	II -- 9								
1945	II -- 10	II -- 11	II -- 12	III -- 1								
1946	III -- 2	III -- 3	III -- 4	III -- 5								
1947	III -- 6	III -- 7										
1948												
1949												
1950												

STARTLING STORIES

1939	I -- 1	I -- 2	I -- 3	II -- 1	II -- 2	II -- 3						
1940	III -- 1	III -- 2	III -- 3	IV -- 1	IV -- 2	IV -- 3						
1941	V -- 1	V -- 2	V -- 3	VI -- 1	VI -- 2	VI -- 3						
1942	VII -- 1	VII -- 2	VII -- 3	VIII -- 1	VIII -- 2	VIII -- 3						
1943	IX -- 1	IX -- 2	IX -- 3	X -- 1	X -- 2	X -- 3						
1944	XI -- 1	XI -- 2	XI -- 3	XII -- 1	XII -- 2	XII -- 3						
1945	XIII -- 1	XIII -- 2	XIII -- 3	XIV -- 1	XIV -- 2	XIV -- 3						
1946	XV -- 1	XV -- 2	XV -- 3									
1947												
1948												
1949												
1950												

Jan. Feb. Mar. Apr. May June July Aug. Sept Oct. Nov. Dec.

WEIRD TALES

[illegible]

(SCIENCE) (THRILLING) WONDER STORIES

1929						1-1	1-2	1-3	1-4	1-5	1-6	1-7
1930	1-8	1-9	1-10	1-11	1-12	2-1	2-2	2-3	2-4	2-5	2-6	2-7
1931	2-8	2-9	2-10	2-11	2-12	3-1	3-2	3-3	3-4	3-5	3-6	3-7
1932	3-8	3-9	3-10	3-11	3-12	4-1	4-2	4-3	4-4	4-5	4-6	4-7
1933	4-8	4-9	4-10	4-11	4-12	5-1	5-2	5-3	5-4	5-5	5-6	5-7
1934	5-8	5-9	5-10	5-11	5-12	6-1	6-2	6-3	6-4	6-5	6-6	6-7
1935	6-8	6-9	6-10	6-11	6-12	7-1	7-2	7-3	7-4	7-5	7-6	7-7
1936	7-8	7-9	7-10	7-11	7-12	8-1	8-2	8-3	8-4	8-5	8-6	8-7
1937	8-8	8-9	8-10	8-11	8-12	9-1	9-2	9-3	9-4	9-5	9-6	9-7
1938	9-8	9-9	9-10	9-11	9-12	10-1	10-2	10-3	10-4	10-5	10-6	10-7
1939	10-8	10-9	10-10	10-11	10-12	11-1	11-2	11-3	11-4	11-5	11-6	11-7
1940	11-8	11-9	11-10	11-11	11-12	12-1	12-2	12-3	12-4	12-5	12-6	12-7
1941	12-8	12-9	12-10	12-11	12-12	13-1	13-2	13-3	13-4	13-5	13-6	13-7
1942	13-8	13-9	13-10	13-11	13-12	14-1	14-2	14-3	14-4	14-5	14-6	14-7
1943	14-8	14-9	14-10	14-11	14-12	15-1	15-2	15-3	15-4	15-5	15-6	15-7
1944	15-8	15-9	15-10	15-11	15-12	16-1	16-2	16-3	16-4	16-5	16-6	16-7
1945	16-8	16-9	16-10	16-11	16-12	17-1	17-2	17-3	17-4	17-5	17-6	17-7
1946	17-8	17-9	17-10	17-11	17-12	18-1	18-2	18-3	18-4	18-5	18-6	18-7
1947	18-8	18-9	18-10	18-11	18-12	19-1	19-2	19-3	19-4	19-5	19-6	19-7
1948	19-8	19-9	19-10	19-11	19-12	20-1	20-2	20-3	20-4	20-5	20-6	20-7
1949	20-8	20-9	20-10	20-11	20-12	21-1	21-2	21-3	21-4	21-5	21-6	21-7
1950	21-8	21-9	21-10	21-11	21-12	22-1	22-2	22-3	22-4	22-5	22-6	22-7

MIRACLE SCIENCE

[illegible]

As Brad took the foaming retort from over the Bunsen burner, the door burst open and the scarlet-shirted special police flooded into the room. Momentarily he was stunned into immobility by the suddenness of it, then he recovered and demanded, "What is the meaning of this? I want an explanation!"

"You'll get one too. Hah!" The officer in charge paused, then sneeringly announced, "Brad Ronson; in the name of Bruno III, Emperor of the Americas, you are hereby placed under arrest."

"Any. . .?" asked Ronson. . .

"You have been accused of dabbling into forbidden research, and we have all the evidence we need in the form of dictograph records and a hidden camera that took some damning films of you. Come on, let's go. We're wasting time."

Brad went unprotesting, there was no sense in fighting against overwhelming odds. They took the elevator to the roof, and hence to a trim, speedy police helicopter. No one said a word to him, there was no need, he was as good as dead already. Brad knew where he was going, and all that had to be done was the legal formality of pronouncing the death sentence by the High Judge.

