

# FANVARIETY

The only fanzine that can be read jumping out of a twenty story window. (Lets see you do that John Davis)

No2

NOV.

Vol 1

Monthly

INDEX

## ARTICLES

Lost S.F. Fan	Shelby Vick	14
Peculiar Happinings		
Of Nature	W. C. Butts	10
Natures Lovers Series		
Essay On the Chicken	Chet Whissen	9
How to Tell A		
Poisonous Snake	Chet Whissen	9
Dianetics		
Dangrous Racket	Ray Nelson	8
Gentle Art Of Horology		
How To Fix a Watch	Chet Whissen	15

## STORIES

Ueltimate	L'Ho	8
Who Is the		
Nights Prime Evil	Paul Cox	12
The Best Man	Paul Cox	17

## DEPARMENTS

Ledder Box		4
Figleaf	W. Max Keasler	3
Guff Stuff From		
Off The Cuff	R. J. Banks	7
News Varieties	J. T. Oliver	11

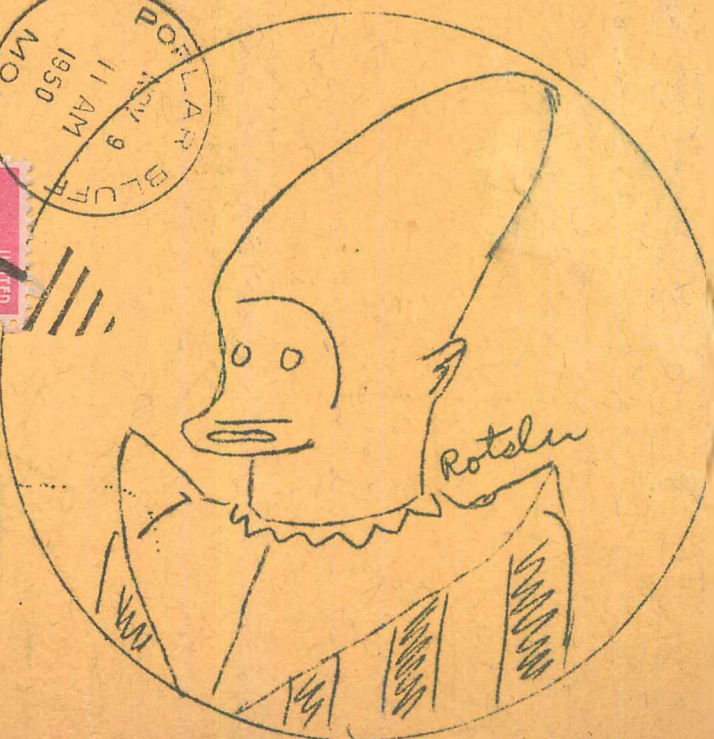
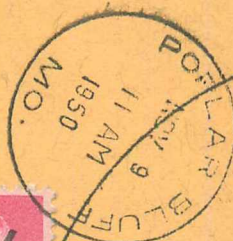
INSIDE COVER WILLIAM ROTSLEER BACK COVER W. MAX KEASLER  
Fanvariety, Monthly, 10¢ per copy. 6 for 50¢ 12 for 1.00  
The Nonescience-fiction science-fiction fanzine

From

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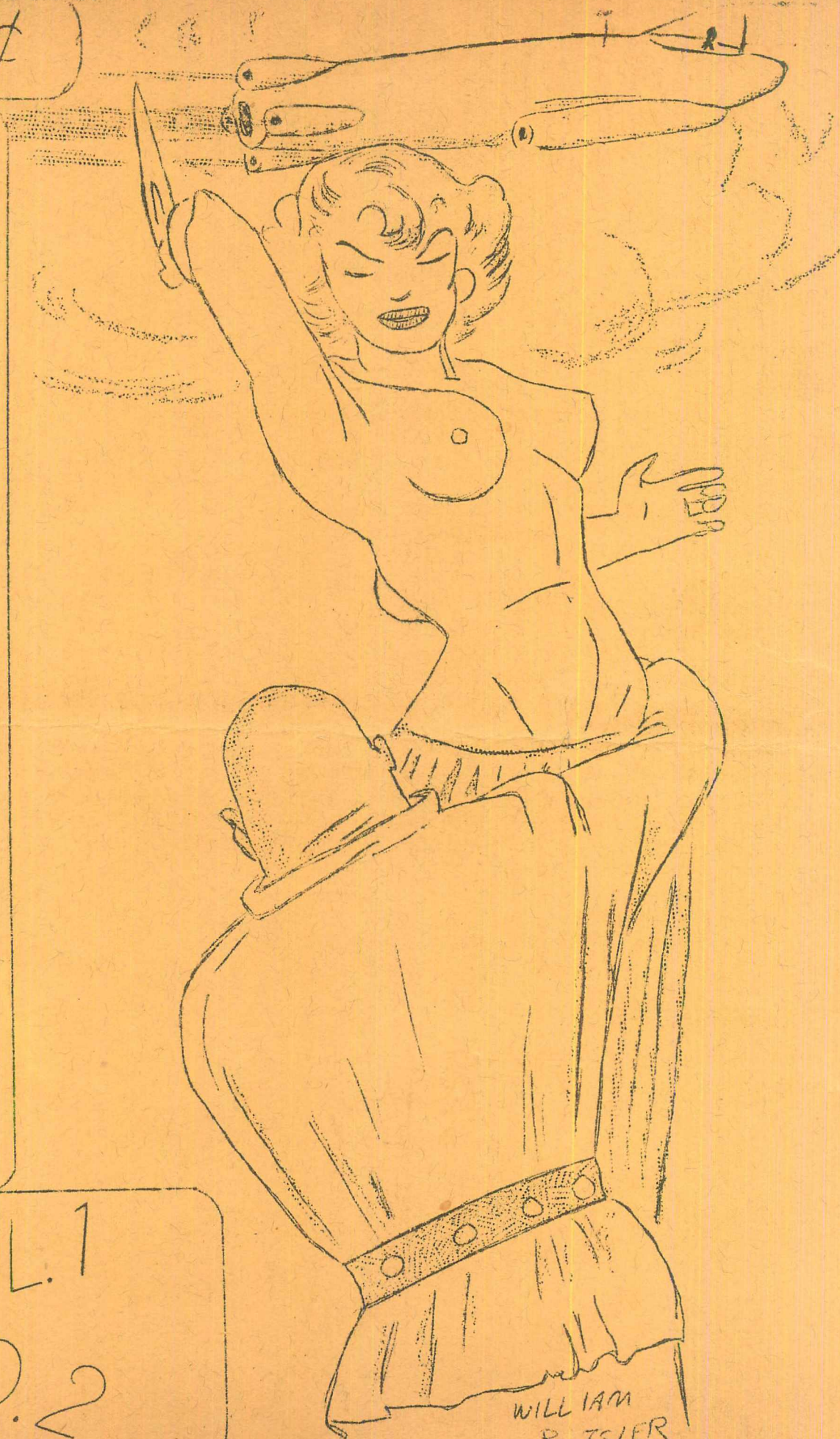




10¢

NAVY-ARTY

VOL. 1  
NO. 2





# FILEAF

3-

Yes, block two of Fanvariety is off the mimeograph and shipped straight to you so you can throw it away or burn it or what ever they do with them, certainly not read them. Fanvariety must be the newest fanzine never read on the market, judging by all those letters I didn't get. I can see it now: Fanvariety, the fanzine you love to hate.

