

VOICE FROM THE DEAD

EVERY real JULES VERNE fan is familiar with the startling tombstone of the great master of science fiction. Showing him pushing back the slab over the stone coffin, and calling to the world with outstretched hand—as tho the master had something more to say to all of us—a voice out of the dead world came to the American JULES VERNE Society, Mr. James C. Iraldi,



JULES VERNE

last week, in the form of a letter from Holland! It was a missive—seemingly uncensored, from the President of the "Societe Jules Verne", an international world-wide body of Vernians, the headquarters of which were in Paris, France, and which was believed completely 'extinct' due to the war situation. The President of the "Societe Jules Verne" is C. Helling, a professional man in Holland, and an ardent Vernian of international repute.

His letter to the American Society's secretary told of the temporary suspension of activities of the international group, but of the continued interest in the famous author JULES VERNE, and of the writing, by Helling, of a new and authoritative biography of the great master of science in fiction form.

President Helling was not able to give Vernians in this hemisphere any news concerning the condition of the Jules Verne Museum in Nantes, or of his house maintained as a shrine in Amiens, or of his tomb, all of which were in the war zone and occasionally under heavy shell fire, nor is there any news concerning the disposal of such memorabilia of Jules Verne in those places by occupying authorities.

American JULES VERNE Society

UNITY

UNITY IS MY MESSAGE, COMPLETE UNITY BETWEEN ALL EDITORS, AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS AND FANS.

LET'S FORGET OUR PETTY FEUDS AND QUARRELS FOR THE DURATION. LET'S WORK TOGETHER AND REGARDLESS OF WHAT HAPPENS, DO OUR BEST TO KEEP FANTASY FIC-

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I HOPE THAT THE CONVENTION WILL BE HELD AS PLANNED. LET'S DO OUR BEST TO MAKE IT SO, WAR OR NO WAR!

FANTASY-TIMES WILL CONTINUE MONTHLY PUBLICATION AS LONG AS POSSIBLE DURING THIS CONFLICT & IF IT HAS TO SUSPEND, YOU CAN BE REST ASSURED THAT IT WILL RETURN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER THIS STORM CLOUD HAS PASSED.

AGAIN I STRESS UNITY, ESPECIALLY AMONG THE FANS, FOR THE DURATION!

AS FOR THE WAR, LET'S GIVE THE AXIS HELL!

James Jaurasi
publisher

EDITING A STIF MAGAZINE

by ALDEN H. MORTON

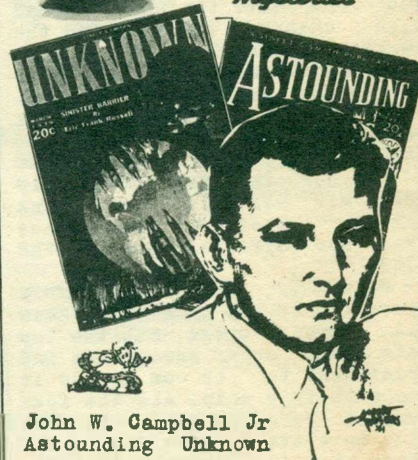
IN the first place, I suppose I am fortunate enough to be the type of editor who can still read for pleasure and let's emotion, rather than formula, shape his decisions. Secondly, I had what might be called a latent yen for science and fantasy fiction—dating, I suppose, from the time I read some of the early Merritt, Cummings, and Siesy masterpieces in the old Argosy; (continued on Page 4)

FANTASY-TIMES' PICTORIAL COLUMN



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editor of

Famous FANTASTIC Mysteries



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Thrilling Wonder, Startling,
and Captain Future.



FLIGHT OF THE SILVER STAR

(A MAGICIAN OF SPACE YARN)

by JAMES V. TAURASI

Illustrated by Frank R. Paul

"Fantasy Times" brings back that popular character, The Magician of Space, after her success's in "Scienti-Snaps" and "Cosmic Tales", and consequent appearance as a six part cartoon in "Amazing Man Comics." Uncanny Tales, leading Canadian Fantasy magazine will use the first yarn in this series in her pages soon

The city was bright with many colored lights, but the brightest spot was at City Field, Long Island, where the largest space vessel, was to begin its maiden voyage. Kayto, Mars, was to be its first stop, outside of a short refueling period on the Moon. Many years of careful planning had gone into the ship. It had been changed twice during the course of construction, so that major improvements could be made. It was the largest, the most expensive, the most comfortable passenger liner in the universe. Its speed was something that even her designers could only guess at. Her silver hull shone like a silver star, from hence came her official name, SILVER STAR.