Brad, sitting between two burly patrolmen, wondered what dissolution felt like. He had heard only rumors concerning Bruno's method of dealing out "law" to offenders. It was reported that the condemned one was put into a chamber surrounded by electrical paraphernalia and a switch was turned on. There was a terrific drain on the current, it was said, because the lights went dim. The one inside the chamber simply faded from view. When the chamber was opened not a trace remained. That was probably fancy, most likely it would be an electric chair. If the reports were right it would be a clean, painless death, nothing could go wrong except a power failure.

Brad noticed the thin finger of the Justice Building pointing skyward off to the north, as the pilot swung toward it. The pilot dropped the 'copter swiftly to a projecting ledge, one fourth of the way down from the top of the building. He was a good pilot, for he set it down as gently as a man handling eggs.

"End of the line fella. All out!" snapped the officer. As Brad got out, they watched him like hawks. Incompetency was liable to be fatal here in the presence of high government officials, abundant there. As he stepped out, patrolmen grabbed his arms and escorted him within the building, down endless corridors, up one flight of stairs, and into an ante room. There was a short wait, then he was ushered into a huge room where a sad looking soul in a black robe presided at a desk. He gazed vacantly at Brad and his escort. "Well. . .?" he intoned.

Obviously he supposed that anyone brought here to the highest court was automatically guilty and so the proceedings were a foregone conclusion. They repeated the charge against him and produced the evidence, all this time Brad said nothing, there was nothing to say.

"Has the defendant anything to say in his defense?" asked the Judge.

"No. Except that I could moralize on the forbidding of this and that and show how society would be benefitted by open research on any and all subjects. But, I suppose it wouldn't do any good," ended Brad resignedly.

"I'm afraid," said the Judge coldly, "that in this court we are only interested in facts. . .not your individual opinions or upon the righteousness of the law. . .Take him away. The sentence will be carried out tonight at nine o'clock. . .and. . .Ahem." He then cleared his throat and finished facetiously, "May God have mercy on your Soul."

Promptly at five minutes of nine, Brad was in the grim chamber with five guards, the executioner, and a Captain of the Prison Guards. All was in readiness, all awaited the inexorable ticking of the big clock overhead.

In what was probably the last minute of his life, Brad's analytical mind noticed the peculiar structure of the transparent walls enclosing him; they were grainy and extremely thick. Overhead out of reach was a funnel shaped object, from which, he supposed, came the disintegrating emanations. There was nothing to sit on because the lethal radiations would consume anything that wasn't made of the same impervious substance the walls were.

One half of one minute to go! Tense, nervous, and determined not to show cowardice, Brad watched the men in the room. The Captain had an eye on the clock and one arm raised, ready to give the signal. The executioner was out of sight behind some encased machinery. Three of the guards looked at him, one looked at the Captain, the other at the unseen man at the switch. Varying emotions were written on their faces; pity, indifference, sadism, curiosity, and wonder as to what his, Brad's, thoughts would be as the end approached.

The clock's inexorable hands clicked over to nine, the Captain's arm dropped and Brad felt a curious, tingling sensation; then utter and complete blackness overcame him.

When he awoke, he found himself lying in a deep crater-like pit, and the gravel was biting into him. He arose and looked down at himself, half expecting to see nothing or a nebulous body. He was exactly the same, he slapped his thigh and felt the sting of it. Accepting the fact of his miraculous deliverance from the jaws of death, he began to wonder what had gone wrong. Where was he now? How did he get here? These questions and others began to disturb the numbness of his mind. After pondering and puzzling futility, he gave up in disgust and climbed out of the deep pit.

Surrounding him was a forest of strange, gnarled, and stunted trees, the like of which he had never seen before. The sky was a deep blue, and the sun overhead shone hotly down upon him, and it in some manner looked larger that it should have. There was a sign in the immediate foreground that announced, "This way to Grenoble." He followed the path indicated. It twisted and turned through the woods, and twice it skirted huge craters like the one he had arrived in a short time ago.

Suddenly a voice shouted, "Stop!" He turned sharply, startled, for the voice sounded like the crack of a pistol in the stillness of the forest.

A man came out of the woods, and looked Brad over carefully as he approached. "Just arrive?" he asked.

"Why yes, yes, but where have I arrived?" Ronson smiled. And wryly, "Who are you?"

"My name is Walter Sullivan, and this is Alpha."

He held up a restraining hand as Brad opened his mouth. "Yes, I'm the same Walter Sullivan who was apprehended while experimenting in atomics; the same one who was executed eight years ago. I will tell you the whole story as we walk towards Grenoble, our city.

"Fifty years ago, When Bruno the First came into power in the United States of South America; a man named Drew Stillman was a celebrated physicist, a genius in fact. When Bruno culminated the successful invasion and conquest of North America, Drew Stillman was forced to work for him.

"Realizing that many executions had to take place to insure his rule and that many people would be in a continual state of revolt, he needed some method to dispose of the bodies of murdered patriots. Something that would leave no trace, as the corpses would only stir up public opinion. He commissioned Stillman to build such a device, or manufacture some potent chemical. Stillman went him one better and produced a device that executed and disposed of the bodies in one operation. Stillman was no traitor; but he had been working on this machine for many years. It wasn't a death dealing device either, you are alive aren't you?