I want to thank you who did write in and send material. By pulling out a few mircales and talking Duggie out of some stuff I got this ish out, better enjoy it if possible, it looks like the last unless better response is had. Out of 200 copies I thought I'd get a few more replys, but maybe I'm a dreamer. A monthly needs twice as much material and such as does a bi-monthly and you get it twice as fast. The size and issusing date depends only on how much and when I get it. I need material more than anything else, since I have just started there is no backlog. Remember Fanvariety prints anything about anything science-fiction or otherwise.

Now drys your eyes, I through: with that.

Lots of thanks to Paul Cox, J.T. Oliver, Bill Rothler, Shelby Vick, Lee Hoffman, R.J. Banks and most certainly to Chet Whissen. Those wonderfull articles are just what Fanvariety had in mind when it was formed.

About that smear in the lower corner of Cox's BestMan was a picture untill my EX-typist typed into it. Bless her little soul Now I'm two finger typing my own. This really plays hell with my typing class, the teacher doesn't like my new method.

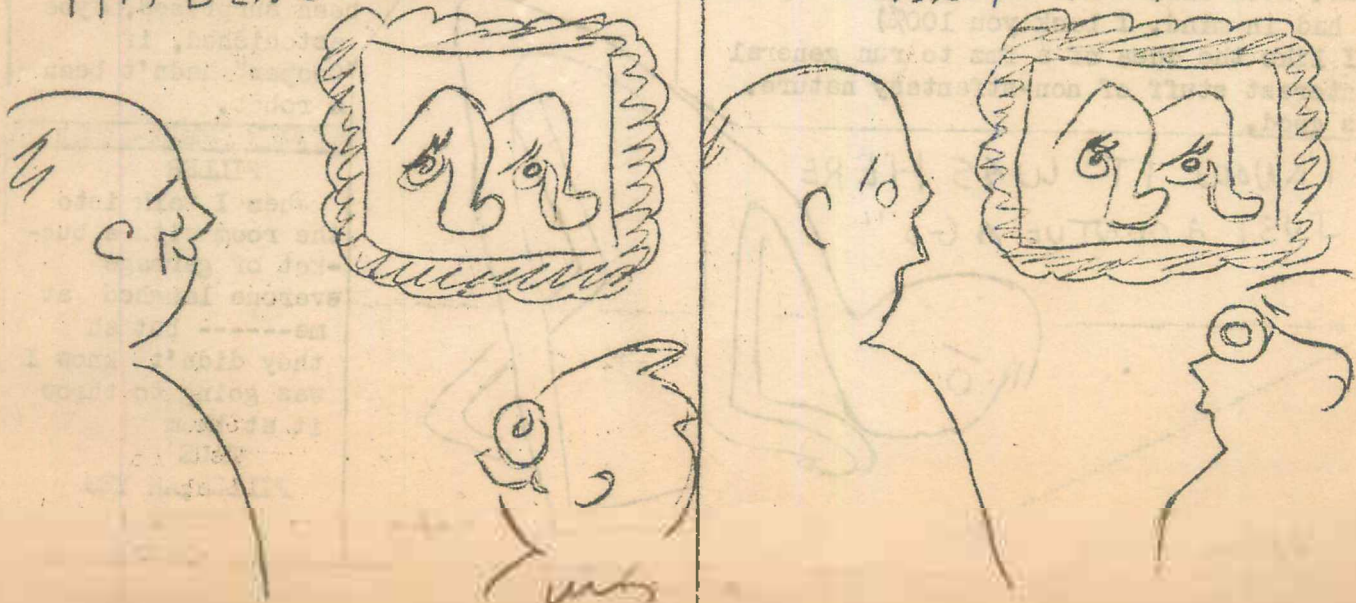
I used those new stencils that are supposed to type better and cut deeper, but they didn't say anything about them tearing easier too. Those dramatic smears are where the flooded through the torn stencil.

But you must admit it is still slop-gorgeous

For \*? ~~the~~ sakes write those things, what ever stf fan write. ~~Bob~~ ~~you~~ could you help me? Not sh will

IT IS BEAUTIFUL!

ISN'T IT?





# STANDARIONICALLY SPEAKING

I received fanvariety, glanced thru it and concluded that it was pretty sad. After looking it over a couple times I concluded that I was wrong. It's a pretty nice li-'l zine. Your "sexy" gags gives the impression that you're a bunch of kids trying to be adult but otherwise it's a good fmz.

Outstanding is the legibility. So few fmz are. If you cut a little harder it would be nigh onto perfect mimeoing.

DRUM SONG was very good. The method of presentation is quite interesting, too.

JAZZ I likt. I've met so many people who seem to feel that jazz should be outlawed. Cuss'em.

PLOT Jay is always good.

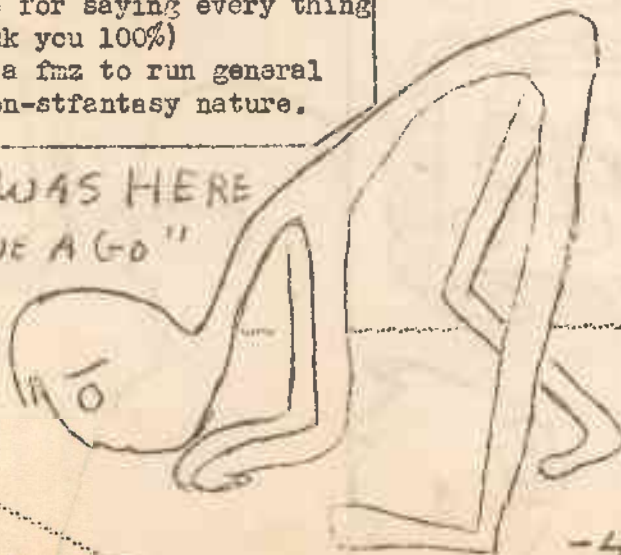
TOUGH GUY was a interesting idea that was pretty well done.

FAN INTERVIEW ... Good for a giggle.

FIG LEAF... I know what you mean about first ish. Sure hope you kept your monthly schedule. Too many people have called me a fool for taking one on and I want them to know I'm not the only one. Believe me, tho, a monthly beats a quarterly anyday. Where 'else can you live down a mistake, so fast Improve at such a fast rate. Most fmz used to be monthly. Hell, is it any harder to put out 17 pages a month than 40 pages every three months. Fen have become lazy with that matter of putting out quarterlies. The argument that a monthly can't keep standards of quality up won't hold water. (ED. NOTE Thanks Lee for saying every thing I had in mind. I back you 100%)

I like the idea of a fmz to run general interest stuff of non-stfantasy nature. 's good.

"I KNOW IT WAS HERE JUST A MINUTUE A GO"



WMS

# CRITICALLY SPEAKING -J.T. Oliver

Well gonna be kinda of critical of your first ish, but it's 'con-structive criticism. First improve your spelling. Second, cut out the Flair type pages. Third try to do better mimeo work. I was barely able to read TOUGH GUY. I liked the tale tnc. Also liked the article on jazz. Kinda cute, it was. I don't care a lot for artwork all over a fanmag. It's was a good start. I know your next ish will be better because you'll have more material. It's hard to get anything for the first ish.