Naturally, when a new luxury space liner of this type makes its first voyage, all the top hats and super snooty men and women want to be on it. So it was with this ship. All the four hundred were on hand, and they made sure every press man in the place knew it. Daringly dressed, the women of the uppercrust put on their airs and dazzled the crowd with their priceless out-gems. The men, dressed in the skin tight outfits of the day, put on a show of their own, calculated to steal the heart of all the pretty office girls who had gone to see the pride of the space fleet off. Yes it was quite an impressive show. It even outshone the ship itself. The Governor of New York State was there, as was the President of Mars, who was returning home on the ship.

But all this was put to shame when the highest of all highest of the upper crust, made her appearance. She was Madame Listward of the Listward Billions. No, no gentle readers, she was not a beauty. She had age on her side, plus around 200 pounds of solid fat. She had a face that would make even the Mighty SILVER STAR shudder, but she had billions and power. Around the



thick rolls of fat about her neck hung the famous Floster Diamond, worth more than the Silver Star itself. Brilliant with a beauty that was legendary it seemed to be always changing color, and each color was deeper in tone and more brilliant than the one before it. The fat Madame could not resist wearing it -- how else could she impress the common cattle with her self importance?

Dazzled by the Madame, no one noticed a beautiful, young girl quietly made her way through the crowd and presented her passport and tickets to one of the ship's officers.

The Officer checked her papers with the ship's records and gave her the key to her stateroom. He was about to call a porter to take the lady's small luggage, but she waved him away with a coy smile, and told him in a golden voice, not to bother that she could handle it herself. She was a beauty this little maid. Just clearing five feet, built in the right proportions, with all the curves in the right places. Golden hair hung to her

THE SEDUCTIVE YOUNG EARTH-MARS GIRL WITH THE HYPNOTIC EYES GOES AFTER THE FAMOUS FLOSTER DIAMOND.

shoulders, matching her light golden skin which showed to good effect in the brief outfit of the time. It also marked her as being of Earth-Mars extraction, a rare mixture. Her father had been of Earth, her mother of Mars, and she had inherited the beauty of Earth, plus an ability that few Martians still possess, hypnotism. She was --- THE MAGICIAN OF SPACE! Loved by all the poor and oppressed, and a headache to the inter-planet police, whom she had made fools out of, time and time again. She could have gotten aboard without a passport, simply by hypnotizing the Officer at the airlock but she was taking no chances this trip. She was after the Floster diamond! It would look much better around her neck than the fat Madame's.

Once in her stateroom, she locked the door. Opening her bag she made sure her golden outfit, gas gun, and golden mask were there. They were neatly hidden in a secret compartment. From the same compartment she took out a detailed plan of the ship and for the next half hour she sat silent, a picture of golden beauty, making her final study of the map. When at last she looked up, all the map's details were safe in her keen brain. She tore the map to bits, set fire to it and threw the ashes in the ship's bad air outlet.

After the initial acceleration of the take-off, she carefully arranged her hair, and went out to enjoy the trip until the time came for action.

It wasn't long before the ship landed on the Moon to take on the bulk of the fuel needed to make the trip to Mars. Our golden haired Miss was at the cocktail bar, near the main entrance to the ship, when who should walk in, but the ace of Interplanetary Police, Frank Wells. Wells and Jane, the real name of The Magician of Space had met before -- in contest. There could be only one reason for Wells being here. The IP suspected that Jane would try to get the famous Floster diamond and had sent Wells to stop her.

"Darn", said Jane under her breath, "Now I have to look out for that big goof, but then that big lummox couldn't hit the side of a space ship even if he was thrown at it."

From then on the trip became pure hell for the upper crusts our little Miss, with her delightful sense of humor, saw to that.

An upper crust was making a hostess' heart break, by telling her all about the \$500 gown she had on. She shrieked to find her self minus said gown plus a good deal more, a minute later. Our little Miss had happened to pass by. Another time, Mrs. Listward was licking her chops as she put rare, yellow, Martian grapes into the gapping tunnel she called a mouth. Martian grapes are the most expensive of fruit in the universe, but yellow Martian grapes are almost unobtainable. Our Magician of Space happened by and decided that fatty had had enough grapes, so she hypnotized Mrs. Listward. The grapes turned to stale bread as Mrs. Listward was about to take a bite & it took the ship hospital doctor about three hours of hard work to bring Mrs. Listward to. Our little Miss felt quite happy a little later eating the rare grapes Mrs. Listward no longer wanted.