"It is a matter transmitter really, and Alpha, where you are now, is a planet encircling the twin suns of Alpha Centauri! The craters you must have noticed, were unfortunate one who materialized beneath the surface of the earth. An automatic device is set to follow the eccentric orbit of Alpha with uncanny accuracy, but every so often there is a slight miscalculation, so to speak. Of course you want to ask a million questions, so go right ahead."

Dreamily Ronson said instead, "The Three Bruno's have destroyed all the patriots, and the best brains of the Americas. We have the cream of the Americas' loyal and intelligent citizens here, safe and sound. Naturally we can't touch Bruno from here, but in the course of a generation or two we should be able to surpass Earth's technology. Even the problems of space travel will be solved, without hampering string or regulations."

"Yes. We've thought of that, and planned for the day when we will conquer space, return home and destroy the tyrants."

"What an incredible joke on Bruno. It is ironic that the ones whom Bruno sought to destroy will return to finish dictatorial rule forever

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The above is an excerpt from the pages of Romain's Terra, Her Raise To A Spatial Power. Romain was inclined to be somewhat of a Romanticist, but in the main his accounts are historically accurate.

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"Well, maybe the stories aren't too good, but look at that artwork!"

---( Page 22 )---



# ASPECTS OF FANTASY

Mostly advance good wishes this time. Next ish will be better.  
First, Joe Tennely of Dover, N.J.

What-ho ole bean:

...apparently you've acquired a mimeo. Nice going. Fantasy-Aspects sounds interesting.

...You herewith have blanket permission to reprint anything in Vampire. However, it seems to me that most of the readers who will support FA will have read all the fmz such as Fantasy Commentator, Shaggy, Scientifictionist, Vamp, etc. I can see, tho, that such a mag as FA would be valuable to borderling fans who seldom read fanmags because of the short-lividdness of most fantasy and ay-jay publications. Twould thus enable them to get the best in the field with scant effort. In reprinting the best from small-circulation zines, especially, one shots, FA would be very servicable. And don't overlook FAPazines...

Impassively

*Jde*

Brief but expressive is Geo. Caldwell of San Anselmo, Calif.

...Hope to see Fantasy Aspects as soon as possible.

Stfectionably yours,

*George Caldwell*

The dean of Fanzine Editors, Prof. Searles of New York City says:

Dear Harold:

I was glad to see by your recent circular that the NFFF is at last sponsoring something worthwhile. The idea of a publication reprinting the best from other fanzines is indeed a good one...

Sincerely,

*Harold*

Chas Burbee, Los Angelis, genial editor of Shaggy has this to say:

Dear Cheney:

Got your blurb about the NFFF mag in which you intend to use reprint stuff from fanzines. Can't give you permission to use the stuff which appears in Shangri-L'Affaires, since the material, not being paid for is the property of the writer thereof. Maybe you're trying to be business-like. It's my opinion that nobody will squa if you choose thair stuff for reprint purposes---just that much more egoboo, which is all we write that crap for in the first place. As for my stuff, go ahead and use it fi you wish, who cares?

burb

Tom Jewett, Clyde, Ohio, would have us swindling poor fankind --  
Dear Harold:

Your Fantasy Aspects reprint-zine sounds okay.

...Will nfff'ers get copies at a lower price than non-same?  
If so, I'll rejoin quick...

...Howabout a reprint article on Lovecraft? Lotsa us more or less new fans never read about him during his height of popularity a few years ago. And the pre-Campbell ASF's which, I've heard hit a new low in its day. And articles on stf zines not being published...

...Besides you recieving a batch of free zines and poor fans a lot of stuff they're too stingy to buy originally, I can find no sane reason why you shouldn't have good luck in this venture.

Regards,

Tom

Helpful Kay-Mar Carlson of Moorhead Minn., one of the kindest  
guys in the biz comes fort mit--

Dear Harold:

I've been wondering how the new fanzine digest is progressing since the directors voted for it. I am sending you a copy of my report sheet to the officers of NFFF, so you can see what is coming up.

Can I be of any service in your work? Hope you are interested enough in this to really make something of it this year. Foreward,  
with N.F.F.F.

Sincerely,

*Martin*

Jack Riggs, Berkeley, Calif., one of the top fan fantasy fiction  
writers has these kind words--

Dear Harold:

Certainly you may reprint those items you mentioned and anything else from past issues (of Lethe) that you want.. If you are able to continue fan pubbing, I enjoyed Atres Artes myself. Well, here's to luck whatever.

*Jack*

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## THE N.F.F.F. ?

WHY JOIN AND SUPPORT THE NFFF?

BECAUSE -----

the N3f is the only NATIONAL organization devoted exclusively to your interest in fantasy.

the N3f is the only means for obtaining those benefits available to a united fandom; FANCYCOPDIA, FINLAY PORTFOLIO, and

## FANTASY ASPECTS