## PITTSBUR'S PICKINGS

J I Fanvariety shows alot of promts a r for a first issue. Like the ton-c w -gue-in-cheek attitude that you k i use. Also am glad to see the n contents aren t being limited to science fiction, fantasy and kinded topics. After all , several million people live without S.F.

entering into their lives to any noticeable degree, so their must be many interesting be-sides it. The style of DRUM SONG is ok once

but I don't think another one of the same style would be quite enjoyable, it might even get to be sickening if one was to read many more. I like TOUGH GUY better than the other contents. I liked it more for the idea than the writing J.T.'s THE PLOT seemed to be the only serious thing in the issue. Liked it al-though the ending didn't surprise me, I would of been surprised, maybe astonished, if "Cooper" hadn't been a robot.

## FILLER

Then I walk into the room with a buc-ket of garbage everyone laughed at me----- but ah they didn't know I was going to throw it at them

TRUE

FILLER...H YES

What does "J" stand for? (That is a closely guarded secret)

The cover was ..... Look on the back. In other words, slobber, slobber, slobber Wooco!

After I just skimmed thru it, I started to take a bath, and as it sez on the ah, 1st, second, third, nope, 2nd page that it is the only fanzine that can be wrut-tun, I mean read under water, so I tried it, and as Wilkie Conner once said, "It plumb ruint it. Misrepresentation. Now it's barely legible. But was it ever?

Why couldn't you make the what-ever-it-is on the cover a little more transparent Like it anyway. Personally, I think That ODD's spelling is worse than yours. But that's just my opinion.

And way is the first or third, one of those marked 2?

But with the fishtail in the way, there isn't any ..... so how could you .....her. Tsksksksk Details.

Didn't you know I have the Black Plague and you didn't put it down.

I don't get the cartoon "She went thataway"

Oliver's story was good but I've read better. By me naturally. But that's another story. Material by me? I don't write.

Except the 24 manuscripts following soon after this letter.

Nelson thing was the best in the ish. MOREMOREMORE!! Next was his whatchamacallit about Jazz. Me, I never heard any, so I'm unprejudiced. Unprejudiced.

Since when is Billy Spelled Bailey.

Never knew it. How did you get my name! (OUT OF A OLD HAT BAND) What does hpoce mean (N.C.) What is Science-fication?

Since when is 35000 words a novelette. Longer, much longer, yes. But ...

I like the type of writing on the thing for the N.F.F.F. It is the NFFF rather than the NFF? It looks like the third letter, but they ain't.

What is a'nt mean.

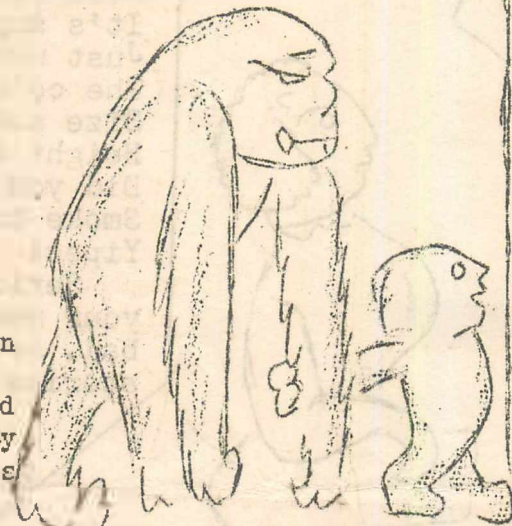
What is editorial? I mean editorial?

What is a quizz?

I love to tear you apart. All in fun. I like the phrases at the bottom of page 11, or as you would say 11. Sounds familiar. Mo.

My brother wants to use the typer now, so I'll leave.

S'l



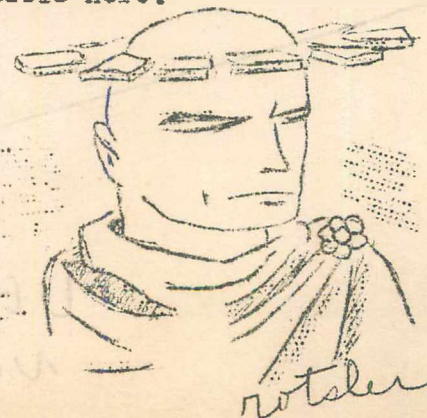
#### FROM FAR OFF CAMARILLO..

William Rotsler

Recd thy Fanvariety; that it not so good but has promise and (what I think is most important in a fanzine) some sort of personality. The mag while not well mimeoed and bad spelling etc., isn't too bad, I rarely ever read fanzines and truthfully have read little of this one... but it has a certain half-ass kick. Keep on.

The S.F. Fan Interview was fun.

Nelson poetry was a lot of crap, very bad placement of text (Axiom: DON'T CROWD THINGS) cartoon fun. Better luck on the next ish; should improve, has good basis here.



NEW SONG

"I'm in the Mude For Love"



**FILL IN BELOW**

**Chat Whissen**

Have just received a copy of Fanvariety and I am answering to tell you what I think of it. So to save time and space and wear and tear on somethig or the other, please check one or more of the following boxes:



O-O dwedful mans-it's  
simply gorgeous!  
It stinks  
I am crazy  
You are crazy  
We are crazy  
Yes, we ahve no bananas  
I think sex is here to stay  
?#?#C  
Do you think the Uenuasians  
will realy invade Earth?  
It's super-mala-collassal !  
Just what the doctor ordered  
The color yes no  
Size socks  
Height color  
Did you say 10¢(model).  
Smoke co-cool,smoke co-cool  
Yipes!  
Seriously, I realy liked  
your new zine: Spelling was  
bad. Art work,HAH.Layout  
stories and articles fine.

**W.W.W.**

**Ralph Bailly**

Well I think Fanvariety is pretty good. It realy is I would mark it WWWW (Will Worth Wreeding) The interview on the last page had a professional touch to it. The covertoo, you ought to lend that cover to ODD. You see how much better it it for a cover to radiate beauty and harminy than be a piece of grotesquerie?

Just for the record I think i better say I looked all through Fanvariety and coylndn't find it,-- a high moral tone, I mean.

A-MEN  
DERE AIN'T  
NO MORE



GRUFF STUFF FROM OFF THE COFF BY R. J. BANKS JR.

Seeing that Fanvariety is not restricted to stf and fantasy; seeing that there are no columns in the horrid rag; seeing that I don't even have time to keep up with my correspondence; seeing that the editor had too much sense to request any material from me; seeing that my interest are varied; and in as much as my school work takes up eight out of ten of my working I concocted this little monstrosity, which should scare the pants off anyone foolish enough to read it.

Beside being a well-known (ha) stf fan I am a collector of hillbilly records and if any reader request it, I shall devote a halfpage or so in each column to news and notes on the hill-billy records field.

Another thing is sports. You can expect quite a few timely forecasts on college football, professional baseball, the various stars in said sports. For instance, you will find listed below my top ten college football teams in the nation, this is all so the way the final sportswriter's polls should list them.