Frank Wells saw or heard of these little incidents and tore out his thick, curly, black hair. Now he was sure the little brat of a Magician was aboard, but try as he might he could not locate her. Little did he know that he passed her daily. Once he danced with a beautiful blonde and forgot his troubles till he entered his stateroom. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a letter.

Darling Frank

Don't tell me that they taught you to dance so well at Police school?

They should have taught you how to catch little girls half your size!

*Love & Kisses
The Magician of Space*

Frank tore the letter to bits & swore that when he caught that brat he'd make her wish she had never learned to hypnotize. For the next few days he looked over every girl on the ship trying to find something about each that resembled the Magician of Space, but all he got was a good case of eye-strain and sleepless nights. Finally he went to see Mrs. Listward and had a half hour talk with her. Our little Miss saw this and wondered.

The night before landing on Mars came; the night of spacetravel's famous tradition-----The Masquerade Ball. Jane 6EM35, The Magician of Space's real name, was in her room dressed only in

the silkiest of undies. She opened her little hand bag and took out her Magician of Space outfit. She squeezed into it, around her slender waist she buckled her gas gun. Arranging her hair into a seductive hairdo, she placed her famous combination hat and mask upon her fair head. She looked in the mirror and was well pleased with the picture she made, and right was she to be pleased for she presented a picture that was the envy of every woman in the two worlds. She took from her handbag another object,---a diamond that looked like the famous Floster Diamond. In fact it looked so much like the Floster Diamond that only certain fine instruments could tell the difference. This she placed in her gun holster. She was now ready for the Masked Ball.

As she stepped into the Ball room she saw that she had been right in expecting to find a number of other women dressed as she. Women always tried to imitate the dress of the Magician of Space at these balls. She had counted on that in her plans to get the famous diamond.

She noticed with amusement that Frank Wells, still in his handsome IP uniform, but with a small blue mask added to fit the occasion, made it his duty to dance with each and every Magician of Space dressed girl in the place. The Ball was a huge success. Jane had a dozen dances with Frank Wells, when she thought it was time to get to work.

Her plan was simple. She went over and began talking to the madame of the Floster Diamond & hypnotized her. Under her spell she made her remove her fat body to the women's room. There Jane carefully removed the diamond from the madame's fat neck and placed the false one there. She and the madame left the room---to fall into the arms of Frank Wells waiting outside.

"So" he stated with a victory grin, "I've got you at last!" He quickly placed his large hands over her eyes so that she had no chance to hypnotize him. The fat madame still hypnotized went to her chair as if nothing happened.

Taken completely by surprise Jane could do nothing. She had figured that with all the false Magician of Spaces around, Frank would never catch her.

Frank answered her thoughts by stating, not unprideful, "I thought sure that if I kept my eyes on the madame, you'd try and steal that diamond sooner or later, and it looks as if I was right." Getting a little careless with his success, Frank relaxed his grip on Jane, so that he could search her for the diamond. Jane took advantage of this by giving him a swift, hard kick in the shins. While Frank was holding his injured leg with

both hands she hypnotized him in that position, turning him into a statue. "A few hours in that position ought to teach him", she stated aloud, as she ran out of the room.

When the spell released him from being a statue, Frank made a red-faced search for the Magician of Space, but never found her tho she was always near him and even helped in the search.

Later the ship landed on Mars and Frank went to give his report to the local Chief.

"Sorry Sir", he reported, "She got away, but without the diamond. Our trick to have the madame wear a fake diamond to the Ball worked, but the little brat was slick, she got away---I'd like to see her face when she finds out it's a false diamond."

At that moment, Jane, was in her desert hideout, lying full length, face down, across her bed, crying her eyes out, and kicking her seductively formed legs. She was not crying because she had lost the diamond, she could always go after that, she was crying in anger, because Frank Wells had put one over on her.

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Dear Mr. Taurasi:

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Alden H. Norton
EDITOR

Pep, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Taurasi:

Thank you very much for the issue of *FANTASY TIMES*. It is one of the most interesting and distinguished-looking publications I have seen.

I remember with pleasure meeting you and your associates at the NYCON.

Sincerely yours

Jack Williamson

DOROTHY QUICK

Dear Mr. Taurasi

I was very interested in seeing your "Fantasy Times" and think it a splendid idea. Congratulations on carrying out so successfully your idea.