1. Oklahoma University
2. Army
3. Texas A&M.
4. California
5. Southern Methodist
6. Kentucky
7. Illinois
8. Ohio State
9. Michigan
10. Georgia

Deros are at work. If you have over 200 mags in your collection, you can prove that statement to yourself very easily. Just go at once, and check your stock. You have Future complete, don't you, or do you where's that volume 1 number three? And what about the first issue of Avon Fantasy Reader? If you have a family or if you live alone, you misplace on the average of six mags annually, and even if you have a complete syssem for storing and cataloguing mags, you are almost certain to misplace one at one time or another. This is not due merely to the weakness of human nature, but most certainly is the work of deros. Just ask Richard S. Shaver!

More Sports At this writing, once-mighty Notre Dame has been defeated twice already this season; is rated as the underdog in a coming contest with Michigan. This leaves Army and Oklahoma in possession of the longest win streaks in college football. I predict that both will keep their records throughout the rest of this season, but Army will be defeated early in its next year of play, while Oklahoma will go on to top the 39-game win record established by Norte Dame.

Is there a teen-aged stf fan in the audience? There certainly is, if there is an audience. If there is such a one, who has time enough and ambition enough to take over the publication of an stf fanzine exclusively for teen-agers, he will have my everlasting gratitude. By this time this appears the first issue of Spaveteen (Or Timeteen, if Lin Carter will not release the former title) will have been mailed out to over 100 fans; perhaps the second issue will be too. This should leave the mag at least braking even, so the only requirement for my successor as editor-publisher is time. I must either find someone who will step into my shoes with the little mag, or suspend publication indefinitely. Spackin' of fannags I want to take this opportunity to plug my on giant economy sized mag. Utopian runs 56 pages, with both covers illustrated, allso interiors illustrating the fiction, containing at least five regular columns, running approximately 10,000 words of fiction regularly, with a letter column, quizzes, poetry and much more for only 25¢

Stf fans do oft aspire  
To ease controversy friction  
But they don't buy Esquire  
Just to read Bradbury's fiction.

jabber-jabber I ran out.



# DIANETICS

## DANGEROUS RACKET

-8-

What is it's Harm?

Is it harm if a man is put into such a trance that it takes an hour of expert work to bring him out. Is it harm if a man collapses in a public place partially paralyzed, screaming and writhing, with tears streaming down his face? Is it "harm" if a girl breaks into deep sobs and cries of pain, and later can't remember anything about it?

Dianetics claims harmless, even in the hands of amateurs. If the things I spoke of are "harm", then dianetics is harmful, because these things I have seen with my own eyes- caused by dianetics.

CLAIMS MUCH

So far dianetics claims much, but I have yet to see one shred of proof that it has any good effect whatsoever. With its bad effects, I have had only too much experience. So-called clears have been called upon for public performances, but in all cases which I have heard of, they fail to deliver the goods. A grade school child can pick holds in dianectic theory, but when the theory is attacked, Campbell's pet canaries cry, "Be a pragmatist! Don't look at the theory, look at the results!" Well I'm looking at the results. (And I do not mean "patent-medicine" like "testimonials" such as those that appeared in TIMES letter column.) Those results that I have seen have been all bad. How about showing us these 100% cures, Mister Hubbard? How about an exhibition of these so-called clears before a board of QUALIFIED PSYCHIATRISTS Mister Campbell? ASF's science-fiction hacks have demonstrated their ability in public speaking to the satisfaction of all, but glib doubletalk doesn't make a new science of the mind. At the Norwescon the speaker for dianetics were asked a lot of straight questions, but I've yet to hear an advocate of dianetics give a straight answer. Unless you auditors want dianetics branded for what I believe it is, - a cheap dangerous, stupid racket, you'd better start naming names, starting specific cases, and producing REAL, TANGIBLE results.

Well,--we're waiting.

by Ray Nelson

# ULTIMATE

by LHO

Merwin cast a critical eye over the walls of bookshelves. His collection contained complete sets of every prozine, every fanzine, every sf and every fantasy book ever published. He had seen every sf movie ever made. He had attended every sfcon ever held. He had corresponded with every fan of any importance. He had originals by every pro and every fan artist with any trace of talent. He had written for every fmz of any importance. He had criticised (and severely, too) every pro on the market. Oh no, mercy to FOOFOO, no, not letters to the editor..not hacking letters! He had unleashed his venomous tongue and scorched out his sarcasm within the pages of EN fmz. For the past ten years he had been voted #1 face in every poll of any importance. He sighed bitterly. The poison that had poured forth so brilliantly from his tongue and the tips of his fingers cried out for a new victim. But there was none, no fan of any importance whom he had not already attacked.

Slowly he walked over to the window and looked out at the busy, happy world thirteen floors down.

"I'm the ultimate," he sighed, "I am the ultimate fan. I am perfect. I have nothing left to live for." So he jum

P  
e  
d



# ESSAY ON THE CHICKEN

The chicken is not very smart. The intelligence quotient of the average chicken has been carefully estimated to be equal that of a sixty-three and a half year old Senator. The chicken's loftiest ambition is to fall into a pan of dirty water; or to get her neck inextricably fastened in some mesh chicken wire. The chicken does not have a very large vocabulary. She says "cut-a-cut-a-cut-a-cut" or sometime "cut-cut-a-cut-a-cut-cut" -- both or either of which means "Well, what the hell are you staring at, bud?" Sometimes the chicken just says "Quork", which means in Chickenese, "Why don't you mind own dam business?" The chicken has one more word in her vocabulary also. This is "Squak!", issued in a loud and raucous tone and probably means "help" as it is usually issued just before the cleaver or ax separates the cranium from the rest of the carcass.

After years of scientific research our statisticians inform us that white chickens eat more than brown chickens, the reason being that there are more white chickens than there are brown ones.

The mother instinct is very strong in the chicken. She will sit for days on end on a nestful of old ping-pong balls, or if placed on a clutch of genuine eggs (clutch is a chicken fancier's name for about as many eggs as you could throw into an old derby hat), she will hatch them. Then, being very motherly and nearsighted she will probably trample most of them to death. I once read a book which said that chickens were easily hypnotized -- so I tried it -- and when I awoke three days later I was flapping my arms and crowing lustily, which just goes to prove that you must never underestimate a chicken.

Chickens are economically-minded, too. When eggs are very low in price they will prolifically -- sometime as many as two eggs in a single day. When eggs are very high-priced they will --- not lay at all. This is a sort of "planned economy" which many of our leading statesmen are highly in favor of -- or it seems.

The love life of the chicken is very philosophical. Almost any chicken can be seduced by any rooster that happens to enter the barnyard. (And she doesn't give a hoot whether the old bird resembles Earl Flinn or Humphrey Bogarsh either.) In this respect they are much like our college co-eds, only smarter; for as the chicken says, "A bird in the bush -- is a horse of a different color" -- or something. All in all, the chicken's life is very dull and no matter what she does, she always ends up in the fricassee. I do not think I would care to be a chicken.