Sincerely,

Dorothy Quick
Dorothy Quick

FANTASY-TIMES is published monthly by James V. Taurasi, 137-07 32nd Ave, Flushing, New York. New Jersey Office, 603 S. 11th Street, Newark. JAMES V. TAURASI, editor and publisher
SAM MOSKOWITZ, managing editor
P. ORLIN TREMAINE, associate editor
JOHN GIUNTA, art and cartoon editor
RATES: 5 cents a copy - 5 issues 25 cents
ADVERTISING RATES: on request

Plain Talk by James Taurasi

I had been our intention, this month to present a complete review of the year 1941 in as far as professional magazines went. But on second thought we decided that this would not have helped the pros any. A different form of review has been decided upon. PLAIN TALK, next month, will begin taking the pro mags apart and try to give a little advice on how they can be improved. We intend to pull no punches. But our aims are sincere, we don't intend to rake any mag over the fire, we aim to give our opinion on what's wrong with the mag. Yes, it's only one man's opinion, so if any of you disagree, speak up, space in FANTASY-TIMES awaits you. Thrilling WONDER Stories will be the first mag we'll take apart; with pictures galore! Thanks to STREET AND SMITH; THE FRANK A MUNSEY CO.; STANDARD PUBLICATIONS; FICTIONEERS & AMERICAN JULES VERNE SOCIETY, for the use of their pictures.

EDITING A STF MAGAZINE (continued from Page 1)

at any rate, I was both receptive to and definitely interested in the idea of having some science fiction books, and today, after a few months of it, I feel very much the same way.

I would say without qualification that the science fiction fans represent a unified, loyal, and constructive reader type which no other type of magazine can hope to acquire. In some fields of publishing, notably the sports and crime books, it is very hard for an editor to determine whether or not his choice of stories, make-up, etc., meets with the approval of his readers. Only the sales chart

Only the sales chart tells the story, and then if his guess was wrong it is usually too late for Herpicide. Stiff fans, on the other hand, are intelligently articulate and extremely constructive in their comments. I am sure that any editor in this field must feel that he has both the support and the support and the good wishes of a large percentage of his reader group. As for myself, I can assure you that I am profoundly appreciative every time the daily mail-sack brings me the comments of fandom in general.

Science fiction differs radically from the ordinary pulp action story. It is more carefully written and plotted, more thought-provoking, more imaginative. It should be. Pulp as we know them are new. Science fiction goes back to the days of Jules Verne and before him.

I could say more, but I will have to have due consideration for your editorial space. Briefly, I am glad to be in the science fiction field. I hope we can bring our books up to a level which will make the feeling mutual.



James Taurasi



ALDEN H. MORTON

The Time Stream

WAR NEWS: Manley Wade Wellman and John Victor Peterson have been called to the colors. Lt. Commander L. Ron Hubbard went into active duty in our Navy on that fateful day of Dec. 7th, '41. Frank Kurtz, brother-in-law of F.O. Tremaine, landed in Manila in a flying fortress the Wednesday before War was declared.

FANTASY ITEMS: Report has been received that Manhattan Fiction Company (formerly Albing Publications) plans to issue a science-fantasy mag with wellheim as editor called stirring Fantasy Large size 15 cents. This report is unconfirmed. Herbert Rogers did the Dec. 1941 cover of Adventure. John W. Campbell Jr. had an article on the future in the Nov. 25, '41 issue of PIC titled THE FANTASTIC FUTURE and illustrated by Rogers. MOSKOWITZ will soon see his The Way Back in Canada's UNCANNY. Ray Van Houten has sold a 6,500 word yarn to PLANET STORIES. James V. Taurasi is now training at nights as an AXILIARY FIREMAN, at the Flushing Fire Engine Company 272. Rogers has done the heading for Astounding's new department of tall stf stories it shows a rabbit pulling a magician out of a silk top. Wait till you see the expression on the magician's face. Rogers has also done a new art heading for Brass Tacks. It seems that S. Cooper is a great admirer of Ed Cartier. Cooper is the artist of the cartoon strip Mr. Justice, appearing in JACKPOT COMICS. In the no. 3 issue of JACKPOT COMICS, Cooper uses, as a base for some scenes in his cartoon strip, some of Cartier's artwork. The head of the bloated what is it of the Feb '40 Unknown cover is used in 1 scene, while the first drawing of THE GHOUL in the August 1939 issue of UNKNOWN is used for another scene.



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