NATURE LOVER'S SERIES

BY CHET WHISSEN /

# HOW TO TELL A POISONOUS SERPENT

According to the naturalists there are many ways to tell a poisonous serpent. The method that one chooses will depend entirely upon just what it is one wishes to tell the serpent. In the first place, you could just walk boldly up to hi or her as the case may be, and addressing him in a firm voice say: "Now looky here, you nasty old snake-in-the-grass, you, I'm sick and tired of your rattling around here, all over the place!" Or some other quaint remark. The serpent will undoubtedly reply with a long drawn-out monosyllable, not unlike steam escaping from a rusty valve on Old No. 97; where upon, you wop him solidly on the noggin with a king-size pick handle or a sack full of old bridge trophies, thus ending the conversation (and earning the undying gratitude of friend wife who was tired of dusting the damn things anyway).

This brings us to Method Two. This takes a little preparation. First, you go around to all "Ye Olde Antique Shoppes" and buy several suits of old armor.



These can be purchased very reasonably at most places about eight or nine <sup>10</sup> -sands dollars a suit. Next, put on the armor, being sure to insulate each suit <sup>on</sup> the other with alternate layers of asbestos and steel-wool. By this time you will be so hellish hot and uncomfortable that you will forget what you wanted to say to the serpent anyway -- which is a good idea.

Now for Method Three. This is by far the simplest and least expensive. Having armed yourself with a palm leaf fan, several copies of "Naughty Stories" and a couple of tall, cool mint juleps, you amble carelessly out onto the patio and relaxing into the nearest hammock, send Yamahoto Ul Ul, the Hawaiian houseboy to give the serpent your message. This leaves you the afternoon free -- and, of course, you can always get another Hawaiian houseboy for a paltry sum. This method is not recommended in India which has nine hundred and forty-three varieties of poisonous reptiles, not including Congressmen; most of which are as illiterate as the rest of the population and do not care a hoot what you tell them now. They will crawl into your hammock or your spare set of snow-shoes and will begin a conversation even before you are aware of them, by chewing off various and sundry portions of your anatomy.

Method Four was never quite completed as the author was severely bitten right on the mezzanine balcony by old snake conversationalist and Canasta player by the name of Charlie.

# PECULIAR HAPPININGS OF NATURE

By W.C. Butts

Here in Phila. on September the 24th, 1950 the sun was a deep purple in color. From the hour of 2 p.m. it was a light purple, a sort of violet color but by 3 p.m. the sun had change to a very deep purple. Here is what some of the newspapers had to say about it. Residents flooded the newspaper offices and the Electrical Bureau here for an explanation as three well-known authorities agreed that the phenomenon which they termed unique in their experience, was formed by water or ice particles in the sky. Dr. C.P. Olivier, director of the University of Penna. Flower Observatory, said "I never saw anything like it before."

Now theres something for you to think about, this professor never saw anything like it before, and some people came out and said it was water or ice crystals. The world is old and why has there never been anything like it before? My idea is.. There is something funny going on in nature.

Threedays after this purple sun something peculiar happened that got very little play in the papers.

This started at 10 p.m., two patrolmen were cruising the section of Southwest Philly Looking through their windshield they saw drifting to earth, what at first looked like a parachute. The thing settled in a field and they radioed for help. Working their way up to the object with flashlights they found an oval mass about six feet in diameter. This mass looked to them like a dissolving soap bubble. Now here is the peculiar part of the mystery. This suppose to be soap bubble gave off a purplish light.

One of the officers stepped forward and tried to pick the thing up. What he grabbed dissolved in his hands. It felt sticky and he could detect no odor from it. Now there is something to puzzle over for awhile. How many times have you or you ever play with a soap bubble, but I never yet had a bubble, myself, that felt sticky -- for that fact I never could ever feel anything but a little wet spot after touching a bubble.

CONT. PAGE 16



BRADBURY'S NOVEL  
PICT FOR MOVIES

Ray Bradbury's new book, *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN*, will be released Feb. 23, 1951. This is the volume of Ray's short stories gathered from both the slick and the pulps. It was announced earlier that his first "legitimate" novel, *FROST AND FIRE*, would be next. The change could have been made because the critics, already recognizing him as a master of the short stories, are apt to boost a volume of his shorts, whereas most critics are too biased to accept a science-fiction novel as literature. It has been reported that Ray and a Hollywood writer are collaborating on a screen-play version of his Collier's story, *TO THE FUTURE*. Goodie! Ray is working on some semi-non-fantasy novels which he hopes to finish in a couple of years, maybe.

**BOB TUCKER MAY WRITE SCIENCE-FICTION NOVEL**  
Bob (Wilson) Tucker's next detective novel will be published about the middle of 1951. After finishing the Horne epic, Bob has tentatively scheduled a science-fiction novel. This will be his first, if he does it. His science-fiction output has so far been limited to the shorter stories. One of these, *THE JOB IS ENDED*, will appear in the Dec. ish of *OTHER WORLDS*. Another, title unknown, is more of a fantasy, and will appear in Boucher's *FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION*.

## REPRINT TO STOP

Robert W. Lowndes says that after the Janish of his *FUTURE*, no more reprints will be used. The change in policy is due to the many critical fan letters he received on the subject. I think *SUPER SCIENCE* or any other mag would do well to

ASIMOV'S NEW BOOK IS  
IN THE MAKING

Asimov's next book from Doubleday will be *THE STARS, LIKE DUST* a brand new novel. Asimov is only 30 years old. It seems incredible that a writer so young could have the brains to write complicated and suspenseful novels as those in the *Foundation* series

follow suit. All the decent stories have been reprinted at least once. All that is left is the old crud. Ever notice the sale of *FFM*, *FN*, etc., at your favorite news stand? Here they sell about 10% as many copies as the others like *STARTLING*. Future doing this about face on the subject proves that if a editor gets enough criticism, he'll make a change. Fellows who are trying to sell stories should be glad to campaign against the "reprint evil".

## CAMPBELL BETTER OPENS EYES

Seems fandom is rather upset over ASF these days. Campbell seems to be ignoring the fiction and devoting all his to the science dept. Frankly I can't recall when I've read a good story in his mag. Maybe He believes it he ignores his competition, it'll go away. but I'm sure Mr. Gold feels differently! In the past years such "low-brow" mags as *PLANET*, *FANTASTIC ADV.*, and *FUTURE* have bought stories from authors who were once science-fiction writers almost exclusively. Campbell sat on his scientific laurels and

simply ignored the migration to greener pastures. Now *GALAXY* comes along and gives us stories by several of JWC's top authors in the first issue, with promises of more and better to come. I wonder how a pro-mag poll would look now? If Boucher would drop his old time reprints, betcha he'd get first place!

## ODDS AND ENDS

What's happened to Teinster? Kuttner? VanVog? Bradbury and his wife had a baby girl. Damon Knight is editing for Hillman, a digest size monthly called *WORLDS BEYOND*. First ish due Nov. 15th.

IF YOU HAVE ANY NEW FOR THIS COLUMN. MAIL IT TO J.T. OLIVER OR TO FANVARIETY ENCLOSE YOUR NAME FOR CREDIT IF YOU LIKE



# WHO IS THE NIGHT'S PRIME EVIL?

PAUL COX

"Alcohol wouldn't do it. That was certain," James Riley thought grimly. The expectancy of the joyous event to come raced thrillingly through every artery -- every nerve fiber of his body.

The tall man with the hard angular face walked slowly along the dark rainy street. His indeterminate dark colored rain coat made him appear merely a blacker blotch on the night's enveloping dimness.

Far down the Avenue a street light cast a dingy yellow glow over the intersection. Near at hand sandwiched between

the looming hulk of warehouses light from a tavern

fingered its way through the tiny window and

spread in a long streak across the wet as-

-phalt of the road. A minute neon sign

announced that the bar was Harry's

Grill. Its red reflection in a

puddle caused a surge of ant-

-icipation in the man.

He opened the heavy wooden

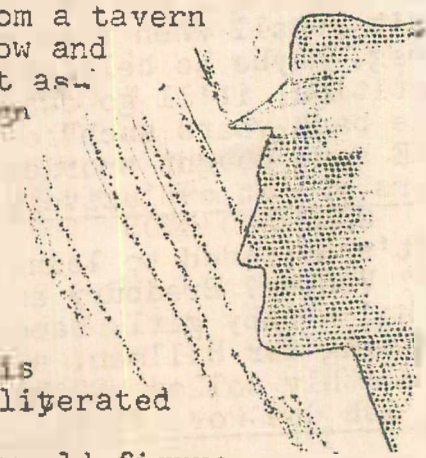
door of Harry's Grill and stepped

through into the dimly lit interior. A

swath of yellow light fanned into the street. His

shadow danced eerily until it was suddenly obliterated when the door closed.

Harry's was one of those places that no one would figure could survive as a business. You could come around most anytime and there never seemed to be any customers, Harry stayed on mysteriously



IAH



managing to make a living.

Now, there was only one customer in the place Riley noticed. She sat well back toward the rear of the place inconspicuously at a corner table. The dark brunette woman looked slightly weary and her face was too obviously smeared with a heavy coat of cosmetics. Riley walked nonchalantly back to her table.

"Alright if I sit here?" he asked

"Ain't no law against it." She answered brusquely but with an forced artificial smile on her lips.

Harry or somebody, floated quietly up to the table and stood waiting for him to order.

I'll have straight bourbon." He said. "And what for you?" He asked her.

She must of been a regular customer for when she nodded the waiter went quietly away. He knew what she wanted.

They sipped their drinks slowly and then had another. Riley slipped a couple of nickles into the Juke-box. He selected soft sentimental music.

They talked for awhile. or rather, Riley talked, trying to draw her into conversation. All he got was a series of non-committual grunts.

She looked up at the ceiling and commented. "It's stopped raining." Riley let it pass without remarking that she could not be sure since they were isolated from the outside.

Then, suddenly for apparently no reason the woman brightened. She smiled enticingly and ran on with a merry stream of conversation. She was pliable and witty. Riley was pleased. He did not question this strange reversal of attitude but accepted it happily.

After another drinks he whispered something to her and they got up and left Harry in his lonesome deserted bar.

Outside the rain had. The paving showed wet and glistening but overhead the sky was clear and a large full moon rode serenely in the heavens.

No taxi was available so they walked the two long blocks to an old grimy brick structure. Once it had been a fashionable residence but now was sunk to a disreputable apartment house for the unknown, and mostly unwanted, people of a great city.

Once inside the woman's apartment Riley felt the tensing of his muscles. He could hear the swish of blood through temple veins. The old fashioned dingy furniture and the dreary room took on a hazy glow. Riley was drunk -- but not with alchohol. He knew it was the equivalent of drunkenness in an ordinary person. But he wasn't an ordinary person.

Calming himself with fantast ic self control he kept the wild glow from his eyes. Deliberatky he acted normally. His every action was forced to give the appearance of normality.

James Riley stood in the center of the room on the threadbare carpet. He watched her with rapt attention as she undressed and carelessly tossed aside her clothes.

He thought "Tomorrow's paper will have another scare headline. 'Another Victim for The Mad Slayer': it would read smoehting like this. They would find another woman of the street with a slit throat." He recalled similar headlines over the past few months --ever since he had arrived in town. Riley chukled deep within himself.

He felt the razor through the fabric of his pocket. He took off his rain coat and layed it aside carefully. It would come in handy to conceal blood stains if any should get on his clothes.

The woman turned and faced him. She stood completely nude. She smiled at him as he advanced.

Riley reached for the razor.

Cont 16



# LOST S.F. FAN

BY SHELBY VICK

Do you break into a rash at the mention of Oona and Jick? Do you fall prostrate upon seeing the name, Henry Kuttner, in print? Have you an outbreak on your forehead like either a third eye, or perhaps antannac? Is your skin green? Does your grimy paws itch and contract greedily upon sight of a lurid Babe, Bem, Bum cover? You do? You have it. It is? THEY DO? Then you have the symptoms. YOU have caught STEFFANITIS! These are extreme symptoms, often accompanied by writers cramp. Many victims have reported flying saucers before their eyes. Generally, when the symptoms are this severe, the patient is lucky to recover within ten years-- with many, it is a life long disease, following them to their grave. Strange to say, this disease seldom shortens the life span.

## EFFECT ALL AGES

Steffan it effects all ages, but it seems more prevalent in the younger generation. One of the early symptoms is dilating of the eyes upon seeing the title, TERRIBLY THRILLING TALES, or maybe STUPEMDOUS STORIES. Of course, by this time the victim is too far gone to come to his own rescue, but if a kindly disposed friend recognizes the signs, and would like to attempt a cure, he should use the following techniques. Attract the attention by the clanking of a mimeograph machine, and the rustle of paper feeding it. Then, when he looks your direction, dangle a copy of GALAXY in front of his eyes, and run. He will, naturally, follow-- if he hasn't seen that copy. You'll have to be carefull that it is new; remember to test wetness of the ink with the thumb and forefinger. You will enter a padded cell, in which are waiting several big, strong men with a straight-jacket. They will promptly pounce upon your friend, lace the jacket upon him and -- while he writhes on the cot they strap him to you will proceed to bring about the cure.

## THE CURE

First, be certain no light or sound can escape from the room, then set up a projector that will flash over, over and over, on the ceiling directly over the patient's head, the cover and the page after illustrated page of Out of This World Adventure.

If he hollers, let him go .... he's cured

## VOICE OF THE

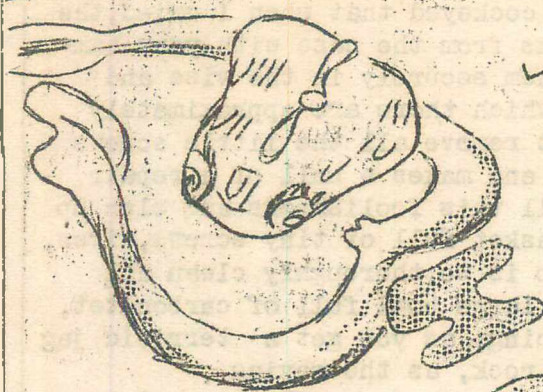
# XTABAY

YMA SUMAC, accual ritual singer of the Incas Indians in Peru has come out witha record album, that is the greatest musical re-vaelation of our time. From away in a village called ICHOCAN 16,000 feet in the Andes, comes this gal who has four octaves at her command. When the Peruvian Government arranged to bring Yuma Sumac to the coastline, it all most caused an uprising among over 30,000 Indians over their sacred, revered ritual singer.

Some of the chose bits of music in. her album are- VIRGIN OF THE SUN GOD, CHANT OF THE CHOSEN MAIDENS, EARTHQUAKE, HIGH ANDES, XTABY (which means lure of the unknown love) and a few others.

The name of the album is "VOICE OF THE XTABY" which the first North American recording of hers. No. on L.P. is H244, Capitol/





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THE  
ART  
OF  
HOROLOGY

TO  
FIX  
IT  
WITH  
A  
JEWELER'S  
LOUPE

HAVING ONCE observed our local jeweler performing an abdominal appendectomy on my old man's Hamilton, I felt that I am now qualified as an expert horologist; therefore, without more ado, I will explain all that there is to know about this salubrious and fascinating pastime. First, before dismantling your timepiece, you will need the correct tools. Under the back seat of your old Maxwell you will undoubtedly find a couple of bent and rusty screwdrivers, also a beat-up pair of dime store pliers. These, together with your pocket knife (the one with the narrow broken blade), are about all the tools you will need. Dang it! No, I forgot the most important item of all. This is a jeweler's loupe (PRONOUNCED "loupe") which looks for all get-out like a little magnifying glass with a black cupshaped rim. You stuff this gadget into your left eye. This adds enormously to your prestige and inspired a deep feeling of self-overconfidence. (Not only that but it makes you look like a boiled owl). Some jewelers wear one all the time or least carry one with them. This odd habit increases the public's respect for them about 90% and in much the same manner as we associate the English monocle wearer with the social upper-crust. I remember the first time I tried a loupe. I couldn't get the darn thing to stick in my eye at all until after I had coated the edges generously with a mixture of gum-arabic and asphaltum varnish.



When, finally, I did get it loose, I was so all-fired cockeyed that when I cried, the tears ran down my back. Now, having removed the works from the case with your hammer or battering-ram, as the case may be, we clamp them securely in the vise and proceed to remove all the little screws in sight (of which there are approximately 987) with our brokenbladed pocket knife. This may not remove all the little screws but it sure as heck fudges up the slots in the heads and makes a hell of a repair bill later on, after friend wife has made you stop all this foolishness and clen up the dining room table. We now have about a bushel basket full of tiny screws, wires, springs, jewels, gears, gizmos and things. The next step is to thoroughly clean all this jun -- er mechanism. Dump the whole mess into a large bowl full of carbon-tet, being sure to inhale deeply af the fumes, while so doing; as you get a terrific jag on at the same time, thus killing two birds with one rock, as the saying goes. Now that you have all the parts cleaned (and have re gained consciousness) the next step is to reassemble everything. Some helpful hints are appropriate here, the little gagget with the teeth in it like a buzz-saw goes in before the doo-dad with the long handle; and the gizmo that looks like a hickey goes right next to the whatzis with the round knob. If you think you can continue without futher instruction, your nuts. However, now that you have the watch reassembled, wind it carefully, set it to the corredt time, and back slowly away. If nothing happens, shake it vigorously and if ti rattles like two skeletons shooting craps on a tin roof, you probably have every-thing in right -- only now -- you notice that it is running backwards. Do not dismay gather up the plateful of parts you had left over; pack them carefully in cotton, together with the assembled watch, and stuff the whole business into a stout cardboard carton labeled: "Do Not Open 'Til Christmas". Then, whistling nonchalantly, step down to the nearest postoffice and mail it to Grandma. Won't she be surprised! But what the heck -- a feller only lives once anyway -- I alway say.



#### P.H.O.N.

The policeman watch the mass for ten minutes or more seeing it slowly disappear, leaving no trace on the ground. Here is what they thought the mass was. Something that came out of a factory chimney.

Boy, that great, we in Phila. have factories that blow bubbles from their smoke stacks.

My idea is.. This buble as they call it bounded up with the purple sun of the last three days. If not why did the mass give off only one color and that purple? Anyone can try this little experiment. Get a little soap bubble pipe and blow a few bubbles, do this at night so as to come as close to the time that the policeman saw the bubble. Shine a flashlight at them and you get rainbow colors. So I ask this question where did the bubble come from to cause it to give off the purplish color.

Who is the nights--from page 13

A snarling, slobbering Bitch wolf hurled herself at Riley. He screamed and tried to get the razor into play but gleaming ivory fangs tore at his throat. Blood spurted from the gaping wound.

In the last seconds before the final blackness settled over him he saw the round full moon through the opened window and heard the howling cry of a werewolf as it came as him.

The disturbed neighbors called the police. They found the corpse a few minutes later. It looked like a dog had bitten a plug from his throat but there was no sight of the dog.

It had jumped through the open window and escaped.

The unknown woman who rented the apartment was never seen again.



THE

BILLS

M

A

N

by  
PAUL COX

The rustle of cloth and the shuffle of feet; the babble of high pitched girl voices and the deeper murmur of male voices floated up from the crowd into the high ceiling beams of the church. Bright evening sunlight poured through the enormous stained-glass windows and lit up the otherwise gloomy interior in bright patches of red and blue and amber. Ushers contrived to appear both frantic and calm at one and the same time. The Reverend Colfax Brown appeared properly dignified and solemn, rocking back and forth ceaselessly and unconsciously from one foot to the other. Presumably, dignified people do not rock on their feet but no one noticed this paradox.

Nobody noticed anything very closely, too intent on catching a first glimpse of the bride when she would come marching down the long carpeted aisle followed by a string of beautiful non-entities; Bridesmaids, and other nearly unessential personalities are hardly noticed in comparison to the two major performers in this amusing drama that people thought up a long time ago.

Nobody noticed except the father of the bride. Long renowned as the most befuddled person at the wedding, this time was the exception. Jonathon Forrest scanned the scene with a composed serenity showing in his face and then settled back to await his cue to take Joan's arm and parade along the pathway while nearly four hundred people twisted around in their seats to watch the precession. Forrest wasn't a bit nervous. Joan was getting the right man. That

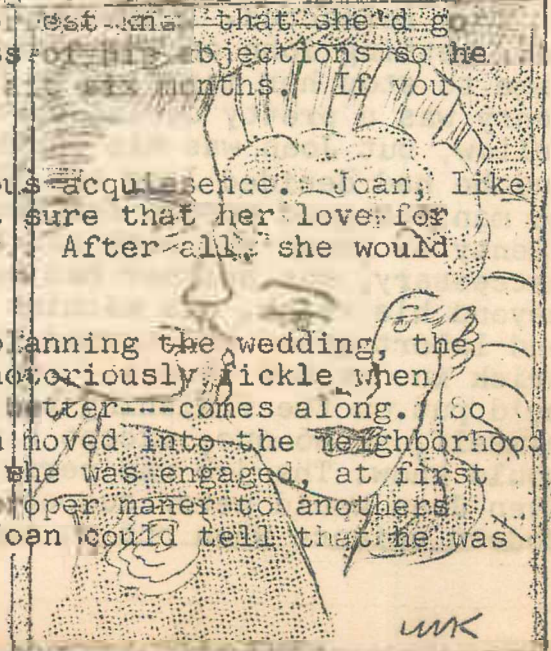
was the thought which overrode any tendency toward tension---and that was the important thing---she was marrying the man he'd picked instead of Henry Smith, who'd seemed the most likely choice only six short months before.

Jonathon Forrest grinned to himself, remembering how mad Joan had been when he'd objected to her marrying Henry Smith. In fact, she'd raised particular hell about it. So he'd said that she'd go right ahead and marry him anyway regardless of his objections so he diplomatically suggested a compromise---six months. If you still love him, then marry him."

That suggestion had met with rebellious acquiescence. Joan, like every one else in the same situation, felt sure that her love for Henry couldn't cool down. Nor his for her. After all, she would still be seeing him almost every day.

And she did. They went right ahead planning the wedding, the honeymoon trip, and all. But people are notoriously fickle when something better--or something that seems better---comes along. So Joan dropped Henry fast when John Hamilton moved into the neighborhood and began showing interest in her. Since she was engaged, at first he was extremely careful to act in a most proper manner to another betrothed but he had ways...mannerisms...Joan could tell that he was making an undercover play for her.

17





Hamilton had a better job---junior partner in the cities most progressive law firm, more money, was handsomer, had better manners, spoke correcter english, played a better bridge hand, talked a wittier line, seemed more intelligent, and anticipated Joans every wish. John Hamilton was the perfect man. No doubt of that; he was flawless--- a model man and a modeler husband, Joan decided.

Five months after her heated argument with her father Joan announced, "I'm going to marry John!" She held her hand out for his inspection. The engagement ring was gone. "I've broken my engagement with Henry.

"How'd that happen?" Jonathon Forrest asked his daughter, feigning surprise. "Did John court you---make love to you, or something while you were still engaged to Henry?"

"Certainly not!" she snapped defensively. "I just suddenly realized I didn't love Henry anymore." She hesitated a moment then rushed on with the explanation. "--- I had one of my friends let John know I was free...free of my...uh...ties with Henry."

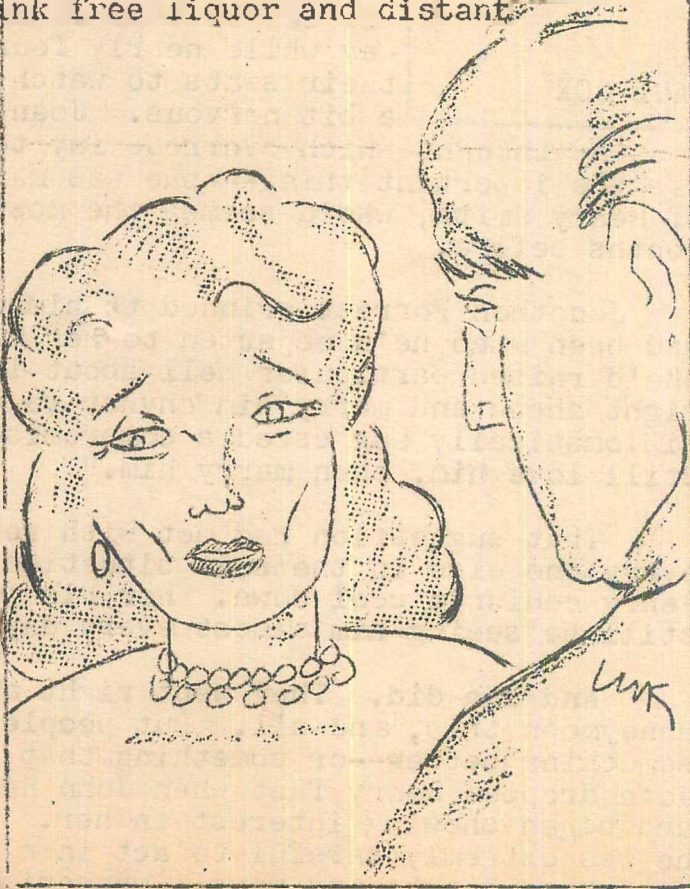
"When did you break your engagement? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Nearly a month, now. I hated to admit you were right about Henry so I didn't tell you 'till now."

The organ began playing Mendelshon's hit tune and Forrest was jerked suddenly from his thoughts recalling the events leading up to this climax. Hurriedly he took his place.

When the ceremony was over Jonathon Forrest stood back from the stream of people who rushed for the doors. Close friends and acquaintances hurried off to his house to drink free liquor and distant acquaintances hurried for the door to leave and buy their own or to attend to other important duties. Forrest watched his new son-in-law enter the car that would take them to the reception at the Forrest home. He again congratulated himself on picking such a fine man. Of course Joan didn't know he'd picked him. She'd never learn that.

He reflected. It had been hard work getting John on the scene in time to stop her marriage to Henry. Henry was a pretty decent sort of fellow, but Joan was his daughter and he had decided long ago that no man was good enough for her. Plenty of money and work had been necessary, but neither had been beyond his reach. His machine shops and labortaoories had turned the trick in record time --- and the he'd put on the finishing touches himself, so no one, except himself would know. The job was perfect. Even Joan would never suspect. Modern science when put on the spot





was capble of doing anything, and when you owned Atonic Motors, Inc. you could lay out the cash in huge amount wint out being hurt.

Jonathon, himself, stared at his son-in-law as he drove away in the car. He'd been studying him carefully over the months. If he hadn't known already he'd never have suspected. The perfect electrical and mechanical superbness of moving parts would have been envied by the best precision high watch makers. The electronic brain had been even tougher but Allied Computers Inc. had not failed him. They made they brain -- a modification on some of their newest equipment -- --in three short months for a fee thatwould have made the U. S. treas-urer blink his eyes.

You just absolutely couldn't tell John Hamilton was a robot. To the world, and even his wife, he was aman.

Jonathon Forrest arrived home a few mintues late. He was shocked to see the excited crowd milling around on his lawn and running in and out of the house. A polise car was pulled up at the curb. Hurriedly, with a cold chill spot forming in his stomach, he ran into the house.

Joan was setting in the living room, a hurt stupid look on her face. She did not speak, but just sat their staring at nothing. She ignored the blue suited policeman, who was questioning her. John forrest went to his to his daughter, At his dema2ding questions she merely looked blankly into his face, but did not speak.

Seeing he could get no information from her, Forrest strode across the room toward another room from which could be heard the buzz of puzzled voives and an occassional sharp yelp of command from a police-man. He pushed past the people crowd at the door and the cpp recog-nizing hin let him into the room.

Henry Smith sat dazedly in a chair, a policeman standing beside him. A .38 caliber pistol lay on a table.

And John Hamilton lay on the floor, his plastic body smashed open by several slugs from the gun. A tangled mass of metal inner organs were exposed to view and strings of vari colored wire strung out from the torn open torso onto the floor.

It was obvious what had happened, Forrest backed hastily from the room and ran up the stairs to his own room. No one tried to stop him. The police supposed they could question him anytime. He cursed the bitter fury, the stupidiry of Henry Smith. "That dammed fool, Henry would ruin everything. He had been so mad at losing Joan, he'd murdered John. Or --- was it murder, if you call destroying a machine murder.

Forrest entered his room on the second floor. It was quite up here with justa faint buzz of voices drifting up from below. It had an almost musical, sleepy sort of sound, he thought.

He got the gun from his dresser drawer. Joan would never get over the shock. Everything was ruined. Everthing was ruined. Henry would never recover either, probably. His friend .....

Breathes there a fan with soul so dead  
That, after having a prozine read,  
Never to himself hath said,  
" I could have writ it better."

L'Ho





